# The Two Tramps.

I.

Chambers Journal.

They were crossing the bay when the accident occurred, and the young skipper dug his heels very angrily into the deck planks of the bridge and listened to the adorned tale of the engineer with a superabundance of patience. The surplus expression of Mr. Jamieson was at times particularly appalling, and covered more than half of his story. The pitch of it was this: The crank shaft of the tramp Tudor had long since seen and ended its better days, and having lately been severely worked by the hard driven engines had, from sheer and utter weariness of an overtaxed old age, fallen into sections on the flooring of the engine room.

When the expansive account was finished, Capt. Bennet put a question to the engineer:

"Can you fix her up, and how long would the job take?"

The engineer thoughtfully applied a wad of grease black waste to his perspiring forehead to awaken his intellect, leaving a beautiful coal-colored mark where he had rubbed, and then answered:

"Impossible to say how long the job would take to fix."

"Then we'll need to look out for a tow?" asked the captain, and raised his eyes inquiringly around the horizon in search of any steamer that it seemed probable they would have to call upon for assistance.

"That's what you'd better do," answered the engineer surlily; and he shaded his eyes and gazed into the far off afternoon sunlight, seeing the work "sack" written large over his job in the Tudor. "I've done the best I can," he added after a pause. "I've driven her a clean ten knots right through from Jaffa—and—confound it!—I'd have done it all the way to Liverpool but for that lazy lump of a second."

"Well, it's no earthly use crying over spilled milk," said the philosophical tramp skipper.

"Spilled machinery, you mean," growled the irate Jamieson.

He seated himself on the casing of a steam winch pipe to consider the situation, and stared gloomily into the depths of purple that ran in swollen ponds across the bay; while Bennet paced the tramp's deck forward of the chart room, fuming at the fate that had brought his ship to a standstill, and waiting for a definite decision from the engineer.

"Look here, sir," said that worthy mechanic; "I might get her to go under one engine. It has been known to be done. Only once she started she'd have to keep on going, and you couldn't go astern. Stop her, and we'd be long enough in starting her afresh."

"And if you can't manage the one engine business?" inquired Bennet.

"We'd have to fit another shaft. We have a spare one in the No. 3 hold."

"Go ahead, then, Mr. Jamieson; that's the tune. Try her at that."

Then the engineer strode away, and Bennet mounted to the upper bridge; and while, below, the levers and machinery worked to the jerk of hissing steam, and much personal enunciation floated up to the captain's ears, he watched anxiously for any solitary puff of smoke or sign of a steamer. In front of the foremast head he had hoisted two cork fenders as intimation to vessels that his ship was not under control; though, indeed, no vessels came their way. For two hours the fenders had swung lazily to the heave of the Tudor, when Jamieson came on the bridge and delivered his verdict in a rusty voice, and Bennet listened with the feelings of despair that comes to a man who sees his only means of livelihood flying from him.

"It's no use," said the engineer. "We can't get the cylinder to work. We'll have to mend the job. I'd like all hands if I can have them. The job may take three days, or it may be a week."

"Hang it!" muttered Bennet, sticking his hands deep in his pockets. "A week? And the oranges will be rotten before we get home. Just the luck of a first voyage skipper."

II.

During the dark hours the Tudor, with two red lights swinging from her masthead lamp halyards, tumbled about the ugly seas of Biscay bay in grim solemnity and loneliness.

Two gaunt and very ragged looking trysails and staysails ballooned from her spencer and forestays. Such sails would hardly have been of use to an up to date mail boat, much less to the Tudor, built as she was on the splendid lines of the average dividend paying tramp; indeed, she provokingly turned her flat bows to all points of the compass, and wallowed and poked in the shimmering crested swells the whole night through.

Her enraged skipper watched her movements as he paced athwart the bridge. His anxiety grew as time dragged on, and not without cause. The barometer was falling and the clouds heaping up in the northwest.

About midnight, when the breeze gathered heart, two sailing ships came out of the north and crept swiftly, with a red eye gleaming from each hull, until they worked abaft the Tudor's beam, then vanished like weird spectres. But no steamer came, and the night trailed through to dawn and daylight.

Not until the Tudor had lain at her own sweet will full twenty-four hours did anything show up to lessen Capt. Bennet's anxiety. It came in the shape of a tub-bowed, flat-bottomed, stump-masted, rolling, big tramp, that wallowed up from the southward through the long seas, dipping her ugly nose as she came, and exhibiting a round, rusty side to the glinting red of the sinking sun.

