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And so Folsom had gone to meet Burleigh, and the girls had planned, at least Jessie had, that Marshall after drill should ride beside them into town and have a chat in the parlor while she wrote to mother in the library. But a thing happened that no one could have foreseen. Just before drill was over and while they were still watching it from their seats in the covered wagon, a buggy drove up alongside and Maj. Burleigh jumped out, gave the reins to his companion, and bade him come to him as soon as he had finished what he wished to do at the sutler's. The major's face was perturbed, that of his companion looked black and ugly. It was Capt. Newhall, and something was amiss. The latter barely tipped his hat in driving away, the former heaved a sigh of relief, then turned to greet the girls.

Ten minutes passed in constraint and awkwardness. Burleigh felt that he was unwelcome, but his eyes were fixed in fascination on Elinor Folsom, and he could not go. Presently drill was dismissed, and Dean, all aglow, came galloping up, his orderly trumpeter following. Not until he had joyously greeted both the girls did he see who was standing by the forward wheel on the opposite side.

"Good morning, Mr. Dean," said Burleigh, affably. "I never saw that troop look so well."

"Good morning, sir," said Dean, coldly. They turned to speak again to Miss Folsom when the buggy came whirling back.

"He isn't here, Burleigh," said the occupant, petulantly. "He's in town, and you've got to find him right off. Come on!"

Burleigh turned livid. "Capt. Newhall," he said, "you fail to notice I am with friends."

"They are friends who will be glad to get rid of you, then," replied the stranger, thickly, and it was easy to see that he had been drinking. All the same Burleigh went.

CHAPTER XIV.

Another day Dean and Troop C were held in camp awaiting orders for special service, and no orders came. "Old Pecksniff" had an eye for pretty girls, a trait by no means rare in soldiers old or young, and prettier girls than Pappoose or Jessie he had never met. Mrs. Stevens was accordingly bidden to invite them to luncheon that very day, and Dean and Loomis were of the party, as were other young people of the post, and, despite the rising war clouds in the north and the recent unpleasantness at Emory and an odd manner indicative of suppressed excitement on part of both Dean and Loomis, a very joyous time they had until the daisies had to drive home to dress for dinner. Folsom had named six as the hour. Burleigh, Newhall and the two boys were mentioned as his guests. Burleigh accepted for self and partner, Loomis for himself, with mental reservation. Dean at once had begged to be excused. After the morning's disappearance of Burleigh and "Surly," as Miss Folsom promptly named the pair, Marshall had ridden into Gate City at the side of the Folsom carriage, and was welcomed by the old trader himself, who looked pained when told he could not attend the dinner. "Surely Col. Stevens will let you off," said Folsom, but that obviously was not the reason.

"I'm the only officer with my troop," said Dean, "and so cannot ask."

But when Folsom took his daughter in his arms a little later and inquired whether there was not some graver cause behind the one assigned Elinor calmly answered that she thought there was and that the cause was Maj. Burleigh.

"But, daughter dear," said he, "that's just one reason I wish to bring them together. Then Dean could see how pleasantly disposed the major is," and he was amazed when she replied:

"Maj. Burleigh may be pleasantly disposed, but Mr. Dean is not by any means, nor would I be were I in his place, papa."

"My child," said he, "what do you know about it?"

"Everything that Jessie knows, besides what we heard on the train. Maj. Mr. Dean told her of several things Maj. Burleigh had said and done to his discredit, and no wonder he declines to dine with a man who has deliberately maligned him."

"I wish I had thought of that," said Folsom, his knotty hands deep in the pockets of his loose-fitting trousers. "I saw Burleigh this morning on some business, and he seemed to want to help Dean along. What took him out to the fort, do you suppose?"

"I don't know," she answered, gravely. "He had Capt. Newhall with him in quest of somebody who wasn't there."

"Ah, yes, Griggs, the sutler. I heard of it," interposed Folsom, lingering his watch-chain.

"Very possibly. The captain was ugly and rude in manner and Maj. Burleigh very much embarrassed. Indeed, daddy dear, I should not be greatly surprised if others of your party failed to come."

"Burleigh, do you mean, or his queer guest?"

