LONE HOLLOW;

Or, the Peril of the Penroys.

CHAPTER XXIII.

THE WIDOW'S DEFIANCE. All the evil passions of Captain Star bright's nature mastered him at that mo ment. Both men had made a mistake. Fin gal in accusing the Captain of murder, and the latter in resenting the accusation as he did. Conscious guilt, however, made the Captain a coward.

In vain Fingal struggled under the terribes grip of Starbright. He was as a babe in the hands of a giant. He could not even ery out for help, and had not a third person appeared on the scene at that moment the angry Captain might have perpetrated mur-

then and there. As Fingal was sinking down belplessly a door opened and some one appeared on the verands, a man who, taking in the situntion at a glance, sprang at once to the rescue and tore the enraged Captain from his victim. When Starbright faced about be found himself confronted by Austin

Wentword, the Stonefield mechanic The two had not come in contact in many weeks, not since the scene in the grove where they collided with what would have been fatal results but for the interference of Louis Fingal, who, as it will be remem-bered, saved the Captain's life at that time.

To-day the mechanic had met Grace Penroy and a reconciliation had taken place, all of which had been brought about through the good offices of the young hunter and Lura Joyce. The latter, however, had absented herself from Lone Hollow since her narrow escape from death at the hands of Captain Starbright.

Did you mean to murder the boy!" de manded Wentword, sternly, as he faced

the Captain. He insulted me. I meant to punish him for insolence."

Fingal, looking pale and weak, leaned against a post and regarded the two men without speaking. "You are a miserable coward," declared

the indignant Wentword. "I have a notion to thrash you blind." "I think you had better let the job out,"

sneered Starbright, as he laid his hand on the butt of a revolver that protruded from his hip pocket.

This movement was observed by Fingal, who cried: " Draw a weapon, Captain, and it will be

worse for you! Then the rattle of wheels fell on the ears of all. A carriage halted in front of the great mansion, and a little, thin old man

alighted. Captain Starbright at once recognized his lawyer from Stonefield. Something of importance must have sent him here so soon after his interview with his client. The Captain was at once anxious to be rid

of the two men, and so, forcing a laugh, he "I was angry, gentlemen. I beg you pardon for what has occurred. I hope we

may be friends hereafter." Then he actually held out a hand toward Fingal. The young hunter disdainfully refused the proffer of friendship. Placking the sleeve of the mechanic he led him down the steps, and the twain hurried away with out attempting to continue the conversa-

"I should like to know what brings that sneaking lawyer here just now," said Fingal, after they had passed into the road "The Captain employs him, evidently."

"Evidently, and -- but the schemes of that man must be thwarted. I have learned something of the utmost importance during the last few days. I think that scoundrel will hear something drop before he is many What have you planned!"

"This, to piace a detective in the house in the person of Lara Joyce." Then you have seen her, and know that

she still hyes!" "I have. She will help "s to thwart the evil Captain and save the Penroys. Of course, Grace can not be deceived by him

"No. I have found her true as steel, and determined to assert her rights. In the meantime Captain Starbright and Seekmore Gripes met on the veranda. The Captain saw that in the face of his lawyer

that told him to expect good news. CHAPTER XXIV.

A SHOT PROM AMBUSH. Beveral days later. Two forms steed in the shadow of some

trees not many rods from the great house "It seems so strange that a cloud should have come between us, Austin," said Grace, as she leaned confidingly against his

shoulder and glanced up into his brave. dark eyes. There is perfect trust now, darling,

returned the young mechanic. "I was to dame entirely She stopped his lips with a soft hand.

"Not a word like that, Austin I know that I was hasty as well. Let it pass. I have other troubles now." Other troubles, dearf"

'About poor grandpa's will." should that trouble you Grace! He left every thing to you, I under-

"True, but-"

"Well!" as she hesitated and dropped

ber honest gaze from his face, "I am afraid the will is not genuine. "Not genuine! What do you mean! I'm

sure I've heard your grandfather say a score of times, if I have once, that you would have all his property when he was

"I know, and I believe that such was his intention," said Grace, in an unsteady voice, "but but he did not live to sign the

"Who tells you this?" demanded the young mechanic, hotly. "It is a scheme to deprive you of your rights, Grace, and you must not submit to it.

Why was he so earnest! Was it possible that a sorded motive influenced him after all! Grace permitted this thought to mar her happiness for a moment only, then she cast it from her as an unworthy reflection on the character of her noble lover

"I have seen my grandfather's will Austin, and I do not doubt but what it contains his true intentions," returned the girl, after a moment's reflection; "yet even if all is right, I could not live up to the con

ditions, I should prefer death sooner." What are the conditiona!

"That I become the wife of Citaton Starbright."

