Oh, a rollicking thing is a chessboard Kingl Ob, a rollicking thing is a chessboard Kingl
I have never a care in the world:
The dulies of state do not bother my pate,
I ridicule Fate in the shape of "checkmate,"
And my hair is majestically curied!
My kingly domain, let me hereby explain,
Is divided by level and square,
And the sea, I opine, when the weather is fine,
Is restricted by line is new method with brine),
And the billows are wood, like a stair.

My circumscribed route does not hamper my

boot, For I move but a block at a time; My tactics are these: Ambuscade as I please, With imperial case, against stale mate's de-

crees. In abrupt but discreet pantomime, The Queen by my side is a dashing young bride Who sweeps all the board at command; She captures the Knights—thus my pride she excites— The Bishops, old frights! and the pawns, luck-

less wights!

By a wave of her nondescript hand.

From over the water a King bent on slaughter,
Most black and fercetous of mien,
Pas come to invade, with his cohorts displayed,
water My army to raid at the point of the blade, Artillery, foot and marine; But my Bisheps have miters, my Knights are

good fighters.

My eastles are strong in their walls,
My Queen is a Greek and can succor the weak,
My pawns, although meek, when united, car

The language of three golden balls.

Oh, a pitiful thing is a rubleund King Whose dynasty closes in war, For black are his foss, although blacker his

But red are his clothes and his ivory nose,
And red is his weltering gore.

-Eleanor Waddle in Youth's Companion.

A HEROINE.

When Floyd Gardner and his wife de cided to leave home for a few days, for the purpose of making some necessary purchases, they did it with many mis-givings. Little Crow and his band had been committing some recent depredations several miles away, but had been followed by two regiments of govern ment troops and driven over the Dakots border. There was really no cause for alarm, they said, but a neighbor has kindly offered to send his colored woman servant, lately brought from Kentucky, to look after household matters and stay with the children, and Mr. Gardner told his wife that they could not leave the house in better care. The family consisted of Katherine, a girl of 14; Harvey, aged 9, and Bruce, the baby, 5 years old.

With many injunctions as to the care of the colt in the stable, to look out for prairie fires and to keep the children from straying too far away on the prairie, Mrs. Gardner departed, feeling that she was very unreasonable to entertain for a moment the vague fear that filled her mind and made her pause with her foot on the wagon step, uncertain whether even at this last minute it would not be better to abandon the journey.

At last, however, they were off, and once out of sight of the house she felt her misgivings grow weaker.

A few hours after they went away a strange sultriness was apparent in the atmosphere.

"What makes the light so queer, sister?" asked Harvey, standing in the open

Katherine went to the door and looked around. Twelve or fifteen miles to the north a belt of wooded country-the Great Wood of Minnesota-rose clear against the horizon, while in every other direction the prairies stretched away in undulating slopes, yellow with goldenrod. No clouds were to be seen in the sky, which hung above them, dull and murky, like a copper dome. The su looked like a brassy sphere suspended

A close, sultry atmosphere surrounde them, a dead calm, only relieved by ar occasional puff of hot wind that passe by and left the same dead calm as be

Benlah, the colored woman, came the door and stood looking off to th west, her hand shading her blinking "Laws! Miss Katherine, dat ar co

am whinnyin right smart. Kain't be h gwine to die on us, honey? Yer paw tu a good look at him las' t'ing fo' he l out, ehuah?" She waddled along slowly, for the day

was warm and Beulah was fat, toware the lumber shop, or stable, where the colt was kept at night, being tethered or the open prairie during the day in sigh of the house. Katherine, more swift or foot, flew on before and quickly gained the summit of the gradual ascent on which the barn was built,

Her hand was on the latch and she was about to enter, when on the distant way horizon she saw a sight that held her and leave us for? motionless with sudden terror. "It is the roar

Away to the northwest an irregular nearer; but don't be afraid and don't cry, line of horsemen were riding directly for it cannot touch us here." down upon them, and though at that dis-

The Indians were coming!

tance she could not distinguish clearly them; the air, almost excluded from she knew by their peculiar mode of rid-their cramped quarters, grew hot and ing that they were not white men. For suffocating; they could hear the crackle one moment her heart sank in terror, the of the lurid flames, and a spark or two next her resolute spirit asserted itself. fell upon them through the crack over-Save themselves they must, but how? head. But this fire was slight compared Poor, foolish old Benlah, clever enough with the flaming wall, 12 or 15 feet high, which roared louder and still louder as

at concocting choice dishes over the kitchen range, was an added burden in this it came leaping, crackling on. emergency. Could Katherine take the children with her on the colt's back and sume, thanks to Katherine's foresight in ride with them to the nearest cabin? "back firing," divided, when it came to What in such a case would become of the spot already burned over, and swept Beulah? each side of the cabin.

