FORT FRAYNE

A NOVEL--By Capt. Charles King,
AUTHOR OF "THE DESERTER," "A WAR-TIME WOOING," ETC.

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CHAPTER IV.

All this was but part and parcel of the story of the old Wyoming fort. Long years had it served as refuge and resting place for the emigrants in the days before the Union Pacific was built, when the overland stage route followed the Platte to the Sweetwater, and then past the Devil's Gate and Independence Rock, old landmarks of the Mormons, and on to the backbone of the continent, where the mountain streams, springing from rocky beds not long pistol shot apart, flowed rippling away, the one to the Missouri and Gulf of Mexico, the other to the Colorado and that of California. Frayne was but a huge stockade in the early days of the civil war, but the government found it important from a strategical point of view, even after the railway spanned the Rockies, and the emigrant and settler no longer trudged the weary trail that, bordering the Sioux country, became speedily a road of fire and blood second only in its terrors to the Smoky Hill route through "bleeding Kansas." Once it was the boast of the Dakotas, as it has been for generations of their enemies, the Absarakas, or Crows, that they had never shed the blood of a white man. Settlers of the old days used to tell how the Sioux had followed them for long, long marches, not to murder and pillage, but to restore to them items lost along the trail or animals strayed from their little herds. But there came an end to all this when, resisting an unjust demand, the Sioux, fired upon, retaliated. From the day of the Grattan massacre beyond old Laramie there has been no real peace with the lords of the Northwest. They are quiet only when subdued by force. They have broken the crust of their environment time and again, and burst forth in the seething flame of a volcano that is ever bubbling and boiling beneath the feet of the frontiersman to this day.

And so Frayne was maintained as a military post for years, first as a stockade, then as a subdepot of supplies, garrisoned by four companies of infantry and four of cavalry, the former to hold the fort, the latter to scour the neighboring country. Then as time wore on and other posts were built further up in the Big Horn, Frayne's garrison dwindled, but there stood upon its commanding bluff the low rows of wooden barracks, the parallel rows of double sets of broad piazzaed quarters where dwelt the officers, the long, low, log-revetted walls of the corrals and cavalry stables on the flats below. Here, oddly enough, the Twelfth had spent a lively year or two before it went to Arizona. Here it learned the Sioux country and the Sioux so well that when, a few years back, the ghost dance craze swept over the plains and mountains like the plague the old regiment was hurried from its sunshiny stations in the South and mustered once again, for troops at least, within the very walls that long before had echoed to its trumpets. Here we found them in the midst of the Christmas preparations that were turned so suddenly into summons to the field, and here again, three years later still, headquarters and six troops now, the proud old regiment is still at Frayne, and Fenton "vice Farrar, killed in action with hostile Indians," holds the command.

A good soldier is Fenton; a brave fellow, a trifle rough at times like the simple plains-bred dragoon he is, but a gentleman with a gentle heart in his breast for all the stern exterior. Women said of him that all he needed to make him perfect was polish and all he needed to give him polish was a wife, for at fifty-four the grizzled colonel was a bachelor. But Fenton had had his romance in early youth. He had loved with all his big heart, so said tradition, a New York belle and beauty whom he knew in his cadet days, and who, so rumor said, preferred another, whom she married before the war, and many a garrison belle had since vainly set her cap for Fenton and found him faithful to his early love. But, though the ladies often speculated as to the identity of the woman who had held the Colonel's heart in bondage all these years and blocked the way for all successors, no one of their number had ever heard her name or ever knew the truth. One officer there was in the Twelfth who, like Fenton himself, was a confirmed bachelor, and who was said to be possessed of the whole story, but there was no use asking Malcolm Leale to tell anybody's secrets, and when Fenton came to Frayne, promoted to the command so recently held by a man they all loved and honored, it was patent to everybody that he felt sorely, as though he were an usurper. Fenton was many long miles away with another battalion of the Twelfth the day of the tragic battle on the Mini Pusa, and it was long months thereafter before he appeared at regimental headquarters, and then he brought with him as his housekeeper his maiden sister, Lucretia, and in Lucretia Fenton—the dreamiest, dowdiest, kindliest, quaintest middle-aged prattler that ever lived, moved and had her being in the army—the ladies of the Twelfth found so much to make merry over that they well nigh forgot and forgave the unflattering indifference to feminine fascinations of her brother, the Colonel.

