

The Denison Review

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DENISON, IOWA.

LUCK IN THE HOUSE.

My love departs in the morning.
Good-by, my love, good-by!
I work the harder when you're gone,
The happier when you're high.
The busy hours will bring their cares,
Their trials great and small,
Their petty frets, their vain regrets,
And I must meet them all.

"For there's nae luck about the house,
There's nae luck at a',
There's nae luck about the house
When my gude mon's awa'."

My love returns at nightfall.
Come in, my love, come in!
Around my waist his arm is placed,
His hand beneath my chin,
The weariness, the troubled thought,
The sense of weight and care,
Are all become as they were naught
And vanished into air.

For there's great luck about the house,
And peace too deep for name;
There's great luck about the house
When my gude mon's at home.
—Ethelwyn Wetherald, in Good House-keeping.

A Daughter of the Sioux

By GEN. CHARLES KING.

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CHAPTER XVIII.

The doctor started at the heels of the corporal, but was distanced long before he reached the scene. The sergeant of the guard was hammering on the front door of Blake's quarters; but, before the summons was answered from within, Mrs. Ray, in long, loose wrapper, came hurrying forth from her own—the adjoining—hallway. Her face was white with dread. "It is I, Nannie. Let us in," she cried, and the door was opened by a terrified servant, as the doctor came panting up the steps. Together he and Mrs. Ray hurried in. "Robbers!" gasped the servant girl—"Gone—the back way!" and collapsed on the stairs. Sergeant and corporal both tore around to the west side and out of the rear gate. Not a sign of fugitives could they see, and what was worse, not a sign of sentry. Number 5, of the third relief, should at that moment have been pacing the crimson quarter of the northward around toward the flagstaff. "Find Number 5," were the sergeant's orders, and back he hurried to the house, not knowing what to expect. By that time others of the guard had got there and the officer-of-the-day was coming—the clink of his sword could be heard down the road, and more windows were uplifted and more voices were begging for information, and then came Mrs. Dade, breathless but calm.

Within doors she found the doctor ministering to a stout female who seemed to have gone off in an improvised swoon—Mrs. Blake's imported cook. Up the stairs to her own room again, Mrs. Blake was being led by Marion Ray's encircling arm. Three women were speedily closeted there, for Mrs. Dade was like an elder sister to these two sworn friends, and, not until Mrs. Dade and they were ready, did the lady descend the stairs and communicate the facts to the excited gathering in the parlor, and they in turn to those on the porch in front. By this time Flint himself, with the post quartermaster, was on hand, and all Fort Frayne seemed to rouse, and Mrs. Gregg had come with Mrs. Wilkins, and those two had relieved the doctor of the care of the cook, now talking volubly; and, partly through her revelations, but mainly through the more coherent statements of Mrs. Dade, were the facts made public. Margaret, the cook, had a room to herself on the ground floor adjoining her kitchen. Belle, the maid, had been given the second floor back in order to be near to her young mistress. Blitzer, the Blakes' man-of-all-work—like McGann, a discharged soldier—slept in the basement at the back of the house, and there he was found, blinking, bewildered and only with difficulty aroused from stupor by a wrathful sergeant. The cook's story, in brief, was that she was awakened by Mrs. Blake's voice at her door, and, thinking Belle was sick, she jumped up and found Mrs. Blake in her wrapper, asking was she, Margaret, up stairs a moment before. Then Mrs. Blake, with her candle, went into the dining-room, and out jumped a man in his stocking feet from the captain's den across the hall, and knocked over Mrs. Blake and the light, and made for her, the cook; whereat she screamed and slammed her door in his face, and that was really all she knew about it.

