

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All communications for this paper should be accompanied by the name of the author, not necessarily for publication, but as an evidence of good faith on the part of the writer.

A TRUE HELPMATE.

She was not fair, and yet she stood A shining mark of womanhood. She was not talented, forsooth. She'd been a toiler from her youth.

Her life was lowly as the sod, And yet she had in hand with God Walked through this vale of tears and woe.

And now that winter sleet and snow Lies drifted o'er her grave, I'd write This epitaph for marble white:

A Daughter of the Sioux

By GEN. CHARLES KING.

Copyright, 1902, by The Hobart Company.

CHAPTER VIII.—CONTINUED.

"What captain?" yelled Kennedy, all ablaze at the instant. "Spake up, ye shiverin' loon!"

"Blake! He got way ahead of us!"

"Then it's to him you should be runnin', not home, ye cur! Turn about now! Turn about or I'll—"



"AND KNEELING, DROVE SHOT AFTER SHOT AT THE SCURRYING PAIR."

opened it that the captain got so far ahead of him? There was no keepin' up with the captain. He was on his jig, raw-boned race horse, chasin' three Indians that was firin', and had hit Meisner, but there was still three of the troop to follow him, and the captain ordered "come ahead," until all of a sudden, as they filed round a little knoll the three Indians they'd been chasin' turned about and let 'em have it, and down went another horse, and Corporal Feeney was killed sure, and he, poor young rookie, saw Indians in every direction, "comin' straight at 'em," and what else could he do but gallop for home—and help? All this, told with much gasping on his part, and heard with much blasphemy by Kennedy, brought the strangely assorted pair at a swift gallop over the springy turf back along the line of that panicky, yet most natural retreat.

Half-way down the long, gradual slope, in a shallow little dip, possibly an old buffalo wallow, two or three horses were sprawled and a tiny tongue of flame and blue smoke, spitting over the broad, brown backs, told that some one, at least, was on the alert and defensive. Out on the prairie, 300 yards beyond, a spotted Indian pony, heels up, was rolling on the turf, evidently, sorely wounded. Behind this rolling parapet crouched a feathered warrior, and farther still away, sweeping and circling on their mettlesome steeds, three more savage braves were darting at speed. Already they had sighted the coming re-

inforcements, and while two seemed frantically signalling toward the northwest, the third whirled his horse and sped madly away in that direction.

"Millions, be damned!" yelled Kennedy. "There's only three. Come on, ye scut!" And down they went, full tilt, at the Sioux, yet heading to cover and reach the beleaguered party in the hollow. Some one of the besieged waved a hat on high. Two more carbines barked their defiance at the feathered foe, and then came a pretty exhibit of savage daring and devotion. Disdainful of the coming troopers and of the swift fire blazing at them from the pit, the two mounted warriors lashed their ponies to mad gallop and bore down straight for their imperiled brother, crouching behind the stricken "pinto." Never swerving, never halting, hardly checking speed, but bending low over and behind their chargers' necks, the two young braves swept onward, and with wild whoop of triumph, challenge and hatred, gathered up and slung behind the rider of the heavier pony the agile and bedizened form on the turf; then circled away, defiant, taunting, gleeful, yes and even more:—

With raging eyes Kennedy sprang from saddle and, kneeling, drove shot after shot at the scurrying pair. Two of the troopers at the hollow followed suit. Even the big, blubbery lad so lately crazed with fear, unslinging his weapon and fired thrice into empty space, and a shout of wrath and renewed challenge to "come back and fight it out" rang out after the Sioux, for to the amazement of the lately besieged, to the impotent fury of the Irishman, in unmistakable, yet mostly unquotable, English, the crippled warrior was yelling mingled threat and imprecation.

"Who was it Kennedy?—and where did you ever see him before?" a moment later, demanded Capt. Blake, almost before he could grasp the Irishman's hands and shower his thanks, and even while stanching the flow of blood from a furrow along his sun-burnt cheek. "What's that he said about eating your heart?"

