

The Denison Review

E. F. TUCKER, Publisher.

DENISON, IOWA.

PRETTY SOON AND BY-AND-BY.

Pretty Soon and By and By
Call us day by day;
They are cunning, they are shy,
Stealing time away:
Comes grave Opportunity
Calling to us: "Rise,
Gird yourselves and follow me
Out where glory lies!"
But we linger, listening
While the precious moments fly
To the luring song they sing,
Pretty Soon and By and By.

There are duties we have set
Four ourselves to do;
Most of mine are waiting yet,
How is it with you?
There are kindly acts we mean
To perform some day,
There are stains that we shall clean
From our hearts away,
But we linger, loth to go,
And we listen, you and I,
To their crooning soft and low,
Pretty Soon and By and By.

Pretty Soon and By and By
Seldom help to roll
Back obstructions hard and high
That shut out the goal:
They are eiren singing where
Failure's wasting time,
They have faces that are fair,
But their feet are slime!
All around them bleaching bones
Of their foolish victims lie—
Woe is in their luring tones,
Pretty Soon and By and By.
—S. E. Kiser, in Chicago Record-Herald.



Copyright, 1902, by The Hobart Company.

CHAPTER XX.—CONTINUED.

"Look out for this man, corporal!" he called, to a shouting young trooper. "See that no harm comes to him." Then quickly he ran to the huddle of trappings. Something assured him she could not be far away. The stout dragoon held another young warrior, sullen and speechless like the foremost. The next bore a desperately wounded brave whose bloodless lips were compressed in agony and dumb as those of the dead. About these covered, shivering, and whimpering, two or three terror-stricken squaws, one of them with a round-eyed papoose staring at her back. A pony lay struggling in the snow close by. Half a dozen rough soldier hands were dragging a stricken rider from underneath. Half a dozen more were striving to control the wild plungings of another mettlesome beast, whose rider, sitting firmly astride, lashed first at his quivering flank and then at the fur gauntleted hands—even at the laughing, bearded faces—sure sign of another squaw, and a game one. Far out to the front the crackle of carbine and rifle told that Webb was driving the scattered braves before him—that the comrade squadron was coming their way—that Bear Cliff had been sought by the Sioux in vain—that Indian wiles and strategy, Indian pluck and staying power, all had more than met their match. Whatever the fate of Lane Wolf's fighting force, now pressed by Henry's column, far in the southward hills, here in sight of the broad Big Horn valley, the white chief had struck a vital blow. Village, villagers, wounded and prisoners were all the spoil of the hated soldiery. Here at the scene of Blake's minor affair there appeared still in saddle just one undaunted, unconquered amazon whose black eyes flashed through the woolen hood that hid the rest of her face, whose lips had uttered as yet no sound, but from whom two soldiers recoiled at the cry of a third. "Look at the hand of her, fellows! It's whiter than mine!"

"That's all right, Lanigan," answered the jovial voice of the leader they loved and laughed with. "Hold that pony steady. Now, by your ladyship's leave," and two long sinewy arms went circling about the shrinking rider's waist, and a struggling form was lifted straightway out of the saddle and deposited, not too gracefully, on its moss-covered feet. "We will remove this impediment to your speech," continued Blake, whereat the muffled worsted was swiftly unwound, "and then we will listen to our meed of thanks. Ah, no wonder you did not need a side-saddle that night at Frayne. You ride admirably a califourchon—My compliments, Mademoiselle LaFleur—or should I say—Madame Moreau."

For all answer Blake received one quick, stinging slap in the face from that mittenless little right hand.

CHAPTER XXI.

