Ten Years' Trial

The Story of a Soldier's Struggle

By Brigadier General
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CHAPTER I.

The sunshine of a glorious autumn morning was slanting along the valley of the Pawnee, throwing bold shadows into the flats and lighting the landscape for miles with crimson and gold. The dew sparkling on the wild "bull" berry bushes, on tufted buffalo grass and tiny flowerets mantled the bluffs with diamonds and was still so strong as to defy its one enemy, the sun god. The frost had smitten the scant foliage on the banks of the winding stream, and the leaves had donned their glorious hues, setting forth their richest color—as the swan reserves its song—to meet the universal conqueror. The mist rose slowly from the silent, shallow pools, and from distant village and from the neighboring heights the smoke of chimney or campfire soared straight to the skies. It was a morning to send the blood leaping through young veins and to brighten the eye of age, a morning in which all nature seemed to rejoice and all mankind to thank God for the joy of living. Yet in the midst of a scene of such peace and health and hope there stood alone a man, still young, from whose face hope, peace, even health, apparently, had fled and whose attitude was one of utter grief and dejection. He was leaning against a branching willow, gazing into the depths of the broad pool of the Pawnee just above the rapids with God alone knows what thoughts seething through his brain, when the silence of the morning was broken by sudden, stirring sound. Close at hand from the willows across the stream there rang out loud and clear the call of a cavalry trumpet, followed almost instantly by the appearance of half a dozen horsemen moving at steady walk from a break in the timber and descending the gentle slope to the ford. Foremost rode a powerfully built soldier in the field uniform of the United States horse. Behind, side by side, came two young soldiers, all three evidently officers. Then followed a brace of troopers—orderlies or grooms—and a jaunty lad with the yellow braid and glistening trumpet slung from the shoulder. Straight through the ford the leader splashed, looking neither to right nor left, the sunlight peering under his hat brim and cresting with gold his bushy eyebrows and bristling mustache. Straight at his heels followed his little party, and then from the same opening in the willows there burst into view the head of a column of cavalry, moving at the same measured pace and with the same erect and martial bearing.

At the first sound of the trumpet the lonely figure at the edge of the pool darted back out of view and, bending low, stood where by peering through the bushes the column could be kept in sight, but when a moment later the fluttering guidon of the foremost troop came suddenly flaunting into the sunshine, all its brilliant color instantly enhanced, some intense emotion seemed to seize upon the lonely watcher. Rising to his full height, with his clinched hands thrown above his head, he whirled about and, with an inarticulate cry, sank like a stricken bull to earth and lay face downward and buried in his arms, his whole form shaken with sobs.

Troop after troop, until the fourth had passed, the squadron crossed the ford and moved steadily up the southward slope, following a winding road that led to the group of buildings crowning the height, and still the young man lay there. Over beyond the low line of bluff to the west a cloud of dust began to rise, and there was sound of martial music. A tall flagstaff, looking like a slim white arrow, pierced the sky line from that westward crest, and the little bit of bunting fluttering at its summit was suddenly lowered, only to be replaced a moment later by a symbol that told it was some unusual occasion at the post, the arrival perhaps of some dignitary of superior rank, and in confirmation of this view, as the great garrison flag swung up to the head of the staff, the earth trembled and the boom of a battery salute throbbed on the ear. Even then there was no change in the attitude of the sufferer unless it were that he buried his face still deeper in his arms, but all of a sudden he started, half raised his head and listened.

Somewhere up stream a clear, powerful voice was shouting:

"Langdon! Eric, old chap! For God's sake, where are you?"

Hurriedly the listener drew his handkerchief hard across his eyes, shaking his head in the effort to pull himself together. But he gave no answer.

Presently the call was repeated, louder, nearer, and now bounding hoof beats could be heard.

"Eric, I say! Eric!"

There was something almost commanding in the cry, and still no answer came from the man, who evidently recognized both voice and name, to whom indeed the former seemed to bring a bit of hope or help or comfort, for the utter despond in his pale, sad face was lightened the veriest trifle. Yet he turned again toward the river, as though resolute to ignore the summons.

The next instant, glad and winsome in the sunshine at the edge of the timber, there galloped into sight a young officer whose brave blue eyes and ruddy cheeks and fair, crisply curling hair would have invited more than a single glance, while the grace of his strong yet slender form and his capital seat in saddle would have made him marked even among a score of his fellows. He rode with utter abandon, leaping his mettlesome, excited horse over the few obstacles along the fringe of willows as though he and his steed had wings and this was easy as flying.

"Eric! Eric Langdon, I say!" rang out the brave young voice once more, and then, as a gleam of the sunshine shot through the willows, his eagerly searching eyes caught sight of the lone figure, the object of his morning scout.

In an instant he had sprung from saddle.

"Eric—you—you"— he began in almost boyish eagerness. "Stand where you are, Ronald!" he commandingly spoke to his beautiful horse and then, unhesitatingly leaving him without fastening of any kind, fairly leaped into the timber and to the side of his friend. Whipping off his gauntlet, he held forth his bared hand.

