## THE RED MARD

CHAPTER I.

Toward the end of June, 1854, a well in the thick folds of a sarape, raised to his eyes, was following one of the most precipitous slopes of the Sierra of the Wind river, at no great distance from the source of the Green river, that great preted affirmatively or negatively, at western Colorado which pours its waters pleasure. into the Gulf of California.

It was about seven in the evening; the traveler rode along, shivering from the effects of an icy wind which whistled mournfully through the canyons. All around had assumed a saddening aspect in the vacillating moonbeams. He rode on without hearing the footfall of his horse, as it fell on the winding sheet of snow that covered the landscape; at times the capricious windings of the track he was following compelled him to pass through thickets, whose branches, bent by the weight of snow, steod out before him like gigantic skeletons, and struck each other after he had passed with a

The traveler continued his journey, ooking anxiously on both sides of him. horse, fatigued by a long ride, stumbled at every step, and in spite of the repeated encouragement of its rider seemed determined to stop short, when, after turning an angle in the track, it suddenly entered a large clearing, where the closegrowing grass formed a circle about forty yards in diameter and the verdure formed a cheery contrast with the whiteness that

'Heaven be praised!" the traveler exclaimed in excellent French, "here is a spot where I can camp for to-night without any excessive inconvenience.'

While thus speaking the traveler had stopped his horse and dismounted. His first attention was paid to his horse, from which he removed the saddle and bridle, and which he covered with his sarape, appearing to attach no importance to the cold, which was, however, extremely severe in these elevated regions. So soon as it was free the animal, in spite of its fatigue, began browsing heartily on the grass, and thus reassured about his companion, the traveler began thinking about making arrangements for the night.

It was no easy task to find dry firewood at a spot almost denuded of trees, and soil, covered with snow, except the clearing, allowed nothing to be distinguished; but the traveler was pa-tient, he would not be beaten, and within an hour he had collected sufficient wood to feed through the night two such fires as he proposed kindling.
"Ah! ah," said the traveler, "the fire

will do, so now for supper.

Then fumbling , the double pockets, which travelers always carry fastened to the saddle, he took from them all the requisite elements of a frugal meal; that is to say, pemmican and tassajo, or meat dried in the sun. At the moment when, after shutting up his alforgas, the trav-eler raised his head to lay his meat on the embers to broil, he stopped motionless, with widely opened mouth, and it only through a mighty strength of will that he suppressed a cry of surprise and possibly of terror. Although no sound venled his presence, a man, leaning on a long rifle, was standing motionless before him and gazing at him with pro-

traveler carefully laid the tassajo on the embers, and then without removing his eye from this strange visitor, he stretched his arm to grasp his rifle, while saying in a tone of the most perfect indif-

"Whether friend or foe, you are welcome, mate. 'Tis a bitter night, so if you are cold, warm yourself, and if you are bungry, eat. When your nerves have regained their elasticity and your body its mal strength we will have a frank exlanation, such as men of honor ought to

The stranger remained silent for some conds: then, after shaking his head several times, said in a low and melancholy voice, as if speaking to himself: "Can any human being really exist in

whose heart a feeling of pity still re-

"Make the trial, mate," the traveler answered, "by accepting without hesitation hearty offer. Two men who meet in desert must be friends, unless private reasons make them implacable enemies. Bit down and eat." This dialogue had been held in Spanish,

a language the stranger spoke with a facility that proved his Mexican origin. He seemed to reflect for a moment and instantly made up his mind. "I accept," he said, "for your voice is

sympathizing and your glance too deceive.

"That is the way to speak," the trav-er said gaily. "Sit down and eat with-

out further delay."

The stranger smiled sadly. The two a attacked with no ordinary vigor isions placed before them. The appearance of the stranger was tched and his ragged wered his bony, fleshless body; pale and sickly features were ere sad and gloomy by a thick, beard that fell on his chest. inflamed by fever and surblack circles, glistened with a His weapons were in as bad on as his clothes, yet there was something grand and sympathetic oused not only pity but also for torture so proudly hidden and endured. This man, in short, ell so low, must have been great, in virtue or in vice; but assuredly was nothing common about him

nighty heart beat in his bosom. was a rather long silence, during the two men indulged in thought. id howled flercely over their heads. ring snow was piling up around and the echoes of the canyons seemutter notes of complaint. It was a e night. Beyond the circle of duced by the flickering flame of atch fire all was buried in dense

ow that the ice is broken between

us," the traveler said in a friendly voice, "for we have been sitting at the same mounted traveler, carefully wrapped up fire and have eaten together-the moment has arrived, I fancy, for us to become thoroughly acquainted."