But Pappoose did not reply. She seemed listening intently, and then with swift, sudden movement darted across to the heavy Navajo blanket

portiere that hung at the doorway of a little room back of the library. Her voice was far from cordial as she asked: "Were you looking for anyone, Mrs. Fletcher? I thought you were in your room."

"For Mr. Folsom, please, when he is at leisure," was the answer, in untroubled tones. "I believe it easier to take active part in the preparations than to lie there thinking."

At one the girls were to lunch at the fort, as has been said, and it was time for them to dress. There were other matters on which Elinor much wished to talk with her father and, with more reluctance than she had yet experienced, she left him to hear what Mrs. Fletcher might have to say. The conference was brief enough, whatever its nature, for presently his voice was heard at the foot of the stairs.

"I'm going over to the depot a few minutes, Daught. I wish to see Burleigh. Don't wait for me. Start whenever you are ready. Where do the boys meet you?"

"Here, daddy, at half-past twelve."

It was high noon now, and the ruddy-faced old fellow grew redder as the summer sun beat down on his gray head, but he strode sturdily down the broad avenue that led to the heart of the bustling new town, turned to the right at the first cross street beyond his own big block, and ten minutes' brisk tramp brought him to the gateway of Burleigh's stockaded inclosure. Two or three employees lounging about the gate were gazing curiously within. Silently they let him pass them by, but a sound of angry voices rose upon the heated air. Just within the gate stood the orderly trumpeter holding two horses by the reins, one of them Marshall Dean's, and a sudden idea occurred to Folsom as he glanced at the open windows of the office building. There was no mistaking the speaker within. It was Burleigh.

"Leave my office instantly, sir, or I'll prefer charges that will stick—"

"Not till I've said what I came to say, Maj. Burleigh. I've abundant evidence of what you've been saying at my expense. You asserted that I lost my nerve the day we met Red Cloud's band—you who never dared get out of the ambulance until the danger was over. It's common talk in the troop. At Emory, at Reno, and here at Emory you have maligned me just as you did in the cars to my friend here, Mr. Loomis, and in hearing of my sister. I will not accept your denial nor will I leave your office till you swallow your words."

"Then, by God, I'll have you thrown out, you young whipsnapper!"

And then Folsom, with fear at his heart, ran around to the doorway to interpose. He came too late. There was a sound of a furious scuffle within, a rattling of chairs, and a crunching of feet on sanded floor, and as he sprang up the steps he saw Dean easily squirming out from the grasp of some member of the clerical force, who, at his master's bidding, had thrown himself upon the young officer, who then deftly tripped his heels from under him and dropped him on the floor, while Loomis confronted the others who would have made some show of obeying orders. And then there was the whirr of a whip lash, a crack and snap and swish, and a red welt shot across Burleigh's livid face as he himself staggered back to his desk. With raging tongue and frantic oath he leaped out again, a leveled pistol in his hand, but even before he could pull trigger, or Folsom interpose, Loomis' stick came down like a flash on the outstretched wrist, and the pistol clattered to the floor.

"Good God, boys! what are you doing?" cried the trader, as he hurried

himself between them. "Stop this instantly. Sit down, Burleigh. Come out, Dean—come out at once! And you, too, Loomis."

"I'm entirely ready—now," said the cavalry lieutenant, though his eyes were flaming and his lips were rigid. "But whenever Maj. Burleigh wants to finish this he can find me," and with these words he backed slowly to the door, face to the panting and disordered foe.

"Finish this! you young hound, I'll finish you!" screamed Burleigh, as he shook his clenched fist at the retiring pair.

"Go, boys, go!" implored Folsom. "I'll see you by and by. No—no—sit still, Burleigh. Don't you speak. This must stop right here."

And so the old man's counsels prevailed, and the two friends, with grave, pallid, but determined faces, came out into the sunshine, and with much deliberation and somewhat ostentatious calm proceeded to where the orderly waited with the horses.

"You will see—the ladies out to camp, Loomis?" asked Dean. "I must gallop on ahead."

"Ay, ay, go on, I reckon—"

But on this scene there suddenly



The pistol clattered to the floor.

appeared a third party, in the partial guise of an officer and the grip of Bacchus. Lurching down the office steps, with flushed face and bloodshot eyes, came Capt. Newhall.