The stranger, no doubt seeing the signals flying from the Tudor's masthead and span, and interpreting them as the promise of something that lay rich to his hand, sent belches of smoke from his lean and five colored funnel, and bore down to the helpless ship with all his might. He came shooting to within a mile of the Tudor, then slowed his engines and rolled slowly to within a couple of ship's lengths of her.

"What's the matter, cap'in? Engines broken down?"

There was a grim smile of confident satisfaction on the hairy face of the interlocutor. He gave the man at the wheel an order, and the tramp seethed a few yards closer; then he revealed himself, a big, stout, pompous individual, and leaned over the bridge railing, while he rubbed a pair of broad tarry palms together.

"What's up?" he grinned. "You've got two bails up for'ard."

"Broken down," answered the Tudor's master.

"Um!" grunted the other tramp's skipper as he cast a comical look fore and aft the ship. "Where from, cap'in?"

"Jaffa, with a cargo of oranges my owners picked up for Liverpool."

"S'pose you're in a big 'urry to get 'em 'ome—eh? Oranges soon goes bad."

"I'm wanting a tow," said Bennet. "The engineer told me he may be a couple of days mending her up below."

"Rotten?" queried the newcomer. "Um! The Miltiades—my own barge here—ain't up to much—my own bit o' property. Pretty good looking, though, and able to drag that ramshackle affair of yours. What do you offer for a tow?"

"Two hundred and fifty pounds to Liverpool," answered Bennet modestly.

In answer to the Tudor's demand, the Miltiades' skipper raised a big hand in deprecation.

"Phew!" he said; "and who's to pay for the coal what's used in steaming, the grubbing of two days, and pay for all hands, I'd like to know; and wear and tear of my steamer? Besides," he added, with a grin and chuckle, "do unto others as others 'ud do unto you if they got half a chance."

"Isn't £250 sufficient?" cried Bennet, with some indignation.

"Don't leave scarce no margin for profit," answered the other man coolly.

"I'll tell you what I will do. For £900 I'll take all risks of weather and so on. Your cargo must be worth all of £10,000. As for the ship—well, she ain't what I'd call a beauty; so we won't say much about her. Anyhow, she'd fetch a couple of thousand sold as old scrap iron. Ain't my offer fair?"

"It's an almighty pickle," muttered Bennet, for the Miltiades' skipper had struck home. The Tudor's cargo of 60,000 cases of oranges was worth £10,000 to the owner. But this was the point: If Bennet refused a tow, and landed a bad cargo through delay caused by his broken shaft, he would get the blame and a permanent holiday; on the other hand, accepting assistance and arriving home with a clean cargo, he might be able to dispense with the holiday and keep his job. Still, the coup was very, very doubtful. The sword of Damocles could not be held by a finer hair.

Bennet signaled to Jamieson who stood beneath the bridge coolly grinning, and when he reached the top of the ladder the skipper ardently exhorted him to promise steam in twelve hours, or even twenty. But the engineer would not make any promises. He did not see why he should kill himself with work to save another man's neck, and said aloud something about "more jobs than church steeples." At this Bennet spouted up an indigestible adjective and treated the engineer to many vivid and lightning-like prayers concerning rotten engines and unlucky tramp steamboat skippers.

Jamieson did not resent the language. On the contrary, it gave him a twinge of satisfaction, and he dropped a remark about "being in the same box;" which insinuation brought vividly to Bennet's mind visions of tramping Mosley-st. and Quayside in Geordie-Land, and Water-st. in Liverpool, looking for a ship, armed with thick-soled boots and much strong language, and a few small pence borrowed from a hard-up landlady to buy biscuits and beer. It was in the middle of these bad dreams that the Miltiades' skipper impatiently hailed the bridge of the Tudor.

"My old steamboat ain't going to wait here all night for your coffee mill, cap'in," he roared, giving at the same time his engines a touch ahead and sneering his vessel close to the Tudor. "What's the decision?"

"Three hundred and fifty," answered Bennet nervously.

"Thank'ee very much," came the mocking reply. "Then the oranges will be perfectly rotten before they gets 'ome if you wait for my services. Good night," and he put his hand to the telegraph.

"Four hundred," shouted Bennet, desperately. "Come, that's a fair and square price."

"It is," replied the warrior's master sarcastically. "It's simply monstrous; and you'd better eat your oranges rather than chuck 'em away."

Before he had finished speaking his propeller was churning the blue water astern to a frothy milk, and Bennet watched the immense square stern of the Miltiades as it wabbled slowly past the Tudor's stern. He held his breath for one impatient minute; then he bawled at the top of his voice, "I'll make it £700."

