NO. 96.

ESTABLISHED 1855

YORKVILLE, S. C., FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 29, 1907.

## PRINCE LUCIFER

By ETTA W. PIERCE.

"I promise to stoop to nothing les

marriage. Do you know that, Basil?"

A year passed, but Basil did not re-

His letters were frequent and tende

but evasive. He made no apologies nor

she need not look for him for another

first, but Basil Hawkstone did not

come. His mother waited anxiously.

With the unerring instinct of love she

stone, who had come down to the is

divide the family shekels with me.'

She looked at him in cold anger.

er was a prodigal, who spent his sub-

stance in riotous living. He left you

Basil has provided for you liberally.

"I hate Basil!" answered Vincent

ever get the chance, see if I don't!"

One fateful day a letter came to Jet-

"I am called away in haste. Harris."

"I cannot tell how long I may be

absent, so you must keep the island,

"I will see that he is welcomed pro

Her trunks were packed in haste,

She was absent a month. No mem-

ber of the household knew whither she

ed over her since her departure. She

"Who the deuce can that be?"

thought the boy, as he sprang to meet

"Has Basil-has my son arrived?

was her first question, made in an anx-

"No," replied Vincent; "we have

heard nothing from him since you

stone, quietly, "this child is the daugh-

ious and enfeebled voice.

ever seen.

"Yes, madam," said Harris.

time, and without warning."

perly, madam," replied Harris.

with some deadly sting."

felt that something was wrong.

left alone at Tempest Island.

CHAPTER V. The Island Lady.

Months and years glided on. Philip Hawkstone's murder faded gradually from the minds of men. His widow remained on the island, and governed the place on the Tempest. Be not alarmpeople like a queen. The islanders be- ed; I know nothing of love, care nothing for it," tossing back his brown gan by distrusting and disliking her; they ended by giving her unqualified locks. "I am too much of a despot by nature to submit to its control. I shall love and respect. Did sorrow, sickness return to you even as I go-unscathed, or poverty enter their homes, the isheart-whole," and then he added. land lady, as she was called, was swift to follow after, with a heart full of with bold arrogance: "There are few women in the world fit to be the wife sympathy, and a hand freighted with of a Hawkstone.' relief. She ruled them with kindness and gentleness. Patiently, persistently, she won her way into their confidence and esteem. Harris, the overseer, who had, at the time of Philip Hawkstone's death, regarded the fair these days is vulgar—quite unworthy Creole with open suspicion, soon bethat the family doom, as you call it, came her firm friend, her faithful, zealous adherent. She superintended all will never overtake me." the work done on the island; built houses, introduced new inventions, and cultivated the acquaintance of every man, woman and child among her tenants: but she saw no strangers, renow, and was his own master, acceived no visitors, and rarely crossed to the mainland. A pale, impressive any other lady, always gentle, but never joyous, dressed invariably in black, and with streaks of premature gray in her lovely hair-a lady whose manner compelled deference and attention, and who moved among her dependents with the grace of a born sovereign; yet all the while Jetta Hawkstone carried in her

"She has made a conquest of every soul on the island," Harris was wont to sigh; "she is rich and powerful and -the most unhappy creature in the world!"

lad in olden story.

which gnawed the vitals of the Spartan

heart a silent sorrow, like the fox hand.

To that wild, strong-fisted gypsy Peg Patton, Philip Hawkstone's widow was particularly kind. The girl lived with a blind grandmother in a tumbledown old house at the head of a lonesome, wooded inlet. Immediately after the tragedy Mrs. Hawkstone sent workmen to repair the house, and it soon became known that she had taken the inmates under her own care, and was supporting them in every comfort. The girl Peg came often to the hall, to goodness he'll have the decency to ever admitted. The islanders discovered that Mrs. Hawkstone went sometimes unattended to the lonely Inlet house, and they saw that all animosity was over betwixt Hawkstone's jilted sweetheart and the fair woman he had my presence, to speak like that of need, I think, of both." married. Indeed, if there was one per- your cousin! Your insinuations are hating Jetta Hawkstone, had now wrong-I trust him implicity. Un as matters of importance demanded come to regard her with devoted af- grateful boy! you forget that you al- his immediate presence. Of the girl fection, that person was Peg Patton.

