

which it had struggled, and vainly, for so many hours. It was hard to think that Dulcine was in that cold tomb suffering I knew not what; but to think that she was a captive on that boat—well, I could not, for my brain refused to be urged further, and sank down under its load like a spent horse.

I fell asleep as the sun began to redden the windows, and it was not until the morning of the day following that I awoke. For a time I lay still with my eyes shut as at this first glimpse they had of the light. I felt too weak to open them again, and for a few moments I was only conscious of the pain in them.

Then a hand touched my brow! I felt that some one was leaning over me, for shortly after the hand became lighter and began moving softly back and forth. Its tender touch ran deftly like a woman's from one burning temple to the other. It lingered anxiously now and then on my forehead, and again grew heavy as though its possessor was looking intently over me. Now it brushed back my hair, which was wet with perspiration; it held the damp, hot mass away, and then it came back to the old course from one hot temple to another.

I knew that hand—but I feared I was dreaming or in a delirium. I opened my averted eyes, and, braving the bright sunlight, I looked about the room. Pak was in a far corner spreading down a tiger-skin which had been having an airing; I turned my head slightly, and there before the fire sat Dejneff, looking as ever into his great beard and humming a song softly as he studied. Then suddenly he sat up, and I closed my eyes as he arose and came over toward the bed.

"Miss Oranoff," he said (and, oh, I ground my teeth in agony that the dream should be so real!) "I believe I'll shave."

A cheery laugh arose behind me. "You could then sing much better, I am sure," answered Dulcine Oranoff as sweetly as in real life.

Dejneff grunted, for the men always taunted the old soldier of his fine "barrel-tone" voice; but he called Pak and went out of the room.

Dejneff showed I was too real, too true—to good to be true! I fell back and looked the other way. While the vision lasted I would look upon the one who laughed and spoke behind me!

And Dulcine Oranoff clasped me in her arms repeating those brave last words, "We will never part, Robert."

After a sweet, long silence together I began to realize my dream was real. During that time even the crowd of questions that soon after came to my lips were swallowed up in perfect joy. The one great question was answered; my great, killing fear was dead! I sobbed while I kissed her hands, and at last drew her own wet face to mine and held it there until the doctor's soft step at the bedside aroused us. When he had looked me over and prepared his glasses and gone again, his eyes twinkling all the time, I gave my hungry questions the right of way.

"Who released you, Dulcine?" I could not think of any smoother introduction, and the question came bluntly, crowded by the host of other questions behind it.

"Father, of course; who else could, and when did you tell him, Robert?"

Her "father?" "Oh, Menin," I cried out in my beating heart, "you good mixer of lies and the truth!"

"He forgot the signal, though, Robert, and rapped twice; but then he rapped three times a moment after. He was very nervous, and the moment Dejneff came he told him to take me home."

"Dejneff came?" I asked, breathing a prayer that the faithful old soldier's days might be long and happier ones than these had been.

"Yes; the moment I was out and on my feet. Father was just taking me in his arms. He trembled so I was glad Dejneff came, for Colonel Oranoff was in a hurry to catch the morning boat to Chefu."

"He took you in his arms?" I murmured through my teeth. Then I cursed the man under my breath. But, oh, how boldly he had played. What hellish hopes were Menin's when he held in his arms the daughter of Ivan Oranoff—through whom he was sure of driving me to the King with my confession!

But now Dulcine was over me, and the light in her eyes, as I looked up into them, told me the secret her lips tremblingly withheld. But only for a moment.

"Robert, you came to the legation the other night," she then said.

"I thought you were in that tomb, Dulcine."

"No—but-when-did you come to see?"

"Sahib Menin, Dulcine, who impersonated Colonel Oranoff at the grave that night, lured me away from you and sent me a prisoner into the mountains; who came back to free and take you prisoner too, in order to compel me to go to the King and tell the truth."

