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carbine can be utilized. He can post crawl like snakes?"

scoundrel," he says. "Here, McGuffy, to the north of the narrow slit. around a minute."

Moreno's women are praying and rock- side: wounded bandits is now past praying Can you see nothing of him?" for. The other, painfully shot but; "Nothing, sir; I was looking that the next bend beyond. fight for his life. "You are too badly hurt now. We This is serious business. If one In- the first two anyhow!"

can a white man. I'm only fit to whole band gathers and every rock on falls, face downward, dead as a nail. commander. They do not wish to move to the lieutenant's side:

otto voce down the rocky way, is led crevice like many snakes.

Watch the overhanging cliffs and sup- posed about the position. tenant to where Wing is lying, Miss are safe below.

her hopes gaining.

How's Wing?

She can only shake her head. is dozing now.

mond is holding forth a hand, perhaps

creeps to Walsh's side.

distant group with the cooler depths below.

on him now. The silence about him is the vertical wans. "Look!" he says. ominous. Not an Indian has shown himself along the range for half an hour, tigan can see Moreno and his Yankee and now these fellows to the east are compadre crouching behind their shelclose to the copse. In less than 20 min- ter, their carbines leveled, their attiutes there will be five times his puny tude betokening intense excitement By Capt. OHARLES KING, U. S. A force around him. Is there no hope of and suspense. It is evident the enemy

> the shimmering glare of that parched to pay for the dozen their brother and tawny plain, and strains his eyes blackguards let drive at me." mutters in vain effort to catch sight of the Costigan. "Come on, you; it's but a longed for column issuing from the op- step." And, forgetful for the moment posite valley, but it is hopeless. The of his orders in his eagerness for fight. hot sun beats down upon his bruised and the Irishman runs down the canyon, aching head and sears his bloodshot leaps the swirling brook just as he yes. He raises his hand in mute ap- reaches the point, and obedient to the peal to heaven, and at the instant there warning hand held out by their bandit is a flash, a sharp report not 80 yards ally drops on his knees at the bend. away, an angry spat as the leaden mis- McGuffy close at his heels. Off go sile strikes the shelving top of his para- their hats. Those broad brims would pet and goes humming across the gorge, catch an Indian eye even in that gloom. a stifled shriek from Ruth looking fear- "How many are there coming?" he fully up from below, an Irish oath from whispers.

shot, and Drummond can barely repress then throws out his hand, four fingers origand triend. A few more shots come "Narrow squeak that, Walsh! That "One apiece then, be jabers! Now, and the watchful Indians will come water there. The air will last several accustomed task, and though it is five devil has crawled close up on us. Can Little Mac, you're to take the second charging up the now unguarded canyon hours yet, and I tell you help will years since we saw them under the

you see him?" noa toward some object to the south. but rocks, rocks, rocks. How can a man every bone in your skin." An idea comes to Drummond. Wing's fight anyway ag'in human beings that

muzzle of his gun showed."

hang perhaps, but d—n me if I want to every side shelters a hostile Apache? Another whirls about, bounds a few until he does.

reno, who goes limping and swearing crawl or squirm thre any chink or the nearest shelter and thence se 100 yards along the canyon where it Another shot! Another bullet flattens Costigan lets drive a wild Irish yell of makes a second bend. Here they can itself on the rock close to his right triumph and delight. see nearly 150 yards more ahead of them, shoulder and then drops into the dust "Now, then, run for it, boy.

and here some loose bowlders are hur- by his knee. It comes from farther up done, you two, if ye are blackguards, riedly showed or rolled to form a rifle the cliff-perhaps 200 yards away he calls to Moreno and his mate. pit, and these volunteer allies are placed among those stunted cedars—but shud- "They won't disturb ye again for deringly qlose. Costigan and the other minutes anyhow. Hold your that they can't sneak up and heave ders at the point where their young going to block the mouth of the cave. says Drummond. "McGuffy, the signal attation, as it might be callets, everything, anything that can stop you take post at the point behind. ed, is the lighest point and most ex- a bullet, and the entrance to the cave

