[For the Record-Union.]

NEVER AGAIN.

Ah! Never again, Ah! Never again!
These words bring to us a heart-felt pain,
They tell us of loved ones who have crossed the tide,
To a fairer home where they now abide;
On earth we never again shall press
Their hands with loving, fond caress.

Ah! never again, Ah! never again!
The echo of which brings a sad refrain
To those whose years tell of youth long fled,
As Father Time with silent tread,
Makes furrows deep on the brow once fair,
And leaves the impress of sorrow there.

Ah! never again can we recall
The angry word, that the lips let fall,
To the friend who loved us; but who now rests
With folded hands o'er a pulseless breast;
While to us the thought brings a sad regret,
That we asked him not to forgive and forget.

And never again can we recall,
The misspent years now vanished and gone;
Our weary feet can ne'er retrace
The path we've trod, in life's dauntless race—
That life, which once beamed fair and bright,
Tho' long since veiled in the gloom of night.

—Mrs. Nellie Bloom.

West Oakland, February 6, 1887.

Written for the Record-Union.]

THE PRISONER OF WAR.

BY ALICE LOCKSLEY.

[Synopsis of Part I.—A story of the war of 1812, and the chief incidents of which are strictly true. The tale opens in the valley of Onondaga, central New York. A camp of U. S. soldiers—near by "The Feast of the Ingathering," the harvest home of the Onondagas was being celebrated, and many whites attended, as much to conciliate the Indians as anything else. It was a weird but deeply interesting scene of ceremonial festivity. At the feast were the widow of Raoul Desmonde, scout and hunter, the scion of a good family in Montreal. With her, her husband's daughter Amber, by a former wife. They were the guests of Ondayuka, Chief of the Onondagas. At this feast was a Seneca brave, an Apollo in bronze. "Fay," the daughter of Ondayuka, loved the Seneca, while he looked with hope upon Amber, who longed to return to her home at Detroit, but was detained with the Indians by her mother for reasons that will appear. Between the two girls an attachment grew. Amber taught Fay English, and the latter taught her the expressive Iroquois. The stepmother knew the desire of Amber to return home was anxiety to meet her affianced husband, Lieutenant Ainslie. To this match the fiery stepmother, a haughty, dark and splendidly-fashioned woman, was bitterly opposed, as she desired to keep Amber to aid her in rearing the young children of her marriage with Amber's father. She accordingly told Amber the Lieutenant had forgotten her—he had not written, nay, he was in the camp near by, and had not sought her out, though separated some months. In truth, the mother had intercepted the letters, and led the Lieutenant to believe Amber dead. Fay, however, saw her companion's trouble and the meaning glances of admiration of the Seneca brave toward her, and, stirred by jealousy of and affection for her friend in singular conjunction, visited the camp, undeceived the Lieutenant and brought about a secret and happy meeting by night between the lovers. But the Seneca grew bold toward the white girl, and was on the very eve of offering her his love and heart, when Fay's jealousy reached the dangerous point that prompts to crime. Amber about this time went on a visit to a relative of Ondayuka's some five miles from the village, leaving Fay to bring an expected message from Ainslie. One day near sunset, while wandering about the romantic spot she visited the waterfall of Butternut creek, a lovely place, and sat beneath a beautiful shade with her sewing, when Fay suddenly appeared on the rocks above, waving a paper in her hand. She sped down the steep, rocky path, and handed the note to Amber. It was from Ainslie—he had gone, the troops had been ordered away, and he had been given no time to come to her. She paled and sobbed: it was a terrible disappointment to the lonely girl. The two girls arose and began the ascent of the path to the top of the fall, and twice Fay raised her hand to strike, but Amber did not see her, nor had she noticed the cruel gleam of jealousy in her eyes. Ainslie gone, the fiery, handsome Indian girl believed that now her Seneca Apollo would woo and win Amber, and be lost forever to her. The next morning Fay early started for the Onondaga village, and Amber accompanied her to a point where they could see the village lay spread out in the far valley below like a lovely picture. Here Amber bade Fay good-by, saying that in a few days she would return to the village. This was what Fay most feared, then the Seneca brave would see and love her again. All her fiery, India blood leaped in her veins, a torrent of invective poured from her lips; "the false white face should not come back: it had stolen away the only love she had ever cared for." With this, swift as a mountain cat, she threw herself upon Amber, and a struggle for life began. Amber fought for her life, it was a nearly equal struggle, but the white girl's hair fell down in the fight, and Fay seized it with one hand and with the other sought to draw her hunting knife. Amber saw the act, and fought desperately to withhold her hand. Life was sweet, sad though it was, "she collected her energies into one awful, ringing cry for help."]

PART II.

And it was answered, even with Fay's arm suspended over her with the deadly knife in hand.

There was a crashing and trampling in the covert near them. Some one seized each with an iron grasp and held them apart. It was a very tall and powerful man, in uncouth dress, much like the Indian hunting suit. In the instant his attention was fully occupied with Fay, who was making a desperate effort to release herself from his grasp. It was useless, and as she sullenly subsided into quiet, from sheer exhaustion, the giant burst into a laugh which made the very hills echo. Nature seemed to have done nothing by halves with him. His mirth was as huge as his person.

"Squaws a fitin'," he roared. "Wal, I'm derne! if ever—what in thunder! This beats your time, Nate Lacey. I cum aout airly, sneakin' round to git a few squirril or partridge for the breakfast, and have ketched two pretty dears."

He was so amused at this bit of his own wit that he dropped down upon the ground to laugh the easier. His grasp relaxed a little as he did so, and Fay, like the trapped wild creature she was, darted into the thicket, and was out of sight in an instant. He sprang up and renewed his grasp upon his other captive, but the caution was needless. She stood perfectly still. Either the shock had benumbed her faculties or despair kept her silent. He looked at her, and a change from wonder to respect and courtesy passed over his rough but open and honest countenance.

