

On the Reservation

By FRANCES ROBERTS.

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Henry Young Bear loomed into the agency store just in time to hear the storekeeper say, impressively:

"And the teacher's girl is to be married tonight and take the 7:30 train west. She's got to be in the Phillips' store. Her man's a soldier. Mollie told me all about it when she came down for a dozen lemons and a pound of chocolate. Miss Bates didn't expect him. She was surprised when he came over last night and wanted to be married right away. If they don't catch the teacher's girl, she'll catch the soldier, and if they miss that steamer he's liable to be court-martialed and shot."

Henry straightened his shoulders and walked up to the counter.

"What you say?" he asked, forgetting that he had not spoken English since he returned from Carlisle.

The storekeeper gave a startled jump. "I always said you could speak English if you wanted to," he grumbled. "It wasn't any use your hanging around the teacher. She's got to marry a lieutenant of volunteers of the United States of America, and leave here forever on the night train."

"She is not!" Henry spoke calmly, but with determination, and before the storekeeper could more than gasp at the cheek of the Injun, he left the store.

His face was as black as his hair and his heart heavy as he stumbled over the doorstep. He knew the man spoke the truth. He had seen Miss Bates when she met her lover, and the expression on her face convinced him that the interest she had shown in him was for his race, not to him as an individual.

Hotly his thoughts flew back over the few months of their friendship. He was a Carlisle Indian, home from school for the first time since he had left the reservation a mere boy. How he hated the dirty but unscrupulous ways of his people fretted him. Life was unbearable. He had learned the tinsmith's trade at school, but there was no work for him on the reservation and his people would not let him leave. So he sulked around the town, adopting the evils of civilization, refusing to talk or understand English, and meeting all questions from the white man with a blank stare.

He had seen Miss Bates first in the store where she was going into raptures over the Indian bead work and trappings. She had entered the service with her mind filled by an ideal Indian, a combination of Alessandro and Chingachook, and had yet to learn the real red man. Her tall, slender figure was outlined against the dingy interior of the store and Henry watched her, fascinated. She was like the women he had seen in the East, and he followed her back to school and sat on the steps in the sun until Capt. Brown came out and ordered him home.

The next day he had met her on the lake shore and she had been curious to try his bark canoe. He showed her how to crouch Indian fashion and under the influence of her eager questions his tongue was loosened and he spoke the white man's language. After that they met often, at the simple school socials, at church and at the agency.

Now she was going away, going to be married. He ground his teeth and swore she should not. If she did not catch the train the lieutenant would be court-martialed and shot. He did not know what for and did not care. The storekeeper had said it would be so. He sat bent nearly double on the dock and failed to hear the sound of steps behind him until a voice that always called back the little courtesies he had learned at school said gayly:

"Here is Henry Young Bear. He will take you over. Henry, will you take Lieutenant Stanton over? The launch has gone. To please me, Henry," she added, as she saw his unwillingness.

His face brightened. He pushed the canoe into the lake and motioned Stanton to get in. The latter looked ruefully at the light craft dancing on the water.

"How do I get in and what do I do with myself after I am in? I say, Miriam, I can't go in this."

"Yes you can," she laughed. "Henry will show you. He gave me my first canoe ride. Do you remember, Henry, the night after I came? We went down the bay to get pine needles."

Henry nodded his head and showed Stanton how to place himself so as to preserve the balance of the canoe.

"Be sure and be back for lunch," called Miss Bates, waving her hand. "I will wait for you."

Stanton talked pleasantly as they left the agency farther and farther behind them, until they rounded a point and lost it altogether. He asked the usual questions, but Henry paid no attention to them. Indeed, he did not hear him. He had made no definite plan, but his determination to prevent Miss Bates' marriage grew with every stroke of the paddle. He did not like Stanton. His eyes were too blue and he laughed too much. He was too short to marry a girl as tall as Miss Bates, and Henry drew himself up to his last inch and made the canoe rock dangerously while Stanton drew his lips in a long whistle.

As they neared the town and saw the United States marshal on the dock, Henry smiled to himself and his pulse beat slower.

Half a dozen Indians were lying in the sand.

sun. Some of them wore blankets, others were in store clothes, but they were all comfortably waiting for anything that might happen. Their headlike eyes saw more than their lips would ever tell.

