Ten Years' Trial

The Story of a Soldier's Struggle

By Brigadier General Charles King

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But that was vain.

Channing, he who commanded the respect and confidence of the yards and shops of the Big Horn, was sauntering discontentedly in the Riviera, doing as his doctors bade, utterly homesick, utterly unable to appreciate or understand what he saw and only wishing himself back in the cab of a Baldwin, whirling "the limited" over the prairie 60 miles an hour. Channing knew every mother's son in the Brentwood yards by name. The new incumbent knew not one of them. Channing argued, Burleigh bullied, and clash was inevitable. The management of both roads had announced in unequivocable terms that they would not yield to the demands of the men. The mayor of Brentwood was sorely frightened. The governor had been requested to order troops to the scene and overawe the would be strikers and very properly refused. For it is our good American policy in dealing with enemies or insurgents, white, red or brown, mobs, Indians or Tagalogs, never to show fight until practically forced into it. The railway companies in anticipation of the strike had gathered some hundreds of workmen across the Missouri ready to be rushed by special train to Brentwood, but neither the police, posses nor militia had been mobilized.

Pondering anxiously over the situation, Cresswell was walking slowly homeward up Thayer street. He had been talking with the mayor and certain city fathers at the Brentwood and now wished to see Langdon, but Langdon evidently wasn't home, and the town clock had struck the quarter. The office door was closed and doubtless locked, and Cresswell's keys were in his workaday pockets at the house. Confident of meeting Langdon, he strolled on toward the armory and became suddenly aware of the division superintendent of the Big Horn talking with two of the boys. Cresswell didn't like that official, but for reasons of his own preferred to make much of him. He stopped and held out his hand.

"Oh, good evening, Mr.—er—ah—Colonel Cresswell," stammered the railway man in some confusion. "I didn't see you. I'm glad to see you. Can you tell me where I can find Mr. Langdon? I've knocked and hammered at the office, and these gentlemen say that he went straight home half an hour ago."

"It is true," said one of the young soldiers. "I saw him go in there just before 10 o'clock."

"Odd!" said Cresswell. "Suppose we walk over, Mr. Superintendent."

They did, and they knocked and hammered for two minutes without response, and then Cresswell bethought him of the rear door.

"You wish to see him personally?" queried he of the official, with doubt in his tone.

"Yes. The road sent me an important message. I may as well tell you—confidentially, of course. They want him to go to that meeting that's in full blast at this minute. They think the men will listen to him."

"I see," said Cresswell, with sarcastic emphasis. "Having kicked him out into the cold for another man's crime, they want him to help them out of another scrape. You must feel gratified at being the bearer of such a message. However, come on. We'll try the back."

An alley parallel with Thayer street divided the block, and Cresswell's office buildings covered about half the lot. Wood, coal and ice were delivered by way of that alley, which accounted for the worn path to the open cellarway, but not for the footprints in the snow on the steps leading up to the back door. Cresswell tried the knob, and the door was fast. But who left the cellar steps uncovered? "Have you a gun?" he asked, and the superintendent faltered, "Yes."

Gripping his own revolver, a faithful friend of Kentucky days, Cresswell cautiously descended the steps and felt his way through the dampness and dark. He had no match, and lighting would only reveal him to prowlers if there were any. He knew the premises thoroughly and quickly reached the lower hall and the stairway to the ground floor above him. It was dark as Erebus, and he, breathing heavily, felt his way up the creaking flight until within reach of the top. Then something fell with stunning force and danced before his eyes, and he went crashing back the way he came, bounding, rolling and sliding till he brought up senseless and bleeding at the foot of the stairs.

CHAPTER XIII.

