

THE SONG OF THE RILL.

A laughing little rivulet,  
Went dancing on its way,  
And ever, as it ran, it sang  
This blithesome little lay:  
"I come from the mountain,  
Where chilly winds blow,  
On, on toward the ocean,  
I sing as I go.  
O'er rocky cliffs leaping,  
I laugh as I spring,  
And the rougher the journey,  
The louder I sing."

I watched the little rivulet  
Grow strong and deep and wide,  
When lo! it turned a busy mill,  
And yet its glad voice cried:  
"Oh, happy, thrice happy,  
The stream that can do  
Some good as it turns,  
This weary world through!  
When duty is pleasure  
And pleasure is duty,  
Then life is all gladness  
And sunshine and beauty."

A river now the stream became,  
And winter's chains had bound  
An icy sheet upon its breast,  
And yet I heard a sound:  
"The breath of the Frost King  
Has silenced my voice,  
But down in the darkness  
I yet may rejoice.  
While winter is raging  
In sleet and in storm,  
Out of sight in my bosom  
My heart is still warm."

At last the river found the sea,  
And with its might and main  
Took up the song the ocean sang,  
And this was its refrain:  
"The mountains and moorlands,  
The isles of the sea,  
The winds and the waters  
Are happy and free.  
'Tis the spirit within us  
That sings or is sad;  
Oh, hearts of God's children,  
Sing, sing, and be glad!"  
—Martha A. Burdick, in Golden Days.



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CHAPTER XV.—CONTINUED.

In broad daylight, at his official desk, in the presence and hearing of officers, civilians and enlisted men, as the soldier lawyers would have it, a staff official of high rank had been cowardly by a cavalry subaltern, and that subaltern, of all others, the only brother of Folsom's fair guest, Jessie Dean—the boy who had saved the lives of Folsom's son and his son's imperiled household, and had thereby endeared himself to him as had no other young soldier in the service. And now, what fate was staring him in the face? Released from arrest but a day or so before upon appeal of the officer whom he had so soon thereafter violently assaulted, Marshall Dean had committed one of the gravest crimes against the provisions of the mutiny act. Without warrant or excuse he had struck, threatened, assaulted, etc., a superior officer, who was in the discharge of his duty at the time. No matter what the provocation—and in this case it would be held grossly inadequate—there could be only one sentence—summary dismissal from the army. Just as sure as shooting, if Burleigh preferred charges that boy was ruined.

And four mortal hours that afternoon it looked as though nothing could hold Burleigh's hand. The man was livid with wrath. First he would have the youngster's blood, and then he'd dismiss him. Folsom pointed out that he couldn't well do both, and by two o'clock it simmered down to a demand for instant court-martial. Burleigh wrote a furious telegram to Omaha. He had been murderously assaulted in his office by Lieut. Dean. He demanded his immediate arrest and trial. Folsom pleaded with him to withhold it. Every possible amende would be made, but no! Indeed, not until nearly four o'clock could Folsom succeed in the last resort at his disposal. At that hour he had led the quartermaster \$15,000 on his unindorsed note of hand, on condition that no proceedings whatever should be taken against Mr. Dean, Folsom guaranteeing that every amende should be made that fair arbitration could possibly dictate. He had even gone alone to the bank and brought the cash on Burleigh's representation that it might hurt his credit to appear as a borrower. He had even pledged his word that the transaction should be kept between themselves.

And then there had been a scene with that drunken wretch Newhall. What possible hold had he on Burleigh that he should be allowed to come reeling and storming into the office and demanding money and lots of money—this, too, in the presence of total strangers? And Burleigh had actually paid him then and there some hundreds of dollars, to the stupefaction of the fellow—who had come for a row. They got him away somehow, glad to go, possibly, with his unexpected wealth, and Burleigh had explained that that poor devil, when he could be persuaded to swear off, was one of the bravest and most efficient officers in the service, that he was well to do, only his money, too, was tied up in mines; but what was of more account than anything else, he had devotedly and at risk of his own life from infection nursed his brother officer Burleigh through the awful epidemic of yellow fever in New Orleans in '67. He had saved Burleigh's life, "so how can I go back on him now," said he.