The other steamer wallowed around, and her screw ceased working. A ship's length distance from the broken down tramp her skipper called triumphantly:

"Eight hundred. Not a cent less."

The unfortunate Bennet saw it as his last chance, and a glance at the uncomfortable northwest hastened his decision.

"I'll take you at that," he groaned. "I might as well be hung for a sheep as a lamb; and if I get booted out by the owner I'll lay the result at your door."

"You may come to me for a job," jeered the hairy faced man, "if he sacks you. I shall be wanting a trustworthy man for this ship after this paying job; for I'll retire. Send a boat with your hawsers and we'll connect your old orange box to my ship."

Bennet, with deep forebodings, put out a boat and passed his steel wires to the Miltiades.

III.

They had not been more than six hours in tow before no less than a half dozen steamers came out of the southern horizon and passed into the north. Bennet, on the bridge, watched them with glowering and hungry eyes, and as they passed cursed the folly that led him to accept assistance in such haste. Here, from this host of vessels, he could have chosen a most respectable tow, with £200 as a limit, and Matthew Walker was the man to know it. There was absolutely no excuse for his paying such an extravagant sum as £800. Bennet almost prayed that a gale would come. "It would save my bacon, if anything could," he mumbled. But the weather obstinately kept fine. He went to Jamieson for sympathy, and confided to him his thoughts. The engineer became quite hearty. "Friends in distress make sorrow the less," he said. He even grinningly asked Bennet for the promise of a chief's job in the Miltiades when he should take her over, and tried to bargain for £18 a month wages. Indeed, he seemed to take heart, induced perhaps by the motto, and worked so spiritedly at his engines that the shaft was fitted and had taken a half dozen turns to his complete satisfaction the day after the Miltiades took the Tudor in hand. Bennet received this piece of news very gloomily; he saw in it another nail in his half sealed coffin. Again he cursed the steamer that had picked him out of the frying pan and hove him at his own request into the fire. He remonstrated with Jamieson.

"Look here," he said heatedly, "why didn't you tell me the job could have been patched so quickly? Surely you must have known?"

Jamieson smiled gently, while the greasy wrinkles in his face shone in sympathy and dirt.

"Didn't," he replied! "and it's no matter—is it? The owner can't blame you for doing the best in his interest. You have my word I couldn't promise."

Full well he knew that the Tudor's owner was not the man to take abstract conclusions, however good, into account in Bennet's defense, while the gross results of the voyage came dangerously near comparative loss instead of affluent profit. He was not a being of that sort. He would rate his employe's worth not according to his moral or intellectual ability, but solely in consonance with his capacity for increasing, and on occasion multiplying, the Tudor's exchequer. The denouement of the affairs de Tudor came unpleasantly before Bennet's mind, and he produced the effect in words.

"Well, it's all up," said the latter moodily, "and the Tudor and I'll part company after this—my first voyage."

They were talking the matter over in the cabin, and it was while the skipper pondered further on his foggy future that he was suddenly roused from his apathetic state by a loud and violent blast on a steam whistle. He rushed on deck to see what the matter was, followed by Jamieson.

Right abeam, moving slowly and losing way, was the great and unshapely tramp Miltiades; alongside the Tudor her own hawsers trailed like white and gleaming snakes. Bennet gazed at her for a minute, looking curiously at her still propeller. Then he turned to the chief engineer and said quietly, "Stand by, Mr. Jamieson. I guess it's our turn now;" and as Jamieson rushed below to the engine platform, Bennet raced on to the Tudor's upper bridge, where the mate was bawling orders to haul in the wires. He rang up the engines to "slow ahead;" then he put the helm down, and the old tramp wore round under her restored machinery and oozed up to the Miltiades. Bennet stopped his engines, leaned over the bridge rail, and took a cool survey of the Miltiades' crestfallen skipper, who glared savagely but helplessly back.

"Yes, I'm all right, thank you, captain," said Bennet, nodding his head. "But what's the matter with that old tugboat of yours?"

"Engine gone smash," shouted back the elder man, his late sarcasm exchanged for a white heat of rage.

Bennet smiled; he could afford to do it now, and lit a cigarette with great care.

"Where are you from?" he asked at length.

"Alexandria, with a cargo of onions for some Liverpool people."

"Big hurry, I suppose? Want a tow?"

"I'd take one cheap."

"Depends on what you call cheap" was the irritating reply of the man with the big trump card. "What's your offer, anyhow?"

"Call it £200."

"Yes, that's pretty decent for some old hooker that's coming home light or with a bad freight, and wants to make her dock dues; but I couldn't think of it, although I don't want to be hard on you," and Bennet smiled genially.