Harvey bending anxiously over him, Drummond hesitates. He sees a ham Fanny and Ruth, silent, pallid perhaps, her beautiful eyes filling with tears at pleading look in Walsh's honest face. but making no moan, are now kneeling sight of Drummond's brave but hag- The Irishman would willingly tackle by then patient. Costigan runs in with gard young face. Ruth is crouching the whole tribe in open fight, but what two buckets in has filled with water Drummond enters, her fears lessening, ted like a caged tiger, never knowing dozen dripping canteens. More rocks

ours?" is Miss Harvey's eager query. him. Yes, it is exposed to fire from a which to fire, and Costigan, feverishly "Not yet, but they're bound to be point in the cliffs to the west, and eager, is making every exertion, for along almost any minute now. Some there are rocks over there to the north any minute may be the last with those that seem to command it, but if aban-plucky fellows battling there aloft. have a wounded doned there will be no way of prevent- The air rings with the shots of the enman with them. It makes me hope our ing a bold advance on the part of the circling Apaches and with the loud refellows have met and fought them and Apaches up the rugged eastward slope. port of the cavalry carbine answering

my detachment has become scattered. their precious charges in the farthest peering grimly around, just the top of If we had them here now, I could push depths, and then, like Buford at Get- his head showing over the parapet, begs out and drive the Indians to the rocks tysburg, "fight like the devil" till res- for one shot and shouts his sibernian. you are safe from their missiles down answers. "Get McGuffy and Fritz; picks up the glasses for one final look

diers, Mr. Drummond! Every shot carry Sergeant Wing back to the far- be coming, cautiously places the "binlips quivering. Then, just as Durm- Don't let an Indian close in on us. "Look, lieut'nant." whispers Walsh; it is an arm, too, she points up to the "they're coming up down beyant you sit so high up!" exercised about something. He has And peeping through a narrow slit And down goes the poor faithful fel-

"Perhaps he sees some of our fellows or three Apache crests—Apache unmis—For a moment, the air seems alive with selves beside his rocky bier. Drum—loved ones, unharmed, unstained, to coming for good this time. Four of takably, because of the dirty white tur- humming missibles and shrill with yells mond can afford to lose no more and his rejoicing heart. them tried it awhile ago, but were prob- bankike bandages about the matted from on every side. In their triumph orders the lower half of each hole to ably attacked some miles below here black looks. At that distance they adif they bring back that they will be lost to view. Obedient to his orders, Costigan slips

for the edge of the cliff. In an instant, dirt white of his breech clout turning of relief the men look into one anothand on both sides, there come the flash I purpose, he climbs the rugged path from half a dozen points above, below,

Gazing ahead to the next bend. Cos

Once more he turns to the east, across "I'll have one shot at 'em, bedad

Walsh as he whirls about to answer the Moreno puts his finger on his lips,

from the right—their right, I mean—and crown both banks. "Begad, sir, I can see nothing at all and don't you miss him, or I'll break "Now, lads, give 'em two or three much older."

untie this fellow. I've got to look Crouching lower, Drummond calls ing noiseless signals, creeping like cats comes climbing to the lookout. ing he peers a moment. One of the "That fellow is nearest you, corporal. thy scamps are coming stealthily on, wants to be the last man down.

harmless bullets whizzing overhead.

"We cover the approaches above so men glance anxiously over their shoul- though, till we call you back. We're rocks down upon you. All you've got commander and Walsh are crouching. Twenty minutes later, and working to do now is to plug every Apache that They are not yet subjected to a fire from like beavers Costigan and his two men shows his nose around that bend be- the rear, these others. The lookout, have lugged rocks, logs, bales of blank-

is being stoutly barricaded. Patterport as best you can." And "Little "For God's sake, lieutenant," cries son, who was sorely exposed at his post Mack," as the men call him, gets fur- the corporal "don't stay there. They've and ordered down by Lieutenant Drum ther instructions as he takes his posi- got your range on two sides anybow. mond, is aiding in the work. Wing it. You and Walsh can has been carefully borne into the back den to hold their peace. There, whence came the shot that laid him are being lifted on the barricade, con-

latter incalculable advantage. Hold anyhow, so long as his crippled condihe must for a few minutes at least, tion prevents his firing a gun, but Drum ing up a rock barricade in front of the to the effect that he is "on deck" until

challenge to the Apache nation to co "No, down with you, Costigan," he forth and show itself. Drummon in search of friends who sturely should of you. of his shelving rock, then raises

> "Fur the love o' God, lieut'nant, don' 'They're sure to spot __ Oh, Christ!"