And Kennedy, his head cleared now through the rapture of battle, minded him of his promise to Field, and lied like a hero. "Sure, how should I know, sorr? They're all of the same spit."

"But he called you by name. I heard him plainly. So did Meisner, here," protested Blake. "Hello, what have you there, corporal?" he added, as young Feeney, the "surely killed," came running back, bearing in his hand a gaily ornamented pouch of buckskin, with long fringes and heavy crusting of brilliant beads. "Picked it up by that pony yonder, sir," answered the corporal, with a salute. "Beg pardon, sir, but will the captain take my horse? His is hit too bad to carry him."

Two, indeed of Blake's horses were crippled, and it was high time to be going. Mechanically he took the pouch and tied it to his waist belt. "Thank God no man is hurt!" he said. "But—now back to Frayne! Watch those ridges and be ready if a feather shows, and spread out a little—don't ride in a bunch."

But there was bigger game miles to the west, demanding all the attention of the gathered Sioux. There were none to spare to send so far, and though three warriors—one of them raging and clamoring for further attempt despite his wounds—hovered about the retiring party, Blake and his fellows within another hour were in sight of the sheltering walls of Frayne; and, after a last, long-range swapping of shots, with Blake and Meisner footing it most of the way, led their crippled mounts in safety toward that Rubicon of the west—the swift flowing Platte. They were still three miles out when Blake found leisure to examine the contents of that beaded pouch, and the first thing drawn from its depths was about the last a Christian would think to find in the wallet of a Sioux—a dainty little billet, scented with wood violet—an envelope of delicate texture, containing a missive on paper to match, and the envelope was addressed in a strange, angular, characteristic hand that Blake recognized at once, to a man of whom, by that name at least, he had never heard before:

"MR. RALPH MOREAU, "En Ville."

CHAPTER IX. Sorely puzzled as Blake had been by the discovery, he had been able on the long homeward march—walking until in sight of Frayne and safety, then galloping ahead on the corporal's horse—to think it out, as he said, in several ways. Miss Flower had frequently ridden up the valley and visited the Indian village across the Platte. Miss Flower might easily have dropped that note, and some squaw, picking it up, had surrendered it to the first red man who demanded it, such being the domestic discipline of the savage. The Indian kept it, as he would any other treasure trove for which he had no use, in hopes of reward for its return, said Blake. It was queer, of course, that the Indian in whose pouch it was found should have been so fluent a speaker of English, yet many a Sioux knew enough of our tongue to swear volubly and talk ten words of vengeance to come. There were several ways, as Blake reasoned, by which that letter might have got into the hands of the enemy. But at any rate, with everything said, it was a woman's letter. He had no right to read it. He would first confide in his wife, and, if she said so, in Mrs. Ray. Then what they decided should decide him. But now came a new problem. Despite the long morning of peril and chase and excitement, there was still much more ahead. His men were in

saddle; his troop was afield; the foe was in force on the road to the north; the battle, mayhap, was on at the very moment, and Frayne and home was no place for him when duty called at the distant front. Only, there was Nan, silent, tremulous, to be sure, and with such a world of piteous dread and pleading in her beautiful eyes. It was hard to have to tell her he must go again and at once, hard to have to bid her help him in his hurried preparations, when she longed to throw herself in his arms and be comforted. He tried to smile as he entered the gate, and thereby cracked the brittle, sundried court plaster with which a sergeant had patched his cheek at the stables. The would-be gladsome grin started the blood again, and it trickled down and splashed on his breast where poor Nan longed to pillow her bonny head, and the sight of it, despite her years of frontier training, made her sick and faint. He caught her in his left arm, laughing gayly, and drew her to the other side. "Got the mate to that scoop of Billy's," he cried, holding forth his other hand to Mrs. Ray. "'Tisn't so deep, perhaps, but 'twill serve, 'twill do, and I'll crow over him to-night. Come in with us, Mrs. Ray. I—I've something to show you."

"One minute," said that wise young matron. "Let me tell the children where to find me. Sandy and Billy are on post at the telescope. They wouldn't leave it even for luncheon." With that she vanished, and husband and wife were alone.