I saw I was not surprising Dulcine; she had guessed the whole truth when she had learned of the impostor who lay in her father's room. She knew something of Menin and his past.

"The night you came here, Robert, we believed that it was father whom Dejneff had found in the street; the shock of the affair, coming at the time of your mysterious absence, overcame me completely, and I could not have seen you."

Then I remembered how odd Dejneff had acted and how I feared he would ask me where Dulcine was—when he was fearing that I would learn that she had been prostrated at the knowledge of her father's injury. How we both feared that the other would mention Dulcine!

It was three days before Colonel Oranoff could come; but three days' time was not too long for Dulcine and me to put together the many story of those mad hours now past. It seemed as though the days were not long enough, there was so much to tell and such happiness in the telling. Dulcine told me of her decision to play the Queen's part and of her difficulty in

preparing herself for the unusual role; she told me of the hours in the throne room—of how she would have given anything she possessed to have been able to laugh in the King's very face! Blinded as she was, of course nothing of the pomp and majesty of the mummery impressed her, and she only saw the absurd side of it all. She told me of the long journey to the mausoleum and the terrific jolting she received within that rude cart; before the tomb was reached she had removed the light bands from her face and hands and the white robe which she wore over her own fur coat. When the signal came she was ready to step out and go away in her most ordinary costume; no, she was not frightened and had never once thought of not being released; the fear of this had never come to her! The only unusual incident had occurred when she opened the sarcophagus; a young Quelpartien army officer was hidden behind the curtains, evidently a secret guard. When she lifted the glass cover and sat up the young man fell with a groan through the curtains upon the floor. Dejneff had drawn the body aside and left it there.

Poor Kim! The first shock had been a cruel one, which, through each hour in his own cell, watching a casket he knew was empty, preyed upon his mind until he became what I found him.

In my turn I told of meeting Menin in the mountains, of his threat, of Nsase and Kysang and Kim, of finding Menin at the Legation and of my escapade in the temple of the tomb.

It was during one of these long talks in the salon that Colonel Oranoff arrived. He kissed Dulcine fondly, holding my hand the while affectionately. Then he turned.

"You sent for me, Martyn?"

"Yes," I replied simply; "come, and I will show you why," and I led him to Sahib Menin.

CHAPTER XXXII.

That hall was not so long to-night! The room at its end was dimly lighted, but the occupant of the bed fully recognized me when I entered, and he knew, I am sure, the man who came wondering after me. The Cosacks stood erect as we came in, and Colonel Oranoff went straight to the foot of the bed. I turned on a full flood of light.

The snarl from the pillows was not more suggestive than the soft "Oh" that broke from Oranoff's lips as his form straightened and his hands clutched the heavy footboard.

There was silence a moment as the two looked each other face to face.

"He laughs best who laughs last," I said with my usual triteness. Then Sahib Menin turned and looked at me. The glance was worth having lived long to see! Dulcine had been under this very roof when he had boasted of having possession of her and he knew I did not know that it was false. He had staked as heavily on my evident ignorance of the fact that he had released Dulcine and turned her over to Dejneff, as he had on making me believe her away on Tuen's yacht. He looked upon me as the criminal looks upon the hound that has brought him into the fiercer clutches of the law.

"Wrong again," the wretch answered, even now no whit dismayed; "he laughs best who laughs most!"

"Silence!" burst out Oranoff, and Menin's eyes narrowed to a slit and went to him.

"Robert, what of this man?" said Oranoff to me.

"Everything," I asked, knowing only too well that I could tell nothing unless I told it all.

"Everything, if so God gives you breath."

I began with Lynx Island, though acknowledging freely that I was not sure Menin was there; I told of the ac-

cident which gave us our first warning, then of the destruction of the temple. Oranoff sat down and listened with his head in his hand.

"I reached Keinning too late," I went on, holding myself sternly to the bitter truth, "to tell the King that the Queen had been destroyed, and I found a woman who would play the Queen's part. I promised to release her from the sarcophagus in the temple of the tomb."