As Henry reached the canoe the marshal and his companion turned and went uptown. "I wait here," muttered Henry, when he had landed the lieutenant directly in front of the knot of loafers.

"I shall not be long. I just want to send a telegram."

"You go by store. Get me whisky," he pulled half a dollar from his pocket and gave it to Stanton.

"All right," promised the lieutenant, and he hurried up the road, impatient to be back at the agency.

Henry joined the group in the sun. Not a word passed between them, but each knew the thoughts of the other.

It was perhaps half an hour later that Stanton came back. His hands were filled with papers, and a brown parcel stuck out of his pocket. He gave it to Henry, who tore off the paper and held the bottle so that all could see, and then slipped it into his pocket.

"I forgot," (he turned to Stanton), "I must see doctor. Be back in ten minutes. You can wait."

"If you don't take any longer," Stanley sat down on an overturned boat and opened his papers. Henry went back to town, and two of the Indians rose and followed him. Stanton never read his papers. The broad sheet of blue water that flattered and

over at once. I am in a hurry."

"You needn't be," drily. "You've plenty of time. You're my prisoner!"

Stanton's face was very white and his eyes flashed fire as he said in a voice that trembled with anger, "If you don't take me I'll go myself."

Before he could reach the canoe the Indians caught him at a signal from the marshal. He struggled violently, but he was one against a dozen.

"You might as well come peacefully," suggested the marshal.

"I tell you Miss Bates is waiting!"

Unfortunately the marshal had been filled not three days before by the girl of his choice and his interest in matrimonial affairs was small.

"That can't interfere with justice," he said, shortly. "Take him to the hotel, boys."

Over at the agency Miss Bates was packing her trunk and glancing sofly to herself as she stopped every few minutes to look at the fringe of pine across the bay. She roused herself with a happy smile and folded another gown, only to fall into another day dream that curved her lips and sent a new light into her eyes. An exclamation of dismay in the next room was followed by the entrance of Miss Greene, the sewing teacher.

"O, Miss Bates," she began, breathlessly, "Miss Bates dropped her pretty gown and rose to her feet."

"What is it?" She tried to speak calmly. "Mr. Stanton has been arrested for selling whisky to the Indians and is locked up at the hotel!"

The color came back to Miss Bates' cheeks and she laughed.

"Is that all? I thought, from your man-

looked at Miss Bates. A question burned in her eyes. He dropped his own.

"Meet us at the dock!"

His confidence impressed her, and she never doubted him. She believed that a man, red or white, could accomplish what he wished. So she beamed on him with a thankfulness that made him shift his weight from one foot to the other. He had not the faintest idea how he was to perform his task. Fate sent a Philipps hand.

"Young Bear," called the marshal. "Come here and stay with the prisoner. I want to go over to the postoffice." He locked the door on Stanton and his jailer and put the key in his pocket. He felt no hesitancy in leaving Stanton in the custody of the man who had caused his arrest, especially as the door was locked and he carried the key.

He forgot that there were two doors to this stuffy little room, and he did not know that Henry had the key to the second. Stanton looked at the Indian, a curious, impersonal way, and thought that he would believe everything about the Indians that had been written. Henry was not impressed by his manner. His mind was filled with other things. He touched Stanton on the arm.

"Come quick," he whispered. "Stanton idly kicked the bed."

"White squaw at the dock. We must go before marshal comes back."

Stanton sat stubbornly still and kept on kicking the bed.

"Come," begged Henry. "White squaw waiting."

Stanton flushed.

"It's too late," he said. "I want to stand my trial and see how you come out of it, you red sneak."

Fortifying New York Harbor.

Important Improvements Under Way on Governor's Island.

It is a work fraught with great results that the War department is doing in New York harbor, reports the Brooklyn Eagle.

When completed it will make the metropolis of America not only one of the greatest of all great cities, but the best fortified of all great seaports. Moreover, it is destined to change the geography of the grand old roadstead as it has never changed since the bellying sails of Hendrik Hudson's Half Moon started the wild birds as it sailed into the mouth of the broad river which was to perpetuate the old navigator's name and fame in 1609.