"Gen'l'm'n," said he, thickly, "I'm 'ntroduce m'self. Haven't th' honor y'r quaints. Im Ca'm New(hic)ll. Cap'n N-(hic)ohaul (this cost prodigious effort and much balancing), an'-an' you sherd' that f'ler per-flicky ri'. He's damn scounri-gen'lemen—an' ole frien' mine."

For an instant he stood swaying unsteadily, with half extended hand. For an instant the two young officers gazed at him in contempt, then turned abruptly away.

"Good Lord, Marshall," said Loomis, as they cleared the gate, "if that's the only approbation this day's work will bring us what will the results be? You served him right, no doubt, but— and an ominous shake of the head wound up the sentence.

"But or no but," said Dean, "it's done now, and I'd do it again."

There was no dinner party at Folsom's that evening. At two a messenger trotted out to the post with a note for Miss Folsom to apprise her of the fact, and without a word or change of color she put it into her pocket. The garrison girls were bent on having them spend the afternoon, but presently Miss Folsom found a moment in which to signal to Jess, and at three they were driving home.

"You will surely come out this evening and hear the music and have a dance," were the parting salutations, as, with skillful hands, the young girl took up the reins.

"We hope to," was her smiling answer. Jess was clinging to her brother's hand as he stood by the wheel, and Loomis had already clambered in beside her.

"Please come, Marshall," pleaded Jessie; but he shook his head.

"I must be at camp this evening, sister mine. We go to stables in an hour. You will come back, Loomis?"

"As soon as I've seen— and a significant nod supplied the ellipsis.

Something ominous was in the wind and both girls knew it. Loomis, usually gay and chatty, was oddly silent, as the light, covered wagon sped swiftly homeward. Beside the fair charioteer sat a young officer of the infantry who, vastly rejoicing that Dean could not go, had laughingly possessed himself of the vacant place, and to him Miss Folsom had to talk. But they parted from their escorts at the gate and hastened within doors. Just as Elinor expected, papa had not come home. It was nearly six when she saw him striding slowly and thoughtfully up the road and she met him at the gate.

"Tell me what has happened, daddy," was her quiet greeting, as she linked her hands over his burly arm, and looking into her uplifted, thoughtful eyes, so full of intelligence and deep affection, he bent and kissed her cheek.

"By Jove, daughter, I believe it's the best thing I can do. Come into the library."

That night the moon beamed brightly down on the wide-spreading valley, glinting on the peaks, still snow-tipped, far in the southern sky, and softening the rugged faces of the nearer range, black with their clustering beard of spruce and pine. The band played sweetly on the broad parade until after the tattoo drums had echoed over the plains and the garrison belles strolled aimlessly in the elfin light—all nature so lavishly inviting, yet so little valued now that nearly every man was gone. Out in the camp of Troop men were flitting swiftly to and fro, horses were starting and stamping at the picket ropes, eager eyes and tilted ears inquiring the cause of all this stir and bustle among the tents. In front of the canvas home of the young commander a grave-faced group had gathered, two gentle girls among them, one with tear-dimmed eyes. Old Folsom stood apart in narrowed conference with Griggs, the sutler. The regimental quartermaster was deep in consultation with Dean, the two officers pacing slowly up and down. One or two young people from the garrison had spent a few minutes earlier in the evening striving to be interesting to the girls; but Jessie's tearful eyes and Miss Folsom's grave manner proved him sufficient to induce them to withdraw, each bidding Dean good night, safe journey and speedy return, and the hand-clasps were kind and cordial. The colonel himself had paid a brief visit to camp, his adjutant in attendance, and had given Mr. Dean ten minutes of talk concerning a country Dean knew all about, but that "Pecksniff" had never seen. "It is a responsibility I own I should have expected to see placed on older shoulders," said he, "but prudence and—and, let me suggest, cool-headedness will probably carry you through. You will be ready to start—"

"Ready now, sir, so far as that's concerned; but we start at three."

"Oh, ah—yes, of course—well—ah—it leaves me practically with no command, but I'll hope to have you back, Mr. Dean. Good-by." Then as he passed Folsom the colonel whispered: "That's \$10,000 as good as thrown away."

"Ten thousand dollars!" answered the trader in reply. "What do you mean?"

"That's what those boys are to run the gantlet with. My—ah—protests are entirely unavailing."