"You are not a squaw! What can I do for you? Shall I take you to your friends?"

The words aroused Amber to a keen sense of misery. To whom could she go? Where could she be sheltered from the deadly malice of her enemy? Was ever being so forlorn? She grew so pale and faint that she was forced to drop down upon the grass. Lacey watched her uneasily, and muttered something about "gittin' a waggin to take her home." She roused up at this, and said:

"If there are women where you live, take me with you—I have no friends."

He said 'twas not far to camp, if she could walk. She caught the word "camp."

"Are you a soldier?" she asked, eagerly.

"Wal, no; we're movers from old Connecticut, bound for the O-hi-yo country. Rachel—that's my sister, Jake—that's her old man, and the young 'uns makes ten on us, all in family. You see, I sorter belong to Rachel and her'n. I never had no other belongin' to me, for Rachel, she always said I was too humbly and orkerd for any gal to have me. But you needn't be afeared or me, if I do look rough."

"You look good and kind, and I am not afraid to trust you," said the poor girl.

Nate Lacey blushed through his tan with pleasure, but could not command a word for reply.

He led the way, which was not long, but she grew white and would have fallen; then he took her up and carried her in his strong arms. The area into which he presently emerged from the thicket was a grassy rim, surrounding one of those singular lakelets found in limestone formations, which have ever been the despair of geologists. This one, known since the settlement of the country as "Green Lake," from the color of its fathomless waters—clear as crystal, cold as ice, its edges smooth as a bowl, circular in form, and with no visible outlet. It resembles closely the crater of an extinct volcano filled with water to the brim.

The still, green waters have held dreadful secrets since then; but on the morning Nate Lacey strode into the little amphitheater with his precious burden it was cheerful with the homely tokens of everyday life and industry. A couple of huge emigrant wagons, piled with all the "truck" of a family, were most conspicuous. A great camp-kettle was steaming over a blazing fire, the grass and bushes were ornamented with a family washing, outdoing in variety of hues the colors of Joseph's historical coat. A smaller kettle, on another fire, gave to the morning air an appetizing promise of breakfast. Horses were grazing here and there quietly; children, dogs and domestic fowls swarmed in all directions. The chickens, brought in coops for the sustenance of the party, delighting in their temporary freedom, kept up a sociable cackling.

Rachel Dunn, nearly as tall and as rawboned as her brother, came forward to meet Nate, and stood speechless, looking down on the figure he carried, with its still, white face lying against his shoulder.

"Take her, Rachel," he said hoarsely; "she's only fainted."

The woman took her tenderly in her arms, without stopping to ask a question, and busied herself with the needed restoratives. Then her charge was placed upon a bed (brought from the wagons), restored and refreshed as much by Rachel's womanly kindness as by her tea and toast. She followed the movements of her kind entertainers with bright, grateful eyes, and not till then did the mother establish her eldest daughter, with a big turkey-tail fan, beside the patient, and took her brother aside for an explanation. The little that he knew was soon told. Her declaration that she had no friends, troubled them. What should they do with her?

As soon as some blacksmithing could be completed in the village they would be ready to resume their march toward the sunset. Later they told her. She appeared to have recovered her usual strength and composure, and her pale face glowed with a new thought.

"Take me with you!" she said. The letter which she had lost, in the struggle with Fay, contained these words: "Ordered to the West, to join Harrison's army." Vague as it was, it was a clue. These people were going West. She would be nearer him, and away from those who had plotted against her peace, and whose mad jealousy had threatened her life.

They looked at each other in surprise.

"Take me," she pleaded, "I will not be any trouble. I can help you," she added to Rachel.

They loved her already, and after a short consultation it was decided as she wished it to be.

The next morning the two heavy wagons, with their miscellaneous freight, rumbled down the East hill before the village was awake, and away for the Alleghany. The roads were good, and they reached the point of embarkation without incident or delay. Here the hardest toils of the journey were ended. Its loneliness and monotony were also past. They joined the great multitudes pressing forward to the broad meadows of the Ohio, Wabash and lesser streams.

Says a historian of the times: "The children of Israel could scarcely have presented a more motley array, with their kneading troughs upon their backs, and their little ones, than were there assembled on their way to the new land of promise."

The party was soon stowed away upon one of those huge flatboats which the chronicler describes as "an ark built of stout planks, with the lower seams calked, forming a perfectly flat basis on the water, sixty feet long and thirty feet wide, with a gunwale six inches. Upon this was raised a structure of posts and boards eight feet high, divided into apartments for sleeping and cooking, leaving a few feet clear at either end for rowing and steering—the whole covered by a flat roof, used as a promenade, and propelled by huge sweeps and oars." The rest from land travel, the beautiful scenery, the rapid motion of the descending stream, the new acquaintances—most of them quaint and strange—had an inspiriting effect upon the lonely Amber Desmonde.

To the young all things seem possible. The swift waters were bearing her towards her love; her ready step, quick eye and willing hands had made her most acceptable to Rachel. Her bruised spirit revived in the atmosphere of confidence and kindness. When the Ohio was reached, there was light in her eyes and bloom upon her cheek. O, those days of beauty! those starlit, balmy nights! With the children huddled about her, and Nate Lacey listening, open-mouthed, her sweet voice floated out on "La Belle Riviere" in gay French songs and plaintive English ballads. Cincinnati was reached all too soon by the happy voyagers. Here the wagons were resumed. The line of march was now northward through western Ohio, to the valley of the Maumee, whose rich meadows were the final destination of this emigrant family. The teams, rested by the water transport, were pushed forward. The nights were growing sharply cool, and no time must be lost.

