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[CONTINUED.]

CHAPTER V.

Let us follow Joe as he leaves the rocky breastworks and creeps forward in the darkness.

The Indian never leaves his dead in the hands of an enemy if it can be avoided. It is not chivalry which induces him to peril his life to remove a dead body, but superstition. As soon as night fell preparations were made to secure the dead scattered on the slope. Half of the bodies had been removed when Joe made his start.

There was but one chance of his working through the lines, and he was taking it. Before he had crept twenty feet he found himself beside the body of a warrior, as he hoped and expected to. He seized it by the arm and began pulling it toward the gully. When half the distance had been accomplished he was joined by a warrior who came up from behind and seized the other arm and

"I thought it was my brother, but he must be farther up."

Joe uttered a grunt in reply, and the two dragged the body to the brink of the gulf. There other hands received it, and as it was lifted down to be borne away for burial Joe passed along with the three or four warriors in charge. No one seemed to give him particular notice. There were only a few Indians in the gully, the man, force having withdrawn temporarily far at to the north.



The pony went forward. Joe followed the body down the gully he not several Indians coming up to help remove the dead, but he had not gone over two hundred feet when a break in the right bank offered him an opportunity to leave the big ditch. He scrambled out at once and dropped to his hands and knees and crawled away in the darkness.

He had passed the gully, which had been considered the great point of danger, and now to get the lay of the ground about him and seek to discover if there was another circle of Indians! Creeping forward as silently as a rabbit he ascended a ridge from which he could make

observations. dead-a portion of them-while the others had built fires behind another ridge and were cooking their meat. They seemed assured that the white men would make no move to assume the offensive, and the repulse had evidently demoralized them for the time being.

The way to the north and the west was unobstructed so far as the scout could determine in the darkness, and after a bit he moved forward, having no other object in view than to cover the twenty miles between him and the forks of the Cheyenne as soon as possible. He was carefully picking his way to the northwest, neglecting no precaution until he should be certain that he was beyoud the lines, when he suddenly came upon a dozen or more Indian ponies bunched in a hollow where the dampness had brought forth a growth of sweet grass. Two or three were hobbled but the rest were free, and after creeping clear around the circle Joe failed to find a guard. If one had been left he had temporarily abandoned his

The Indian's horse and dog are like the Indian himself. They hate the Although Joe's disguise white man. had carried him through the Indians his scent betrayed him to the horses a once, and as he crept nearer, those which were unfettered moved away. scont knew the characteristics of the animals, and he lost no time. From a heap of saddles, blankets and lariats he seized a rawhide rope and made a dash for one of the hobbled ponies, making off as fast as his situation would permit. In a couple of minutes he got the rope around the pony's neck and looped it into his mouth and then he had him. It was not more than five minutes work t cast off the hobbles and arrange blanket and saddle, and then he led the animal out of the hollow and over the ridge and away into the darkness until he fel safe in mounting him. The beast fought hard for a few minutes, knowing that it was all wrong, but the strong arms and the hard heels of the scout finally humbled him, and he went off through the darkness at a gait which would have distanced pursuit had it been attempted.

Up one ridge-down the other side up and down-never a change in the lay of the ground for miles and miles, but holding as straight for the forks as the

needle of the compass could point.

Hunters in the woods have their signs and need no compass. The hunters and scouts on the plains seem to divine by intuition. To the average eye the great plains are a trackless waste. To the scout they are an open book. Blindfold him and lead him in circles for an hour, and when the hoodwink is removed he will give the compass points without

And an Indian has the instincts of a fish or wild animal. The panther or wolf may be driven from his lair and pursued for miles, but he can return to it by the shortest route. Lead an Indian blindfolded a hundred miles from any familiar point and turn him loose and his eyes will instinctively turn in

the direction of home. As Joe rode forward through the gloom of night he had no fear that he would come out above or below the His only anxiety was that he might fail in finding the party. Suppose it had pushed ahead faster than he had figured! Suppose it was still two or Suppose the order to

set out had been countermanded! The pony went forward through the ss at a steady gait, seeming never to tire, and after midnight the character

of the country began to change. Instinct

some sound to locate the camp.