She and her brothers might gain the sides of the ravine near by unobserved great clumps of grass were taken up by and hide securely in the caves along the the wind and blown in every direction. sometimes falling down through the

sides, but there was Beulah. "If papa were only here," she thought, opening, where they were promptly and with the thought came, like an incaught and extinguished by Beulah, who

spiration, a suggestion of a hiding place. had slowly recovered her wits. She turned to Beulah, who had just waddled up to the stable. "Untie the burn de house plum down ef dey shin colt and turn him loose, Beulah"—she roun dat way. Neber seen sech befo', spoke rapidly and with authority-"and and I'se jes' clar riled at 'em, honey." then hurry back to the house and help me put the children and some things we let me take a look out," said Katherine. shall need down in the cistern. The In-

dians are coming." "Great day in de mawnin!" exclaimed a black ashen plain extended. Gone Beulah, turning a sickly gray and sink- were the goldenrod and the prairie grass, ing, a mass of quivering flesh, to the with its heavy heads of seed nodding in

ground.

"Get up; they'll catch you," screamed rose in dense clouds with every passing gust, except here and there a dimpled

stupefied was the poor creature with smoldered,

"I'm going to leave you here," added Katherine in the hope of rousing her, and started for the house, when Benlah, out of sheer terror, gathered her wits together and ran clumsily after.

The cistern had been newly plastered and was yet a little damp, but no water

had been conducted into it,
"Go down that ladder," commanded Katherine, pointing to the ladder that bad been left in the cistern by the workmen, and Beulah, not without difficulty, and indeed not without danger, since it had been constructed for no such weight as hers, obeyed. Katherine dared not take time to run to the top of the knoll for further observation. Every moment

A birnket and a pillow, a tin pail conand cold meat, a pail of ther had brought from at morning, were and, last of

A puft stinu ex ned it before the grass caught fire. Another and yet another shared the same fate, her hands shaking so that she wondered how she held the light. Another attempt was successful, and she saw a feeble blaze run along the ground at her feet. Again and again she applied the fire, until a light, thin flame extended for about 20 yards each side of the house. This she knew would soon burn over and give the coming flames nothing to feed upon, while the light fire she started would not be sufficient to burn the house or stable. She glanced around before again descending into the cistern. Nothing was in sight except a wall of smoke, black at the base, red above and blue with the writhing, curling vapor that swirled and spread above till it was absorbed in the

atmosphere. "Perhaps the Indians have gone to the ravine for protection," she thought; "if

so, it is well we did not try it." The air was growing hotter; the wind, fed by the combustion of the advancing flames, was blowing the fire in the yard closer every minute. There was a dull roaring beyond, where the high wall of fire rolled like fiery breakers, gathering force with each breath of wind. Clearly

she could delay no longer. - pull up the ladder, Be 'sh,"

"It is the roar of the fire," his sister

answered, with white lips; "it is coming

The tide of living fire swept over

This large fire, finding nothing to con-

But the air was full of flying cinders;

"Laws, chile, dem chunks boun ter

"You must hold me up, Beulah, and

What a eight met her eyes! To the

right, to the left, as far as she could see,

might have talked to stone as well, so bollow where the fire still smoked and But the house was still standing

With a glad cry she called out, "Beulah, the house and stable are saved! Now we will get out of this hot place," "But where are the Indians" howled Harvey, "Guess we don't want to get

scalped, do we?" Sure enough, where were they? In her exultation at escape from a nearer danger, Katherine had almost forgotten the greater one. She swept the horizon with her keenest glance. In that murky atmosphere the view, usually an extensive one, narrowed itself to closer boundaries. But so far as she could see no moving

object met her view. "They must have been driven west of this point by the fire," argued Katherine, shading her eyes with her hand.

Katherine knew that military defense had been provided by the government after a sickening loss of life among the settlers, and that Little Crow and his followers had thus been driven over the Dakota borders. But she did not know that predatory bands were making occasional detours from the main route of retreat about the less thickly settled parts of the country, stealing, murdering and kidnaping, and that less than a mile away a band of these murderous wretches were hidden in a prairie slough or ravine, which they had made a safe retreat by "back firing," waiting for night to fall before they descended upon the little cabin to wreak their bloodthirsty instincts

upon its inhabitants. Beulah now proposed that Katherine should go up and put down the ladder for her to climb out into more comfortable quarters.

