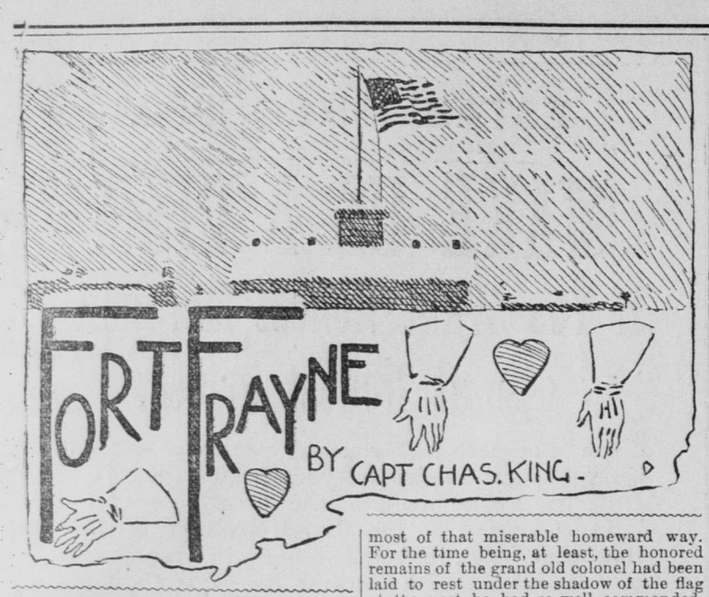

CHAPTER IV.

All this was but part and parcel of the story of the old Wyoming fort. Long years had it served as refuge and resting-place for the emigrants in the days before the Union Pacific was built, when the overland stage route followed the Platte to the Sweetwater, and then past the Devils Gate and Independence Rock—old landmarks of the Mormons—and on to the backbone of the continent, where the mountain streams, springing from rocky beds not long pistol-shot apart, flowed rippling away, the one to the Missouri and the Gulf of Mexico, the other to the Colorado and that of California. Frayne was but a huge stockade in the early days of the civil war, but the Government found it important from a strategical point of view, even after the railway spanned the Rockies, and the emigrant and settler no longer trudged the weary trail that, bordering the Sioux country, became speedily a road of fire and blood, second only in its terrors to the Smoky Hill route through "bleeding Kansas." Once it was the boast of the Dakotas, as it has been for generations of their enemies, the Absarakas, or Crows, that they had never shed the blood of a white man. Settlers of the old days used to tell how the Sioux had followed them for long, long marches, not to murder and pillage, but to restore to them items lost along the trail or animals strayed from their little herds. But there came an end to all this when, resisting an unjust demand, the Sioux, fired upon, retaliated. From the day of the Grattan massacre beyond old Laramie, there has been no real peace with the lords of the Northwest. They are quiet only when subdued by force. They have broken the crust of their environment time and again, and burst forth in the seething flame of a volcano that is ever bubbling and boiling beneath the feet of the frontiersman to this day.

And so Frayne was maintained as a military post for years; first as a stockade, then as a sub-depot of supplies, garrisoned by four companies of infantry and four of cavalry, the former to hold the fort, the latter to scour the neighboring country. Then as time wore on and other posts were built further up in the Big Horn, Frayne's garrison dwindled, but there stood upon its commanding bluff the low rows of wooden barracks, the parallel rows of double sets of broad-piazzaed quarters where dwelt the officers, the long, low, log-riveted walls of the corrals and cavalry stables on the flats below. Here, oddly enough, the Twelfth had spent a lively year or two before it went to Arizona. Here it learned the Sioux country and the Sioux so well that when, a few years back, the ghost dance craze swept over the plains and mountains like the plague the old regiment was hurried from its sunshiny stations in the South and mustered once again, four troops at least, within the very walls that long before had echoed to its trumpets. Here we found them in the midst of the Christmas preparations that were turned so suddenly into summons to the field, and here again, three years later still, headquarters and six troops now, the proud old regiment is still at Frayne, and Fenton, "vice Farrar, killed in action with hostile Indians," holds the command.