"It is true "

Who showed this to you?" "Lawyer Gripes read it, and I have n reason to dispute the contents of the docu

"Then the will is false. I would be willing to swear to that," declared the young man, indignantly. "This Starbright is at the bottom of a tremendous scheme. I can not believe that old Mr. Vandible could lend himself to such a wickedness of in his right mind."

ureas influence must have been brought to bear if he did agree to that," said Grace. "In any event I shall renounce the fort

"If the will holds good, who inherits with your refusal to marcy the Captain!"

"Mr. Starbright." "I thought so. You may depend upon it that it is a put up job that must not be permitted to succeed. I do not believe Morgan Vandible ever signed such a paper as that Enowingly.

'He did not, I am sure of that," asserted Grace.

"Then the document is a forgery." "I fear no." Grace then related the incidents of the night when her grandfather died, when she rushed into the room, thinking she heard

him calling, only to find that he was dead and the will, just drawn up for his signature, lay before his sightless eyes un-

"Whatever had been the intention of grandfather he certainly did not live to place his signature to the will," concluded Grace, in a voice husky with the intensity

of her emotions.
"It is a clear case of the basest rasculty!" exclaimed Austin Wentword. "To me it seems evident that Captain Starbright and his lawyer have plotted to throw the million left by your grandfather into the hands of the former. No doubt Starbright would be former. willing for you to refuse to marry him, for then the vast fortune would fall entirely into his hands. It is a barefaced scheme that can be easily frustrated '

"It must be. Within two weeks the heirs will be summoned before the probate court to give reasons, if any exist, why this will be not admitted to probate as the honest instrument of Morgan Vandible's hand At that time your testimony will be of the utmost importance.

"Yes," faintly.
"I believe your evidence alone will be sufficient to break the will, but we must

have more to corroborate yours." "How can you get more," queried Grace. 'I was the only one present save the

Captain and lawyer Gripes."
"Well, we must find more evidence," de-clared the young mechanic. "I will consult with our mutual friend, Louis Fingal. He is wise and keen; between us all I believe we shall be able to outwit Captain Starbright and his scoundrelly lawyer. Circumstantial evidence can be brought in. The forged agnature, of course, is not likely to be an exact counterpart of Mr. Vandible's chirography, and that will count for a good deal We have two weeks in which to work, in

which time much can be done." "Yes," agreed Grace, with a sigh. "I wish Lura was back here, I am so lonely in the great house with only mother and the Cap-tain. I may be foolish, but somehow I have a dread of notm.

"You shall not be left to the mercy of either." declared Wentword. "Lura will come, and she is a match for the Captain the best day he ever saw. "I have always feltsafe when my cousin

was here," said Grace. "I was quite overpowered with joy when she returned, but she made me promise not to reveal her oming, as she wished to remain dead to the world for a time, the better to thwart the plots of Captain Starbright, who at that time I trusted more fully than I do now."

"He is a villain without one redeeming tempted the life of Lura. They are bitter foes, and he feared she would stand in his way. The two tramps who hurled her into Hangeian's Guich that night handled some of Captain Starbright's money for that work, I am fully assured.

"How terrible!" uttered Grace. "It does not seem possible that one so apparently kind, so elegant in manners, could be so

deeply wicked." "Perhaps you still doubt?" "I confess to incredulity to a certain extent. I can not believe that Clinton Starbright would stoop to murder. It seems

too horrible for belief."
"Time will tell," answered the young "I have learned enough to satisfy me that no crime is too vile for this adventurer. By breaking the will and exposing the villalny of Starbright we throw every thing into your mother's hands, but there seems to be no other way." "I shall be satisfied with that, knowing

that I possess your love," said the beauti ful girl, clinging fondly to his arm. "I am satisfied to gain your hand without the fortune,' returned the infatuated young man, bending and imprinting a kiss

on the pale check of his companion Night shadows were falling, and neither now the form of a man crouching in the bushes near a man who had listened to

nearly every word that had fallen from the lips of the twain. Presently he lifted himself so that his gleaming eyes took in the loving scene

'Neither shall live to crush me," muttered the prowler. Then his hand shot forward, a flash followed, then a loud report. Grace Penroy sank apparently lifeless in

the arms of her companion, the blood streaming down her face. The builet of the The suddenness of the crime quite paralyzed the young mechanic for the time. He

feit the form of his betrothed a dead weight in his arms. He eased her to the ground, fully behaving that she was dead. An awful horror was cast over heart and

He had heard the report, and seen the flash. To discover the assassin was now his desire. He sprang forward and caught from the ground a smoking pistol. glared about him flercely, but saw no one. Then he strode back to the bleeding form on the ground, still holding the smoking

At this moment a man rushed down the path from the direction of the house and confronted Wentword

It was Captain Starbright. "So it has come to this at last," cried the Captain, in an awful voice. "I feared it all along Poor Grace: to die by the hand of a miserable mudsill?"

