

THE STORY TELLER

A DAY OFF.

Th' sun's a-drinkin' water f'm the puddles in the road,
An' th' mist is sort o' clingin' 'mongst the trees beside the way,
An' th' honey bee's a-startin' out to git his mornin' load,
An' th' fieldlarks are a-singin' at th' dawnin' of the day;
But I'm gwinter go a fishin', burn my soul up de' I ain't!
Where the cloud reflectin' river's like a streak o' sky-blue paint!
An' I'm gwinter lean my back up 'gainst the sycamore, I be!
An' jest watch my bobber, bobbin' f'm th' nibblin' down below,
An' I'll set thar jest as comf'y 'ith my old hat on my knee,
An' I'll hear the wind a-singin', an' I'll hear the river's flow,
An' I'll hear the thrush an' catbird in the alder thicket sing,
And I won't care if I never ketch a single dad-burned thing!
An' I'll hear the roarin' chorus of the men a-makin' hay,
An' I'll see the sun climb up'ard 'till it's hangin' overhead,
An' I'll watch the sun-kissed ripples as they run away an' play,
An' I'll bait my hook an' set there 'till the afternoon is dead;
Then I'll hear the horn a-tootin' out fer supper, an' th' wish
Of the owl amongst the branches when I'm totin' home my fish.
—J. M. Lewis, in Houston Post.

ON THE TRAIL OF THE UTES.

By Franklin Welles Calkins.

TWO prospectors, Tim Baldwin and Henry Vesey, went to the southwest, from Denver, in 1859. Searching for gold, they penetrated into the heart of the mountains near the New Mexican boundary.

Here they "struck pay dirt," built a cabin, and set to work in the early spring. They worked with pan and shovel and a rudely constructed rocker, and for some months had a "good piece of gravel" all to themselves.

Their "diggings" were some distance above their shack. After the manner of mountaineers, they had a secret cache for most of their valuables, and they left their domicile each day with the latch-string out and with food hospitably set upon their rough table as an invitation to the passer-by to help himself.

However, no one came that way until about the first of June. They then returned one evening to find a stranger in possession of the cabin. His pony was picketed outside and the man lay upon their bunk, sleeping the sleep of exhaustion. He was Mexican, of the Spanish race, and dressed as a vaquero.

The prospectors went quietly about getting a supper of fresh meat, "dough boys" and coffee, and the stranger did not awake until the dropping of a tin platter aroused him. Then he sat up.

"Buenos dias, senores!" he said, but Tim and Henry understood no word of Spanish. They made signs to their guest to "sit by" and eat, and he complied.

After supper the trio opened conversation in the sign language of the plains. By this means the gold-diggers learned a story of sad and tragic interest, yet common enough in those days.

The stranger related that he was a resident of Taos, but owned a sheep ranch far across the Rio Grande, where he and his son, a lad of 15, had been staying while his herders took their annual holiday in town.

There, in his absence, the Utes had suddenly fallen upon his buildings, had sacked and burned the rancheria, and had carried his son off with them.

At first, upon discovering the smoke of his burning buildings, he had supposed that his son had been killed. He had lain in hiding until the Utes were out of sight, and then had stood sadly beside the smoldering ruins, until he could search their ashes for the bones of his boy.

He could find no trace of the lad, either within or without the ruins. The boy was a captive, subject to a fate perhaps worse than death—slavery and degradation!

There was no rancheria, no help within ten leagues, and in desperation, with such arms as he had—a dragon pistol and an ancient fowling-piece—the distracted father had set out upon the trail of the raiders. This he had followed for three days and nights, with little food and almost no rest.

At noon of that day, and some eight or nine hours, as he believed, behind the fleeing Utes, he had come within sight of the prospectors' cabin. The Indians had forded the stream within plain view; but they had crossed in the night, and so had passed unseeing and undiscovered.

When he had finished his story, the ranchero turned sad and wistful eyes upon the wall, where hung an arsenal of double-barreled rifles and Colt's revolvers—such an armament as made two men, within their walls, formidable against a host.

But the prospectors had already exchanged glances, and they at once signified their willingness to follow the Utes in his behalf, although they were very doubtful that they should be able to rescue his boy. They could only promise to try.