A good soldier is Fenton, a brave fellow, a trifle rough at times, like the simple plains-bred dragoon he is, but a gentleman, with a gentle heart in his breast for all the stern exterior. Women said of him that all he needed to make him perfect was polish, and all he needed to give him polish was a wife, for at 54 the grizzled colonel was a bachelor. But Fenton had had his romance in early youth. He had loved with all his big heart, so said tradition, a New York belle and beauty whom he knew in his cadet days, and who, so rumor said, preferred another, whom she married before the war, and many a garrison belle had since vainly set her cap for Fenton and found him faithful to his early love. But though the ladies often speculated as to the identity of the woman who had held the colonel's heart in bondage all these years and blocked the way for all successors, no one of their number had ever heard her name or even knew the truth. One officer there was in the Twelfth who, like Fenton himself, was a confirmed bachelor, and who was said to be possessed of the whole story, but there was no use asking Malcolm Leale to tell anybody's secrets, and when Fenton came to Frayne, promoted to the command so recently held by a man they all loved and honored, it was patent to everybody that he felt sorely, as though he was an usurper. Fenton was many long miles away with another battalion of the Twelfth the day of the tragic battle on the Mini Pusa, and it was long months thereafter before he appeared at regimental headquarters, and then he brought with him as his housekeeper his maiden sister, Lucretia, and in Lucretia Fenton—the dreamiest, dowdiest, kindliest, quaintest, middle-aged prattler that ever lived, moved and had her being in the army—the ladies of the Twelfth found so much to make merry over that they well-nigh forgot and forgave the unflattering indifference to feminine fascinations of her brother, the colonel.

When Fenton came the Farrars, widowed mother and devoted daughter, had been gone some weeks. The shock of her husband's death had well nigh shaken Mrs. Farrar's reason, and for months her condition was indeed deplorable. Loving him devotedly, glorying in his soldierly record and reputation, yet ever dreading for him just such an end, she had been so prostrated by her grief that Ellis almost forgot her own bitter sorrow in the contemplation of her mother's woe. For months the daughter was her main prop and comfort and attendant. Will, her bright, brave boy, could not be permitted to leave his studies at the Point. Royle, her first-born, was an outcast and wanderer she knew not where. Ellis, her youngest, her one daughter, proved to be her chief dependence. Loving friends and relatives she had in plenty, to be sure, and through the providence of her soldier husband, her fortune was unimpaired, and, fortunately, more than sufficient for her needs. And so, for over six months after that fatal Christmastide, the widow lay, either apathetic or in the depths of an overwhelming grief, and Ellis never left her side. And then they went for a summer at the seashore, for Ellis herself was drooping, and then while visiting at her own sister's home Mrs. Farrar began to realize how all this time Ellis's education was being neglected, and, despite her protest, the girl was sent back to school in New York, where she could be within call. This was her one stipulation, for Ellis well knew what her mother only faintly suspected—that no more sudden shocks could come into the gentle sufferer's life, without danger of ending it at once.

And all this time Jack Ormsby had been so helpful, thoughtful and attentive. It was he who met them and escorted them most of that miserable homeward way. For the time being, at least, the honored remains of the grand old colonel had been laid to rest under the shadow of the flag at the post he had so well commanded, but in the course of the second year they were brought East and buried in the beautiful cemetery near his own father's side, and the veterans of a famous regiment bowed their heads beside the helmeted regulars from the forts in the harbor, and Jack's company sent a superb floral emblem to be laid on the flag-draped coffin of the commander by whose side their popular sergeant had won his spurs in Indian battle. A famous fellow, with all his modesty and good sense, was Jack Ormsby in the armory of the Seventh all the year that followed his home-coming from the Sioux campaign, and again and again did his comrades make him tell the story of his sensations and experiences when he followed Farrar into the heart of that fire-spitting village, through that veil of softly falling snow. How red it grew in many a place! What scenes of carnage were there not after the noble colonel fell! Jack's brain used to turn sick at thought of it sometimes, but still there was the exultation of the rescue of those hapless captives, those poor women being dragged away to a fate to which torture at the stake were mercy.