Thanksgiving day at Frayne! Much of the garrison was still afield, bringing back to their lines, and let us hope, to their senses, the remnants of Stabber's band, chased far into the Sweetwater Hills before they would stop, while Henry's column kept Lane Wolf in such active movement the misnamed chieftain richly won his later sobriquet "The Skipper." The general had come whirling back from Beecher in his Concord wagon, to meet Mr. Hay as they bore that invalid homeward from the Big Horn. Between the fever-weakened trader and the famous frontier soldier there had been brief conference—all that the doctors felt they could allow—and then the former had been put to bed under the care of his devoted wife, while the latter, without so much as a sight of a pillow, had set forth again on Sweetwater way to

wind up the campaign. This time he went in saddle, sending his own team over the range of the Medicine Bow to carry a convalescent subaltern to the side of a stricken father; the sender, ignorant, possibly, of the post commanders prohibition; ignoring it, if, as probable, it was known to him. The good old doctor himself had bundled the grateful lad and sent a special hospital attendant with him. Mrs. Dade and her devoted allies up the row had filled with goodies a wonderful luncheon basket, while Mrs. Hay had sent stores of wine for the use of both invalids, and had come down herself to see the start, for, without a word indicative of reproach, the general had bidden Flint remove the blockade, simply saying he would assume all responsibility, both for Mrs. Hay and the young Indian girl, given refuge under the trader's roof until the coming of her own people still out with Stabber's band. Flint could not fathom it. He could only obey.

And now, with the general gone and Beverly Field away, with Hay home and secluded by orders from all questioning or other extraneous worry, with the wounded soldiers safely trundled into hospital, garrison interest seemed to center for the time mainly in that little Ogallala maid—Flint's sole Sioux captive, who was housed, said the much interrogated domestic, in Mrs. Hay's own room instead of Miss Flower's, while the lady of the house, when she slept at all, occupied a sofa near her husband's bedside.

Then came the tidings that Blake, with the prisoners from No Wood Creek and Bear Cliff was close at hand, and everybody looked with eager eyes for the coming across the snowy prairie of that homeward-bound convoy—that big village of the Sioux, with its distinguished captives, wounded and unwounded; one of the former, the young sub-chief Eagle Wing, alias Moreau—one of the latter a self-constituted martyr, since she was under no official restraint—Nanette Flower, hovering over about the litter bearing that sullen and still defiant brave, whose side she refused to leave.

Not until they reached Fort Frayne; not until the surgeon, after careful examination, declared there was no need of taking Moreau into hospital—no reason why he should not be confined in the prison room of the guardhouse—were they able to induce the silent, almost desperate girl to return to her aunt. Not until Nanette realized that her warrior was to be housed within wooden walls

whence she would be excluded, could Mrs. Hay, devoted to the last, persuade the girl to reoccupy her old room and to resume the dress of civilization. Barring that worsted hood, she was habited like a chieftain's daughter, in gaily beaded and embroidered garments, when recaptured by Blake's command. Once within the trader's door, she had shut herself in her old room, the second floor front, refusing to see anybody from outside the house, unless she could be permitted to receive visits from the captive Sioux, and this the major, flintily, forbade. It was nightfall when the litter-bearers reached the post, Hay's rejoicing mules braying unmelodious ecstasy at sight of their old stable. It was dark when the wounded chief was borne into the guard-house, uttering not a sound, and Nanette was led within the trader's door, yet some one had managed to see her face, for the story went all over the wondering post that very night—women sitting with it from door to door—that every vestige of her beauty was gone—she looked at least a dozen years older. Blake, when questioned, after the first rapture of the home-coming had subsided, would neither affirm nor deny. "She would neither speak to me nor barken," said he, whimsically. "The only thing she showed was teeth and—temper."

Two days after the safe lodgment of Eagle Wing behind the bars, the telegrams were coming by dozens, and one week after that deserved incarceration, Fort Frayne heard with mild bewilderment the major's order for Moreau's transfer to the hospital. By that time letters, too, were beginning to come, and, two nights after this removal to the little room but lately occupied by Lieut. Field—this very Thanksgiving night, in fact—the single sentry at the door stood attention to the commanding officer who in person ushered in a womanly form enveloped in hooded cloak, and with bowed head Nanette Flower passed within the garden portal, which then closed behind her and left her alone with her wounded brave.