"Remember Old Spot's story, Eric; what we used to hear from those cavalry fellows—never give a gloved hand if you want to talk business with Indian or friend? Old man, you—you," and for a moment he paused partly for breath, partly for words, and the bright blue eyes seemed suspiciously near brimming, "you've given me a bad night and a woeful morning. If it hadn't been for Melville, God bless him, I don't know what I'd done. He saw I was just all upset. He said, 'You may find him down by the river.' He said there'd be half an hour before review and for me to tell you for him—for him, by heaven!"—and here the young soldier's emotion was too much for his eyes—"that you mustn't think of going until he had had a chance to say a word of friendship. Eric, what more do you need to keep you from giving us all the slip?"

Almost impulsively the elder turned, tears starting into his own haggard eyes.

"Did Melville say that, Rodney? Do you—you're not making it better than he did—God bless him anyhow—in your loyal effort to—comfort me."

"Swear to it, Eric, if need be, and I know it's what you deserve to hear." Then, with rueful smile: "Even if you did try to pull out without giving any fellow a chance. I missed you just after 1—just after the Brocktons' function broke up. Woodrow and I scooted over to your room the moment we could get away, and there was your luggage all packed, but no sign of you. Couldn't find Hurricane either—wish you could have seen that old nigger sitting on the back steps crying this morning—so I started through the post, scouting everywhere I thought you might be except—except"— And here an honest blush went up to the young fellow's brows. "Well, it was 3 o'clock when I left a note for you in the old roost and 5 when I got in there again and found my note there, but not you, only old Hurricane boohooing at the back. Listen! Yes, there goes adjutant's call. Eric, I may tell Melville you'll come? Steady there, Ronald!" he interjected, for the spirited charger, well knowing the call, had whirled about and was pawing and snorting in manifest impatience. His owner moved to his side, but his eyes never left the form of his friend.

It was a moment before the latter could speak. Meantime the young lieutenant had vaulted into saddle and was

A brilliant spectacle lay before the eyes of Eric Langdon.

at once caressing and controlling his pet, who was fretting and plunging in his eagerness to gallop to his place "in battery."

"May, tell the major I thank him with all my heart. I shall be there."

And now Ronald sprang away like a deer, shooting up the slope toward the west as though life had no higher joy than a hand gallop. Lieutenant May turned in the saddle to wave a friendly hand to the figure standing at the edge of the willows. Then horse and rider in long, easy curve rounded the shoulder of the bluff and skimmed out of sight.

Half an hour later a brilliant spectacle lay before the eyes of Eric Langdon. It was one to thrill and delight even an unprofessional eye, but this was the eye of a practiced soldier, to whom every detail was familiar, a soldier who many a time had taken active and up to within three months prominent part in similar pageants. Now it was the will of the law that he should be cut off from further participation in scenes of the kind. By the stern edict of a court martial duly confirmed by the order of the president himself Langdon stood summarily dismissed from the military service of the United States.

It was a sad, sad story. It has had its parallels; it may have more. There was no finer young soldier in the battalion of cadets, and great were the prophecies of class mates—indeed of instructors—when Langdon's name came up for discussion. The corps rose up and cheered him on graduation day when a great public official in handing the handsome cadet captain his diploma took occasion to say that a young gentleman who could ride and drill as he could ought to be most welcome to the finest regiment in creation, and a very pretty girl sitting close to Senator Spotts, a ponderous member of the board of visitors, whispered to that veteran beau:

"Now, there's a man I should like to know."

And so it happened that before the graduating class were fairly out of cadet uniform and into their first "cits" a messenger in the shape of the official orderly of the commandant of cadets came to Eric Langdon to "invite" his presence at the quarters of that high official, and there he was presented anew to the distinguished senator to whom he, in company with his classmates, had already made the orthodox and conventional homage required of the graduating cadet to the board of visitors, and now the senator, all suavity, led forward an extremely pretty and vivacious damsel. "Mr. Langdon," said he, "this young lady has fallen in love with the corps in general and your—horsemanship in particular, and I know you will be delighted to reciprocate."

It was an odd moment for Langdon. He would have been at a loss to know what to do or say had not the girl herself, with merry words and laughter, relieved the situation of its embarrassment.