There was the triumph of the overwhelming defeat and punishment of that great village of hostiles even when it was re-enforced, as it soon was, by the return of many of the warriors who had been watching and hindering the pursuit of the Eleventh. Leale had taken command, cool, yet raging over the murder of his beloved chief, and while even then seeking to carry out Farrar's injunctions to protect the women and children, had dealt vengefully with the warriors who had rallied to the attack. Ormsby was through it all, and bore himself like a man and a sergeant, even the Seventh, and swore that his Creedmoor training had been more than enough to help him empty at least two saddles. If he had "only had his old Remington," said he, "instead of a cavalry carbine," Kill Eagle himself would have bit the dust, for twice he drew bead upon that savage chief when the snow-clouds lifted late in the afternoon and let the battlefield be seen. Great work had the little battalion done that day, but all the same were they glad to see the coming column of the Eleventh just before the red, red sun went down.

Once, just once, after they had been home perhaps a month, Ellis made him tell her something of that stirring fatal day, but soon she shut her ears and fled. Ormsby came again. He began coming often—so often that that became one reason why it was deemed best that Ellis should return to school. Mr. Ormsby was a very fine fellow, and all that, said Mrs. Farrar's many relatives, but, really, Ellis is still too young, and she might do better, and so poor Jack, who was learning to do nothing less than worship that exquisite face, so pathetic above the deep mourning of her attire, became dismal in his turn and found no comfort in anything outside of the armory or Wall street.

The next summer the Farrars spent at West Point. It was Will's first class camp, and Will was cadet captain of the color company and a capital young officer despite a boyish face and manner, and then Jack Ormsby, who never before had "taken much stock in West Point," the battalion looked so small beside the Seventh, and the band was such a miserable little affair, after Cappa and his superb array—Jack not only concluded that he must go up there every few days to pick up points on guard and sentry duty and things of that kind, but Jack decided that Kitty, his precious sister, might as well go too, and spend a fortnight, and she did, under the wing of a matron from Gotham, with daughters of her own, and Kitty Ormsby, only 16, and as full of vivacity, grace, sprightliness and winning ways as girl could be, pretty as a peach and brimming over with fun, coquetry and sweetness combined, played havoc in the corps of cadets and, could anything have been more fortunate?—the victim most helplessly, hopelessly, utterly gone was Cadet Captain Will Farrar.

To the consternation of the widowed mother she saw her handsome soldier boy led day after day more deeply into the meshes, led like a slave or like the piggy in the nursery rhyme with the ring in the end of his nose by this bewitching, imperious, fascinating little creature, and there was absolutely no help for it. Anywhere else almost she could have whisked her boy under her wing and borne him away beyond range, but not at West Point. She had to learn the lessons so many mothers learn with such bewilderment, often with such ill grace, that the boy was no longer hers to do with as she would, but Uncle Sam's, and Uncle Sam unfeelingly said stick to your camp duty, with its drills and parades, rollcalls, practical engineering, pontooning and spooning in stolen half hours, no matter what the consequence. Mrs. Farrar couldn't carry Will away and couldn't order Kitty. About all she saw of her boy was drilling with the battalion at a distance or dancing with Miss Ormsby close at hand, and, on the principle that misery loves company, she soon was comforted by a fellow sufferer, for just in proportion as the mother's heart was troubled by the sight of her boy's infatuation for this pretty child so was Jack Ormsby made miserable by seeing the attentions lavished by officers and cadets alike on Ellis Farrar.

