

A VALENTINE.

Before the huds awaken Fore the Budge awarden, Or pink the bloaseme blow Vhile yet the boughts formak Hang ghostly in the snow ove journeys forth elated To seek the happy skrine By lovers dedicated To good St. Valentine.

And there before the alter He knowls, beseeching grace; His heart forgets to fail Hemenubering your face; And all his words are fashioned Into a single line-A lower's prayer impassioned Yo his saint, Valentine.

His eyes with rapture glisten, His heart with hope is high He almost thinks to listen And hear your footsteps nigh: Ah, sweet, when he shall find you, And voice his prayer and mine, Let no vain doubtings blind you-Eay yes, my Valentine' -Fellx Carmen in the Century,

On the Old Spanish Trail.

On my first trip across the Great Plains On my men top arrows the oreal runns, on route to California, in 1830, we were at two different points on the journey, join-ed, for a few days each time, by the famous Kit Carson, who, besides accum-panying Premoni's 1842 and 1844 expedithe anxiously inquired. "Do you suppose that Jack has lost himself?" We glanced significantly at each other, for this was the first time we had ever heard the Virginian use the familiar name tions, had frequently and since those years, explored the country, which he now

At this time Carson was in the prime of



life-a man rather under the medium size, low-spoken, and of gentle, unobtrusive manner, showing, ordinarily, no outward sign of that indomitable energy and dur-ing courage which had caused him to be respected and feared by the Red men of the Western wilds.

Ours was a large, strong, and well-armed party, consisting of more than 20 men, and our ample outfit comprised six wag-ons, 12 mules and 16 horses, the latter indapted to draft or middle. With the exception of Carson, each of us carried a mumile-loading rillo and a heavy revolver: while, besides a pair of exquisitely finish-ed revolvers, he was armed with one of those 10-chambered, percussion-pill re-peating rifles, invented, I think, by Col-onel Colt, before his celebrated pistol was put upon the market.

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had been given barely enough to keep him from fainting by the way. In less than half an hour after leaving the main trail, our two adventurous com-rades came upon the spot where the elb had fallen, when, by signs utterly un-discernible by Woodville, Carson at once read the whole story; declaring, much to Gerald's comfort, that Moulton had been carried off unwounded. Then, lead-ing the way with unfaltering certainty through torthous defiles and over stretches of bare rock, on the latter of which his companion could not see the faintest mark, he soon came to the spot Taintest mars, he soon came to the spot where the band had spent the previous night. "All's well so far," he said, after carefully inspecting the place. "The red devils are keeping their prisoner allve and unburt, so as to bare more sport at his final torture, a sight they'll never see, I think." On and on, but now, of necessity, slow-by, rode the two white man Carson's un-

ly, rode the two white men, Carson's un erring sagacity enabling him to follow the oftimes invisible trail as easily as might another a public highway. Obvi-ously the savages were traveling in careknock the concelt out of that head of

less security, for twice, a mile or two apart, the keen-eyed scout picked up, each time a button, which, though his hands were tied, Moulton had somehow managed to pluck from his garments and

self, Carson informed us, was well-stock-ed with trout-a statement quickly veri-fied by our fly-fishing Virginian, who, bedrop unobserved. "Sharp fellow, that," approvingly ob-served Kit. "He expects to be looked after, and has been clever enough to let fore sundown, caught fully 50 pounds weight of these delectable fishes. as know that we're on the right track. Such a man's worth saving." Feeling confident of overtaking the ma-rauders before night, Carson became ex-

After we had corraled the wagons, pick-eted the animals out to graze and put everything in shape to repel any possible attack, we delayed supper for a while in cecdingly circumspect toward evening, neither he nor Woodville ever riding over a ridge without first dismounting and taking a careful survey of what lay bethe hope that Moulton would come in, as we had heard one report from his rifle and had no doubt that he had killed the elk. But he did not appear, and just at dark, we ate the meal without him, the yond At last, as they peered over the brow of