Menin's eyes were on me as I spoke, and the old fear was in them; now and then he spoke as to himself. I felt—and it made my blood boil—that he hated me most because I was young and ignorant and chosen for a part which I graced poorly, and not because I had balked him. "But you are a weak actor," his eyes continually said.

"As I was at the sarcophagus to open it, this man, dressed as Colonel Oranoff, called me away. Mad with fear at the words he spoke, I followed him," then Menin laughed and I ground my teeth, "and in the dark, beyond the army, I was struck down from behind and taken into the mountains lashed to a pony's back. This man returned, opened the sarcophagus, and released the prisoner, intending to take her captive and hold her until I would go to the King and tell him the truth. But Dejneff came up at that moment, and he turned her over to him."

Here Oranoff moved for the first time. With a sigh he turned and threw his face into the other hand.

"This man then came to meet me in the mountains and said he had brought the prisoner from the sarcophagus to a yacht which he showed me was anchored near us, and promised faithfully to make way with her if I did not go to the King in the presence of two of his men and tell him that the Queen's body had been destroyed on Lynx Island. I escaped the guards; came to Keinning and found this man had been attacked by a Quelpartien mob while again impersonating you in Keinning, and had been rescued by Dejneff and brought here as Colonel Oranoff."

The room was very still when I ceased speaking, and it was Menin who broke the silence.

"The fly caught the spider," he said, looking now at Oranoff. My nerves had been put on edge to tell the story I had just completed, and the man had angered me steadily throughout its recital. The sting of these words drove me mad, and with an oath I lunged forward toward the bed. The nearest Cosack blocked the way and pushed me back. In a moment I had myself under control and I begged Oranoff's pardon.

Colonel Oranoff had arisen and was standing now at the mantel, his fingers in his hair, his eyes upon the coals in the grate beneath. I knew he was coming to some definite conclusion with regard to Menin. How would he deal, I wondered, with the man who had followed him closely half around the world?

I went over and found the brandy and soda and as I drank leisurely I looked through the room. "What a pretty picture," I mused, "at the end of the play"—Oranoff, two heavy-armed playmates, and the handcuffed Menin! Though Menin was surely thinking of Oranoff, his eyes followed me. What would he have given to have had the "fly" once in his hands!

At last Oranoff came swiftly into the center of the room.

"Martyn, I will give you an hour," he said, looking at his watch, "to restore to 'Colonel Oranoff' everything he wore when he was brought here. Dress him as 'Colonel Oranoff' and call him by that name."

I was dumfounded, and as Dulcine's father left the room a new light came into Menin's face. For once, perhaps,

he felt outwitted, and the light of fear that was now unmistakably present neither looked nor felt natural. His hands moved nervously; the fingers twitched.

I went mechanically to the table where I had thrown the false beard, and the poor wretch accommodated me by raising his head that I might adjust it on him.

"Isn't this imposing on an impostor?" he asked, with something of the old recklessness in his voice; yet the tone died away pitifully before all the words were out. One pities the wildest and fiercest of animals when once brought hopelessly to bay.

I felt that Colonel Oranoff would move swiftly now this man was once in his hands. I could not guess, though for three hours I thought intently, what course he could pursue. But the one fact that Menin was now "Colonel Oranoff" was a thrilling omen of what was to come. I remained at the bed, and it was not until near midnight that there was any noise in the building save the low rattle of the telegraph instruments in the telegraph room across the hall. I knew Menin heard these; he held his head cocked above his pillow, and it was plain he was studying the messages through the thick wall. But he could not read them, so I let him listen and trouble himself with the code of the Russian secret service.

I was not mistaken in Oranoff's moving quickly. It was after midnight when he returned; and with him came M. Grouchy and Admiral Holstrom and a body of marines who had accompanied the admiral in his fast ride from Tsi.