All this was the old trader revolving in mind as he hastened to the depot, all this and more. For two days Marshall Dean and C troop had stood ready for special service. Rumor had it that the old general himself had determined to take the field and was on his way to Gate City. It was possible to escort him and his staff the troop was ordered kept prepared to move at a moment's notice. On Bur-

leigh's desk was a batch of telegrams from department headquarters. Two came in during their long conference in the afternoon, and the quartermaster had lowered his hand long enough from that lurid welt on his sallow cheek to hurriedly write two or three in reply. One Folsom felt sure was sent in cipher. Two days before, Burleigh had urged him to protest as vehemently as he could against the sending of any money or any small detachment up to the Big Horn, and protested he had strenuously. Two days before, Burleigh said it was as bad as murder to order a paymaster or disbursing officer to the Hills with anything less than a battalion to escort him, and yet within four hours after he was put in possession of nearly all the paper currency in the local bank a secret order was issued sending Lieut. Dean with ten picked men to slip through the passes to the Platte, away from the beaten road, and up to ten p. m. Dean himself was kept in ignorance of his further destination or the purpose of his going. Not until half-past ten was a sealed package placed in his hands by the post quartermaster, who had himself received it from Maj. Burleigh, and then and there the young officer was hidden by Col. Stevens, as the medium of the department commander, to ride with all haste commensurate with caution, to ford the Sweetwater above its junction with the Platte, to travel by night if need be and hide by day if he could, to let no man or woman know the purpose of his going or the destination of his journey, but to land that package safe at Warrior Gap before the moon should wane.

And all this Burleigh must have known when he, John Folsom, shook his hand at parting after tea that evening, and had then gone hopefully to drive his girls to Emory to see his soldier boy, and found him busy with the sudden orders, received not ten minutes before their coming. Something in Burleigh's almost tremulous anxiety to get that money in the morning, his ill-disguised chagrin at Folsom's refusal, something in the eagerness with which, despite the furious denunciation of the moment before, he jumped at Folsom's offer to put up the needed money if he would withhold the threatened charges—all came back to the veteran now and had continued to keep him thinking during the night. Could it be that Burleigh stood in need of all this money to cover other sums that he had misapplied? Could it be that he had planned this sudden sending of young Dean on a desperate mission in revenge that he could not take officially? There were troops at Frayne going forward in strong force within the week. There were other officers within call, a dozen of them, who had done nowhere near the amount of field service performed by Dean. He, a troop commander just in from long and toilsome marches and from perilous duty, had practically been relieved from the



What possible hold had he on Burleigh?

command of his troop, told to take ten men and run the gantlet through the swarming Sioux. The more Folsom thought the more he believed that he had grave reason for his suspicion, and reason equally grave for calling on the quartermaster for explanation. He reached the corral gate. It was locked, but a little postern in the stockade let him through. One or two sleepy hands appeared about the stables, but the office was deserted. Straight to Burleigh's quarters he went and banged at the door. It took three bangs to bring a servant.

"I wish to see your master at once. Tell him I am here," and as the servant slowly shambled up the stairs, Folsom entered the sitting-room. A desk near the window was open and its contents littered about. The drawers in a heavy bookcase were open and papers were strewn upon the floor. The folding doors to the dining-room were open. Decanters, goblets, cigar stumps and heel taps were scattered over the table. Guest or host, or both, had left things in riotous shape. Then down came the servant, a scared look in his eyes.

"The major isn't in, sir. His bed hasn't been occupied, and the captain's gone, too. Their uniforms are there, though."  
Five minutes later, on a borrowed horse, John Folsom was galloping like mad for his home. A door in the high board fence at the rear of his house shot open just as he was darting through the lane that led to the stable. A woman's form appeared in the gap—the last thing that he saw for a dozen hours, for the horse shied violently, hurling the rider headlong to the ground.

CHAPTER XVI.

At three o'clock in the morning, while the stars were still bright in the eastern sky, the little party of troopers, Dean at their head, had ridden away from the twinkling lights of camp, and long before sunrise had crossed the first divide to the north, and alternating trot, lope and walk had put miles between them and Fort Emory before the drums of the in-

fantry beat the call for guard mounting.

