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STARTLING SOLDIER STORY.

GWENDOLEN OVERTON IN ARGONAUT.

There was no skeleton in the armor when Hartpole found it; only some sand and a tumble-weed, a rattlesnake, and a tarantula.

Certainly Hartpole had never heard of such a thing. And, so far as he knew, it was the only suit of armor ever discovered on the New Mexico plains.

When he got back to his two-company post on the banks of the Gila, he found the interest in life, which had been lacking for him up to then, in enlarging that knowledge.

He was so occupied, what with that and the histories and other books, that he forgot to have Gila-bottom malaria and had no time to worry about the flies.

Even though Ciego was only a dirty Indian, the White Eye should have remembered that he probably had feelings which could be hurt.

The Coyoteos believed these things and so did the medicine man. So when the news of the armor suit had reached him, he had levied heavy fees for his incantations for some months.

Ciego looked the White Eye officer over from his scalp to his toes, and up again, and then with no sound save just one grunt, went out from the quarters and from the post.

Hartpole told of it at the mess that night, and forgot all about it after that. But Ciego did not—as Hartpole ought to have foreseen.

Mr. E. H. Black, the well-known village blacksmith at Grantsville, Sullivan Co., N. Y., says: "Our little son, 5 years old, has always been subject to cramp, and so bad have the attacks been that we have feared many times that he would die."

"Where did you find it?" he asked. The lieutenant explained at some length.

"Is it very old?" Hartpole said it was at least three hundred and thirty odd years old, and went into a little history.

"I have five hundred dollars," said the Indian. "If you had a thousand you could not have it."

Hartpole swore this time—mean Spanish oaths. "No," he said, "you can't have it. Go to the devil—get out."

At sunset of the second day, when the sounds from the cave had all but ceased and the Indians within it were without ammunition and at bay, the glistening form came clambering deliberately to the top of a high rock, whooping and yelling, calling the remnant of his followers on.

But Hartpole, kneeling alone behind a boulder, remembered only that that glowing armor was his, and that he wanted it. The visor was up and he could see the glitter of the one good eye.

Ciego looked the White Eye officer over from his scalp to his toes, and up again, and then with no sound save just one grunt, went out from the quarters and from the post.

One night an Indian, his body naked as it was born, a poisoned knife in his hand, stole across the sandy parade-ground when the moon was under the clouds of a coming storm.

A famous scientist predicts that the world will come to an end in 1914, basing his calculations on the revelations of the Bible.

Mr. E. H. Black, the well-known village blacksmith at Grantsville, Sullivan Co., N. Y., says: "Our little son, 5 years old, has always been subject to cramp, and so bad have the attacks been that we have feared many times that he would die."

sleep in his quarters and keep guard over his things. So it was into the luckless soldier's heart that the knife was driven, and the next day a telegram apprised Hartpole that his striker was murdered and his suit of mail was gone.

The day after that all the department knew that the Coyoteos were on the war-path, and, having out the reservation, were killing right and left. They were led by a medicine-man called "Ciego," and the scouts reported that he was dressed in a garment of white iron which no White Eye's bullet could pierce.

Hartpole began to have a dim idea of why the medicine-man had wanted his Spanish mail now. He was ordered out, of course. Most of the sort that this promised to be had to be checked at once, if at all.

The Indians fought from dawn of the first day until twilight of the second, in the open at first, then from behind shelter, then at last they retreated to a shallow cave high up on a hillside, and there was no getting them out.

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SWEETHEARTS AND WIVES.

It sweethearts were sweethearts always. Whether as maid or wife, No drop would be half so pleasant In the mingled draught of life.

The punishment should be proportioned out of the offense and grow out of it as a natural consequence. A child who is lazy in the morning and persistently late for breakfast should be deprived, not of a proper amount of food, but of something he particularly likes.

Prince Chigi, who was found guilty at Rome of having violated the law against the selling of valued works of art, in disposing of Botticelli's famous painting, "The Virgin and Child," was arraigned in court Tuesday and sentenced to pay a fine of one hundred thousand dollars.

John Milnece Murphy, the veteran editor of the Washington Standard, keeps close track of the world, while living in the sleepy old capital city of Olympia. He is a pioneer of Puget Sound, and has seen that rich region grow from nothing to something.

Seattle publishes to the world in a half column editorial that she has a population of 90,000; 15,000 school children, 60 churches, newspapers, two harbors, a salt and fresh water, 130 charitable societies, 6,000 bicycles, a domestic trade of \$4,000,000 per month, etc., etc., but she failed to mention, presumably from mere oversight, that she had 600 saloons and beer hall, 5,000 toughs, 350 "drunk" arrests per month, entailing a greater cost to the city for court proceedings than all the collections received by her sixty churches combined.

General Dewet is reported to have made his appearance near Frankfort, in the Orange River Colony, and small bodies of Boers continue harassing tactics.

"Prince Christian Victor's end," says a Pretoria dispatch, dated Nov. 1, "was sudden and unexpected, although he had been unconscious for three days. The body was embalmed and preparations were being made to take it to England, when the telegram arrived announcing that it was the Queen's desire that the remains be buried in a soldier's grave. The ceremony was performed today with military pomp."

It is certainly gratifying to the public to know of one concern in the land who are not afraid to be generous to the needy and suffering. The proprietors of Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, Coughs and Colds, have given away over ten million trial bottles of this great medicine, and have the satisfaction of knowing it has absolutely cured thousands of hopeless cases.

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