The elder man's face beamed, and he stroked the fag ends of his boat beard lovingly. "I'm glad you don't bear no spite," he said pleasantly. "What would you tow me for?"

Bennet lazily swung himself over the railing of the bridge and smoked placidly; he was the picture of calm contentment and victory.

"Nine hundred pounds is my price," he replied.

The master of the Miltiades made no intelligible reply; he beat the rail and stamped on the bridge for five minutes, and when he had shouted himself hoarse and blue in the face, called to the mate and engineer of his ship.

Bennet watched him with an amused smile, and when another five minutes had been registered and still no answer came from the other ship, he thought it time to follow up the everyday motto delivered to him from the hairy-faced man twenty-four hours previously: "Do unto others as others do unto you." So he hailed the bridge with some show of impatience.

"I can't wait here all night for that old onion box of yours," he called. "My oranges, as you well know, may go bad."

"Call it 400," reeled off the other skipper.

"You may call it what you like; but so long as you call it anything below my figure—900—captain, your onions will rot before they reach Liverpool, if you wait for my services. I'll remember you to Messrs. Ramshackle, Tub & Co., and tell 'em you're having good onion soup. Good night and a pleasant time. There's some nice weather coming shortly out of the nor'west."

Bennet pointed to a fiery glow on the bow, where a mass of clouds banked heavily below the falling sun; and the purple tinge of the promising storm came over the fat seas and sighed to him a melody of satisfaction and a hundred or so of weather cash into the pocket of Matthew Walker, of Newcastle.

He rang up his engines with a swift hand and grinned at the telegraph face. The reply had but "tringed tringed" from the engineer when a loud and hoarse shout, accompanied by something strong, arrived to him.

"—, your offer's vile. You will swallow up all the earnin's of the voyage. I'll give you seven hundred," and the oaklike fist of the man who shouted thumped the bridge rail in emphasis.

"That's better," murmured Bennet, who had only rung his engines to "stand by." "I thought that would bring him—that and the weather, God bless it! 'It's an ill wind'— though it pipes out of the nor'west—'that blows nobody any good.'"

"Can't help it," he bawled. "If you get broke over the job, you may call in on my owner—Matthew Walker, of Newcastle—and tell him that I can recommend you as a thorough business, captain. He wants people who can coin money for him. Only—don't tell him you bagged £800 for towing one of his ships a distance of 500 miles. It'll look bad, you know. Now, captain, this is the last time—take my offer or leave it."

There was a hasty consultation on the bridge of the Miltiades, while Bennet suddenly became anxious. What was that in the south'ard? The other captain could not have seen it. He made answer.

"Yes. I'll take you at that," he cried; "nine hundred."

"Very well, captain. I'll send my hawsers aboard again, and you may hitch on to my steamboat that old tin coffin of yours."

"I could not resist it," muttered Bennet, "although it is not wise, in the hour of triumph over your enemy, to be too sarcastic—for the tables may turn." He looked hard and earnestly astern, where three faint lines and the bulge of a steamer's blue funnel pricked the clouds.

Meanwhile the Tudor and her bait were connected, during which the owner and master of the Miltiades groaned at his folly. It was the moral of the proceedings that hurt him most.

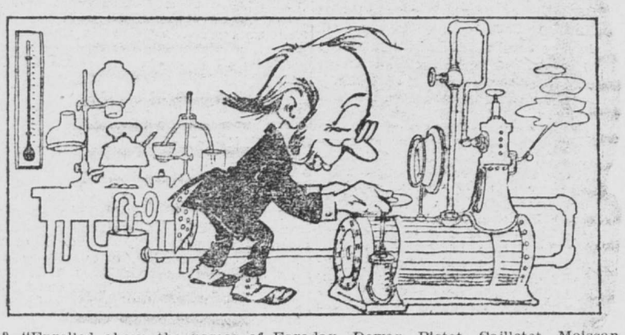
So, wth all ararnged, Bennet rang up his engines "full," and shouted down the engine room tube, "Mr. Jamieson, some dirty weather's coming on. Give it her for all she's worth. You save the oranges and I'll save your neck. Though, you beggar," he mumbled as he capped the brass piping, "you don't deserve it."

Then he glanced at the big oncoming steamer, hull down, and, blessing his luck, set his course along the great steamer track straight for the rock islands that grow up like jagged and wolfish teeth out of the channel mouth.