To little Basil, the heir of the island, Jetta Hawkstone was mother, father, comrade, and teacher, all in one. Heart friendless and penniless. For years and soul, this woman, young and beautiful, devoted herself to the boy, and You are living now upon his bounty. in return Basil adored his fair stepmother. A dashing, brilliant fellow he was, yellow-haired and symmetrical erous bosom, will repay your cousin as a young Greek, hot-hearted, hightempered too, with mighty ideas of his own importance, and so haughty withal that he was early called "Prince Lu- and mighty airs; I will sting him if I cifer" by his envious cousin Vincent, who represented a younger branch of

"My darling," said Jetta Hawkstone to her son, "you are the owner of this was Gabriel Ravenal. She read it with island, you are rich, you bear an old blanching lips, then started up from and honorable name, you hold great the dinner-table where she was sitting possibilities for good or evil in your with the boy Vincent, and rang for a hands; learn first to control yourself, servant to fetch Harris, the overseer. and then you can be trusted to rule The latter came, an old man now, beothers. You were born a gentleman; ginning to stoop with the weight of antagonist, and the end could not be act like one everywhere, and under all years. circumstances."

lad, for she would not be parted from till I return." him. She became the guardian of his education as well as of his lordly little person. The boy never spoke of his father, and seemed not to remember

Time went on. The day of tutors passed. Basil Hawkstone entered college. The young island sovereign went out from his small domain to conquer

"Trust me, mamma," he said, "I will had died years before-she departed remember that I am a Hawkstone. I from Tempest Island.

will win all the honors I can, for your

And he kept his word. He was the had gone, or what the errand was most brilliant scholar of his class, and which had called her away. She came during his college course was the same back one day in the late winter. Vindomineering, all-conquering "Prince cent Hawkstone, who had given old Harris no end of trouble in the island Lucifer" that he had been on his little island. He graduated in a blaze of lady's absence, went down to the wharf glory, and a few weeks later sailed for Europe, to see the world and enjoy from the yacht which had brought her before his widow now lay dying. life for a season, after the fashion of from Whithaven, the boy noticed that her movements were feeble and slow In the drawing-room at Tempest She had a wan, wasted look. It seem-

Hall mother and son parted. Jetta ed as though a dozen years had pass-Hawkstone had aged greatly of late. Her abundant hair was now as white as snow.

"You will not remain long abroad Basil?" she said, wistfully, to the splendid, stalwart fellow who was gazing at her so fondly from a pair of iron-gray eyes, set under level black his aunt. brows. He was all strength and grace and beauty, far handsomer than Philip Hawkstone had ever been, and with none of the melancholy Charles Stuart look of his father.

"I shall be gone but a year, mamanswered; "twelve short months."

"Basil, have I been a good mother to you?" she asked, with her hands on his broad shoulders

"My beautiful boy! some day you will bring a wife to Tempest Hall to pair of scornful eyes, like blackest take my place. Basil, oh Basil!"-and a convulsive shudder shook her from head to foot-"God grant that the family doom may not overtake you! A ter of my old friend, Gabriel Ravenel presentiment of evil is upon me today. She was named for me-she now be-Choose carefully, choose wisely, Basil! longs to me, for her father has recent-You a Hawkstone, ought to marry the ly died, and I have adopted her. I noblest in the land."

am growing old." "Old madam!" said Harris. you still on the right side of forty? with your journey-that's all."

and the girl, Jetta Ravenel, daughter wharf. of that man who had once lain in Whithaven jail accused of the murder of Philip Hawkstone, followed after. "So you've come to live on the is land?" said Vincent Hawkstone.. 'You re southern, like my aunt, I suppose?

She had a neck as white as ivory, and down her shapely back streamed than a princess, mother," he laughed, two massive braids of black hair with gayly. "I trust it will be many a day curling auburn tips. She turned that leopard-like grace, and saw the catbefore anybody takes your place-in same neck in a stately way, and anfact, no living woman can take your swered:

"L hope you do not belong here!" He laughed.

"Only by sufferance! I am a poor and snubs me. You seem to be a high in strange fascination. It was her first and mighty miss. I wonder what my glimpse of the man who was fated t aunt means to do with you? What- work such havoc in her own young ever possessed her to bring a girl to life. "The doom of the family is unhappy Tempest Hall? It's no place for girls. We've had every other horror here in touch the brass knocker some watcher "I have heard some rubbish of the the last twenty years, but no girls. ort" - loftily - "but superstition in Why, you'll be like something out of a

of us, you know! You may be sure She gave him a withering look. "You are the most impertinent peron that I ever saw," she said, and So he went, in his splendid, boastful then walked on in contemptuous si-

strength, and Jetta Hawkstone was lence When they reached the porch Mrs. Hawkstone turned and called the girl,

turn. He had attained his majority softly, tenderly. Welcome to your new home, Jetta countable neither to his stepmother nor want you to be very happy here, dear child-happier than I have ever been

Welcome, Gabriel's daughter!" She led the young stranger across the explanations, and frankly declared that fell to the floor in a dead faint.

twelve-month at least. He seemed They carried her into the drawingfascinated with European life, and he was spending money with a lavish room. She revived shortly, and looked round for Jetta. The second year went by like the

"Do not be frightened," she said: "it nothing-nothing but, fatigue"smiling into the girl's scared face-"I shall be better tomorrow."