"Little Mac" come climbing the nar- air in the cave is growing! row trail. Between them they drag

and carry him within the cave. blous with him Costigan is slowly helping their wounded; though their own fate may scape, cutting the stream at right an stationer



shots apiece to make them hug their Two o'clock. Hissing flames and greet us. Down they go upon their faces, then, man of you," is the order.

now. Sure the others can get down from edging toward the inner cave, plucky, begs to be given a chance to way, too, when he fired. Not even the "Ready, boys? They're near enough where they are easy enough, but you Drummond orders them back. To the the mules of the wagon train—and the

couldn't get you up there," is the an- dian or two can find it so easy to creep Breathless silence, thumping hearts ness scrambles to the lieutenant's side silence, almost ... desperation, the men around them, and armed only with their one instant longer, then the chasm bel and lays a broad, red hand on his shoul- obey and lie down again, face down-"Well, then, put me on with Moreno, muzzle loading guns send frequent lows with the loud reports. The men have fired more than ward, their heads at the rear wall of wherever you're going to assign him. shots that reach the besieged "in reguns are fired almost as one. One half the designated number of shots and the cave. Burely if you can trust a greaser you verse," what can be hoped when the naked wretch leaps high in air and now are looking anxiously toward their And then Costigan comes crawling

lie here when there's an Indian fight From the first Drummond has feared yards along the brookside, and then goes "Give 'em another whack all around, thrown down lately, sir?" that however effective might be these splashing into a shallow pool, where fellers," shouts Costigan, "while I "No, corporal. I have heard noth-And so he, too, is loosed and lifted defenses against the open attack of he lies writhing. The two farthest help the lieut'nant down;" and so, with ing." shoulder and supported by his arm, the sect the defenders against the fire of In- hind the rocky shoulder. The other er one last wistful glance out over the there in the gulch half an hour ago. oale faced strange, preceded by Mo- lians who can climb like squirrels or two, close at hand, have rolled behind desert, turns to pick up the binocular. Have ye heard no more of it, sir?"

when it is struck, smashed, and sent clattering down into the canyon by a "Fur God's sake, come quick, sir!" loved young leader's delay, the Irish- close at hand, for the Indians are clearman throws a brawny arm about him ing out."

leading and holding up one hand to sus- feet. "Listen, sir! Listen, all of yes! Down, hand under hand, to the accom- now! Oh, Holy Mother of God! isn't they deposit in the wagon. paniment of cracking rifles and an-that music? Thim's the trumpets of swering carbines, while every other sec- K throop!" most breathless, Costigan reaches the again. The cheers of troopers, bound hear them. Then back goes the lieu- let drive in every direction antil you ing Moreno women are herded and bid-

through the narrow aperture left for over the rocks." men are cared for. "After you, pilot," "Any news? Anything in sight—of low. Then the lieutenant peers about venient apertures being left through the chivalric sailor's last word as the are dashed over the live coals.

Costigan, with reluctant backward glance, is hurried in just as a flash of flame and smoke leaps downward from -the crest and the foremost Apache sends cular hands, and he is dragged within rolled into place, and in an instant

crest and begin sending down a rain of better aimed bullets at the loopholes fearful missiles tears its way through ing them to the blessed coolness of