The presence of Hull's army kept the savages at bay, and the first snowfall found the family, with log cabins built, ready for the winter, and with more prospect of substantial comfort than we, at this day, would think possible under frontier conditions.

In the valley and the castle of the Onondagas such an event as the disappearance of the ward of the chief could not be passed over. Several days went by before it was discovered. Fay was surprised and captured by a searching party, for she had feared to come home. She denied all knowledge of Amber, but when confronted with Catherine Farmer, relapsed into immovable and sullen silence. Ondayuka conducted the inquiry with grave decorum, mingled with the cunning of his race. The first point gained was that the deed was unknown to the whites; and he resolved to deal with the offender according to Indian law, without recourse to the laws of the white men.

Search was instituted, and pushed with a thoroughness that no white tribunal could have commanded. But the earth might as well have opened and swallowed up the victim, for any trace that could be found. The belief that Fay had murdered her friend now gained strong ground, and the wretched captive was guarded and set apart to await her doom. Ondayuka was grieved, yet stern. It was evident that more than Roman justice would be meted out, even though the sword cut deep into the heart of the aged chief. His people respected his sorrow. But it was the young Seneca who entered into it most deeply. Bound to Ondayuka by ties of gratitude and friendship, a generous impulse stirred him. He would save the good old man from the painful ordeal before him. Believing that he had the key to the mystery, he offered to undertake the defense of Thistledown. The old chief gave his consent, but it was evident that he entertained little hope of a happy result.

"Lone Pine," as he had styled himself since his separation from his tribe, went directly from the chief's house to the lodge where the prisoner was confined. At a sign from him the two squaws who were in attendance went out. He was greatly shocked at the change made in the bright girl by a few days of mental suffering. She was seated on the floor, her head sunk upon her bosom. Her dark, abundant hair, unbound, fell over her face, concealing it. Her attitude was the embodiment of desolation. He approached and spoke to her, but she shuddered and drew herself away. At length he compelled her to look up and listen to him. He said that he had chosen to be her advocate with her tribe, and would save her if she would let him. She no longer turned away her dimmed eyes, but listened to all that he said. Looking at him from the depths into which her mad passion had plunged her, he seemed like some being from a higher world, who had stooped to take pity on her.

She fell at his feet and confessed everything, not even concealing the jealousy which prompted her attack upon Amber. She said that when she stole back, after she had recovered from her alarm, Amber was gone; that she spent the day in the search, but dared not return to endure the suspicions of the tribe. Lone Pine knew she spoke the truth, but there must be proof. She also told him the story of the letter she had brought to Amber, and the evident distress it had caused her.

Early next morning Lone Pine took the prisoner in a wagon, with her two attendants, and drove to the spot where the encounter took place. They left the old women in charge of the horses, and as soon as they were alone Fay began talking eagerly and pointed out the place of the encounter. Suddenly she darted away, with a cry of joy, returning with a paper in her hands. Rain, sun and dews had washed all traces of writing from its surface, yet to the Senaca it was a strong confirmation of her story, and he did not doubt that it was the letter she had brought to Amber. Even Indian eyes could detect no footprints, and there were to be seen only some bushes broken and torn at the place where the tall stranger had made his appearance.

Lone Pine returned to "The Castle" without visible proofs, but wholly convinced of Fay's innocence of the crime of murder. He asked of Ondayuka that judgment might be suspended for one year. In that time he believed it would appear that the White Rose was still living. The chief consented, and the prisoner was released, it being understood that Lone Pine should be held answerable for her appearance at the specified time.

Thus arranged, he returned to the search. He wanted to be alone, for Fay's eagerness disturbed his judgment. Again he examined the ground in a gradually widening circle. He soon found the traces of grazing horses. He followed till they led to the Green Lake and the remains of the emigrants' camp. These he studied carefully, to ascertain the probable lapse of time since the camp was deserted.

Night was approaching. He built a fire, and lay down in his blanket beside it. His dreams might well have been sweet, for he was certain that Thistledown was saved. The sunrise found him again at work examining the traces of the emigrants. Bits of cloth he found in several places; near a bowlder, that would have made a convenient seat under a spreading tree, he found the remnants left after the family mending. These he carefully secured. Then began a search around the lake. He had approached it by a zigzag course, following the trail of the horses. He now made a direct cut from the lake to the point indicated by the girl. Midway his lynx eye caught sight of something fluttering from a branch. It was a bit of dark blue cloth. He remembered that Amber had worn that color. It was unlike any that he had collected. It only remained to ask Fay what was worn by the missing girl on that memorable morning to make the chain complete. The wagons had been driven out to the highway, and had probably taken the usual route to the Alleghany, he concluded.

Everything that was best in this forest chieftain's nature was now engaged in this enterprise, and he set out on his apparently hopeless errand without an hour's delay. At the Oneida Castle he found that a body of 200 warriors had responded to the call of General Harrison, and were only a day in advance of him, moving west. He overtook and joined them. They made a desultory yet quick march to the Alleghany, stopping only to make canoes for the decent of the river. He met other Indians in canoes upon their return trip, and these he questioned and became convinced that the most of the immigrants, who passed at the time of Amber's flight, had gone to the Maumee valley, which was so soon to shake with the thunders of war.

The winter had passed cheerily enough to the settlers of the Maumee. There were rumors afloat that made husbands and fathers look uneasily at wives and children as they cast the bullets or primed the trusty rifle. In the household of Jacob and Rachael Dunn all was peace, the two men abstaining from tales that would frighten the "wimmen folks." One afternoon in early spring Amber stood at the cabin door. There were as yet no leaves on the trees, but the ground beneath them was full of sweet, new life and fragrant with spicy odors. She was just suggesting a "winter-green hunt" to the children when Nate looked up from his work of mending a whip lash, and signaled to her to draw near. "There's Indians in the woods," he whispered. "Keep in doors; I see two of the red devils a horseback this morning." He could have told her much more, for they had followed him while he was looking for a stray horse, and though he had doubted many times, he was not certain that they would not trail him to the house. They were well mounted, and he believed that others of the gang had taken "old Sorrel," who had never been known to stray before in all his discreet and steady going-life. Amber obeyed in silence, as was her habit, and seated herself with some work near the door. Her eyes roved often over the sweet landscape, for she could not repress the longing to go out in the pure air. Suddenly her hands dropped her work.