When all were in the room Grouchy stepped quickly to the bed, and producing a dispatch, held it up to the light and read:

Colonel Ivan Oranoff—For treachery to your country and your Emperor I exile you for life to the Krastoff mines in Siberia, and God have mercy on your traitorous soul.

NICHOLAS II, Emperor.

Though just as a decree from heaven, yet I ached with pity for the brave devil caught in the death-maw of his own trap. He was not defiant now. For a while he seemed unable to grasp the meaning of it. But when he did, he only turned on his pillows and hid his face.

Before morning he was taken to the marines and Cosacks of Tsi, looking for all the world like Ivan Oranoff. He had avoided a hundred traps set by others and fallen heavily into one set by himself. He had no redress; for the Indian Menin had disappeared forever from human sight and knowledge and recollection in that Quelpartien hut from which "Colonel Oranoff" emerged!

CHAPTER XXXIII.

Colonel Oranoff was compelled to return to Chefu and go on from Chefu to Port Arthur; anxious as Dulcine and I were to be off, I had some matters which in conscience demanded my attention before I bade good-by to gray King and to Quelparte. It was at that time that we, with Captain Dejneff, should follow on a later boat and go on to Fort Arthur with Colonel Oranoff.

As affairs political quieted, Dulcine and I rode out once more into the bright sunlight, over Silkworm's Head, or far across the valley of the Phan into the brown hills beyond. One morning we rode out early with Pak, who led, beside his own, another horse. We passed through the Chinese quarter of the city and on by the Queen's mausoleum. For a time we stood in silence looking at the great mound and the temple of the tomb at its base; neither of us spoke, though little Pak's eyes, as he glanced now and again at me, said many things. Then we cantered on and climbed the steep foothills to the spot where Nsase gave me the sword. The narrow path beyond

was rough, but I pushed the horses on; and when noon came we ate our lunch on the summit of one of the gigantic boulders that stood beside the path.

Then I gave Pak explicit directions, and we watched him go away up the mountain; by midnight he had returned to Keinning, bringing Nsase with him, and leaving a goodly reward with the old woman who had taught the girl that dance that saved my life. Nsase could not express her delight at being brought to us, and Dulcine had found in her a serving maid as faithful as she is interesting.

On the day following I took M. Grouchy to the house of Kim Ling; the lad had slept almost continuously since the night I had forced him to say that the Queen was yet alive. He happened to be waking as we came, and when I knelt down beside him he smiled feebly. I had had Pak take the doctor to him at the first moment I had been able to order it; as I knelt, Kim reached and took my hand. M. Grouchy arranged at once with Kim's mother to have him come to the Russian Legation when he had recovered, where a quiet but lucrative position would be made for him. Another watches now, in Kim's stead, that golden sarcophagus in the mausoleum—one whose hair, I trust, will never turn as white as poor Kim's did, one who will never see the Queen's soul rampant again in those cold corridors as have the tongueless men in black, who not at all envy him his appointment!

Dejneff had kept his word and wore his long "shave" no more. I cannot say for I am learning now to tell the truth once more—that it has improved his voice, but I can say that it has improved his appearance. I thought of this on our journey to Tsi that bright day when we bade good-by to old Keinning. In a fresh uniform and on a spirited horse, a six months' leave of absence in his pocket, he looked the brave young cavalier Dulcine affirmed.

We met Colonel Oranoff at Chefu, and Admiral Holstrom's private launch took us merrily over the eighty blue miles to Port Arthur—the prize we had won!

That afternoon we were on deck when Colonel Oranoff suddenly pointed to the blue waves with a significant gesture.

"Blue water," he said, "how much that means to us!"

"How, Colonel Oranoff?" I asked.

Then he drew from his pocket the large card upon one side of which was written the menu of the luncheon to which we had done ample justice. He turned it over, and on the reverse side was a map of the Yellow Sea. He turned this cornerwise and folded it, striking the crease across from Shanghai to Tsi (Chemulpo). Then he held this up before us all and pointed to the outline of the Yellow Sea.