We went on for about two miles and

finally made camp on a small stream among the foothills, while the stream it-

"What do you think of it, Mr. Carson?"

by which we usually addressed John

"I hardly know what to think of it." re-

plied Carson. "The young man has either become lost among those puzzling ra-vines, or-" and the bold scout relapsed

"My God!" feelingly exclaimed Gorald, "surely you don't think the Indians have got him; poor Jack." "It's hard to say," replied Kit, "but

"It's hard to say," replied Kit, "but there are lots of the Digger tribe wander-ing through the mountains just now. These are foot Indians, well armed with bows and arrows and spears. They are all murderers and thieves and deadly foes of white men. Their principal village is on a branch of the Sacramento, about 66 miles from here, and if a stray party of them hus captured our friend, without

hem has captured our friend, without

killing him on the spot, they'll keep his borse as a great prize, and reserve him to be tortured to death when they reach the main hand."

breakfast and packing up a day's supply of food, mounted their horses preparatory to setting out on their perilous quest. "If we're not back by this time tomor-

Had we been sure of our three comrades' safe return, we should have greatly en-joyed the rest and recuperation afforded

rrow's sun's an hour high, and if

nto an ominous silence.

ould be a hindrance.

love of adventure.)

fresh trout making it one long to be rea steep descent, they saw, right on the trail, and half a mile ahead, a wreath of membered. Two hours more passed away without bringing a sign of the young hanter, though a cloudless sky and half moon might have enabled even one so inexpe-rienced as he to find his way back to the trail form as short a distance. smoke rising above the tree tops. "We've got them?" said Carson, "They're camped down at the 'Blue Spring,' I know the place well, but the ground on this side is quite open. Though probably not fear-ing pursuit, the reds will naturally be facing this way. We must make a big trail from so short a distance. We now began to feel seriously alarmed, but, very strangely, no one appeared so much distressed as did Gerald Wood-

sweep and creep up on them from the other side, for they must not have time o strike a single blow after our attack If they did so it would be to bury a tom hawk in the prisoner's brain. The pursuers now led their horse

ome distance from the trail and con caled them in a bush-grown caulee, les he Indians, while retreating, might gob le them up. Then, guided through the arksome rocks and underbrush only by Kit's perfect knowledge of the locality, they made a wide detour, gliding along softly as panthers and noiselessly as

hadows-two men fearlessly planning to attack, and on their own ground, an ur known number of well-armed savages. After more than an hour of pains ind, an un-

aking toil, they gained the dense chapparal fairly in rear of, and no more than 15 yards from, the enemy's resting place. Kneeling side by side, and peeping through the bushes, they saw at once that the Inlians considered themselves perfectly safe, for a bright fire was burning ur, and ir a stragging row near it, with their backs to their concealed observers, lounged 20 war-painted warriors, while on the outspread elk skin lay some pieces of raw meat, left over from their lately-finished meal.

A few yards away was tethered the beautiful horse belonging to Moulton, and he himself sat on the ground with his wrists brought together behind his back and tied around a sapling plne. Despite

had, in one swift glance, noted all thes particulars, a brutal-looking savage, see ing that the prisoner was enjoying a mo ment's resplie from suffering, snatche up a burning brand, strode over in fro. of him and was about to thrust the flam-ing brand insultingly against his pale face, when Woodville, no longer able to restrain himself, sent a builet through the miscreant's brain, and he fell like a log

icross the captive's outstretched legs

turned to fly, but before they got beyond the fatal circle of fire light, three more pitched headlong down. Another of the

the slope came our three friends, safe and are out and I need the horses in the fileds."