For a moment Folsom stood there dumb. "Do you mean," he finally cried, "that—that it's beyond Frayne that they're going—that it's money they're to take?"

"Hush! Certainly, but it mustn't be known. Every road agent in Wyoming would be out, and every Indian from the Platte to Hudson bay would be on the watch. He's to take ten men and slip through. The money comes out from Burleigh to-night."

Continued

THE MANILA LIQUOR LAW

The License System Goes into Operation in Manila

NATIVES NOR SOLDIERS

Are to Have Liquor Sold to Them, and the Saloons

Must Close on Sunday. The New Regulation Will Doubtless be a Big Improvement

Manila, Dec 5.—The hall occupied by the United States commission was crowded today, the occasion being the public discussion of the Manila liquor license bill. The section providing for banishing saloons from the Escolta and down town plazas was strongly criticised.

Judge Taft explained that the United States courts had settled the right of the police power to limit the sale of liquors and yet the places where they were sold were unlimited. He declares that the condition of the Escolta, owing to the presence of saloons, was disgraceful. The Judge admitted that it was a hardship to some, but he denied that injustice was being done. The licenses expire in January and the section of the bill requiring removals will take effect in April.

The bill provides for a license of 600 pesos, semiannually for a regular saloon; 800 for a theater and 500 for a hotel, besides a bar license. None of these will be allowed to sell a native intoxicant. Places are licensed separately for the latter. They are prohibited from selling to soldiers and Sunday closing is required. But hotels can serve liquors with meals. Licenses are imposed on distillers, brewers and wholesale dealers.

The commission has passed an act requiring wholesome food supplies for animals used in transportation and imposing penalties for cruelty to animals.

HIGH PRICED BEEF.

Chicago Will Pay Dear for Choice Christmas Cuts.

Chicago, Dec. 6.—A general gathering of Christmas beef buyers met this afternoon when the Carlot prize winners were offered under the hammer. Nearly every city in this country and several European cities were represented. The sale opened with Advance, an Aberdeen-Angus steer, champion over all, raised by Stanley R. Pierce, Creston, Ill., winner Drovers' Journal cup, sold at \$1.50 a pound to Schwarzschild & Sulzberger. It was the highest price ever paid. Average, 1,430 pounds, netting \$2,145.

Kerriek's champion lot of 2-year-old blacks was knocked down to Armour at fifteen and one-half cents a pound. The rumor is that Weber of Kansas City bought them. Second prize winners, load of Herefords, sold at seven and one-half cents a pound.

WHEATLEY TO CONTEST.

If the Soldier Vote does not Elect Him to Congress.

Topeka, Dec. 8.—George W. Wheatley of Galena, who was the Republican nominee for Congress in the Third district, was in this city last evening. Mr. Wheatley has not yet given up hope of being elected. Judge A. M. Jackson, the Populist candidate, had a majority of 268. There are in the neighborhood of 300 soldiers in the Philippines and if they all voted, the result may be changed. As far as known the Republican State committee was the only one to send ballots for the soldiers in the Philippines. Under the military law the old fashioned ballots are used.

Should the returns from the Philippines not be large enough to elect Mr. Wheatley he will then contest the election of Judge Jackson on the charge of fraud. It is claimed the Democrats imported nearly 1,000 voters from Missouri and the Indian territory so as to be able to swing the election in the Third district.

FOR HORSENESS.

Benj. Ingerson, of Hutton, Ind., says he had not spoken a word above a whisper for months and one bottle of FOLEY'S HONEY AND TAR restored his voice. It is used largely by speakers and singers. Take no substitute, Campbell & Burrell.

From Asheville, S. C., where he is staying for his health, Barney Sheridan writes somewhat his allowance has been cut to three drinks of whisky daily diluted by six drinks of glycerine.

\$1000 Worth of Good.

A. H. Thurston of Wills Creek, Coal Co., Buffalo, O., writes: "I have been afflicted with kidney and bladder trouble for years, passing gravel or stones, with excruciating pain. Other medicine only gave me relief. After taking FOLEY'S KIDNEY CURE the result was surprising. A few doses started the brick dust, like fine stones, etc., and now I have no pain across my kidneys and I feel like a new man. FOLEY'S KIDNEY CURE has done me \$1000 worth of good. Take no substitute. Campbell & Burrell."