Noon of Oct. 28 struck on the deep toned bell of the city hall, Brentwood's pride, and sharp at the sound every hand in the railway shops, sheds and yards followed suit and went out. So did the fires in the furnaces in the course of the night, for no man succeeded in getting in to replenish them. So did not the trains, freight or passenger, on either Big Horn or Seattle, for the rails were a lather of soap, the boilers a reek of foam. The casualty list in the motive power showed 23 engines "killed," and the only wheels to revolve east or west were those trundling the United States mail, the operatives, with calm sagacity, offering no objection to the running of postal cars, yet firmly opposing everything else. Following the traditions of the Big Horn, the new general manager appeared promptly on the scene, while he of the Seattle sniffed the battle from afar and staid there. Mr. Burleigh came to threaten and command, was promptly hoisted aboard a baggage car and bidden to address the meeting from the rear platform, which he essayed to do, the car speedily gliding away with him to the accompaniment of much derision and many decided catcalls, not to mention a few defunct quadrupeds and doubtful eggs. Mr. Burleigh was given a sample of the running qualities of the fast mail down the winding gorge of the Red Water and spent the night in blasphemy and bitterness of spirit at Gunnison. Not even a farmer's buckboard could be find to take him back. He wired for the trainloads of substitutes across the Big Muddy, and they were ditched ten miles from any town and had to build bonfires out of the wreck until that was used up and then kept warm with a few miles of snow fence that unaccountably went up in flames. The Seattle sent 60 Pinkertons on a special and thereby precipitated a sympathetic strike across the Missouri and the special into the shallows near the eastern shore well up to the Pinkertons' middle. When finally rescued, these amateurs were roosting on car roofs, cold, wet and bedraggled, an object of charity to the countryside. Then came the order for troops, long withheld, and before it was issued the Brentwood rifles knew there would be no first sergeant to call the roll. Somewhere about midnight of the 27th, dazed and bleeding, Colonel Cresswell had staggered into the street in front of his office, feebly calling for help. The police found a pool of blood at the foot of the cellar stairs and splashes all along from near the top, but not a sign of struggle elsewhere and not a trace of Eric Langdon. Along toward morning Cresswell managed to tell his story, and then the police went and routed out the division superintendent, who told a queer tale. When the doctors heard it, they looked oddly at each other and agreed that it were best that Cresswell shouldn't hear it until he was stronger. It might unduly excite him now. Cresswell said he left the superintendent, Mr. Betts, on guard at the cellar stairway in the back yard, revolver in hand, and that he should have seen his (Cresswell's) assailants when they made their escape at the rear, the only way they could have gone. The superintendent said he had met Mr. Cresswell casually on the street, inquired for Mr. Langdon and went with Cresswell to the office to find him. They knocked until they believed that Langdon couldn't be there, and he (the superintendent) desired to search elsewhere, but Cresswell was somewhat persistent that Betts should wait while he went round and tried the back way. Betts went just to oblige the colonel; "didn't like to offend him." The fact was he noticed that the colonel had been drinking a little, and at such times, as was well known, the Kentuckian was apt to be a bit dictatorial and to take offense rather easily. Betts said he knew the colonel had been at the bar of the Brentwood that evening, and after waiting a few minutes just to assure himself the colonel was safely within he hurried away about his own business. Had he heard no sound of fall or struggle? was asked. Not a sound of that kind. He had heard some one moving about in the hall and thought, of course, it was the colonel. In fact, sotto voce, he added he thought so still and that under the circumstances the colonel might later have missed his footing and fallen headlong. It could not be conceived possible that Mr. Langdon would brutally assault his friend and benefactor.

Now, Cresswell had taken three or four nips of his favorite beverage that evening, but Boniface swore he was perfectly himself when he left the Brentwood. That might be, said the shrewd and somewhat envious lawyer employed by the Big Horn as counsel, and yet might he be "under alien influences." One of two theories, said the railroad lawyer, could be derived from the facts, and only two. Mr. Cresswell had fallen down stairs under the influence of one of two forces, Bourbon or a blow. If a blow, who gave it but Eric Langdon? No one else was known to have entered those doors that night. In all the tense, pent up excitement attending the inevitable strike this incident was discussed with bated breath. Men who knew Cresswell and saw him that night knew he was not so far gone in liquor as to fall down stairs and therefore believed the story of assault. Men who knew Langdon swore he was incapable of assaulting Cresswell. What could possibly be his motive? The safe stood securely locked. Desk and drawers were intact. There were no reasons why Langdon should go except the threats, which he held in contempt, and every reason why he should stay. The railway lawyer hinted at renewal of proceedings by Perrigo's bank to recover certain sums with interest. The bank, however, being questioned, reluctantly testified that that incident was closed, satisfactory settlement having been made, and so it had in Langdon's behalf by the big hearted Kentuckian and his friend the mayor. No; nothing but threats against Langdon's life could be heard of as a cause of Langdon's disappearance, nothing whatever until the second day of the strike, when two people appeared who said that if guaranteed protection they would tell something. The something proved to be that an open two horse wagon drove into the alley just before 10 o'clock and drove out again about 10:40, when it had two more men in it who were bending over something in the bottom. These two jumped out when it reached the street. They went one way, the wagon the other. Then uprose the solid men of Brentwood save the few whose souls were mortgaged to the Seattle or whose notes were falling due at Perrigo's, and at a meeting held just after dark the first check was given to the widespreading sympathy felt for the strikers throughout the community. Up to this moment they had practically carried all before them. Property had been carefully guarded by the details from their own number. People had been treated with civility even if denied means of transportation. They were determined, they said, to do nothing to forfeit the good will of friends and fellow citizens. Their grievance was Brentwood's and their oppressors the rival railways. Violence of any kind, said the strike leaders, would be tolerated only as a last resort. Yet here was evidence that even before beginning the strike assault, abduction, possibly murder, could be laid at the strikers' doors. Cresswell still lay in grievous plight, and Eric Langdon could not be found. Then evidence began to accumulate. A two horse farm wagon, such as described, was seen by other citizens driving westward toward the open prairie. A farmer came in and said that such a wagon stopped at the ford close to his place about midnight. His wife woke him, saying there was something wrong down at the barn—the horses were stamping and snorting. He hurried thither and found everything secure, but could have sworn he saw a light dancing away from the barn in the direction of the ford as he issued from the house. Curiosity therefore led him to investigate, and surely enough he heard voices. Two men were talking in low tones. One of their horses had picked up a stone, and, so tightly was it wedged, they couldn't get it out. He gathered that one of them had been to the barn in hopes of finding a pick. The farmer was on the point of hailing them when the whistle of the night freight sounded away down the valley toward Brentwood, and he heard one of them say, "My God, there's No. 8 now, and we can't flag her this side of the bridge!" then, apparently speaking to some one within the wagon, continued: "Now, lie still if you value your life! Jump in, Jim, quick!" And with that the horses were lashed to a run, and they clattered away up the pike in the darkness. About ten minutes later he heard the freight rumbling along up the valley, and after it had almost got beyond hearing distance to the west there came the short, quick single whistle, the signal for brakes. That must have been somewhere about the long bridge at the big bend. That was something unusual, and, coupled with what he heard the men say, it excited his suspicion. Then when his copy of The Banner told him about Langdon's disappearance he felt sure what it all meant and therefore came in to Brentwood to tell his tale. And it was this that brought confusion to Betts and the Brentwood strikers, for it was now evident that Langdon had been spirited away.