At ten o'clock the party halted under some spreading willows, deep in a cleft of the bold, high hills that rolled away toward the Sweetwater valley. Horses were unsaddled and picketed out to graze. A little cook fire was started close to the spring that fed the tiny brook, trickling away down the narrow ravine, and in a few moments the aroma of coffee and of appetizing slices of bacon greeted the welcoming nostrils of the hungry men. The sun that had risen clear and dazzling was now obscured by heavy masses of clouds, and time and again Dean cast anxious eyes aloft, for a storm seemed sweeping eastward from the distant Wahsatch range, and long before the little command had dived downward from the heights into the depths of this wild, romantic and contracted valley, all the rolling upland toward Green river, far to the west, lay under the pall of heavy and forbidding banks of hurrying vapor. Coffee and breakfast finished, Dean climbed the steep bluff overhanging the spring, a faithful sergeant following, and what he saw was sufficient to determine immediate action.

"Saddle up. We'll push ahead at once."  
For an instant the veteran trooper looked dissent, but discipline prevailed.

"The lieutenant knows that Carey's not in yet," he ventured to say, as he started back down the narrow game trail which they had climbed.  
"Yes; but yonder he comes and so does the storm. We can't be caught in this canyon in case of a hard rain. Let Carey have some coffee and a bite, if he feels well enough. Then we'll push on."

Ordinarily when making summer marches over the range, the first "water camp" on the Sweet-water trail was here at Canon Springs. On the road to Frayne, which crossed the brook ten miles to the east, all wagon trains and troops not on forced march made similar camp. In the case of scouting detachments or little parties sent out from Emory, it was always customary to spend the first night and make the first camp on the Box Elder at furthestmost, then to push on, ready and refreshed, the following day. Dean well knew that to get the best work out of his horses he should start easily, and up to nine o'clock he had fully intended to make the usual camp at the Springs. But once before, within a few years, a big scouting party camping in the gorge of the Box Elder had been surprised by one of those sudden, sweeping storms, and before they could strike tents, pack up and move to higher ground, the stream took matters into its own hands and spared them all further trouble on that score, distributing camp and garrison equipage for long leagues away to the east. Two miles back, trooper Carey, who had been complaining of severe cramp and pain in the stomach, begged to be allowed to fall out and rest awhile. He was a reliable old soldier when whisky was not winning the upper hand, and this time whisky was not at fault. A dose of Jamaica ginger was the only thing their field pharmacopoeia provided, and Carey rolled out of his saddle and doubled up among the rocks with his hands on the pit of his stomach, grimacing.

"Go back if you think best, or come ahead and catch us at the Springs if well enough," were the orders left him, while the men pushed on, and now, as the lieutenant said, Carey was coming himself. Some of the party were already dozing when the sergeant's sharp order "Saddle up" was given, but a glance at the lowering sky explained it all, and every man was standing to horse and ready when the missing trooper came jogging in among them, white, peaked, but determined. A look of mingled disappointment and relief appeared on his face as he saw the preparations for the start, but his only comment was: "I can make it, sir," as he saluted his young commander. Less than two hours from the time they unsaddled, therefore, the troopers once more mounted, and, following their leader, fled away down the winding gorge. Presently there came the low rumble of thunder, and a sweep of the rising wind. "Trot," said Dean, and without other word the little column quickened the pace.

The ravine grew wider soon and far less tortuous, but was still a narrow and dangerous spot. For a mile or two from the Springs its course was nearly east of north, then it bore away to the northeast, and the Sweet-water trail abruptly left it and went winding up a cleft in the hills to the west. Just as they reached this point the heavens opened and the clouds descended in a deluge of rain. Out came the ponchos, unstrapped from the saddle, and every man's head popped through the slit as the shiny black "shedwater" settled down on his shoulders.

"That outfit behind us will get a soaking if it has been fool enough to follow down to the Springs," said Carey to the sergeant, as they began the pull up the slippery trail.

"What outfit?" asked Dean, turning in the saddle and looking back in surprise.  
A blinding flash of lightning, followed almost on the instant by the crack and roar of thunder, put summary stop to talk of any kind. Men and horses bowed their heads before the deluge and the rain ran in streams from the manes and tails. The ascending path turned quickly into a running brook and the black forms of steeds and riders struggled sidewise up the grass-grown slopes in search of higher ground. The heavens had turned inky black. The gloomy ravine grew dark as night. Flash after flash the lightning split the gloom. Every second or two trooper faces glamed ghastly in the dazzling glare,

then as suddenly vanished. Horses slipped or stumbled painfully and man after man, the riders followed the example of the young soldier in the lead and, dismounting, led their dripping beasts farther up the steep incline. Half-way to the summit, peering through the wind-swept sheets of rain, a palisaded clump of rocks jutted out from the heights and, after a hard climb, the little band found partial shelter from the driving storm, and huddled, awestricken, at their base. Still the lightning played and the thunder canonaded with awful resonance from crag to crag down the deep gorge from which they had clambered, evidently none too soon, for presently, far down the black depths, they could see the Box Elder under a white wreath of foam, tearing in fury down its narrow bed.