"Seems like I done beat out by all dis yer catwampin, an Pse jes' a-pining fer a cup o' tea, honey. De water's yere all handy, an I'll jes' take a few cobs from do stable fer a fire, an it'll be ready quick'n ye can bat yer eye."

But, alas! in the first movement that For sale by Charman & Co. she made Beulah overturned the pail, and once on terra firms the difficulty grew more pressing. They must have something to eat, for it was past midafternoon and they had had nothing since breakfast.

"I'm not afraid. Give me the pail,"

she knew by the light covering of ashes that the heaviest of the fire had not passed over the ground, and it must have been backfired. While she paused, uncertain what to do, a fearful yell sounded close to her ear, and a burly indian, hideous in warpaint and feathers, grasped her from behind, leaped into his saddle and with another yell to his pony rode away like the wind, followed by his band.

Fatigued with the excitement of the day, Katherine, strong and brave as she was, succumbed to the sensations of deadly terror that possessed her. She made no sound, for fear choked the shrieks upon her lips. She made no re-sistance, but, white and helpless with fright, she felt herself dragged with brutal force to the pony's back and borne

was in an Indian camp. There were loud, hoarse shouts and savage yells as rifle balls whistled through the air. The ponies of the Indians, tethered close by, ngged and tore at their fastenings. There were shrill cries of dismay from the squaws and warwhoops from the braves as they hurried about in vain attempts at defense from a sudden sur-

Then a voice called, "We've got 'em this time!" and Katherine was wide awake now, for in those tones she recognized a voice, loved always, but never so welcome as now-the voice of her dear

"One night more and they would have escaped us," said Mr. Gardner, as he held Katherine in his arms, trembling and sobbing, and oh, how happy! "And if we'd taken the north trail instead of the south on our way to town we shouldn't have met the troops who were in pursuit of the wretches. As it was we turned back under their escort, and when I found that my brave girl had been carried off captive I rode on with the soldiers. Thank God, my child, I find you safe!"

Katherine is a woman now, with children of her own to whom she sometimes tells this true story of the Sioux uprising

"But, mamma," cries little Bruce, whose eyes and hair are so like those of the baby brother she remembers so well, though he has slept under the waving grass in the prairie cemetery these many years; "but, mamma, why didn't you fight back?" And with these words the incipient warrior nestles sleepily in her arms, to dream of impossible Indian fights in which he is the chief actor .-Montreal Star.

An Incident of Kenesaw Mountain.

In the course of the battle there occurred a pathetic incident showing that "blood is thicker than water." At one place on the mountain the dry leaves and brush began to burn, and the creeping flames encircled many a poor fellow lying helpless and in agony on the ground. The Confederates at that portion of the line were ordered to cease firing, and then one of their officers called to the Federals and offered to suspend hostilities long enough to allow the removal of the disabled. While the Union soldiers bore their comrades to the rear, the Confederates looked on, and then the fighting was renewed .-Blue and Gray.

"Mocking Catching."

An actress who has played for several years the part of an old and crooked woman in a play that has had an ex-tended run is obliged to give up the role for a curious reason. She finds that she is growing one sided and to have a pronounced stoop that does not vanish when she leaves the stage. - Exchange.



A STRANGE CASE.

How an Enemy was Foiled.

The following graphle statement will be read with intense interest: "I cannot describe the numb, creepy genacion that existed in my arms, hands and legs. I had to rub and best tone parts until they were sore, to overcome in a measure the dead feeling that had taken passession of them. In addition, I had a trange weakness in my back and around my waist, together with an indescribable 'gone' feeling in my stomach. Physicians said it was creeping paralysis, from which according to their universal conclusion, there is no rained. Once it fustens upon a person, they say, it continues its insidious progress until it reaches a vital point and the suffurer dies. Such was my prospect. I had been dectoring a year and a haif steadily, but with no parteniar benefit, when I saw an advertisement of itr Miles' Restorative Nervine, procured a bottle and began using it. Marvelous as it bottle and began using it. Marvelous as facilities to that the creepy fosting had left me, and there has not been even the slightest indication of its return. I now feel as soil as I ever did, and have gained tempounds in weight, though I had run down from 170 to 137. Four others have used 17 miles' Restorative Nervine on my recommendation, and it has been as satisfactory in their cases as in unine."—James Kane, La Rue, O.

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"I'm not afraid. Give me the pail," said Katherine boldly, and started on a swift run toward the spring.

At the top of the ridge she paused a moment, and seeing nothing ran on. But the moment she took another step

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When she regained consciousness she was in an Indian camp. There were loud,

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M. SCHULPIUS, Sec'v.
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