"They are here," she said in a low voice. Nate sprang up. His pursuers of the morning were tying their horses to a couple of young trees in front of the house. They were fully armed and hideous with paint, but they made pacific signs to Nate, who stood in the door with his rifle raised. "Put down your guns or I'll fire," he shouted. They obeyed. Leaning their guns against a stump they advanced with extended hands towards the muzzle of Nate's rifle. Not an eyelash quivered as they strode up the little slope on which the cabin stood. Just then Amber gave a cry of recognition. They stopped and looked at her, then exchanged glances, accompanied by the usual Indian exclamations of surprise. One was a huge Oneida, whom Amber had often seen at "The Castle," and his comrade was the chief, whose life was devoted to the quest of the White Rose—Lone Pine himself! It was wonderful that she had recognized them through the diabolical disguise of their war paint, but she knew enough of Indian etiquette to abstain from addressing them when on the war path.

Their conference with Nate Lacey was long and anxious. The substance of it was this: General Harrison was closely besieged by the allied forces of Proctor and Tecumseh at Fort Meigs, on the Maumee. This the settlers knew, but thought themselves comparatively safe at a distance of thirty miles from the point where the force of the enemy was concentrated. But the near approach of a large force, under General Green Clay from Kentucky to relieve the fort, had caused the besieging General to throw out skirmishing bodies in all directions to feel for the enemy's advance. No settlement or farm-house was now safe, and Harrison, with his usual thoughtfulness for the poor people, had sent out his trusty Oneidas as being best fitted for such service, to guide and guard as many as possible of the exposed settlers into places of safety. Some they had taken to the fort, and they proposed this to Lacey as the only chance of escape, for the danger was hourly increasing. Dunn had now returned and joined the council, and the result was that they placed themselves in the hands of the friendly Oneidas, who, about sunset, were joined by three of their scouts. They camped under the trees without fire, telling the family to use the same caution. The night was clear but moonless. Within doors the women made their preparations for flight with heavy hearts. Poor Rachel was almost demented at the thought of leaving her houshold goods and stores, the awful chances of the morrow seeming obscured to the wife and mother by the question of how her children were to be fed. There were horses enough to mount the family. About midnight the Indians announced that the time to mount had come. The little band struck into the forest and pushed forward till daylight. The Oneida then called a halt and sent out runners in the direction of the fort. The jaded women and children slipped off the horses, which were allowed to crop a little grass, and the family made a hasty meal on the provisions they had brought with them. They offered to divide with their Indian friends, but they declined. The two chiefs seemed to be all eye and ear. Amber, who watched them, was the only one who fully realized their peril. A little past sunrise the runners came back. There was a short consultation, and the result seemed favorable. They mounted and pressed on. It was useless to attempt to conceal the trail of so large a party, so they rode boldly on, the white men on one side of the women and children, the Indians on the other. The roar of the rapids now rose distinctly on the air, but they had a detour of several miles to make in order to come out above the fort, and so avoid Proctor's camp and the batteries below. Their course had been westerly, following the river. They now turned south into a cattle trail which led to a little run that was quite a stream in winter, uniting with the Maumee. Here they refreshed themselves and the horses, and entered the stream, following its course about two miles. When they had advanced far enough in this direction they left the water. In front was a little knoll, nearly bare of trees. Here a colt, which was ridden by two of the boys, became restive, and frightened. The two men looked at each other and whispered, "He smells Indians." The attention of all was centered upon him for a moment, and when they again looked forward they saw a mounted Indian looking down upon them from the knoll. The party drew close together, and the men raised their rifles. In another instant the knoll seemed alive with savages, who swept toward them at a swinging trot. The Oneida made a gesture of despair—they were outnumbered. Resistance would bring death. "Don't shoot," he said to the excited Dunn. The unhappy man did not heed him. He fired at one of the foremost warriors, the savage put his hand to his shoulder and came on with a wild yell, and half a dozen rifles rang out sharply as they came on. Though the aim was reckless, Jack Dunn and his oldest boy fell dead from their horses, and the youngest child was wounded in its mother's arms. The friendly Indians, well knowing their fate if taken by their foes, slipped away in the confusion and escaped. The distressed group were quickly surrounded, and their bridles seized by the savages. The eyes of Amber Desmonde wandered over the repulsive faces around her till they rested upon the chief. He was a tall man, richly but not foppishly dressed, in the Indian costume, but he was not painted. She noted the easy grace of his figure which even Lone Pine's did not equal. She thought she had never seen a countenance so stern and yet so sad. In a moment she had slipped from her horse and was at his bridle rein.

"Great chief save us!" she cried in the Indian tongue. "We are not enemies. We were going to the fort to escape from your guns. We have done no harm. Spare us!" He gave a start of surprise, with the usual Indian exclamation at being addressed in the Indian tongue by a white woman. His eagle glance fastened upon the trembling speaker, turned it for an instant towards the family, huddled about the injured child, seeming forgetful of their peril, and at the still forms lying near, then said, in a voice of singular sweetness:

"My brother has two scalps for his hurt shoulder. You and your friends shall be safe. I have said it. I am Tecumseh."