## THE REV. O. SHAW FIDDLE, D. D.

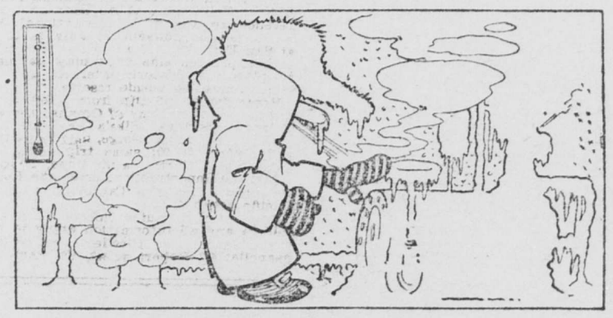
**He Experiments With Liquid Air With a View to Increase His Mid-Summer Flock.**

1—"Brethren, it pains me to contemplate the reduced attendance of our members during the heated term. I wish to announce that beginning next Sunday this edifice will be cooled by liuid air. I have given the subject much study—have erected all necessary apparatus in the parsonage cellar, and will perfect the liquefying and freezing of earth's gases during the coming week."

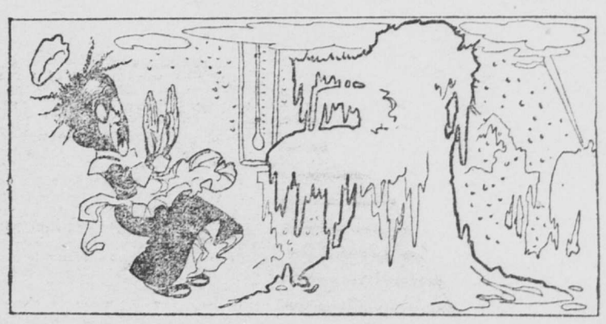


2—"Enrolled above the names of Faraday, Dewar, Pictet, Cailletet, Moissan, Linde, Olzewski, Wroflewski and Tripler will stand tnat of Fiddle."

3—"My method of creating liquid air and absolute zero is along quite different lines from those followed by my noted predecessors.



4—"Ah! it is rapidly approaching absolute zero."



5—"! ! ! !"

6—"Julie, you may bring in another bucket of water and have it piping hot, after which I will complete the preparations for my sermon against the sinful efforts of modern scientists to improve upon natural conditions."

# Tale of a Terrible Tragedy.

Nestling among the sturdy oaks and the stately elms that skirt the high lands along the west shore of Lake Okoboji in the northern portion of Iowa, stands the little log cabin where more than forty-four years ago Rowland Gardner, his wife and three children were cruelly murdered by the Inkpaduta band of Sioux. Today the little cabin is in practically the same condition as when entered by the Indians upon that spring morning. Near by is the monument, a tall granite shaft, erected by the state to the memory of the dead, and beside it stands the memorial pile that Mrs. Abbie Gardner-Sharp, the only survivor of the Gardner family, has caused to be placed there to mark the last resting place of her parents and other members of the household.

The spot where the Gardner dead lie buried is one of the most beautiful and sightly along the lake shore. It is less than one-half mile from the depot of the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul road, which is the only line reaching the lake. Going from the depot to the Gardner cottage, the wagon road winds around the hills and dales; up through glens densely shaded by the huge trees and suddenly terminates on a little plateau that overlooks the beautiful lake that seems like a huge blue gem in an immense setting of emerald green.

At the present time the Gardner cottage is occupied by a sweet-faced little woman, over whose head the snows of fifty-seven winters have passed. The visitor is welcomed at the door, and once inside is shown a collection of Indian relics that brings to mind the days when the redskins held undisputed sway over the entire West. Although not disposed to talk of the terrible massacre of 1857, Mrs. Sharp will ocasionally do so, and to the listener the details seldom fail to be of great interest.

STORY OF THE MASSACRE.

The other day when her cottage was visited by a representative of the Omaha World-Herald, Mrs. Sharp said:

"It is not my custom to relate the incidents of what has gone down into history as the 'Spirit Lake Massacre,' but if the World-Herald desires the facts briefly, I will review them.

"My father, Oscar Gardner, was born in Connecticut in 1815, where he resided for a number of years. Removing to New York he married and lived there a number of years, coming to Iowa in 1854. Five children, of whom I was the youngest, were born. In July, 1856, my father removed his family to Lake Okoboji and erected the house in which he was afterwards murdered. During the summer and fall a number of families settled in the vicinity and by winter we had quite a community along the shores of the lake. Probably forty persons, men, women and children, were dispersed among the picturesque groves, bluffs, and along the lakes of Dickinson county.

