

brave that filled him with apprehension, and he hurried to the fort.

"Is it true," he asked, "that the government means to establish a post at Warrior Gap? Is it true that Maj. Burleigh has gone thither?" And when told that it was, and that only Capt. Brooks' troop had gone as an escort, Folsom's agitation was extreme. "Colonel," said he to the post commander, "solemnly I have tried to warn the general of the danger of that move. I have told him that all the northern tribes are leaguering now, that they have determined to keep to themselves the Big Horn country and the valleys to the north. It will take 5,000 men to hold those three posts against the Sioux, and you've barely got 500. I warn you that any attempt to start another post up there will bring Red Cloud and all his people to the spot. Their scouts are watching like hawks even now. Iron Spear came to me at my son's ranch last night and told me not ten warriors were left at the reservation. They are all gone, and the war dances are on in every valley from the Black Hills to the Powder. For heaven's sake, send half your garrison up to Reno after Brooks. You are safe here. They won't molest you south of the Platte, at least not now. All they ask is that you build no more forts in the Big Horn."

But the colonel could not act without authority. Telegraph there was none then. What Folsom said was of sufficient importance to warrant his hurrying off a courier to Laramie, fully 100 miles southeast, and ordering a troop to scout across the wild wastes to the north, while Folsom himself, fain to master his anxiety, decided to accompany the command sent out toward Cantonment Reno. He long had had influence with the Ogallallas. Even now Red Cloud might listen if he could but find him. The matter was of such urgency he could not refrain. And so with the gray troop of the cavalry, setting forth within an hour of his coming, rode the old trader whom the Indians had so long sworn by, and he started none too soon.

Reno was some 90 miles away, and not until late the next evening did the grays reach the lonely post. Not a sign of hostile Indian had been seen or heard, said the officer in command. Small bands of hunters were out toward Pumpkin Butte two days before. Yes, Ogallallas—and a scouting party, working down the valley of the Powder, had met no band at all, though trails were numerous. They were now patrolling toward the Big Horn. Perhaps there'd be a courier in to-morrow. Better get a good night's rest meantime, he said. But all the same he doubled his guards and ordered extra vigilance, for all men knew John Folsom, and when Folsom was anxious on the Indian question it was time to look alive. Daybreak came without a sign, but Folsom could not rest. The grays had no authority to go beyond Reno, but such was his anxiety that it was decided to hold the troop at the cantonment for a day or two. Meantime, despite his years, Folsom decided to push on for the Gap. All efforts to dissuade him were in vain. With him rode Baptiste, a half-breed Frenchman, whose mother was an Ogallalla squaw, and "Bat" had served him many a year. Their canteens were filled, their saddle-pouches packed. They led along an axle mule, with camp equipment, and shook hands gravely with the officers ere they rode away. "All depends," said Folsom, "on whether Red Cloud is hereabouts in person. If he is and I can get his ear I can probably save off trouble long enough to get those people at the Gap back to Kearney, or over here. They're goners if they attempt to stay there and build that post. If you don't have word from us in two days, send for all the troops the government can raise. It will take every mother's son they've got to whip the Sioux when once they're leagued together."

"But our men have the new breech-loaders now, Mr. Folsom," said the officers. "The Indians have only old percussion-cap rifles, and not too many of them."

"But there are 20 warriors to every soldier," was the answer, "and all are fighting men."

They watched the pair until they disappeared far to the west. All day long the lookouts searched the horizon. All that night the sentries listened for hoofbeats on the Bozeman road, but only the weird chorus of the coyotes woke the echoes of the dark prairie. Dawn of the second day came, and, unable to bear suspense, the major sent a little party, mounted on their fleetest horses, to scour the prairie at least halfway to the foothills of the Big Horn, and just at nightfall they came back—three at least—galloping like mad, their mounts a mass of foam. Folsom's dread was well founded. Red Cloud, with heaven only knows how many warriors, had camped on Crazy Woman's Fork within the past three days, and gone on up stream. He might have met and fought the troops sent out three days before. He must have met the troops dispatched to Warrior Gap.

And this last, at least, he had done. For a few seconds after the fall of the buffalo bull, the watchers on the distant ridge lay still, except that Dean, turning slightly, called to the orderly trumpeter, who had come trotting out after the troop commander, and was now halted and afoot some 20 yards down the slope. "Go back, Bryan," he ordered. "Halt the ambulances. Notify Capt. Brooks that there are lots of Indians ahead, and have the sergeant deploy the men at once." Then he turned back and with his field glass studied the party along the ravine.

