

PRIVATE BROWN

BY CAPT. CRAWFORD.

(CONTINUED FROM LAST WEEK.)

How would he ever be able to locate the object of his search? His lips moved in prayer to Heaven for aid, as he moved along like a dark specter amid the lodges. Anon he would pause and listen intently, hoping to hear a cough or a sigh or a spoken word to tell him of the presence of his loved one.

As he cautiously moved onward a vivid flash of lightning revealed to his eyes an object like a crouching form near a lodge in the center of the village. Dropping prostrate upon the wet ground he peered through the darkness toward the object, and eagerly awaited the next flash. It came, and seated upon the ground near the door of a lodge he saw the form of an Indian, his blanket thrown over his head to protect him from the storm. The heart of the young soldier beat with renewed hope as the truth burst upon him that the Indian was a guard, and that the object of his search must be in that lodge.

The guard must be disposed of. Much as he dreaded the shedding of human blood except in the line of duty on the field of battle, he felt that he must allow nothing to stand between himself and the success of his mission. Making a detour in order to approach



BROWN ENTERED THE LODGE.

the crouching sentinel from the rear, he grasped his hunting knife firmly in his hand and stole toward the unsuspecting savage. In the darkness he could see the silent form but a few feet distant, and gliding noiselessly as a serpent he in a moment stood over his intended victim. Not a sound, not a groan escaped the red man as he passed from sleep into death, and raising the flap over the entrance Brown entered the lodge. He could see nothing in the inky darkness, and crouching low upon the ground he waited for a lightning flash. When it came it revealed to him several forms lying wrapped in blankets about the lodge. Moving softly toward where three forms were lying under the same blanket, he again crouched down and waited for the fitful torches of heaven to further guide him. The rain beat with a low, sullen roar on the lodge of skins, and the ground trembled as the thunders belted their way through the heavens overhead.

It seemed an age ere the lightning again lit up the rain-soaked earth and created a sickly glare within the lodge, but by the dim light he saw the pale face of his love. She had raised her head from its pillow of skins, and the soft blue eyes were gazing directly upon him.

In an instant he was beside her, and as he bent his head to assure her that it was himself and to caution her against making any noise, her arms glided about his neck and she softly whispered:

"Ned, darling, I knew you would come. While praying to Heaven that you might come to my rescue a great peace filled my soul, and I felt that my prayer had been heard and would be answered, and when the lightning came I saw your dear face in the gloom of the lodge."

He pressed a kiss on her lips and whispered:

"We must not lose a moment, darling. Arise softly that you may not wake those who sleep near you, and let us away."

"I am secured here, Ned. A rope is passed about my body and the squaw who lies next to me is lying upon it."

With his hunting knife he severed the rope and they passed from the lodge. Moving silent as specters they traversed the village and soon reached the horse in its place of concealment. As they approached the animal gave utterance to a low whinny of recognition, and it seemed to come as a token of cheer to their anxious hearts.

"We must use all haste, darling, for discovery of your absence will lead to immediate pursuit. It is terrible that you must bear exposure to this storm and the long fatiguing ride, but you must be brave."

"Do not worry about my comfort, dear," she replied. "I am strong, and the exposure will not harm me in the least."

Unloosing the horse he assisted the girl to a seat behind the saddle, and mounting in front of her turned the animal's head toward the fort. Throwing her arms about him to secure herself in her position, she said:

"Now, Ned, this is a splendid seat, and you know I am an expert rider, so push ahead as fast as the noble horse can travel with its double burden."

he said, as he touched the animal with the spurs.

CHA. DEAN SMITH.

The horse did not seem to feel the weight of his double load, and sped over the ground at a rapid pace.

"How noble of you, Ned, to risk your own precious life for me," she said, as they flew along. "An eternity of love and devotion could not repay you for your work of to-night."

"One smile from my darling one, one word of love from her lips would amply repay me for any undertaking, no matter what dangers it might present," he fondly replied. "Did the Indians treat you harshly, Alice?"