That was the beginning. They met frequently that summer. They parted in the fall, when he went to his regiment, he utterly infatuated, she half delighted, half regretful. She couldn't think of marrying in the army, she said. She admired it and him of all things, but that was all. Twice in that first year he managed to get leave and to go to her and plead again. He had some little money beyond his pay. He felt that he could support her in comfort, but he little dreamed of the scope of her desires. He was kept blind to the fact that she had hopes and ambitions far beyond his. Then one day the sudden death of a senator shocked the community, and Langdon, reading the news, never imagined the influence it was to have on his life. His letter of condolence to her brought an answer that was more than kind. Their marriage was sudden, but immensely "swell." She came with him to the regiment a few months, "stunning" everybody by the elegance of her toilet and the extravagance of her ideas. Then she declared she could not bear garrison life and pined for Washington. She got him a detail on staff duty, and he would not go. His place, he said, for a few years at least must be with the regiment. She went without him, and presently he was bombarded with bills the payment of which swamped him—took his last cent. It mattered little, she said. Senator Spotts' only sister, his elder by several years, was to leave her every penny, and indeed in the hard times for him that followed more than once that he knew of and more than twice that he knew not of that sorely tried maiden came to his rescue with checks of startling size. Then there came rumors that the lovely if volatile Mrs. Langdon was flirting desperately at the capital, and one of the very best young "duty" officers in the regiment was beginning to look haggard and shabby. She got him to sign notes far beyond his pay to meet her needs, promising that "Cousin Spotts" would meet the notes. They began to fall due just as that amiable lady was taken to her grave, and then the will was contested, the legal heirs won, and Mrs. Langdon had to begin parting with jewelry, not to meet these notes, but her own cravings. Then came more bills, more debts, morphine.

Such were three years of Eric Langdon's married life. The next and last was the worst. Striving all the time to stick to his duty and keep up appearances, he was wearing himself out in the vain hope that his military record for efficiency might offset the terrible stigma of these pressing debts. Now the creditors were becoming importunate and raining their complaints upon his colonel and the war department. No matter how or by whom contracted, the debts were held to be his, that he was accountable for all. By the time he was 27 and finishing his fourth year of service with the regiment Eric Langdon looked like the patriarch of the subalterns, with his lining face and sad dark eyes, and when during the next year the news came that his wretched helpmate—save the mark—had breathed her last in a "retreat" everybody said, "Blessed relief."

And yet, poor lad, he mourned her and went and wept over her grave.

Then he came back to the regiment to face curious glances and those thousands of debt. Among the junior officers there were a few brave boys like Woodrow and Rodney May who strove to cheer and sustain him. But Torrance, who had "struck it rich" at Fortress Monroe and married an inane young woman of much wealth, was intolerant of a fellow at his wits' end for money, and there was a captain in the garrison who developed into one of Langdon's persecutors. This was Felix Nathan. Nobody in 1870 could have traced Nathan's antecedents. He shunned the topic himself and left to others the comforting theory that they were in some way connected with the pawnshop. He had been commissioned in the infantry at the instance of the Hon. Mr. Steinmeyer, who represented in congress a wealthy if inconspicuous district in New York. He found a few months' sojourn in a fighting regiment on the far frontier so utterly to his distaste—the mere mention of Indians would turn him livid long years after—that when the army was reorganized he literally bought a transfer into the artillery, where the splendor of his attire and a certain Germanic cast of feature won him the title of "the Baron" or sometimes Herr von Fertigen Kleidern. Certain pecuniary loans with which he favored some of his new found comrades gave him at first a glamour as of generosity. The remorse-

Sent Torrance crashing over the table.

less rigor with which full payment was later exacted—at most inconvenient times and conspicuous places—removed the glamour.

But the artillery works and polishes. Nathan had to work, drill and study. He was no fool. He labored with his dancing master and speedily shone in both the ballroom and in ballistics. They had sent him to Fortress Monroe in hopes of damping his desire to remain in the artillery, and he mastered the course with comparative ease. They "put up jobs" at his expense at mess by the introduction of sausage and spareribs in undue proportion, and Nathan said he feared they didn't know the good from the bad, sent "home," he said, for dainties and amazed them with the quality and quantity of sausages shipped to him.

And then in course of time he cut in and won the heiress of the season, and that marriage made him. His wife had most influential connections. They frequently spent summers at Bar Harbor or Newport. They had the most sumptuously furnished quarters in garrison and very "swell" visitors much of the time. They entertained lavishly, and so it came about that their social supremacy was established, not without protest, but it was no use "kicking against the pricks."

All the same, Nathan was mean. He lavished his cigars and champagne on certain of his callers and treated with cold courtesy the others. His wife's chums, if she had any, in the regiment were the two or three whose gowns sometimes nearly matched her own. They distinctly "put on airs" over their fellows, and for a time a weakling of a post commander permitted it, but that was before Melville's day, and Melville was a regimental adoration.

One thing Nathan hated Langdon for was the fact that the latter could "take the battery" and make it do anything. He was a consummate drillmaster and handler of men. Things never went so well as when the captain stepped aside and the lieutenant took command. Regimental critics twitted Nathan with the fact, and it made him furious. If anything could have helped Langdon, it would have been service under some other commander. There were three other captains who would have been glad of his services, but Nathan refused to allow the exchange. Time and again there were sharp disagreements between them, and thrice when Langdon had to appeal the decision went in his favor.