The soft footsteps of his horse alone broke the mighty silence. Not so much as the chirp of a cricket came to him tack at all. There was a rush for the

dog and pony are his sentinels as he other quarter.

sleeps. There was a grove of cottonwoods at the forks, and around and about was had not arrived. He almost cried out in his disappointment, and for the next They closed in from all sides, their few minutes he knew not what to do.

"They may have passed here no longer ago than noon," he finally argued with himself, "or they may be only half a day's march to the east. I must wait for daylight to determine."

He had no fear of Indians here. Ev-

ery redskin for fifty miles around had been called in to make up the force now besieging the train. The pony was watered and staked out, and then the scout penetrated the grove a short distance and flung himself down to sleep. In ten minutes he was sleeping like a child. Therein lies the secret of the endurance of the plainmen. They drill themselves in sleeping. No opportunity to sleep for even a quarter of an hour is ever neglected. In Custer's battles with the red men his scouts slept in the deep snow with the thermometer at zero while waiting for daylight and the opening of the battle of Wichita.

Nothing occurred to create an alarm

or disturb the scout's slumbers, and with the first signs of dawn he was on his feet. A quarter of an hour later he was beating back and forth for signs of the white party. Ten minutes' search satisfied him. It had not passed. No one, white or red, had passed the forks within three days. Joe had no food, and as his rifle had been left behind the prospect of procuring fresh meat was anything but encouraging. Anxiety offsets hunger, however.

At the east end of the grove was a tall cottonwood standing alone. Joe mounted to its very top to make an observation. The country to the northeast was rolling, with timber along the course of the river, but after scanning the country as closely as possible the scout descended with the conviction that no considerable body of men was within twenty miles of him. Had the party from Fort Sully been within fifteen miles of him he could have detected the smoke of their morning camp-

Should be wait? No! His impatience was too great. He had left the beleaguered wagon train feeling that the fate of every man depended upon finding the soldiers at the forks. It had been a long. long night to the men crouched down behind the breastworks and expecting an attack at any moment. Had an attack been made? Had they been strong enough to repel it? If not, the mornin sun was looking upon their disfigured corpses. If so, the horrors of thirst were creeping in upon the defenders to madden and disorganize them. Every mouthful of meat and bread would but add to their torments. Every hour would render the heroes more desperate.

And every man left behind was depending on the energy of the scout, whose nerve had carried him out of the fort to save the party from the horrible fate which seemed in store for them. Joe realized this, and taking a deep draft of the cold waters of the Chey enne he caught up his horse and mounted and held for the west, keeping the ing the gait as fast as he dared. left Fort Sully, but he was riding furiously forward in that desperation which immediate. The entire attacking part makes men cling to straws in midocean.

CHAPTER VL

"Poor Jim-they've got him!" Meanwhile what has happened inside

Joe had been gone a full hour, and the captain felt sanguine that he had suc-ceeded in passing out before the fact of his going was communicated to all.

Bess for one had missed him, and had as sentinels, were permitted to fling Bess for one had missed him, and had as sentinels, were permitted to fling anxiously wondered why and where he was detained. When her father told as they could. The Indians were alher the news she received it in silence, lowed to remove their dead without in but had he been looking more closely he would have seen her face flush and grow

pale even in the darkness.

Men will peril their lives for men, but their loss as plainly as if the bodies been allowed to rest where they fell. take a thousand risks for the woman they love. Intuition told her that Joe was taking the terrible odds for her, and returned with greater severity, and now she knelt and prayed God to bring him all were actually suffering for water. safely through.

The evening grew into night. The Indians had removed the last of their dead and wounded, broken their fast

and planned anew.

If left alone, even surrounded as they vere, some of the garrison might sleep. To prevent this and to harass and anno and torture body and mind a score of redskins secured positions where they were safe from bullets and began a steady fire upon the fort. They did not expect their bullets to wound or kill, but

the fire was to harass and annoy. The captain of the wagon train unflavelood this, and he advised each defender to shelter himself as safely as possible and return no answering shot unless further danger menaced.

