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5.26 p.m. 8.30 p.m.

GOING WEST.

6.47 a.m. 9.12 a.m. 3.45 p.m.
7.18 p.m. 8.50 p.m.

—SUNDAY—

East, 7.00 a.m. 2.56 p.m. 8.30 p.m.
West, 9.12 a.m. 8.50 p.m.

GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY
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GOING NORTH.		GOING SOUTH.	
7.22a.m.	4.45p.m.	10.35a.m.	8.47 p.m.

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Prayer Meeting: Wednesday, at 8 p.m.
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Ladies' Aid: Last Tuesday of the month at 3 p.m.

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Sunday Services: 11 a.m. and 7 p.m.
Sunday School: 2.30 p.m. Judge Gorham's Bible Class in Church at 2.45 p.m.
Prayer Meeting: Wednesday, at 7.30 p.m.
W.F.M.S. meets on the second Wednesday of every month at 3 p.m.
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VANISHING RACE OF THE NORTH

Eskimos Illustrate Nature's Great Adaptability But They Are Disappearing Rapidly

The Eskimos seem fated to disappear before the diseases of civilization. They are an ancient race and have left evidence of value to geologists in estimating the slow elevation of northern areas in the gradual wrinkling of the earth's crust. Hides or blinds of stone built by the ancient hunters on the shores to watch for seal and other marine animals are in some places high and far inland.

These doomed people reveal nature's wonderful adaptability. They are formed to resist the Arctic frosts. They are short and rotund of form. Their fingers and toes are short and fat. Their noses, too, are small and round, and their entire bodies are protected by abundance of adipose tissue. Wonderful powers of vision essential to the procuring of sustenance, where a seal must be discerned at a great distance, have become a racial characteristic.

These people learned to fashion nature's gifts to their own uses, to make tools, tan skins, build huts, tents, and boats, catch fish, capture the bear, the walrus, and the seal, domesticate and harness the dog, and make fire their servant. They evolved artistic taste in designing their clothing, and developed a religion and a system of morality. They have not even the beginnings of government, for they have no chief, and public opinion is the supreme law. Perhaps this is due to the continuous fight with nature, which has left no time or energy for organizing to fight one another. There is only a remnant of the Arctic type on Canada's northern shores and islands, the total being estimated at 3,447.

A leading British financier urges Canada to go more slowly in the matter of her borrowings.

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Molly McDonald

A TALE of the FRONTIER

By RANDALL PARRISH

Author of "Faith of the Border," "My Lady of Doubt," "My Lady of the North," etc.

Illustrations by V. L. BARNES

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Even as he looked down upon her upturned face, there was borne back upon him a realization of their predicament. His eyes swept over the surrounding desolation, the two dead bodies lying motionless in the snow, the stiffening pony, the drear hillside which shut them in. The sight brought him back to consciousness with a shock. Minutes might mean much now. Dupont had disappeared over that ridge to the right, in the direction of Black Kettle's camp. How far away that might be was altogether guess work, yet what would inevitably occur when the fugitive arrived among his friends, and told his story, could be clearly conceived. Even if the man believed Hamlin killed, he would recall to mind the girl, and would return to assure himself as to her fate. Knowing her helplessness, the practical impossibility of her escape alone, a return expedition might not be hurried yet, beyond doubt, this isolated valley would have Indian visitors within a few hours. And when these discovered the truth they would be hot upon a trail where concealment was impossible. The only hope of escape, and that far from brilliant—as he remembered the long desert ride from the distant cow camp on the Cimarron—lay in immediate departure. Every moment of delay served to increase their peril. Even beyond the danger of Dupont's report to Black Kettle, this snow-bound valley was not so far away from that chief's camp as to be safe from invasion by young warriors in search of game. All this flashed upon Hamlin's consciousness instantly, even as his heart thrilled to her frank avowal.

"This is so strange I can hardly realize the truth," he said gravely. "But, dear one, we must talk elsewhere, and not here. Life was never before worth so much as it is now, and every instant we waste here may mean capture and death. Come there are two ponies at the mouth of the valley."

He snatched up the blanket from the ground, and wrapped it about her in such manner as to enable her to walk; stooped over Hughes, loosened the revolver from his stiffened fingers, and then came back to where she waited.

"You can walk? It is not far."

"Yes, the numbness is all gone."

He was all seriousness now, alert and watchful, the plainsman and the soldier.

"Then come; I'll break trail."

"Where is the Indian village?" she asked, her voice trembling slightly.