It was the very image of a camel! The head was the Gulf of Liaotung; the neck the Straits of Pechili, the back and breast the body of the Yellow Sea.

"You see the camel's head?" he asked quietly.

It was exceedingly plain.

"The great rivers of China and Korea" (Quelparte), he went on, "empty into the Yellow Sea the sands which give it its color. We are now running into the blue waters of the Straits of Pechili—and here at the camel's gullet stands Port Arthur, the Gibraltar of the Yellow Sea over which to-day the flag with the Emperor's eagles was flung at sunrise. Japan's exceptions to our lease of this port were removed upon our promise to throw down the protection established lately over Quelparte. Russia now is on the Pacific," here the voice strengthened, "at an ice-free port; at the camel's gullet she will hold by the throat all the commerce

with Northern China—all approach to Peking."

And before night fell there arose from the water the hills of Port Arthur and on the great mast, above the basin of solid masonry in which the huge dredges lay, floated the double eagles of Russia—Peter's dream had come another hundred leagues nearer its realization!

CHAPTER XXXIV.

We find life in St. Petersburg exceedingly pleasant, and my duty as captain in the Czar's Cuirassiers is not the prosaic thing that I had anticipated "after West Point," as we were wont to say, as though expecting to be buried alive! Colonel Oranoff is with us frequently, though now I must call him Prince Meranoff; he has a fine estate to-day far down on the Danube. His bold stroke in Quelparte, which gave Port Arthur to Russia without costing an ounce of powder, was a final triumph, and the Czar—that "hardest and best-served master in the world"—amply repaid his servant.

The Prince's busiest hours are spent in the Foreign Office here in St. Petersburg, for he is a high officer now in that silent army which is forward of us put in our parts as we were.

When I read a story, I like to have it close quickly at the end, and now I have told mine my aversion to overtold stories rises up to bid me pause. Yet there is one scene that belongs to this little drama which began in far-away Quelparte, that was acted here in St. Petersburg, which I cannot omit. We had not been settled here long before Dejneff came, and then to our great surprise Prince Meranoff brought us one day an invitation to dine with the Czar—to whom this story of Quelparte had been told. Of course Dejneff was included in the invitation—and even Nsase! All the details of the visit I left gladly to Dulcine and her father.

And there, to the Czar and Czarina, Mrs. Martyn told her story, which was forward of us put in our parts as we were appealed to for them. Emperor Nicholas was particularly interested in the myth of insanity coming upon relatives of desecrated dead. I remembered he was silent while we were laughing at a sober comment which Dejneff put in, and which the Czar plainly heard.

But when Dulcine had finished, the Czarina came and kissed her passionately, though Nicholas said slowly in French, "But the end is not yet." Then he told of the later plotting of Tuen against Whang-Su and other things of which even the Times does not tell. At last Dulcine forgot host and hostess and arose unsteadily from her chair, and when she spoke her voice sounded like a child's cry:

"I do not care for sequels, your Majesty."

Nicholas sat looking quietly at the flowers as the ladies moved away, the Czarina's arm thrown around Dulcine, but murmured low, as to himself, "Nor do I, madame."

In an adjoining room, heavily curtained at the center, we found happier themes for conversation, when, to my utter surprise, the room suddenly became darkened. Dulcine pressed my hand assuringly, and I saw the surprise was for me. The heavy curtains parted, and there in the half-light stood Nsase, a shining sword in each hand—to dance before the Emperor!

In the mountains of Quelparte she had danced for my life; now Nsase danced as for her very own. The tiger-skins, her only raiment, her long black hair again wrought into those snakelike braids, the swords bewildering in their myriad convolutions, were wonderfully beautiful. Though the tragic element, so vital in her performance in that mountain cave, was missing, yet there was an added glory here. The luxurious room, the deep carpet, the heavy hangings, the gilded tinsel of ornate frescoes, were much in keeping with the brilliant performance. The wavering lights, which, as I saw them before, were lost on the dull sides of that mountain cave, were now flashed back from a thousand glittering surfaces.