And yet the little blind god was doing Jack far better work than he ever dared to dream. The mother longed for Will and no one else could quite take his place. The lover longed for Ellis, and what earthly chance has a "cit" lover at West Point, even though he be a swell and a sergeant in the Seventh. It resulted that in the hours when the mother and Jack had to sit and look on they were brought constantly together, and then in these hours of companionship Mrs. Farrar began to see more and more how manful, honest, self-reliant was the gallant fellow who had fought by her husband's side. Little by little she learned to lean upon him, to appeal to him, defer to him, and to see in him, after all, a man in whom she could perhaps confide even so precious a treasure as her daughter's heart, and that summer at West Point won the mother even if it did not win the lady of his love.

That winter the boys came down to New York, half a dozen of Will's classmates, for Christmas leave, and such a day and night of adulation as they received. At last did Mrs. Farrar quit her seclusion to give a little dinner in their honor, and consent to attend, as a looker-on, the dance that night at Sherry's where Ellis gave Ormsby one blessed waltz and Kitty gave Will the mitten. Oh, darts and flames and furies, what a turmoil there was over that Christmas dance! Will had to go back with his classmates in time to report at a certain hour, but he told his mother in tragic tone that all was over between him and Miss Ormsby, forever—forever—and so, perhaps, it might have been had Kitty so minded. She had flirted outrageously with Charley Bates, a fellow Will Farrar simply couldn't bear, and, though neither would admit that a girl had anything to do with it, there was the usual cadet challenge and as spirited a midwinter "mill" as ever was seen in cadet barracks—a "mill" in which Farrar fought like a hero and was only knocked out after having been knocked down time and again, and then Kitty was properly punished, for Will was still in hospital when the New Year's hop came off, battered and bruised and generally miserable, while Bates, though mouse-colored as to his eyes, was able to attend, but Kitty went up to Craney's with Mrs. Farrar, a penitent indeed, and never went near the hop, but had Will in ecstasy and a dark corner of the parlor for a long, long hour, and cried and cooed over and comforted him and surrendered at discretion. Will Farrar was practically an engaged man when he was graduated in June—and only 21.

All that winter Ellis had continued her course at school, but was to come out in May, and during the long months of September she was comforted in the comfort her mother found in the companion that had been chosen for her, a gentle, refined and evidently well-bred woman, who came upon the recommendation of their rector, and who was introduced as Mrs. Daunton—Helen Daunton, a woman with a sad history, as the grave old pastor frankly told them, but through no fault or foible of her own. She had been married, but her husband was unworthy of her, had deserted her some years before, leaving her to struggle for herself. Dr. Morgan vouched for her integrity and that was enough. By the time Ellis was to return to her mother's roof Helen Daunton was so thoroughly established there, so necessary to her mother, so devoted to her in every way that for the first time in her life, even while glad to mark the steps of improvement in the beloved invalid's health and appearance, Ellis Farrar felt the pangs of jealousy.

And this was Will's graduation summer, and they had a lovely time at the seashore. Kitty was there, and Kitty was an accepted fact, and more so now. Will would be content nowhere without her, and would have married her then and there but for his mother's gentle admonition, and Kitty's positive refusal. She had been reared from girlhood by a doting aunt, had been petted and spoiled at home and at school, and yet had not a little fund of shrewd good sense in her bewilderingly pretty head. She wouldn't wear an engagement ring, wouldn't consent to call it an engagement. She owned, under pressure, that she meant to marry Will some day, but not in any hurry, and, therefore, but for one thing, the mother's gentle heart would have been content.

"HE THAT STABS IN THE DARK."