The overseer dined with her that

"What the deuce can Prince Lucifer day be doing over there in London and "My good Harris," she said, "I hope Paris?" sneered young Vincent Hawkmy islanders will not look unkindly on light. Gabriel Rayenel's daughter. She is land to spend a vacation. The boy an orphan, penniless, and alone in the was poor and kinless save for Basil. world. Already I love her next to He hated this elder and more fortunate Basil."

Hawkstone with his whole heart, and "Madam," answered Harris, "your did not scruple to express these sentislanders will never show unkindness ments when occasion offered. "You to any one that you love. They have may be sure he's up to mischief, my full confidence in your wisdom, and dear aunt. Basil is sly, deuced sly, for many of them no longer remember all you think such a paragon. I hope even the name of Gabriel Ravenel."

She nodded. send me abroad when I am done with 'Yes-yes, they seem to have forgotland lady to which no third party was school. We two are the last of the ten all the evil of the past-they love painfully. "Do you not see that I must Hawkstones. He is rich, I am a beg- me now-they believe in me. I have make haste?-I have so little time. In gar. He ought, in common justice, to plans for this young girl, Harris, which "Vincent, I forbid you ever again, in

That night the island lady wrote to ready owe him everything. Your fath- Jetta she made no mention.

she had been writing and walked to it you will learn something of what I of Rochambeau's officers-and looked Vincent, I fear a day will come when you, like the serpent warmed in a gen- the sky, and shone down on the great the island lady failed with it. sea, and the hills and downs of the island. The naked vines of the porch

sparked frostily in the white light. with boyish bluntness. "I hate his high Peace and silence reigned. Did the Hawkstone doom still brood over this spot? Would the fate of this other Jetta, Gabriel's daughter, named in remembrance of his first unfortunate ta Hawkstone from the far south. The signature at the bottom of the sheet love, be happier than her own? "God grant it!" she shuddered.

For years this woman had battled neffectually with a great silent sorow. Now she was entering upon anfar away. Above stair, Jetta the girl lay asleep her first sleep on Tempest his arrest-of how he lay in Whithav-The best tutors that money could said the lady of the island. "Take care Island. Below, Jetta the woman stood en jail for weeks, accused of a foul Crowds of people filled the circus there. procure came to the island to teach the of everything here, Vincent included, for a long time with the moonlight crime, and I did not-I could not open falling on her black dress and prematurely bleached hair, her joyless eyes though I knew it only too well, and turned outward on those miles of island and especially the Hall, ready for my fered for twenty years. Then she went on's arrival. He may come at any back to the table, took up her pen again, and firmly added these conclud-

ing lines to her letter: "My days are numbered, Basilome quickly! I have had a sad life and attended by a single maid-Salome but it is almost done, and there is widower with an infant son. Then omething of great importance which must communicate to you before I

CHAPTER VI.

same Cedar Chamber where Philip to meet her. As she stepped ashore Hawkstone had met death long years

was not alone. By her side walked a and a physician stood by the huge

the sick woman; "will he never come?" "Basil has not yet arrived," answerd the doctor, soothingly. nephew Vincent is below in the drawing-room-will you see him?"

went away. Basil-you think of no one but Basil! Of course he's not com-Basil," she said, in a feeble, wandering. By Jove! if I had his money, ing voice; "did you not tell me that he wouldn't quit Paris and Rome for such had sailed from Liverpool?" place as Tempest Island, though life "Yes, madam; and the steamer, ar here seems likely to be more tolerable rived safely yesterday. I telegraphed now!"-casting a bold look at the girl, who was surveying him with a

"Vincent," explained Mrs. Hawkhour ago." She moved uneasily on her pillow.

of Jetta Harris give me your arm- The sun was just setting over the tumbled hills and gray downs of the island and glinting the tawny wings of the windmills. Peacocks screamed along No, no, that can't be. You are tired the old seawall at the foot of the grounds and out beyond it. Jetta's She leaned heavily on his arm as eyes, searching the berylline seatrack, they went up to the house. Vincent espied a sail making swiftly for the

coming, at last!"