When Fenton came the Farrars, widowed mother and devoted daughter, had been gone some weeks. The shock of her husband's death had well nigh shaken Mrs. Farrar's reason, and for months her condition was indeed deplorable. Loving him devotedly, glorying in his soldierly record and reputation, yet ever dreading for him just such an end, she had been so prostrated by her grief that Ellis almost forgot her own bitter sorrow in the contemplation of her mother's woe. For months the daughter was her main prop and comfort and attendant. Will, her bright, brave boy, could not be permitted to leave his studies at the Point. Royle, her first born, was an outcast and wanderer she knew not where. Ellis, her youngest, her one daughter, proved to be her chief dependence. Loving friends and relatives she had in plenty, to be sure, and through the providence of her soldier husband her fortune was unimpaired, and, fortunately, more than sufficient for her needs. And so for over six months after that fatal Christmastide the widow lay, either apathetic or in the depths of an overwhelming grief, and Ellis never left her side. And then they went for a summer at the sea shore, for Ellis herself was drooping, and then while visiting at her own sister's home Mrs. Farrar began to realize how all this time Ellis's education was being neglected, and, despite her protest, the girl was sent back to school in New York, where she could be within call. This was her one stipulation, for Ellis well knew what her mother only faintly suspected—that no more sudden shocks could come into the gentle sufferer's life without danger of ending it at once.

And all this time Jack Ormsby had been so helpful, thoughtful and attentive. It was he who met them and escorted them most of that miserable homeward way. For the time being, at least, the honored remains of the grand old Colonel had been laid to rest under the shadow of the flag at the post he had so well commanded, but in the course of the second year they were brought East and buried in the beautiful cemetery near his own father's side, and the veterans of a famous regiment bowed their heads beside the helmeted regulars from the forts in the harbor, and Jack's company sent a superb floral emblem to be laid on the flag-draped coffin of the commander by whose side their popular sergeant had won his spurs in Indian battle. A famous fellow, with all his modesty and good sense, was Jack Ormsby in the armory of the Seventh all the year that followed his home-coming from the Sioux campaign, and again and again did his comrades make him tell the story of his sensations and experiences when he followed Farrar into the heart of that fire-spitting village, through that veil of softly falling snow. How red it grew in many a place. What scenes of carnage were there not after the noble Colonel fell. Jack's brain used to turn sick at thought of it sometimes, but still there was the exultation of the rescue of those hapless captives, those poor women, being dragged away to a fate to which torture at the stake were mercy. There was the triumph of the overwhelming defeat and punishment of that great village of hostiles even when it was reinforced, as it soon was, by the return of many of the warriors who had been watching and hindering the pursuit of the Eleventh. Leale had taken command, cool, yet raging over the murder of his beloved chief, and while even then seeking to carry out Farrar's injunctions to protect the women and children, had dealt vengefully with the warriors who had rallied to the attack. Ormsby was through it all and bore himself like a man and a sergeant, even of the Seventh, and swore that his Creedmoor training had been more than enough to help him empty at least two saddles. If he had "only had his old Remington," said he, "instead of a cavalry carbine," Kill Eagle himself would have bit the dust, for twice he drew bead upon that savage chief when the snow clouds lifted late in the afternoon and let the battlefield be seen. Great work had the little battalion done that day, but all the same were they glad to see the coming column of the Eleventh just before the red, red sun went down.

Once, just once, after they had been home perhaps a month, Ellis made him tell her something of that stirring, fatal day, but soon she shut her ears and fled. Ormsby came again. He began coming often—so often that that became one reason why it was deemed best that Ellis should return to school. Mr. Ormsby was a very fine fellow, and all that, said Mrs. Farrar's many relatives, but, really, Ellis is still too young, and she might do better, and so poor Jack, who was learning to do nothing less than worship that exquisite face, so pathetic above the deep mourning of her attire, became dismal in his turn and found no comfort in anything outside of the armory or Wall street.

The next summer the Farrars spent at West Point. It was Will's first class camp, and Will was cadet captain of the color company, and a capital young officer despite a boyish face and manner, and then Jack Ormsby, who never before had "taken much stock in West Point," the battalion looked so small beside the Seventh and the band was such a miserable little affair after Cappa and his superb array—Jack not only concluded that he must go up there every few days to pick up points on guard and sentry duty and things of that kind, but Jack decided that Kitty, his precious sister, might as well go, too, and spend a fortnight, and she did, under the wing of a matron from Gotham with daughters of her own, and Kitty Ormsby, only sixteen, and as full of vivacity, grace, sprightliness and winning ways as girl could be, pretty as a peach and brimming over with fun, coquetry and sweetness combined, played havoc in the corps of cadets, and, could anything have been more fortunate? the victim most helplessly, hopelessly, utterly gone was cadet Captain Will Farrar. To the consternation of the widowed mother she saw her handsome soldier boy led day after day more deeply into the meshes, led like a slave or like the piggy in the nursery rhyme with the ring in the end of his nose, by this bewitching, imperious, fascinating little creature, and there was absolutely no help for it. Anywhere else almost she could have whisked her boy under her wing and borne him away beyond range, but not at West Point. She had to learn the lessons so many mothers learn with such bewilderment, often with such ill grace, that the boy was no longer hers to do with as she would, but Uncle Sam's, and Uncle Sam unfeelingly said stick to your camp duty, with its drills and parades, roll calls, practical engineering, pontooning and spooning in stolen half hours, no matter what the consequence. Mrs. Farrar couldn't carry Will away and couldn't order Kitty. About all she saw of her boy was drilling with the battalion at a distance or dancing with Miss Ormsby close at hand, and, on the principle that misery loves company, she soon was comforted by a fellow-sufferer, for just in proportion as the mother heart was troubled by the sight of her boy's infatuation for this pretty child, so was Jack Ormsby made miserable by seeing the attentions lavished by officers and cadets alike on Ellis Farrar.