Just as twilight was sounding on the

infantry bugle, Esther Dade sat reading fairy stories at the children's bedside in the quarters of Sergeant Foster, of her father's company. There had been Thanksgiving dinner with Mrs. Ray, an Amazonian, feast since all their lords were still away on service and Sandy Ray and Billy, Jr., were perhaps too young to count. Dinner was all over by eight o'clock, and, despite some merry games, the youngsters' eyes were showing symptoms of the sandman's coming, when that privileged character, Hogan, Ray's long-tried trooper now turned major domo, appeared at the doorway of the little army parlor. He had been bearer of a lot of goodies to the children among the quarters of the married soldiers, and now, would Mrs. Dade please speak with Mrs. Foster, who had come over with him, and Mrs. Dade departed for the kitchen forthwith. Presently she returned. "I'm going back awhile with Mrs. Foster," said she. "She's sitting up to-night with poor Mrs. Wing, who—" But there was no need of explanation. They all knew. They had laid so recently their wreaths of evergreen on the grave of the gallant soldier who fell, fighting at the Elk, and now another helpless little soul had come to bear the buried name, and all that were left for mother and babe was woman's boundless charity. It was Thanksgiving night, and while the wail of the bereaved and stricken went up from more than one of these humble tenements below the eastward bluff, there were scores of glad and grateful hearts that lifted praise and thanksgiving to the throne on high, even though they knew not at the moment that they, too, might, even then, be robbed of all that stood between them and desolation. Once it happened in the story of our hard-fighting, hard used little army that a bevy of fair young wives, nearly half a score in number in all the bravery of their summer toilets, sat in the shadow of the flag, all smiles and gladness and applause, joining in the garrison festivities on the nation's natal day, never dreaming of the awful news that should fell them ere the coming of another sun; that one and all they had been widowed more than a week; that the men they loved, whose names they bore, lay hacked and mutilated beyond recognition within sight of those very hills where now the men from Frayne were facing the same old foe. In the midst of army life we are, indeed, in death, and the thanksgiving of loving ones about the fireside for mercies thus far shown, is mingled ever with the dread of what the morrow may unfold.

"Let me go too, mamma," was Esther's prompt appeal, as she heard her mother's words. "I can put the children to bed while you and Mrs. Foster are over there."

And so with Hogan, lantern bearing, mother and daughter had followed the sergeant's wife across the broad, snow-covered parade; had passed without comment, though each was thinking of the new inmate, the brightly-lighted hospital building on the edge of the plateau, and descended the winding pathway to the humble quarters of the married soldiers, nestling in the sheltered flats between the garrison proper and the bold bluffs that again close bordered the rushing stream. And here at Sergt. Foster's doorway Esther parted from the elders, and was welcomed by shrieks of joy from three sturdy little cherubs—the sergeant's olive branches, and here, as the last notes of tattoo went echoing away under the vast and spangled sky, one by one her charges closed their drooping lids and dropped to sleep and left their gentle friend and reader to her own reflections.

There was a soldier dance that night in one of the vacant mess-rooms. Flint's two companies were making the best of their isolation, and found, as is not utterly uncommon, quite a few maids and matrons among the households of the absent soldiery quite willing to be consoled and comforted. There were bright lights, therefore, further along the edge of the steep, beyond those of the hospital, and the squeak of fiddle and drone of cello, mingled with the plaintive piping of the flute, were heard at intervals through the silence of the wintry night. No tramp of sentry broke the hush about the little rift between the heights—the major holding that none was necessary where there were so many dogs—most of the soldiers' families had gone to the dance; all of the younger children were asleep; even the dogs were still, and so, when at ten o'clock Esther tiptoed from the children's bedside and stood under the starlight, the murmur of the Platte was the only sound that reached her ears until away over at the southwest gate the night guards began the long-drawn heralding of the hour. "Ten o'clock and all's well!" it went from post to post along the west and northward front, but when Number Six, at the quartermaster's storehouse near the southeast corner, should have taken up the cry where it was dropped by Number Five, afar over near the flagstaff, there was unaccountable silence. Six did not utter a sound.