Carson, who could mimic anything from he squeak of a mouse to the harsh cry of mountain lion, had taken this playful A mountain non, had taken this playni method of testing our alertness. As the trio drew nearer, we could see, in the broadening light, that Jack Moulton and Gerald Woodville rode shoulder to shoulder, and that more than once the hand of one sought that of the other in a prolonged clasp; whereat we rushed from cover, and firing a feat do tobe, broke into

proonged charp; whereat we rushed from cover, and, firing a fea de jole, broke into a storm of such wild cheering as must have made any stray "welkin" lying around loose fairly ring again. In another moment the tired and hun-gry travelers were among us, and it ar-gues well for our humanity that all passed through that tumultuous ordeal of hand-chaking without disconted arms. Not a haking without dislocated arms. Not a question did we ask until we had regaled the ravenous men with a bounteous break-fast of trout and huffalo steaks, but after

that we gathered from one and anothe all the facts as above related. W. THOMSON.

WASHINGTON'S OBEDIENCE How the American Army Lost a Fine

Pair of Horses One winter evening in the year of our Lord 1808, at my grandfather's house or the Muskingum river, the major told this happened this way;" he began. "I

was sent by Washington on a foraging expedition. It was before the battle at Torktown." The major's eagle eye exam-ned the face of his atentive listeners. Every one of the company had been offi-cers in General Washington's army. To-gether they had fought in every battle rom Bunker Hill to the capture of Cornwallis at Yorktown. I can see them now strong of feature, brave of bearing, their snow white cues falling on velvet collars, white ruffles at their wrists, knee breech

es, leggings and the quaint buckle shoes of colonial times. There was bluff old Rufus Futnam whose engineering skill on Dorchester Heights enabled Washington to drive the British from Boston; brave little Commolore Whipple who gave birth to the American mays by offering the first de-fiance to England on the sea, and the com-manding figure of Robert Oliver, who rected the first saw and grist mill in Ohlo, together with Jonathan Devol or of the first shipbuilders in the Western untry.

"I'm sorry,' said I, 'but such are the ders of my chief. "Your chief? Who is your chief?" she

"Your chief? Who is your chief? are demanded with restrained warnth. "The commander-in-chief of the Ameri-can army-General George Washington." If was now turn to be grandlose. I squared my shoulders while a smile of triumph softened the sternness of her handsome face. "Tell George Washing-ton," said she 'that his mother said he could not have her horses."

could not have her horses." "Humbled to the dust," laughed the major, "I turned away convinced that I had discovered the source of my chlef's decision and solverments."

"Did you report to Washington?" asked a hero of Brandywine. "Yes," said the major. "What did he say?" lecision and self-command."

"With one of his rare smiles, the father of his country reverently bowed his head." LIDA ROSE McCABLE,

LITTLE MR. THIMBLEFINGER THE CHILDREN'S SECOND VISIT.

By Joel Chandler Harris.

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When Tickle-My-Toes had told about how pleased the baker and his wife wer with Sparkle Spry, he paused and looked at Chickamy Crany Crow, as if he expect-ed that she would beckon him away. But, instead of that she said:

"Why, that isn't all?"

"Well, it's enough, I hope," replied Tickle-My-Toes. "No," said Mrs. Meadowa. "It's not enough if there's any more. Why, so far it's the best of all the stories. It's new to me. I had an idea that I had heard all the stories, but this one is a pole over my persimmon, as we used to say in the country next door."

"I don't like to tell stories," protested Tickite-My-Toes, puckering his face in a comical way; "it's too confining." "Nonsense!" exclaimed Mr. Rabbit, "It's

foot and puts it down again. I'm mighty giad is is a pacing horse. If it was a trot-ting horse it would shake us all to pieces." time you were settling down. What will you look like a year or two from now if

you keep on cutting up your capers'

Tickle-My-Toes caught hold of the cor-ner of Chickamy Crany Crow's apron, and, thus fortified, resumed his story: "Well, the baker and his wife promised Sparkle Spry they would have him a big wooden horse made and they were as good as their word. They sent right off than very day for a carpenter and joiner, and when he came Sparkle Spry showed the man what he wanted. He said the horse must be as much like a real horse as could be made out of wood, and three times as big.

"The man asked the baker's wife what the brat wanted with such a machine as that, and this made the good woman mad. "He's no brat. I can tell you that!" she exclaimed, 'and if he wants a play horse as big as a whale and the same shape, he shall have it. Now, if you want to make his play horse get to work and make it. If not I'll get somebody else to make it."