Thus midnight came and went. The horses began to betray their sufferings for water, but their discipline was wonderful. They realized the sitnation as fully as the men, and a low. kind word or a caress quieted each one for the time being. Not one of the an imals had had a drop for twenty-four hours when the train was halted, and

every nour after that meant suffering told the scout that he was approaching the forks. If the party were there there would be a score of signs to show it before coming within rifle range. At the the moisture and felt relieved. The distance of a mile away Joe pulled his horses licked at the earth—the wagon horse down to a walk and thus went covers—the stones about them and forward, listening with bated breath for cooled their parched tongues and de-

laved the end. Between midnight and daylight the When yet half a mile from the forks train held out increased the chances gold in the Black Hills. Every hour the yes heart sank within him. If there rescue by another train coming into the was a camp near at hand his horse region. Every hour that the Indians should make some sign. The Indian's dallied there let in a party from some They must strike quickly or the game

might slip through their hands. At about half past one o'clock in the grass in plenty. It was the spot for a morning the ground for half a mile camp, but there was no camp. The around the fort would have presented a scout advanced at a steady walk until queer sight had a flood of light been he reached the edge of the grove un-challenged. The settled it. The party with creeping, crawling savages, each one armed with knife and tomahawk.

> movements directed by what seemed to be the barking of a wolf. The fusillade had slackened a little, but had not by any means been abandoned while carrying out the other plan. The Indians figured that the gold hunters would be scattered to watch the entire circle of breastworks, and that a rush from all sides at once must carry

them over at some point. The human serpents were creeping up for the dash. When the signal came every warrior would leap to his feet, sound his warwhoop and dash for the breastworks. Then for victory.

Now and then a suspicious sound came to the ears of the anxious listeners. and ere long the captain was satisfied as to what move was intended. If he could not concentrate his force a rush would end in a butchery. There were fifteen saddle horses tied among the wagons. Under his orders each one of em was loosened and led clear of the vehicles toward the low wall in which the Indians had charged before. The animals stood in a bunch, heads up and ears working. They knew that danger menaced, and each was ready to spring at the first alarm.

The men were now concentrated to defend three sides of the irregular circle. Each one had his Winchester and at least one revolver, and they were nerved up for desperate fighting. For half an hour before the attack was made Bess had been crouching behind the rocks by her father's side. Every man who could reach her with his whispers had advised her to retire to the wagon and put her self out of danger, but to each one she had replied:

"Your death means my death. Your safety means my safety. I must stay here and do what I can."

The redskins were within pistol shot when the signal was at last given. In an instant two hundred or more sprang to their feet with a savage yell and dashed forward, and ten seconds later there was a blaze of fire along the breast works. Full thirty Indians rushed at the unprotected side, and as they neared it without receiving the expected volley and as some of them grasped the rocks to swing themselves over, their elation could no longer be restrained. Shouts of victory rent the night air, but only to die away in wild yells of terror.

The bunch of horses had bolted from the row behind them, just as the captain had planned for, and spreading out like a fan they thundcred straight at the low wall with the momentum of a tidal The Indians could not tell whether the horses were mounted riderless. Down thundered the living wave upon them, to trample them under foot and crush the life out of some, and

a panic instantly resulted.

The attack elsewhere had been fierce and determined. At one or two points warriors had succeeded in scaling the defenses, though only to receive death inside, while others had been shot down at the very muzzle of the rifles. It was right hand bank of the river and push. a critical moment when the stampede the gait as fast as he dared. He begun to believe that no party had tide of battle. The cries of alarm were heard above the din and the effe t was

began to draw off.

The band of horses were desperate with hunger, thirst and excitement, and after clearing the wall they wheeled to the left and charged right down through the line of Indians, scattering it in the wildest confusion. Bearing still to the left the wave thundered over another portion of the line and then broke sharply away for the forks of the Big Cheyenne, as if the night air had at last horne them the scent of water.

Ten minutes from the sounding of the signal the fight was over. The Indian must win at a dash or his enthusiasın gives out. A dozen or more had been killed and wounded, and the singular action of the horses produced a veritable

panic for a few minutes.
"That will be the last time they will charge us," said the captain as the red-skins fell back. "From this out it will

be a siege."