be capture, with indescribable suffering. shame and death. Fanny Harvey has gles, a hard prairie road comes twistbehaved like a heroine, as the two troop- ing and turning out of one of the southers remarked, and Ruth has done her ern ravines, and after a long, gradual best to follow her sister's lead. Yet dip to the ford among the cottonwoods they, too, now realize how close and emerges from their leafy shade and stifling the heavy atmosphere is grow- goes winding away until lost among ing. Is it to be the black hole of Calcutta the "breaks" to the north. It is one of over again? Even as he takes her hand the routes to the Black Hills of Dakota in his Drummond reads the dread in -the wagon road from the Union Pa-Ruth's tearless face. Even as he holds cific at Sidney by way of old Fort Robit and whispers words of hope and com- inson, Neb., where a big garrison of fort there is a heavy, continuous, crash- some 14 companies of cavalry and ining sound at the mouth of the cave, fantry keep watch and ward over the just in front of the rock barricade, and Sioux nation, which, one year previous,

he springs back to learn the cause. can't do anything else." More thunder and crash; more heaping up of resinous logs from the cliffs

but Drummond sternly refuses. "At Indian general ever reared upon the the worst," he says, "we can retire in- Pacific slope-and even now, on this singing overhead. A moment more to the back cave; we have abundant July day, here are cavalrymen at their come-must come, before the day is heat and glare of the Arizona sun there

cover. Then down for the caves, every scorching heat block the cavern en- All along under the cottonwoods betrance. The rocky barrier grows hotter low the crossing the bivouac extends. Moreno down the gorge at the second | Zip! Another shot, close at hand too, Indianlike, they crawl a few feet far- For a moment the Indian fire is si- and hotter; the air within denser and bend to command that approach and and from another unseen foe. The first ther where there is a little ledge. The lenced in the rapid fusillade that fol- more stifling. The water in the canput little McGuffy, the recruit, at the came from somewhere among the bowl- canyon widens below; the light is lows. Sharp and quick the carbines are teens and pails is no longer cool. It is have come marching down from the next bend to command Moreno and ders down to the southeast, and this stronger there, and bending double, barking their challenge, and whenever hardly even cooling. The few men north—four strong troops—a typical send a bullet through him if he shirk or second whizzed from across the canyon. throwing quick glances at one another, a puff of powder smoke has marked the who remain with Drummond in the battalion of regular cavalry as they A little puff of blue smoke is floating then from sheer force of Indian habit probable lurking place of an Apache, front of the cave are lying full length looked and rode in those stirring days "I declare I believe I will, you old up from among the rocks 50 yards or so shading their eyes with their brown thither hiss the searching bullets warn- upon the floor. The pain in Drum- that brought about the subjugation of hands as they peer to the front; exchang- ing him to keep down. Then Costigan mond's battered head has become in- the Sioux. Out on the prairie the four tense. It is almost maddening. Wing is herds of the four different troops are across to Costigan, posted as the eastern- from rock to rock, leaping without "Let us help you, lieut'nant. Now's moaning and unconscious. Walsh is quietly grazing, each herd watched by Into the depth of the fissure where most of the two men on the opposite faintest sound of the moccasined foot your time, sir, while they're firing." incoherent and raving. All are panting its trio of alert, though often apparent across the bubbling waters, four swar- But Drummond shakes his head. He and well nigh exhausted. The front of ly dozing, guards. One troop is made the cave is like an oven. Overcome by up entirely of black horses, another of Two others are just appearing around "Don't hang on here, sir. Come the heat, one or two of the men are

"Have you heard any more logs groups in the shade—all but a squad

"Glory be to God, thin! D'ye know wat hit manes, sir?" built Concord drawn by four sleek. "I know what I hope," is Drumstrong looking mules, now standing in gasps Costigan. Then, desperate at his mond's faint answer. "Our fellows are

and fairly drags him to the end of the "Close at hand, is it?" cries Costisteep. Then down they go, Costigan gan, in wild excitement, leaping to his young man in civilian dress come fortain Drummond in case of accident. D've hear that?—and that? And there