"But he man declared he meani no harm and said he was glad to get the work. So he got the lumber and in a few days, being a very clever workman, he had finished the wooden horse. He made it just as Sparkle Spry wanted him to. He put big hinges at the joints of the legs, cut a window in each side of the body, made the ears and the nostrils hollow, and fixed pieces of

glass for the eyes. "The carpenter seemed to enjoy his work, too, for every time he went off a little distance to see how his work looked he laughed as hard as he could. When he was nearly done he asked Sparkle Spry if

he wanted the roof shingled. "Why, no,' replied the boy. "There's no roof there. Besides, horses don't have shingles on them."

'That's so,' the carpenter assented, 'but this horse has a good many things about him that other horses haven't got.' "'Yes,' said Sparkle Spry. 'but after you get through with him, he is to be polished

when the carpenter was through with the horse, a leather-finisher was sent for, and he covered the horse with the hides of cows tanned with the hair on, and fixed a cow's tail where the horse's tail should have been.

"The baker grumbled a little at this extra expense, and said he was afraid Sparkle Spry had strained his head the night he baked so much bread. But the baket's wife said she would like to have a whole house full of crazy children if

"When the wooden horse was finished, Sparkle Spry waited until the baker and his wife had gone to bed, and then he tapped on the oven and whistled. Pres-ently the King of the Clinkers peeped out to see what the matter was. He came

ountry in a wooden horse. from behind the oven cautiously until he

ward. The torchbearers led the way to the left forcieg of the wooden horse, opened a door and filed up a spiral stair-way, the King of the Clinkers following "No," replied Sparale Spry. I naw no after. Sparkle Spry climbed up by means of a step-ladder that the carpenter had used. When he crawled through the win-dow in the side of the wooden horse he saw that a great transformation had

saw that a great transformation had taken place, and the sight of it almost took his hreath away. "A furnace with a small bakeoven had been fitted up, and there was also a supply of flour, coal and wood. The flue from the furnace ran in the inside of the horse's neck, finding a vent for the smoke at the ears. On all sides were to be seen the tools and furniture of a bakery, and there were places where the little men micht were places where the little men might stow themselves away when they were not on duty; and there was a special apart-ment for the King of the Clinkers. "In a little while the whole interior of

the horse swarmed with the followers of the King of the Clinkers, who stood count-ing them as they came in. "'All here,' he said, waving his little

selves.

his work well."

the horse's frame.

the most soletin way: "Is there a wooden horse after him? I wish you'd look." MILLION-DOLLAR STAIRS poker. 'Now get to bed and rest your-

"They complied so promptly that they seemed to disappear as if by magic. The orch-bearers had thrown their torches in Imposing Structure at the Entrance to the New York Capitol.

"No," replied Sparkle Spy. 1 naw no eigns of a battle where I went along." "It is very curious," said the general, I don't know what we are coming to, & great victory, but abbody killed and no

Then he went off to write his report, and some time afterward the king sent for Sparkle Spry and gave him lands and

Sparste Spry and gave him lands and houses and money, and made him change his everyday name for a very high-sound-ing one. And the baker and his wife came to live near him, and the King of the Clinkers used to come at night with all his little men, and they had a very good time after all, in spite of the high-sound-tem same."

With this, Tickle-My-Toes turned and

Mr. Rabbit opened his eyes and asked in

an away as hard as he could, whereu

isoners taken.

the furnace, and as wood had already the furnace, and as wood had already been placed there a fire was soon kindled. "'Now,' said the King of the Clinkers, closing the draught, we'll let it warm up a little, and see if the carpenter has done During the past year the imposing stone staircase at the west entrance of the capi-tol building at Albany has been practically completed, and as it now stands, the stairway is one of the most beautiful constructions of its kind in the world. The