And yet the little blind god was doing Jack far better work than ever he dared to dream. The mother longed for Will and no one else could quite take his place. The lover longed for Ellis, and what earthly chance has a "cit" lover at West Point, even though he be a swell and a sergeant in the Seventh. It resulted that in the hours when the mother and Jack had to sit and look on they were brought constantly together, and then in these hours of companionship Mrs. Farrar began to see more and more how manful, honest, self-reliant was the gallant fellow who had fought by her husband's side. Little by little she learned to lean upon him, appeal to him, defer to him, and to see in him, after all, a man in whom she could perhaps confide even so precious a trust as her daughter's heart, and that summer at West Point won the mother even if it did not win the lady of his love.

That winter the boys came down to New York, half a dozen of Will's classmates, for Christmas leave, and such a day and night of adulation as they received. At last did Mrs. Farrar quit her seclusion to give a little dinner in their honor, and consent to attend, as a looker-on, the dance that night at Sherry's, where Ellis gave Ormsby one blessed waltz and Kitty gave Will the mitten. Oh, darts, and flames, and furies what a turmoil there was over that Christmas dance. Will had to go back with his classmates in time to report at a certain hour, but he told his mother in tragic tone that all was over between him and Miss Ormsby forever—forever—and so, perhaps, it might have been had Kitty so minded. She had flirted outrageously with Charley Bates, a fellow Will Farrar simply couldn't bear, and, though neither would admit that a girl had anything to do with it, there was the usual cadet challenge and as spirited a midwinter "mill" as ever was seen in cadet barracks—a "mill" in which Farrar fought like a hero and was only knocked out after having been knocked down time and again, and then Kitty was properly punished, for Will was still in hospital when the New Year's hop came off, battered and bruised and generally miserable, while Bates, though mouse colored as to his eyes, was able to attend, but Kitty went up to Craney's with Mrs. Farrar, a penitent indeed, and never went near the hop, but had Will in ecstasy and a dark corner of the parlor for a long, long hour, and cried and cooed over and comforted him and surrendered at discretion. Will Farrar was practically an engaged man when he was graduated in June—and only twenty-one.

All that winter Ellis had continued her course at school, but was to come out in May, and during the long months of September she was comforted in the comfort her mother found in the companion that had been chosen for her, a gentle, refined and evidently well-bred woman, who came upon the recommendation of their rector, and who was introduced as Mrs. Daunton—Helen Daunton, a woman with a sad history, as the grave old pastor frankly told them, but through no fault or foible of her own. She had been married, but her husband was unworthy of her, had deserted her some years before, leaving her to struggle for herself. Dr. Morgan vouched for her integrity, and that was enough. By the time Ellis was to return to her mother's roof Helen Daunton was so thoroughly established there, so necessary to her mother, so devoted to her in every way that for the first time in her life, even while glad to mark the steps of improvement in the beloved invalid's health and appearance, Ellis Farrar felt the pangs of jealousy.

And this was Will's graduation summer, and they had a lovely time at the sea shore. Kitty was there, and Kitty was an accepted fact, and more so now. Will would be content nowhere without her, and would have married her then and there but for his mother's gentle admonition and Kitty's positive refusal. She had been reared from girlhood by a doting aunt, had been petted and spoiled at home and at school, and yet had not a little fund of shrewd good sense in her bewilderingly pretty head. She wouldn't wear an engagement ring, wouldn't consent to call it an engagement. She owned, under pressure, that she meant to marry Will some day, but not in any hurry, and, therefore, but for one thing the mother's gentle heart would have been content.