CHAPTER XXV. THE ARREST. For one moment the two men glared

fiercely at each other. Austin Wentword was too terribly shocked to realize his position, or the full meaning of the words uttered by Captain Starbright. He even allowed the Captain to take the pistol from his hands, when he bent and lifted poor Grace in his arms and moved toward the house.

There was consternation among the servants when the young mechanic en-tered the house with his bleeding burden. Mrs. Penrov met him and screamed with fright, and fainted on seeing the blood.

To Mrs. Penroy's room the young man made his way, and placed Grace on the luxurious bed. Then, with pallid face and trembling fingers, he examined the wound in the head of his betrothed. He was unable to ascertain the full extent of the garded the speaker fixedly wound, but believed it fatal. Captain Starbright at once dispatched a messenger for a physician, the nearest one being at Stonefeld, ten miles away. With this messenger he sent a note which the man promised to

deliver to the county sheriff. Soon after the accident a visitor was an unced-Louis Fingal, the young hunter. Wentword met him with a groan as he extended his hand. In tremulous accents

"And you think Grace will die?" A tear stood in the young hunter's eye as he put the question.

"Then retribution must fall at once on her assassin," cried Fingal, in a stern

"That it shall " Both men turned to see Captain Star bright standing near, the same spirit of

evil that he had ever been since his appearance at Lone Hollow. You here!" exclaimed Fingal.

"I am. No one has a better right. I mean to see that the murderer does not es-

You know him-"He stands there," pointing at Austin

Wentword. Fingal regarded the young mechanic in silence. He saw the pallor on his face deepen, caught a resentful gleam in the , and realized that the words of Cap-

tain Starbright had struck deep. "This is not the time nor place to resent such language, Clinton Starbright," returned the young mechanic, in a low voice, almost hushed under the shadow of his swful grief. "When I am assured that she will live, or death intervenes, then I will settle with you, sir, in a way that will prove satisfactory."

Then turning to Louis Fingal the young nan took his arm and led him away. In an other room, with the door looked to keep out intruders, the two young men sat and conversed long and earnestly. "Just as my bappiness had dawned it to awful to have it snatched from me by the bullet of a cruel assassio," grouned Austin

"It is awful," agreed the young hunter. Can you imagine who could be so wicked as to do this!

"I can not." "It is Captain Starbright's work," deciared the young hunter. "He is wicked enough for any thing. He has plotted to gain the Vandible fortune, and nothing is too black in the way of crime that he will not do to gain what he seeks. That man must be watched. I have not seen the will left by Morgan Vandible, but I know its con-tents from one who has read it, and it is so worded as to leave every thing to Captain Starbright should Grace die or marry another. Depend upon it, Austin, it was a hand hired by the Captain that fired the ullet at Grace to-night."

"It may be so. I can not believe that one so pure and good has an enemy in the

world."
"She has enemies only as she is an obstacle in the way of that devil's greed. He

"Mr. Fingal, I quite agree with you," returned the mechanic, sadly. "The Captain must be watched, and I know of but one person who can do it successfully." "I mean Lura Joyce. She is at Stonefield,

and you know where. If you would only go for her I should feel under everlasting obligations to you. Hike that girl, and be lieve now that Grace is-is ill, she would gladly come-"Of course she would," agreed the young hunter, touched deeply by the emotion evinced by Wentword. "I will go for the

girl myself. I know her like a book, and am sure she will not delay coming one moment when she learns that her cousin is You are very kind-" "Not a word of that sort, Austin. Ilike

you and Grace, and hope that you may both ive to be united and happy in spite of the nachinations of a contemptions viliain." Then Fingal turned from the room. Austin Wentword sat like one in a dream until he heard the outer door clang behind the departing hunter, then he leaned his

head on his hands and mouned in an agony A pair of glittering black eyes looked in upon the serrowing young man, the malevplence in their depths indicating how ven-

amous was the heart beneath. "It is well. The game is now completely in my hands," muttered Captain Starbright, as he passed down the hall to the front door, after glancing in upon the bowed form of Wentword. He stood on the steps and peered down through the trees to the road and the gloomy hollow beyond. Night held full sway now, and a mist hung over Lone Hollow, as if the blue firmament was mourning for the beautiful girl so

cruelly stricken down this night. Captain Starbright became nervous after a little and began pacing the wide veranda with solemn steps and slow, his chin bowed upon his breast, a thoughtful, troubled look

He remained pacing here until the roll of wheels announced the coming of the phy-

cian from Stoneficid. Mrs. Penroy and young Wentword were at the bedside of Grace when the doctor enered. Both fell back to permit the man of nedicine an opportunity for examination. The widow, after recovering from the årst shock, was extremely nervous, yet she seemed to realize her duty and at ence ssumed a place near the wounded girl. Grace was still unconscious, but breathed, and when the doctor rose from a brief examination and turned to the widow, there was a look on his face that brought a throb of hope to the hearts of all-no, not all, for here was one present who was not pleased

at the good dector's announcement A bad wound, but if the inflammation can be kept down, the girl will recover. A few tays will decide. The skull has been slight fractured, I think."