Three of the whites had been wounded, though not seriously in either case. And as soon as their hurts had been atterruption, but when daylight came the blood stains on the sterile soil told of their loss as plainly as if the bodies had

When the sun came up the thirst, which had been alleviated by the dew. The team horses were becoming violent, but there was no relief.

"We must hold on somehow until another morning," said the captain as the time Joe will be here with the party he easy now. set out to find, or we will be sure that we have nothing to hope for. Then we'll cool our tongues with the blood of

the horses. Where's the gal?"
"Asleep," replied Harkins, "and never

charge was made," said another of the sarcasm. men, "and know she fired six bullets "As to into the screeching mob swarming down taking him seriously, "it might be a upon us. The gal's clear grit, and if I good tjee. It would show yer faith had ten drops of water she should have nine of 'em.'

The Indians had not opened fire, much the ridge an hour ago."

"We did. That is, we didn't capture to the surprise of the trainmen, nor yet was a single one seen in any direction. When two hours of daylight had passed without a change in this state of affairs, you please." the men began to wonder if the last

reuskins and resulted in their with

"Wait!" was the grim reply of the captain as his opinion was asked Nine o'clock came, and nothing was yet in view.

"It tell you," said one of the training, as all gathered to discuss the question, as all gathered to discuss the question, cided tones. "We won't talk surrenue until the man comes in."

The renegade returned to his friends ing red within ten miles of us."

"Just what I say!" added a second. "No Indians ever made could stand such a drubbing and toe the scratch again. "Then let's be off for the forks!" exclaimed four or five in chorus.

"Stop!" commanded the captain, who had stood one side leaning on his rifle and seemingly bent on a study of the earth.

withdrawn behind the ridges to bait us out. It is simply one of their cunning

"Nothing goes to show it," growled

one of the men.
"Something would go to show moment the wagons moved out. Does it stand to sense that a force still ten to one are going to draw off unless threatened? They want plunder and they want revenge. They attempted to rush us and got worsted, but they know our fix. They know we haven't a drop of water and they know we must shoot ourselves or surrender within a couple of days. If we move out we shall be butchered before we have gone a mile."
"I don't believe in your theories," was the blunt reply of the man. "I believe they have gone off. I'm so sure of it that I'm willing to scout all over the ridges.

You'll go to your death." "Pooh! I'll come back to prove that

you don't know redskin natur as well as you think for." "I warn you not to go," said the cap-

the team horses. "I'll bring back the scalp locks of the hull caboodle!" laughed the man, and to the north. He could be seen for half view by a ridge as high as the plateau days.
and three-quarters of a mile away.
"Let us give three cheers," cried one

The men were watching and listening ridge, and a moment later the trainman's its face again. horse came flying over the swell at his closure.

"Poor Jim-they've got him!" whispered the captain, as he climbed upor the rocks to get a wide range of vision. To be taken captive by hostile Indians means more than death. Ayet a builet in the brain at the moment of capture would be an act of mercy to the poor



The captain rested it across the rocks. The captain was right in his suspi-

The besieging force of savages, disheartened at their bloody repulse, had quietly withdrawn behind the ridges in hopes to lure the white men from their

They would have waited until the wagons were strung out in line and pressing forward, and then a charge would have brought victory. The man who volunteered to act as scout had be trayed the plot. His willfulness would cost him his life, but it would save

twenty-three others.

Two minutes after that cry of alarm had reached the men in the fort the In-dians could be seen all about them. Concealment was useless, and the red demons circled about the fort on their ponies and kept up such a yelling that one would have thought they regarded sound as powder and bullet. They kept up the hubbub for an hour, and then dismounted out of rifle range to rest.

"We shall hear from that renegad before long," said the captain, as he noted a crowd of Indians at a certain point. "Have any of you men got an old fashioned rifle? "I have," replied a man named Peters.

"It's not only old style, but heavy enough to use as artillery. I brought it along because I couldn't even give it

away at Brule."