BOYS GETTING THERE

Returns From the Late Election Show Graduates of

THE UNIVERSITY LAW SCHOOL

Were Very Much in Evidence Over a Dozen Were

Chosen to Responsible Offices and the List is Not Complete. The Boys are Getting to the Front

Lawrence Kas., Dec. 6.—A partial investigation of the lists of successful candidates for office in the state election shows that many of them are graduates from the Kansas University Law school. Many of the attorneys mentioned have achieved a state prominence, while several have just graduated. This goes to prove the efficiency of the law department. Last year another year was added to the law course, so that now three years work is required for graduation. The successful candidates are as follows:

Fremont Leidy, '04, state senator, Butler county.

Louie H. E. Wulfskuhler, '95, state senator, Leavenworth county.

R. M. Hamer, '93, state representative, Lyons county.

W. B. Brownell, '86, county attorney, Douglas county.

J. H. Mitchell, '93, probate judge, Douglas county.

J. A. Rush, '93 state senator, Denver, Colorado.

Galen F. Nichols, '95 county attorney, Shawnee county.

Adna G. Clarke, '97, clerk of court, Douglas county.

A. B. Crum, '97, county attorney, Osage county.

Henry O. Trinkle, '97, county attorney, Miami county.

W. S. Hyatt, '99 county attorney, Labette county.

E. P. Sample, '90 county attorney, Osborne county.

Ed Kiling, '00, representative, Douglas county.

E. P. Dorchester, '00, county attorney, Scott county.

William Wagner, '00 county attorney, Logan county.

KANSAS CLIPS AND COMMENTS

The Garnett Plaindealer says it is ready to use that wood on subscription.

Emporia is voting to give \$20,000 each to the Kansas City and Orient railroad and the Kansas & Southern.

A Parsons railroader says that in the two years that he has held his job he has spent \$148.35 for pie alone.

The Santa Fe has declared a dividend of 21 per cent on the preferred stock. Most Kansans have preferred live stock.

Will White who lived in Butler county in his frocked-faced, stone-bruise days, says Jessie Morrison is guilty.

The secretary of the treasury has recommended appropriations for Kansas institutions amounting to \$886,481.11 this year.

In his list of campaign expenses it is said P. P. Elder, of Ottawa, noted \$2 for a "drum core." He might better call it "corpse" now.

The Chanute mantle factory has swarmed and the owners have each set up separate factories. One should locate in another gas town.

The Atchison Globes is of the opinion that the story that Eve tempted Adam originated with some of the women kin on Adam's side of the house.

The Eagle says that a Garnett woman was four years younger at her birthday party last week than at one given by her twelve years ago.

Cherryvale struck a new gusher Thursday and tried to get Lotterer, the sore-head who says the gas is falling, to visit it, but he refused.

The State Auctioneers association and the visiting Elks who put in a new lodge were in Emporia the same day and the populace couldn't tell them apart.

The Powhattan Post sneers that half the fellows who wear sweaters in that town never moisten their hide save when hastening to the paternal feed trough.

Kansas people have been negligent about observing the liquor law but the great majority of them have not killed a prairie chicken since the season ended Dec. 1.

It is possible that the National War College where every manner of thing pertaining to modern warfare shall be studied and improved, may be located at Leavenworth.

Railroad towns are jealous things. Arkansas City sneers at Newton's joy over a new "fast mail" and says there are several fast males in that town and nobody thinks of being proud of them.

Recently while Bishop Millsbaugh of the Episcopal church was in Ottawa he was approached by a street urchin with a request for a job peddling bills for a "Little Egypt" show in town, the kid arguing from the Bishop's silk tie that he belonged to the show.

Olathe News-Herald: According to a sworn statement a certain young lady is guilty of writing the following letter: "We is all well and mother got the his Terris, brother Tom is got the Hupin Kaugh, and sister Ann has got a babe, and I hope these few lines will find you the same. Rite sune. Your affectionate kuzzen."

Clay Center has a broom factory employing fifty men.

There is a hole in Ottawa's dam and the w. d. thing is threatened.

The Ft. Scott merchant who bet 60 silk tiles on Bryan is about drained dry.