For the first time since the crack of the pistol had rung in his ear Austin Went word breathed easy. His pallid counter nance lit up with a glad light, while from his heart fell a silent benediction.

Dr. Faxon left medicine, washes for the wound and brief yet comprehensive in-He had scarcely gone when another chicle drew up at Lone Hollow.

Austin Wentword stood over the wounded girl in a solemn, thoughtful attitude. He heard no sound of steps, although two men-had crossed the threshold and stood at his A hand touched his arm.

He turned then to confront a bluff-looking man, who, with wonderful dexterity, snapped a pair of handcuffs over the wrists of the astounded Austin Wentword.
"What does this mean!" demanded the

mechanic, reeting backward. "It means that you are my prisoner, Austin Wentword," returned the man, in a stern voice "I have a warrant for your ar-

At the same time the officer, whom Wentword recognized as the county sheriff, produced a paper and began reading. So dazed was he that the prisoner only caught a word here and there, enough to inform him that he had been accused of an assault on one Grace Penroy with intent to commit mur-

The idea seemed ridiculous as well as herrible to Wentword. He was not permitted to say a word in

his own defense, but was hurried from the room and the house, and was soon being chirled over the road to Stoneffeld jail. It was a sad termination to the lovers' meeting of the evening. And now two watchers were left beside

the wounded and insensible Grace ber mother and Captain Starbright. minutes after the departure of Wantword m the hands of the sheriff not a word broke the solemn stillness of the room. The Captain was the first to speak

"You see now what comes of permitting Grace to receive the attentions of a low me-

Mrs. Penroy lifted her faded eyes and re-"So you imagine it is to him my poor

Grace owes this hurt!" "Certainly. I have proof that will hang him should your daughter die. It was a lovers' quarrel again, and the use of a pistol is the hands of a low villate mad with jeal

The tremer in the woman's voice went far o prove that, although seemingly heartiess times, yet Martha l'enroy had an affection

for her daughter that was a special to ber "Terrible, indeed," returned the Captain. I hope you see the fully of countenancing a low fellow like Wentword now. I-"

"Captain Starbright, pieuse don't, caned the wretched woman, pleadingly She was pale and trembling, seeming absolutely ill, and even the Captain had not the heart to proceed further then. He turned on his heel and walked from the

He passed along the hall and entered one of the large front rooms in which a light was urning. The room seemed to be empty, a large arm-chair beside the center-table and cla ped his hands, with elbows on the table before him.

'If she wound only do, 'ne muttered, 'i should feel bes er, for I know that she will

ever consent to be my wife. Should she ie he would hang, and then -A touch on his arm startled him. He sprang up, white and trem ling, with

indefinable four shooting to his heart. s he turned about he attered an exclama-Before him stood his old enemy, Lura

CHAPTER XXVI.

LUNA AND THE CAPTAIN. "She will not sic, Captain Starbright, but f she should, you would be the one to hang dead of the man taken to jail this night oy the county sheriff."

Had she then heard his muttered words? How came she here at this hour of the night! He had seen nothing of her since appeared to him in the road in front of the nansion weeks before, when he had attempted to murder her. To him she seemed to bear a charmed life. How much did she know of his real character, of his hand in the first attempt that had proven such a disastrous failure! Had she learned aught from the maniac whose dead body slept so safely beneath the surface of the forest pool? He could not answer these questions, but he at once formed a plan of action, resolving inwardly to tide over present trouble as

smoothly as possible. "You choose to make yourself disagree able, Miss Joyce," he said, with a smile, that caused the wings of his tawny mustache to lift and then droop auddenly. "I am nevertheless glad to meet you."

He held out his hand. Wenderful as it may seem, she accepted the proffer of friendship, and returned his

smile with one of equal cunning. "I suppose you did not expect me, Cap-

"No, but I am pleased all the same. Some one is needed at Lone Hollow who can take complete charge of the internal affairs during Miss Penroy's idness. Her mother is

tterly incompetent "You think I could assume charge!"

"If you will, certainly."
Thus coolly tacked the two who were deadly enemies. Lura knew that he was aching to strangle her, even while his dark face was wreathed in smiles. She had en tered the house for a purpose that could be better carried through by assuming a meekness she did not feel, and so she smothered

er true feelings.
"Of course I will remain. I heard that my cousin was badly injured, and hastened here at once. Really this is all the home I have, and I meant to come soon in any event. Many changes have taken place since I left here weeks ago. When I think of all that I have passed through I find myseif wondering that I am yet aure-

"Considering the hand you had in it, Cap-She smiled wickedly as she regarded him. or red foretop quivering unpleasantly.

"It wa wonder."