"ne gun was naned out of his wagon and brought forward. It was the old fashioned buffalo rifle, carrying a bullet like a cavalry carbine, and its owner had brought along a few charges for it. It had scarcely been loaded when the renegade stepped out from the crowd with a white flag and advanced to with in pistol shot of the fort. Then he halt-

ed and sung out: "Boys, you have made a brave de fense, but it's no use in trying to hold out agin us. Thar's over two hundred of us yere yet, as you kin see by countin up, and you don't show sense by holdin

"What do you want of us?" demanded

the captain. "Waal, when I summoned ye the other day all we wanted was fur ye to turn back. Ye refused to, and ye've killed a couple of warriors and wounded men gathered around him. "By that a lot more. We can't let ye off quite so "What are your terms?"

"Now ye begin to talk sense. If ye want to walk out and leave the wagins and horses fur us I'll give ye my word "Asleep," replied Harkins, "and never a complaint of thirst, though I know off powerful easy, being as the reds are she's suffering as much as the rest of mad all the way through." oner. "Shan't we also leave our guns and "I was right beside her when the revolvers behind?" asked the captain in "As to that," replied the renegade,

> in ns." "You captured one of my men over

him, but axed him to stop with us for a visit. He's injoyin hisself as hearty as

"Let him count your numbers and bloody repulse had not disheartened the come in and give us the figures. If you

are as strong as you say we may decide to surrender."

"We-we couldn't do that, ye know. That's rayther agin the rules of war. However, the minit ye march out we'll set him free to jine ye.

came forward to say:
"Boys, I can't hold 'em in much longer

no. I can't. Ye must cum to terms

take the consequences. 'Won't you release the man?' "We can't. It would only make on

more to fight us." "Then go back to your friends and tell them we'll shoot down every horse, burn every wagon and shoot each other before we surrender!"

"To save all our lives!" was the quiet answer. "The redskins have simply among the Indians when this news was communicated, but no movement to attack. A water hole in the bed of one of the gullies furnished them and their ponies with a limited supply of the liquid, and they knew that the beleaguered white men could not obtain a It was only a question of time drop. when the climax would come. The redskins were therefore content to preserve an irregular circle around the fort

Noon came. pricked up his ears, held his head high

and gazed intently toward the east. "The soldiers!" whispered a dozen nen.
"No-rain!" replied the captain, as he pointed to the sky.

All looked to see a black cloud looming up over the ridge a mile away, and in a moment there was a flash of lightning and a heavy peal of thunder

"Rain-rain-rain!" shouted the men as they rushed here and there like so many boys, but under the orders of the cool headed captain the greater part of tain, as the man began saddling one of them were soon at work to profit by the heaven sent shower.

Everything which would catch or retain water was spread out on the ground, two minutes later he leaped his horse while the canvas covers of the wagons over the barricade, swung his hat to were arranged in folds and pouches. se left behind him and cantered off They were scarcely ready when the storm broke. The rain poured down a mile. He halted at the crest of a swell copiously for half an hour, and by that and turned to the left, and as he galtime all suffering had ended, and the loped forward he was soon hidden from supply on hand was enough for three

of the more enthusiastic men as the when a cry of alarm was heard from the storm passed away and the sun showed

"Hark!" whispered the captain. "The fastest pace and made direct for the in gal is giving thanks to God. She is right. We should pray instead of cheer!"
The downpour of rain had shattered

the plans of the redskins. They could no longer be held to the siege, knowing that the climax was indefinitely post poned, nor could the bombastic talk of the chiefs bring them up to another assault. They were ready to go, but be fore moving off they had one last card to play. Better for the renegade he had not meddled with it. Huntley, the man who had been taken

prisoner, was now brought forward, the white man holding one arm and a stalwart warrior the other. When within speaking distance he said: 'Captain, they have got me, and they

declare that if you don't surrender they'll burn me alive!" "We are sorry for you, Jim!" replied the captain, "but you know what surrender would mean. They would butch-er every man of us inside of ten min-

"But think of me," wailed the man in sorrowful tones. "Think of the tortures they will inflict before they kill me!" "It's bad, Jim-terrible bad! I'd give

an arm to have you inside with us this minute."
"But I can't die-oh, I can't die!" shrieked the man.