But Mrs. Blake knew more. Awakened by some strange consciousness of stealthy movement about the house, she called Belle by name, thinking possibly the girl might be ill and seeking medicine. There was sound of more movement, but no reply. Mrs. Blake's girlhood had been spent on the frontier. She was a stranger to fear. She arose; struck a light, and, seeing no one in her room or the guest chamber and hallway, hastened to the third room, and was surprised to find Belle apparently quietly sleeping. Then she decided to look about the house and, first, went down and roused the cook. As she was coming out of the dining-room, a man leaped past her in the hall, hurl-

ing her to one side and dashing out the light. Her back was toward him, for he came from Gerald's own premises known as the den. In that den, directly opposite, was one of her revolvers, loaded. She found it, even in the darkness, and, hurrying forth again, intending to chase the intruder and alarm the sentry at the rear, encountered either the same or a second man close to the back door, a man who sprang past her like a panther and darted down the steps at the back of the house, followed by two shots from her Smith & Wesson. One of these men wore a soldier's overcoat, for the cape, ripped from the collar seam, was left in her hands. Another soldier's overcoat was later found at the rear fence, but no boots, shoes or tracks thereof, yet both of these men, judging from the sound, had been in stocking feet, or possibly rubbers, or perhaps—but that last suspicion she kept to herself, for Mrs. Hay, too, was now among the arrivals in the house—full of sympathy and genuine distress. The alarm, then, had gone beyond the guard house, and the creators thereof beyond the ken of the guard, for not a sentry had seen or heard anything suspicious until after the shots, then Number 8, Flint's latest addition, declared that from his post at Hay's corral he had distinctly heard the swift hoofbeats of a brace of ponies darting up the level bench to the westward. Number 5 had turned up safely, and declared that at the moment the scream was heard he was round by the flagstaff, listening to the night chorus of a pack of yelping coyotes, afar out to the northwest, and then he thought he heard scrambling and running down at the foot of the bluff just as the shots were fired. Investigation on his part was what took him out of sight for the moment, and later investigation showed that one marauder, at least, had gone that way, for a capless greatcoat was found close down by the shore, where some fugitive had tossed it in his flight. This overcoat bore, half-erased from the soiled lining, the name of Culligan, troop "K," but Culligan had served out his



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time and taken the discharge a year before. The other overcoat was even older, an infantry coat, with shorter cape, bearing a company number "47," but no name. Both garments savored strongly of the stable.

Then, before quiet was restored, certain search was made about the quarters. It was found the intruders had obtained admission through the basement door at the back.

But what had they taken? The silver was upstairs, intact, under Mrs. Blake's bed; so was the little safe in which was kept her jewelry and their valuable papers. Books, bric-a-brac—everything downstairs seemed unmolested. No item was missing from its accustomed place. Mrs. Blake thought perhaps the intruders had not entered her room at all. In Gerald's den, "stacks," as he said, of relics, souvenirs, trophies of chase and war, but no one thing of the intrinsic value of \$50. What could have been the object of their midnight search? was the question all Fort Frayne was asking as people dispersed and went home—the doctor intimating it was high time that Mrs. Blake was permitted to seek repose. Not until he had practically cleared the house of all but her most intimate friends, Mrs. Dade and Mrs. Ray, would Waller permit himself to ask a question that had been uppermost in his mind ever since he heard her story.

"Mrs. Blake, someone has been ransacking Mr. Field's quarters for letters or papers. Now—was there anything of that kind left by the captain that—someone may have needed?"

Nannie Blake's head was uplifted instantly from Marion's shoulder. She had been beginning to feel the reaction. For one moment the three women looked intently into each other's faces. Then up they started and trooped away into Gerald's den. The doctor followed. The upper drawer of the big, flat-topped desk stood wide open, and pretty Mrs. Blake opened her eyes and mouth in emulation as she briefly exclaimed: "It's gone!"

Then Waller went forthwith to the quarters of the commander and caught him still in conference with his quartermaster and the guard, four or five of the latter being grouped without. The major retired to his front room, where, with Wilkins, he received the doctor.

"Maj. Flint," said Waller, "those overcoats belong to Mr. Hay's stablemen, Pete and Crapaud. Will you order their immediate arrest?"

"I would, doctor," was the answer, "but they are not at the corral. We know how to account for the hoofbeats in the valley. Those scoundrels have got nearly an hour's start, and we've nobody to send in chase."

Then it presently appeared that the post commander desired to continue conference with his staff officer, for he failed to invite the surgeon to be seated. Indeed, he looked up into the doctor's kindling eyes with odd mixture of impatience and embarrassment in his own, and the veteran practitioner felt the slight; flushed instantly, and, with much hauteur of manner, took prompt but ceremonious leave.

