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PANDY ELLIS IN THE CAVE OF DEATH

BY MARLINE MANLY.

"So that's the way Kit Carson must buck Bailey, are it? Wai, I nated Sucky, yo fallers did good service in that ranche or tavern az yo call it. I know their town ye speak up; been in it, an' a dirtier set o' greasers I never clapped eyes on. I've been in a four like what yo jest tote about, but our numbers war more even, an' we had their light ter see by. But, I say, Lon, whar on yar'd did ye git that mark at?" and old Ben, as he spoke, turned to Lon Carter, a noted trapper, who had been quietly rolling up his sleeve while the other was speaking, showing a long, pink mark, which we all knew was made by a wound which had never properly healed. "Ye was the fifth of the party, while your humble servant made up the half dozen." "Boys," said Lon, "ye see that," pointing to the vivid mark. "Ya-as, but what made it, Lon," came from several of the "boys."

"Camanah," was the reply, as the trapper began pulling down the sleeve of his greasy hunting shirt, which, from appearance, had seen good service. "Ye see, boys," he resumed, after his operation was completed, and his sleeve once more in its proper place, "ye see, I was with Pandy Ellis then, down south, and we had been kicking up a big row among the Camanah, so they were red-hot. Every Indian on the plains knows Pandy, and the Camanah they would have given nearly anything to get the old man, but, as ye all know, he is as sharp as a steel trap, and it takes some to beat him. We were all alone, Pandy an' I, but we considered ourselves a big pile, for the old man himself is a whole team, and a dog under the wagon. But the reds did get Pandy at last, and this was how it happened. Ye see, we were joined by a white man, who said as how he had just escaped from the Indians, who were about to torture him. I believed him; but several times Pandy he said as how he didn't like his looks, and, as it afterwards came out, the old man was right."

"However, we consented to his remaining with us, and it wasn't long before we regretted it, for one day at least fifty Camanah came pourin' in on us. Ye see, we had a cave in the hills, and no one knew of it but us three. "As the reds came tumbling in at the door by dozens, we heard Tom Hurst, the fellow as had joined us, give a yell of triumph, and we knew he was the traitor, but we couldn't get at him. Both of us went to work, but I being near the door, got out, and when once in open air made a streak for cover. A dozen reds followed me, and only five came back half an hour later, for ye see I made a stand and laid the others out with my shooting irons, which I hadn't used as yet. Then as we were left they cleared out, and I sneaked back to see what had become of Pandy. Why, guess me, if the fellow hadn't kept the fight up nearly half an hour, an' they were jest leading him out with his hands bound behind his back, he'd have come out. Then they began fetching out the dead, an' I counted eleven corpses; Pandy had made it a cave of death to them Camanah. Well, from the bushes I seen all this, and soon the whole crowd went down the hill, heading for the Indian village. The white renegade was with them, but he kept out of Pandy's sight, for the old man has a deal of power in them little eyes of his, and couldn't stand their gaze."

"Although nearly a score of their warriors had fallen, still the Camanah thought as how they had had the best of the bargain, and Red Buzzard, the chief, was highly elated as he marched with his warriors and prisoners back to the village, which was nearly ten miles away. I tell ye, boys, I had no idea of letting Pandy remain in the hands of the reds; no, not if I lost my life in trying to free him. "An honest-hearted man; a true friend in time of need; a noble specimen of God's handiwork; a terrible fighter; the champion trapper and trapper on the plains; and a friend to all good, an enemy to all bad; such a man is Pandy Ellis, and the ranger who would desert him deserves to be hung and quartered."

"I followed the reds closely to the foot of the hill, but when they were hatched forth upon the open plain I left them go, for it would not do for me to show myself. "Strangely enough, they had no mustangs, and this is a curious thing when in connection with Camanah, who always ride. I knew Red Buzzard was noted for the fine steeds he had in his village, and the only way I could explain it was that they had come on foot during the past night, and had not brought steeds for fear that their tramping might betray them and put us on the watch."

"However, be that as it may, they were on foot, and it took them nearly half an hour to get so far out on the plain that I could hardly see them. Knowing that now there was no danger of their discovering me should I set out, I left the trees that were upon and around the hills, and began following them. "Well, I won't tire ye about this, but go right on. Before darkness came on I was in a small grove of trees, about quarter of a mile from the Indian village, seated on a limb among the trees, and taking observations. I could soon tell which place the prisoners was confined in, for a guard stood at the door. I knew that there would be two of them after dark, for Pandy Ellis was a big prisoner, one not captured every day, and precautions must be taken to guard against his escape. "Well, boys, I noted everything about the Indian village, and when darkness came I felt sure that I could crawl about among the lodges without losing myself."