I sat at the end of the little semicircle and could look unobserved upon the distinguished little audience. The Czar and the Czarina now saw a thing new even to their eyes; they lost not one curling ray of fire, not one reeling bolt, not one bright crash of flame.

Beyond sat old Dejneff—looking as though he had seen the tiger-woman at last! He nursed his knuckles seriously, and now and then mechanically stroked his missing beard, whereupon he stirred uneasily. The flickering light played hide-and-seek in the furrows of the man's face, and I knew he was far away in Quelparte. If I never see Dejneff again, I have this vision of his sturdy, honest phiz to remember—and the memory will be a precious one.

Nearer me, just beyond Dulcine, Prince Meranoff leaned forward in a great armchair, his face thrust into his hand, the steady eyes upon the writhing blades and lighted by the reflected fires. In the position he had happened to assume, one shoulder was higher than another, and a tinge of the old fear of Sahib Menin ran through me as I looked covertly at him.

Beside me sat Dulcine, and I looked at her as I felt for her hand in the dark. She was gazing intently upon the mad dance, but as I found her hand she looked up at me quickly—even as she looked that night in my room in the Russian Legation in Keinning when she had arisen so strongly to such a deed of infinite daring. My thought became her own, and we kissed each other there in the gloom.

And as I looked again for a last time from face to face, and then once more upon that thing of fire before us, Quelparte with the tender vistas of its paddy-fields, its white-robed inhabitants, their myths and superstitions, gray old Keinning and its secret which the broad river Phan still bears with sealed lips to the sea came back to me as it can never come again until I see those same faces lighted as they were that night by the trembling flashes shot from the sword-dancer's blades.

THE END.

FOR HONOR'S SAKE--By Allen Forster

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WHEN a fresh-faced boy graduate from West Point arrived at a Western post, knowing about as much about Indian warfare as he did of the halls of Congress, it was usual to "put him through." He was sent out on a scout in charge of a dozen or a score of men. At a proper time and place an alarm would be given, and then it was for the tenderfoot lieutenant to show his strategy and nerve. As a rule, he came back with flying colors and felt himself a hero until the joke was whispered in his ear.

When young Warner reported himself at Fort Smith there had been a treaty of peace with the Indians for a year, and so far as known, not a hostile had been within twenty miles of the post for months. On a certain winter's day he marched out at the head of a score of men to undergo his trial. There was winking and smiling among the men, and nodding and smiling among the officers. Coyotes and jackrabbits would be started up and hustled along; but as for Indians, not a moccasin track would be met with in the day's tramp. The young officer was coached, advised and instructed, and he went forth prepared to win his spurs and a record. He had been with Company G only a month, but the men had taken a great liking to him and hoped that he would prove a cool hand. When the little force had covered a distance of ten miles, and was ready to swing to the east through the sagebrush and the boulders, Sergeant Whittaker slyly whispered to Corporal O'Flanagan:

"Hist now, Mike, but pass the word to the men not to fall over the boy when the alarm is given. He's the youngest chicken we ever put through at this post, and he must have a fair

chance. He thinks it's real business, with tomahawks and scalping knives thrown in, and I wouldn't like to see him get rattled. Over yan by the big rock is where the circus is to open."

The circus opened by shouts from three or four of the men—by a moment of confusion—by a leap to cover and the opening of a rapid fire on a supposed enemy. It was a sudden thing, and it was so real that the young lieutenant lost his nerve for the moment and ordered a retreat and broke back for twenty yards. It was over in five minutes, and the sergeant reported that the enemy was in flight, but that five minutes had been fatal to the boy. He realized it even before the sergeant looked at him in a pitying, reproachful way, and before he had seen the men smiling at each other. He had come out to win his spurs, and was to go back to be branded as a coward. That meant social ostracism—outlawry—dishonor.