The building up of many acres of new ground from the bottom of the water for a military depot is the most interesting part of the War department's work. An addition of some 100 acres is being made to the southern end of Governor's Island, already seventy acres in extent. Already the great bulkhead of huge dimensions which marks the outer edge of the new land is showing above the water nearly three-fourths of the way round. The improvement is on the old anchorage place for sloops and light draught vessels. It is of the trapezoidal shape, with the south shore of the island as the base and the two longer lines of the figure curving around the water edge of the old anchorage.

The contractors who are doing the work, under the authority of the secretary of war and the immediate supervision of Chief Engineer Major W. L. Marshall, are using the stone and rubble taken from the subway excavations in Manhattan. The method of building the bulkhead is simple. Piles are

driven and the big rocks are dumped in until the mass shows some three or four feet at the surface. The width of the mass ranges from twelve to sixty feet at the bottom, according to the depth of the water, which runs from a foot or two to twenty-two feet. Against the inside of this bulkhead wall is being dumped loose earth and stones for many feet. When the area to be built up is completely inclosed the water will be drained out or pumped out and the basin filled in with earth or city ashes, as the contractors may elect. The whole mass is to be raised to about the same level as the lower parts of the old island and surrounded by a granite sea wall nine feet in height.

The three sides of the bulkhead now in the course of construction will contain some 600 odd linear feet. It is part of the general plan of the War department to inclose a few additional acres to preserve a better contour of the extension, but this work has not yet been contracted for, owing to delay in getting a deed for the submerged property from the government. In the meantime the southern end of the old military post is the bulkiest spot in the harbor. Puffing little tugs pull great rock-laden barges down the East river to the bulkhead, where the dredging machines and pile drivers are at work making a new property of untold value for the government.

The estimated cost of the entire structure is placed at \$200,000. The contract for the bulkhead and other preliminary work is to be kept within \$200,000, the appropriation already made. In connection with the present work a long and strong pier is just being completed on the north shore of the island at the nearest point from the battery for the use of the quartermaster's department.

E. W. Stevens.

The name must appear on every box of the genuine Laxative Bromo-Quinine Tablets, the remedy that cures a cold in one day. 50 cents.

The Real Thing.

Chicago Tribune: "Yes, sir," said Uncle Allen Sparks, "there's a difference between talent and genius. I was at a Salvation Army meeting at a street corner once, where the leader, a bright fellow, made a most excellent speech and then called for contributions to help the cause along. He got just 37 cents. Then one of the women started up a hymn. She managed to sing it to the tune of 'Dixie.' I give you my word there was one gray-headed old colonel in the crowd that fought his way forward and dropped a \$5 bill in her tambourine. That was genius."

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All kinds, called Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Gas, Heartburn, Waterbrash, Catarrh, Ulceration of Stomach, etc.

NAU'S DYSPEPSIA CURE

Changes the inner lining of the stomach. We know it will make a complete cure. Try it!

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Electric Bitters cure female complaints, surely and safely; dispel head-aches, back-aches, nervousness or no sex, etc.

One Result.

Baltimore American: "I understand," says the well read person, "that the witnesses of the coronation were limited to sixteen square inches of space. I cannot help wondering what was the effect of this restriction."

"Effect" echoes the other man. "It will do wonders for the nobility than all the straight-front corsets that have been advertised in the last ten years."

Tell This to Your Wife.

Electric Bitters cure female complaints, surely and safely; dispel head-aches, back-aches, nervousness or no sex, etc.



"HE CHANGED HIS MIND THE NEXT MINUTE, FOR THE MARSHAL PUT HIS HAND ON HIS SHOULDER."

danced before him drew his eyes from the printed lines, and his thoughts followed the little waves back to the agency and Miss Bates. He remembered how she had begged him to let her come to the reservation for a year. "Just a year," she had asked. "It is so little. Think how we have wronged the poor. Oh, I must do something!" He had smiled at her womanly desire to recompense the Indians for the injustice they had suffered from the white race, but he did not object. He had been married at once, and they could not be separated at Cuba. The reservation would give her something to think of, and teaching Indians would occupy her time. This was his first intercourse with the red man, and he felt confessed to himself that they were neither as bad nor as picturesque as he had expected. No, he decided, as he looked at his drowsy neighbors, an Indian may steal, but he is too lazy to be treacherous or cunning. He is too indolent to plan devilry.