Locking up from the level of "Sudstown," as it had earlier been named, Esther could see the black hulk of the storehouse close to the edge of the plateau. Between its westward gable end and the porch of the hospital lay some 50 yards of open space, and through this gap now gleamed a spangled section of the western heavens. Along the bluff, just under the crest, ran a pathway that circled the southeastward corner and led away to the trader's store, south of the post. Tradition had it that the track was worn by night raiders, bearing contraband fluids from store to barracks in the days before such

traffic was killed by that common-sense promoter of temperance—sobriety and chastity—the post exchange. Along that bluff line, from the storehouse toward the hospital, invisible, doubtless, from either building or from the bluff itself, but thrown in sharp relief against that rectangular inlet of starry sky, two black figures, crouching and bearing some long, flat object between them, swift and noiseless were speeding toward the hospital. The next instant they were lost in the black background of that building. Then, as suddenly and a moment later, one of them reappeared, just for a moment, against the brightly lighted window—the southernmost window on the eastward side—the window of the room that had been Beverly Field's—the window of the room now given over to Eagle Wing, the Sioux—the captive for whose safe keeping a special sentry within the building, and this strangely silent Number Six without, were jointly responsible. Then that silhouetted figure was blotted from her sight in general darkness, for the lights within as suddenly went out.

And at that very moment a sound smote upon the ear, unaccountable at that hour and at that side of the garrison—hoofbeats swiftly coming down in the hollow from the eastward bluff—hoofbeats and low, excited voices. Foster's little house was southernmost of the settlement. The ground was open between it and the heights, and despite the low, cautious tones, Esther heard the foremost rider's muttered anger words. "Dam fool! Crazy! Heap Crazy! Too much hurry. Ought t' let him call off first!" Then an answer in guttural Sioux.

And then in an instant it dawned upon the girl that here was new crime, new bloodshed, perhaps, and a plot to free a villainous captive. Her first thought was to scream for aid, but what aid could she summon? Not a man was within hail except these, the merciless haters of her race and name. To scream would be to invite their ready knives to her heart—to the heart of any woman who might rush to her succor. The cry died in her throat, and, trembling with dread and excitement, she clung to the door post and crouched and listened, for stifled mutterings could be heard, a curse or two in vigorous English, a stamping of impatient ponies, a warning in a woman's tone. Then, thank God! Up at the storehouse corner a light came dancing into view. In honest soldier tones boomed out the query "What's the matter, Six?" and then, followed by a scurry of hoofs, a mad lashing of quirts and scramble and rush of frightened steeds, a cursing of furious tongues, her own brave young voice rang out on the night. "This way, sergeant! Help—Quick!"

Black forms of mounts and riders sped desperately away, and then with all the wiry, sinewy strength of her lithe and slender form, Esther hurled herself upon another slender figure, speeding after these, afoot. Desperately she clung to it in spite of savage blows and strainings. And so they found her, as forth they came—a rush of shrieking, startled, candle-bearing women—of bewildered and unconsciously blasphemous men of the guard—her arms locked firmly about a girl in semi-savage garb. The villain of the drama had been whisked away, leaving the woman who sought to save him to the mercy of the foe.

[To Be Continued.]

An Air-Tight Fit.

Mrs. Jennings and her city cousin were exchanging news of their old school friends. "How about Lucy Morse?" asked the cousin. "Has she kept on growing fatter and fatter?" "Well, all I'll say is this," said Mrs. Jennings. "Annie Fall told me last year that when Lucy sent home from Nashua, where she was nursing her uncle, to have a silk waist made, Annie realized she hadn't got any measures; and then she remembered that the last time Lucy was there she stood up by the big air-tight stove, and Annie remarked (to herself) the resemblance between 'em. And she took the measure of that air-tight, and cut in a mite for the waist line—'bout as much as a knife marks warm molasses candy—and made the waist accordingly, sent it on, and Lucy wrote back it was an elegant fit."—Youth's Companion.