And that one thing was that Will had applied for and would hear of no other regiment in all the army than that at the head of which his father had died—the Twelfth Cavalry, and no one could understand and Mrs. Farrar couldn't explain how it was—why it was that that of all others was the one she had vainly hoped he would not choose. He was wild with joy and enthusiasm when at last the order came, and with beaming eyes and ringing voice he read aloud, "'Twelfth Regiment of Cavalry, cadet Will Duncan Farrar, to be second lieutenant, vice Watson, promoted, Troop C.' Leale's troop, Queen Mother—blessed old Malcolm Leale. What more could I ask or you ask? What captain in all the line can match him? And Kitty's uncle in command of the regiment and post. Just think of it, madre dear, and you'll all come out and we'll have grand Christmas times at Frayne's, and we'll hang father's picture over the mantel and father's sword. I'll wire Leale this very minute and write my respects to Fenton. What's he like, anyway, mother? I can't remember him at all—nor can Kitty."

But Mrs. Farrar could not tell. It was years, too, since she had seen him, "but he was always a faithful friend of your father, Will, and he wrote me a beautiful, beautiful letter when we came away."

And so, late in September, the boy lieutenant left his mother's arms and, followed by her prayers and tears and blessings, was borne away westward to revisit scenes that were once familiar as the old barrack walls at West Point. Then it required long days of travel over rough mountain roads to reach the railway far south of the Medicine Bow. Now the swift express train landed him at the station of the frontier town that had grown up on the site of the prairie dog village he and his pony had often stampeded in the old days. Here at the station, come to meet and welcome the son of their old commander, ignoring the fact that the newcomer was but the plebe lieutenant of the Twelfth, were the ruddy-faced old Colonel and Will's own troop leader, Captain Leale, both heartily, cordially bidding him welcome, and commenting not a little on his stalwart build and trying hard not to refer to the very downy mustache that adorned his boyish lip. And other and younger officers were there to welcome the lad to his new station, and huge was Will's comfort when he caught sight of Sergeant Stein, the veteran standard bearer of the regiment, and that superbly punctilious old soldier straightened up like a Norway pine and saluted with rigid precision and hoped the lieutenant was well and his lady mother and Miss Farrar. "There's nothing," thought Will, "like the discipline of the old regiment, after all," as the orderly came to ask for the checks for the Lieutenant's baggage, and all went well until the luckless moment, when the Colonel and Leale, with some of the elders, turned aside to look at a batch of recruits sent by the same train, and Farrar, chatting with some of his fellow-youngsters, was stowing his bags in the waiting ambulance and there in the driver Will recognized saddler Donovan's freckle-faced Mickey, with whom he had had many a hunt for rabbits in the old, old days, and then an unctuous, caressing Irish voice fairly blubbered out, "Hivin save us if it isn't really Masther Will," and there, corporal's chevrons on his brawny arms, was old Terry Rorke, looking wild to embrace him, and even as Will, half ashamed of his own shyness, was shaking hands with this faithful old retainer of his father's household in years gone by the squad of recruits came marching past. The third man from the front, heavily bearded, with a bloated, ill groomed face and restlessly glancing eyes, gave a quick, furtive look at the new lieutenant as he passed, then stumbled and plunged forward against his file leader. The squad was thrown into momentary disarray. The sergeant, angered at the mishap at such a time, strode quickly up to the offender and savagely muttered: "Keep your eyes to the front, Graice, and you won't be stumbling up decent men's backs," and the little detachment went briskly on.

"I thought I'd seen that man before," said Leale an instant later, "and now I know it—and I know where."

CHAPTER V.

The winter came on early at old Fort Frayne. Even as early as mid-October the ice was forming in the shallow pools along the Platte, and that eccentric stream itself had dwindled away in volume until it seemed but the ghost of its former self. Raging and unfordable in June, swollen by the melting snows of the Colorado peaks and the torrents from the Medicine Bow, it spent its strength in the arid heat of a long dry summer, and when autumn came was mild as a mill stream far as the eye could reach and fordable in a dozen places within rifle shot of the post. Many a time did old Fenton wish it wasn't. Frayne's reservation was big and generous, but, unluckily, it never extended across the river. Squatters, smugglers and sharpers could not intrude upon its guarded limits along the southern shore, and the nearest groggery—that inevitable accompaniment of the westward march of civilization—was a long two miles away, down the right bank, but only pistol shot across the stream.