"I would much rather the moon had stayed in, but two hours after sunset (and in the south ye know there is no twilight; it gets dark at sunset) she made her appearance. I would have done my work in this two hours of darkness only the Camanah were all awake, eating their suppers around fires. "But impatient as I was, I remained quiet until midnight, and then I set out on my mission. The grass was several feet high, and so I had no difficulty in getting into the village, although I was nearly an hour in doing it. At last, however, I rose up behind a lodge, and after stopping for a moment to recover my breath, I began creeping up from lodge to lodge, aiming for the one that I knew contained old Pandy. Well, I soon got near it, and by using my peepers I could see the shadowy form of the sentinel, who was in front of the prison lodge. "It faced the west, and therefore the north and part of the western side of it were in the shade, as the moon had not yet reached her highest point. "I knew I must get up to that sentinel and slay him, but how I was to do it puzzled me at first. After taking in the surroundings, however, I managed to form a plan, which I proceeded to put into operation at once. "In ten minutes I managed to get to the side of house that was in the deepest shade, and here I lay quite for some time. Then, just as I was about to crawl forward, I fancied I heard a very slight choking sound around the side of the lodge, as though the guard in front of the door was half coughing. All was silent, however, and in another moment I was around the corner of the skin lodge, crawling toward the guard, who seemed to be very sleepy, for he leaned against the door as he sat upon the ground. "Reaching a convenient place I leaped lightly forward and clasped him by the throat. "I was about to smite him under the fifth rib, when I noticed that he did not even shudder as I grasped him, and then the whole truth broke in upon me. "The guard was dead; it was a corpse I was clasping by the throat. "I look at the skins in front of me before me a hole cut in them. Old Pandy had a knife concealed on his person, and after freeing himself of his bonds had cut a hole close by the drowsy guard's head, and from that hole dealt the death blow. It was the Indian's last gasp that I had heard—going around the corner I met Pandy, and he recognized me, although at first he took me for an Indian. It did not take us long to form a plan by means of which we could get rid of the second guard, who was in the moonlight and could see any one crawling towards him. Pandy waited at the corner of the lodge, knife in hand, and ten minutes afterward I came into the Indian's sight, about thirty yards away, crawling along and not looking toward the prison lodge. While the guard's attention was directed toward me, the old ranger crept up behind him and laid his hand upon the redskin's throat, and when I reached 'em the man was dead. "Going over to the corral we selected two fine mustangs and put some bridles made out of my lasso on to them and led 'em out. "Here a new difficulty presented itself. Pandy said he wouldn't leave the village until he got his own weapons, for he couldn't part with his old rifle and knife. "He had seen Red Buzzard take them all into his lodge, and while I sat upon one of the horses and held the other, he went over to a large lodge and crept in. "Soon I heard a loud yell, then a stunning blow. I was in the shadow of a lodge with the horses, and none of the Indians as they came out saw me; but I could see the chief's lodge, and was very impatient for Pandy. The cool cuss had knocked the chief senseless with his fist, and now, even though he knew his danger, he lit a torch and hunted until he found his friends. When he came out a yell greeted him, and Pandy he made a dash for me. I rushed out with the mustangs and met him. Mounted, we rode through the crowd of reds, firing our revolvers and riding them down. One of their bullets ran along my arm and made a terrible flesh wound, but it did no worse damage. Well, we got out of the village, and the Camanah they pursued us on their mustangs, but ye see we had picked two of the best, and during that wild ride Pandy he knocked over four of the reds (I couldn't use only one arm so I kept quiet), and then the Camanah left us, wiser but sadder men. That's how I got that mark, boys, and Pandy he doctored it up, and we've always been friends ever since; and Lon proceeded, with an ember from the fire, to light his pipe, which had gone out during the recital of his yarn. "The cholera at Greenville has developed a fine case of monstrous depravity, one of which I will relate without mentioning names. An old gentleman, probably nearly seventy years of age, who lived a mile or two in the country, and is noted for his recklessness and utter defiance of the laws of God, came into town one day, and, passing down the street, cried out that he intended to spread the cholera over the town. He then went to an undertaker and wanted to know if he could make him a coffin and what he would charge. The reply was that if he wanted it before his death he would charge him \$25, but if after he would only charge \$14. He told him to proceed with the matter, but to be sure to make it out of two-inch plank, and leave it open at both ends, so that if the devil comes in at one end he could escape at the other. That night he was stricken down with cholera, and by morning was a corpse. "A sweet strain—Straining honey."

LOOSE AND LEWD SPIRITS.

The Victoria Woodhull wing of the society of American Spiritualists have been holding their annual national convention at Chicago, the present week. The attendance was quite large. From Iowa only one delegate was reported, a Mr. or Mrs. or miscellaneous W. J. Shaw, who credited him or herself to Iowa Falls. The Tribune's report of the meeting says the status of the members of the convention was to be put as below the maddling. It was composed mainly of old women, while the men who were present had very much the appearance of old women too. There were young women there, some few girls, apparently about sixteen years of age; but it was noticeable that these were good looking, the vast majority having their features marred by strawberry blazes scarred by scalds, or keroseene accidents, or pitted with small-pox—a fact which suggested the idea that spiritualism of the Woodhull sort is a denier resort for shelled virgins, or those unfortunate to whom nature has denied even a modicum of the charms of the sex, who may, in fact, be epitomized under the expressive term of "sexual scroverous."

The majority, however, were old men and women, some of them in their dotage, with their flimsy eyes, which peered through spectacles at the speaker, brightening up occasionally as the thin lips of the Woodhull quivered under a more than licentious allusion to a more than usual prurient subject. Mrs. Woodhull was present, and as President of the society, made the annual address. The Tribune says the speaker came before the audience with much of dramatic effect. Her attitude was striking, not to say menacing. Her body she poised lightly upon her right leg, the left thrown forward, her right arm was held tight across her chest, a la Tom Sawyer, while the left was flung carelessly behind her back, after the manner in vogue with the "fancy," who, toward the close of a "mill," feels that he has a soft thing, and an indulgence in a little brilliancy and effect for the benefit of those outside the ropes. Her position taken she began. A report of her speech is spared the printer and the public. It was a tirade against everything that knocked religion out of time, flooded the clergy, showed up the hidden horror

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