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CHAPTER XI

Ten o'clock and no one yet came riding back from the column with later news. Almost as soon as the command had disappeared from view Mrs. Farrar had gone home, Helen, Ellis, Kitty and Will in close attendance, and there they were presently joined by Aunt Loretta, whose volubility even calamity seemed powerless to check, and then, to the relief of all the women, Captain Leale knocked and was promptly admitted.

your relief, corporal, and we will look



Handed a square, white envelope to Mrs. Dauntton.

"You are not going to send Mr. Farrar away after all," she began, but Leale laughingly checked her. "Far from it," said he. "I need him at the guardhouse and mean to put him in charge of the prisoners when they come in. The chances are that the colonel will have to arrest not a few of those fellows, and he'll do it in the interest of peace and good order, despite the fact that he has no warrant. Are you ready, sir?"

Further after No. 6. Has that man been drinking again? he turned and asked the silent sergeant, as the relief marched away.

"I'm ready and willing to do any duty, Captain Leale," answered Will ruefully. "But I was the first volunteer for that courier ride to Big Round. I think the colonel ought to have given it to me. If he does not, I'll guard tomorrow anyhow, and would just as lief begin now. Shall I come at once?"

"It's hard to say, sir. He's one of those steady seakers. It would be difficult to find him when he hadn't been drinking more or less. I think he has been drinking all day, but he knows what he is doing and is as sober as he is at any other time."

"Yes, the second relief goes on in a few minutes, and you will better inspect them. Everything is started right. You have cavalry in the north and guard. I want the sentries on the north and east bluffs instructed to listen for all sounds from the east and to keep a close watch on that plant of Bunko Jim's. Watch every movement in that rowdy town over yonder, though I hardly trust the populace has already ridden away at the bidding of the so-called cow-boy king."

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the upper end of the post of sentry on No. 4. He was delayed unexpectedly among the stables, for one of the orderlies, in the absence of his troop and officers, had gone visiting among his associates in the adjoining building, and one or two spare horses were loose and roaming about the gangway. The next thing he heard of his sentries there were excited shouts for the corporal of the guard, and, hastening out into the night to ascertain the cause, he nearly collided with little Malcolin, the trumpeter.

"Lieutenant," cried the breathlessly, "Crow Knife's killed, sir. Stabbed to death!"

"My God!" moaned Will, as he hastened up the slope. "There's a curse on Christianstide at old Fort Frayne."

When 10, 20 minutes had passed away and Helen Dauntton failed to return, Mrs. Farrar had become anxious, and it at last came. Leale, too, had been listening eagerly for her step on the porch without, and, unable to control his longing to see and speak with her, despite her palpable efforts to avoid him, he had early taken his leave and gone forth in search of his wife.

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lunged at the officer's throat. "A little form had come leaping like a prairie dog upon the path, and even before Helen's cry had died away Crow Knife had hurled himself between the men and the shining blade was buried out of sight. There was a moment of furious struggle, and then the sentry lay, felled like an ox in his tracks, and Leale's foot was at his throat. The knife, blood stained, had dropped in the snow. The Indian, now pressed to his side, was swearing at that same moment, and the guard, with a brace of men, came running to the spot.

"Take this man to the guardhouse," was the brief, stern order, as they lifted Graice, stunned and sodden, to his feet. Then the captain turned to Crow Knife. "Did that crazy brute strike you? Are you hurt?" he asked, in deep concern.

"Captain," said the Indian slowly. "I believe I'm killed."

Leale sprang to support him. Other men, running to the scene, linked their hands and made a chair and raised the poor fellow to the hospital, laid. "I'll be with you in a moment," said Leale, and then he turned to where, trembling, terrified, Helen Dauntton still stood as though powerless to move.

"Helen—Mrs. Dauntton! First let me see you home. I ask no confidence, no explanation, but this is something in which I must help you. I have guessed the truth, have I not? That man is your brother?"

"My brother, Captain Leale? God pity me, that man is my husband!"

"For a moment not another word was spoken. Leale recoiled—staggered—as though struck by a mortal blow. Then, in hoarse whisper, so choked and broken seemed his voice:

"Your husband? Your husband, Helen? Oh, my God! And I had thought you free to be loved, as I have learned—as you have taught me—to love you."

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with some calamity before starting. Meanwhile the secret has been kept. The story is something like this: Twenty years ago a Maine carpenter started by ship from California back home, going by way of Panama. When nearly in port the ship stopped at an island for repairs, and the carpenter took a day to enjoy himself. He had a public house—for the island was a small settlement—he met two sailors who had with them a bag of ore. The men asked the carpenter if he would like to test the mine they had found, finding it nearly pure gold. The sailors said they had obtained it from an island one day's sailing north.