In his day Farrar had waged war against the rumsellers on the north shore and won, because then there were only soldiers and settlers, and no lawyers—outside the guardhouse—within ninety miles of the post. But with the tide of civilization came more settlers and a cattle town and lawyers in abundance, and with their coming the question at issue became no longer those of abstract right or wrong, but how a jury would decide it, and a frontier jury always decides in favor of the squatter and against the soldier. Fenton strove to take pattern after Farrar and very nearly succeeded in landing himself in jail, as the outraged vendor went down to Laramie, hired lawyers there, swore out warrants of assault and appealed to his countrymen. The fact that no less than four of the Twelfth within six months had died with their boots on, victims of the ready knives or revolvers of the squatters across the stream, had no bearing in the eyes of the law. Fenton had warned the divekeeper a dozen times to no purpose, but when finally Sergeant Hannifin was set upon and murdered there one fine April evening within easy range and almost within hearing of his comrades at Frayne, Fenton broke loose and said impetuous things, which reached the ears of his men, who went and did things equally impetuous, to the demolition of the "shack" and the destruction of its stock of spirits and gambling paraphernalia, and it was proved to the satisfaction of the jury that Fenton did not interpose to stop the row until it had burned itself and the "shack" inside out. The people rallied to the support of the saloon keeper—he, at least, was a man and a brother, a voter, and, when he couldn't lie out of it, a taxpayer. The officers at Frayne, on the other hand, in the opinion of the citizens of that section of Wyoming, were none of the four. And Bunko Jim's new resort across the Platte was a big improvement in point of size, though not in stock or sanctity, over its predecessor. Jim ran a ferry boat for the benefit of customers from the fort. It was forbidden to land on the reservation, but did so nevertheless when the sentry on the bluff couldn't see, and sometimes, it must be owned, when he could. The boat was used when the water was high, the fords when it was low and the ice when it was frozen, and it was the curious thing in winter to see how quickly the new-fallen snow would be seamed with paths leading by devious routes from the barrack to the shore and then across the ice-bound pools straight to Bunko Jim's. Bowing, as became the soldier of the Republic, to the supremacy of the civil law, Fenton swallowed the lesson, though he didn't the whisky, but Jim had his full share of customers from the fort, and the greatest of these, it soon transpired, was the big recruit speedily known throughout the command as "Tough Tom" Graice.

Joining the regiment at the end of September, it was less than a month before he was as well, though not as favorably, known as the sergeant major. There is more than one way of being conspicuous in the military service, and Graice had chosen the worst. Even the recruits who came with him from the depot, the last lot to be shipped from that once crowded garner of "food for powder," could tell nothing of his antecedents, though they were full of gruesome detail of his doings since enlistment. He was an expert at cards and billiards, said they, for they had found it out to their sorrow, and a demon when aroused by drink. Twice in drunken rage he had assaulted comparatively inoffensive men, and only the prompt and forcible intervention of comrades had prevented murder on the spot, while the traditional habit of the soldier of telling no tales had saved him from richly merited punishment. Within the month of his arrival Graice had made giant strides to notoriety. He was a powerful fellow, with fine command of language and an education far superior to that of the general run of noncommissioned officers, and it was among the youngest set of these he first achieved a certain stand. Professing to hold himself above the private soldier, proving himself an excellent rider and an expert in drill, with carbine or sabre, he nevertheless declared it was his first enlistment and gave it to be understood that a difficulty with the sheriff who sought to arrest him had been the means of bringing him to the temporary refuge of the ranks. For the first few weeks, too, he drank but little, and wearing his uniform with the ease and grace of one long accustomed to the buttons, and being erect and athletic in build, he presented a very creditable appearance. The bloated, bloodshot look he wore on his arrival, the result of much surreptitious whisky en route, passed somewhat away, and it was only when one studied his face that the traces of intemperance, added to the sullen brows and shifting, restless eyes, banished the claim to good looks that were at first accorded him. From the first, however, the older sergeants and such veterans among the corporals as Terry Rorke looked askance at trooper Graice. "Another guardhouse lawyer," said the first sergeant of Leale's troop as he disgustedly received the adjutant's notification of Graice's assignment. "Another wan of thim jail birds like Mr. American Blood, the newspaper pet," said Rorke in high disdain. "We'll have a circus with him, too, as they had in the Eleventh, or I'm a Jew. Where have I seen that sweet mug of him before?" he added, reflectively, as he watched the newcomer surlily scrubbing at his kit, and the newcomer, glancing sideways at the Irish corporal, seemed to read his thoughts, although too far away to hear his muttered words. It was plain to every man in C Troop that there was apt to be no love lost between Terence Rorke and Tommy the Tough.