And that one thing was that Will had applied for and would hear of no other regiment in all the army than that at the head of which his father had died—the Twelfth Cavalry, and no one could understand, and Mrs. Farrar couldn't explain, how it was—why it was that that of all others was the one she had vainly hoped he would not choose. He was wild with joy and enthusiasm when at last the order came, and with beaming eyes and ringing voice he read aloud: "'Twelfth Regiment of Cavalry, Cadet Will Duncan Farrar, to be second lieutenant, vice Watson, promoted. Troop C.' Leale's troop, Queen Mother—blessed old Malcolm Leale. What more could I ask or you ask? What captain in all the line can match him? And Kitty's uncle in command of the regiment and post. Just think of it, madre dear, and you'll all come out and we'll have grand Christmas times at Frayne's, and we'll hang father's picture over the mantel and father's sword. I'll wire Leale this very minute, and write my respects to Fenton. What's he like, anyway, mother? I can't remember him at all—nor can Kitty."

But Mrs. Farrar could not tell. It was years, too, since she had seen him, "but he was always a faithful friend of your father, Will, and he wrote me a beautiful, beautiful letter when he came away."

And so, late in September, the boy lieutenant left his mother's arms and, followed by her prayers and tears and blessings, was borne away westward to revisit scenes that were once familiar as the old barrack walls at West Point. Then it required long days of travel over rough mountain roads to reach the railway far south of the Medicine Bow. Now the swift express train landed him at the station of the frontier town that had grown up on the site of the prairie dog village he and his pony had often stampeded in the old days. Here at the station, come to meet and welcome the son of their old commander, ignoring the fact that the newcomer was but the plebe lieutenant of the Twelfth, were the ruddy-faced old colonel and Will's own troop-leader, Captain Leale, both heartily, cordially bidding him welcome and commenting not a little on his stalwart build and trying hard not to refer to the very downy mustache that adorned his boyish lip. And other and younger officers were there to welcome the lad to his new station, and huge was Will's comfort when he caught sight of Sergeant Stein, the veteran standard-bearer of the regiment, and that superbly punctilious old soldier straightened up like a Norway pine and saluted him with rigid precision and hoped the lieutenant was well and his lady mother and Miss Farrar.

"There's nothing," thought Will, "like the discipline of the old regiment, after all," as the orderly came to ask for the checks for the lieutenant's baggage, and all went well until the luckless moment, when the colonel and Leale, with some of the elders, turned aside to look at a batch of recruits sent by the same train, and Farrar, chatting with some of his fellow-youngsters, was stowing his baggage in the waiting ambulance, and there in the driver Will recognized Saddler Donovan's freckle-faced Mickey, with whom he had had many a hunt for rabbits in the old, old days, and then an unctuous, caressing, Irish voice fairly blubbered out: "Hivin save us if it isn't really Masther Will," and there, corporal's chevrons on his brawny arms, was old Terry Rorke, looking wild to embrace him, and even as Will, half ashamed of his own shyness, was shaking hands with this faithful old retainer of his father's household in years gone by the squad of recruits came marching past. The third man from the front, heavily bearded, with a bloated, ill-groomed face and restlessly glancing eyes, gave a quick, furtive look at the new lieutenant as he passed, then stumbled and plunged forward against his file leader. The squad was thrown into momentary disarray. The sergeant, angered at the mishap at such a time, strode quickly up to the offender and savagely muttered, "Keep your eyes to the front, Gracie, and you won't be stumbling up decent men's backs," and the little detachment went briskly on.

"I thought I'd seen that man before," said Leale an instant later, "and now I know it—and I know where."

CHAPTER V.

The winter came on early at old Fort Frayne. Even as early as mid-October the ice was forming in the shallow pools along the Platte, and that eccentric stream itself had dwindled away in volume until it seemed but the ghost of its former self. Raging and unfordable in June, swollen by the melting snows of the Colorado peaks and the torrents from the Medicine Bow, it spent its strength in the arid heat of a long, dry summer, and when autumn came was mild as a mill stream far as the eye could reach, and fordable in a dozen places within rifle shot of the post. Many a time did old Fenton wish it wasn't Frayne's reservation was big and generous, but, unluckily, it never extended across the river. Squatters, smugglers and sharpers could not intrude upon its guarded limits along the southern shore, and the nearest groggery—that inevitable accompaniment of the westward march of civilization—was a long two miles away, down the right bank, but only a pistol shot across the stream.