woman, falling back in the arms of

Jetta Ravenel remained at the win

dow, a lithe, girlish shape, full o

boat approach the landing and its two occupants leap ashore. One proceeded to secure the little craft, the other hurried up the green slope to the Hall. He carried himself with a grand air. relative merely-a hanker-on of the The title of Prince Lucifer seemed not You will find Prince Lucifer altogether inappropriate to this lordly

> He gained the porch. Before he could from within had admitted him. With tremendous strides he ascended the stair. The door of the Cedar Chamber flew back and Basil Hawkstone stood

He staggered to the bed and fell or

"Leave us together," she said. They vanished.

'You must go also, Jetta."

in the Cedar Chamber.

"Oh, my darling, you went away for one year and you have remained "Yes, I was detained by many things

Oh, don't reproach me, mother-I never dreamed that you were so ill."

Basil! how changed! You have grown old and-and-unfamiliar." He winced. "Old?-changed? Well, that is not

strange, mother. After all, three years anxious and unhappy about you." She saw that he was evading her. "You are keeping something from

must speak first"—catching her breat need not tell you now. Tomorrow knew that I was stricken with a mor you must go to Whithaven and bring tal disease-I have thought only of me a lawyer and a physician-I have you, planned only for you. In the corunworthy, unjust. He can do no her son, urging him to return at once, papers. Here is the key," forcing the document is for you to read as soon as I die-let no eye but your own see it-She arose from the table at which it was written for you only, and from

the window of the library-that ancient have suffered since I came to this is The light began to die in the cham out on the night. A full moon rode in ber; it seemed as though the voice of

"Lift me a little, Basil," she said: here," pressing her hand to her breast She looked him straight in the eyes. "Do you remember your father?"

"Imperfectly." "You know how he died?" "Yes."

"Yes. He was likewise my lover in

A Death Bed.

overspread with eastern rugs. A nurse her tears.

"No. no: not Vincent-I want only

o him that you could not last till midnight. Courage! he will soon be with you. Sampson went over to Whithaven to meet the New York express an

"Strange that he delays so long! is quite unlike Basil. If he does not ter shall be your future wife." make haste he will find me gone. Look

"It is Sampson's catboat," she cried,

"and there are two men in it. Yes, he is coming. Mrs. Hawkstone-he i "Thank God!" murmured the sick

American. Jetta Ravenel watched him

again in the presence of his stepmoth

his knees beside it. Mrs. Hawkstone made a gesture to the nurse and the answered, hoarsely. "Ask anything but physician.

The girl cast one look at Basi Hawkstone prostrate in his splendid strength, and darted out in the wake threshold with her own hand, then she of the others. The widow and son of promise that you will marry Gabriel's gun shells, pieces of paper or clothing, turned to say something to Harris, and Philip Hawkstone were thus left alone daughter."

"Mother!"

She turned his handsome face to the "How worn and haggard you look

is a long while, and of late I have been me, Basil!" she cried. "But wait! I

the last few months-yes, ever since l ner yonder stands a cabinet." He looked and nodded. "It holds my private same into his hand. "The topmost

there is such a sense of suffocation

"It was in this very room-you and I have never talked of the matter before. wanted to die here, also. You have neard of Gabriel Ravenel?" "He was the man suspected of my

ather's murder." the days before I met Philip Hawkstone. You have heard the story of my lips to declare his innocence though he was the son of a guardian to whom I owed everything in the

past. "You may well look at me in hor or. After Gabriel was released he re turned to the south. There he made a oveless marriage, and was soon left : came the war. He took the field with the forces of his native state-he sought and won 'the bubble reputation at the cannon's mouth,' and, when the struggle was over, sank quickly, like pled, ruined, impoverished man.

many others, into obscurity-a crip-Two months later he came. It was few months ago he sent me a letter an afternoon in spring, and in the which wrung my heart. It was the first news that I had heard of him for many years. He was dying in poverty and wretchedness, attended only by hi The massive oak furniture, carved little daughter Jetta, the fruit of a with the arms of the Hawkstones, had second marriage, which seems to have een brought from England in the pre- been as unhappy as the first. To my eding century. The polished floor was care he committed the child. I started south immediately-I found his grave -I also found Jetta and brought her young girl in a mourning frock-the four-poster whereon Mrs. Hawkstone back with me, determined to make reshandsomest creature that Vincent had lay, like a piece of fragile porcelain. titution to the father through the Gabriel Ravenel's daughter crouched daughter-to atone for the wrong I had by the side of the bed, holding the done him, for the misery and sham hand of her friend and wetting it with that he had suffered because of meby rearing his child as my own, and "Basil-where is Basil?" murmured lavishing upon her every good gift that a mother can bestow. Oh. Basil she is so young, so friendless, and I must go and leave her when she needs me most-go, with the debt I owe Gabriel unpaid, with my work of repara-

> Jetta herself to you." A look of relief crossed his hand some anxious face. "Is that all?" he answered.