"You wrong me, Lura," he said, in a low, subdued tone. "I was mad that night absorptely crazed when I assaulted you at he gate. I have never been fully able to xplain that to myself. I meant at the first

etunity to beg your pardon." Indeed! An I you had no hand in hurlg me into the gulch that night?" Her eyes airly pierced him to the quick.

She was treating on dangerous ground, but she could not resist the temptation. "Into the guich! I do not understand," he said, evidently perplexed. "I never knew what propened to you that night last sumner, Lura. I meant to ask about that at the

Which, when it occurred, you attempted

Lara, let ma explain."

"Lum listening," icily. " You know that like most men I have a cakness-love of wealth. I admit that I ive attempted questionable practices in der to obtain it. I came here to Lone Hollow to win its heiress. You see, I am rank with you. I never meant to stain my good deal of shrewd sense. He was und with a crime, however, for against lood I revolt as heartily as even yourself." He paised. She made no attempt to in-

of him, and he proceeded: When you put in an appearance at Lone ing the hotress was lessened. I knew how

mly as she interrupted him. ith you. Lura, you are the only girl who rer stirred the inner depths of my heart. I you had been the heiress instead of Grace I could have wood with tenfold more eriously, and during the days that followed breast of his coarse shirt. when I turned heaven and earth to find you. was ready and at heart, although elated at the thought that you would not be likely to

"I was getting on swimmingly with Grace then, to my surprise, you suddenly re arned. I saw you enter the house and go hat you had played a trick on us all, on me, for the purpose of beating me out of this fortune on which I set such hopes. The thought that I was about to be defeated when the wealth was ready to fall into my hands maddened me, and I lost reason and

soulioss.

GOLDEN PLUMED TASSEL OF CORN in emblem, they tell us, this country should seek From its posies that not to the sun-A blossom, whose home ranges widely to speak For a nation of many in one.

ow let us suggest, here, a plant growing wide. Waving welcome to freedom's first morn nd sucred, our own, as the flag of our pride. Tis the golden plumed tassel of corn or purest of daisies the many have plead, And still more for the gay golden rod one for the sunflower that waves too grand her

And was Yankee ere Yankee was born re Freedom had hoisted the bunner of blue Bove the golden plumed tasset of coru-From the nome of the oas to the paimetto

or here is a plant that is Yankee all thro

From her center way down to each sea om mountain to mead and thro green gle and glade. It waves o'er the used of the free ould heel of invader that free soil points,

And her proud banner trample with scorn, let will the broad earth, in defiant saints, Wave her golden plumed tassel of corn Let Great Britain boast of her rose's perfume And a France of pure tily so fair

Vhile Scotland may weave from her thistie's re-A grand garland to twine to ber hair let for a proud motto, to stand all alone.

And the capeations of freedom adorn.

We place there above all the posies we own -George E. Powell in St. Paul Pioneer Press

A Detroit father has undertaken a little ducational venture with his own chil iren, and he is trying to make them give ip slang, the use of ambiguous terms of peech and other peculiarities affected by the youth of the day Yesterday he sked his 14 year old daughter where a

"I bayen't an idea, papa!" answered ne young lady "I didn't ask you for ideas," said the father sternly; "just answer my question

certain book was.

Where is that book?

"On the top shelf in the book case," re ited the girl like a parrot. "Can you reach it?" Yes, sir.

There was a long silence, the father waiting impatiently for the book. At last

he asked "Nell, why don't you bring it?" Bring what, sir?" 'The book I wanted." You did not say you wanted me to

"Nellie," said the father as a smilmade his mustache tremble, "get that book like a good girl and bring it here to 'Now, you're talking sense pop, I'll

have the book in a jiffy," and she whisked

off after it, while the father sighed over

the degeneracy of the times. - Detroit

TO AN OLD BALL SLIPPER.

O little show! so worn and frayed. With heel foriorn and bow decayed How changed since granny first displayed Your pristine glory You poor, bedraggied No. You are alive at least to me:

Whilst lying there I seem to see

Your simple story. Bedight in raiment white and pure Your mistress tripped, of conquest sure; For damsels who look most demure Are not uncanny.

Praps grandpa came in garments smart-Vast triumphs of sartorial art— With valorous words, yet trembling heart,

To woo our granny. Those were the days when wife and maid

Ingenious towers of hair displayed.
When single lorgnettes strove to aid
Defective vision;
When beaus were kerchieves girt with straps, Ingenious conts with many flaps, And waistconts which would now, perhaps,

Whists low, waists high, coats black or green— Things now are as they've always been. Since first our own most gracious queen.

The throne ascended. and thee lies full many a token That shows the specious word was spoken. And hearts irreparably broken. That quickly mended.

Pariners, perchance, were much the same-Some bright, some dull, some fast, some tame some who to spurious wit hald claim. Nor saw their error; The men whose charms were scarcely mental. The youth both shy and sentimental

The "fuscinating detrimental." Great-grandma's terror. And did the chaperons then as now

Eestatic happiness avow Whilst watching with an aching brow. The flitting dancers! And did they, gripped in Fashion's visa. Receive a girl with looks of ice If she sat out with some one nice-Convenient lancers?