The boy sat down on a rock and rested his chin on his hands and kept his eyes on the ground while the sergeant waited and sympathized. By and by he covered his face with his hands and wept.

"It came upon you too soon, lieutenant," consolingly whispered the old sergeant.

"But that's no excuse," replied the boy. "I was rattled and confused when I should have been cool and clear-headed. It's my death-blow. They will never overlook it. It means that I must send in my resignation the hour we get back."

"But we'll all go easy on you, and I'll swear the men to secrecy."

"But I'm disgraced in my own eyes, sergeant. I'm a coward. I'm not fit to carry a musket, let alone wearing a sword. I—I thought I had courage and nerve—I—I thought—"

"Just a minute, sir—the men are calling," interrupted the sergeant as he started off.

One of the men, in scouting about a little, had discovered the trail of a

war party of forty in the snow. It led to the east. The patch on the sole of each moccasin meant the war trail, and that peace no longer existed. The band was going toward Plum Valley.

"See, here, laddies," said the sergeant after inspecting the trail with his own eyes, "our kid got rattled when the pinch came, and he's sitting up there ready to cut his own throat over it. I'm sure you'll all swear secrecy, but that won't do for him. His pride had been wounded to death. How many of you are game to help me save him?"

"As to how?" was asked.

"As to following the trail until we overtake the bucks. There's forty to twenty, and they'll light like hell; but if we are to die, let's do it for the kid—for his honor's sake. As many of you as will go along of me up with the right hand. All up, eh? I knew it would be so. We brought the kid out here and dishonored him, but please God, we'll take him back as bright as a new dollar or find our graves in the snow. Steady a bit, while I give him the good news."

He found the boy officer still seated on the stone, but now he had a photograph in his hand and was looking at it through his tears of humiliation.

"What now, lieutenant. There's a glorious chance for you created by Providence. There's a war-trail only forty rods away, and we want to be after them bucks hot-foot inside of ten minutes. It'll be a fight to wipe out all that's gone before and make a glorious record for old Company G."

The boy officer sprang up and grasped the sergeant's hand with a "God bless you!" and then they were off. It was a plain trail, as the hostiles meant it to be, and it was followed for miles and miles on thelope and with scarcely a halt. Then there came the report of a single rifle and a bullet dashed the boy's cap off. The Indians discovered that they were being followed and had taken cover. There was a smile of happiness on the

officer's face as he picked up his cap and ordered the men to take cover behind trees and boulders, and the smile on the sergeant's face was grim as he added:

"It's every man for himself, and all of us for the lieutenant. Fight, ye devils, and let us have no walling over a hurt or two."

It was twenty to forty, and if there was any moral advantage it was offset by the forty being under cover. It was a case of sharpshooting—of cunning—of stealth. The kid had a cool head, and his nerve was with him. He moved along the line from bank to bank, encouraging and directing and pausing for a moment here and there to lift up the musket of a wounded man and see a shot himself. The twenty pressed the forty back slowly, but at fearful cost. At the end of half an hour the sergeant reported:

"Lieutenant, we have four killed and six wounded. That's half our force. Have we cleared the record yet?"

"Stand by me, sergeant!" pleaded the boy, as he reached out for the other's hand. "What we want now is to rise up and charge them."

"Then it's with you we are, but God will that at least one of us will be left alive to tell the story!"

Of a sudden the ten charged with shouts and yells, and the twenty-eight or thirty bucks left became panic-stricken after a moment, and fled. They did not flee from men on their feet with muskets in their hands, but from men lying on the snow in all postures, dead or grievously wounded. An hour later a rescuing party from the fort found them thus, and the first load of the ambulance contained the only two living—the kid and the sergeant.

"Recommended for promotion," reported the colonel in the lieutenant's case.

"Promoted to be orderly sergeant," was the record in the other.