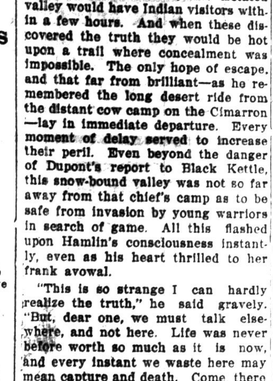
"Beyond those bluffs; at least Hughes thought so. We saw their pony herd in the valley below, mere dots against the snow."

Ten minutes later, plowing through the intervening drifts, they came forth to the broad vista of the valley and the two patient ponies standing motionless.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

Molly's Story.

The two rode steadily, following the trail left by Hamlin and Hughes earlier in the morning. As there had been no wind, and the cold had crusted the snow, the tracks left by the two ponies were easily followed. As they skirted the ridge the Indian pony



"And You Thought I Did Not Care?"

herd could be distinguished, sufficiently close by this time to leave no doubt as to what they were. Hamlin cautiously kept back out of sight in the breaks of the ridge, although his keen eyes, searching the upper valley, discovered no sign of pursuit. Tired as Dupont's horse undoubtedly was, he might not yet have attained the Indian encampment, which, in truth, might be much farther away than Hughes had supposed. The fact that no spirals of smoke were visible puzzled the Sergeant, for in that frosty air they should naturally be perceived for a considerable distance. Possibly, however, the bluffs were higher and more abrupt, farther up stream, affording better chances of concealment. Indeed it was quite probable that the Indians would seek the most sheltered spot available for their winter camp, irrespective of any possible fear of attack. Reasonably safe from a winter campaign, the atrocities of the past summer would naturally tend to make them unusually cautious and watchful.

Molly, muffled to the eyes in her thick blanket, permitted her pony to follow the other without guidance, until they both dipped down into the hollow, safe from any possible observation. In some mysterious way the overpowering feeling of terror which had controlled her for days past had departed. The mere presence of Hamlin was an assurance of safety. As she watched him, erect in saddle, his blue overcoat tightly buttoned, his revolver belt strapped outside, she no longer felt any consciousness of the surrounding desolation or the nearness of savage foes. Her heart beat fast and her cheeks flushed in memory of what had so swiftly occurred between them. Without thought, or struggle, she gave herself unreservedly to his guidance, serenely confident in his power to succeed. He was a man so strong, so resourceful, so fitted to the environment, that her trust in him was unquestioned. She needed to ask nothing; was content to follow in silence. Even as she realized the completeness of her surrender, the Sergeant, relaxing none of his watchfulness, checked his pony so that they could ride onward side by side.

"We will follow the trail back," he explained, glancing aside at her face. "It is easier to follow than to strike out for ourselves across the open."

"Where does it lead?"

"To an old cow-camp on the Cimarron. There is a trooper there waiting. Shall I tell you the story?"

"I wish you would."

"And then I am to have yours in return—everything?"

"Yes," she said, and their eyes met. "There is nothing to conceal—from you."

He told his tale simply, and in few words; how he had missed, and sought after her in Dodge; how that searching had led directly to the discovery of crime, and finally the revealment of Major McDonald's body. He told of his efforts at organizing a party to follow the fugitives, inspired by a belief that she was a prisoner, of the trip through the blizzard, and of how he had succeeded in outstripping Dupont in the race.

The girl listened silently, able from her own experience to fill in the details of that relentless pursuit, which could not be halted either by storm or bullets. The strength, the determination of the man, appealed to her with new force, and tears welled into her eyes.

"Why, you are crying!" he exclaimed in surprise.

"That is nothing," her lips smiling, as she loosened one hand from the blanket and reached across to clasp his. "You must know, dear, how happy I am to have found you. No one else could have done this."

"Oh, yes, little girl," soberly. "Wason would have gone on, if I had been the one to go down. The hardest part of it all was waiting for the storm to cease, not knowing where you were hidden—that nearly drove me insane."

"I understand; uncertainty is harder to bear than anything else. Shall I tell you now what happened to me?"

"Yes," tenderly, "as much, or as little as you please."

"Then it shall be everything dear," her hand-clasp tightening. A moment she hesitated, looking out across the snow plains, and then back into his eyes. From their expression she gained courage to proceed, her voice low, yet clear enough to make every syllable distinctly audible.