But tiny friend now must I flee-A set of tennis waits for me-For, rout in pleasant reverie, The moments fly by: The hour has come to say adieu; I make my courtesy to you; Now, dear, pathetle little shoe,

Go back to "bye bye."
—London Vanity Fair.

How He Demonstrated His Friendliness for the Whites.

WAPPER-JAW JOHN.

I remember "Wapper-Jaw John," the gray-haired Winnebago, who, when I was a boy, used occasionally to visit the neighborhood in which I lived. Despite his strikingly deformed and ugly face. ople who knew him seemed always to be kindly disposed toward him. They o strangle me out youder in the darkness." bought his curiously-wrought willow Her hand was raised, a flager pointing and splint baskets, and often gave him

food and a night's lodging. His face was angular and deeply wrinkled: the under jaw was set with a clous twist on one side, and it twitched and grimaced grotesquely when he talked-and he could talk only brokenly. He was a harmless old fellow, with a like the other members of his tribe, and kept apart from them. The other Winnebagoes, so far as we knew them, were worthless, begging vagabonds, who, to the number of a hundred or more, visited us semi-annually.

John did really earn an honest livu away, anywhere but in this house."

"Eyen under the sed," and she smiled though, like other wandering Indians. he carried his "papers," a lot of written No. In that you wrong me," he assert- testimonials certifying him to be "a ad, impressively. "I did not plan to harm good Indian." Two or three of these procious documents were of considerable length, and they narrated John's services and friendly exploits in behalf of white people in times of Indian out-. But let that pass. I entured your breaks. He carried the papers in a essence without attempting to abate it, beaded buckskin wallet in a pocket that Contright, when you disappeared so mys- he had made for this purpose in the

One of these accounts covered . foolscap pages. It was written in a close, fine hand that was perfectly legible, though the paper was yellow with

age and wear. I remember the evident pride and sato Grace Penroy's room. I then believed isfaction which John displayed and the great care with which he handled paper when, occasionally, he presented it to some member of our family to be read or inspected. He always got It out when he came where there were children or young folks, for they liked

to hear the story repeated. At this date I can not, of course, ember the exact sentences in which ohn's narrator had told of his brave and humane exploit, but the incidents are still fresh in my mind.

It was in June, 1832, several weeks after the outbreak of the Saes and Foxes, remembered as the Black Hawk war, that Wapper-Jaw John rendered heroic service to a venturous little family of settlers in one of the narrow val leys among the bluffs opposite Sauk Prairie. At this time, according to Smith's "History of Wisconsin," Saes and Foxes "had scattered their war parties all over the North, from Chicago to Galena, and from the Illineis river into the Territory of Wisconsin. They occupied every grove, waylaid every road, hung around every settlement and attacked every party of white men that attempted to penetrate

the country.' This condition of affairs lasted nearly a month, compelling settlers on all hands to gather themselves and their effects at fortified points and into hastily-constructed block-houses. in this perilous time one family, a young man and his wife and child whose home was upon the extreme northern frontier, were living in complete igorance that there was any Indian out-

Early in the previous April James streeter had moved up from Northern Illinois with his small family, and had settled upon a squatter claim in a pocket of the Black Earth valley. He had the property usually possessed by the mover" upon the frontiers in those days, it consisting of a yoke of oxen and wagon, a cowor two, some chickens and a few simple bousehold utensils.

small patch of ground that they found no from danger. His violence and his rapid time to cultivate acquaintances in a re- retreat, and this journey upon the river, gion where their nearest neighbors were nearly twenty miles distant.

As the coming of this family into the mean only that he was carrying them region was unknown to the other set- away into that wretched captivity which

earning from the couriers who spread savages. he news of Black Hawk's uprising Brave woman though she was, mong the hills south of the Wisconsin gave herself up to despair. iver. Fortunately for the Streeter get it," said the daughter in a demurlami y, its whereabouts was also un- down stream, keeping as close under the roice: "you asked me if I could read of attack. The husband and wife worked on un-

or provisions was nearly exhausted. | low a few scraps of the raw, tasteless eleven feet long.-New York

The nearest market for the Streeters was Dodgeville, more than twenty miles distant from their claim. It was necessary that one of the couple should stay at home to watch the cows and the growing crops, and Mr. Streeter set out alone for Dodgeville, with oxen and wagon, to get flour and other needed

articles. He started on his journey just after sunrise one morning. His wife finished her morning's work about the cabin, and went out with a hoe to work in the field. taking with her the child, a little girl

four years of age. Though living miles from any neighbors, the hardy women of those days often stayed alone while their husbands were gone for days, and sometimes for

weeks, upon hunting or trapping excursions, or to distant marketing points. Mrs. Streeter worked for some hours "hilling up" young potato vines, while Elsie, the little girl, played with a small kitten, their one domestic pet. With a sudden scream the child came running to her mother, and caught her by the dress. Mrs. Streeter looked about in alarm, fearing that a rattlesnake had bitten the child, and discovered the cause of her fright to be an

few rods distant, and was approaching them. Although she was not afraid of Indians, she was annoyed that one of them should come while her husband was away. She knew that often they were lawless and thieving when they discovered women alone.