The Thief of Time.

The emperor of Germany is a strict disciplinarian, and his power makes the penalty for being lax in his service severe and without appeal. For some time, says an English paper, he noticed that his barber came always a few minutes late. Finally the emperor gave the delinquent a fine gold chronometer, and urged him to use it.

"Have you still the chronometer I gave you?" "Yes, your majesty, here it is," replied the barber, taking it from his pocket.

"Give it to me," said the emperor. "It is evidently of no use to you, and you may have this one instead."

So saying he placed the handsome gold chronometer on his dressing table, and handed the amazed barber a nickel-plated watch worth about five shillings.—Youth's Companion.

All He Asked.

August Manns, the eminent musical conductor, was asked by the London Chronicle for some words from his pen to be added to a notice of his seventy-seventh birthday, and in answer the conductor sent the following musical litany: "From ambitious singers with bad voices; from fiddlers who play out of time; from Wagner disciples without talent, good Lord, deliver me."

FASHIONS FOR GIRLS

Some Pretty Garments for the Misses' School Age.

NO USE FOR TIGHT LACING

Seasonable Modes Are in Keeping with a Straight and Natural Figure—Attractive Frocks and Blouses—A Debutante's Coat.

Lucky young people indeed are the girls of the present day, since Fashion at all events so far as they are concerned, seems to have ranged herself on the side of every thing that is dainty and pretty, and yet, at the same time, sensibly comfortable and hygienic in the best sense of the word. One reads sensational stories in the daily press from time to time concerning school girls who are tortured by tight lacing, but judging only from one's own general observation, the school girl of to-day is a perfectly healthy young creature, and absolutely innocent of anything so foolish as tight lacing. She distinguishes herself in the gymnasium, she plays basket ball, swims and rows, wearing for all these exercises garments



TWO VIYELLA BLOUSES FOR SCHOOL.

that are eminently suitable, and therefore becoming. Such healthy, outdoor lives as those which are led by the typical American school girls of to-day would be utterly out of the question if they were the miserable victims of tight lacing, by night and by day, as some people nowadays would have us believe.

A certain amount of support in the way of a corset, preferably one which is arranged with shoulder straps, is undoubtedly advantageous in the case of a growing girl, but anything in the way of pulling-in at the waist should be most carefully avoided, since, quite apart from any consideration of the injury done by compression to the respiratory organs, Fashion has decided in favor of a straight and natural figure, rather than a nipped-in waist, so that absolutely nothing is gained by this foolish habit of tight lacing. At the same time, there is no need at all for a girl to allow her figure to be slovenly or untidy in appearance for she can be perfectly neat and trim, and yet allow herself ample breathing space.

And this brings me to the consideration of one of our sketches, wherein may be seen a smart afternoon frock for a miss, very chic and up to date, and yet emphatically graceful and comfortable, since there is nothing about it to impede the wearer's movements in the least degree. The material chosen is one of those fine soft cashmeres or woollen fabrics of the zibeline kind, and which are really ideal fabrics for young girls' gowns. As far as color is concerned, I would suggest a warm tone of deep crimson, as being a shade which will suit both dark and fair alike. The deep-pointed yoke and the long cuffs could be made



A SMART AFTERNOON FROCK FOR A GIRL.

either in the material itself, drawn up on cords, or in soft silk, matching exactly the color of the cashmere. Little rounds of the gathered silk or material are also sewn on to the yoke and cuffs at intervals, while the two flounces which adorn the skirt are only very slightly full, and are both headed with gatherings drawn up on cords. The wide soft waistbelt should be of Louise silk ribbon, some shades darker than the material itself. The way in which the yoke is arranged to extend over the shoulder, giving almas an epaulette effect, should be noted as one of the prettiest and most novel features of this charming little dress.

