On the Reservation

By FRANCES ROBERTS.

(Copyright, 1902, the S. S. McClure Co.) | sun. Some of them were blankets, others I'll go myself." agency store just in time to hear the storekeeper say, impressively:

'And the teacher's goin' to be married tonight and take the 7:30 train west. She's goin' to the Philippine islands. Her man's and his companion turned and went uptown. gested the marshal. a soldier. Mollie told me all about it when she came down for a dozen lemons and a pound of chocolate. Miss Bates of the knot of loafers. didn't expect him. She was surprised when he came over last night and wanted a telegram." to be married right away. If they don't catch the train they won't catch the steamer, and if they miss that steamer he's liable to be court-martialed and shot."

walked up to the counter. "What you say?" he saked, forgetting that he had not spoken English since he returned from Carlisle.

The storekeeper gave a startled jump. if you wanted to," he grumbled. "It wasn't any use your hanging around the teacher. She's goin' to marry a lieutenant of volunteers of the United States of America, and that all could see, and then slipped it into

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 stores His face was as black as his hair and 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 hoy. How he hated the dirty but. The uncouth manners of his people fretted Life was unbearable, Ho 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 s

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 Chingachgook, 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, magne-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

The next day he had met her on the lake shore and she had been curious to try his bark cance. He showed her how to creuch 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 out on the dock and failed to hear the sound of steps behind him until a voice that always called back the little courtesies be had learned at school eald gayly:

Here is Henry Young Bear. He will take you over. Henry, will you take Lieutenant Stanton over to town? 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 Stauton 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

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

needles." Henry nodded his head and showed Stanten how to place himself so as to preserve the balance of the cance.

"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 preserved a discreet silence. 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 drew himself up to his last inch and made the cance 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 heat slower, Half a dozen Indians were lying in the

THE PRISONER

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Accept no substitute for "Golden Med-ical Discovery." There is nothing "just as good" for diseases of the stomach, blood and lungs. Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets stimulate

Henry Young Bear lounged into the were in store clothes, but they were all more than their lips would ever tell. As Henry beached the canoe the marshal

> "I wait here," muttered Henry, when he had landed the lieutenant directly in front

"You go by store. Get me whisky." He

gave it to Stanton. "All right," promised the lieutenant, and Henry straightened his shoulders and he hurried up the road, impatient to be ing her trunk and storing softly to herself this stuffy little room, and he did not know back at the agency.

knew the thoughts of the others. "I always said you could speak English Stanton came back. His hands were filled of his pocket. He gave it to Henry, who followed by the entrance of Miss Greene, arm. tore off the paper and held the bottle so the sewing teacher.

> "I forget" (he turned to Stanton), "I must see doctor. Be back in ten minutes.

his pocket.

You can wait?" "If you don't take any longer." Stanley sat down on an overturned boat and opened his heart heavy as he stumbled over the his papers. Henry went back to town, and at the hotel!" He knew the man spoke the two of the Indians rose and followed him. Stanton never read his papers. The broad cheeks and she laughed. sheet of blue water that fluttered and

"You needn't be," dryly. "You've plenty her eyes. He dropped his own.

of time. You're my prisoner!" Stanton's face was very white and his the dock."

might happen. Their bezdlike eyes saw marshal. He struggled violently, but he was from one foot to the other. He had not the one against a dozen

"You might as well come peaceably," sug- task. Fate sent a helping hand.

"I tell you Miss Bates is waiting!" Unfortunately the marshal had been "I shall not be long. I just want to send his choice and his interest in matrimonial affairs was small.

pulled half a dollar from his pocket and said, shortly. "Take him to the hotel, as the door was locked and he carried the

Over at the agency Miss Bates was packas she stopped every few minutes to look that Henry had the key to the second. Henry joined the group in the sun. Not at the fringe of pines across the bay. She Stanton looked at the India; 'a a curlous, a word passed between them, but each It was perhaps half an hour later that other day dream that curved her lips and had been written. Henry was not impressed eent a new light into her eyes. An ex- by his manner. His mind was filled with with papers, and a brown parcel stuck out clamation of dismay in the next room was other things. He touched Stanton on the

> "O. Miss Bates," she began, breathlessly, "it's too awful!"