"upon the Ave. Out along the crests of the rocky sides, close and closer, until, al- winding canyon the rifles are ringing solid bottom of the gorge and swings ing like goats up the rocky sides, are Drummond to his feet beside him. See- answered by clatter of hoof and snort an through. 'Twas our good habits

tigan strives to push Drummond in the fire captain, an then we'll heave

their admission, but miscalculates his Stalwart forms, brawny arms, are commander's idea of the proprieties. already at the work. The wagon Like gallant Craven at Mobile Bay, tongues are prying under the heavy, Drummond will seek no safety until his hissing, sputtering logs. Daring hands scatter the embers. Buckets of water finds its cavalry echo in Drummond's "Heave over thim rocks!" Down with

green waters engulfed his sinking ship, wid ye now, boys!" shouts Costigan. beneath the dignity of a first sergeant After you, corporal, "in this faraway a crash goes the barricade. A cloud of have scrambled through the gap, then sturdy troopers come leaping in, lifting



comes zipping through. One of these from the ground the helpless and bear-Costigan's sleeve, and striking poor outer air, and the last thing Jim Drumld Moreno in the groin stretches him mond sees—ere he swoons away—is the groaning upon the floor. A glance pale, senseless face of little Ruth elose shows that the wound is mortal, and to his at the water's brink; her father, despite his crimes the men who bear with Fanny clinging about his neck, him, moaning, in to the farther cave kneeling by her side, his eyes uplifted and is gazing down the range to the just see bobbing among the bowlders gash along the temple. He lies sense-

It is a sultry day, early in July, and nd fell back on the main body. They'll vance with comparative security. It is up from brehind their sheltering rocks, then for an hour the fire of the besiegers the sun is going westward through a salong before a great while, and when they come closer to the defenders and one at the penalty—a to harmless and no longer can the beand one of them pays the penalty—s is harmless, and no longer can the be- fleet of white, wind driven clouds that as suckling lieutenants before he would vengeful carbine from across the can- sieged catch even an occasional glimpse send a host of deep shadows sweeping show us anything but a semblance of of the shelter and "takes a sneak", the edge of the cliff. In an instant, dirty with the edge of the cliff. In an instant, dirty with the edge of the cliff. In an instant, dirty with the edge of the cliff. In an instant, dirty with the edge of the cliff. In an instant, dirty with the edge of the cliff. In an instant, dirty with the edge of the cliff. In an instant, dirty with the edge of the cliff. In an instant, dirty with the edge of the cliff. In an instant, dirty with the edge of the cliff. In an instant, dirty with the edge of the cliff. In an instant, dirty with the edge of the cliff. In an instant, dirty with the edge of the cliff. from the cave, catlike, Patterson and can this last? How hot, how close the summer growth of bunch grass. Southward, three miles away at least, though he does; then is slowly "boosted" into Drummond has gone for a moment it seems much less, a similar range, and the mules plunge at their collars Walsh's senseless body to the edge, and into the inner chamber, where Moreno pierced here and there with deep rahen, somehow, despite hissing, spatter- is now breathing his last, to inquire for vines, frames the picture on that side, and tilt him backward, the major's jolthe ing lead, they bear him safely down Wing and to speak a word of cheer to Midway between the two ridges and by red face beams on all around, and his fair and devoted nurses. Not one fringed with clumps of cottonwood and be waves his broad brimmed hat in ex-"Now call in Moreno and help his murmur of complaint or dread has fall- willow, a languid stream flows silently partner back!" shouts Drummond, and en from their lips, though they know eastward and is lost with the valley in Costigan goes at speed to carry out the their father to have ridden on perilous the dim distance. Out to the west in A few minutes of intense ex-/ quest and into possible ambush; though long, gradual curve the southward range suspense, then Moreno is they know their brother to be lying at around and spans the horizon. pion office and inspect samples of the around the point. Behind the ruined ranch, perhaps seriously Midway across this monotone of land-latest designs in wedding cards and