By this time the battery had been made a part of the great western garrison on the Pawnee, where two squadrons of cavalry and four "light" or mounted batteries formed the main features of the command. A veteran dragoon officer was at the head of affairs, a man with much conscience and little sympathy, and the way he "sailed in," as the boys said, to polish up the entire military establishment was a caution. The Nathans gave a sumptuous dinner in his honor about the first thing, and the colonel pitched into Nathan within 48 hours all along of the condition of his horses, to the intense joy of the uninvited, because this was the last thing that dinner was supposed to bring about. Nathan accepted the criticism and said he could not help himself, his lieutenants were so careless. It was at this time that renewed complaints came to headquarters concerning the nonpayment of those notes. Poor Langdon was setting aside a portion of his mortgaged stipend and sending it each month to "preferred" creditors, but the others kept up the growl, and it must be admitted that along about this stage of the game in his grief and despond Langdon had sought solace at times in whisky. All this Nathan reported to his chief when asked about the financial status of his subaltern. Had old "Cat o' Nine Tails," the post commander, consulted the veteran major, who had but recently arrived and assumed command of the batteries, he would have heard a different tale, for Melville knew a soldier and a gentleman when he saw one, and his sorrow for Langdon was expressed in something deeper than words. He made him come to his quarters and spend an evening or two. His wife, his children and a very interesting niece—all seemed to take a hand in Langdon's entertainment, but it lasted only a week or so, for matters were hastening to a climax. The colonel had sent for the young officer, roughly told him that the army was no place for men as deeply involved as he, went on about "neglected duties," frequent lapses over liquor, all of which was grievous exaggeration, yet honestly believed by him to be true, and poor Langdon came away stung, stunned and hopeless.

That night, very late, long after every one but the guard had retired, a fire broke out near the haystacks, and while the men were at work with bucket and hose and the entire command was on duty it was observed by more than one officer that Langdon was perceptibly under the influence of liquor. Sitting up all alone and brooding over his troubles, he had probably taken to the bottle.

Three nights later came a clash. Melville's pretty niece, a wholesome, pure minded girl, was devoted to riding. Melville asked Langdon to take her out, and Captain Nathan, Mr. Torrance and two or three of their set, viewing the performance from afar, made comments thereon in presence of young fellows like May, who liked Langdon more than a little, and it all got to Langdon's ears. He marched straight to the clubhouse. It was just before tattoo, and a number of officers were seated on the veranda chatting, smoking and sipping cooling drinks. Torrance had been chief offender, and him he hailed.

"Mr. Torrance," said Langdon, his eyes ablaze, his lips very white, "you are reported to have said thus and so this afternoon."

"I did," said Torrance, rising from his chair. "What have you to say about it?"

"This!" was the only reply as a stinging blow sent Torrance crashing over the table.

The instant action of officers present stopped further hostilities. Nathan sent Langdon to his quarters in arrest and his company clerk to work. Charges and specifications ten pages drawn out were preferred. No plea was listened to. A court was ordered in due season, and it had no alternative. On a still October evening the order that day received from Washington was formally read to the command, and next morning when the department inspector had them all out for an early review he, without whom reviews seemed hardly complete, looked sadly on from a far corner, a practically ruined man.

But there were friends to go with him to the station after his brief interview with Melville—noble hearted Melville that day—May and Woodrow and others of the boys, besides some scores of "boys in blue" who had slipped away and were bent on giving their pet lieutenant a parting cheer, and there was an incident that became historic.

The railway station was like all far western stations of those days, an ordinary brown frame building with projecting roof overhanging the platform and a broad, open space at the gable end, and here it was, in the presence of half a dozen officers and quite a swarm of citizens and "boys in blue" off duty, the memorable rencontre occurred. The instant Captain Nathan stepped from his handsome carriage, with the whistle of the express already sounding far down the Pawnee, he found himself confronted by Langdon, whose dark features took on no flush of the wrath that consumed him, but whose erect and slender form, patent in its athletic proportions even through the simple civilian suit he wore, quivered from head to foot. It was vain for Nathan to dodge. The words came like the sting of a whiplash:

"You are no longer my superior officer, Nathan, and there's only a moment to say my say. Your language at the club this morning has been told me. Now hear my reply. Today we stand, you in the pride of your wealth and power, I with the world to begin again. More than to any man in the regiment I owe my troubles to you. Yet I wouldn't exchange my soldier record for yours if reinstatement were offered me this minute. No! I'm not to be intimidated by any gesture. All I have to say is that if God spares my life before ten years pass our places shall be reversed—you will be at the bottom, I at the top. Now you may go."

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Silkworms and their eggs were first brought to Europe in the sixth century of our era. A couple of monks who had traveled in China as missionaries brought away a quantity of the cocoons concealed in their walking sticks.

Fished For Its Dinner.

"Looking over my neighbor's fence one day," says a lover of animals, "I was surprised to see on his doorstep these queer companions: A beautiful white sea gull and my neighbor's pet cat sitting quietly together.

"Becoming interested, I jumped the fence and asked Jones about his feathered pet. He told me that some boys had shot the gull a few days before and broken its wing, and as they were passing his house he noticed the poor, suffering thing and bought it. He bandaged the broken wing, and the gull, seeming to understand his kind intentions, became quite tame and nestled its pretty head against his hand.

"Jones entertained me by showing how the gull usually took his meals. Bringing a plate of oysters and a fork, he called 'Goosey, goosey, goosey!' and the bird came running to him. Then he held out an oyster on the fork and the gull seized it quickly with its yellow bill and ate it as demurely as if oysters had been served to it in this way all of its days.