The captain seemed to be thinking and the prisoner knelt down, clasped his hands and wailed out:

"Captain, for the love of Gcd, do som thing for me! Come out here and talk it over and make them an offer They'll let you come and go safely."

half a dozen voices at the captain. "Aye, lads, I know it, but I'd take almost any risk for poor Jim He's nigh scart to death, and seeing whats in store for him, we can't blame him." Then raising his voice he called to

Huntley: "Keep up bravely, Jim. We can't help you just now, but the time may come within an hour. Don't give up yet." Few white men have been known to fire on a flag of truce, no matter how

reacherous the enemy who bore it. Huntley had been brought forward under one, and it was respected. Had one of the trainmen gone out with a flag he would have been shot down or made prisoner, and the others ridiculed for their confidence.

When the three had returned to the lines the captain asked for Peter's heavy rifle. I had been carefully loaded for the occasion, and the captain rested it across the rocks and waited a minute until the renegade came into view. Every man in the inclosure held his breath and watched for the result of the shot. It was a minute before the sights covered the renegade, but when the rifle cracked he was seen to throw up his arms and fall heavily to the earth.

There was a howl from the Indians and a cheer from the fort, but both were drowned in a volley of musketry, a chorns of yells and the thunder of horses' feet. The relief party had arrived.

"Out of this, boys, and go for 'em!" shouted the captain as he caught sight of a large body of cavalry charging down the slope.
It was quick work. The Indians had

een caught napping, and their only dea was to get away. In a quarter of an hour the last one of them had been chased out of sight, and those who counted up the corpses counted thirtyeight." In that struggle to wipe out the wagon train the Indians lost, as was afterward confessed, a total of ninety-five men, and their sole offset was one pris-

Joe had found the party in a grove fifteen miles from the forks. They had come on as the nature of the ground would permit, dreading that they might be too late, and their arrival had at last be too late, and their arrival had at last set the little band free. There was cheering and shouting and wild enthu-siasm as the battle ended and the men rushed to shake each other's hands.

Bess had hidden herself in the wa to give thanks to God and indulge in a little cry when some one sprang upon the seat and held out his hand. The figure was dressed as an Indian, and she screamed in terror.
"Not a redskin, but Joe!" laughed a

voice she was longing to hear.

"And you did this for-for us?" she stammered as she moved toward him. "For-for us, but more particularly for you," he replied as he seized her hand.

CHAPTER VIII.

What of Huntley? In the confusion and excitement no one had thought of him, but after mat-ters began to calm down a little his friends began to make anxious inquiry. He was last seen a moment before the renegade was shot. The attack on the Indians had been so sudden that many of them had fled on foot, and it was hoped that those having the prisoner in charge would leave him behind in their

panic A search was made for two miles around, but no trace of the captive could be found. Hurried as they were the savages had managed to run him When this fact became generally off known more than one man sadly shook his head and muttered:

"Poor Jim! Better for him if he were

lying here a corpse!"

The party of soldiers and hunters were anxious to get on, and an hour after the fighting had ceased the wagon train moved out of the inclosure in good shape, and with no fear of being again molested for days to come. Most of the dead warriors were stripped of their ornaments, at least, while arms and am munition were carefully gathered up No one thought of burying the dead. The Indians would return for that purpose. If not, let the wolves and vultures

have their feast. Let us trace the fate of Huntley. You may be one of those who believe that the Indian has been grievously wronged. You may believe he has the sentiments attributed to him by novelists. You may have read that the feeling of mercy

has a lodgment in his heart. When the man rode out of the fort on his scout he firmly believed that the Indians had withdrawn. He was a brave man. None but a brave man would have periled his life to back his opinions in the face of the warnings he received When he rode out for half a mile and turned to the left the last doubt vanished. The Indians had withdrawn. He had made assertions and

proved his sagacity.

Next moment, as he disappeared over the crest of the ridge, he found himself in the midst of a horde of Indians lying in concealment. He uttered one loud, farreaching shout of astonishment, and was pulled from his horse to be menaced to silence by tomahawk and knife. But there was no need to menace him

A great terror seemed to have frozen the blood in his veins. He could not have cried out again had they pricked him with their knives. He was He was helpless.

The captive's signal of alarm had be neard and understood at the fort, and the Indians, angered that their trap had been exposed, now showed themselves, and affairs turned as related in the pre

vious chapter.