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was in the midst of the maddest, most "They're heaving down logs and successful war it ever waged against brushwood, sir," whispers Costigan. the white man. That was the centen-"They mean to roast us out if they nial year-1876. This is another eventful year for the cavalry-1877; for before the close of the summer even the troops so far to the southeast are destined above them. Some of the men beg to to be summoned to the chase and capture be allowed to push out and die fighting, of wary old Chief Joseph—the greatest

are familiar faces among these that

now. Cover the two leaders! Drop can't except when they're firing. Please very last the lives of those fair girls white tops of these cumbrous vehicles come, sir," and Costigan in his eager- must be protected and cherished. In are dotting the left bank of the winding water for 200 or 300 yards. Cook fires are smoldering in little pits dug in their substantial dinner and are now

smoking or sleeping or chatting in of a dozen, commanded by a grizzled veteran on whose worn blouse the chevrons of a first sergeant are stitched. Booted and spurred. with carbines slung holding the reins of their sleepy chargers and waiting apparently for the passengers who are to start in the stout

the shade near the canvas homestead of the commanding officer. Presently two soldiers following a ward lugging a little green painted iron safe, and this, with a swing and a thud,

"You've seen that before, sergeant," laughs the civilian. "I have, begad, an when it had a heap more green inside an less outside than it has now. Faith, I never expected to see it again, nor the paymaster either. We were both bored through

that saved us. Sure your predecessor was a game fighter, Mr. Barnes, if he was a tenderfoot." "Yes, the major often tells me he wishes he had him back, and me in the place he has instead of the one he had," answers the clerk whimsically. "Does he know you're to command the escort in? You got him into such a scrape

then that he's never tired of telling of "Then he may feel gratified at the honor I am doing him now. Sure it's to command a squad like this except on an extraordinary occasion, an it's to take the taste of the last time out of his mouth I volunteered to escort the major now. 'Twas a strong taste to last five years, though my reminder will go

with me many a year longer. Here they come now." As the sergeant speaks a little grou broad brimmed hat and green goggles, is the rotund and portly shape of Major

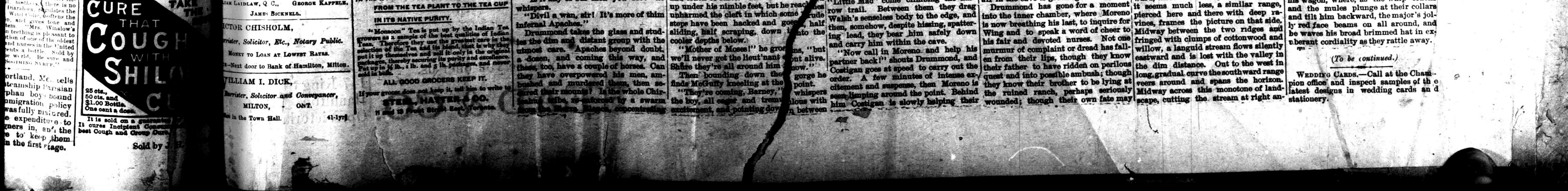
"Well, old man," says the cavalry old friend Feeny asked permission to

"What, Feeny, and a first sergeant us of beauty in distress. All ready?

"All ready, sir, if the major is." "He wasn't that civil to me in Ari-

"You see you were new to the business then," explains a tall captain. "Feeny considers you a war veteran now, after your experience at Moreno's.

(To be continued.)



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irculars, free.) Guelph Manslaughter Can. icent recognition of endeavored to rende duelph, Ont., April 5.-1 gainst John Cass for ma ad Alexander Keating, as an acc up for hearing this afterno e Mr. Justice Rose. Last No. ne deceased. Johnson, a far a altercation at Borsch's ith Cass, and in the fight J underneath Cass and ne ered with those who ende

separate the combatants. witnesses testified that John vas of unusual thinness. held that Cass had not that a verdict of not Both prisoners them that, although de late, he would still! interest in all that Sir Charles Hibbert Twee! ownship's advance Halifax, April 5,-In meetil on was followed by Arden was first called!

pert Tupper is trying to in order to divert attention if sed his pleasure at trade question and boodle recor le could heartly en-At the meeting

securing a victory the recipient of the which the pleasant on the proposed monetary cor Count Von Mirbach made the proposing the name Milton. senator Jones of Nevada as

decline in prices which nagnificent work of 16 to 1 mor half of the world's producers is been DMAS. G. MATHESON, -Billings, Montana Times. t and Wayper, was an accurate utly from the propriet. W. ELLIOTT, B. A.

ages assessed at \$600 in int and \$300 against Way

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