"The oddest thing occurred one day when my neighbor gave the gull some small pieces of meat for dinner. He placed the meat on the ground near the gull, but the gull, espying a pan of water near by, took the meat piece by piece and, walking over, dropped it into the water. Then, true to its nature, it began fishing for its dinner."—Christian Advocate.

Our Last Cargo of Slaves.

Captain Foster was the commander of the slave ship Clotilda that brought the last cargo of slaves to the United States. The trip was made only after many thrilling scenes requiring weeks of skillful maneuvering and dangerous exploits. Just before the north and south engaged in war Captain Foster built the Clotilda and announced that he would make a trip to the gulf of Guinea despite the fact that United States war vessels had burned and sunk the ships of many who tried the voyage. He was warned repeatedly of the dangers attached to such an undertaking, but he equipped his ship and sailed away.

He reached the African coast after going out of his course many times and remained along the coast for a month. He succeeded in getting 100 negroes on board before he was detected by the watchful vessels of the United States. He was pursued, but easily outdistanced his pursuers, and two months later arrived in Mobile bay with his human cargo. A steamboat met the slaveship during the night, and the negroes were transferred in order to avoid the custom house officials. Captain Foster set his vessel on fire and passed through Mobile without being detected. The government authorities hunted for him for months, but he eluded them until the close of the war, when he retired from the sea.

Tipping the Butcher.

Did you ever buy your own steaks and get the worst in the shop nearly every time? An old friend has had that misfortune, and he is always willing to pay two or three cents more a pound than any other customer. Having listened calmly to his tale of woe, I inquired if he had acquired the practice of tipping the butcher. Tipping the butcher? No! He thought it was a sufficient tip to offer the two or three cents more a pound. "That offer," I tried to explain, "goes to the proprietor direct, or his block man thinks you are trying to make a thief of him by inducing him to hold out for himself the extra price. It will never work.

"Just say to your cutter: 'See here, old chap, I've been dissatisfied with my steaks for some time. Come out and take a drink, and tell me how to select good meat.' He's too busy. Then slip a dime into his hand and say, 'Have a glass of beer when you get out,' or a quarter and say, 'Have a smile with me when you have time.' Repeat this performance and presently your steaks are the delight of home. In the busiest private market in New York it is the rule to tip the butchers. You can get nothing fit to eat without it."—New York Press.

SARAH AND THE "INDIANS."

Bernhardt Played Fedora For Them at 35 Cents a Head.

Sarah Bernhardt, the great French actress, once played in Sullivan, Ind., at 35 cents a head.

It was many years ago, and Bernhardt was making a tour of the country. On the way from Louisville to Indianapolis the train was stopped at Sullivan by the news that a serious freight wreck had occurred a few miles up the road completely blocking the tracks and making progress to Indianapolis impossible until the next day.

"Very well," said the manager in excellent French and with forced calmness. "Since we cannot leave town we will give a performance here."

"Impossible," said Mme. Bernhardt, also in French. "Quite impossible."

"Not a bit," said the manager, and he went about it. The divine Bernhardt, being under contract to play a certain number of nights, was induced to consent. There was no "opera house" in Sullivan, but the Masonic hall was rented, and some of the scenery was crowded into it. The local job office got out a lot of handbills in a hurry, and messengers were dispatched to the adjoining towns to spread the glad news that Bernhardt, the divine Sarah, was to play in Sullivan that night and that admission would be 35 cents.

"No use trying to charge metropolitan prices here," said the manager to the treasurer, and that gentleman sighed and said he supposed not.

In the early evening there began to come into town long lines of green farmer wagons, each holding a family party. When the house was full, the great Bernhardt cautiously took a peep at it from behind the flimsy curtain.

"Mon Dieu!" she cried, raising her jeweled hands. "Look at the Indians!"

But she played Fedora for them, and she played until 11 o'clock.—Philadelphia Saturday Evening Post.

HE USED THE SALT TEST.

An Old Apache Chief's Knowledge of the Human System.

In the early days of Union Pacific railroading Victoria, Nana and Geronimo, the three chiefs of the Arizona Apaches, with 100 of their best bucks, came through to Green River, Wy.

They had heard of the "heap wagon and no hoss" and had come to stop the train. They made a lasso of rawhide, and 50 men on each side held on to the rope as the freight came down the Wasatch divide. The engineer saw when several miles away what the Indians were up to, so he whistled "off brakes" and, opening his throttle, let her loose. The cowcatcher struck the rope and hurled the Indians in all directions, literally tearing them to pieces, headless, armless and legless. The three chiefs went south to their cactus plains very crestfallen.

Before they selected these men the old Chief Victoria had them all eat a piece of rock salt about as big as a pecan, run swiftly about 100 yards, sit down on a log or rock and cross their legs. Then he watched the vibration of the feet, which were crossed. The feet which vibrated the longest or had the longest strokes he declined to accept for a severe duty or a dangerous trip or for one that was at all hazardous, but he accepted the feet which vibrated short, distinct and regular strokes.