That foul means and force had been resorted to no one who knew Langdon could doubt. That railway men were the perpetrators the words overheard by Farmer Hawley gave presumptive evidence and that the abducted man was sorely needed developed in the course of that very night.

Observant of his counsel, the rifles at the first intimation of another strike had kept a guard at the armory, and this guard was increased to a lieutenant and 20 men at noon on the 28th. Moreover, it was made up of men who would fight, and the scouts of the strikers sent to reconnoiter and report on the feasibility of again seizing the arms and equipments returned and "reported adversely." Two days later, determined to wipe out the stain of their military misadventure the previous year, fully 60 members promptly assembled at the call and awaited orders at the armory, and still, barring the banishment of Mr. Burleigh in one direction and the presumable taking off of Langdon in the other, no deed of damage or violence had been charged to the strike. The sheriff had eagerly accepted the theory that Langdon himself was Cresswell's assailant and had fled to escape consequences. This "made him solid" with the strikers and warranted a certain inaction. But now the business men had taken matters in hand. The Banner "ripped him up the back," as his friends expressed it, and the governor himself was on his way to Brentwood, coming up from the capital by a cross country spur of the Union Pacific, and matters were nearing a climax. The Grays were at the station at Gunnison waiting for the troop train, with Major McConville and four companies, feeling its cautious way over culver and trestle from the Missouri. If the strikers refused to disperse at the beck of the governor, would they flinch from the prick of the bayonet? That was the absorbing question. The mayor said yes. The men thundered no, and Brentwood held its breath and waited. Meantime the orders for the rifles were to sleep on their arms at their quarters. It was the policy of wisdom.

And now, "If no new complications arise," said the mayor, "we can hope for a quiet night, but it's the calm before the storm. I wonder if that train's in with the re-enforcements from up the road?"

"I'll telephone and ask," said Boniface, leading the way to the rotunda.

It was filled with men, talking in low, cautious tones, glancing nervously about from group to group. Many were strike sympathizers, several were law and order men, most were desirous of being considered neutral. The strong men of the antistrike party, irrespective of politics, had attended the meeting and come out in the wake of Boniface and the mayor. A little squad of reporters bore down on them at once, but Boniface begged them to wait and escorted the mayor behind the desk and rang up the superintendent of the Big Horn. A quavering voice answered that the superintendent wasn't there. "Is that train in with those people from Rosebud and the other stations?" asked Boniface, and people began edging up to the desk to listen. "What? I don't hear you," said Boniface again. "Isn't in! Why, they said they were due before dark. Where were they when you last heard? Wh-at? You haven't heard? Lines cut? Had to wait for women! What women? I don't understand."