With tears streaming upon his cheeks, the ranchero shook hands with them, and they swiftly set about preparations for a long, rough chase, with a fight against odds at the end of it.

They cleaned and oiled their rifles and two pairs of pistols. They loaned the Mexican one of their mountain ponies, to which he transferred his bridle and saddle, and with four days' rations in their saddle-pockets, they took up the trail of the Utes.

As the Indians were driving a large "bunch" of stolen ponies, their trail was a plain one, and could be followed by the light of stars and of snow-capped peaks.

The plains and mountain Indians had long since learned the secret of successful raiding. They rode far and secretly—500, 1,000 miles, perhaps—and after the coup, scurried homeward at a killing pace, which rendered organized pursuit well-nigh impossible. They did not try to conceal their trails—cunning scouts in their rear would give notice of chase in time to enable them to scatter.

Tim and Henry knew that they were upon the heels of a strong war party, but they were plainmen of many years' experience, and their armament fitted them to contend at long odds with bow-and-arrow Indians.

The trail that night climbed high among the San Juan mountains, scaling precipitous hogbacks and threading passes where their ponies could get through only in single file. But tedious as was their progress, they knew that the Utes, trailing their strings of stolen horses, must have consumed double the time in crossing this rough country.

At daylight the three men camped for a brief rest upon a trail which they judged to be ten or 12 hours old. That day they rode rapidly over mountains not so rough, and at night the trail of the Utes was "warm" enough to warn them of the necessity of great caution.

So they camped for needed sleep and rest. At midnight they were up and off again, and at daylight they were close upon the heels of the raiders. A little later they came upon a mountain stream roaring with the flood of recently melted snows. Here the Utes had turned aside to follow the narrow valley to some known fording place.

Tim now cautiously led the advance on foot, and the three picked their way along the far slope of the river. In a little time he came within sight of the Utes, who had camped upon the bank at the foot of a fringe of timber.

The prospectors now placed their ponies in charge of the ranchero and stole forward to reconnoiter. They crept from rock to rock and from tree to tree, with keen eyes on the lookout for a scout, whom they believed the Utes would have posted upon the ridge. This outlying picket they proposed, if possible, to capture and thus to put themselves in a position to effect an exchange of prisoners.

Such a stroke would doubtless have served their purpose in the end, but the scout for whom they searched was nowhere to be seen.

The raiders evidently felt themselves secure from pursuit at last. They had reached their own country, and when the prospectors, from cover, looked down upon them, the squad were contentedly squatted about their fires, cooking and eating meat. Their horses, with but a single herder in attendance, were feeding below, along the edge of the river.

There were at least 30 of the rascals, but the distance was too great to discover whether the ranchero's boy was of their number. Several wore sombreros, which flapped about their shoulders, but one of these was least likely to be the young Mexican, whose hat would have been promptly appropriated.

A little study of the situation convinced the watchers that their best chance of a rescue lay in taking a bold and strategic risk. They had entered hostile camps as big as this one, although never upon so dangerous an errand.

When they had determined upon their line of action, Vesey returned and brought the ranchero forward, giving him instructions, in pantomime, as they rode cautiously behind the ridge. The excited and anxious father was filled with admiration at the boldness of their plan, but he could only mutter, "Bueno, bueno, bueno!"

When the two had come up with Tim the prospectors repeated the instructions minutely.

Then, with revolvers cocked and loosened in their holsters, Tim and Henry boldly showed themselves upon the bluff. With careless assurance, they began to descend the steep scarp.

When half-way down the Indians discovered them and began to scramble to their feet. The white men immediately made signs of amity and walked on, to all appearance as unconcerned as if approaching their own domicile.

The Indians could be seen keenly scanning the crest of the ridge, but they made no hostile move, save that three or four walked down toward the pony herd. As this was a matter of common precaution, the white men had no hesitancy in going forward.

The rash boldness or unwitting simplicity of the strangers evidently surprised these invertebrate hostiles, for all the Utes ceased eating to stare at them as they came on.

It was an exceedingly wild-looking lot of men who greeted their cheery "How-how, cold!" with surly and contemptuous grunts. The eyes of Tim and Henry, roving carelessly among the wayworn and fantastic crowd, easily detected the figure of the lad they had come so far and so fast to find.