"In the fall of 1856, Inkpaduta's band of Sioux appeared upon the scene. This Indian chief, as I remember him, was probably fifty or sixty years of age, about six feet in height and strongly built. He was deeply pitted by smallpox, giving him a revolting appearance and distinguishing him from the other members of the band. His family consisted of himself, his squaw, four sons and a daughter. His natural enmity to the white man; his desperately bold and revengeful disposition; his hatred of his enemies, even of his own race, his matchless success on the warpath, won for him honor from his people, distinguished him as a hero, and made him a leader of his race.

"The causes leading up to the massacre were said to have been these. One day while the Indians were in pursuit of elk they had some difficulty with settlers in the lower portion of the Little Sioux valley. The Indians contended that the whites intercepted the chase. There was another story to the effect that a dog owned by a white man had bitten an Indian, that the Indian killed the dog, and that the white man gave the Indian a beating. It was also said that the settlers whipped a number of squaws who were carrying roasting ears from the field. At any rate the hearts of the Indians became filled with revenge, and starting north the redskins commenced committing depredations along the route. Having killed a number of settlers, these Indians reached the vicinity of Okoboji the evening of March 7. The settlers had no knowledge of what had transpired down the valley; nor through the long hours of that night, wrapped in peaceful repose, did they dream of the foul conspiracy that was brewing.

VISITORS START TROUBLE.

"My father was intending to start for Fort Dodge on the following morning to secure a load of supplies. As we were about to sit down to breakfast an Indian entered the house, wearing the guise of friendship and claiming the sacred prerogative of hospitality. A place was prepared for him at the table and he partook of the frugal meal with the family. This Indian was soon followed by others, until Inkpaduta and fourteen warriors, with their squaws and papooses, had entered the house. After eating the men of the tribe became sullen, insolent and demanded ammunition and other things. When father was giving one of the Indians a few gun caps he snatched the whole box from his hand. At the same time another attempted to take a powder horn from the wall, but was prevented by Harvey Luce. The Indian drew his gun and would have shot Mr. Luce had the latter not seized the weapon and turned it in another direction. About this time Dr. Harriott and Mr. Snyder, other settlers, called, knowing of father's intention of going to Fort Dodge and wishing to send some letters to be mailed. Father told them that he could not go and leave his family, as he feared the Indians were going on the warpath. He also suggested that the other settlers along the lake be notified of the danger and immediate arrangements made for the defense of the little colony. Our house being the largest and strongest, his idea was to have the settlers gather in it. Dr. Harriott and Mr. Snyder thought that this was only a little pet of the Indians and that it would soon pass over, so they did some trading with them and returned to their cabins.

"The Indians hovered around until noon and then went over to the house of James Mattox, a short distance up the lake, and stole his cattle, which they drove away and killed. In the meantime a consultation had been held at our house and it was decided that Messrs. Luce and Clark should go out and notify the settlers of the impending danger. They started about 2 o'clock in the afternoon, never to return. About 3 o'clock the report of guns was heard coming from the direction of the Mattox house, and then we were no longer in doubt of the awful danger that was hanging over us.

SEES HER PARENTS BUTCHERED.

"Just as the sun was setting, father, whose anxiety would no longer permit him to remain within doors, went out to reconnoiter. He, however, hastily returned saying:

"'Nine Indians are coming, now only a short distance from the house, and we are all doomed to die.' His first thought was to barricade the door and fight till the last, saying:

"'While they are killing us, I will kill a few of them with the two loaded guns still left in the house.'

"Mother protested, having not yet lost faith in the savage monsters. They entered the house and demanded flour; and, as father turned to get them what remained of the scanty store, they shot him through the heart. He fell upon his right side and died without a struggle. When first the Indian raised the gun on father, mother or Mrs. Luce seized it by the muzzle and drew it down, but the other Indians turned upon them, caught them by their arms, and with the butts of their guns, beat them over their heads. After that they dragged them out of doors and killed them in the most shocking and brutal manner. They then commenced an indiscriminate destruction of everything in the house.

"When the Indians entered the house, and during these awful scenes I, then a child of thirteen years of age, was seated in a chair, holding my sister's baby in my arms; her little boy on one side and my little brother on the other, clinging to me in terror. The Indians next seized the children, tearing them from me, one by one, while they reached their little arms toward me, crying piteously for protection that I was powerless to give. Heedless of the cries, the Indians dragged the children out of the house and beat them to death with sticks of stove wood.

"All of this time I was both speechless and tearless; but, now left alone, I begged them to kill me. It seemed as though I could not wait for them to finish their work of death. One of them approaching me and roughly seizing me by the arm, said something I could not understand, but I knew from their actions that I was to be made a captive. Then all of the tortures and indignities I had ever heard or read of being inflicted upon their captives arose in horrid vividness before me.