By this time half the men in the lobby had gathered about the desk. What was that about women? No women were needed. It was no place for them here. They should be at their firesides, taking care of the children and the household, while husbands and fathers hurried down to help the cause of Brentwood. Here was the seat of war, here the heart of the battle, here must the fight be won or lost again. And the unions had summoned all who could possibly come, even from the far Black Hills, to haste by special train and join their brethren on the battle line. For over 50 miles the Big Horn paralleled the southern verge of the big Sioux reservation. Just across the Dakota boundary it lay, and half the west bound freight the road carried beyond the Red Water was for the agents or the traders at Rosebud, at Pine Ridge, Sheridan and certain other points of distribution and supply. Around those guarded lines, winter and summer, there ever hovered dozens of dissolute whites, seeking to prey on the red man. Pirates of the plains were these fellows, reckless and outlawed, and more than one hideous outbreak of the Sioux had been traced to their nefarious deeds. Whisky was their stock in trade, and many an untutored savage in exchange for a bottle had parted with robes, rifle and pony as well as his senses. Conflict was frequent. Troops were few. There had been bad blood between the Indians and certain settlers along the Chaduza all summer. In September two herders were found scalped and mutilated just one week after Spotted Elk and Iron Voice, two young braves of the Brule tribe, had been slain in a drunken row with a party of prairie tramps not ten miles from Rosebud. The agent said he could restrain and control the Sioux provided the governor would take charge of the settlers, but settlers have votes, Indians have not, and the governor would do nothing to intimidate the sovereigns of the soil. The murderers of the Indians, though well known, were still unwhipped of justice and bragging about the frontier saloons of their cowardly deed. The commanding officer of the little cavalry post not far from the Rosebud agency wired that the Indians were dancing night after night and holding big powwows. There was trouble ahead for somebody. The dispatch reached Washington the day the Pinkertons and trainloads of outside workmen were dumped into the ditch, the very day, moreover, that brought the appeal for troops to protect property and open the roads. The answer to the frontier fort was a telegram ordering the post with its women and children, to be left "with a suitable guard" while the commanding officer, with all available men (he had only three troops of cavalry, averaging 55 effective each), to march at once to Banner Butte, the western terminus of the Yankton road, and there take the train for Omaha. This left the fort to be held by the post quartermaster and some 23 men, when runners came, with troubled eyes, to say the Sioux would "jump" before the setting of the sun.

Much of this had been told in the local papers, but so engrossed was everybody in the strike that little attention was paid to it. Like a thunderclap from a clear sky, therefore, fell the next announcement from the lips of Boniface as he turned, with almost ashen face, upon the silent throng. "My heaven," he said, "the Sioux have swooped on Rosebud Station and scalped every soul in the place! There was no train to bring the troops from Robinson."

"How about that other train—the special with the men?" gasped a burly engineer.

"Cut off somewhere back of Rosebud. Only a few of them have guns, and they're praying for help. The rifles are ordered there as fast as cars can take 'em. The strike's off."

CHAPTER XIV.

Morn of the last day of the month was breaking, clear, keen and sparkling. The ruddy glow of the orient heaven, the paling fires of the westward stars, the serene, steady watch light of the great planet, the pilot of the sun, high perched above the sharply outlined ridge toward the turbid Missouri, all told of the speedy coming of "the king of day rejoicing in the east." Over the wide prairies of Illinois, the rolling hills of Iowa, the slanting, dazzling sunbeams broke in glory, but even such glory failed to rend the pall of gloom and despond that covered the broad lands of the Red Water. A night of terror was changing to a day of dread. The last news before the wires themselves went down long, long miles away was that the train bearing the strikers' re-enforcements—sons, brothers, comrades, of the federated workmen of the Brentwood shops—bearing, too, the refugees, men, women and children, from ranch and farm and hamlet along the Niobrara, had left Channing Station at dusk and was held up or cut off somewhere west of ruined Rosebud—God and the Indians alone could tell just where. At 7:30 "Channing" had wired that the Sioux war parties were seen at dusk coming westward at the gallop. "Good-by," and at 8:30 the wires ceased to work west of Castle Butte, an isolated station nearly 30 miles east of the ravaged settlement and full 150 west of Brentwood. For over 50 miles, as has been said, the line of the Big Horn paralleled the south border of the Sioux reservation, but farther to the west it pierced the old treaty lands along the White Earth and ran long leagues through the former hunting grounds of the Ogallalas, whose young men never lost a chance of emulating any savage exploits of the Brules. Beginning at Brentwood, the strike spirit flew east and west along the lines of the Big Horn and the Seattle. Beginning among the illicit groggeries along the Mini Chaduza, the revolt of the Brules spread with the speed of wildfire through the Indian villages upon the Dakota border until it overwhelmed the power of the agency close at hand as well as those to the west in Wyoming. The first dash of the young braves was at the originators of the mischief, the outlaws of the prairie, who discreetly fled, burying such of their stock in trade as they could not carry with them, all too easily to be trailed and dug up by the Sioux. Then, drink maddened and balked of their desires, the band had sacked the agency, released their imprisoned brothers and swooped southward on the helpless ranchers of the Niobrara. In frantic appeal for aid the station agent at Rosebud wired west to Fort Robinson, since their usual protectors were now far away along the Missouri. The answer was prompt, to the effect that the troops would start the instant a train could take them, and then, alas, too late, it was found that in making up that big "special" for the re-enforcements for the strikers they had sent away the one serviceable engine between Frayne Station at the west and Brentwood. By the time the cars sent whirling from Frayne could reach Robinson every soldier was needed there, for the Pine Ridge Sioux had risen to a man. Robinson itself was threatened, while Rosebud Station, to the east, had been reduced to ashes. No wonder a pall had spread over Brentwood. Scores of its sons and many of its daughters were scattered in little stations of the Big Horn or in farms and ranches all along that perilous borderland, and the only words to reach the sorely anxious hearts at home came from terrified refugees at Castle Butte, declaring every ranch, farm and station burned and pillaged for over a hundred miles along the road, their hapless, helpless people either massacred or fleeing to the refuge of the sand hills to the south.