And when morning came and Fort Frayne awoke to another busy day, as if the excitement of the night gone by had not been enough for it, a new story went buzzing, with the first call for guard mount, about the garrison; and, bigger even than yesterday, the two details, in soldierly silence, began to gather in front of the infantry quarters. Maj. Flint had ordered sentries posted at the trader's home, with directions that Mrs. Hay was not to be allowed outside of her gate, and no one, man or woman, permitted to approach her from without, except by express permission of the post commander. "Gen. Harney" and "Dan," the two best horses of the trader's stable, despite the presence of the sentry at the front, had been abstracted some time during the earlier hours of the night, and later traced to the ford at Stabber's old camp, and with Pete and Crapaud, doubtless, were gone.

That day the major wired to Omaha that he should be reinforced at once. One-half his little force, he said, was now mounted each day for guard, and the men couldn't stand it. The general, of course, was in the field, but his chief of staff remained at headquarters and was empowered to order troops from post to post within the limits of the department. Flint hoped two more companies could come at once, and he did not care what post was denuded in his favor. His, he said, was close to the Indian lands—separated from them, in fact, only by a narrow and fordable river. The Indians were all on the warpath, and, aware of his puny numbers, might be tempted at any moment to quit the mountains and concentrate on him.

And so another restless day went by and no more news came from either front or rear—from the range to the north or Rock Springs at the south, and Flint was just formulating another fervid appeal to that impassive functionary, the adjutant general at Omaha, when toward evening word came whistling down the line in the person of Master Sanford Ray, that two couriers were in sight approaching from the northward. The strength of Fort Frayne gathered on the northward bluff like the "wan burghers" of ancient Rome, to watch and speed their coming. Who could tell what the day might yet bring forth?

It was well-nigh dark before the foremost reached the ford—a scout in worn and tawdry buckskin, wearied and impassive. He gave his dispatch to the care of the first officer to accost him, and took the way to the store, briefly saying in reply to questions, that he was "too dry to speak the truth." So they flocked, at respectful distance, about the major as he read the hurried lines. The general bade the post commander wire the entire message to Washington, and to "take all precautions for the protection of the few settlers about him. The columns under Col. Henry and Maj. Webb had united near the head waters of the Clear Fork of the Powder; had had a rattling running fight with Lane Wolf's people; had driven them into the mountains and were following hot on the trail, but that Stabber's band and certain disaffected Sioux had cut loose from the main body and gone south. Whistling Elk, a young chief of much ambition, had quarreled with certain of the Red Cloud element, and joined Stabber, with his entire band. Look out for them and watch for signals any day or night from Eagle Butte."

Flint read with sinking heart. Indian fighting was something far too scientific for his martial education, and too much for his skeleton command. In the gathering dusk his face looked white and drawn, and old Wilkins, breasting his way up the slope, puffed hard, as he begged for news. There was still another dispatch, however, which was evidently adding to the major's perturbation, for it concerned him personally and for the moment Wilkins went unheard.

The general desires that you send the couriers back within 24 hours of their arrival, after you have had time to scout the line of the Platte say 20 miles each way, giving full report of every Indian seen or heard of. He enjoins vigilance and hopes to keep the Sioux so busy that they can send no more in your direction. Should they do so, however, he will pursue at once. He trusts that you are doing everything possible to comfort and reassure Mrs. Hay, and that you can send good news of Lieut. Field.

"He is simply fretting his heart out here," were the doctor's words to him but a short time before, "and, while unable to mount a horse, he is quite strong enough now to take the trip by ambulance, slowly, that is, to Rock Springs. I fear his father is failing. I fear Field will fail if not allowed to go. I recommend a seven days' leave, with permission to apply to Omaha for 30—he'll probably need it."

"I can't permit government teams and ambulances to be used for any such purpose," said the major, stoutly. "It is distinctly against orders."

"Then, sir, he can go in my spring wagon and we'll hire mules from Mrs. Hay," was the doctor's prompt reply. "He can do no good here, major. He may do much good there."