"Thereupon he pulled a cord that seem-ed to be tied to a bell, and, in a little while. Sparkle Spry felt that the horse was in motion. He hardly knew what to entire cost of construction has been nearly \$1,000,000, and about five and a half years have been consumed in building it. The stnircase occupies a space of 76 feet 19 was in motion. He hindly knew what to make of it. He went to the window and peered out, and the lights in the houses seemed to be all going to the rear. Occa-sionally a creaking sound was heard, and sometimes he could feel a jar or joit in the horse's frame. "'Are we flying?' he asked, turning to the King of the Clinkers. "'First, and the lights and the height inches by 89 feet 10 inches, and the height from the tile floor of the first story to the uppermost cornice in the dome is 119 feet. The stairway consists of broad central rows of steps, starting in the corridors and extending through the center open-ings between the cylindrical piers. The lower steps of each flight are constructed "'Are we flying?' he asked, turning to the King of the Clinkers. "'Flying! Nothing of the sort. Don't in convex curves, which serves to increase you feel the jolt when the horse lifts up a the length of the steps and makes it posthe steps about one-third the way up each d is a pacing horse. If it was a trot-g horse it would shake us all to pieces. Where are we going?' inquired Sparkle

sides, which extend at right angles to the main or central fights. These secondary flights extend to platforms which reach "'Following the army-following the army,' replied the King of the Clinkers. "There's going to be a big battle not far to the walls, and from these platforms next the wall four rows of steps, two rom here, and we may take a hand in it. The king of this country is a fat old ra-tal, who isn't very well thought of by the rest of the kings, who are his cousins; but I live here, and he has never bothered me. Consequently I don't mind helping him out in a minch. "'How far do we have to go?' asked

THE TERRIBLE HORSE,

Sparkle Spry, who had no great relish for | ported by eight bearings, resting upon Beparate Spry, who had no great remain for ported by egantic bases, and extending up was. "'Oh, a good many miles,' replied the King of the Clinkers, 'and we are not get-ting on at all. There's not enough mutton suct on the knee hinges to suit me.' "'Oh and a contract of the clinkers, 'and extending up the clinkers, 'and we are not get-ting on at all. There's not enough mutton suct on the knee hinges to suit me.'

"So saying, he struck the bell twice, and head of Columbus, carved in relief, with the three caravels used by him in the

"So saying, he struck the bell twice, and instantly Sparkle Spry could feel that the wooden horse was going faster. "Does the horse go by the road, or through the fields?" asked Sparkle Spry. "Oh, we take short cuts when neces-sary,' answered the King of the Clinkers. "We have no time to go round by the road. U horse you are not seared.

I hope you are not scared.' "'No, not scared,' replied Sparkle Spry, somawhat doubtfully: 'but it makes me feel queer to be traveling through the

plain surface surrounded by rich foliage. The rails, the steps, the ledges upon which the balustrades rest, and in short, almost every exposed surface is also richly and tastefully decorated. CIRCULARS AND TESTIMONIALS HUDYAN GREAT WASTING DISEASES WEAREN WONDER-If fully became they weaken you alowly, gradu-ally. Do not allow this waste of body to make you a poor, flabby, immature man. Health, strength and vigor is for you whether you be rich or poor. and vigor is for you whicher you be rich or poor. The Great Hodyan is to be had only from the Hud-son Medical Lastitute. This wonderful discovery was made by the specialists of the old famous Hud-son Medical Institute. It is the strongest and most powerful vitalizer made. It is so powerful that is is simply wonderful how harmless it is. You can got it from nowhere but from the Hudson Medical Institute. Write for circulars and testimonials. This extraordinary Robuwanter is the most This extraordinary Rejuvenator is the most underful discovery of the age. It has been endorsed by the leading scientific men of Europe and

first voyage to America. The western ledge is decorated with the Viking ship, while on the east ledge is a modern

steamship, both of these being in bas-re-

lief. The sculptured work is cut upon a



TELL GENERAL WASHINGTON HIS MOTH ER HAS NEED OF HER HORSES."