This, then, was the dreaded chief whose name was spoken by pale lips in the homes of the settlers on all the Western border. Amber's heart almost stood still at that terrible name. But she retained enough of her presence of mind to express her gratitude, and he seemed to be pleased. A frenzied scream now burst from poor Rachel. Amber's arms were around her in a moment, begging her not to endanger the lives of her remaining children. The Indians were scalping and plundering the dead, while the agonized wife and children locked on. And this was but one of hundreds of such scenes transpiring every day upon the frontier. And this one, the haughty Shawnee chief, by a caprice of his strange will, had robbed of half its horrors!

Well might a historian of this war say, "In later wars we have often succeeded in shooting more men; but seldom in producing more misery." The toil and agonies of the brute creation alone must have entered into the ears of the Most High, as accusers of man, in this unholy war!

Again the little band was mounted, and in the midst of the wretches stained with the blood of their kindred, and was hurried forward. There was evident watchfulness, as if the captors expected an attempt at rescue from the escaped Indians. But those friends knew that such an effort would be the signal for the massacre of the prisoners. Under the stern eye of their leader all signs of violence were suppressed, and they soon entered the British encampment.

Tecumseh did not lose sight of his prisoners until he had given the women and children a cabin where, as they afterwards learned, they would be under his own eyes. Nate Lacey he took to a spot where a score or two of prisoners were at work digging a trench. Here he found men similarly unfortunate, who had even more tragic stories to tell. Something of his old quaint humor shone in his eyes as he saw the meek white nose of old Sorrel in front of an army wagon. Though compelled to use his strong arms in the service of his country's foes, his lot was far easier than that of the women. Amber found need for her gifts of calm patience and courage. They were in small, close quarters. Rachel was nearly distracted with grief. The care of all depended upon her frail arms, but well did she acquit herself the trust. Small time had she for her own griefs and anxieties, and perhaps it was best for her.

And so the days came and went, until the eventful 5th of May. Since the 1st there had been an unusual stir of expectation in the camp, which had been noticed even by the lonely prisoners in the cabin. This morning the batteries played away upon the fort, as usual, but there was a hush in the camp life, that was explained to them by the wife of a sutler, who told them that Tecumseh was out with a large force of British and Indians, to defend the batteries from the expected attack of the Kentuckians, who were in sight at daylight, coming down the river in boats. The forenoon was wearing away as usual, the dull thud of the guns breaking the monotone of the rapids.

Suddenly Amber's strained ears missed something. She held her breath suspended a moment, then dropped upon her knees. The batteries had stopped firing! The story of that bloody day is written in history. The stormy charge of the Kentuckians, headed by the gallant Colonel Dudley, the capture of the batteries, the feigned flight of Tecumseh, and the deadly ambush into which Dudley fell, with the best of his command.

Amber was still praying for the souls going up to God from that bloody field, when one of Rachel's boys rushed in saying that they were bringing in the prisoners. Slowly they filed past, less than a hundred miserable men, wounded, footsore; with dusty, tattered, blood-stained clothing, and bearing the marks of the horrible torture of the gantlet. Far happier their brothers lying on the well-fought field. Some still raised proud heads and defiant eyes, while dark and evil faces leered at them on every side. Amber's pitying gaze dwelt upon them, fascinated by the dread sight.

"That's Colonel Dudley," said Tommy Dunn, pointing to a man of stately height, with erect, proud head, from which fell down upon his shoulders clustering yellow curls. He turned as if his quick ear had caught his name, and met Amber's eyes. A look of pleasant surprise passed over his weary face, as he bowed courteously.

The stir of these arrivals had passed away and sleep seemed settling upon the camp, when Amber caught sound of a timid knock at the cabin door, and opening, found there a little Indian boy, who seemed ready to take flight when spoken to. Amber questioned him in Indian, and reassured by that he told his errand.

The big white chief that Tecumseh had taken had sent him to ask her to come and see him. Would she come with him? He could show her the place where they had him imprisoned. Amber had never been outside the cabin at night. She knew that it was a dangerous adventure, yet she could not refuse the forlorn man whose eyes had lighted up at the sight of her. Wrapping herself up closely she passed out into the darkness. It was a short walk and they met no one. A dim light was burning in a small tent. She did not see the Indian guards, but she knew they were there, intently watchful.

The guide lifted the curtain and she was in the tent with the prisoner. He arose as she entered, his stately form seeming to fill the little room. He had wrapped a blanket around him to hide as much as possible the disorder of his clothing, but the pitiful eyes saw that the fair hair was matted, though an attempt had been made to smooth it, and a wound upon the white forehead was still bleeding.

"I saw you," he said, "and knew that you would comfort a doomed man by taking his last farewell to his wife. You will do it; I am sure of it. You will live through this dreadful time, and will see my Lucy——"

Amber interposed some words of hope that he might be saved.

"No," he answered; "I am too powerful an enemy. The Indians thirst for my blood. If Tecumseh's tiger heart would spare me, Proctor would not. A dying man asks you to take to his wife his last love and blessing. My General will tell her how I fought. If only I could die a soldier's death," he exclaimed, with a shudder.

One moment he paused, overcome by the awful vision, and involuntarily he passed his hand over his long yellow curls.

He drew from his breast a small knife, and severed one of the locks and placed it in Amber's hand.

"Take it to her, she will know it, even if years pass before she sees it."

Weeping bitterly, and unable to speak, Amber took the fair curl in her trembling hands.

"You must go now," he said. "It may do you harm to be seen here. God bless you! angel of His mercy, sent to comfort me!"

The power of speech entirely deserted her. He looked down upon the face so full of anguish, and, stooping, pressed a farewell kiss on the pure forehead, and led her gently to the door. Blinded with emotion, she put out a hand to the child to lead her. They walked but a few steps, when the little guide suddenly wrested his hand from hers and fled into the darkness like a frightened fawn. She roused up at this desertion and saw Tecumseh walking at her side.

"My daughter should not walk at night," he said, kindly; "there are bad men in camp."