In his day Farrar had waged war against the rumsellers on the north shore and won, because then there were only soldiers and settlers, and no lawyers—outside the guardhouse—within ninety miles of the post. But with the tide of civilization came more settlers and a cattle town and lawyers in abundance, and with their coming the questions at issue became no longer those of abstract right or wrong, but how a jury would decide it, and a frontier jury always decides in favor of the squatter and against the soldier. Fenton strove to take pattern after Farrar, and very nearly succeeded in landing himself in jail, as the outraged vender went down to Laramie, hired lawyers there, swore out warrants of assault and appealed to his countrymen.

The fact that no less than four of the Twelfth within six months had died with their boots on, victims of the ready knives or revolvers of the squatters across the stream, had no bearing in the eyes of the law. Fenton had warned the divekeeper a dozen times to no purpose, but when finally Sergeant Hannifin was set upon and murdered there one fine April evening within easy range and almost within hearing of his comrades at Frayne, Fenton broke loose and said impetuous things, which reached the ears of his men, who went and did things equally impetuous, to the demolition of the "shack" and the destruction of its stock of spirits and gambling paraphernalia, and it was proved to the satisfaction of the jury that Fenton did not interpose to stop the row until it had burned itself and the "shack" inside out. The people rallied to the support of the saloon-keeper—he, at least, was a man and a brother, a voter and, when he couldn't lie out of it, a taxpayer. The officers at Frayne, on the other hand, in the opinion of the citizens in that section of Wyoming, were none of the four. And Bunko Jim's new resort across the Platte was a big improvement in point of size, though not in stock or sanctity, over its predecessor. Jim ran a ferry-boat for the benefit of customers from the fort. It was forbidden to land on the reservation, but he did so, nevertheless, when the sentry on the bluff could not see, and sometimes, it must be owned, when he could. The boat was used when the water was high, the fords when it was low, and the ice when it was frozen, and it was the curious thing in winter to see how quickly the new-fallen snow would be seamed with paths leading by devious routes from the barracks to the shore and then across the ice-bound pools straight to Bunko Jim's. Bowing, as became the soldier of the republic, to the supremacy of the civil law, Fenton swallowed the lesson, though he did not the whisky, but Jim had his full share of customers from the fort, and the greatest of these, it soon transpired, was the big recruit speedily known throughout the command as "Tough Tom" Graice.

Joining the regiment at the end of September, it was less than a month before he was as well, though not as favorably, known as the sergeant-major. There is more than one way of being conspicuous in the military service, and Graice had chosen the worst. Even the recruits who came with him from the depot, the last lot to be shipped from that once-crowded garner of "food for powder," could tell nothing of his antecedents, though they were full of gruesome detail of his doings since enlistment. He was an expert at cards and billiards, said they, for they had found it out to their sorrow, and a demon when aroused by drink. Twice in drunken rage he had assaulted comparatively inoffensive men, and only the prompt and forcible intervention of comrades had prevented murder on the spot, while the traditional habit of the soldier of telling no tales had saved him from justly merited punishment. Within the month of his arrival Graice had made giant strides to notoriety. He was a powerful fellow, with fine command of language and an educatson far superior to the general run of non-commissioned officers, and it was among the younger set of these he first achieved a certain stand.