find their way to the beautiful Ohio val-ley, you may ask? Frace restored, their country had no more use for fighting sol-diers-war had robbed them of their for-tunes. But they were undaunted, and to-sether they boarded the Mayflower - a foating barge and made their way into the Ohio valley. There they laid out farms at Beepre, Waterford, and Amen-town, the earliest settlement in the vicinty of Marletta. At eventide they were ity of Marietta. At eventude they were wont to float down the calm beacom of the river, and at the peril of the lurking redman's tomahawk, moor their skiffs at my grandfather's door. Once in the glow of the pine knots heaped high on the open hearth, these scarred veterans revived in story their country's struggle for inde-

moe. Striking, even in this distinguished

But how did all these famous warriors

his terrible position, the poor fellow seem ed to have failen asleep, as his eyes were closed and his head sunk low on his breast. Carson had cautioned his impetuou

"Great heavens! What can we do to save him?" gasped Woodville. "Nothing until morning," gravely an-swered Carson. "It would be mere folly to thread the dark passes at night in search of what may be a large body of Indians. who could should down their persuent with who could shoot down their persuers without letting one of themselves be seen. If Mr. Moulton don't come in before day-break, I'll start out to look him up, and I comrade not to fire until he should give the signal, but just as the hidden avengers

want only one man to go with me. More "That man shall be myself then," said the warm-bearted Virginian. "I'd risk my life a hundred times over to save Jack From such a fait. He's a first-rate fellow, and I begin to think that I've been in the wrong in all our petty quarrels." (I should have sooner said that both these young gentlemen were men of means,

y independent of our captain's and had joined us merely through instantly the startled Indians sprang to their feet, but ere they could even grasp, much less string, their bows, one fell to The night passed without alarm, and when the first streak of dawn appeared, Carson and Wodville, after taking a hasty

Kit's rifle and another to Gerald's revolver; and now, as they stood for thre half seconds bewildered, as many addition al shots rang out, each one stretching victim upon the earth. Then, yelling lik the hell bounds they were, the H survivor row, hoys, you'll know we've gone under," observed Carson as coolly as though he were going on a plonic. "But I rather think we'll come in. Stay right here until

This beautiful weapon, as well as the evolvers, had been presented to the gal. ant scout by a wealthy gentleman whose a way the gallant fellows went.

entirely

life he had saved, and all were highly. life he had saved, and all were highly prined by him. Hence, he had always 22 shots in hand without relonding, and sel-down indeed did a bullet fired by Kit Car-son miss its intended mark. I have seen him start on a full gallop 158 yards from a tree, no more than nine inches in diam-



predatory Indians, two small bands of which we had, several days before, beaten off without loss to curselves, and now we might look for reprisals.

might look for reprisals. Among our crowd were two especially fine young fellows, one an Englishman tamed John Moditon and the other a fery two, though singularly allae in disposi-tion, or perhaps for that very reason, outil arms in the twinkling of an eye. Then, loading the whole "arcass upon his horse's and as prone to sting on the slightest provocation from each other, though always forbearing sward indifferthough always forbearing roward indiffer-ent parties. Several imes they had hardly been prevented from coming to blows, and lately there had been such bad blood a muttering of English, and who freand interving of Engine, and who fre-between them that nother would speak to the other. Which was most in fault I don't know, for in their altercations each apparently tried to be as provoking as possible.

So very consoning. One aftermoon, after striking the Oid spanish trail, we were going slowly down the Pacific slope of the Windy mountains, when a large sik broke cover somewhat out of rifle shot and trotted leisurely away. wing been for some time traversing a

eter, and before he reached it plant every | might have easily slain 50 of these-alas such a man, aside from the prestige of his name, was a little army in himself, and we were extremely glad of his company, as in the country where he last joined us, we were every moment in danger from It seems that shortly after leaving u Moulton had come within range of and had killed his elk, and was stooping down to out off the hind quarters for bringing to

crew, an eagle-plumed, powerfully built savage, quite forgetting in his fright that the horse was picketed, attempted, as he ran, to spring upon its back-a position he never reached, for as soon as his head rose high enough to clear the nobler ani-mal's withers, 'twas pierced by Carson's