"I—I was frightened when you left me alone on the balcony, and went in to confront Mrs. Dupont. I knew the woman and suspected that she would only be too glad to find some indiscretion she could use against me. It occurred to me that possibly she had seen me enter the parlor and was there herself to make sure. If so, she would hesitate at no trick to verify her suspicions. This thought so took possession of me that I determined to escape if possible. And it appeared easy of accomplishment. There was but a short drop to the ground, while a few steps around the end of the hotel would bring me safely to the front entrance. The temptation to try was irresistible. I heard your voices within and thought I understood her game. It was dark below, yet I knew how close the earth was, and there was no sign of any one about. I clambered over the railing, let myself down as far as I could, and dropped. The slight fall did not even jar me, yet I was none too soon. As I crouched there in the darkness, she flung open the curtains, and looked out to the vacant balcony. I saw the flash of light, and heard her laugh—it was not pleasant laughter; for she was disappointed not to find me there. After the curtains fell again I could no longer hear your voices, and my sole desire was to get back into the hotel unobserved. I was not afraid, only I dreaded to meet any one who might recognize me."

She paused in her recital, as though to recall more clearly the exact facts, the two riding forward, Hamlin leaning over toward her, occasionally glancing watchfully behind.

"The guests were already beginning to straggle back to the dance hall from supper, and I waited in the shadow of the building for an opportunity to slip into the hotel unobserved. While I hid there a cavalry soldier from the fort rode up, swung down from his saddle, and ran up the steps. I heard him ask for Major McDonald. Almost immediately he came out again and I passed him on the porch. Just inside the door I met my father. He was leaving the hotel with Dupont, and the latter swore savagely when I caught my father's arm, asking what message the orderly had brought. He answered strangely, saying he had received orders to go at once to Ripley on the stage; that he might be gone several days. There was nothing about all that to startle a soldier's daughter, but Dupont kept his hand on my father's arm, urging him to hurry. The actions of the man aroused my suspicions. I knew my father was acting paymaster, and I could perceive the outlines of a leather bag bulging beneath his overcoat. If this contained money, then I grasped Dupont's purpose. My plan of action occurred to me in a flash—I would remain with him until—until he was safely in the stage, and find opportunity to whisper warning. I remember requesting him to wait a moment for me, and rushing to the cloak room after my coat. But when I returned they were gone. I ran out into the street, but they were not to be seen; they had not gone toward the stage office, for the lights revealed that distance clearly, and they had had no time in which to disappear within. With the one thought that Dupont had lured my father out of sight for purposes of robbery, I started to run down the

The Mere Presence of Hamlin Was an Assurance of Safety.

little alley-way next the hotel. I know now how foolish I was, but then I was reckless. It was dark and I saw and heard nothing to warn me of danger. It was in my mind that my father had been lured on to the open prairie behind the hotel. Suddenly I was seized roughly, and a cloth whipped over my face before I could even scream. I heard a voice say: 'Damned if it ain't the girl! What will we do with her?' and then Dupont's voice answered gruffly: 'Hell, there ain't anything to do, but take the little hussy along. She'd queer the whole game, an' we've got an extra horse.' They jerked me forward so roughly, and I was so frightened that—that I must have fainted. At any rate I remembered nothing more distinctly until we had crossed the river, and I was on horseback wrapped in a blanket, and tied to the saddle. Some one was holding me erect; I could not move my arms, but could see and hear. It was dark, and we were moving slowly; there were two Indians ahead, and a white man riding each side of me. They thought me unconscious still, and spoke occasionally; little by little I recognized their voices and understood their words."

Her voice broke into a sob, but the Sergeant's eyes were still gazing vigilantly out over the snow-clad hills.

"It is hard to tell the rest," she said finally, "but I learned that it was not robbery, but the betrayal of trust. My father was guilty, and yet at the same time a victim. I only got the truth in snatches, which I had to piece together, although later I learned other details. Mrs. Dupont had bled my father through some knowledge she had gained of his sister's family. I cannot even imagine what this could have been, but it was sufficient for her purpose. He gave her all he had, and then—then she heard of this government money being sent to Ripley. She had known about that for several days through the Lieutenant, and had ample time to arrange the plot. My father must have been crazy to have entered into the scheme, but he did, he did. The woman compelled him to it."

"I understand, Molly," broke in Hamlin, anxious to spare her the details. "They were to pretend robbery, but with the Major's connivance. An officer impersonating him was despatched to Ripley by stage. This would prevent any immediate pursuit. Later the Major was to be released, to return to Dodge with his story. The projection of yourself into the affair disarranged the entire plot, and then a quarrel occurred, and your father was killed."