> tion scarcely begun. Basil, Basil, I

must leave it all to you-I must leav

ept the child as a sacred trust." "No, that is not all," she gasped "By birth Jetta is your equal-she will one day be a great beauty. As for her poverty, that can be no objection to crew rescued. you, for you inherit great wealth. Basil, swear to me that Gabriel's daugh-

The blood rushed into his face and went south a month ago to take charge sight?" The girl flew to the window. "You do not know what you say," he out again. "You do not know what you say," he for a celebration."—Success Magazine."



SENATOR PHILANDER C. KNOX

this, mother-anything but this!" "It is my last request," she pleaded, wildly: "surely you canont refuse it!

"Mother, I cannot!" he groaned, with averted face.

"And why? "Because I am already married!" in the Cedar Chamber. Only the salt tide kept up its monotonous beat on the beach below the seawall.

"Married!-you!" gasped the sic woman. "When?-to whom?" "Two years ago, in London, to one

who had taken my heart by storm," he stammered. "Forgive me for keeping the matter a secret from you, mother-I feared to tell you about Vera-I ing is the ability to find this succesfeared your prejudice, your anger

and"-He had given her a fearful shockshe stared wildly.

"My prejudice-my torture me, Basil! Have you married thorough acquaintance with the habits some objectionable person, that you of animals and the character of sign talk like this? Tell me the whole truth that each kind of animal makes. If -hide nothing from me now, Basilthere is no time for further deception.' His iron-gray eyes were full of reorse and dread.

"God forbid that I should deceive you more," he said. "It is true that Vera was beneath me socially, as the world judges such matters, but why should we, Americans, born and bred to consider all men and women equal, draw hateful lines of caste? Vera was good and beautiful-surely that is nough to say."

In spite of her ebbing strength she was still keen and comprehensive. "Not every woman, though lovely and good, can be your equal, Basil. There must always be social distinc tions in the world. Do you remember what you said to me at parting-you would stoop to nothing less than a princess-you believed few women were fit to mate with a Hawkstone?"

He colored painfully. "Foolish words! I did not then know what love was; I had not felt its cruel

power." Her cold hands cituched his own. "You evade me. Speak, speak, Basil, before I am past listening. Let me know the choice you have made.'

The truth must be confessed. "Her name was Vera Hawtree, began. "She was an orphan, withwith-obscure antecedents. I first saw her at Muswell Hill, in the environs of London. It was a gala night. A favorite equestrienne came riding into the ring. She was a mere child it married her one week from that night and carried her away to the Conti-

Mrs. Hawkstone uttered a sharp cry "A circus rider, Basil!" "Yes; but do not condemn her un ustly. She had been bred to the proession by her father, and she was

nent.

marriage." By a superhuman effort Mrs. Hawl stone raised herself on her pillow. "That was two years ago, you say Has your wife made you happy, Basil? -oh, my grand, proud darling-last but one, of the Hawkstones-have you

vet regretted your choice?" For his life he could not speak. gave a despairing groan. "You need not answer. I see n your face. A circus rider! And this the princess to whom you stoopedthe woman who is to succeed me here n Tempest Island! God help you, Ba-

sil! The curse of the race has fallen

on you early! You have wrecked your

own life, and you have broken

heart, in my dying hour." She fell fell suddenly back "Speak to me again!" he cried,

But there was no answer. In the rms of that idolized stepson who had dealt to her proud, patient heart the last blow that it was ever to know, the lady of Tempest Island lay stark and dead.

To be Continued

wallowing in the waves that threatenened to engulf her at any moment. rail, and with his own hands ignited a would be seen and the passengers and

with difficulty to the rail and spoke to the captain. "Captain," said he, "I must protest During the campaign the best sol-

Miscellaneous Reading.

WORK OF INDIAN TRAILE ....