And there was another still who wore the simple dress of a private soldier, whose eyes, black, piercing and full of expression, were constantly following that new recruit, and that was the Sioux Indian Crow Knife, a youth barely nineteen years of age. He had been a boy scout before the days of the ghost dance craze. A valued and trusted ally of the white soldiers; he had borne dispatches up to the very moment when Kill Eagle's mad-brained ultimatum drove his band into revolt and launched them on the warpath. With them went Crow Knife's father and mother, and the boy rode wildly in pursuit. He was with them, striving to induce his mother to abandon the village, when the warriors made their descent on the ranches of the Dry Fork, and later, when Farrar's fierce attack burst upon them like a thunderbolt through the snow clouds. Seizing his mother in his arms, the boy had shielded and saved her when Leale's vengeful men rushed upon the nearest Indians, when unquestionably, yet unavoidably, some squaws received their death wound in the furious fight that followed Farrar's death wound. Recognized and rescued by his former friends, Crow Knife went back to Frayne when the brief but bloody campaign was ended, and then was sent to the Indian school at Carlisle. Returning in the course of three years, he had been enlisted in what was left of the Indian troop of the Twelfth, and was one of the few of his tribe who really made a success of soldiering. By the autumn of this eventful year Crow Knife's comrades were rapidly being discharged and returning to their blankets and lodge life at the reservation or hanging about the squalid cattle town across the river. Crow Knife, sticking to his cavalry duty and showing unlooked-for devotion to his officers, was regarded by the Twelfth as an exceptional case, and was made much of accordingly.

"What do you think of that fellow, Crow?" asked Corporal Rorke one day as he watched the expression in the Indian's face. "You don't like him any more than I do. What's the reason?"

"There is a saying among my people," was the answer, in the slow, measured tones of one who thought in another tongue, "eyes that cannot meet eyes guide hands that strike foul. He-that-stabs-in-the-dark is the name we give such as that man."

"D'ye know him, Crow? Did ye never see him?" persisted Terry. "Ever since the day he came the Captain has had his eye on him, and so have you, and so have I. I can't ask the Captain, but I can you. Where have you seen him before?"

But Crow Knife shook his head. "I cannot remember his face. It is his back I seem to know. My people say that way they see their enemies."

(To be continued next Sunday.)

OUT OF THE ORDINARY.

There are 200,000 factory girls in London—one twenty-second of the whole population.

Ireland has a marriage rate of 4.4 per thousand of population, with an average of 5.46 children to each marriage.

The Scotch are said, by boot manufacturers, to have the biggest feet of any people. The neatest-footed race are the French.

It is calculated that in large ocean steamers more than three thousand articles of glass and china are broken on every voyage.

There are now 875 women serving on boards of guardians in England, instead of 169 as before the passing of the local government act.

The King of the Belgians offers a prize of £1,000 for the best plan of supplying Brussels with drinking water. The competition is open to all the world.

The largest bequest for charity in England in 1894 was made by the will of Mr. Samuel Weston, of Manchester, who bequeathed £125,000 to local charities.

It is not commonly known that the capital of China is ice-bound for five months out of the twelve or that the stolid-looking Chinese could ever be graceful skaters. The Chinese use a very inferior style of skate, of their own manufacture—a mere chunk of wood arranged to tie on the shoe and shod with a rather broad strip of iron.

The latest engineering and ship canal idea is to dispense with the twenty-four locks in the Welland canal leading from Lake Erie to Lake Ontario, and to make the whole drop of 326 feet between these two lakes in two pneumatic balance locks, built of steel, operated by compressed air, and large enough to admit vessels of ocean draught.

No fewer than 56,000 men have deserted from the English militia during the past five years and in the same period nearly 70,000 of the same force joined the regular army.

Quebec has its name from an Algonquin word, signifying "take care of the rock." There was a dangerous reef in the river opposite the place where the city was afterward built.

Ireland was formerly Ierne, or the "Western Isle." It was called the "Emerald Isle" because of the brilliant color of its verdure, which throughout the year is of a lovely green.

It is said that if two tuning forks of the same pitch are placed facing each other, the one sounding, the other silent, in a few seconds the silent one will be giving out a distinctly audible note.

Holy Terror gold mine, located at Keystone, in the southern Black Hills, though worked but five months, by a small force of men and one stamp mill, has turned out $50,000 worth of the precious metal.

A white tar has been invented. The beauty of this substance is that under no climatic conditions will it become soft, so that in calking the decks of ships it will probably take the place of pitch altogether.

Bullets made of precious stones are rarities in warfare. But during some fighting on the Kashmir frontier, when the British troops defeated the rebellious Hunzas, the natives used bullets of garnets encased in lead.

The custom which assigns a man the aisle seat in a church pew originated in New England in the early days when it was often necessary for the men to seize their guns and get out quickly in case of an attack by Indians.

The reason given that birds do not fall off their perch is because they cannot open the foot when the leg is bent. Look at a hen walking, and you will see it close its toes as it raises the foot and open them as it touches the ground.

Dr Zakharin, the Czar's physician, has lately devised a new method of checking the flow of blood. Steam is injected into the wound through a catheter for a minute or less. The patient, under chloroform, feels neither pain nor any evil effect from the steam.