"Yes; it was over what should be done with me; although I believe now they intended to kill him, so as to retain all the money. The older Indian fired the shot treacherously."

"And Connors?"

"Dupont killed him; they were both drunk, and the soldier fired first, but missed."

"And after that?"

She covered her face with her hands.

"It was all a dream of continuous horror, yet through it all, I do not recall consciousness of physical torture. I seemed to be mentally numbed, my brain a blank. It was a realization of my father's guilt more than my own danger which affected me—that and his death. They were not unkind nor brutal. Indeed I do not clearly recall that I was ever spoken to, except when some necessary order was given. One night I heard them discuss what should be done with me; that I was to be hidden away in Black Kettle's camp. Generally Dupont spoke to the Indians in their own tongue, but that night he thought me asleep. I—I had no hope left—not even faith that you could ever rescue me."

Hamlin's hand clasped hers firmly, but his eyes were riveted on something in the distance.

"Wait," he said, checking his horse, "what is that? See; down in the valley of the creek! Is it not a moving body of men?"

CHAPTER XXXIV.

The Advance of Custer.

The Sergeant swung down from the saddle and forced both ponies back below the crest of the hill, his swift glance sweeping back over the trail. Then he gazed again searchingly into the valley below.

"What is it?" she questioned.

"A moving column of horsemen, soldiers from their formation, for Indians never march in columns of fours. They are too far away for me to be certain yet. What troops can be away out here?"

"Wasn't there to be a winter campaign against Black Kettle?" she questioned. "It was the rumor at Dodge. Perhaps—"

"Why, yes, that must be it," he interrupted eagerly. "Custer and the Seventh. What luck! And I'll be in it with the boys after all."

"Shall we not ride to meet them?"

"Soon, yes; only we need to be certain first."

"Are you not?" and she rose in her stirrups. "I am sure they are cavalrymen. Now you can see clearly as they climb the hill."

"There is no doubt," he admitted, "a single troop ahead of the main body; the others will be beyond the bend in the stream."

He stepped back, where he could look directly into her face.

"They are soldiers all right, but that was not what I wanted to be so certain about. When we ride down there, Molly girl, we shall be swallowed up into the old life once more, the old army life."

"Yes."

"Perhaps you do not realize how different it will all be from out here alone together."

"Why should it be different?"

"I shall be again a soldier in the ranks, under orders, and you Major McDonald's daughter."

"But—but—" her eyes full of appeal.

"No, little girl," he explained quickly, reaching up and touching her gently; "we are never going to say anything about that to those down there—his comrades in arms. It is going to be our secret. I am glad you told me; it has brought us together as, perhaps, nothing else could, but there is no reason why the world should ever know. Let them think he died defending his trust. Perhaps he did; what you overheard might have been said for a purpose, but, even if it were true, he had been driven to it by a merciless woman. It is ours to defend, not blacken his memory."

She bent slowly down until her cheek touched his.

"I—I thought you would say that," she returned slowly, "but what else you said is not so—there will never again be a barrier of rank between us." She straightened in the saddle, looking down into his eyes. "Whoever the officer may be in command of that detachment, I want you to tell him all."

"All?"

"Yes, that we are engaged; I am proud to have them know."

The truth was shining in her eyes, glowing on her cheeks. She leaned forward.

"Kiss me, and believe!"

"Molly, Molly," he whispered, "Never will I doubt again."

They could perceive the blue of the overcoats as they rode over the ridge, and at their sudden appearance the little column of horsemen came to a halt. Hamlin flung up one hand in signal, and the two urged their ponies down the side of the hill. Three men spurred forth to meet them, spreading out slightly as though still suspicious of some trick, but, as they drew near, the leader suddenly waved his hand, and they dashed forward.

"Hamlin! Glad to see you again," the first rider greeted the Sergeant, cordially. "Can this be Major McDonald's daughter."

"Yes, Major Elliott; I can repeat the story as we ride along, sir. You are the advance of Custer's expedition, I presume?"

"We are; the others are some miles behind, moving slowly so that the wagons can keep within touch. Wonderful the way those wagons have pushed ahead over the rough country. Have only missed camp twice since we left Fort Dodge."

"When was that, sir?"

"Before the blizzard all except your troop were at Camp Supply; they had joined since, and it was then we heard about your trip down here. What became of your men, Sergeant?"

"Wasson and one private were killed, sir; the other private was frozen so badly I had to leave him in shelter on the Cimarron."