Their Skill In Following Man and

When a frontiersman talks of a trail he may mean anything that indicates the passage that way of somebody or something. But there is another sort of a trail that the Indians became expert in following, and some of the feats dered on the miraculous. An old Indian left his people in southwestern California and wandered over the desert, after having become demented through senility. This same Indian, in his younger days, had been noted for his ability to trace the slightest trail left by man or beast, and his recovery and return to the care of friends were due entirely to the ability of nembers of his tribe to follow the feeble trail on the desert which he left as It is difficult in the extreme to fol-

ow the trail of one who does not atempt to hide the fact that he has been traveling across the country writes larence E. Edwards in the San Franisco Chronicle, and this being true, it nay be understood how much more lifficult the task becomes the person followed has used every enleavor and precaution to efface all marks that show his passage. Take uch a trail, and success depends enirely on the ability of the trailers to ing marks left by accidental or inadvertent slips of the foot.

An expert trailer can follow a trail where a trained hound would fail with Jetta. There is a weight on my to find a scent. Sign means any eviconscience-I must provide for the dence that something has been where child's future. If you love me, Basil, the object is seen. Ashes, tin cans, broken sticks, footprints, anything indicating that man has been there is 'sign." Broken bushes, overturned logs and stones, muddy water, scratched bark or earth, patches of hair, foot-There was a moment of dead silence prints, all indicate the passage of an animal and are "sign."

Where these signs are continuous they make the trail, and where the trail used frequently and for a long time it known as an old trail. Where the a fresh trail. As the trail is the con- in peace or war, he hides his trail. It inuation of the "sign," or rather a succession of "signs," it follows that trailsion of signs in order to follow the route taken by the object being trailed. To become a good trailer therefore it is necessary to have a keen eye, a good knowledge of the country, a object trailed be white or red men

knowledge of the habits of these nust also be had. white man must always take second through a pass in the mountains. If offered to trail the man and find him place to the Indian, for in the red man, the fleeing party makes devious twists if he were released and paid for his there is the weight of generations of and turns, crossing and recrossing its trailers to make the art one that is alnost second nature. I am sure that in many cases which have come under my observation the art of trailing has directly to the landmark ahead and amounted to an instinct. Whites nevr become so expert as do Indians, but have known Mexicans who have excelled and surpassed the Indians. I have heard of many expert white trailers, but in every instance the expertness was good for a white man, but yould have been considered as indif-

so good as the Indians themselves. Probably the finest trailer ever whose powers bordered upon the inyth-

nurdering Comanches," said the gen- that left by himself. eral, "who had been pursued, scattered fairly into the rough and rocky Gaudnorse. Its owner had found out the

oughest mountains, turning and twist- unable to trace them. ng in what was apparently the most whole command was able to discover single evidence that any human being had gone that way ahead of us, except at times when Espinosa would call attention to some faint mark left where it secreted itself near water by the Indian horses. One or two occasions I lost patience and demanded that he show me some evidence that we were after the band of Comanches, and he would blandly answer, 'poce tiempo' ('a little while'). Then in a short time he would point to a mark or a footprint or some other unmistakable sign. We followed the devious to its hiding place after every other windings of this almost indistinguishable trail for nearly 150 miles, and up as being one impossible of compleluring the entire ride Espinosa left his saddle but three times to look closer at He finally took us to the ground. where the Indians had reunited and we were able to overtake them and pun-

ish them for their raiding." I had an experience in the Apache campaign which, I think, shows greater skill than that told of by the gener-Hastily the captain ordered a box al. All Indians are expert trailers, the f rockets and flares brought to the best in this respect being the Delawares, Comanches and Apaches. The number of them, in the hope they best trailer that ever came under my observation was an Apache who was 'Mid the rockets' red glare, a tall, in the employ of the government durnin, austere individual found his way ing the campaign of Gen. Crook in Arizona.

among all the Indians. To assist them the white searchers that all hope the troops had in their employ a num- finding a trail was seemingly lost. ber of Indian scouts and trailers who were famed for their experience and of a big reward which was offered, for their knowledge of the habits of the Indians who were out. These trailers found the child, unhurt but almost were also Apaches, but of a different dead from fright and exposure. They tribe from those who were at war. The did their work in a most systematic Chiracahuas who had left their reser- manner, covered the ground thoroughvation and who had been raiding and ly, and soon found the direction taken. murdering were admittedly the worst Then began an ideal bit of trailing. Indians in all the United States. Sevinto camp for the purpose of assisting of the aborigines of the west have bor- us in following the Chiracahuas, and sion on the damp earth. Sometimes In order to make a successful move against these Indians it was necessary