And now, as Boniface had said, the strike was done. At 9 the night before the wail had come from the threatened stations at the west, and men who at sunset were blocking the way against every car that carried troops were now straining every nerve to send them on. At 1 o'clock, hurried aboard the waiting train of the Big Horn in the Brentwood yards, the rifles went whirling away through the night, followed by the prayers and tears of a whole populace and re-enforced by full a hundred stalwart men, strikers of the day before, all armed, all bound for Rosebud and rescue of that imperiled train, with not one man in fifty of the military company, not one in ten of the railway party, who had had any experience whatever in Indian fighting. Old hands of the road had had some long range skirmishes while track laying. Some of the engineers' assistants could tell stirring tales of the days of the survey, but only two or three of the rifles had ever seen an armed and mounted Indian warrior. Many hoped they might never have to. Yet here they were, 60 men who under proper leadership would give good account of themselves in action against a civilized foe, setting forth to meet the most scientific fighters in creation, and Lieutenant Hunt, lawyer and loyal citizen, frankly stated that he would be glad to hand over his sword to any one who understood the business, and he'd take a rifle and a place in the ranks. Oh, for Eric Langdon now!

Sixty, 70, 80 miles they ran without either news or warning, the silent engineer peering ever grimly forward through the night, one hand at the throttle, the other at the reverse lever. In the cab rode the assistant superintendent. In the forward cars were other officials and scores of stalwart men lately heading the strike. Hunt for a time had been with them, but a veteran conductor took him aside. "We are pulling together now," said he, "but of course brotherhood matters can't be discussed in the presence of outsiders, and there are matters that must be talked over. We'll let you know whatever news we get at every stop." The conductor's words were significant; so were his eyes. Hunt took the hint and his leave, slipping back to the second car, where half the rifles were sprawling on the seats, the other half occupying the third. Six times the crowded train had stopped at stations and six times rushed on again. "Nothing further from any reliable source," said the conductor. "Only more horrible rumors and stories from refugees wired in from Castle Butte." Dawn came on apace, and the train slowed down in answer to a lantern signal at the bridge over Shadow creek. Two men tumbled aboard after excited hail to the occupants of the cab, and the conductor presently came back, looked in at the door and jerked his head to Hunt, as much as to say, "You're wanted." They were still 20 miles from the Buttes and had been running like mad. "There'll be a dozen old hands to join us next stop, lieutenant," said the official, "and all with Henrys or Winchesters. The train with the boys from the river," he continued, consulting certain telegrams, "is six hours behind us, and the Union Pacific has started a train with regulars from Omaha. Others from Kansas are coming by way of Fremont. There'll be soldiers enough by tomorrow, but—God help us through today!"

"Who are these who boarded us here?" asked the lieutenant.

"Some of our fellows—bridge guards, you know—in case—the other thing had to be done."

"The Lord be praised it didn't!" said Hunt piously. "If that bridge had been burned, there would have been no saving your special. We have men enough," he continued thoughtfully, "if we only had the right kind of leader."

The conductor glanced about him and nodded reassuringly to one or two who were anxiously eying him and his uniformed companion.

"Mr. Hunt," said he, drawing the officer to a corner of the swaying baggage car, "this is no time, is it, for discussing rights and wrongs? For awhile, at least, the strike's a dead issue. We've got to pull together. No good can come of stirring up—what's past and gone. I've wired ahead to have coffee ready for 200 men at the Buttes. It's a lunch station. We'll take the can right aboard and shove ahead. That'll cheer the men up a bit, won't it?"

"Sure to," said Hunt, wondering what might be coming.

"Then—if a little farther beyond that—we happen to find—just the right sort

Two men tumbled aboard.

of man to run this thing don't you think your fellows would take him and no questions asked—until the whole business can be settled later?"