"After the bloody scalping knife had done its work upon the dead, I was dragged from the never to be forgotten scene. Behind me I left my heroic father, murdered in a cowardly manner in the very act of hospitality. Just outside the door lay the three children, bruised, mangled and bleeding; while their moans and groans pierced my ears and called in vain for one loving caress which I was prevented from giving them. A little farther on lay my Christ-like mother, who to the last had pleaded the cause of her brutish murderers, literally weltering in her own blood. Still farther on, at the southwest corner of the house, lay my eldest sister, Mrs. Luce. Amid these scenes of unutterable horror, I took my farewell look upon father, mother, sister and brother, and my sister's little ones.

"Filled with the loathing for these wretches whose hands were still wet with the blood of those dearest to me, and at one of whose belts still hung the dripping scalp of my mother; with even the much coveted boon of death denied me, we plunged into the gloom of the forest and the coming night. However, neither the gloom of the forest nor the blackness of the night, or both combined, could begin to symbolize the darkness of my terror-stricken heart."

Mrs. Sharp was taken to South Dakota, where she was kept a prisoner for several months, finally being rescued through the efforts of friendly Indians, assisted by Col. C. E. Flandrau, now residing in St. Paul. Eventually she returned to Okoboji, where she secured possession of the land left by her father. A monument through her efforts was erected to the memory of the forty or more persons killed in the vicinity of the lake. Over the graves of her own relatives a monument was erected of small boulders, brought from the shores of the lake. Each summer she remains at the little log cabin where her relatives were so cruelly murdered and in winter returns to her home in Minneapolis.


THIS WILL INTEREST EVERY LADY IN ST. PAUL

Who desires to be attractive and good-looking. She who does not lacks an interest in herself that she should be ashamed of. Unless one's complexion is faultless, unless it is free from disfiguring pimples, blackheads, moth patches and all other similar facial blemishes so common to women, she cannot be attractive, no matter how beautiful her features may be. Without a clear, spotless complexion, she cannot be and is not considered good looking by any one. The famous complexion specialists,

The Misses Bell

Of 78 and 80 Fifth Avenue, New York City,

Have just arranged with MANNHEIMER BROTHERS to show the Misses Bell's celebrated Complexion Tonic to the ladies of St. Paul, and the saleslady in Mannheimer's store will explain to every lady the marvelous efficacy of the Complexion Tonic and its remarkable tonic effect on a skin covered with freckles, pimples, blackheads, moth patches, redness, roughness or oiliness of the skin, and wrinkles not caused by facial expression. The Misses Bell's COMPLEXION TONIC removes all these blemishes permanently and bestows a complexion that is beautiful to look upon. The Complexion Tonic is not a cosmetic to hide and cover up the blemishes, but a colorless liquid that has a tonic effect upon the pores of the skin, driving out the impurities that clog up the pores and restoring the skin to the same delicate, velvety texture it was in infancy. The price of the Complexion Tonic is $1.00 a bottle.

Superfluous Hair on the Face, Neck or Arms

Can be removed permanently by the Misses Bell's new discovery, KILL-ALL-HAIR, which removes this annoying and disfiguring blemish forever, and kills the root of the hair so that it will never return. In order that every lady in St. Paul may have an opportunity to test the merits of the wonderful KILL-ALL-HAIR, and see for herself its wonderful effect, the saleslady in MANNHEIMER BROS.' store at the toilet goods department will give to every lady, FREE, a trial treatment of KILL-ALL-HAIR, which you can use yourself, and notice its effect. For those ladies who live outside of St. Paul, and who are desirous of trying the wonderful "KILL-ALL-HAIR" Treatment, the Misses Bell will send a trial treatment free if you will send two two-cent stamps to the Misses Bell, 78 and 80 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

Ask the saleslady in Mannheimer's to explain the merits of the Misses Bell's Preparations to you, and have her show you the Misses Bell's CAPILLA RENOVA, for restoring gray hair to its natural color; the Misses Bell's HAIR TONIC for removing dandruff and curing itching, scaly and diseased scalps; the Misses Bell's SKIN FOOD, a daintily scented ointment for use before retiring, and the Misses Bell's LAMB'S WOOL SOAP, for the bath and toilet.

Don't forget to visit the toilet goods department and ask to see the Misses Bell's Celebrated Toilet Preparations.

Mannheimers

Sixth and Robert Sts., St. Paul, Minn.


## Beaten at Their Own Game.

New Orleans Times-Democrat.