But Flint was full of information and official zeal. The matter of Field's going had been broached before, and, when told of it, the Wilkins pair had been prompt with their protests. "Of course he'd be wantin' to get away," said Wilkins, "wid all that money to account for, let alone these other things." The Irishman was hot against the young West Pointer, who had derided him. He doubtless believed his own words. He never dreamed how sorely the lad now longed to see his father—how deep was his anxiety on his father's account—how filled with apprehension on his own, for that rifled desk had brought him reason for the most painful thought. Wilkins and Field had been antagonistic from the start. Neither could see good in the other, and, egged on by his worthy spouse's exhortations, the quartermaster had seized the opportunity to fill the post commander's too receptive mind with all his own suspicions—and this at a crucial time.

"I can't listen to it, Dr. Waller," said the major, sternly. "Here's a matter of near \$1,000 that young man has got to answer for the moment he is well enough to stir. And if he can't account for it—you well know what my duty will demand."

A LOYAL HEART.

The Noble Self-Sacrifice of a Colored Man Who Labors for His Benefactors.

As the Milledgeville, Ga., News tells the story, one of the young colored men connected with Booker T. Washington's school at Tuskegee has many of the qualities which go to the making of a hero of romance. About years ago Mr. Edwards of Milledgeville picked up a very small black boy and undertook, in his language, "to raise him and make something of him." Mr. Edwards fed and clothed the boy, and in a general way taught him many things; and the lad, who was bright and capable, made such return as he could. His name was Garner, and in time he became known as Garner Edwards.

After Mr. Edwards' death his two sisters continued to care for Garner. He was proud of "his family," loved the two ladies who were befriending him sincerely, and as he grew older he was a comfort and protection to them, for they also were alone in the world, without parents or brothers. When he came to manhood he did not forsake them or the home that had sheltered him, but insisted that it was the only home he had ever known, and that it was his duty and pleasure to aid in supporting it, and he came to bear a considerable part of its expenses.

Garner entered the trade of a brick-mason, and finally moved to Alabama where he became acquainted with Booker Washington, who helped him in getting work that would enable him to take a course in the school at Tuskegee and at the same time be self-sustaining. Here, as in all of his other positions, Garner made a good record and won many honors. After finishing school he married, but continued in the employ of the school, and is still there.

In the meantime Garner's white benefactor's name has never been forgotten. His remittances to them have always continued. For many years he has paid the taxes on the old home; he has cared for the two sisters in illness, provided the best medical attendance and supplied every want. When one of the ladies was painfully injured by a fall, his wife, a trained nurse, hurried to Milledgeville to care for "Garner's white folks," and performed every duty skillfully and lovingly.

No one of any color could more nobly have repaid a debt of love. The best part of this simple story of a humble soul's gratitude and devotion is that it is true.

INTERESTING CONVERSATION.

Terse Talk of King of Prussia and a Hungarian Magnate at Carlsbad.

Frederick II. of Prussia, always had the reputation of being the most laconic man of his day in Europe. It became known that a Hungarian magnate, who was at Carlsbad taking the waters, was very abrupt and short in his manner of speech. So much so that some even went so far as to suggest that he was as terse and silent as the king of Prussia.

This came to Frederick's ears, so he determined to run down to Carlsbad to see his rival and satisfy himself on the point of comparison which had been raised. The magnate was pointed out to Frederick as he stood in the hall of his hotel.

The king went up to him, and the following conversation was the result:

Frederick—Bathing?
Hungarian—Drinking!
Frederick—Officer?
Hungarian—Magnate!
Frederick—Sol!
Hungarian (taking the initiative)—Detective?
Frederick—King!
Hungarian—Congratulate.

I will leave it to my readers to judge between the merits of the two for the honor which they most desired.

Very Similar.

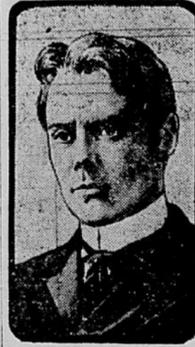
The lank individual drew his bony nag up before the dilapidated shanty. "What caused the trouble, stranger?" he inquired.

"Any fool could see a cyclone had been along," growled the native with the brown pipe.

"Excuse me, stranger. I thought perhaps your wife had been house cleaning."—Chicago Daily News.

Education That Is Harmful

By HON. A. J. BEVERIDGE,
United States Senator from Indiana.