Brave men have no fear of bullet grape and canister when charging a battery. Men go to the gallows without flinching. The fear of death itself makes but few cowards. It was what would be before death that broke this strong man down and held him in chains of terror. He looked about him with horror in his gaze. His bronzed face grew deathly white. His lips had that bloodless, blue look which the lips of

the dead carry.
It was not until he had been cruelly beaten about that he partially threw off the horrible incubus and secured strength enough to go forward and make the appeal he was told to make. He heard his own voice, but he could not recognize it.

Huntley had been mounted to be taken away before the attack came. Indeed he and the two warriors guarding him had already made a fair start to the conthwest and were beyond pursuit. After a ride of ten miles over the broken ground a halt was made at a grove which appeared to be an old camping ground. As the Indians fled before the vengeance of the whites they made for this grove, and at length all who had escaped death were reunited here.

A score of tigers starved for days could not have been in worse temper. Wounded and unwounded alike thirsted for vengeance. Had they held a hundred prisoners each one would have been put to the torture, and yet the sufferings of all would not have placated the defeated and decimated band.

They had but one.
Fifty enraged savages rushed at him to chop him to pieces with knife and tomahawk, but the chiefs restrained them. A speedy death would be too merciful and deprive them of anticipated enjoyments. As soon as the scouts posted on the distant ridges signaled that the white men were moving for the forks there was no occasion for further

delay.

Huntley's demeanor had undergone change. That dumb terror which had made a woman of him had passed away and his own brave spirit had returned to make a men of him. He reproached himself for his cowardice in begging of the fiends to spare his life. He thirsted for revenge. He exulted over their bloody defeats.

Let a pack of wolves follow on the trail of a brave man and he may seek to outrun them-dodge-escape. He will fear them. Let them drive him into a cul de sac from which there is no escape and he will turn and fight them, even with bare hands, and die fighting.

A sapling was cut down and driven into the ground for a stake, and a dozen savages ran about to collect fagots for Huntley's eyes blazed. His bonds had

become loosened and his guards were watching the preparations. Uttering the hunter's warwhoop and wrenching himself free in the sudden effort, be twisted a tomahawk from the belt of the nearest savage and began to lay about him. He could not escape. He realized that

he would be quickly overpowered and tortured with additional fervor for every blow he struck, but he dashed here and there with the strength of a giant and the frenzy of a madman. Crash! Crash! Crash! The Indians were taken by surprise by

the hunter's sudden break, and then there was such a terrible change in his looks that they sbrank away appalled. His whine of supplication had changed to shrill yells of defiance; his eyes no

to shrill yells of dehance, his eyes ho longer betrayed a terror stricken soul. Swish! Sweep! Crash! He buried the sharp tomahawk to the eye at every blow. He followed them up as they fell away before him. As they cried out in alarm he shouted in de-

It was a momentary panic. They could have shot him down, but the chiefs kept shouting orders not to do it. The frenzied and desperate man had killed two and wounded three when he was driven to bay and found himself surrounded. He stood panting for a moment with his exertions, while the blood dripped from the sharp tomahawk upon

the green grass. To the right-to the left-in front-in rear-the circle was closing in upon him There was no escape.

With lightninglike movements the

man swung the tomahawk about him, cutting and gashing himself in a dozen places, and as a rush was made he totered and fell like some great tree which had lived out its century and was weary of further life. Blood was spurting from several veins and arteries, and ero he could be dragged to the stake and bound life had fled. When this fact became known there was a general howl of rage and disappointment, and a dozen savages fell upon the poor body with the fury of fiends. They scalped it. They severed the head and kicked it about for a football. They cut off hands and feet and flung them about. They hacked and cut and slashed and gave themselves up to their devilish passion for blood and revenge, but the poor body was beyond feeling.

For every Indian revealing the honest courage of the white man there are a thousand skulking cowards.

For every redskin feeling the sentiments of humanity there are a thousand who delight in the tortures of a child. For every savage who has rewarded the kindness of the white man with another act of kindness a hundred have

laid in wait for his life. So called humanitarians say that the Indian has hereditary rights because he was here when the white man came. So were the wolves, bears, panthers and

serpents.