Now, what did the old chief know about pulsation of the arterial system or of heart action and indeed about salt in the system? I have lived near to Indian reservations and have had occasion often to survey over their lands for railroads and other objects, and I have wondered where old Victoria got his idea. Is not the child of the sagebrush plains better posted than his paleface brother?—Chicago Inter Ocean.

AN INDIAN CIGAR SIGN.

The Fate That Overtook One Aggressive Wooden Savage.

The city of Little Muddy, on the upper Yellowstone, was an exceedingly wide awake town in 1887. When it had reached the mature age of 3 months, every kind of business man was represented except the cigar dealer, and the next week a man from Chicago named Stark opened a tobacco store, with a large, gaudy and aggressive wooden Indian in front, holding a tomahawk savagely in one hand and a bunch of cigars in the other. It would take a chapter to tell of all the trouble Stark had with that wooden aborigine. This variety of sign was rare in that region, and gentlemen not unconnected with the stock growing industry who came in from the ranges wearing spurs and weapons would resent his threatening attitude—for that matter, no Indian, even the most peaceably disposed, was popular. He was knocked off his pedestal half a dozen times a day. Stark learned to know what had happened whenever he heard a dull crash in front and would step outside and restore his fallen warrior.

But the red man did not meet his Waterloo till Tobe Hartley and a friend, preserved to us under the name of Long Isaac, came in from the Lightning's Nest neighborhood. A close friendship existed between these two worthies. It was their first vacation from the ranch for several months. They wandered about town in a receptive mood and sought to enjoy their visit. No facts are extant concerning their condition after some hours, but we may perhaps be allowed our suspicions. Finally they separated, and Tobe, coming along to the Indian and not noticing his upraised hatchet, sat down at his feet to rest. He soon fell asleep and sank lower. At this juncture Isaac came around the corner and took in the tragic situation at a glance.

"Killed my partner for a simple bunch of cigars, did you?" he cried. "Well, we'll see about it!" and he produced his firearms and began shooting accurately and rapidly. At the end of ten minutes Stark gathered up his noble savage in a basket, while the resuscitated Tobe and the avenging Isaac moved off arm in arm.—Harper's Magazine.

BATTLES OF NATURE.

Unceasing Struggles Which End In Survival of Fittest.

We read the tablets of long ago which the geologist has deciphered for us, and we find them an endless story of battles. The successful species which occupy the great geological horizons have come out of great tribulation. The trilobites and stone lilies of the silurian period, the gigantic club moss and fluted sigillarians of the coal age, the enormous ammonites of the jurassic and chalk epochs, the mighty elephants and majestic deer forms of the tertiary era are magnates of the times and masterpieces of the struggle. They have been redeemed at great price, even of a thousand species and tens of thousands of individuals who fell short of the typical fitness and were killed out. These magnates, each in its turn, were pioneers of progress, like the scouts of a great army and were caught in a physiological ambush.

The pedigree of the horse in the most recent past has been made out, traced shall we say, for a hundred thousand years before man came on the scene (for Lord Kelvin asked the geologist to hurry up and not be too lavish with time or we should have said 250,000 years before man). The fleetness, grace and strength of the horse are owing to his ability to walk on one toe, to which have been correlated the wonderful instincts by which he has become the partner of man in his industries and struggles. He has been derived in almost a strict gradation from the two toed, three toed, four toed and five toed ancestors which flourished in the ages which preceded man. Myriads of individuals and all the species and varieties died out to make room for the one toed selection to enable this favorite to occupy the ground unthwarted by crossing or by recurrence to average forms. He was redeemed at a great price and has come through a great tribulation.—Contemporary Review.

Only a Lawyer.

When Justice Bookstaver was on the supreme court bench, he had as special officer or attendant a punctilious old German, who always stood guard at the door leading to the justice's private chambers when the justice was within. One day a prominent lawyer and two of his clients called and asked if the justice would receive them.

The officer threw open the door and called out loudly to the justice:

"Shudge! Two shentlemans und a lawyer vants to speak mit you."

The three gentlemen laughed.

"Vor vhat you laff, eh?"

"Don't you count me a gentleman?" asked the lawyer.

"Ach, you're a lawyer only; dat's different."—New York Mail and Express.

A Crownless Coronation.

A coronation without a crown sounds distinctly Irish, yet such was in effect the ceremony in which Henry III took the most prominent part at Gloucester on Oct. 28, 1216. On this occasion a plain circle was used instead of a crown, which had been lost with the jewels and other baggage of King John in passing the marshes of Lynn or the Wash near Wisbeach.—London Telegraph.

Evasion.

"See here, you sir!" cried her father. "Didn't I tell you never to enter my house again?"

"No, sir, you didn't," replied the persistent suitor. "You said not to 'cross your threshold,' so I climbed in the window."—Exchange.

Artistic.

Sue—You said you were going to marry an artist, and now you are engaged to marry a dentist!