As the Indian came toward her his face mowed and grinned so curiously that she felt an impulse to laugh until she saw that its expression came from a deformity. "Hoogh-oogh." he grunted, as he came up. "You go, you squaw, puck a chee heap klick! You go longa me! Heap

Injun comin'!" and he pointed up the valley. "We go yonder!" pointing this time toward the Wisconsin. The woman was frightened at his words and manner, notwithstanding that he tried to laugh and look as pleas ant as his queer features would permit.

and though he had no weapons in sight.

"Men kill heap! Me no hurt. You go. We heap puck a chee," and he reached down to pick up the child. The little girl screamed with terror.

and Mrs. Streeter caught her up and stepped back. "No, I will not go with you," said she. 'You're a bad Injun, and you're lying to me." She had quickly concluded that the Indian merely wished to entice her away while his companions pillaged the premises. Again the Winnebago-for it was

John-tried to explain to her that he

meant to be friendly and to aid her to

escape from danger.
"Heap Ontagamie/" (Fox Indians) said "Men come, shoot, kill. Kill papoose, kill white squaw. Squaw go me, so," and again he motioned toward the river, and, by imitating the act of paddling and by sweeping his hand forward, signified that he would take her across it in his cance. "No, you go and leave me!" said the

woods, and then she turned with the little girl in her arms and started toward the cabin. Instantly the Indian sprang forward, then snatched the child from her, and, catching her by the shoulders, forced her down to the ground upon her face, and quickly tied her arms. He had evidently come prepared to carry out his plan by force if necessary, and the poor woman felt that her instinct had been true. Not daring to struggle, she sub-

Eisie, the little girl, had started to run into the woods, but John eaught her and took her, screaming, into his arms. He walked quickly back with her to Mrs. Streeter, who had risen, after a struggle, to her feet. "Come!" said he. "You go longa me now, heap klick! Me take papoose. We

puck a ches," and he started toward the

river, beckoning her to follow. He had

mitted to be bound a captive.

Elsie in his arms, and there was nothing for the now thoroughly-frightened and trembling woman to do but to go with It was several miles to the river. The Winnebago hurried forward at a half trot, the child crying piteously at every step, while the distressed mother, nearly out of breath, kept close at his heels, trying to cheer her little girl with words of affection. John was probably too stolid to eare greatly for the papoose's wailing or for its mother's distress of mind, but he was intent upon doing

them a friendly service, and no doubt was carrying it out with as much kindness as he was capable of exercising. At a little after noonday they came to the river at the mouth of a creek, and here John put down the child, which he had carried and led alternately, and going into the edge of a willow thicket upon the bank, dragged out a log canoe, which contained a gun and some blankets. The canoe he slid down into the water, and ordered Mrs. Streeter to

get down the bank and step into it.

With her hands bound as they were

down in the "tittlish." narrow trough,

but she finally managed, without tipping it over, to take her place in the bow of the slight craft. The Indian then carefully placed Elsie upon her knees in the center of the air entering entirely through the canoe. "No touch um," he commanded, tapping the sides of the canoe. "Keep a heap still." The little girl, tired and subdued, dared not so much as stir. Then John picked up a paddle which he had laid upon the bank, got carefully will be felt over the entire body

raft swiftly down the stream. The anguish of the poor woman was keen as she thought of the husband who After their arrival upon the claim the had so recently been with her, and of young settler and his wife were kept so the uncertain fate of her little child and susy in building a small cabin and in herself. She could not believe the Inis aring, breaking up and planting a dian's story that he was rescuing them

leading to the west and away from the

white settlement, could to her mind

into the river, and paddled the frail

tlers, its members failed to receive she knew that more than one woman and child had suffered at the hands of

All that day the cance sped rapidly nown to the hostile Indians, the cabin bank as possible, and it was not until eing a little beyond their usual range after sundown that John landed and got his captives out upon the bank where they could rest their cramped limbs. disturbed until a cabin had been built. He then undid a roll of blankets and got and three acres of ground thoroughly out some dried meat, which he offered roken up and planted to corn, potatoes to Mrs. Streeter, motioning that the and garden seeds. The plants had papoose could feed her. The woman ome up, and had been hoed once, when | could not eat, but by coaxing induced the couple found that their small stock the tired and hungry little girl to swal- tubes in which the jets burn are

After a time the Indian untied Mr. Streeter's hands, being careful to ke between her and his gun. Then he n tioned to the blankets. "Squaw make um bed," said he. Glad of so much freedom and a chang to rest and to comfort her child, M.