The boy was unbound and apparently had suffered no hurt beyond the necessary ills of captivity and of rough, hard riding. He had a piece of cooked meat in his hands, but was not eating. His big, dark eyes were, for the moment, fastened upon the strangers in hopeful bewilderment. Then, as neither took any apparent

note of him, the lad's face lost its animation.

For a minute or two the prospectors stood, awaiting an invitation to sit and eat. "How-how!" they repeated, with great friendliness.

For answer several Indians again grunted sourly. Some were busied with eating, but all stared hard at the strangers, taking in every detail of their dress, but with eyes resting longest upon the handles of their shining new weapons.

"How!" said a big Indian, presently, extending his hand in token that he wished to examine one of Tim's revolvers.

For answer the prospector drew the weapon, tossed his "Ashley" hat high in the air and shot two holes through it. As the hat fell the nearest Ute seized upon it and passed it from hand to hand, while the Indians examined the ragged tears in its crown with astonishment and admiration.

"How-how-how!" they exclaimed, and Tim and Henry now squatted in Indian fashion at a fire.

They sat opposite each other, that either might observe all movements in the rear of his fellow. While Tim reloaded the chambers of his Colt one of the Utes brought two pieces of meat, spitted upon sticks, and signed to the strangers that they should cook and eat. The prospectors immediately set their spits to roast, while they kept keen but careless eyes upon the crowd about them.

Evidently the Utes had been not a little taken aback at their sudden appearance and the manner of it. The savages were in a quandary. They refused to converse in the sign language, but shifted into uneasy groups, and cast frequent suspicious glances at the timber-fringed crest whence the newcomers had descended.

Tim and Henry grinned at each other with an air of utmost confidence. They suddenly arose and kicked their frizzling roasts into the fire. As quick as thought, Vesey stepped across to the captive boy, seized the lad by his shoulder and set him upon his feet.

The Utes sprang to their feet with angry cries. They had their weapons in hand, but before a man could fit an arrow to his bowstring the prospectors had whipped out their revolvers, one in each hand, and were backing away with the boy between them.

In the face of those gleaming weapons and the flashing eyes which glanced along their barrels, the Utes hesitated. In that instant a rifle cracked upon the ridge and a bullet whizzed its warning above their heads.

The startled Indians looked upward to a white wreath of smoke upon the bluff and then bolted for their horses. They were followed by more shots from the ridge, while the boy marched between his rescuers, stretching his hands to the heights and shouting joyfully:

"Padre mio! Padre mio!"

The lad made no question that his father was at hand.

The meeting between these two was one which the prospectors could never forget.

And this had been brought about by a bloodless victory, won by keen strategy and high moral and physical courage.—Youth's Companion.

SAW HIS SWEETHEART.

How Col. Burr Made Two Informal Calls on Her During the Revolutionary War.

In January of 1779 Col. Burr was given command of the "finest" in Westchester county, N. Y. It was at this time that he first met Mrs. Prevost, the widow of a British officer, says a writer in Woman's Home Companion. She lived across the Hudson, some 15 miles from the shore, but the river was patrolled by the gunboats of the British, and the land by their sentries.

In spite of these difficulties, however, Burr managed to make two calls upon Mrs. Prevost during the winter, both of them necessarily informal.

He sent six of his trusted soldiers to a place on the Hudson, and under the overhanging bank they moored a large boat, well supplied with blankets and buffalo-ropes. At nine o'clock in the evening he left White Plains, mounted on the smallest, swiftest horse he could procure, and when he reached the rendezvous, the horse was quickly bound and laid in the boat.

Burr and the six troopers stepped in, and in half an hour they were across the river. The horse was lifted out, unbound, and with a little rubbing was ready for use. Before midnight he was at the home of his beloved, and at four in the morning he came back to the troopers awaiting him on the river bank, and the return trip was made in the same manner.

Her Loss.