"No, Ned, but O, I shudder to think of the fate they held in store for me and which I would have met to-night had not this storm come on. There is in the band a young half-breed Indian who speaks fairly good English, and he explained to me that many of the Indians' horses have died lately from some epidemic, and the medicine man of the tribe told them that the Great Spirit was angry with the people and demanded a sacrifice to appease his wrath. He told them that they must make captive a paleface girl, and out in an open camp must build a great circle of fires, and that in the circle amid dancing and rejoicing the maiden must be bound and trampled to death by horses ridden by those whose animals had died. The band which captured me were on the way to the ranch of a settler near the base of the San Mateo mountains west of the fort to carry off his daughter for the sacrifice when they heard my pony's footsteps coming down the gulch, and concealing themselves near the trail, they awaited my coming. They believed the Great Spirit had thrown me into their hands, and their rejoicing was great. The wood for the fire-circle, had all been collected when the storm approached, and as the thunders rolled in the distance the medicine man told them the Great Spirit was speaking to them commanding them to take me to the reservation where the entire tribe could take part in the ceremonies. O, Ned, in their blind, ignorant superstition they will be frantic over my escape, and will use desperate efforts to recapture me. Do you not fear pursuit?"

"Your absence may not be discovered until daybreak, my darling, and even should you be missed to-night, they could not discover our trail in the darkness. Even now I am depending entirely on the instinct of the horse to keep our direction, for not a landmark can be seen in this pitchy darkness."

"But they will know that my rescuer came from the fort, or that if I escaped unaided I would start back toward the fort, and should I be missed in the night would they not at once come in this direction in search of me?"

"You are right, Alice. I had not thought of that. Then, in a reassuring tone, he added: "But do not feel the least fear, dear one, for we are mounted on a magnificent horse, and he is making splendid progress. We will surely reach the river by daybreak, and I think the Indians would not go far without some sign to show them that they were on our trail. Rest assured that we will reach the fort in safety in time for a good breakfast."

"I pray that you may be right, Ned, yet I have a presentiment that peril awaits us before we reach our home. I will try to banish the fear, which is no doubt a foolish one."

"You will laugh at your fears, little one, when you are again safe in your home. But see, darling, the rain has almost ceased, and it grows lighter."

The clouds were indeed passing away, and soon the stars glistened dimly through the hazy atmosphere.

On and on they sped across the desert, every beat of the horse's hoofs making an increased distance between themselves and their Indian foes.

On through the gloom of night into the gray dawn of morning they rode, and just as the first streak of sunlight kissed the damp earth over the eastern hills they came upon the bluffs overlooking the Rio Grande at the point where they had crossed it, four miles below the fort.

"Here is the dear old river again," he joyfully cried. "Now to ford it, and in an hour you will be safely back in your father's arms."

"Did father know you started after me, Ned?" she asked, as the horse



moved down the slope toward the river. "You have not yet told me how you happened to come alone to my rescue."

"Yes, darling, I came with his knowledge and consent." He then related to her all that had transpired at the fort after the discovery that the Indians had carried her away. The affectionate girl gave him a hug that almost lifted him from the saddle and lovingly said:

"Oh! you dear, brave, noble fellow. Perhaps your action in coming upon such a perilous mission to rescue my daughter may have great weight in breaking down papa's prejudice, and when he realizes that it was you who restored me to his arms he may look upon you with favor and no longer oppose our hearts' fondest desires."

"That has been the uppermost subject of my thoughts during the entire trip, and I pray God that it may be as we hope."

Happening to cast his eyes back over

his shoulder his heart ceased for a moment to beat and his blood ran cold in his veins.

A band of mounted Indians came sweeping down the bluff but half a mile behind them.

"My God, we are pursued," he cried, striking the spurs deeply into the sides of the horse. "Cling closely, my loved one, for it will now be a desperate ride for life."

"May God in Heaven protect us," she murmured, as the fierce yells of the pursuing Indians reached their ears.

The noble horse heard the savage cries of the pursuers, and seemed to realize the great danger that threatened his riders. Across the grassy valley he flew with almost incredible speed, and a thrill of hope flashed through the young soldier's breast as he noted that each bound of the animal increased the distance between themselves and the savages.