The early Christians celebrated Christmas at several different dates. Some communities observed the 1st of January; others the 6th; others the 29th of March, the date of the Jewish Passover; others the 29th of September, the date of the feast of Tabernacles.

A new warehouse in Paris has been built with glass floors. The initial cost is considerably over that of the ordinary floor, but, in view of the fact that toughened glass in so much longer lived than wood, the experiment is likely to prove cheaper in the long run.

Since the assassination of M. Carnot the cutler at Cette who sold the dagger to the murderer has, it is said, been inundated with orders for weapons of similar pattern and size to that used on the fatal night at Lyons. The orders come from all parts of the world, somebody in Brussels having asked for 300 daggers.

Among the Turks bath money forms an item in every marriage contract, the husband engaging to allow his wife a certain sum for bathing purposes. If it be withheld she has only to go before the cadi and turn her slipper upside down. If the complaint be not then redressed it is ground for divorce.

TO YOUNG WIVES

We Offer a Remedy Which, Used as Directed, Insures Safety to Life of Mother and Child.

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Pioneer Brass Works

Mfrs and Dealers in all kinds of Brass Goods, heavy and light Castings. Car Bearings a specialty. Repair and Job Work promptly attended to. 110 and 116 South Pennsylvania st. Telephone 618.

Strictly Speaking

There are only three hundred and twenty-five days in the year, as forty days are lent and never returned. This is Easter Sunday and a meet time to be reminded of such a thing. The Spring and Summer Goods in all departments of our house, for the season of 1895, are the very acme of weave and loom, the best in the creative genius of the manufacturer, and the most popular-priced merchandise in the State. Our house, by reason of its reputation and popularity, is the headquarters for the shopping public of Indianapolis and vicinity. Everything new. Everything seasonable. Everything low priced. FOR MONDAY AND ALL WEEK.

SILKS.

More varied and beautiful than ever. Everything in this department new, stylish and attractive. Yesterday we replenished our Silk Stock with 100 pieces of the very latest among this queen of fabrics.

60 pieces of Taffeta Silk, all latest shades, 45 cents is the price; with us.......... 29c
50 pieces of Striped Taffeta—every piece a beauty, 55 cents is the price; with us.......... 39c
46 pieces of Striped Dresden, new lot, colors the rarest, and cannot fail to please the most fastidious; 69 cents is the price; with us.......... 44c
18 pieces of Mirror Moire, very wide and in designs which cannot be duplicated; 75 cents is the price; with us.......... 49c
21 pieces of Plisse Stripe; something entirely novel and a silk which has found much favor the world over; 80 cents is the price; with us.......... 48c
20 pieces of Satin Duchess, in Black—splendid dress material, guaranteed wearer; worth $1.00; with us.......... 69c
Lot of China Silks, in plain and figured, going for.......... 25c

BLACK DRESS GOODS.

44-inch Silk and Wool Faustina Crepons, five different effects; worth $1.25; with us.......... 98c
42-inch Poncla Crepon; has been sold at $1.50; with us.......... $1.19
44-inch Silk and Wool Trilby, a very new and stylish fabric; worth $1.45; with us.......... 99c
46-inch regular dollar Henrietta; splendid dress fabric; with us.......... 69c
40-inch Henriettas, in blue black and black; worth 65 cents; with us.......... 39c

COLORED DRESS FABRICS.

We have in the last week had quite an influx of new goods in this department, which brings our colored department to a degree of completeness never before attained, and renders it a bargain field of the widest range.

50 of the newest things in Pattern Suits, well worth $15 to $20 because of their style and uniqueness; to-morrow with us.......... $9.50
62 pieces of 38-inch Novelty Victorias, 25 cents is the price; with us.......... 19c
30 pieces of 40-inch Iridescent Novelty; 30 cents is the price; with us.......... 24c
69-cent Novelty Raw Silk and Wool, 20 colors; 49 cents is the price; with us.......... 39c
40-inch Changeable Novelties; just arrived; 55 cents is the price; with us.......... 45c
10 pieces of Figured Changeable Novelties, show up like expensive goods; 18 cents is the price; with us.......... 12½c

LININGS.

CUT TO-MORROW AT LOWEST PRICES EVER KNOWN.

10c Wigan at.......... 5c
6c best Cambric at.......... 3½c
10c Crinoline at.......... 5c
15c Canvas at.......... 8c
Grass Cloths, yard wide, to run at.......... 7½c
10c Waist Lining at.......... 4c
Double-faced Silesia, to-morrow.......... 10c

BROSNAN BROS., 37 and 39 S. Illinois St.

CLOAKS.