avenging bullet. Thus, in less than one minute, 10 mem bers of the murderous band had become as a Western man of those times would say, "good Indians," and the rest, leaving Moulton's weapons and most of their own behind, probably never stopped running

intil they reached headquarters of their tribe, where they would doubtless report that they had been routed by at least 50 imbushed white men. Now, for the first time, our two heroe

showed themselves, and we may imagine John Moulton's feelings when he found that one of the daring rescuers was his whilem enemy, Gerald Woodville! Quickly the beaumbed youth was unbound, and while his swollen writs were tenderly chafed back to life by his new-found friend, the ever-thoughtful Carson hastily prepared a supper of hot coffee and elk steaks wherewith to nourish his exhausted CITAL STORY.

In our camp the day of the two men's leparture had come to a close in consum ng anxiety, and it was a serious party in deed which gathered about the fire at night, while all strained their ears in vaim to catch the echo of a possible reassuring rifle shot.

Yet, though sorely fretting at our ensecond inaction, none of us quite despaired for besides what we ourselves had, on a former occasion, seen of Carion's success-ful daring, our guide, an old plainsman named Joe Brooks, sustained our hopes by teiling us of several instances in which he (Carson) had, single handed, rescued prop-erty and prisoners from strong, mounted bands of Indians after a pursuit of many days.

"Why," said the veteran, "one time down in Arizona, I knew Kit, entirely alone to trail 22 Apache warriors for more than 100 miles. He came up to them just is they were making camp at sundown shot down three of them before they saw him, charged upon the rest while yelling to his supposed followers to come on, and

caped scot free with a white woman rizoner, whom, in their fright at the ere sight of Kit, they had not stopped to kill. This is a well-known fact, and it occurred when Carson was out last with Captain Fremont. Depend upon it, he knows what he's about now, and whether he saves Mr. Moulton or not, he's pretty sure to turn up all right before morning. So long as a star's to be seen he can find his way back at night as well as in day-In listening to tales like this our sleep

is night wore away, and at last we ould see in the eastern sky the first pale of coming dawn, casually remarked Joe, "is the our that the redskins always select for-

ipan the slave.

he cried, waving his hand to the

y thunder! that's the Diggers' war-thoop now?" And we all hurried into the oral, as again and again, far up on the hilbide, resounded that terrible cry.

"Mighty curious." said Brooks, quietly laying down his rifle with a half percept-ble smile, "but it's the first time I ever knew the reds to be polite enough to give air warning. This must be an extra nic

band of the devils-Hooray! Hooray! Hoo-ray, boys, what did I tell you?" For now half a dozen riffe shots rang out in quick sion, and galloping cheerily down

d that Snarkle St al descendent of Governor Bradford, of then he came "The horse is ready,' said Sparkle Washington's esteem, and shared the Spry.

" 'Ready" exclaimed the King of th friendship of Lafayette. He never failed "We were reconnoitering in Westmore- Ulinkers, well, I think it is high time. A



"BETTER SEE MISSUS-RETTER SEE MISSUS"

×

land county, Virginia," he continued. "I and here I've been waiting and waiting chanced upon a fine team of horses hitch-ed to a plow, and they were driven by a "I hope you'll like it," Sparkle Spry

suggested.

chanced upon a fine team of norses nitch-ed to a plow, and they were driven by a burdy slave. Finer animals I have never seen. When my eyes had feasted on their beauty. I cried to the driver. "Hello! good fellow: I must have your horses. They are the very animals I have been looking for. The black man showed his teeth and rolled up the whites of his eyes, while he put the lash to the horses' flanks and turned up another furrow in the rich soil. "Like it?' cried the King of the Clink ers. 'Why, of course I'll like it haven't enjoyed a ride in so long a tin that I'm not likely to quarrel with the horse that carries me.'