The stranger nodded his head silently. It was a gesture that could be inter-

"For twenty years I have been traversing the prairies and great savannahs n every direction, and I shall probably ontinue to do so till an Indian bullet omes from some thicket to stop my wanderings forever. Towns are hateful to me. And now, mate, you know me as well as I do myself. I will merely add, in conclusion, that my name among the white men, my countrymen, is Valentine Guillois, and among the redskins, my adopted fathers, Koutenepi."

The speech, which the hunter had comcareless accent habitual to him, terminated involuntarily, under the pressure of the ood of saddened memories that rose from his heart, and when he concluded he let his head fall sadly on his chest with a sigh that resembled a sob. The stranger regarded him for a moment with an exession of gentle commiseration.

'You have suffered," he said; "suffered in your love, suffered in your friendship. Your history is that of all men in this world; who of us but at a given hour has felt his courage yield beneath the weight of grief? You are alone, friendless, abandoned by all, a voluntary exile, far from the men who only inspire ou with hatred and contempt; you prefer the society of wild beasts less ferocious than they, but at any rate you live, while I am a dead man!"

The hunter started and looked in

mazement at the speaker. "I suppose you think me mad?" he con-tinued with a melancholy smile; "reas-sure yourself, it is not so. I am in full possession of my senses, and my thoughts are clear and lucid. For all that, though, repeat to you, I am dead, dead in the sight of my relations and friends, dead to the whole world in fine. Mine is a strange story, and one that you would ecognize through one word, were you a Mexican or had traveled in certain regions of Mexico."

"Did I not tell you that for twenty years I have been traveling over every part of America?" the traveler replied. What is the word? Can you tell it me?" "Why not? I am alluding to the name

bore while I was still a living man." 'What is that name?" "It had acquired a certain celebrity,

out I doubt whether it has remained in our memory. "Who knows? Perhaps you are misaken.

"Well, since you insist, learn, then, that I was called Martial el Tigrero." "You?" the astonished hunter exclaim-

"Why, that is impossible!"
"Of course so, since I am dead," the

stranger answered, bitterly.

CHAPTER II.

The Tigrero had let his head fall on is chest again, and seemed engaged with gloomy thoughts. The hunter, somewhat embarrassed by the turn the conversation had taken, and anxious to continue it, mechanically stirred up the fire.

"Stay," he said, presently, as he thrust back with his foot a few embers that had rolled out; "pardon me, sir, any insult which my exclamation may seem to have contained. You have mistaken my meanng, although we have never met, we are not such strangers as you suppose. I have known you for a long time."

The Tigrero raised his head and looked at the hunter incredulously.

"You?" he muttered. "Yes, I, and it will not be difficult to

rove it to you." "What good will it do?" he murmured;

what interest can I have in the fact of your knowing me?"

Valentine reflected for a moment, and then went on as follows: "Some months ago, in consequence of

freumstances unnecessary to remind you of, but which you doubtless bear in mind, you met at the colony of Guetzalli a Frenchman and a Canadian hunter, with whom you eventually stood on most intinate terms.

"It is true," the Tigrero replied, "the Frenchman to whom you allude is the Count de Prebois Crance. Oh! I never he able to discharge the deht of gratitude I have contracted with him." A sad smile curled the hunter's lip. 'You no longer owe him anything," he

said. "What do you mean?" the Tigrero ex-

claimed eagerly; "surely the count cannot be dead!" "He is dead, caballero. He was as-

sassinated on the shores of Guayamas. His murderers laid him in his tomb, and his blood, so treacherously shed, cries for vengeance. The hunter hurriedly wiped away the

tears he had been unable to repress while speaking of the count, and went on in voice choked by the internal emotion which he strove in vain to conquer:

"But let us, for the present, leave this ead reminiscence to slumber in our hearts. The count was my friend, my dearest friend, more than a brother to me; be often spoke about you to me, and several times told me your gloomy history, which terminated in a frightful catastrophe.'