"They can't have seen us, can they, lieutenant?" muttered the trooper nearest him.

But Dean's young face was grave and clouded. Certainly the Indians acted as though they were totally unaware of the presence of troops, but

the more he thought the more he knew that no big body of Sioux would be traveling across country at so critical a time (country, too, that was conquered as this was from their enemies, the Crows), without vigilant scouts afar out on front and flank. The more he thought the more he knew that even as early as three o'clock those keen-eyed fellows must have sighted his little column, conspicuous as it was because of its wagons. Beyond question, he told himself, the chief of the band or village so steadily approaching from the northeast had full information of their presence, and was coming confidently ahead. What had he to fear? Even though the blood of settlers and soldiers might still be red upon the hands of his braves, even though fresh scalps might be dangling at this moment from their shields, what mattered it? Did he not know that the safeguard of the Indian bureau spread like the wing of a protecting angel over him and his people, forbidding troops to molest or open fire unless they themselves were attacked? Did he not laugh in his ragged shirt sleeve at the policy of the white fool who would permit the red enemy to ride boldly up to his soldiers, count their numbers, inspect their array, satisfy himself as to their armament and readiness, then calculate the chances, and, if he thought the force too strong, ride on his way with only a significant gesture in parting insult? If, on the contrary, he found it weak, then he could turn loose his braves, surround, massacre and scalp, and swear before the commissioners sent out to investigate next moon that he and his people knew nothing about the matter—nothing, at least, that they could be induced to tell.

One moment more Dean watched and waited. Two of the Indians in the ravine were busily reloading their rifles. Two others were aiming over the bank, for, with the strange stupidity of their kind, the other buffalo, even when startled by the shot, had never sought safety in flight, but were now sniffing the odor of blood on the tainted air and slowly, wonderingly drawing near the stricken leader as though to ask what ailed him. Obedient and docile the Indian ponies stood with drooping heads, hidden under the shelter of the steep banks. Nearer and nearer came the big black animals, bulky, stupid, fatuous; the foremost lowered a huge head to sniff at the blood oozing from the shoulder of the dying bull, then two more shots puffed out from the ravine, the huge head tossed suddenly in air, and the ungainly brute started and staggered, whirled about and darted a few yards away, then plunged on its knees, and the next moment, startled at some sight the soldier watchers could not see, the black band was seized with sudden panic and darted like mad into the depths of the watercourse, disappeared one moment from sight, then, suddenly reappearing, came laboring up the hither side, straight for the crest on which they lay, a dozen black, bounding, panting beasts thundering over the ground, followed by half a dozen darting Indian ponies, each with his lithe rider scurrying in pursuit.

"Out of the way, men! Don't fire!" shouted Dean. And, scrambling back toward their horses, the lieutenant and his men drew away from the front of the charging herd, invisible as yet to the halted troop and to the occupants of the ambulance, whose eager heads could be seen poked out at the side doors of the leading vehicle, as though watching for the cause of the sudden halt.

And then a thing happened that at least one man saw and fortunately remembered later. Bryan, the trumpeter, with jabbing heels and flapping arms, was tearing back toward the troop at the moment at the top speed



Disdainfully turned their backs.

of his gray charger, already so near that he was shouting to the sergeant in the lead. By this time, too, that veteran trooper, with the quick sense of duty that seemed to inspire the wartime sergeant, had jumped his little column "front into line" to meet the unseen danger; so that now, with carbines advanced, some thirty blue jackets were aligned in the loose fighting order of the prairies in front of the foremost wagon. The sight of the distant officer and men tumbling hurriedly to one side, out of the way presumably of some swiftly-coming peril, acted like magic on the line. Carbines were quickly brought to ready, the gun locks crackling in chorus as the horses pranced and snorted. But it had a varying effect on the occupants of the leading wagon. The shout of "Indians" from Bryan's lips, the sight of scurry on the ridge ahead brought the engineer and aid-de-camp springing out, rifle in hand, to take their manly part in the coming fray. It should have brought Maj. Burleigh too, but that appropriately named non-combatant never showed outside. An instant more and to the sound of rising thunder, before the astonished eyes of the cavalry line there burst into view, full tear for safety, the uncouth, yet

marvelously swift-running leaders of the little herd. The whole dozen came flying across the sky line and down the gentle slope, heading well around to the left of the line of troopers, while sticking to their flanks like red netles half a dozen warriors rode like the wind on their nimble ponies, crackling away with revolver or rifle in savage joy in the glorious sport. Too much for Burleigh's nerve was the combination of sounds, thunder of hoofs and sputter of shots, for when a cheer of sympathetic delight went up from the soldier line at the sight of the chase, and the young engineer sprang to the door of the ambulance to help the major out, he found him a limp and ghastly heap, quivering with terror in the bottom of the wagon, looking for all the world as if he were trying to crawl under the seat.