Professing to hold himself above the private soldier, proving himself an excellent rider and an expert in drill, with carbine or saber, he, nevertheless, declared it was his first enlistment and gave it to be understood that a difficulty with the Sheriff who sought to arrest him had been the means of bringing him to the temporary refuge of the ranks. For the first few weeks, too, he drank but little, and wearing his uniform with the ease and grace of one long accustomed to the buttons, and being erect and athletic in build, he presented a very creditable appearance. The bloated, bloodshot look he wore on his arrival, the result of much surreptitious whisky en route, passed somewhat away and it was only when one studied his face that the traces of intemperance, added to the sullen brows of shifting, restless eyes, banished the claim to good looks that were at first accorded him. From the first, however, the older sergeants and such veterans among the corporals as Terry Rorke, looked askance at Trooper Graice. "Another guardhouse lawyer," said the first sergeant of Leale's troop, as he disgustedly received the adjutant's notification of Graice's assignment. "Another wan of thim jailbirds like Mr. American Blood, the newspaper pet," said Rorke, in high disdain. "We'll have a circus with him, too, as they had in the Eleventh, or I'm a Jew. Where have I seen that sweet mug of him before?" he added, reflectively, as he watched the newcomer surlily scrubbing at his kit, and the newcomer, glancing sideways at the Irish corporal, seemed to read his thoughts, although too far away to hear his muttered words. It was plain to every man in C troop that there was apt to be no love lost between Terence Rorke and Tommy the Tough.

And there was another still who wore the simple dress of a private soldier, whose eyes, black, piercing and full of expression, were constantly following that new recruit, and that was the Sioux Indian, Crow Knife, a youth barely 19 years of age. He had been a boy scout before the days of the ghost-dance craze. A valued and trusted ally of the white soldiers he had borne dispatches up to the very moment when Kill Eagle's mad-brained ultimatum drove his band into revolt and launched them on the warpath. With them went Crow Knife's father and mother, and the boy rode wildly in pursuit. He was with them, striving to induce his mother to abandon the village, when the warriors made their descent on the ranches of the Dry Fork, and later, when Farrar's fierce attack burst upon them like a thunderbolt through the snow clouds, Seizing his mother in his arms the boy shielded and saved her when Leale's vengeful men rushed upon the nearest Indians, when unquestionably, yet unavoidably, some squaws received their death wound in the furious fight that followed Farrar's death-wound. Recognized and rescued by his former friends, Crow Knife went back to Frayne when the brief but bloody campaign was ended, and then was sent to the Indian School at Carlisle. Returning in the course of three years, he had been enlisted in what was left of the Indian troop of the Twelfth, and was one of the few of his tribe who really made a success of soldiering. By the autumn of this eventful year Crow Knife's comrades were rapidly being discharged and returning to their blankets and lodge life at the reservation, or hanging about the squalid cattle town across the river. Crow Knife, sticking to his cavalry duty and showing unlooked-for devotion to his officers, was regarded by the Twelfth as an exceptional case, and was made much of accordingly.

"What do you think of the fellow, Crow?" asked Corporal Rorke one day as he watched the expression in the Indian's face. "You don't like him any more than I do. What's the reason?"

"There is a saying among my people," was the answer, in the low, measured tones of one who thought in another tongue, "eyes that cannot meet eyes guide hands that strike foul. He-that-stabs-in-the-dark is the name we give such as that man."

"D'ye know him, Crow? Did ye never see him?" persisted Terry. "Ever since the day he came the captain has had his eye on him, and so have you, and so have I. I can't ask the captain, but I can you, Where have you seen him before?"

But Crow Knife shook his head. "I cannot remember his face. It is his back I seem to know. My people say that way they see their enemies."

[*To be continued.*]

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A QUEEN OF HEARTS.

"A Queen of Hearts": she whom I hold as dearest,
Who grows yet dearer to me day by day;
Loving and loved she lives, and all around her
As loyal subjects own her sovereign sway.
Queen of all hearts! she wields her scepter wisely,
With quaint, sweet dignity and gentle power;
Of all, the brightest in life's golden sunshine,
Steadfastly faithful when life's storm-clouds lower.
Not beautiful—with what the world calls beauty—
Claiming not noble rank or high degree;
Not rich, save in her wreath of love and friendship,
Unknown to fame, unknown to history.
Yet one forgets to look for outward beauty
In noting but the love-light in her face;
Feeling the influence of her pure presence,
Which makes her little world a better place.
Queen of my heart! Along life's path we journey,
Still hand in hand, as in our youth's sweet day;
One love—one life—her heart is mine forever,
God will not part us—e'en in death, we pray.