Her quick perception told her that an opportunity was given her to plead for Dudley. She suspected that he knew her visit—perhaps had permitted it. She told him where she had been, and that Colonel Dudley expected to die on the morrow.

"He is a great chief," said Tecumseh. "Is he afraid to die?" Amber explained that he expected no mercy, but she besought the chief to show it to so noble a foe.

"Is he a brother," asked the chief, "that you care so much?"

"He is a friend," said Amber, feeling that she could not convey to the mind of the Indian an idea of the swift and subtle sympathy that had drawn her toward the brave and unhappy Kentuckian.

"The words of the White Rose are hard to hear," he answered. "Tecumseh is a great chief. If he saves the white chief, what will he give my young men for his life?"

She only replied that the white chief was very dear to General Harrison, and that a large ransom could be had.

Reaching the cabin, Tecumseh left her. She was far more happy now, for she had faith in the chief.

The next morning, as she went about her household duties, the neighbor who had often brought the news of the camp rushed in breathlessly.

"They are taking the prisoners away," she said—"marching them down the river; and the red devils are prodding such of them with knives as do not go fast enough."

"Tecumseh?" gasped Amber.

"No, Tecumseh's gone away; but there's lots of redcoats 'going to see the fun,' as my old man heard them say."

The butchery of old Fort Miami lives in history—how British officers looked on and laughed at the agonies of the victims; how Tecumseh, returning from some mission, burst upon the scene like a spirit of vengeance; how he brained one of his own men who resisted his order to stop the carnage; how in haughty, passionate denunciation, he spoke until the British cowered with shame at his rebuke.

But the spring of the "Flying Panther" was taken too late. The noble Dudley had been one of the first victims. Sullenly the baffled bloodhounds marched back, bringing with them the few wretched men whom Tecumseh had saved. The trembling women at the cabin were spared the sounds of the fiendish yells of triumph, for Tecumseh walked with them, the fire of his righteous indignation still burning in his deep eyes.

When all had slunk away, and the camp was quiet, Tecumseh stalked gloomily through it. He paused a few moments before the cabin of the Dunn family. Perhaps he realized that even his power might fail to protect the girl Amber from the license of the camp. None could read his thoughts. But he walked into the cabin at midnight, and commanded her to dress and come with him. Her calmness and freedom from distrust evidently pleased the wild chief. Yet Amber Desmonde well knew that she had no one else to trust, and during her life in camp she had encountered looks which made her feel that there might be evils, compared to which a blow from the battle ax of Tecumseh would be a blessing. She arrayed herself quickly and cheerfully for the journey, then tore herself from the clinging embraces of Rachel and the children, and committing herself to the guidance of Tecumseh, went out into the darkness.

A short walk brought them to the river. He lifted his captive as if she had been a child through the tangle of weeds and underbrush, and placed her in a tiny canoe that he drew from the bushes. Standing in it, he propelled it slowly up the stream in the shadow of the bank. The water close in shore was as quiet as a lake. The deep bass of the rapids rose hoarsely on the night air, drowning all other sounds.

How long this lasted, Amber could not tell, but the boat was suddenly wheeled around, by the powerful arm of the chief, and shot into the mouth of a little run, where there was barely water enough to float it. He pulled the clustering bushes still closer about the cane, and throwing a blanket to the captive, said, "Sleep."

To obey at this crisis of fate was quite impossible; but she cowered close beneath the friendly shelter. The figure of the Indian, erect and watchful, stood motionless in the shadow. Hours seemed to pass. At last her eyes closed, but the uneasiness of her position presently aroused her. Daybreak was struggling with fog upon the river, when she became aware of something moving near her. Through an opening in the leaves she saw six figures, stalking by silent as specters. It was evidently a scouting party returning to the fort after a night expedition. They passed within twenty feet of her hiding place, and she recognized the Oneidas and Lone Pine. As they passed with the swift, swinging gait of the red man, she shuddered as she thought of the fiery eyes that were watching them. Tecumseh's fingers must have tingled for a shot at his old enemies; but he had other affairs on hand. Too near the fort to expect an ambush, the men pressed on without looking about them. Soon after the chief resumed his position in the boat, and heading it up stream, Fort Meigs quickly came into view.

This celebrated fortress, intrenched by the strong arms of the Western settlers, was situated upon a bluff a hundred feet above the Maumee. A dense forest of oak and beech surrounded it. But it had been cleared away for a space of three hundred yards immediately around the fort, and the river front was also cleared for the deadly sweep of the cannon. Under cover of the bank and the fog the little boat was worked up to the front. Just then the sun appeared, scattering the mist, and the sunrise gun thundered from the fort. The chief lifted Amber from the boat and placed in her hands a white flag. They were instantly discovered and an Indian was seen coming towards them. It was an interpreter, and halting at a safe distance, he demanded their business. Then the haughty spirit of Tecumseh blazed out:

"Tell them," he shouted, "that I come alone bringing a white prisoner. To none but an officer will I deliver her. If the pale chiefs are afraid I will take her and go. Your guns shall not stop me."

In a front room, in the largest of the eight block-houses inclosed in the stockade, sat three officers. The eldest was a man of full middle-age, with a plain, sun-browned face, lighted by eyes of wonderful kindness and shrewd penetration. He was dressed in a plain uniform, considerably the worse for wear. The others were younger men, who were working under his direction at maps and papers which covered the table at which they sat. A knock at the door was followed by the entrance of an orderly with the interpreter.

"What is it?" asked General Harrison, for he knew that something of importance must have warranted the intrusion. The interpreter repeated the words of the strange Indian, in good English. Harrison glanced at the soldier, as if for confirmation.

"It is so, General," he said; "you can see them from here." The three officers stepped out upon the veranda and saw two muffled figures clearly defined against the background of sky and river, standing motionless, except for the waving of the white flag.