"You must go, Gerald," she sobbed—"I know it, but—isn't there some way?—Won't Capt. Dade send more men with you?"

"If he did, Nan, they'd only hamper me with horses that drag behind. Be brave, little woman. Webb has swept the way clear by this time. Come, I need your help."

And the door closed on the soldier and his young wife. They never saw that Nanette Flower, in saddle, was riding swiftly up the row, and, for the first time since her coming to Frayne, without an escort. Dade reappeared upon his front gallery in time to greet her, but Esther, after one quick glance, had darted again within. Dade saw unerringly that Miss Flower was in no placid frame of mind. Her cheeks were pale; her mouth had that livid look that robbed her face of all beauty; but her eyes were full and flashing with excitement.

"What news, captain?" she hailed, and the joyous, silvery ring had gone from her voice. "They tell me Capt. Blake is back—two horses crippled, two men hit, including himself."

"His own share is a scratch he wouldn't think of mentioning outside the family, Miss Flower," answered Dade, with grim civility. He had his reasons for disapproving of the young woman; yet they were not such as warranted him in showing her the least discourtesy. He walked to his gate and met her at the curb beyond and stood stroking the arching neck of her spirited horse—"Harney" again.

"Did they—were there any Indians—killed?" she asked, with anxiety scarcely veiled.

"Oh, they downed one of them," answered the captain, eyeing her closely the while and speaking with much precision, "a fellow who cursed them freely in fluent English." Yes, she was surely turning paler. "A bold, bad customer, from all accounts. Blake thought he must be of Lame Wolf's fellows, because he seemed to know Kennedy so well and to hate him. Kennedy has only just come down from Fort Beecher, where Wolf's people have been at mischief."

"But what became of him? What did they do with him?" interrupted the girl, her lips quivering in spite of herself.

"Oh—left him, I suppose," answered the veteran, with deliberate design. "What else could they do? There was no time for ceremony. His fellow savages, you know, can attend to that."

For a moment she sat there rigid, her black eyes staring straight into the imperturbable face of the old soldier. No one had ever accused Dade of cruelty or unkindness to man or woman, especially to woman; yet here he stood before this suffering girl and, with obvious intent, pictured to her mind's eye a warrior stricken and left unburied or uncared for on the field. Whatever his reasons, he stabbed and meant to stab, and for just one moment she seemed almost to droop and reel in saddle; then, with splendid rally, straightened up again, her eyes flashing, her lip curling in scorn, and with one brief, emphatic phrase ended the interview and, whirling Harney about, smote him sharply with her whip, and darted away:

"True!" she said. "Civilized warfare!" "If that girl isn't more than half savage," said Dade, to himself, as Harney tore away out of the garrison on the road to the ford, "I am more than half Sioux. Oh, for news of Ray!"

starlit night, he should reach the old frontier fort by dawn at the latest, and what news would Dade have to send him there? Not a word had he uttered to either the officers who respectfully greeted, or reporters who eagerly importuned, him as to the situation at Frayne; but men who had served with him in Arizona and on the Yellowstone many a year before, knew well that grave tidings had reached him. Dade had in fact, supplemented Webb's parting dispatch with another, saying that Blake's little party, returning, had just been sighted through the telescope nine miles out, with two men afoot. But not until the general reached Lodge Pole creek did the message meet him, saying that Webb's advance guard could hear the distant attack on Ray. Not until he reached the Chugwater in the early night could he hope to hear the result.

It was nightfall when the awful suspense of the garrison at Frayne was even measurably lifted. Blake, with three troopers at his back, had then been gone an hour, and was lost in the gloaming before Dr. Tracy's orderly, with a face that plainly told the nervous tension of his two hours' ride, left his reeking, heaving horse at the stables and climbed the steep path to the flag-staff, the shortest way to the quarters of the commanding officer. Despite the gathering darkness, he had been seen by a dozen eager watchers and was deluged with questions by trembling, tearful women and by grave, anxious men.