"We gained on them. Courage, my beloved, courage, and we will yet escape them. If we can but reach the other side and gain the high ground, they may abandon the chase before getting too near the fort."

"God grant that they may! Oh, those frightful, unearthly yells! They seem to chill my blood," she said, clinging yet more closely to her lover.

Without slackening his pace the horse dashed into the stream, but the water impeded his progress and the Indians gained rapidly upon them. Nobly the strong beast plunged against the swift waters which rose to his breast in the center of the stream, but the current was strong and his progress was slow. At last he reached the other side and dashed up the bank as the Indians were urging their ponies into the water on the opposite side.

Across the wooded bottom which intervened between the river and the western bluff they flew, and began the ascent of the gulch which led to the mesa. The steepness of the hill again impeded the horse's speed, and when they reached the summit the Indians could be seen flying across the bottom, still in mad pursuit.

"Courage, my darling!" he again cried in an assuring tone. "Do not despair, for we may yet escape them. The fort can now almost be seen."

"God will aid us, Ned, my beloved," she responded. "My lips are moving in constant prayer for our deliverance."

Up from the gulch came the Indians, but half a mile behind, and again their blood-curdling yells rang out upon the air. On they flew, pursued and pursuers, and Brown's heart sank within him when he noted that the Indians were rapidly closing the gap between them.

Spurring his horse to its greatest exertions a groan escaped from the soldier's now bloodless lips, for the animal began to perceptibly slacken its speed. His powers of endurance were almost exhausted, and it was evident that he could go but little further. The fort was yet two miles distant, and escape now seemed impossible.

"Zip! Zip! Zip!" The bullets from the rifles of the Indians began to fly by them.

Pulling the jaded horse behind a barricade of rocks which rose by the trail Brown sprung to the ground and cried: "Get into the saddle, Alice, and push on toward the fort. For the love of God hasten, and I may be able to hold them at bay until you escape. Fly, my darling, fly, for not an instant must be lost."

To his utter amazement the brave girl slid from the horse's back and, with pale but determined face, replied: "No, Ned, I will not leave you. You risked your precious life for me, and I would be cowardly for me to desert you now. If you must die here, I will die with you."

There was no time for further urging, for the yells of the Indians now came to them with startling distinctness as they rapidly came on. Gaining a position from which he could see over the rocks, the soldier leveled his repeating rifle and began to discharge it with deadly effect.

So unexpected was the fire that the Indians recoiled in confusion, springing from their ponies in confusion, sought for shelter behind the rocks which dotted the mesa. From their cover they kept up a scattering fire, but their bullets flew harmlessly overhead, or were flattened against the rocky breastwork which nature had provided.

Peering cautiously over the barricade the brave soldier watched his foes with eagle eyes, firing whenever a feathered head came into view.

There came a cessation in the firing of the Indians, and he heard them calling out to each other from their separated positions behind the rocks, and surmised that they were planning a sudden dash upon their hiding-place. His heart became as lead in his breast, for he well knew that, although his rifle might do deadly work as they advanced, they would certainly overpower him and death would speedily follow.

In his eagerness to get a good shot and thus still further intimidate the savages, he raised himself yet higher above the rocks, and the next instant fell backward into the arms of his betrothed, the warm blood spurting from a bullet wound in his breast.

"Oh, Ned, Ned, you are hit! You are killed!" she cried, in agony. "Oh! my God, my God, what shall I do? Father in Heaven, save him, save him!"

With a great effort he said: "Be brave, Alice, my love, be brave. 'Tis not much, I am only—only stunned a little. I will re—recover in a—in a moment."

His face grew deathly pale, and blood oozed forth from his pallid lips. Alice almost screamed with fright, and her voice trembled with agony as she said:

"Oh, Ned, my poor darling you are dying. They have cruelly murdered you! Father in Heaven take me with him!"