'But this is a wooden horse,' re-

marked Sparkle Spry. " I should hope so-yes, indeed!" grunt-ed the King of the Clinkers. I have been riding wooden horses as long as I urned up another furrow in the rich soll. I waited until he had finished the row, then I threw back my cavalier cloak. "The ensign of my rank was not lost can remember. They may be a little clumsy, but they suit me.'

" "Better see missis, Better see missis," "But this horse has no rockers," per sisted Sparkle Spry. 'It is as solid as a house.

ne criei, waving his hand to the solith where, beyond cedar growth, rose the tow-ers of a fine old Virginia mansion. I turned up the carringe road and soon my hand was on the brass knocker. Instantiy the door swung back on its ponderous hinges and the majestic form of a woman filed the emnity mace. " 'Much you know about wooden hor said the King of the Clinkers. 'Wait, I'll call my torchbearers.'

"He tapped on the oven with his tim

poker, and immediately a company of lit-tle men filed out from behind it. As they passed the furnace door they lit "Madam,' said I dropping my hat and "Madam,' said I dropping my hat and visibly overcome by her dignity, 'I have come to claim your horses in the name of the government.' 'My horses?' she bent upon me eyes born to command. "Sir, you cannot have them, my crops their torches at a live coal and marched out to the wooden horse, followed by the

ountry in a wooden norse. "Nothing more was said for some time, and Sparkle Spry must have dropped off to the the sleep, for suddenly he was arou voice of the King of the Clinkers, who

"'Here we are! Get up! Stir about!" "Sparkle Spry jumped to his feet and looked from the window. Day was just dawning, and on the plain before him he saw hundreds of twinkling lights, as if a shower of small stars had fallen to the ground during the night. Being somewhat azed by his experiences he asked what

"'Campfires' replied the King of the attack is camped further away, but if you will lift your eyes a little you will see their campfires."

'Do we attack them by ourselves?'

Sparkle Spry asked. "'Of course?' the King of the Clinkers answered. 'I never did like too much com-pany: besides, I want you to get the credit of it

'Now. I'd rather be certain of a whole skin than to have any credit,' protested Sparkle Spry. "But the King of the Clinkers paid no at-

ention to his protests. He gave his orders to his little men and strutted about with an air of importance that Sparkle Spry would have thought comical if he had not been thinking of the battle.

"Daylight came on and drowned out the campfires, leaving only thin columns of blue smoke to mark them. The wooden horse moved nearer and nearer to the army directly in front of them, and finally ame close to the headquarters of the ommanding general, who sent out a sol-dier to inquire the meaning of the apparition. Finally the general came himself, accompanied by his staff, and to him Sparkle Spry repeated what the King of the Clinkers had told him to say. The gen-eral pulled his mustache and knitted his rows mightily, and finally he said:

"I'm obliged to you for coming, 'You'll "Im obliged to you for coming. Tout in have to do the best you can. I never have commanded a wooden horse, and if I were to tell you what to do, I might get you into trouble. Til just send word along the line that the wooden horse is on our ide and you'll have to do the best you 18.75. "As he said, so he did. The army soon

knew that a big wooden horse had come to help it, and when the querr-looking ma-chine moved to the front the soldiers got out of the way as fast as they could, and some of them forgot to carry their arms with them. But order was soon restored and presently it was seen that the opposing army was marching forward to begin the

battle. "The King of the Clinkers waited until the line was formed and then he sounded the little bell. The horse started off. The bell sounded twice and the horse went faster. Sparkle Spiry, looking from the window, could see that he was going at a tremendous rate. The horse went close to the opposing army and then turned and went down the line to the left. Turning, it came up the line. this time very close. attle

came up the line. this time very close. Turning again, it came back, and the sol-diers in the front line were compelled to acamper out of the way. While this was going on the other army came up, but by the time it arrived on the battleground there was nothing to ight. "The woodan horse had stampeded the enemy's army, and the soldiers had all run

away, leaving their arms, their tents and

nne to claim your horses in the name of e government." My horses" she bent on me crys born to command. "Sir, you cannot have them; my crops

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