"The rascal is armed," said Captain Miller. "I see the glint of a rifle. It is one of Tecumseh's ambushes."

"One gun would blow him—where he belongs," said the sergeant, modifying the rough phrase, out of deference to the presence of the commander.

"But the prisoner," said the youngest officer, who had not spoken till now.

"It is a woman. He said her," turning to the interpreter, who replied by repeating slowly and in sonorous tones the exact words of Tecumseh.

"By George! it sounds like a challenge," cried Harrison, laughing. "Who will step on that copper-colored gentleman's coat tails, supposing that he has any."

"It is an ambuscade," repeated Captain Miller, gravely: "one of Tecumseh's devilments."

"What do you say, Ainslie?" said Harrison, turning to the other officer, whose features were plainly working under some suppressed emotion.

"With your permission, General," he said, "I will meet the Indian and receive the captive. Think what must be her fate. For the sake of my promised wife, who may now be somewhere at the mercy of savages, I will save this woman if I can. It risks no life but mine. If I fall, there are plenty of brave men left."

Harrison bowed his assent without speaking, and Ainslie hurried from the room. He reappeared presently in a bright uniform, and walked deliberately towards the chief. When he approached near enough, Tecumseh shouted in English:

"Stand! Say who you are!"

Before he could reply, his name was spoken, and Amber Desmonde had fled, with the swiftness of a bird, to the shelter of his arms.

"Speak to him; thank him," she cried, after the first breathless moment. "It is Tecumseh."

Ainslie looked up at the dread sound of that name. But the place was empty where he had stood so long, a target for the guns of his enemy.

"Brave, noble chief!" cried Ainslie, aloud. "We thank you!" But Tecumseh was already beyond the range of the guns, and whirling down the rapids.

Captain Ainslie left Amber to recover herself for a few moments, while he sought the General, and told her strange story.

"We will send her to Mrs. Harrison until the war is over," said the kindly commander, "then we will have a grand wedding." And he kept his word.

The death of Tecumseh, at the battle of the Thames, occurred in the following year. He was regretted by those whom he had so unselfishly befriended. Yet it seemed a fit ending that his fiery, untamable spirit should pass away from earth, amid the smoke and thunder of battle rather than pine like a prisoned eagle in the trafficking, basket-weaving homes of peace.

There was a pleasant interview with Lone Pine. He related the events at the Castle following the disappearance of Amber. The gentle girl forgave Thistledown, and when the fort was relieved Lone Pine departed, taking a letter to Ondayuka from his ward and many thoughtful and substantial gifts to Fay.

It was several years later before the Ainslies visited "The Castle." They found there a happy, civilized and prosperous people, two churches, a large school-house, and many substantial dwellings. The wisdom of its chief had led the "nation" to adopt the good example of their white neighbors, and bad kept out of the community much that was evil.

Ondayuka, the good, at a great age, was calmly awaiting the summons to join the great Ingathering Feast of his fathers in the land where there is no night, nor winter, nor old age.

A handsome, stately chief gave the Ainslies a hearty welcome; it was Lone Pine, advanced to high honors and dignity. With him came his wife, in whom it was not difficult to recognize Fay, though she had lost much of her lightness, and pretty, shy children were clinging to her dress.

"I owe it all to you," she said, with a little of her old impulsiveness.

Amber Ainslie pointed upward, "It was His mercy," she said, and they bowed their heads in silent reverence.

It was nearly thirty years after the war, in a city upon Lake Erie's shore, that an elderly gentleman walked up the steps of one of its beautiful residences with rather more haste than was usual to his movements. He entered a handsome drawing-room, where a lady was seated at a bay-window overlooking the lake.

"Alone! and so quiet, dear," he said, advancing, and leaning over her. "Why, I cannot sit still for joy at the good news. Do you hear the cannon booming? and the bells all ringing?" She looked up brightly, this woman whose youth was long past; but to her husband's eyes it was still the face of his young love, Amber Desmonde.

"I was so busy finishing this for Effie's birthday," she said, holding up the delicate work. "Is it not lovely?"

"It is, indeed, beautiful," she answered, rather absently. "But the good news this day received is that our own Harrison is elected President!"

The work fell from her lap unheeded. Her eyes turned toward the expanse of the lake, but she saw not its sparkling, foaming waters. The conventionalities of a life of ease and social successes fell away from her like morning mists. Her "eyes were with her heart, and that was far away." The saw again the blue hills of the Iroquois. The voice of Ondayuka was in her ear, saying: "The White Rose is welcome." Lone Pine and Fay; the noble Dudley; the fierce yet generous Tecumseh; the bluff and kindly Harrison. Like a panorama the past unrolled before her.

Her eyes filled with tears. She turned from the window, and to her husband's fervent "God bless our Harrison!" she responded with a reverent, heart-felt "Amen!"

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The unprecedented sale of *Boschee's German Syrup* within a few years has astonished the world. It is without doubt the safest and best remedy ever discovered for the speedy and effectual cure of Coughs, Colds and the severest Lung troubles. It acts on an entirely different principle from the usual prescriptions given by Physicians, as it does not dry up a Cough and leave the disease still in the system, but on the contrary removes the *cause* of the trouble, heals the parts affected and leaves them in a purely healthy condition. A bottle kept in the house for use when the diseases make their appearance, will save doctor's bills and a long spell of serious illness. A trial will convince you of these facts. It is positively sold by all druggists and general dealers in the land. Price, 75 cents, large bottles.

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Mr. Charles A. Tiel, says the Philadelphia Evening *News*, was so prostrated with throat trouble following upon asthma, he was ordered by physicians to New Orleans. The change wrought no good; he returned home in a hopeless condition. He was advised and he tried Red Star Cough Cure. His cough and asthma left him, and after using a few bottles his health was completely restored.