It is not quite so easy as it may at first seem to find new and practical ideas for school girls' winter blouses, since so many of the prettiest notions of the season, with their elaborate lace insertions and openwork hair-pin stitching, are quite unsuitable for bodices, which, after all, must necessarily submit to a certain amount of rough usage and hard wear. For the making of those two pretty blouses, which our artist has specially designed for the benefit of the girls, our material, partly because it is absolutely unshrinkable, and partly also because durability is one of its many virtues. The new designs this season include a wide variety of dainty patterns in pale colorings as well as in dark useful shades, so that there need be no difficulty in finding something to suit everybody's taste.

Of the two blouses sketched the one on the left might be in cream viyella, spotted with crimson, or white utility has to be considered, dark navy blue spotted with white. The tucked yoke gives a very becoming effect to this blouse, while the neck is finished with a turn-over collar in hemstitched linen, and a pretty tie of soft black satin ribbon, arranged in two bows, one some little distance below the other. The second blouse, on the righthand side of the picture, might be made in any kind of figured or even tartan viyella, of which, by the way, various shades have been brought out especially for winter wear. The pretty fichu effect of this blouse is brought about by the introduction of two flat tucks, or crossway bands, sewn on to the front of the bodice, with a herring-bone stitch in floss silk. These bands narrow down almost to a point at the waist, where the blouse is allowed to pouch slightly over a soft belt of black satin ribbon. As a finish to this blouse there is a pretty collar of embroidered lawn, cut out in scallops, over a black satin ribbon tie.

In the matter of walking skirts, the miss will do well to provide herself with something useful either in black or navy serge, made with box plaits, stitched down firmly from the waist to the knee, and then allowed to flow out, with a certain amount of fulness, but not made longer, of course, in any case, than ankle length. Another pretty skirt is gathered very slightly into the waist all the way round, and then finished near the hem with three flat tucks of the material, each tuck headed by a narrow band closely stitched. As a finish at the waist, no matter what the skirt may be, nothing is prettier at the moment than those belts which are made in very soft suede. These bands are left quite wide in the center, but not folded or draped in any way. They are simply allowed to rack themselves, as it were, round the figure,



AN EVENING COAT OF FIGURED SILK.

and are then drawn in to fit the waist in front by a cunning arrangement of small straps and buckles in a firmer kind of leather.

Great variety is permissible just now in the matter of millinery and there are many neat hats, both in hard and in soft felt, which are specially suitable for girls. The three-cornered marquise shapes in felt are very generally becoming, and need little in the way of trimming beyond a binding of velvet or silk braid along the edge of the brim, and a smart cockade rosette on one side, surmounted by a brush aigrette.

But to turn for a moment from the modes for girls of school age to the debutants gowned in the best that papa can afford, and making her bow to the social world at evening entertainments, let us look at the dainty evening coat of figured silk. The picture tells the story of this dainty garment better than words can, but we can say that it is trimmed with lace ruching and chiffon roses and finished with velvet and zibeline tails.

ELLEN OSMONDE.

Keeping Ahead of the Procession.

"Why don't you try to go' ahead in the world?" "Mister," said Meandering Mike, "it's a terrible ting to lead a procession. I've seen de drum major steppin' along grand an' gorgeous an' lookin' like de whole outfit was his willin' subjects. But de truth is dat he's got to keep movin', for if he ever gits tired dat whole procession is goin' to march right over his prostrate form, wif' de band playin' 'Hail Columbia' jes' like nothin' had happened. Dat's why I ain't ambitious. Me for de tail end, wif' de push carts an' de grocery wagons, every time."—Washington Star.

Car Fare in Berlin.

The American woman in Berlin pays about \$1.50 a month for a street car ticket. This bears her photograph and must be shown on demand. The bearer can board a car as often as she pleases and at any point in the city where the cars pass. The ticket is good for the month. If she does not take \$1.50 worth of rides it is her own lookout and if she takes more it is all one to the railroad company.