He changed his mind the next minute, for the marshal put his hand on his shoulder and roughly brought him back to the dock. "You'll have to come with me," he said. "Isn't Henry going back? I promised to wait for him," Stanton yawned.

"You can't go to the agency or anywhere else," growled the marshal. He was feeling rather sensitive. He had come up to arrest two Indians for horse stealing, and when he stepped from the train they were miles away, hidden in the rice fields. He had not been fortunate in making his arrests and his rival for office was calling attention to the fact. His term had almost expired, and if he wanted a reappointment he could not afford to make another mistake. Consequently his manner was a little more unpleasant than usual.

"I arrest you," he said, with swelling chest, "for selling whisky to the Indians."

"I never sold a drop of whisky in my life," Stanton spoke, indignantly, but the marshal interrupted him with a wave of his hand.

"Henry Young Bear," he asked, "is this the man who sold you a pint of whisky?"

"Ugh!" Henry had forgotten his English name.

"Did you see him, Big Thunder and Long Grass?"

A chorus of grunts answered him.

"There's witnesses enough to send you to jail," he remarked pleasantly. "It's a pretty strong case against you. It's past me a man's always trying to sell whisky to these poor devils when he's so down on them for drinking it."

"I never sold a drop of whisky in my life," repeated the bewildered Stanton. "I bought a pint of whisky for Henry at his request and he gave me the money to pay for it."

The marshal looked at him in open scorn. "Don't incriminate yourself," he advised. "He gave you money and you gave him whisky. If that ain't selling I'd like to know what is. I'm afraid you're doomed to spend some months in jail. You'll have to come with me."

"Where to?" Stanton was trying to think it out. He remembered now he had read that selling whisky to the Indians was punishable with fine and imprisonment and he had also read that the Indians not infrequently played upon the ignorance of visitors and thereby secured whisky, wine, tea and moccasins in the United States court, wherever the case was tried.

"The lockup," said the marshal, abruptly. "Come along."

Then Stanton rose and looked up at the marshal from his height of five feet and six inches.

"Do you know who I am? Lieutenant John Stanton, United States volunteer. I am going to marry Miss Bates at the agency this afternoon." Henry looked past him over the lake and the corners of his mouth twitched, and I will thank you to send me

ner, he must have been tipped out of the canoe and sinking sofly to herself as she stopped every few minutes to look at the fringe of pine across the bay. She roused herself with a happy smile and folded another gown, only to fall into another day dream that curved her lips and sent a new light into her eyes. An exclamation of dismay in the next room was followed by the entrance of Miss Greene, the sewing teacher.

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"Is that all? I thought, from your man-

Henry ignored the epithet. He stood like a statue, although he knew the marshal must have reached the postoffice.

Henry did not answer in words, but the boat shot out from the dock without the shrill scream with which it always announced its arrival and departure. Even as they steamed away they could hear the whistle of the western train at the crossing, five miles below.

The junction was just beyond the village, around the bay. The wind was against them, but Henry fought his way with a recklessness that made Miss Bates hide her face on Stanton's arm as the waves dashed over the boat.

The train whistled at the village. Four minutes and it would be at the junction. The twinkling lights seemed very far away.

"You will never make it," exclaimed Stanton.

"And he did," just as the train slowed up at the junction the launch grated on the sand.

"Come, dear, hurry," Stanton lifted Miss Bates to the shore.

"In a minute, goodbye, Henry. We can't thank you." Her voice broke, and running her fingers carelessly over his shoulder, she left Stanton lead her into the brilliantly lighted train.

Another whistle, that sounded a defiance to the marshal still telling his story to the new arrivals now—and the train rolled away, leaving Henry standing straight and still beside the launch. He did not move until the last glimmer of light vanished down the track. When he turned to jump into the boat, for the first time in his life he knew what physical weakness meant, and he slumped wearily in, to go back to the seamy alone.

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Electric Bitters cure female complaints, surely and safely; dispel head-aches, back-aches, nervousness or no sex, etc.

THE PRISONER

Who escapes from jail is by no means free. He is under the ban of the law and punishment is written over against his name. Soon or late he will be caught again and bear added punishment for his short escape from his cell.

Those who by the use of palliative powders and tablets escape for a time from the sufferings of dyspepsia are in the same condition as the escaped prisoner. He will go back to the old condition and pay an added penalty for temporary release.

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