> and a company of trailers were out after the raiders. All the day Indian fallen tree. I was reminded of the scouts had searched the surrounding country for trails, and when the er when he is following the trail of a troops were ready to start the scouts scattered covey of quall by the manner had a trail which they believed led in which these Utes followed the child directly to the rancheria or village of through eight miles of trackless mounthe raiding Apaches. The trail was tain covered with underbrush. followed over stony and rough ground, and through underbush, in the dark, with their hands. They seemed to exrossed by a fresher one.

an officer came up. A light was procross trail proved to be that of a bear, which had passed along after the Inand the rancheria was found and captured early in the morning. This remarkable feat of trailing was considered the greatest ever known, and received mention in the report of the the army. On being answered in the general to the war department. The Indian is taught from earliest

childhood to note and examine every mark on the ground. He is given constant instructions regarding the placing of his feet while on the march, signs are new and recently made it is and under all circumstances, whether has become a second nature to him, and the watching of the trails he crosses is as instinctive as is the hiding of his own. But it is not alone by done, and travels by landmarks.

His perfect knowledge of the country tells where the fleeing party is bound ing the mark of his heavy army boot to pass if not too closely pursued, and on the soil, and showed where he had over wide expanse of country he makes directly for the place where he is certain the trail will cross a ridge or own trail in order to throw the followers off the expert trailer does not compelled to stop and rest on account attempt to follow these turns, but goes of the lameness of his horse. thus frequently gains an hour's time. It is only when the pursued is very closely pursued that he will abandon the landmarks and endeavor to throw the pursuers off by striking out independently across the country.

Sometimes a large party finds itself so hotly followed that it is compelled ferent had the work been done by an to scatter and the members take devi-Indian. Even white men who have cus ways across mountains or plains een captured as boys by Indians and to a point some hundred of miles fained to manhood have never been away. Then the trailer finds his work cut out for him, for the trailer cannot proceed so rapidly as he who makes known was Pedro Espinosa, a Mexican, the trail. The Indian on a raid pays little attention to his front. He knows cal. A story told by Gen. Dodge will that this weakness is in his trail and illustrate what an expert trailer is able he always carefully guards the rear of accomplish under conditions that his march. His knowledge of his own seem to preclude possibility of success. ability to find the trail of his enemy "I was sent in pursuit of a party of makes him afraid of the discovery of

Reference is still made to the "Cheyand the trail abandoned by a party of enne raid," which took place in Kan-Texas Rangers, who found the task of sas in 1878. This memorable event ollowing the Indians too difficult for was not a raid in the true sense of the Eight days after the Indians word. The northern Cheyennes had ad been scattered and had taken dif- been rounded up and transported to ferent routes to some prearranged the Indian Territory, where they were eeting place I put Espinosa on the held on a reservation, much against trail. One of the horses ridden by the their wills. Wild Hog, one of the most Comanches was shod, the rest were famous chiefs of the tribe, led the tribe barefoot, and Espinosa followed the in an effort to break away from the rail of the shod horse. When we were reservation and return to the old home. One hundred and twenty men, with all alupe mountains, Espinosa stopped, their women and children, left Fort ismounted and picked up from a cre- Reno, fought their way through one vice in the rocks four shoes of the line of troops and evaded and outran two other lines. They traveled 300 fact that this horse would leave an miles in ten days, but so expert was easily followed trail and he put him- their chief that they left scarcely a self on an equality with the rest of the mark to show where they went over band by removing the shoes. With a the prairie. They marched in open grim smile Espinosa handed them to order, covering a belt from three to me and said the Indian intended to eight miles wide, and left a trail so At the present time fully \$12,000,000 slight on the hard prairie that the most "For six days we journeyed over the expert trailers among the troops were

The fourth line of troops turned the Indians after a battle in which Col. there is ample field for the California Lewis was killed, and then Wild Hog producers to enlarge their business. turned toward the settled part of Kanraid the band fled to the sand hills, Among the trailers at the fort was a Pawnee Indian. He was put to work to solve the problem. He followed steadily after the fleeing band, and knowledge of landmarks, never hesiscout and trailer had given the task California product a great advantage. The most remarkable bit of individ-

the finding of a little girl in the Gunnison Valley in Colorado. A little girl nissed for several hours. Apparently racted father rode to the nearest setsearched all day without finding a sign in the shopping centres of Los Anof the little one. Finally it was suggested that Ute trailers at a camp some twenty miles away be sent for

Three Indians stimulated by hope went to work, and before night they

TERMS---\$2.00 A YEAR IN ADVANCE.

SINGLE COPY, FIVE CENTS.