"By gad, it sounds interesting; and so you tackled the villains alone, and had some fight at that before rescuing Miss McDonald. Well, the story will keep until we make camp again However," and he bent low over the lady's hand, "I must congratulate Miss McDonald on her escaping without any serious injury."

"That is not all I should be congratulated upon, Major Elliott," she said quietly.

"No—eh—perhaps I do not understand."

"I desire that you shall; I refer to my engagement to Sergeant Hamlin."

The officer glanced in some bewilderment from her face to that of the silent trooper.

"You—you mean matrimonial?" he stammered, plainly embarrassed, unable so suddenly to grasp the peculiar situation. "Hamlin, what—what does this mean?"

"Miss Molly and I have known each other for some time," explained the Sergeant bluntly. "Out here alone we discovered we were more than friends. That is all, sir."

For an instant Elliott hesitated, held by the strange etiquette of rank, then the gentleman conquered the soldier, and he drew off his glove, and held out his hand.

"I can congratulate you, Miss McDonald," he exclaimed frankly. "I have known Sergeant Hamlin for two years; he is a soldier and a gentleman."

The red blood swept into her cheeks, her eyes brightening.

"He is my soldier," she replied softly, "and the man I love."

They rode together down the steep hillside covered with its mantle of snow to join the little body of troopers halted in the valley. Only once did Elliott speak.

"You know Black Kettle's camp, Sergeant?"

"We were almost within sight of it, sir. I saw his pony herd distinctly."

"Where was that?"

"On the Canadian, close to the mouth of Buffalo Creek."

"Did you learn anything as to the number of Indians with him?"

"Nothing definite, but it is a large encampment, not all Cheyennes."

"So we heard, but were unable to discover the exact situation. We have been feeling our way forward cautiously. I fear it is going to be my unpleasant duty to separate you and Miss McDonald. We shall need your services as guide, and the lady will be far better off with the main column. Indeed some of the empty wagons are to be sent back to Camp Supply tonight, and probably Custer will deem it best that she return with them. This winter campaigning is going to be rough work, outside of the fighting. You know Custer, and his style; besides Sheridan is himself at Camp Supply in command."

"You hear, Molly?"

"Yes; of course, I will do whatever General Custer deems best. Are there any women at Camp Supply, Major?"

"Yes, a few; camp women mostly, although there may be also an officer's wife or two—19th Kansas volunteers."

"Then it will be best for me to go there, if I can," she smiled. "I am desperately in need of clothes."

"I suspected as much. I will arrange to give you a guard at once. And you, Sergeant? As you are still under special orders, I presume I have no authority to detain you in my command."

"I prefer to remain, sir," grimly. "Dupont, Miss McDonald's captor, is alive and in Black Kettle's camp. We still have a feud to settle."

"Good; then that is arranged; ah, Miss McDonald, allow me to present Lieutenant Chambers. Lieutenant, detail three men to guard the lady back to the main column. Have her taken to General Custer at once."

"Very well, sir; and the command?"

Elliott looked at the Sergeant inquiringly.

"That is for Sergeant Hamlin to determine; he has just been scouting through that country, and will act as guide."

The Sergeant stood for a moment motionless beside his horse studying the vista of snow-draped hillside. The region beyond the crest of the ridge unrolled before his memory.

"Then we will keep directly on up this valley, sir," he said at last. "It's Wolf Creek, is it not? We shall be safer to keep out of sight today, and this depression must lead toward the Canadian. May I exchange mounts with one of those men going back, Major? I fear my pony is about done."

"Certainly."

There was no opportunity for anything save a simple grasp of the hand, ere Molly rode away with her escort. Then the little column of troopers

"Never Will I Doubt Again."

moved on, and Hamlin, glancing backward as he rode past, took his place in advance beside Major Elliott.

CHAPTER XXXV.

The Indian Trail.

The weather became colder as the day advanced. Scattered pellets of snow in the air lashed the faces of the troopers, who rode steadily forward, the capes of their overcoats thrown over their heads for protection. The snow of the late storm lay in drifts along the banks of the narrow stream, and the horses picked their passage higher up where the wind had swept the brown earth clear, at the same time keeping well below the crest. As they thus toiled slowly forward, Hamlin related his story to the Major in detail, carefully concealing all suspicion of McDonald's connection with the crime. It was growing dusk when the company emerged into the Valley of the Canadian. All about them was desolation and silence, and as they were still miles away from the position assigned for Black Kettle's encampment, the men were permitted to build fires and prepare a warm meal under shelter of the bluffs. Two hours later the main column arrived and also went into camp. It was intensely cold but the men were cheerful as they ate their supper of smoky and half-roasted buffalo meat, bacon, hard-tack, and coffee.