They shed tears because he has been ushed back from the shores of the Atlantic to the plains of the west. That is the march of progress. Every civilized and enlightened country on earth has exterminated its Griginal population, even when hapless and defensive.

The American Indian has no prototype He stands out on the records of civilization as the most crafty, cruel, treacher-ous and vindictive of earth's inhabitants. He has never shown mercy and never asked for it. He expects to kill and be killed. He hates civilization-industry -cleanliness-law and order. He de-lights in drunkenness, theft, lnst, bypocrisy, revenge and murder. He is good only when used as a ferti-

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

COULEE CROCHE, Oct. 6, 1892. Resolved, That we, the Parish Farmers' Union of St, Landry, in regular meeting convened, endorse the action of Won't Die and Harmony Unions in demanding of the cotton-seed buyers representing the different cotton-seed companies \$9.00 per ton for our cotton seed at place of delivery; and, in case

of failure to pay said amount, we agree to haul same back home.

Be it further resolved, That we request all sub-unions to pass like resolutions.

J. J. BARRY, E. E. ORTEGO, Prest. pro tem

Secretary. Subscribe to the CLARION, \$1.50 per

For Sale

VALUABLE RICE, FARMING AND TIMBER LANDS IN CAL-CASIEU PARISH.

Succession of C. D. Welsh in Commu

nity with Geo. O. Elms and Others. ABOUT 2500 ACRES
Prairie, near Railroads. Sale by order of
Court and by the Sheriff of Calcasieu parish, at Welsh on December 31st, 1892.
Terms—One-fourth or more cash, balance

GEO. O. ELMS,

SHERIFF'S SALE. HENRY L. GARLAND VERSUS FANNY

E. BURTON ET ALS. No. 15,089 IN THE 11TH JUDICIAL DISTRICT COURT PARISH OF ST. LANDRY, LA.

By virtue of an order of seizure and sale issued out of the honorable 11th Judicial District Court of Louisiana, for St. Landry parish, in the above entitled and numbered suit and to me directed, I have seized, and I will proceed to sell at public axaction to the last and highest bidder, at the front door of the Court House in the town of Opelousas, La, at 11 o'clock a.m., on Saturday, December 31st, 1892,

the following described property, to-wit:
That portion of said lands which were sold by Henry L. Garland to James O. Brunson, on Sept. 29th, 1887, by act before Benjamin A. Guidry, notary public of St. Landry, and is now bounded by lands of Simon Bloch on the east, by the other piece of land acquired from H. L. Garland, and occupied by the deceased Brunson at his death, on the west, by land now occupied by Oneal Prejean on the north, and by lands of Z. T. Young and Houston Young on the south. on the south.
Seized in the above entitled suit.
Terms—Cash.

nov26 6t Sheriff Parish of St. Landry.

Sheriff's Sale. NORMAND F. THOMPSON VS. ROBERT

No. 15088 IN THE 11TH JUDICIAL DISTRICT COURT, PARISH OF ST. LANDRY, LA. By virtue of a writ of seizure and sale issued out of the Eleventh Judicial District Court, in and fer the parish of St. Landry, and to me directed in the above entitled and numbered suit. I have seized and will proceed to sell at public auction to the last and highest bidder, at the front door of the Court House in the town of Opelousas, St. Landry parish, La., on

Saturday, December 31st, 1892,

Saturday, December 31st, 1892, at 11 o'clock a m, the following described property, to wit:

About eleven hundred acres of land particularly described as follows, and being in sections 40, 56 & 55 Tp. 4 south range 4 east, commencing at the southwest corner of section forty Tp. 4 S R 4 E, thence east 77 and 50 (100 chains, thence north 40 degrees east to the most northern corner of section forty-three, thence south 31 degrees east 45 and 33 (100 chains to the southwest corner of section fifty-five, thence north 20 chains, thence east 80 24 (100 chains, thence south 60 chains, thence east 80 24 (100 chains, thence south 60 chains, thence west 126 24 (100 chains, thence down said bayon, with its meanderings to the point of beginning; containing about 1100 acres, together with the buildings and improvements thereon.

Seized in the above entitled suit.

Terms—Cash without appraisement.

T. 8, FONTENOT,