"Miss Beautiful—or, h'm—Gladys," began the suitor, in well-modulated tones, at the same time extending his right hand in the general direction of the maiden, and unlimbering his left knee preparatory to assuming the attitude prescribed by the best authorities as appropriate for such occasions, "as I humbly approach the shrine of your dazzling loveliness—"

"Pardon me, Mr. Dragons," gently interrupted the fair young creature, "but perhaps I ought to tell you that I accepted Mr. Rushmore last night, and—"

"Then, by ginger, all I have to say is that you have missed one of the most eloquent and carefully prepared proposals you ever listened to!"—Woman's Home Companion.

Interesting Topic.

Briggs—That girl talked to me about myself all the evening.

Griggs—Interesting, wasn't she?—Town Topics.

THE BLOODY ANGLE

Fearless Act of an Unknown Union Officer in the Face of Galling Fire.

"Some of us," said the captain, in the Chicago Inter Ocean, "have been looking for 20 years for men who played a very unusual part in the fight at the bloody angle at Spottsylvania on the 12th of May, 1864. After Hancock's corps had captured the first line of Lee's works at the salient, and after the Sixth corps, under Wright, had plunged into the fight, there were several pieces of artillery left near the angle, which were put in action again by infantrymen from different regiments. Up to May 15 we of the army of the Potomac had not been able to locate more than one of these men.

"Eight or ten guns were captured by Hancock's men in the first charge early on the morning of May 12. When the confederates attempted to recapture the works at the angle, some of these guns were drawn out and turned on the charging enemy. Later, two guns of battery C, Fifth United States artillery, were ordered close up to the angle by Gen. Wright himself. The guns went as ordered, but the staff officer guiding them was shot before they reached the designated position, and in a few minutes all the horses had been shot, seven of the 23 men had been killed and 16 wounded.

"Then, of course, the guns were abandoned. Ten years ago the only survivors of that squad were Lieut. Metcalf and Sergt. William E. Lines. To show the character of the rifle fire poured on the

Pierpont, O., Oct. 5th.—Remarkable indeed is the experience of Mr. A. S. Turner, a man now over seventy-one years of age, and whose home is here.

For many years this old gentleman had suffered with a very unpleasant form of kidney trouble, a kind that very often bothers aged people. He would have to get up four or five times every night, and the very tiresome disease was fast wearing him out.

At last after having almost made up his mind that he would never be able to get relief, he stumbled over a medicine which relieved him almost immediately, and has cured him permanently. It is so very easy to get and so simple that Mr. Turner thinks everyone should know it. Every dealer in the country has it, and all you have to do is to ask for Dodd's Kidney Pills. Mr. Turner says:

"I can heartily and honestly recommend Dodd's Kidney Pills for they cured me. Several others in the family have used them, too, and always with the best results. I think they have no equal."

Be Wiser.

Like other men of prominence, Admiral Dewey often comes across the irresponsible party, who always affects to be on terms of intimacy with notable persons. Courteous and genial to a degree, the admiral has profound dislike for this sort of misanthrope, and does not hesitate to show the feeling. Not long ago, while walking in Washington, he was accosted by an effusive stranger, who grasped his hand and said: "George, I'll bet you don't know me." The admiral looked his displeasure as he answered, grimly: "You win," and walked on.—Detroit Free Press.

Cheap Excursion to the South.

On Oct. 20th the Kansas City Southern Ry. (Port Arthur Route) will run a cheap excursion from Kansas City and all stations in Missouri and Kansas to Lake Charles, Shreveport, Beaumont and Port Arthur. The rate for the round trip will be \$15, limited to 21 days from date of sale, good to stop over on going trip at all points en route, provided final destination is reached inside of 15 days from date of sale. This exceptionally low rate, together with liberal stopover privileges allowed, should insure a great crowd, especially in view of the fact that this is the most delightful season of the year to visit the Southland. Similar low rates will probably be placed in effect from points north and east of Kansas City. Ask your ticket agent.

Every effort will be made by the Company to secure the safety and comfort of its passengers. All inquiries relative to desirable locations to visit or other information will be cheerfully furnished. Address either S. G. Warner, G. P. & T. A., F. E. Roessler, T. P. & I. A. or J. H. Morris, T. P. A., Kansas City, Mo.

Carrie—"I'm sure you misjudge Mr. Sweetser, papa. He is a man of great ambition. You should hear him tell of the things he is going to do." Carrie's Papa—"And I suppose I'm one of 'em; but I reckon he'll find it harder to accomplish than he fancies it is."—Boston Transcript.