Mere learning does not necessarily make citizenship. Knowledge of dead and living languages, mastery of the physical sciences, instruction in higher mathematics—none of these in itself produces patriotism. And an educated man who thinks of his own success regardless of the common welfare is more dangerous to a republic than an ignorant man, because he has more resources with which to take from the common good for his own advantage. Even if such a man is not active against the state and merely contents himself by leaving public affairs alone, his very example is a negative influence for evil. His less fortunate neighbors will say, "If Mr. —, with all his education, does not care for the public good, why should I bother myself about it?" And this means the beginning of the decay of the civic sense—that profound personal interest which every citizen must have in the nation and its destiny if the republic is to work out its theory and purposes.

So we see that in a republic if the school stops with material knowledge it has rendered the nation no service. In monarchies it may be all right for the school to confine itself to science, literature, philosophy, because such governments do not depend upon the citizen as with us. But even in monarchies we find the school nourishing the national spirit. The universities of Germany inspire their German students first, last and all the time with the thought of German nationality, German supremacy. But in America this is as much more necessary than in Germany as the life of our nation is drawn more directly from the hearts and minds of our millions.

It is plain, then, that the American school must produce something more than book culture. The soul of our American instruction must be American nationality; or rather, fundamental and world-righteousness expressed through the activities of the American republic.

The World's Workers

By RT. REV. WILLIAM CROSWELL DOANE,
Bishop of Albany.

HERE are two classes of people in this world, idlers and laboring men. There are certain idlers living sometimes in clubs and sometimes in corner groceries. They are the unedible fungi of humanity. They are the drones that are perfectly certain one day to be expelled from the hive, either by the suicide of lives that have spent themselves until they are tired of life or else where they belong, in the State's prison; but the rest are laboring men in one sense or the other. Now, who are the workingmen? I am perfectly sure that unless we are willing to degrade our human nature into the lower part, that of the animals, I believe it stands true to-day that the hardest workers in the world are the men who work either with their souls or their brains or their hearts and not the ones who work with their hands and arms. Priests, students and administrators of government, heads of great railroads and great financial institutions, leaders of political and social reform, the legislators, no matter where they are—these are the hard workers of the world, because they do not work merely with muscles that are rested by a night's sleep, but because they work with an unending and unrelenting toil, night and day, that strains brains and nerves that cannot be so easily rested. They are the workers of the world. I believe the hardest workers of the world are the men upon whom the burden and heat of the day falls.

Passing of the Wage System

By HON. CARROLL D. WRIGHT,
President of Clark University and United States Commissioner of Labor.

Under the wage system as outlined by the late Francis Walker, said the speaker, the wage worker receives in advance from capital the measure of his labor, this measure being recouped by the returns for the product, the wage worker thus being paid for his services before the employer receives any return for his co-operation with the labor.

Under co-operation pure and simple the wage earner, who is the co-operator, must wait until the product is secured, marketed and paid for. This, perhaps, is the real underlying reason why co-operation in its simple form, and when applied to production, has not succeeded. The employer, therefore collects from the consumer the money to recoup his advancements on the cost of production.

The two parties to production are being placed on a more thorough business basis than of old. Each is beginning to understand the other, and as this understanding crystallizes into positive knowledge and each is ready to meet the other on a fair and equal basis, the wage question will be relieved of some of its irritating complications. The employer must consider his employe as an investor as well as stockholder, for the workingman invests all he has, and that is his labor of to-day. He has, therefore, a perfect right to know why he cannot market that labor to the best possible advantage.

Publicity for Corporations

By EX-GOV. LOUNSBERRY,
of Connecticut.

NO ONE can say to what extent speculation has extended among men of business. So long as it is limited to the purely speculative class it cannot be disastrous. The bucket-shops everywhere are, however, breeding speculators, and one of the unfortunate results of the trading in watered stocks and the resultant slump that has come is the sympathetic depression in the prices of other stocks in enterprises that have merit and represent valuable assets.

Overcapitalization is to be deplored and it should be made impossible. There should be actual value behind the stock of all corporations, exactly as in the case of a bank. Prices on good stocks are now depressed because the general public have no means of analyzing the real values behind them, and do not discriminate. The public should have the fullest measure of information concerning the affairs of corporations consistent with the proper regard for the best interests of the enterprise as an entirety.