Flo—Well, isn't he an artist? He draws from real life.—Philadelphia Bulletin.

The chewing tobacco with a conscience behind it.

No Premiums! Wetmore's Best sells on its merits.

Made only by M. C. WETMORE TOBACCO CO. St. Louis, Mo.

The largest independent factory in America.

The Demand for "QUAKER" flour is sufficient proof that it is the housewifes' favorite.

WHY?
Because it makes
MORE BREAD,
BETTER BREAD,
SWEETER BREAD,
than any other flour,
THAT'S WHY.
Demand it. Its put up in Towel Sacks

OUAKER MILL COMPANY.

BEACOM'S CUTICLEAR
THE GREAT MEDICAL DISCOVERY
Cures ECZEMA, SALT RHEUM,
ALL SKIN ERUPTIONS AND FACE BLEMISHES. IT HAS NO EQUAL.
Sold by druggists or sent express prepaid upon receipt of price, 75c. Address
F. N. BEACOM, MANCHESTER, IOWA.
Sold by
Gregg & Ward, Manchester, Iowa
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J.P.Streigel Ryan, Iowa.
E. F. Mulvehill, Masonville,Iowa.
C. A. Kendall, Earlville, Iowa.
Kerper & Meyers, Petersburg, Iowa.
T. Armstrong, Greeley, Iowa.
F. W. Royden, Edgewood, Iowa.
Wheeler & Eaton, Lamont, Iowa.
James Musser, Almoral, Iowa.
J. V. Bush, Colesburg, Iowa.
E. B. Briggs & Co., Dundee, Iowa.

The Pan-American Exposition, Held at Buffalo, N. Y., May 1st, to Nov. 1st, 1901.

On April 30th, and daily thereafter the Chicago Great Western Railway will sell through tickets to Buffalo, good to return within 15 days, at a fare and one-third for the round trip.

A special rate for every Tuesday in May will be One Fare Plus $1.00 For The Round Trip. These tickets will be good leaving Buffalo until midnight on the Saturday following the day of sale.

The lowest rates will always be in force on the Chicago, Great Western Railway, and its equipment and accommodations are unsurpassed.

The Company has issued a neat illustrated folder, giving a map of Buffalo and of the Exposition Grounds; a list of Hotels; time-card of its trains and their Eastern connections, and much other valuable information.

For full information and Pan-American Folders, address any Great Western Agent, or J. P. Elmer, General Passenger Agent, 113 Adams St. Chicago. 18w22

Dyspeptics cannot be long lived because to live requires nourishment. Food is not nourishing until it is digested. A disordered stomach cannot digest food, it must have assistance. Kodol Dyspepsia Cure digests all kinds of food without aid from the stomach, allowing it to rest and regain its natural functions. Its elements are exactly the same as the natural digestive fluids and it simply can't help but do you good.—Smith Bros.

LOW-RATE-EXCURSIONS

Twice each month, on specific dates, the Illinois Central will sell at greatly reduced rate from points on its line north of Cairo, roundtrip Homeseekers' Excursion tickets South to certain points on or reached by its lines in Kentucky, Tennessee, Mississippi, Louisiana and Alabama. Also to certain points West and Southwest in Iowa, Minnesota, North Dakota, South Dakota, Nebraska, Kansas, Oklahoma and Indian Territory. Particulars of your Illinois Centralagents.

For a free copy of the Homeseekers' Guide describing the advantages and resources of the South, address J. F. Merry, A. G. P. A., I. C. R. R., Dubuque, Iowa. For information regarding lands in the famous Yazoo Valley of Mississippi, address E. P. Skene, Land Commissioner Y. & M. V. R. R., Chicago.

"A few months ago, food which I ate for breakfast would not remain on my stomach for half an hour. I used one bottle of your Kodol Dyspepsia Cure and can now eat my breakfast and other meals with a relish and my food is thoroughly digested. Nothing equals Kodol Dyspepsia Cure for stomach troubles.—H. S. Pitts, Arlington, Tex. Kodol Dyspepsia Cure digests what you eat.—Smith Bros.

Compound Vapor and Shampoo Baths.

Baths

Vapor and Shampoo.

Most all diseases are caused by poisonous secretions, which clog the wheels of NATURE.

The name and the symptoms may be different but the cause of disease can usually be traced to the imperfect action of the millions of pores of the human body. A bath in accordance with scientific requirements is the best preventative and remedy known. The methods employed by me are the most scientific ever invented or discovered for dispelling disease. Results tell the story. Give me a trial. This is the Conant system of baths. A competent lady attendant in charge of the ladies department.

Office and bath rooms on Franklin street, opposite Globe Hotel

6tf G. D. GATES.

In the District Court of Delaware County, Iowa.

In re Estate of Michael Crothy, deceased. | Notice of Appointment of Administratrix.