CHAPTER IV.

Away to the left of the little command tore the quarry and the chase. Out on the rolling prairie, barely four hundred yards from where the ambulance and mules were backed into a tangle of traces and whiffletrees and fear-stricken creatures, another buffalo had dropped in a heap; a swarthy rider had tumbled off his pony, cut a slash or two with ever-ready knife, and then, throwing a bead-bedizened left leg over his eager little mount, had gone lashing away after his fellows, not without a jeering slap at the halted soldiery. Then, in almost less time than it takes to tell, the pursued and pursuers had vanished from sight over a low ridge a mile to the north. "Only a hunting party!" said one of the nervous recruits, with a gulp of relief. "Only a hunting party," gasped Burleigh, as presently he heaved himself up from the floor, "and I thought I'd never find that damned gun of mine. All this fuss for nothing!" he continued, his lips still blue and quivering. "That green youngster up there in front hasn't learned the first principles of plainscraft yet. Here, Brooks," he added, loudly. "It's high time you were looking after this sub of yours," and Brooks, despite his illness, was indeed working out of the back door of his yellow tumbled bed at the moment, and looking anxiously about. But the engineer stood pale and quiet, coolly studying the flustered growler, and when Burleigh's shifting eyes sought that young scientist's face, what he read there—and Burleigh was no fool—told him he would be wise to change the tune. The aid had pushed him in front of the troop and was signaling to Dean, once more in saddle and scanning through his glass the big band afar down the valley.

"Take my horse, sir," said the sergeant, dismounting, and the officer thanked him and rode swiftly out to join the young commander at the front. Together they gazed and consulted and still no signal came to resume the advance. Then the troopers saw the staff officer make a broad sweep with his right arm to the south, and in a moment Dean's hat was up-lifted and waved well out in that direction. "Drop carbine," growled the sergeant. "By twos again. Incline to the right. Damn the Sioux, I say! Have we got to circle five miles around their hunting ground for fear of hurting their feelings? Come on, Jimmy," he added to the driver of the leading wagon. Jimmy responded with vigorous language at the expense of his leading mules. The quartermaster and engineer silently scrambled in; the ambulance started with a jerk and away went the party off to the right of the trail, the wagons jolting a bit now over the uneven clumps of bunch grass.

But once well up at the summit of the low divide the command reined in for a look at the great Indian cavalcade swarming in the northeastward valley, and covering its grassy surface still a good mile away. Out from among the dingy mass came galloping half a dozen young braves, followed by as many squaws. The former soon spread out over the billowy surface, some following the direction of the chase, some bounding on southwestward as though confident of finding what they sought the moment they reached the nearest ridge; some riding straight to the point where lay the carcasses of the earliest victims of the hunt. Here in full view of the soldiery, but vouchsafing them no glance nor greeting whatever, two young warriors reined in their lively ponies and disdainfully turned their backs upon the spectators on the divide, while the squaws, with shrill laugh and chatter, rolled from their saddles and began the drudgery of their lot—skipping and cutting up the buffaloes slaughtered by their lords.

"Don't you see," sneered Burleigh, "it's nothing but a village out for a hunt—nothing in God's world to get stamped about. We've had all this show of warlike preparations for nothing." But he turned away again as he caught the steady look in the engineer's blue eyes, and shouted to his more appreciative friend, the aid-de-camp: "Well, pardner, haven't we fooled away enough time here, or have we got to await the pleasure of people that never saw Indians before?"

Dean flushed crimson at the taunt. He well knew for whom it was meant. He was indignant enough by this time to speak for himself, but the aid-de-camp saved him the trouble.

"I requested Mr. Dean to halt a few moments, Burleigh. It is necessary I should know what band this is, and how many are out."

"Well, be quick about it," snapped the quartermaster. "I want to get to Reno before midnight, and at this rate we won't make it in a week."

A sergeant who could speak a little Sioux came riding back to the camp, a grin on his sun-blistered face. "Well, sergeant, what'd he say?" asked the staff officer.

"He said would I plaze go to hell, sor," was the prompt response.