With an almost superhuman effort he seemed to rally his fast departing strength and said:

"I am not so badly hurt as you think, Alice, and can yet protect you. The shock of the shot made me feel faint,

but it has passed. Raise me up in your arms, dearest, so I can see over the rocks. I will yet beat them back. They shall never harm you, my beloved. Raise me up. There—now rouse your hopes. Ah! hear their fiendish yells! They think they have us now, but will soon learn their error."

Alice exerted all her strength in doing as he requested, and again his rifle rang out as the Indians, supposing he had been killed, were securing their ponies and preparing for a descent upon the main. Again they sought shelter behind the rocks and resumed their desultory fire.

The effort proved too great for the wounded man, and he sank back heavily into Alice's arms. She now became almost paralyzed with fright as she gently let him down upon the ground. He looked up into her blanched face, and with a smile so ghastly that it seemed to betoken the approach of death said, faintly:

"Why do you weep, Alice, darling. I am not badly hurt. I feel very—very—weak—but it is only—only from loss of blood. I will rally in a moment. Kiss me, Alice. The pressure of your dear lips will nerve me—me for one mo—more effort."

She pressed her trembling lips to his, and moaned:

"Ned, you are dying! You are dying! I can see it in your poor, dear eyes. Oh! must you die so cruelly, and for me? Don't close your eyes, darling—"



SHE LOOKED OVER THE ROCKS.

you frighten me so! I cannot bear it! Speak to me once again, Ned! Oh! he is dying—he is dying!"

She gave way to her great grief in the most pitiful sobs. The wounded man made a great effort to rally his strength, and feebly said:

"Alice, do not despair. I—I—I—I am very—very faint, but I—"

A fiendish yell from the Indians cut short his speech, and Alice, a cold glitter of desperation coming into her eyes, laid his head gently on the ground, seized his rifle, and, with a strange ring in her voice, said:

"You defended me to your death, my lost darling. Now I will defend you till death calls me to go with you into the dark shadow!"

Raising herself she looked over the rocks, and to her amazement saw that the Indians were hastily mounting and rapidly retreating. At the same instant a rumbling sound from the direction of the fort fell upon her ears, and casting her eyes in that direction she observed a great cloud of dust raising in the air. Springing to the side of her lover she cried:

"Oh! Ned, darling, if you are yet alive rouse yourself. The troops are coming from the fort."

But the pale lips refused to move, and the eyes were closed as if in death. With a wild shriek of agony she raised her hands aloft and fell across his body, as a troop of cavalry thundered up to the spot, Col. Sanford at its head.

CONTINUED NEXT WEEK.

A HARD-WORKING WOMAN



—sooner or later suffers from backache, nervous, worn-out feelings, or a sense of weight in the abdomen, dragging down sensations and dizziness. It will all come to an end with Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription for its woman's special tonic and nerve-giving strength, regulates and makes a new woman of her. Uterine debility, irregularity and inflammation are most often the cause of the extreme nervousness and irritability of some women—the medicine to cure it is "Prescription" of Dr. Pierce. All the aches, pains and weaknesses of womanhood vanish where it is faithfully employed. Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is therefore just the medicine for young girls just entering womanhood and for women at the critical "change of life."

DR. PIERCE'S FAVORITE PRESCRIPTION

CURES THE WORST CASES.



MR. HOMER CLARK, of No. 208 West 3d Street, Sioux City, Ia., writes: "My wife was troubled with female weakness, and ulcers of the uterus. She had been desisting with every doctor of any good reputation, and had spent lots of money in hospitals, but to no purpose. She continued to get worse. She was greatly prejudiced against the 'Favorable Prescription' until she was advised to try a bottle. We tried it with the following results: The first bottle did her so much good that we bought another, and have continued until she has been cured."

—The regular subscription price of THE MAIL is \$1.50 a year, and the regular subscription price of THE WEEKLY OREGONIAN is \$1.50. Any one subscribing for THE MAIL and paying one year in advance can get both THE MAIL and THE WEEKLY OREGONIAN one year for \$2. All old subscribers paying their subscriptions for one year in advance will be entitled to the same offer.