"By Jove, you mean Langdon!" cried Hunt in hope and rejoicing.

"Sh-h! For goodness' sake, don't shout! He's ahead all right enough and safe and sound, but he's fighting mad over this business. Some of the boys weren't advised right, and it's—kind of awkward all round," ended the conductor guilelessly.

"I should say so in view of Betts' charging him with being Cresswell's assailant and then running away," answered Hunt.

"Well, we'll fix Betts all right. But you and your boys don't want to stir up trouble now, do you? Let's pull together, as I say. Once away from Castle Butte then comes the run to Rosebud. The road's clear. The Indians have all gone westward, but God help those poor fellows in that train till they get there!"

"Amen! Amen all round!" said Hunt. "The rifles won't ask questions if that's what you want. Only give us Langdon."

And 40 minutes later, cheered and warmed by abundant hot coffee, the rifles peered from the windows at the whistle for brakes, and a shout went up that well nigh raised the roof. In the midst of a little group at the siding stood a pale faced, stern eyed man in the fatigue uniform of a first sergeant, and the rifles, yelling like mad, tumbled headlong in a surging throng from the train, a-swarming about him in eager, impulsive greeting. Without a word he grasped Hunt's outstretched hand, signaled to the conductor and broke away through the throng toward the hissing engine taking in water at the windmill tank up the track. "We haven't an instant to lose," were then his first words. "Get everybody aboard and join me forward as soon as you can," said he to Hunt, linked his arm in that of the conductor and rushed him up the roadside to the pilot.

Another 40 minutes and, the still smoking ruins of Rosebud Station left behind, the crowded train was speeding swiftly, yet cautiously, over the broad, open westward prairie. Except a few famished, homeless dogs howling mournfully about the scene not a living thing remained at the station, and only the ghastly relics of one human creature had been found in the brief, hurried, two minute search. Already it was known far as the Atlantic that the first stories of massacre were grievously exaggerated, many families reported murdered having made their way in panic but safely to Castle Butte and others escaping to the south. But not a word from any source had come as to the special, the last news by wire being that the Ogallalas were dancing and howling about their agency at Pine Ridge and firing on the scouts sent out from Robinson. The Brules could only be somewhere between Rosebud and Wounded Knee. Wherever that luckless train could be found there would be the Indians in direful force and fury. Grave, set faces were those in the cab and about the engine and tender. The road ran straight for miles. The landscape was open and treeless and lay like a lazily rolling ocean turned suddenly to earth and stone. Langdon and the conductor, clinging fast each to a stanchion, were under the headlight above the pilot. A sergeant and three men, best shots of the rifles, hampered the cab and tender, but the engineer felt safer in having them there, and the hope, pluck and spirits of the whole train load had gone up at a bound in the consciousness that that cool headed, gritty ex-regular was at the front to take command. Hunt had brought his fieldglass, and despite the jar and jolt as the huge engine clanked along over the elastic roadbed Langdon searched the prairie ceaselessly while the conductor kept track of the mileposts.

"We twist and turn every which way five miles farther on," shouted the latter into Langdon's ear. "That bluff ahead there marks the end of this tangent. Then we follow the creek a piece and then make a streak cross country at the big bend."

"Any deep cuts there?" shouted Langdon in reply, hanging to the iron bar with a hooked arm and still peering through the binocular.

"Four or five. Why?"

"That's where we'll find 'em. They'll run the train into a cut for protection, line the banks on both sides and stand off the Sioux till help comes if they can. Signal full speed to the engineer, will you? He can slow down again at the bend."

A moment more and the huge machine seemed rushing through space, and the two men at the pilot bent double and hung on for dear life. Five minutes brought them once more along the banks of the stream and close to the frowning bluffs. "Watch them!" signaled Langdon, pointing to the crests and leaning far out from the side of the engine, now reducing speed. The sergeant, clamping his campaign hat to his head, nodded, "I understand."

The bluffs were but the shoulder of a high ridge through which long centuries before the stream had torn its way. It hid like a curtain the spreading landscape beyond. It might be hiding hundreds of lurking warriors, but Langdon believed that though a few wary scouts would be thrown out to give warning of coming troops the main body of savages were clustered close about the beleaguered train. He had never before been brought into contact with mounted Indians, but had had long talks with comrades well schooled in border warfare and felt sure of his ground. From what he could gather he believed that several old Indian fighters from the westward stations must be on that train and reasoned that they would make their defensive stand where the cars could be sheltered and they themselves, the defenders, be partially covered by the sides of the cut. He was reasonably certain that they could there hold out for his coming.