"Beg pardon, lieutenant," shouted the veteran sergeant in the young commander's ear, even in that moment never forgetting the habitual salute, "but if I didn't see the reason for that sudden order to saddle I more than see it now. We would have been drowned like rats down there in the gulch."

"I'm wondering if anybody has drowned like rats," shouted Dean, in reply. "Carey says another party was just behind us. Who could they be?"  
But for answer came another vivid, dazzling flash that for an instant blinded all eyes. "By God! but that's a stunner!" gasped a big trooper, and then followed the deafening bang and crash of the thunder, and its echoes went booming and reverberating from earth to heaven and rolling away, peal after peal, down the bluff-bound canyon. For a moment no other sound could be heard; then, as it died away and the rain came swashing down in fresh deluge, Carey's voice overmastered the storm.

"That's struck something, sir, right around yonder by the Springs. God help that outfit that came a-gallopin' after me!"

"What was it? Which way were they coming?" Dean managed to ask.  
"Right along the bluff, sir, to the east. Seemed like they was ridin' over from the old camp on the Frayne road. There was 25 or 30 of 'em, I should say, coming at a lope."

"Cavalry?" asked Dean, a queer look in his face.

"No, sir. They rode dispersed like. They was a mile away when I sighted them, and it was gittin' so black then I don't think they saw me at all. They were 'bout off yonder, half a mile east of the Springs, when I dipped down into the ravine, and what seemed queer was that two of them galloped to the edge, dismounted, and were peering down into the gorge like so many Indians, just as though they didn't want to be seen. I was goin' to tell the lieutenant 'bout it first thing if I had found our fellows off their guard, but you've all mounted and just starting."

[To Be Continued.]

A PUEBLO LEGEND.

Poetic Tale of the City of Pecos That Has Been Handed Down Through Many Generations.

Through all the grotesque darkness of Pueblo superstition runs a bright thread of poetic legend; and one legend, since it is woven around the ruined estufa in the ruined Pueblo of Pecos, has a right to be told here, writes Marion Hill, in Frank Leslie's Popular Monthly. Pecos was founded by the man-god, the great Montezuma himself, and he therefore probably felt a protective interest in it; at any rate, when the usurping Spaniards lay upon the conquered Pueblos a cursed rule of restraint and wrong, Montezuma invoked against them the aid of his brother gods in Heaven. These told him to plant a tree upside down beside the chief estufa of Pecos, and to light a holy fire upon the altar, and if the fire were kept burning until the tree fell then would there come to the rescue of the oppressed a great pale-face nation, and deliver them from the Spanish thrall.

So the fire was lit, and a sentinel was posted to guard its sacred flame; and the tree was planted—under the circumstances the planter would be excusable in planting the tree as insecurely as possible. But year after year passed, and the tree remained standing. Sentinel succeeded sentinel, and the flame lived on. Generations withered away, yet deliverance seemed no nearer. One day there came a rumor from old Santa Fe that the city had surrendered to a white-faced people. Was this the band of deliverers? That day at noon the sacred tree toppled and fell. Spanish rule was no more. The prophecy had been fulfilled.

If there be an unbeliever of this legend, let him go to the ruins of Pecos and see for himself that whereas the city was built upon a mesa so barren that no trees are there nor ever have been there, yet across the crumbling estufa lies the fallen body of a pine of mighty growth. The like of it is not for many miles around. Whence then did it come?

Bear and Cow Friends.

Out in Wyoming a farmer caught a bear cub and put it in the barn over night. In the morning he found it lying alongside of a cow whose calf had been taken away the day before. The bear was taking milk from the cow. From that day a friendship sprang up between the oddly assorted pair, and the farmer, out of curiosity, let them go together. The bear went to pasture with the cow and returned with her, and when the cow was being milked, would sit on his hind legs and watch the operation. The cow would look at the little fellow and "moo" contentedly, and lick him fondly. But the cub soon grew too big and rough in its play, and the cow hooked him, so the pair were separated and the bear was sold to a circus man.—Golden Days.

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