> Miss Bates dropped her pretty gown and rose to her feet. "What is it?" She tried to speak caimly. "Mr. Stanton has been arrested for sell-

ing whisky to the Indians and is locked up The color came back to Miss Yates

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

looked at Miss Bates. A question burned in FORTIFYING NEW YORK HARBOR. "I will free him," he said. "Meet us at

eyes flashed fire as he said in a voice that His confidence impressed her, and she trembled with anger, "If you don't take me never doubted him. She believed that a man, red or white, could accomplish what Before he could reach the canoe the In- he wished. So she beamed on him with a comfortably waiting for anything that dians caught him at a signal from the thankfulness that made him shift his weight faintest idea how he was to perform his

> "Young Bear," called the marshal. "Come here and stay with the prisoner. I want to go over to the postoffice." He locked filted not three days before by the girl of 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 and fame in 1609. "That can't interfere with justice," he man who had caused his arrest, especially

roused herself with a happy smile and impersonal way, and thought that he would folded another gown, only to fall into an- believe everything about the Indians that

> "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.

waiting." Stanton flushed. "It's too late," he said. "I want to stand

Important Improvements Under Way on Governor's Island.

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 Haif Moon startled the wild birds as it sailed into the mouth of the broad river which was to perpetuate the old navigator's name

The building up of many acres of new ground from the bottom of the water for military depot is the most interesting part of the War department's work. An addition of some 105 acres is being made to the southern end of Governor's island, already seventy acres in extent. Already the great bulkhead of huge misshapen stones 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 anchor-

The contractors who are doing the work, "Come," begged Henry. "White squaw under the authority of the secretary of war and the immediate supervision of Chief Engineer Major W. L. Marshall, are using the stone and rubbish taken from the subway my trial and see how you come out of it, excavations in Manhattan. The method of building the bulkhead is simple. Piles are



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 them. 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 ordered to Cuba, and they could not be married at once. 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 idly 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 deviltry.

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 has 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 tention to the fact. His term had almost story. expired, and if he wanted a reappointment he could not afford to make another mismore 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 shal could be. His late experience made marshal interrupted him with a wave of his him turn his back on Miss Bates when

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

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

A chorus of grunts answered him "There's witnesses enough to send you to jail," he remarked pleasantly. "It's a Henry standing stiffly before a door. Miss pretty strong case against you. It's past me Bates wiped her tear-stained eyes and tried how a man's always trying to sell whisky to curve her lips into a diplomatic smile. to these poor devils when he's so down on The effort was pitiful and caused Henry's them for drinking it."

life," repeated the hewildered Stanton. "I if she might see Mr. Stanton, he would bought a pigt of whisky for Henry at his re- bave opened the door if the marshal had quest and he gave me the money to pay not appeared like a very disagreeable jack-

The marshal looked at him in open scorn. "Don't incriminate yourself," he advised. Henry waited for her at the foot of the "He gave you money and you gave him stairs. He had not thought that she would whisky. If that ain't selling I'd like to know suffer if he sent Stanton to prison. He still beside the launch. He did not move what is. I'm afraid you're doomed to spend wanted Stanton to suffer. But the sight of some months in fail. You'll have to come her sorrowful face told him a story that

"Where to," Stanton was trying to think before her ashamed to lift his eyes. 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 in- to his heels. She had all of a woman's frequently played upon the ignorance of horror of arrest and her fear broke through visitors and thereby secured whisky, wit- her natural reserve, ness fees and mileage to the United States "Care!" she said, and the passionate court, wherever the case was tried.

Come along. Then Stanton rose and looked up at the you free him? He must catch that eight inches.

"Do you know who I am? Lieutenant John You know that!" Stanton, United States volunteers. I am go-ing to marry Miss Bates at the agency this There would always be times when the inafternoon." Henry looked past him out over dian would predominate, but there would the lake and the corners of his mouth be other times when the influences of those surely and safely; dispell headaches, back-

danced before him drew his eyes from the ner, he must have been tipped out of the cance and drowned." Miss Greene gasped. "Have you forgot-

ten that you were to be married this afternoon? And do you remember the penalty for selling whisky to the Indiana? The marshal is going to take Mr. Stanton to Duluth tonight to stand trial." "But we were going to take the western

train. The steamer sails on the 27th." Her lip quivered. "Where is Captain Brown?" "He hasn't come back from the island." Miss Greene paced up and down excitedly. 'How could Mr. Stanton be so careless?" "It wasn't his fault" (quickly). "He did not know." A light fisshed through her

mind. "Where is Henry?" "He is the Indian who accused Mr. Stanon. You won't get any help from him." Miss Bates did not stay to argue. She

had long been convinced that Alessandro and Chingachgook were not normal Indians Pete had just brought the agency launch to the lock and was preparing to tie up for the night when Miss Bates called to him. He shook his head at her request to be taken to the village. When she explained that her lover had been unjustly accused-

womanlike, she never questioned his innocence-he nodded the other way. "Jump in," he said briefly, "I hain" -goin' to let a lyin' Injun spoil your wed-