Why Not "Scientists?"

If scientia had not scire behind it, scientist would, accordingly, be every whit as good as aurist, dentist, florist, jurist, oculist and the old copist, now copyist. Where I indulged in a license was in operating, not on the stem of a substantive, but on that of a part of a verb, a present participle. Surely, you would not quarrel with colloquist, determinist, funabulist, noctambulist, sonambulist and ventriloquist, which are only slightly different from scientist?

Nay, who knows that, when grown vigorous, it may not get to be ambitiously propagative, engendering, to become radicated in usage, scientism, scientistic, scientistically, scientisticalness, scientize, scientizing, scientizingly and scientization? How do you like the prospect?—Academy.

Matilda Enham, Columbia, Pa., says:

"That Bearing-Down Feeling and dizzy, faint, gasping attacks left me as soon as I began to take *Lydia E. Pinkham's* Vegetable Compound. I was sick with womb troubles so long I thought I never could get well."

NEW TO-DAY.

COLORADO'S FOREMOST ENGINEER

Tells His Story—It Is Religiously True and Can Be Authenticated by Any One Who Will Write to the Hon. W. N. Bachelder.

WM. N. BACHELDER.

Rugged and honest, brave and big-hearted William N. Bachelder is one of the leading engineers in the White Metal State. The silver badge on the Hon. William N. Bachelder is indicative of his ability in engineering circles. It was presented to him by a silver convention held in Colorado last year. From overwork, mental and physical confinement, while he was trying to save the pieces in the wreck of the cyclonic financial storm which devastated the rich fields of Colorado, brave William N. Bachelder lost his good health. He was no longer the active man, the man of resources, the brainy engineer—why? His nerves were unstrung, his eyes lost their wonted luster, he seemed to age rapidly. He lost his appetite, gas generated in his stomach. Mentally and physically this brilliant engineer was a wreck.

Now his friends all over the State of Colorado are congratulating him. He has recovered. He is a strong, hearty man. Read what he says; doubt it and write to him:

DENVER, Colo. — Hudson Medical Institute—Gentlemen: I find but few words in the English language to express my appreciation for the benefit that has been bestowed upon me by the Hudson Medical Institute. Not a great many months ago I felt as if my days were numbered. For weeks I had a continuous headache and the slightest exertion left its mark. A feeling of nearly having run my span of life had possession of me. I was about to accept the inevitable. A friend in need, who lives out the old maxim and proved a friend indeed, recommended me to your institution. I clutched at his words as does a drowning man to anything. I wrote and told my troubles, and after you had shown me a ray of light and hope I immediately took a firmer grasp of life. I can truly and do gratefully say that I am ten years younger in looks, in ambition, in health. I feel perfectly safe in recommending the Hudson Medical Institute to my fellow-sufferers. Yours truly,

WM. N. BACHELDER,
State Engineer, 817 Equitable building, Denver, Colo.

DENVER, Colo., Nov. 5.—Hudson Medical Institute—Gentlemen: I am feeling finely. I send you my photograph. I will always speak highly of your physicians. WM. N. BACHELDER,

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What the Specialists Are Doing Daily to Restore Health and Strength to Sufferers.

It is an established rule of the institute that no incurable diseases are taken. If an applicant is found to be suffering from true cancer or tubercular consumption he is frankly told that he cannot be cured, though much may be done to allay his sufferings, but as medical science has yet failed to discover any cure for these two dreadful maladies, all the physicians at the institute say freely and frankly that it is beyond human power to remove these evils. Nevertheless it should not be forgotten that there are many instances where mistakes have been made in diagnosing these diseases, so it is well for all sufferers to apply for help at the institute.

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