And now as they sweep cautiously round the long curve at the foot of the bluff and see before them four miles ahead up the distant slope of the divide the jagged seam of spaded earth and the black shadows of the snow fence and realize that all that stretch of winding grade must be overcome before they can hope for sight of the besieged Langdon's heart throbs like the massive engine straining at its burden. "Hit her up again, Jimmy!" shouts the conductor, his hands forming a speaking tube. The fireman is thrusting coal by the shovelful into the seething furnace. Inky smoke jets from the stack and streams tailward over the train. "No hiding our coming, cap!" yells the conductor, with a backward and upward glance. Langdon shakes his head. "They've spotted us long before this," is the answer. Again the speed increases despite reverse curves that hug the bank like the convolutions of a snake. Jim is gathering headway for the climb. Tilting far toward the stream, the black demon in the lead, skims the shining concave of the rails under a low line of heights to the left, watched every inch of their length by the wary eyes of crouching sharpshooters in the tender. Then the steel roadway curves inboard again and whirls them around a projecting nose of bluff, and still Jim's hand never winces at the throttle, and under almost full pressure the huge drivers tear at the track, the gleaming rods flash at racing speed, spinning like fire wheels, while in the swaying car behind men cling to seat arms or are hurled from side to side in the fury of the chase. Now comes a long mile of easy grade as the line leaves the narrow river and begins the climb of the distant crest, and, like a black meteor, the Big Horn's powerful Baldwin shoots across the straining trestle over a shallow ravine and spins away in headlong dash, a dense volume of inky smoke and blinding dust whirling and billowing in its wake. Now the snow fence to the north shuts out the landscape on the right flank. Now through low waves of prairie the pilot tears away.

He was leaping along the railway, waving and cheering them on.

Now into the dark mouth of half a mile of snowsheds darts the engine, and the earth an instant later has swallowed up the train. Easy would it have been for savage skill to strip a few rails from the ties and hurl the human load to death, but not a Brule dreamed of such a thing as "store soldiers" coming to dare them, with the regulars a full week's march away. Wide open now, the throttle releases every pound of steam, and all the strength of the mammoth tugs at the lagging load, for the long grade begins at last to tell, and despite all that man and steam and fire can do the dead weight trailing sternward overcomes the impetus of the initial dash, slows down to less than half speed, but still panting furiously the engine struggles on. One mile more, and the crest is gained, and then a new leap. One minute more, and from the bowels of the earth the Baldwin bursts forth into glad sunshine, and, peering instantly about him, sweeping the open slopes with eager eyes, Eric catches sight of a swift, streaming feather skimming the crest to the south and shooting out of sight in the flash of a second. A war bonnet capping the painted head of a savage scout! The Brules had got the alarm! "Back to the cab!" shouts the conductor. But Langdon motions, "Stay."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

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James White, Bryantsville, Ind., says DeWitt's Witch Hazel Salve healed running sores on both legs. He had suffered six years. Doctors failed to help him. Get DeWitt's. Accept no imitations. Smith Bros.

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Three good farms in the northern part of this county. Two of them contain 160 acres each and the other 200 acres. Inquire at the Democrat office. 26tf.

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Cures ECZEMA, SALT RHEUM,

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Eruptions, cuts, bnrns, scalds, and sores of all kinds quickly healed by DeWitt's Witch Hazel Salve. Certain cure for piles. Beware of counterfeits. Be sure you get the original—DeWitt's. Smith Brothers.

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

Mrs. S. H. Allport, Johnstown, Pa., says, our little girl almost strangled to death with the croup. The doctors said she couldn't live, but she was instantly relieved by One Minute Cough Cure. 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 Central agents.

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.

Mason Work.

I am prepared to furnish estimates and guarantee satisfaction on all kinds of Mason work.

17tf C. P. MILLER, Manchester Iowa.

In cases of cough or croup give the little one One Minute Cough Cure. Then rest easy and have no fear. The child will be all right in a little while. It never fails. Pleasant to take, always safe, sure and almost instaneous in effect. Smith Bros.

Illinois Central

INNOVATION.

Elegant New Parlor Dining Cars between Chicago and Omaha on the Fast Mail.

These combination cars which have been especially fitted up for service between Chicago and Omaha at the company's shops, are run west bound from Chicago on the Fast Mail, train No. 5, on the Chicago Express, train No. 4. They are artistic and handsome in design, and convenient in arrangements. They have all the features of a regular dining car and of a Pullman parlor car, the two being in separate compartments and entirely independent one from the other. The dining compartments has a large kitchen and an uncramped seating capacity of fourteen at the dining tables. The parlor compartment is handsomely decorated, and is equipped with ten heavily upholstered revolving armchairs are particularly comfortable, being of a new and special shape designed for these cars. As these trains make the trip across Iowa for the most part by daylight, this innovation in car equipment, in addition to its convenience for through passengers, is especially advantageous for Omaha and Chicago passengers to and from local points.