The miners proposed that he go back to the island and get a ship load of gold. They would start in a vessel purchased with the carpenter's money. The carpenter agreed and back they went. Clear the island a severe storm came up, wrecking them. The carpenter and one sailor were cast ashore, but the crew perished.

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MR. BRYAN AS A DEER-SLAVER.

A HUNTER'S PARADISE IN MISSOURI.

The Ex-Presidential Candidate Had an Enjoyable Time—An Immense Game Park in the Bald Knob Region.

Ex-Presidential Candidate William Jennings Bryan had a series of enjoyable experiences out in the rich game preserves of Taney county, Missouri, in company with a number of distinguished Democrats, who were recently in Taney county in the State that the railroads have not entered. It is almost as wild as prairie wastes. Few people dwell there. There are no towns of any importance, no industries. The soil is most barren and rocky. No crops can be raised except in a kitchen garden sort of way. It is in the heart of the Bald Knob region. It boasts no sloping, greenly wooded hills, no sheer, defiant crags. Dull, gray knobs, bald of growth, rise in endless series all about the country. The hills are steep, great trees rise up. At the bases grow thick underbrush. The streams in Taney county, both big and little, are clear as crystal. They meander among the hills, and are more tortuous in their turnings than the rattlesnakes along their banks, flowing always toward the south. They are all very good for fishing. The natives. A number of the Louis gentlemen own about 9,000 acres of land in the southern part of Taney county. This land is fenced in and literally swarms with game. There are the indigenous deer, oak, antelope, wild goat, bear, squirrel, coon, possum, catamount, turkey and quail in greater abundance than any place in America. It is really a hunter's paradise. Right through the center of it runs the beautiful White river. This stream is about the size of the Meramec and is full of good fishing. There are bass, so that he who does not care to hunt, but loves to sit and angle on the river's bank is equally well cared for. When the park was first enclosed there were perhaps twenty to thirty native deer within it, and in the fencing, under the superintendence of Mr. McCann, "Old Gon," they call him, a regular job was worked on the park, and stirring it with a long pole, the confiding deer who had been taken were left on the outside. The bald knobs in the park are very steep. Such an island might easily have been found before now by other explorers. It is a small island, about a year, but for one fact. There is a certain latitude of the South Pacific where the greatest quantity of poisonous reptiles live. The islands are alive with them. The deer do not land at these islands nor does a living soul touch them from year to year. Marliners, and the few sailors who come from them as possible, and the island lies in the very midst of this "Snake Belt."

The exploring party would be obliged to rid the island of once of reptiles. They would first assure themselves that they had found the island so rich in gold and then the snakes could be driven out by poisons and by planting certain herbs that are repulsive to the reptiles. The island could be cleared of reptiles, the explorers taking the utmost precautions while at work.

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WAYSIDE GATHERINGS.

Bits of Humor and Nuggets of Truth for the multitude.

The first and worst of all faults is to cheat one's neighbor.

The rich are rich because the poor are industrious.

There is a breed of dogs in Russia that cannot bark.

There are thirty towns called Washington in America.

An ounce of encouragement is worth a pound of faultfinding.

The Japanese in 1858 were vaccinated on the tip of the nose.

There is a growing demand in England for human skin leather.

The biggest coward in all the earth is the man who is afraid to do right.

The reproaches of enemies should quicken us to duty, and not keep us from it.

TILLMAN BECOMES CONSERVATIVE.

The Significance of His Speech at Gaffney, S. C., and How He Created a Going Backward Movement.

Special to the News and Courier. There is a great deal more importance to be attached to Senator Tillman's Gaffney speech than his bearing on the county proposition. His position of decided importance for a variety of reasons, especially that there are so many new county propositions, and in all of them there are many who have inexplicable faith in Tillman.

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AN ISLAND MADE OF PURE GOLD.

IN THE SOUTH PACIFIC OCEAN.

Marvellous Story as How It Was Lost to View—The Gold Belt is Guarded by Snakes.

The biggest gold yarn ever told is being whizzed around, and a change to say, it has found no more believers than less than six expeditions are being fitted out.

The gold yarn is about an island of the South Pacific Ocean. It lies in the belt of gold islands, west of Panama. But this one is much larger than the others, so much richer and so much more easily worked, that it is the richest of the world.

KEEP THE BOYS ON THE FARM.

We will venture to assert that if each boy is given a flock of fowls, if only Bantams, and a few guinea fowls, and a pig, and the receipts—a very important adjunct—the flock of fowls will cause the boy to take an interest in farming from the start.

When Cecil Rhodes said he was going to corner the diamond market of the world by getting possession of the Cape, he was not far from the mark. He was laughing at him, and investors wanted to imprison him and Barnato and Beir as crazy knaves who were trying to get rid of the money intrusted to them.

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LENGTH OF A HORSE'S HEAD.

It is probable that at first thought most persons would be inclined to doubt the accuracy of the old saying that a horse's head is as long as a flour barrel.

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