A huge starch plant is talked of for Bonner Springs, to be built by Michigan capitalists.

The thirteenth child has been born to Mrs. Gardner of Wetmore, the last ten being girls. The oldest child is 24.

A vicious drunk at Leavenworth buried his teeth in a policeman's calf and only cowed when badly beaten with a club.

Dr. Gabriel lives at Parsons where he closes the eyes of the good citizens until the tooth of his relative's horn bids them open.

At the depth of 1400 feet at Emporia a 24 inch vein of coal and a little gas were struck. The coal makes the town particularly "vein."

The Ft. Scott Tribune has bought a Mergenthaler which is doing pretty well for a fusion paper under a Republican administration.

Gold has again been discovered near Lindsay, this time not in the turkey crop but in the cropped out vein on a suburban farm.

Mr. Dickinsheets got so badly worried in a street fight at Newton that he had to change the bed clothes on his name the next day.

The Walnut Eagle says S. Trebilcock of Iowa paid \$3,200 for 160 acres near there, which is surely going into the poultry business on a large scale.

To hear the howl going up from Kansas towns over the census one would readily believe that twice the accredited population was participating.

The Troy Chief notes that Mr. Lealand is enlarging his ice house, so there seems reason to believe that uncle Cy will be able to preserve his plans for future use.

Mr. Petherbridge married Miss Fleenbaugh near Oskaloosa and the Independent thinks that with two such names telescoped there will be more room in the neighborhood.

And now it has been discovered that alfalfa tablets make people fat. Dr. Schultz, formerly of Kansas, discovered the fact in Chicago and all the girls are now eating them.

With the report of the Cherryvale man that the gas is falling there the Edgar Zinc Company is preparing to enlarge. How foolish capital must look to a disgruntled fabricator.

The Santa Fe has agreed to do all it can to assist Boers to locate along its line. This means a future cross between Oom Paul and W. A. Peffer whiskers among Kansas posterity.

The Coffeyville Journal gravely asserts that two men in Parsons fought over a girl in Coffeyville. They must have had a reach that would make Bob Fitzsimmons green with envy.

A man named Smith was elected constable on the Fusion ticket and road overseer on the Republican ticket in Pike township, Lyon county, and showed up at Emporia to qualify for both offices.

Even the Republicans looked rather askance at the prosperity of the man who recently showed up in Fort Scott with a check for 750 million dollars. Even a Pop in all his glory never wore such figures.

Ottawa will miss being on the Orient railway by ten miles, but her people feel greater need of quick service on the Santa Fe plus to Kansas City's attractions than rapid transit to the Philippines.

The Lawrence Journal keeps pounding on John Rockett's stomach. Every time Standard Oil stock goes up, Charlie Finch recalls that John has the stomach ache most of the time and has no fun.

There is a move on foot in Congress to have the house increase twenty-eight members, which will enable Kansas to keep her eight congressmen, redistricting the state into eight districts.

This is the season of the year when the fond father take his off-spring on his knee and lectures him about the evils of lying between telling him variegated lies about Santa Claus. But they're white.

The Gazette says that 1000 turkeys and 100 barrels of cranberries were sold in Emporia for Thanksgiving, which is not surprising to those who have heard Mrs. White's remarks about White's appetite.

Kansas commissioners of the Pan-American exposition have decided the Kansas building at Buffalo shall cost \$15,000 and Kansas architects will be invited to compete for a prize of \$500 to be awarded for the best set of plans.

The World declares Lawrence to be the best corn market in the state. This is not news, for many people are acquainted with Lawrence boarding houses, and the Missourians always refer to the K. U. football team as "the corn fed."

Lawrence Journal: Colonel Murdock anxiously inquires "Is the world going to the devil?" The colonel never likes to be behind the procession and if the world is headed that way, he wants to go on ahead and warn the devil of what a mess he is going to have on his hands.

How's This?

We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure. F. J. Cheney & Co., Props., Toledo, O.

We, the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions, and financially able to carry out any obligation made by his firm.

Wesley T. Warr, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O. W. A. Kingman & Marvin, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O.

Hall's Catarrh Cure taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Price, 75c. per bottle. Sold by all druggists. Testimonials free.

Hall's Family Pills are the tea.