In response to orders the Sergeant went down the line of tiny fires to report in person to Custer. He found that commander ensconced in a small tent, hastily erected in a little grove of cottonwoods, which afforded a slight protection from the piercing wind. Before him on the ground from which the snow had been swept lay a map of the region, while all about, pressed tightly into the narrow quarters, were his troop officers. As Hamlin was announced by the orderly, conversation ceased, and Custer surveyed the newcomer an instant in silence.

"Step forward, Sergeant," he said quietly. "Ah, yes; I had forgotten your name, but remember your face," he smiled about on the group. "We have been so scattered since our organization, gentlemen, that we are comparative strangers." He stood up, lifting in one hand a tin cup of coffee. "Gentlemen, all we of the Seventh rejoice in the honor of the service, whether it be upheld by officer or enlisted man. I bid you drink a toast with me to Sergeant Hamlin."

"But, General, I have done nothing to deserve—"

"Observe the modesty of a real hero. Yet wait until I am through. With due regard for his achievements as a soldier, I propose this toast in commemoration of a greater deed of gallantry than those of arms—the capture of Miss Molly McDonald!"

There was a quick uplifting of cups, a burst of laughter, and a volley of questions, the Sergeant staring about motionless, his face flushed.

"What is it, General?"

"Tell us the story!"

"Give us the joke!"

"But I assure you it is no joke. I have it direct from the fair lips of the lady. Brace yourselves, gentlemen, for the shock. You young West Pointers lose, and yet the honor remains with the regiment. Miss Molly McDonald, the toast of old Fort Dodge, whose bright eyes have won all your hearts, has given hers to Sergeant Hamlin of the Seventh. And now again, boys, to the honor of the regiment!"

Out of the buzz of conversation and the hearty words of congratulation Hamlin emerged bewildered, finding himself again facing Custer, whose manner had as swiftly changed into the brusque note of command.

"I have met you before, Sergeant," he said slowly, "before your assignment to the Seventh, I think. I am not sure where; were you in the Shenandoah?"

"I was, sir."

"At Winchester?"

"I saw you first at Cedar Creek, General Custer; I brought a flag."

"That's it; I have the incident clearly before me now. You were a lieutenant-colonel?"

"Of the Fourth Texas, sir."

"Exactly; I think I heard later—but never mind that now. Sheridan remembers you; he even mentioned your name to me a few weeks ago. No doubt that was what caused me to recognize your face again after all these years. How long have you been in our service?"

"Ever since the war closed."

For a moment the two men looked into each others' faces, the commander smiling, the enlisted man at respectful attention.

"I will talk with you at some future time, Sergeant," Custer said at last, resuming his seat on a log. "Now we shall have to consider tomorrow's march. Were you within sight of Black Kettle's camp?"

"No, sir; only of his pony herd out in the valley of the Canadian."

"Where would you suppose the camp situated?"

"Above, behind the bluffs about the mouth of Buffalo Creek."

Custer drew the map toward him, scrutinizing it carefully.

"You may be right, of course," he commented, his glance on the faces of the officers, "but this does not agree with the understanding at Camp Supply, nor the report of our Indian scouts. We supposed Black Kettle to be farther south on the Washita. How large was the pony herd?"

"We were not near enough to count the animals, sir, but there must have been two hundred head."

"A large party then, at least. What do you say, Corbin?"

The scout addressed, conspicuous in his buffalo skin coat, leaned against the tent-pole, his black whiskers moving industriously as he chewed.

"Wal, General," he said slowly, "I know this yere 'Brick' Hamlin, an' he's a right smart plainsman, sojer or no sojer. If he says he saw thet pony herd, then he sure did. Thet means a considerable bunch o' Injuns thar or tharabouts. Now I know Black Kettle's outfit is down on the Washita, so the only conclusion is that this yere band thet the Sergeant stirred up is some new tribe er other, a-driftin' down frum the north. I reckon if we ride up ther valley we'll hit their trail, an' it'll lead straight down to them Cheyennes."

To be continued.

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LUCAS COUNTY. }

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FRANK J. CHENEY.

Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence, this 6th day of December, A. D. 1886.

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The United States proposes to erect strong land fortifications in the Hawaiian Islands.

War between the transatlantic steamship lines was begun in London in earnest.