"The strangest and most exciting incident I ever witnessed in all the high play I had seen on the river," said an old steamboat captain, "occurred one night during a trip we were making to St. Louis, shortly before the breaking out of the war. We had on board the usual crowd of planters, merchants, gamblers and miscellaneous travelers from the city and every night the social hall was pretty well filled with poker tables. I was chief clerk of our boat at the time, and on the evening I have in mind I had taken a seat near the office to have a quiet smoke, when my attention was attracted by three men at an adjoining table. Two of them I knew very well. They were professional gamblers who traveled regularly up and down the river and had the reputation of being as smooth a pair of pasteboard manipulators as could be found in the business. The third man was a stranger to me, and I put him down mentally as the dupe. I never saw him after that night, but I remember him with perfect distinctness. He was about six feet high, slender, with broad shoulders, and had a dark, lean, smooth-shaven face of rather attractive expression. I was a little puzzled to 'size him up,' but finally concluded he was a merchant from some small town in the interior. From where I sat I could easily overhear the conversation of the group, and, knowing it was against our policy to interfere, the gamblers paid no attention to me. After a little general talk they proposed a game of poker, but the dark man begged to be excused. He said he seldom played the game and did not feel in the mood, and in spite of all their pressing he politely but firmly declined.

"Perhaps, then, you wouldn't mind looking on,' said one of the gamblers at last, 'while I entertain my friend here for half an hour or so?' 'I would enjoy it,' he replied, courteously, and the two sharpers began to play what would be known now as 'freeze out.' By that time my interest was strongly excited, for I knew, of course, that some scheme was afoot to fleece the stranger, and, from prior experience, I even had a general idea of what was coming.

'Both players bet heavily," continued the captain, "and one of them, who sat directly in front of the dark man, was presently more than $500 loser. A moment later two big hands were apparently dealt. At any rate there was a swift interchange of betting and raising before the draw that put perhaps $150 on the table, when the sharper on the opposite side suddenly hoisted the pot $100 more. At that his companion made a gesture of chagrin. 'I'd see your hundred with pleasure,' he said, in a tone of bitter annoyance, 'but I have less than $40 in my pocket. Hold!' he added, as if struck by an afterthought, 'perhaps you will allow me to show my hand to our friend.' 'You may if you like,' said the other, indifferently, and he passed the cards to the stranger, who was leaning forward, evidently deeply interested. The hand, as I could see, contained four aces and a six of clubs. The dark man passed them back without disarranging them and the gambler immediately laid them face down on the table. 'How would you like to back me and go halves on that?' he asked. 'If your friend is willing, said the stranger deliberately. 'I have no objection, said the other man, and the stranger counted out and handed over $1,000 in bills. The gambler to whom the loan was made threw $500 in the pot. 'I see your bet and raise you $100 he said. 'I see it,' said the other, 'and now suppose we stop this fooling and draw cards.' The big hand still lay face down on the table, and, without looking at it, the gambler pushed aside the card on the extreme right where he had apparently placed the six of clubs.

"It was an old, cheap trick, and I knew perfectly well he was discarding one of his aces so as to lose to his confederate, and would claim later that he did it by accident. His companion dealt him one card and took one himself. 'Now I raise you $800,' said the one who held the aces, putting the rest of the stranger's money in the pot. 'I call you,' replied the other, counting out the cash. Then an astonishing thing happened.

"'I have four aces, said the first gambler, and began to turn over his cards, one by one. By the eternal, that was exactly what he had! He was confident, of course, that he had discarded one of them, and was all prepared to yell, 'Merciful heavens, I threw away one of my aces by mistake!' But there were all four staring him in the face! The other blackleg, who had four kings, almost fell out of his chair, and before they could recover from their amazement the dark man was on his feet. 'We seem to have won,' he said coolly to the gambler he had staked; let us divide the spoils. With that he counted over his $1,000, put it in his pocket, and split the balance, making his share, as I remember it, about $650. The faces of the two gamblers were a study, but there was something so indescribably menacing in the man's look and they were so clearly outwitted that they offered no objection. He then bade them an ironical good night and disappeared to his cabin. He got off before morning at a plantation landing, and I learned long afterward that he was a professional card sharp, whose home was in Baltimore.

"How did he do the trick? Well, the best I can give you is my theory. I believe he substituted an ace for the six spot when he examined the hand. The gambler subsequently discarded an ace all right enough, but unluckily for him he still had four left. If it wasn't done that way I give it up."

"What did they say of your Mephistopheles, Strutter?"

"Say," replied the actor. "One of 'em said I acted like the devil."