What is CASTORIA

Castoria is Dr. Samuel Pitcher's prescription for Infants and Children. It contains neither Opium, Morphine nor other Narcotic substance. It is a harmless substitute for Paregoric, Drops, Soothing Syrups, and Castor Oil. It is Pleasant. Its guarantee is thirty years' use by Millions of Mothers. Castoria destroys Worms and allays feverishness. Castoria prevents vomiting Sour Curd, cures Diarrhoea and Wind Colic. Castoria relieves teething troubles, cures constipation and flatulency. Castoria assimilates the food, regulates the stomach and bowels, giving healthy and natural sleep. Castoria is the Children's Panacea—the Mother's Friend.

Castoria.
"Castoria is an excellent medicine for children. Mothers have repeatedly told me of its good effect upon their children."
Dr. G. C. OSGOOD,
Lowell, Mass.

Castoria.
"Castoria is so well adapted for children I recommend it as superior to any other known to me."
H. A. ARCHER, M. D.,
111 So. Oxford St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

"Our physicians in the children's department have spoken highly of their experience in their outside practice with Castoria, and although we only have among our medical supplies what is known as regular products, yet we are free to confess that the merits of Castoria has won us to look with favor upon it."
UNITED HOSPITAL AND DISPENSARY,
Boston, Mass.

Dr. J. F. KINCHELOE,
Conway, Ark.

ALLEN C. SMITH, Pres.,
The Centaur Company, 71 Murray Street, New York City.

Union Livery Stables,

FRANK MINGUS, Proprietor,
Successor to ED. WORMAN.

Having lately purchased this popular stable and stocked it with new rigs, safe and fast teams I am now prepared to meet the wants of the traveling public in a satisfactory manner.

CORNER SEVENTH AND B. MEDFORD, OREGON.

THE VERY BEST OF BRICK AND MASON WORK.

S. GUILDERS,
CONTRACTOR AND BUILDER.

I manufacture a splendid article of Brick—see samples everywhere about the city. Yard one block north of Brewery. Residence—north C street, Medford, Oregon.

MEDFORD BRICK YARD,

G. W. PRIDDY, Prop'r.
MEDFORD, OREGON.

First-class quality of Brick always on hand. Large and small orders promptly filled.

BRICK WORK OF ALL KINDS PROMPTLY EXECUTED.

Give me a call when in need of anything in my line.

All Aboard... PALACE Tonsorial...

G. W. Isaacs, Proprietor.

Shaving, Haircutting, Shampooing and Beards Dyed. All work first-class or we will refund the price.

HOT AND COLD BATHS.

Agent for Salem Steam Laundry.

MEDFORD, OREGON.

I HAVE FOUND A NUGGET!

That is, I have received prices from Frazer & Chambers, of Chicago, on Mining Machinery

Which will prove of more value than the finding of several nuggets to intending purchasers. Get prices from C. F. LEWIS, Mechanical Engineer and Machinist, Medford, Oregon.

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION.

Land Office at Roseburg, Oregon, March 13, 1890. Notice is hereby given that the following named settler has filed notice of his intention to make final proof in support of his claim, and that said proof will be made before N. A. Jacobs, county clerk of Jackson county, Oregon, at Jacksonville, Oregon, on April 28, 1890, viz:

JOHN COOK,
On Homestead Entry No. 3334, for the W 1/2 S 24, E 1/2 S 31, Sec. 34 T. 33 S., R. 3 E., East. He names the following witnesses to prove his continuous residence upon and cultivation of said land, viz: R. L. Parker, of Jacksonville, Ore., Aaron Beck, of Eagle Point, Ore., Joseph Geppert and Thad Brockley, of Big Butte, Ore.

R. M. VEAUGH, Register.

—Legal Blanks for sale at this office.

CHICKEN RAISING PAYS

If you use the Peltam Incubators & Brooders Make money while others are wasting time by old processes. Catalog tells all about it, and describes every article needed for the poultry business.

The "ERIE" mechanically the best wheel. Finest model. We are Pacific Coast Agents. Bicycle catalogue, mailed free, gives full description, prices, etc. Answer Warren, Peltam, Incubator Co., Peltam, Cal. BRANCH HOUSE, 231 S. Main St., Los Angeles.