"There's been a fight; that's all I know," he said. "I was with the pack mules and the ambulances and didn't get to see it. All I saw was dead ponies way out beyond Ten Mile ridge. Where's the major?—I mean the captain?" Not the orderly didn't know who was killed or wounded, or that anybody was killed and wounded. All he knew was that Dr. Tracy came galloping back and ordered the ambulances to scoot for the front and him to spur every bit of the way back to Frayne with the note for Capt. Dade.

All this was told as he eagerly pushed his way along the board walk; soldiers' wives hanging on his words and almost on him; officers' wives and daughters calling from the galleries or running to the gates, and Dade heard the hubbub almost as quickly as did Esther, who hurried to the door. By the light of the hall lamp the commander read the penciled superscription of the gummed envelope and the word "Immediate" at the corner. The same light fell on a dozen anxious, pleading faces beyond the steps. His hand shook in spite of himself, and he knew he could not open and read it in their presence. "One moment," he said, his heart going out to them in sympathy as well as dread. "You shall hear in one moment," and turned aside into the little army parlor.

But he could not turn from his wife and child. They followed and stood studying his pale face as he read the fateful words that told so little, yet so much:—

"Reached Ray just in time. Sharp affair. Dr. Waller will have to come at once as Tracy goes on with us to rescue stage people at Dry Fork. Better send infantry escort and all hospital attendants that can be possibly spared; also chaplain, Sergeants Burroughs and Wing, Corporal Foot and Troopers Denny, Flood, Kerrigan and Preusser killed. Many wounded—Lieut. Field seriously. "WEBB."

A MATERNAL COLLIE.

Remarkable Intelligence Displayed by a Scottish Shepherd's Clever Dog.

Giles, the shepherd of Folly farm, was brushing the white ruff of his \$1,000 collie. "The collie," he told the Philadelphia Record, "is the most interesting of dogs. Permit me to tell you a true collie story. There was a Scottish shepherd, whose dog gave birth to a litter of pups. All but one of them died and the mother devoted herself so thoroughly to this sole remaining child that her master's work was quite neglected—the sheep were not looked after at all. The man, enraged at this state of affairs, took the pup and drowned it in a bucket before its mother's eyes. Then he went off to the town for the day. In the evening, on his return, the shepherd said to his collie, pointing to the bucket: 'What did you do with your pup, Bess?' The collie gave a low, mournful howl and set off, looking backward often to signify to her master that he should follow. She led him to a knoll and paused, moaning, beside a spot where the earth had a fresh look. The shepherd turned up the soil, and there beneath it the drowned puppy lay. Its mother had taken it out of the bucket and given it a decent burial."

Only One Way.

"In these days," he sighed, "it is difficult to convince a girl of your sincere admiration."

"How so?" she asked.

"Why, if you tell her she is pretty, she thinks you mean to infer that she is stupid; if you tell her she is clever she assumes that you mean she is disagreeable, and if you tell her she is amiable she concludes that you do not think her pretty."

"Still," she said thoughtfully, "there is a way to convince her on all points. One is reasonably certain in what a man thinks when he—"

"Yes, yes, of course," he interrupted, as he took her hand and put to her the momentous question. "But," he added after a very busy interval, "if that's the only way of giving a girl a compliment that hasn't a sting to it, a fellow has got to be somewhat ungracious and illiberal to keep out of trouble."—Chicago Post.

Art, the Drama and the Actor

By JOSEPH JEFFERSON.

ART IS the selection of those matters most interesting in nature, and the blending of them into a harmonious whole. It does not need to be an exact reproduction of nature, but rather a reproduction of those things best calculated to convey the idea.

I have been asked why I do not have a dog in "Rip Van Winkle." My answer is that the dog selected might not conform to the preconceived notions of the larger part of the audience of what Rip's dog ought to be. Then he might wag his tail at the wrong time, and thus attract entire attention to himself. The principal actor would naturally object to being outshone by a dog-star.