"Won't he tell who they are?" "He won't, sorr. He says we know without askin', which is thrue, sorr. They're Ogallallas to a man, barrin' the squaws and papposes, wid ouid Red Cloud himself."

"How'd you find out if they wouldn't talk?" asked the staff officer, impatiently.

"'Twas the bucks wouldn't talk—except in swear wurruds. I wasted no time on them, sorr. I gave the first squaw the last hardtack in me saddle-bags and told her was it Machpealota, and she said it was, and he was wid Box Karesha—that's ouid Folsom—not six hour ago, an' Folsom's gone back to the cantonment."

"Then the quicker we skip the better," were the aid-de-camp's words. "Get us to Reno fast as you can, Dean. Strike for the road again as soon as we're well beyond their buffalo. Now for it! There's something behind all this bogus hunt business, and Folsom knows what it is."

And every mile of the way, until thick darkness settled down over the prairie, there was something behind the trooper cavalcade—several somethings—wary red men, young and wiry, who never let themselves be seen, yet followed on over wave after wave of prairie to look to it that no man went back from that column to carry the news of their presence to the little battalion left in charge of the new post at Warrior Gap.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

SCHOOL NOTES.

The plane geometry class had its first test last Friday.

Dan White visited at his home at Clear Lake over Sunday.

Nearly all of the high school pupils have severe colds this week.

Mr. Clarke Young, of Poynette, Wis., visited the high school, Monday.

Miss Mildred Craig resumed her work in the 6th grade, Tuesday.

The seats in both the high and eighth grade rooms are all occupied.

The Caesar class has omitted the first book and is reading the second.

Miss Helen Christensen, of Minneapolis entered the high school, Monday.

A new Macey sectional book case has been added to the library since school began.

Maud Bradford of the eighth has taken up Latin grammar with the beginning class.

Hubert Jesmer and Roy McFarland, of Greenbush, are new pupils in the fifth grade.

Myrtle Johnson has been absent from the seventh grade for a few days on account of illness.

Miss Elsie O'Brien, who attended school the first of the term, is teaching at Opstead, Minn.

There are 31 pupils in the eighth grade history class. At present they are studying the Virginia colony.

Mabel Blagden and Eva Hamilton of the high school and Maude Smith of the eighth have left school. Miss Hamilton expects to attend business college this winter.

ERIKSONVILLE.

Mr. A. Larson, of Bertrand, Neb., bought a tract of land and also half an acre for residence site here at Eriksonville.

Our school will commence here next Monday, Oct. 1, with Miss Myrtle Locke as teacher. The school board is the same as last year: J. Vancourt, clerk; Lars Erikson, director; J. G. Demers, treasurer.

Mr. and Mrs. John Friberg, of St. Anthony Park, were here last week to secure land for a home. They find this part of the country very beautiful and bought a good piece of land in the Rum river valley from Lars Erikson's land-office.

A new railroad rumor is in circulation, saying that a railroad will be built from Little Falls to Superior, touching Mille Lacs lake at the southeast shore. If this rumor turns out to be a fact a large city will spring up in a very short time at the lakes and a large town at Eriksonville. This place lays right in the path of such rail road line, because such road could not without a very great expense cross the Rum river between here and the big lake, as the land is low

and swampy for the distance of from one-half to a mile on each side of the river between the small lakes. Another great advantage that this place has, is that Rum river is navigable from here to the big lake, a distance of about 14 miles. Eriksonville has already commenced booming. E. W. Cundy is now building a large store and is laying the foundation for a sawmill, with a daily capacity of 25,000 feet. In connection with the sawmill will be a planing, lath and shingle mill. Land and residence places are sold here almost daily at fairly high prices. Lars Erikson, the land agent here is kept busy nearly every day showing land to settlers and speculators.

LAKE FREMONT.

G. N. Stendahl has commenced the cellar for his new store he intends building this fall.

F. B. Knapp, of the firm of Knapp & Haveh, of Big Lake, drove over here on business Friday.

The recent rainy time has caught some of our farmers in the midst of their haying. We hope to have some fair weather for a time.

Fred Staples who has been working this summer for Geo. Townsend of Baldwin, came home very sick about a week ago. We are pleased to hear he is improving.

Married, at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. G. N. Stendahl on Saturday evening, Sept. 22, Miss Annie Stendahl and Mr. Edward V. Healy. The groom is a young man from Minneapolis and the bride a resident here. Quite a number of guests came up from the city Saturday evening to witness the ceremony. They have the best wishes of their friends for a happy wedded life.

SUB ROSA.

OPSTEAD.