Foot by foot they went over the ground eral Tonto Apaches had been brought noting a broken twig here, an overturned stone there or a small impresone night word came in that a band of they would go for a mile without findthe raiders had made its way into the ing a single thing to indicate that the valley below us and under the very child had passed that way and then noses of the troops had robbed several they would find the impression of a ranches and murdered the inhabitants. little bare foot in a patch of wet earth. The child was found eight miles from home, and hid so closely when to march at night on account of warn- the Indians approached her that they ings sent ahead by signal fires. As passed her and were almost at fault. soon as night came a troop of cavalry They had to double back several times before they espied her hidden under a

work of an old and conscientious point-The old story of the man who described a lost camel so accurately that

the trailers actually feeling their way he came near being jailed for having stolen it finds its parallel in the Apache perience no difficulty in tracing the country, where an Indian boy so accurtrail with their fingers in the dark, but ately described a horse and rider that suddenly there was a halt, and word the soldiers who were after the deserwas sent back that the trail had been ter took the boy into custody for having murdered the man and secreted the A consultation was held, the Indians horse. But for the fact that the boy holding their hands on the trail until offered to guide them to the real thief he would have been shot. The horse cured and the new trail examined. The had been stolen by a deserter, who was dians. The original was taken up and after him, but had missed his trail and followed steadily through the night, meeting an Apache boy they asked him if he had seen a man on a horse go by that way. He asked if it was a sorrel horse, lame in the right hind leg and ridden by a tall man who belonged to

affirmative he said he had not seen the man or the horse. This made the sergeant in command angry and he ordered the arrest of the boy for killing the man and stealing the horse. The boy protested his inhorse was a sorrel and that he was lame. He showed where the horse had rubbed against a tree and had left some sorrel hairs. He pointed to where the animal had crossed a muddy place watching the marks left on the ground and showed that the impressions made that he follows those whom he is pur- by the right hind foot were not so suing. He does as he knows they have heavy as those left by the other feet. He showed another place where the man had got down off the horse, leavnstead of following an intricate trail reached up and broken off the limb of led them to the deserter, who had been

> In the west every ranchman must be a trailer to a certain extent if he expects to keep his stock. He must be able to pick out the tracks left by his own straying animals among the hundreds and maybe thousands of others which roam over the country. The result that follows is that the ranchmen learn to do what the Indian has been compelled to do from his childhood and watch for imprints on the earth, changed positions of stones and broken

AMERICAN OSTRICH FARMS.

and bent sticks and grass.

and San Jose.

Four In California, While Arizona Has 2.000 Birds. The recent establishing of the Los Angeles ostrich farm within the city limits of Los Angeles gives California four ostrich enterprises-the others

being at San Diego, South Pasadena

The South African farms do not

manufacture and retail their product, but in California, says Sunset, the feathers are grown, manufactured and The initiative in the ostrich industry was taken about thirty years ago by Dr. Sketchley, who established a farm at Anaheim. Later on other men

imported birds and assisted in estab-

lishing the business. The greatest de-

velopment of the business has been in Arizona, where there are at present over 2,000 birds. Their product of feathers has been sold principally to New York manufacturers. There is a tendency on the part of the ostrich feather growers to combine their efforts in building up the industry and in this way give to the southwest a distinct industry characteristic of its climate and sunshine worth of ostrich feather goods are sold annually in the United States, and of this amount California has sold approximately \$200,000, which proves that

The cost of manufacturing ostrich sas to get fresh mounts. After this feathers is less than in New York, although the scale of wages is the same. The difference is due to the ever-presholes known to the Indians alone. ent sunshine and the warm climate, which makes heating expense a small

The California farms can produce, manufacture and retail their feathers where the trail was lost he utilized his for fully one-third less than it is necessary for eastern retailers to charge tating for a minute, and ran the band There is a 50 per cent duty on imported plumes, boas, etc., which gives the

The quality of the California product is as a rule superior to the grade of goods commonly retailed throughout ual trailing was that which preceded the United States, due to the fact that the feathers are fresher when they reach the consumer and retain the life our years old wandered away from a and beauty which is often destroyed in cabin on Tumiche Creek and was not imported feathers by the methods pursued in handling, packing and shipno trace of her was left, and the dis- ping. The California product is sold throughout the United States, princitlement for help. Hundreds of white pally by mail orders, but retail salesmen of the valley turned out and rooms are maintained at the farms and

27 Dainty little India rubber boots and this was done. The Indians got on are now offered for sale in London for the ground twenty-four hours after the the "feet" of toy terriers or other dogs that may be the pets of wealthy