Streeter made a rough couch, took Els in her arms, and lay down upon it. Ti little girl was soon asleep, but the mother lay narrowly watching the Is dian, waiting for a chance to escape he should drop asleep or relax his guar in any way.

She got no opportunity, however John sat near at hand, leaning againg a tree, stiff and upright, with his go across his legs. After about two ho of rest he ordered her to get up again and get into the boat, telling her

"take papoose." She carried the sleeping child down the bank, and while the Indian steadie the cance at the stern, got in at the bo John threw in the blankets, got in, his gun between his knees, and took the paddles. All night they floate swiftly down the river, the long, stead sweep of the Indian's paddle doublithe rate at which the canoe was be Indian who had come out of the brush a by the rapid current Mrs. Streeter endured her anxiety an

fatigue as bravely as she could, not das ing, on account of her child, to make any demonstrations; but she was all to time on the watch for a chance to ead? from her captor. At a little after sunrise the Winne pago landed upon a bar at the no bank, and ordered her to get out of canoe. After carrying Elsie asleep

her arms all night she found her

limbs to be so cramped and stiff that ; first it was impossible to use the Seeing her condition the Indian swur the stern round, dragged the cance upon the bar, and helped her out. He now for the first time arouse her a little hope by saying: "He white mans, heap soje," pointing to northwest, "Walk, sun so," sho her where the sun would be when the journey should end. He again offer his captives the dried meat, and the

pangs of hunger compelled both wom and child to make a hearty meal. After they had rested awhile and g the cramp out of their legs and arm the Indian pointed out the direction which they were to go, and ordered Mr Streeter to walk ahead and lead t little girl. He let them walk slow keeping a rod or two behind them wi his gun and blankets. After th hours of tramping they came out of the woods upon a hill overlooking a valley-the Mississippi valley-a then the Indian came eagerly forward

working with evident pleasure pointed to a distant cluster of build upon the bank of a wide river which in front of them. "See, Plala doo sha It was the frontier fort and tradi post of Prairie du Chien. Mrs. Str. had heard of this place, but had kn only vaguely where it was situated.

She now perceived that her capto

intended all his acts in friendliness

hour later she and her child were sa

"See," he said, his face grinning a

woman, sternly. "I won't go with you. housed at the fort, and her delight a Go!" she repeated, pointing toward the thankfulness at the outcome to he venture may be imagined. Mrs. Streeter's alarm for her band's safety was great until Joh whose services were again secured. a trip to Dodgeville and brought across the country to her. Mr. Str. had discovered their danger, from a ing a body of soldiers on the s morning after his departure from They had accompanied him hastily ba to his cabin, only to find it burned d and the premises deserted. He rened his wife and child as til word was brought by the Winneb

of their rescue and safety.-F Welles Calkins, in Youth's Companie

PREPARING TO KICK. This Man Took Precautions to Pre-Being Taxed Too Much. A well-known citizen was disc going through some singular mot one of the corridors of the city hall terday, and an acquaintance who

What on earth are you up to now

"In my coat-tail pocket." "Afraid of being robbed?" "Oh, no. It's business." "How?" "Why, the assessors have put down for four dollars' tax on pers

property, and I'm going in to kick."

"Taking off my diamond nin."

"But where's your watch?"

against him cried out:

'But you've got a horse." 'Yes: but he wasn't in the day called. "And a piano." "That happened to be at the fact to be varnished." "But your bank account!"

"Sh! It's in my wife's name.

quiet. Now, then, I'm ready to

and tell them that the people are to take up arms to rid themselves terrible burden of high taxation. troit Free Press

How to Keep Warm.

It may not be generally known she found it difficult to get into and sit when exposed to severe cold a fee warmth is readily created by repfilling the lungs to their utmost in the following manner: Thro shoulders well back and hold the well up. Inflate the lungs slow! When the lungs are completely hold the breath for ten seconds or and then expire it quickly through mouth. After repeating the ex while one is chilly, a feeling of w into the cance at the stern, shoved out even in the feet and hands. It is portant to practice this exercise times each day, and especially w the open air. If the habit ever b universal then consumption and other diseases will rarely, if evheard of. Not only while practical breathing exercise must the clot loose over the chest, but beginned do well to remember in having clothing fitted to allow for the nent expansion of one, two ap-

> three inches, which will follow. -The Pyrophone. A musical gas machine is an E

invention, and it is called the

phone. Its compass is three o with a keyboard, and it will be t in the same manner as an orga has thirty-seven glass tubes, in a like number of gas jets burn. jets, placed in a circle, contra When the small b expand. separate, the sound is produced they close together, the sound The tone depends upon the num-burners, and the size of the to which they burn, so that by a arrangement and selection all the of the musical scale may be pr in several octaves. Some of the