A Good Thing.

Every issue of The Four-Track News makes it easier for ticket agents and ticket sellers to secure passengers for distant parts of the country, for the reason that every article and every illustration in The Four-Track News is an inducement for readers to travel and see what a marvelous variety of scenery and climate our own country possesses. The more these facts are impressed upon the average person, the more certain he or she is to have a desire to travel. Therefore, The Four-Track News is not only in the interest of all the transportation lines and hotels, it also bears out the legend of its title page of "An Illustrated Magazine of Travel and Education."—From the Buffalo Commercial.

The affluence of a life may be known by its influence.—Ram's Horn.

Do not believe Piso's Cure for Consumption has an equal for coughs and colds.—J. F. Boyer, Trinity Springs, Ind., Feb. 15, 1900.

If all our desires were granted our delights would be gone.—Ram's Horn.

Stop the Cough.

and works off the cold. Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. Price 25 cents

A bird in the hand is not so musical as one in the tree.—Puck.

Economy is the road to wealth. Putnam Fadeless Dye is the road to economy.

He who begins low can go up higher.—Farm and Home.



SPURRED HIS HORSE UP THE STEEP INCLINE.

men manning the guns, it may be said that in the time given to firing nine rounds, 27 bullets passed through the lid of the limber chest and 39 bullets through the sponge bucket of the right gun. In spite of the fact that no men could live in such a fire, officers of a Vermont regiment and of the Ninety-fifth Pennsylvania ran to the assistance of Lieut. Metcalf and Sergt. Lines, but these fell before the guns were abandoned.

"Later men of the Fifth Wisconsin and other regiments manned these guns and some of those captured that morning. Until very recently Judge J. C. Anderson, of Manitowoc, who served in the Fifth Wisconsin at Spottsylvania, believed he was the sole survivor of this second gun squad. In relating his experience at the reunion of his regiment last year, he told how, as the last load was rammed home, John Lehn, of company E, sank down wounded. Then as Anderson went toward the other guns manned by infantrymen, seeking ammunition, something struck him that put him out of action. But he remembers that two of the captured guns were blazing away at the enemy. He stated that he had repeatedly made inquiries for the men serving those guns, but could learn nothing of them and his conclusion was that all were dead.

"All of the boys who saw service in the army of the Potomac became interested in pushing the inquiry, and I was

dashing, handsome and full of spirit, and his men respected and obeyed him.

"Contrary to common belief, the Quantrell band was called into existence because some measure of protection was absolutely necessary against horse thieving, plundering and other depredations which were then running rife in Jackson and other counties bordering Kansas. We captured and punished horse thieves. We meted out justice to them because there was no other justice to be had, for the average criminal was beyond the pale of the courts. Naturally we gained many recruits until we became several hundred strong. We were all southern men in spirit and sympathy and naturally our band became a fighting machine with a purpose.

"We saw that by engaging the federals in Missouri we could prevent thousands of federal soldiers from adding force to the campaign against the south. By means of guerrilla warfare, keeping up a running fight, and worrying the enemy, we kept thousands of soldiers busy watching our movements."

Coining Money for Venezuela.

Venezuela will have coined at the Philadelphia mint 4,000,000 bolivars in silver. A bolivar is worth 19.3 cents.

ABSOLUTE SECURITY.

Genuine Carter's Little Liver Pills.

Must Bear Signature of *Brentwood*

See Fac-Simile Wrapper Below.

Very small and so easy to take as sugar.

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS. FOR HEADACHE. FOR DIZZINESS. FOR BILIOUSNESS. FOR TORPID LIVER. FOR CONSTIPATION. FOR SALLOW SKIN. FOR THE COMPLEXION.

SAWYER'S EXCELSIOR BRAND Poppel Slickers. KEEP THE RIDER OUT! He can't get at the man who wears Sawyer's Poppel Slickers. They are made of the finest material and are guaranteed to keep the rider out. They are sold by all dealers in the United States. Write to Sawyer's Slicker Co., 115 N. Broadway, New York City, for more information.

A. N. E.—9 1900