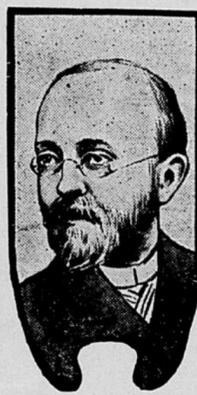
The production of plays has undoubtedly improved in recent times. I will not say as to the acting, but the mechanical settings are certainly vastly superior to those of a generation or so ago. For instance, when a banquet scene is shown now, real champagne is served. We used to have to be content with soda water. I remember being on the stage once when an unsteady stage manager upset a lighted candelabra and set fire to the ice cream.

I am asked if truth and sincerity are not important factors in success on the stage. They certainly are. Even in comedy the player should be sincere and act seriously. For, once he betrays the fact that he knows he is saying funny and absurd things, the subtlety of the impression is destroyed. The gravediggers in "Hamlet" indulge in the most ridiculous statements, which they are supposed to think are deep philosophy, but if they were to indicate in the slightest degree that they regarded their remarks as absurdities the humorous effect would be lost.

The artist should be artistic, but never artificial. Sentiment and sentimentality are very different things, just as art and artificiality are widely divergent. This is true in painting as in any other art.

The Law's Delays

By JUSTICE BISCHOFF, of the New York Supreme Court.



It is true, that there is more or less delay in the administration of the law, which appears to procrastinate, so that the time elapsing between a crime and its punishment seems at times needlessly prolonged, but this is not the fault of the law, or its administration, so much as it is the result of conditions which surround the gradual evolution of our great judicial system.

The demands upon the courts are too great for a system planned to accommodate scarcely half the business now presented, and making no elastic provision for enlarged requirements. It is but right and just and in the administration of criminal law the punishment should follow speedily, with all due caution and protection to the accused, the accomplishment of the crime.

But it does not follow, because of this defect, the delay of justice, that the system is wrong, or that mob rule had better supplant it, or that there is justification at any time for assassination in the name of punishment for crime. It is but a voice that should be heeded by our legislatures in providing an elastic, flexible system for the administration of law, which will meet every emergency, and measure speedy, exact, and unerring justice in every case.

Need of Religion in the Schools

By DR. FRANCIS J. BARNES, Noted Catholic Educator.

THE existence and prosperity of the state are dependent in a large measure upon the morality and culture of its subjects. Consequently the state may justly demand that its subjects shall receive a moral and intellectual training. On the other hand, it is the right and one of the most sacred duties of the parent to educate his children according to the dictates of his conscience; and the state is bound to respect that right and to maintain those conditions under which that right may be freely exercised. And there the function of the state in regard to education ceases.

Without religion we can have no morality, and without morality society becomes chaos. We have in this country to-day a condition of affairs which has been well characterized by one of our most sagacious statesmen as truly appalling.

If we would have our children molded into moral men and women, Christian citizens of this great commonwealth, we must educate them in schools in which morality is taught, not as a collection of utilitarian precepts, but as a body of law based upon the necessary relations of the creature to his Creator; in which patriotism is inculcated, not as a mere sentiment, but as a sacred duty; in which religion permeates the very atmosphere with which the child is surrounded, inspiring and controlling and directing his every thought and action.

The Training of the Bad Boy

By M. M. MALLARY, Supt. Illinois State Reformatory at Pontiac.

THE key note of reformatory training is education—education which not only includes the acquisition of knowledge, but the training of heart and brain, eye and hand, the development of all elements of right living.

Punishment has no place in the Pontiac system except as a means to the end sought.

Nearly half the inmates committed crimes when homeless. Nearly half of these had no homes. A greater number ran away from home and became vagrants. More than half of the whole number had lost either father or mother.

Broken homes and broken lives are intimately associated. If a boy has wholesome home surroundings he will not reach the reform school. Divorce leads to crime by children.

Most of the boys sent to Pontiac have served sentences in some other institution. The worst possible thing to do with a boy is to put him in jail. The ordinary jail lacks every agency to make him better, but has many to make him worse. Shut up in the companionship of men experienced in all manner of wickedness, the boy's imprisonment may well mark the turning point of his life and determine his career as a criminal.