TO JOHN CROTHY, ELLEN CROTHY, PATRICK CROTHY, THOMAS CROTHY, AND MARY CROTHY, NEPHEWS AND NIECES OF SAID DECEDENT, AND PATRICK CROTHY, AND THE UNKNOWN HEIRS-AT-LAW OF PATRICK CROTHY, DECEASED, AND TO ALL WHOM IT MAY CONCERN:

You and each of you are hereby notified that the undersigned has been appointed and qualified as administratrix of the Estate of Michael Crothy, late of Delaware County, Iowa, deceased. All persons indebted to said Estate are requested to make immediate payment, and those having claims against the same will present them, duly authenticated, to the undersigned for allowance And all persons having or claiming to have, an interest in siad Estate will present their claim for same to the undersigned Administratrix.

CATHERINE KORTENKAMP, Administratrix.
Bronson & Carr, Attorneys for Estate.
Dated this 7th day of June, 1901. 24w4

A sergical operation is not necessary to cure piles. DeWitt's Witch Hazel Salve saves all that expense and never fails. Beware of counterfeits.—Smith Bros.

ANNOUNCEMENTS!

IllinoisCentral R R

HOT SPRINGS
ARKANSAS, VIA MEMPHIS
WITHOUT CHANGE

The Illinois Central is now running a through Pullman sleeping car daily between Chicago and Hot Springs, Ark., on its "Limited" leaving Chicago in the evening arriving Hot Springs 5.15 the next afternoon.

CALIFORNIA

Through Pullman excursion sleeping cars leave Chicago every Tuesday for Los Angeles and San Francisco via New Orleans and the Southern Route; leave Chicago every Tuesday for Los Angeles and San Francisco via Omaha; and the Scenic Route.

FLORIDA

Through sleeping cars from Chicago, and from St. Louis, to
NASHVILLE,
CHATTANOOGA
ATLAN TA,
JACKSONVILLE.

These Jacksonville cars run over the well known Dixie Flyer Scenic Route via Lookout Mountain, and leaves Chicago and St Louis every eve. on the Central's fast "Limited" vestibule train for the south, and arrive at Nashville the next morning, at Chattanooga the next afternoon, at Atlanta early the next evening and at Jacksonville the second morning after departure. Connection made by Illinois Central train out of Peoria with the car from Chicago.

Full Particulars concerning all of the above can be had of agents of the Illinois Central, or by addressing J. F. Merry, A. G. P. A., Dubuque, Iowa.

Illinois Central
EXCURSION RATES.

For the meetings listed below, an excursion rate of one and one-third fare on the certificate plan has been named from interested territory. For dates of sale and limit of tickets, inquire of any Illinois Central Ticket Agent, or address the undersigned:

Richmond, Va.—Travelers' Protective Association of America—June 3—8.
Des Moines, Iowa.—Annual Conference and Camp Meeting, Seventh Day adventists of Iowa June 2-10.
Iowa City, Iowa.—Commencement Exercises, State University, June 3-15.
Des Moines, Iowa.—Annual Camp Meeting, Iowa Holiness Association, June 7-17.
Cedar Falls, Iowa—Commencement and Alumni Reunion, State Normal School, June 8-12.
Mt Vernon, Iowa.—Commencement Cornell College, June 11-13.
Boston, Mass.—Jubilee Convention, Y. M. C. A., June 11-16.
Waterloo, Iowa.—Annual meeting Iowa Music Teachers' Association, June 25-28.
Storm Lake, Iowa. | Annual Convention State Druggists' Association, July 9-11.
Spirit Lake, Iowa.—Annual Meeting Grand Commandery, Knights Templar of Iowa, July 9-12.

J. F. MERRY,
Asst. Gen'l. Pass. Agent,
Dubuque, Iowa.

Bucks For Sale.

Five choice grade Lincoln and Cotswold bucks for sale. Inquire at Bradley farm in Coffins Grove twp. tf.

Knight Templars
of Iowa.

The Passenger Department of the Illinois Central Railroad Company has recently published a circular concerning the Triennial Conclave to be held at Louisville, Aug. 27 to 30, 1901. The circular is illustrated with cuts of Most Eminent Sir Reuben H. Lloyd, of San Francisco, who will be Grand Master of the Encampment, of the fine old Southern Home on East Broadway that has been secured for the Iowa Headquarters, and other buildings that will interest Knight Templars. Every Knight living on or adjacent to the Illinois Central Railroad in Iowa, Minnesota, South Dakota or Nebraska should address the undersigned, at Dubuque, Iowa, for a free copy of this circular.

J. F. MERRY,
Asst. Gen. Pass. Agent.

The New York World.
Thrice-a-Week Edition.

Almost A Daily At The Price Of A Weekly.

The presidential campaign is over but the World goes on just the same and it is full of news. To learn this news, just as it is—promptly and impartially—all that you have to do is to look in the colums of The Thrice-a-Week Edition of The New York World which comes to the subscriber 156 times a year.

The Thrice-a-Week World's diligence as a publisher of first news has given it circulation wherever the English language is spoken—and you want it.

The Thrice-a-week World's regular subscription price is only $1.00 per year. We offer this unequalled newspaper and the Manchester Democrat together one year for $2.15.

The regular subscription price of the two papers is $2.50. 13