In this department our prices are always low, and this season we intend to give you a newer style, a better quality and a lower price combined. No matter whether you are a large or a small buyer we shall make prices so favorable as to insure your staying with us. It is easy to see whether we mean this by satisfying yourself as to our veracity before you buy.

$18.50 Velvet Capes, latest cut, beautifully lined; with us.......... $9.75
$15.00 Velvet Capes go for.......... $7.50
$12.50 Velvet Capes go for.......... $6.00
$15.00 Silk Capes, 115 inches sweep, go for.......... $5.90
$14.50 fancy Cloth Capes, go at.......... $6.50
$12.50 fancy Cloth Capes go at.......... $5.00
$8.50 fancy Cloth Capes go at.......... $3.98
$1.00 and $1.50 Cloth Capes will sell at.......... 98c
$18.50 Satin Skirts for.......... $8.98
$12.50 Silk Skirts for.......... $6.98
$10.00 Crepon Skirts go at.......... $6.48
$7.00 Crepon Skirts go for.......... $3.40
$5.00 Crepon Skirts go for.......... $2.98

LACE CURTAINS.

Should you come to inspect this stock after you had seen others you will find that ours looks by far the best. Comparison always results in favor of us. After you examine you will be pleased—you will be surprisingly pleased.

100 pairs Lace Curtains, great value at $6.50; with us.......... $3.48
100 pairs Lace Curtains, great value at $5.00; with us.......... $2.48
50 pairs Lace Curtains, great value at $4.00; with us.......... $1.69
40 pairs Lace Curtains, great value at $3.75; with us.......... $1.49
75 pairs Lace Curtains, great value at $2.50; with us.......... 98c
50 odd pairs go at.......... 75c
32 odd Curtains at, each.......... 19c

DOMESTICS.

HOUSEKEEPERS, READ THIS.

Heavy Crash Toweling, Monday.......... 3½c
18-inch Glass Toweling.......... 4½c
100 dozen extra large Towels.......... 4c
Elegant 72-inch Cream Damask, 75-cent value; with us.......... 48c
Indigo Blue Calicoes go at.......... 3⅞c
Turkey Red Calicoes go at.......... 4⅞c
Black and Mourning Prints.......... 4⅛c
Lawn Dress Goods, to-morrow.......... 3c
New Dress Ginghams.......... 4⅞c
10 soiled Bed Spreads, worth $1.45, for.......... 63c
Good Bed Ticking selling at.......... 5c
9-4 ready-made Sheets will go at.......... 45c
Pillow Slips.......... 7½c

BROSNAN BROS., 37 and 39 S. Illinois St.

MILLINERY ON FIRST FLOOR.

The number of ladies we have made happy for to-day is a good indication of the standing of this department. Millinery competition is the life of our Hat trade, and as competition causes rivalry, and rivalry sets women to thinking, and thinking sets women to working, and working brings out art—the success of our new department is greater the more Millinery in town. Every shape, flower and frame is brand new.

We display an endless variety of Trimmed and Untrimmed Hats, including the "Napoleon" and "Dutch Bonnets," and the latest effects in Crepes, Velvets, Ornaments, Ribbons, Flowers and Ostrich Feathers.

LADIES' HOSIERY.

Full Seamless, Fast Black, Tans or Balbriggan Hose; Black or Tan Richelieu Ribbed Hose; One lot of 15c and 20c Fast Black Boot and Opera Top Hose, plain or fancy ribbed.... FOR 9½c.
Full regular-made Hose, double heels and toes; Hermsdorf Black or Tan, well worth 18c.... FOR 12½c.
Imported 40 gauge double soles, high spliced heels, Cotton Hose, regular 25c number; also, very fine quality Richelieu Ribbed Cotton Hose.... FOR 19c.
A very fine Foreign Hose, double soles, extra high spliced heels; cannot be duplicated anywhere for less than 40c; Our regular 35c Black Lisle Hose, superior finish.... FOR 25c.

Children's Hosiery.

A lot of odds and ends in Black, Red and Tan Hose.... FOR 4½c
Full Seamless, Fast Black, fine 1x1 Ribbed Hose; sizes 5 to 8½, 15 values.... FOR 9½c
Fine imported 1x1 Ribbed Hermsdorf Black, Double-knee Stockings, 20c quality.... For 12½c

LADIES' . . . UNDERWEAR

4½c For Summer Vests.
6½c For Crochet-finish Vests.
9c For Taped Neck and Sleeve Vests.
18c For 30c Richelieu Ribbed Vests.
25c For Imported Lisle Vests, in white, ecru, light blue, pink or salmon, real value 45c.

BROSNAN BROS., 37 and 39 S. Illinois St.

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