Albert Wicklander, of Lawrence, was calling on friends here this week.

Our school opened last Monday with a good attendance. Miss Elsie O'Brien, of Princeton, is teacher.

Wes Freer went to Lawrence with some of his Shropshire rams that he has sold to parties near there last week.

Miss Ida Erickson, of Estes-Brook, is here on a visit to her sister, Mrs. G. W. Freer. We understand that Miss Erickson will be with us for two or three weeks.

Fred Montgomery has secured a fine 80 acre homestead east of Eastwood. It seems that it had been overlooked and Fred is not sorry as it is a dandy. He will go on it the first of November.

The meteor which fell at Vineland was heard by the settlers on this side of the lake and the south shore. Mr. Mattson, at Lawrence, says he heard it in the store went out but could see nothing, it sounded like a heavy roll of thunder but the sky was perfectly clear. If it was the effect of extract we all must have been taking a little.

Town 43-25 has fine land but has been very slow to settle up. The reason for this is the small amount of government land open to settlers in the early days. Andrew Schlin came here from Isanti county in 1885 and took a homestead. He is the first settler. The rest of the government land was soon taken up and the settlers went on to the towns north and east which are well settled. There were only 1,280 acres of government land in this town and at that time the railroad and school land were not for sale. It is only in the last few years that these lands have come into market. They have been taken up very fast since. There are about 50 settlers who own land here but have not all come yet. Opstead postoffice was estab-

lished in 1889 and the first road in this town was laid out by the commissions and surveyed last spring. When the post office was first established there was a weekly mail now we have three mails a week from Aitkin and a daily mail from Mora.

EDITH.

R. Swedberg, will start up his mill next week.

Samuel Mattson, of Lawrence, is building an addition to his store 18x26 feet.

T. F. Norton's little girl, who has been so dangerously sick, is much better.

Miss Steeves, of Princeton, came up Friday to teach the school in the Rogers' district.

Mr. and Mrs. Ed. Estes, of Isle Harbor, are visiting Mr. and Mrs. E. W. Cundy at Edith.

F. L. Daigle, of Vineland, is building a new store at that point and will use the old one for a hotel.

John McGinnis and P. E. Jewell have returned from the harvest fields, having gone as far as Fargo without finding work.

All kinds of railroad rumors are in circulation again. To a man up a tree it looks as though something was bound to drop soon.

The ducks are very scarce here this fall although the rice crop is heavy. They, too, like the deer, will soon be a thing of the past.

Wm. Wallace, John Johnson and Ira Price returned from St. Cloud Friday, Mr. Wallace having proved up on his claim while there.

T. J. Warren & Son, John Goss and Davis and Ferguson have secured contracts for the winter to haul logs for the Foley Bean Lumber Co.

A handsome sum will be paid to the author of some new cuss words to be used when talking about the weather. One gets tired using the old ones so much.

The excursion on the big lake planned to take place Sept. 28th and 29th has been abandoned as it is impossible to get the steamer over the sand bar into the big lake.

Foley's Kidney Cure

is a pure medicine, and contains concentrated form, remedies recognized by the most skillful of the medical profession as the most effective agents for the cure of kidney and bladder diseases. C. A. JACK.

NEW GERMANY.

Miss Lulu Boyn has been seriously ill but is now on the road to recovery.

The town board is travelling over the entire town this week looking over the roads and letting jobs.

Mr. Leavitt is again looking after his bees so we presume he has returned from his visit to his old home in Maine.

The yards have all closed down and the boys have gone to town where they will handle spuds until the freeze up.

Ed. Johnson is raising a log barn of large size. Judging from the size of the hay mow he must have designs on next year's hay crop.

Those who did not attend the Brick Yard S. S. missed the opportunity of hearing a very fine speaker, Rev. Fellows, who spoke most entertainingly.

Fred Schimming has been running his sorghum mill the last week. Mr. Schimming makes fine sorghum. We understand the percentage of sugar in the cane is small this year owing to the season and this makes it hard to make as sweet an article as usual.

ROSEBUD.

Endured Death's Agonies.

Only a roaring fire enabled J. M. Garretson, of San Antonio, Tex., to lie down when attacked by asthma, from which he suffered for years. He writes his misery was often so great that it seemed he endured the agonies of death; but Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption wholly cured him. This marvelous medicine is the only known cure for asthma as well as consumption, coughs and colds, and all throat, chest and lung troubles. Price 50c and \$1.00. Guaranteed. Trial bottles free at C. A. Jack's drug store.