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After suffering a great deal from an attack of pleuro-pneumonia, connected with a severe and painful cough, a friend of mine recommended the Red Star Cough Cure to me, after I had tried several other remedies without success. One bottle ensured my recovery. MARK A. MILLER, Travelling Agt., Erie R. R.

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Mr. Oliver Hinkley, Proprietor of the Pacific Carriage Co., 11 Powell St., San Francisco, says: "I have been suffering with a severe cough, causing finally inflammation of the throat and lungs for a long time. After consulting several physicians without deriving any benefit, I was induced by a friend, who had been similarly afflicted, to try the "Red Star Cough Cure." After a few doses I began to feel instant relief and after taking one bottle I was entirely cured. OLIVER HINKLEY.

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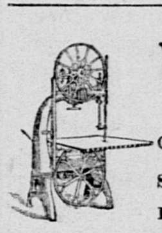
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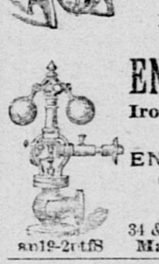
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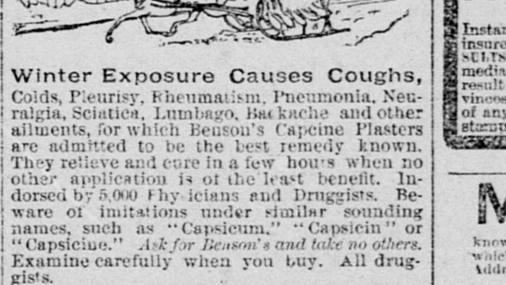

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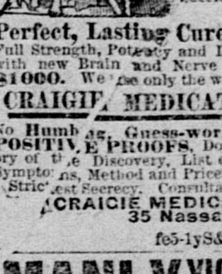
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Mrs Lydia E. Pinkham: Very dear Madam: My wife, Arie A. Green, has suffered with a displacement which caused her unknown pains till I had almost given up all hope of finding any relief for her. But the Guiding Spirit referred me to your Vegetable Compound. I went twelve miles to purchase a bottle, and *the first two doses gave her immediate relief*, and after the use of the first bottle she declared herself a new person; *two bottles entirely cured her.* Your medicine is invaluable to me. It was, indeed, a messenger of peace in my house; it cured my wife, and, God knows, I am the happiest man alive to-day. GEO. W. GREEN, Campti, La.

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MANHOOD RESTORED. A victim of youthful imprudence causing Premature Decay, Nervous Debility, Lost Manhood, etc., having tried in vain every known remedy, has discovered a simple self-cure, which he will send FREE to his fellow sufferers. Address, C. J. MASON, P. O. Box 3179, New York City.

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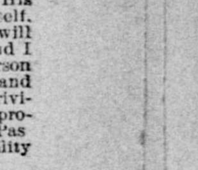
SIDNEY,


By St. Claus, 2:17½; Dam, Sweetness, 2:21¼, by Volunteer, will make the season of 1887 at my ARNO STOCK FARM, Sacramento county, Arno Station. Sidney is a rich bay with black points, 15 hands 2½ inches high. Although only 6 years old he has two-year old colts which, as yearlings with from six to eight weeks' handling, have showed one-quarter in 39 seconds, one-half in 1:20. I have sold one of his yearlings for $1,800, and refused $3,000 for three others. This tells more about his qualities as a stock horse than a page of eulogium. His breeding is so royal that it speaks for itself. Anybody wishing his tabulated pedigree will receive it free of charge on application, and I will be glad to show his produce to any person desirous of seeing them. I will this year stand SIDNEY at the very low fee of $75, with privilege of return if mares don't prove in foal, providing I still own the horse next year. Pasturage at moderate rates, but no responsibility for escapes or accidents of any kind.

G. VALENSIN.

For further particulars or tabulated pedigree address JOHN ROWEN, Hicksville, Sacramento county. 4ptf

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the county of Sacramento. In the matter of JOHN H. MOON, an insolvent debtor. JOHN H. MOON, an insolvent debtor having applied to this Court for a discharge from his debts, it is hereby ordered that the Clerk of this Court give notice to all creditors who have proved their debts to appear before this Court, at the Court-room thereof, on the ELEVENTH day of MARCH, 1887, at the hour of 1:30 o'clock P. M., to show cause, if any they have, why the said JOHN H. MOON should not be discharged from all his debts, in accordance with the statutes in such cases made and provided. It is further ordered that notice of said application be given to the creditors by mail, and by publication once a week for four successive weeks in the SACRAMENTO DAILY RECORD-UNION, a newspaper published in said county.

T. B. WILSON, Judge of the Superior Court.

Grove L. Johnson, Attorney for Debtor.

fe5-td8

In the Superior Court, in and for the county of Sacramento, in the State of California. In the matter of the estate of GEORGE ROWLEY, deceased. From the petition of F. H. RUSSEL, administrator of the estate of the above named GEORGE ROWLEY, deceased, this day presented to me, it appears that it is necessary to sell the whole of the real and personal estate belonging to the deceased, for the purpose of paying the debts of the estate and expenses, charges and costs of administration. It is, therefore, ordered that such petition be filed, and that all persons interested in the estate appear before this Court on FRIDAY, the 11th day of MARCH, 1887, at 10 o'clock A. M., at the Court-room of Department Two, and show cause why an order should not be granted to said administrator to sell the whole of said property and estate. And it is ordered further, that a copy of this order be published for four successive weeks in the SACRAMENTO DAILY RECORD-UNION a newspaper published in said county of Sacramento.

Dated this 9th day of February, 1887.

W. C. VAN FLEET, Judge of the Superior Court.

Freeman, Johnson & Bates, Attorneys for Estate. fe10-td