Particulars as to this and other Illinois Central train service between Chicago and Dubuque Sioux City, Sioux Falls, Council Bluffs and Omaha of your local ticket agent, or by addressing the nearest of the following: J. F. Merry, A. G. P. A., Dubuque, Iowa; W. H. Brill, D. P. A., Omaha, Neb. 32w3 A. H. HANSON, G. P. A.

Don't be satisfied with temporary relief from indigestion. Kodol Dyspepsia Cure permanently and completely removes this complaint. It relieves permanently because it allows the tired stomach perfect rest. Dieting wont rest the stomach. Nature receives supplies from the food we eat. The sensible way to help the stomach is to use Kodol Dyspepsia Cure, which digests what you eat and can't help but do you good. Smith Bros.

Illinois Central

Low Excursion Rates

With long limits to Denver, Colorado springs, Pueblo and Glenwood Springs, Col., Ogden and Salt Lake City, Utah, Hot Springs and Deadwood, S. D., St. Paul, Minneapolis and Duluth, Minn.

Excursion tickets will be sold from Illinois Central points to the above named points at rates less than the regular one way fare, from August 1 to 10 inclusive. Tickets will also be sold July 23 to 31 and August 11 to 31, at a rate of one fare plus $2. Stop overs will be allowed at certain points on tickets to Colorado and Utah points. For information concerning stop overs, and the exact rates apply to any Illinois Central ticket agent. Final limit on all tickets October 31st.

J. F. MERRY,
31-4-w Asst. Genl. Pass. Agt., Dubuque, Ia.

If the action of your bowels is not easy and regular serious complications must be the final result. Dewitt's Little Early Risers willl remove this danger. Safe, pleasant and effective. Smith Bros.

Notice of Appointment of Executrix.

STATE OF IOWA, } ss
Delaware County }

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, That the undersigned has been duly appointed and qualified as Executrix of the Estate of John C. Roney, late of Delaware County, 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.

JOHANNA RONEY,
Dated July 27, 1901. Executrix.
Bronson & Carr, Atty's for Estate. 31w3

P. T. Thomas, Sumterville, Ala., says, I was a sufferer from dyspepsia when I commenced taking Kodol Dyspepsia Cure. I took several bottles and can digest anything. Kodol Dyspepsia Cure is the only preparation containing all the natural digestive fluids. It gives weak stomachs entire rest, restoring their natural condition. Smith Bros.

Bucks For Sale.

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

The large and increasing circulation of The Iowa Homestead in this county is a matter for congratulation to the publishers and to good farming, for, of all the papers of its class in the country, it is easily the best and most helpful. Its Special Farmers' Institute editions, issued with the regular edition the first week in each month, have been for years the admiration of all practical farmers. Written wholly by farmers, they are full of actual experience, and smell of the soil. We have been fortunate enough this season to secure terms for The Homestead and its Special Farmers' Institute Editions, together with The Poultry Farmer and The Farmers' Mutual Insurance Journal, four of the most valuable farm publications in the country, that enable us to offer the four in connection with our own paper for $1.90 for the entire five, one year. This is emphatically a good thing, and no farmer in this county should fail to take advantage of this offer. For a large line of thoroughly practical farm reading nothing has ever been offered before that equals it. A county paper, a farm paper, a poultry paper, a farm insurance paper and the Special Farmers' Isntitute, all for $1.90 Come in and order them.

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 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 a ll ot th above can be had of agents of the Illinois Central, or by addressing F. Merry, A. G. P. A., Dubuque, Iowa.

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.

One Fare Plus $2.

There are still some good lands in northwestern Iowa, southwestern Minnesota and South Dakota, and if you are expecting to make a change in location, you should take advantage of the low excursion rates in effect. On the first and third Tuesday of each month excursion tickets, bearing 21 days' limit, can be purchased to all points on the Burlington, Cedar Rapids & Northern Railway, north of and including Abbott, Shell Rock and Waverly at One Fare Plus $2.

Full information relative to these lands will be cheerfully given upon application to Messrs. Ilten & Brooks our Industrial and Immigration Agents, Ceder Rapids, Iowa.

If you are thinking of making a trip to any point in Alabama, Arkansas, Arizona, British Columbia, Canadian Northwest, Colorado, Florida, Georgia, Idaho, Indian Territory, Iowa, Kansas, Kentucky, Louisiana, Manitoba, Minnesota, Michigan, Missouri, Mississippi, Montana, New Mexico, Nebraska, North Carolina, North Dakota, Oklahoma, Oregon, South Dakata, South Carolina, Tennessee, Texas, Utah, Virginia, Washington, Wisconsin and Northern Michigan and Wyoming, call on agents of the "Cedar Rapids Route" for rates, etc., or address

JNO. G. FARMER, A. G. P. & T. A.,
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