There's the captain; better take him along. He'll give official standing." Captain Brown joined them at once, and had not been fortunate in making his ar- his good-natured face was drawn into a rests and his rival for office was calling at- puzzled frown when he heard Mies Bates He did not doubt its truth. He knew the Indians. He had had several experiences with the marshal and did not take. Consequently his manner was a little court another. He was very silent as the

launch cut the waves and its shrill whistle announced to the unhappy prisoner that friends were coming. The marshal was as pompous as a mar-

she begged to see his prisoner. In vain the captain stormed and threatened. The marshal accused him of interfering with "Ugh!" Henry had forgotten his English justice and used language so emphatic that the captain drew Miss Bates from the He was furiously angry and his eyes had a glitter that was full of promise

for the marchal. As they went down the hall they saw pride in his undertaking to shrink. He "I never sold a drop of whisky in my hung his head, and when she softly asked

> in-the-box. He requested her to go on and sent Henry to the office with a mesage. made him open his mouth, and he stood "I didn't think you cared," he stam-

> mered. She looked at him and he felt her glance

voice cut through his selfishness like a sixteen square inches of space. I cannot "The lockup," said the marshal, abruptly, knife. "If I could only show how much I help wondering what was the effect of this care! Henry, you arrested him.

twitched, "and I will thank you to send me six years would overcome nature. He sches, nervousness or no pay. Ada.

Henry ignored the epithet. He stood like driven and the big rocks are dumped in a statue, although he knew the marshal must have reached the postoffice. "We couldn't take the train, anyway,"

went on Stanton, drearly, "The marshal would rearrest me. There's no way out of this blasted country." "Government launch," suggested Henry. "I can run it. Take train at the junction. The marshal won't know. The white

squaw's waiting." Stanton stopped kicking the bed and and the basin filled in with earth or city sprang to his feet. "Where's my hat? Do you think we can do it, Henry?"

"Pay no attention to people," advised Henry as he opened the door to the second room through which they would reach the hall. "Nobody knows you." It was this fact that enabled Stanton to

reach the dock. In front of the postoffice, at the far end of the street, they could see the marshal, the center of a knot of men. He was telling again how he had taken that "smart aleck" prisoner. Miss Bates gave a low cry that was half

a sob, as she saw them. Regardless of Henry, Stanton took her in his arms and kissed her. "Will you do this for me, Miriam?

and if not we can be married in St. Paul." "O, hurry!" she begged. "We have only twenty minutes. I thought you would never come. Can you do it, Henry?"

nounced its arrival and departure. Even present work a long and strong pier is just 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 hay. 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. "I will make it," gasped Henry. 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. Goodby, Henry. We can't thank you." Her voice broke, and running her fingers careasingly over his shoulder, she let 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 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 climbed wearily in, to go back to the agency alone.

One Result.

Baltimore American: "I understand," says the well read person, "that the witnesses of the coronation were limited to

"Effect?" echoes the other man. "It will marshal from his height of five feet and steamer in San Francisco. Oh, is there no do more for the nobility than all the way of escape. He has done no wrong, straight-front corsets that have been advertised in the last ten years."

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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 wenty-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 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 state. In the meantime the southern end of the old military post is the busiest spot in the harbor. Puffing little tugs pull great rock-laden barges down the East river to the bulkare sure to find a minister on the train, head, 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 \$800,000. The contract for Henry did not answer in words, but the the bulkhead and other preliminary work boat shot out from the dock without the is to be kept within \$200,000, the appropriashrill scream with which it always an- tion siready made. In connection with the being completed on the north shore of the island at the nearest point from the battery for the use of the quartermaster's department.

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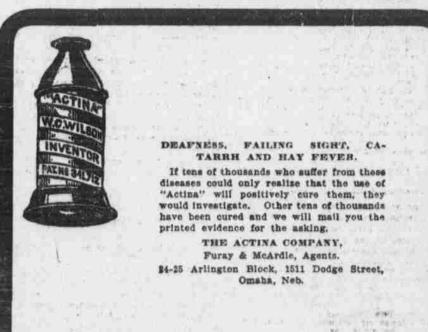
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