The Tigrero, in a few moments, began his narrative as follows: "My friends must have fancled me You are aware that I was attacked by Black Bear just as I believed I had saved friends. We fought on the edge of a pit and I was just about to finish him when the Comanche war cry was heard. Startled, I let the Indian go, he rushed at Dona Anita, a member the party, who, however, repulsed him. He fell backward in the direction of the

pit, clutching me, and down we went to-"Go on." the hunter said. "I am listening to you with the greatest attention." "The Indian was desperately wounded,

down. The chief was the first to reach the bottom, and I fell upon his body, which deadened my fall. I cannot say how long I remained in this state, but I fancy my faint must have lasted two When I opened my eyes again, I found myself in utter darkness. did not trouble me greatly, as I had about me everything necessary to light a fire. Within a few moments I had a light, and was enabled to look about me. I was ying at the bottom of a species of tunnel, for the pit grew narrower in its de scent. When I reached the floor of the cavern, I lay for more than half an hour on the sand, exhausted, panting, unable to make the slightest movement. Fortunately for me this terrible condition did not last long, for the refreshing air from without, reaching me through the passages of the cavern, recovered me. The ground around me was covered with dead bodies, and there had, doubtless, been a terrible struggle. I sought in vain for the corpses of Dona Anita and her father. I breath ed again, and hope re-entered my heart. Those for whom I had given my life were saved. This thought restored my courage, and I felt quite a different man. I rose without any excessive difficulty, and, supporting myself on my rifle, went toward the mouth of the cavern, after removing my stock of provision, and taking two powder horns from stores I had previously cached. No words can describe the emotion I felt when, after a painful walk through the grotto, I at length reached the river bank, and saw the sun once

"An hour later, mounted on my good horse, I bent my steps toward houses. My journey was a long one, and when I reached Sonora the news I heard almost drove me mad. Don Sylva de the Apaches, as was probably his daugh-For a month I hovered between life three hours' ride before us. and death. When hardly convalescent, I dragged myself to the house of the only had lost my way in these mountains, man competent of giving me precise in-This man refused to recognize me, although I had been intimate to explore the clearing. The storm had with him for many years. When I told ceased, the wind had swept away the him my name he laughed in my face, and when I insisted, he had me expelled by with brilliant stars, and the moon prohis peons, telling me that I was mad, fusely shed its rays, that Don Martial was dead, and I an impostor. I went away with rage and despair in my heart. After this all my inclination to sleep. Are you fatigued?" friends to whom I presented myself re- "I am never so," the Tigrero answered fused to recognize me, so thoroughly was the report of my death believed. All the efforts I attempted to dissipate this ride in this magnificent moonlight? alarming mistake and prove the falsehood Bravo! that is what I call speaking. of the rumor were in vain, for too many persons were interested in it being true, as the Fort of the Chichimeques." on account of my large estates; and also, suppose, through a fear of injuring the man to whom I first applied—the only what motive compelled you to come to living relation of the Torres family. What these unknown regions." more need I tell you? Disgusted in every way, heartbroken with grief, and recognizing the inutility of the efforts I had made, I left the town, and, mounting my horse, returned to the desert, seeking the most unknown spots and the most desolate regions in which to hide myself."

"Brother," Valentine said, gently, "you have forgotten to tell me the name of that influential person who had you turned out of his house, and treated you as an im-

"That is true," Don Martial answered "His name is Don Sebastian Guerrero, and he is military governor of the province of Sonora.

"Don Martial," cried the hunter, "you may thank heaven for decreeing that we should meet in the desert, in order that the punishment of this man should be complete."

(To be continued.)

Saved the Stamp.

Congressman J. Van Vechten Olcott tells a story of a member of the house from Missouri whose economical habits attracted some attention among his you; henceforth we cannot fire at one must put up with it, for though the puncolleagues. The Missourian is serving his first term, and as he was elected as a Republican from a strongly Democratic district some of his fellow members were anxious to know how much his campaign expenses were. He was swept into Congress on the Roosevelt tidal wave. When the question was put to him he satisfied the curious ones with the reply:

"Well, you can figure it out for yourself. The convention nominated another man first and he sent a letter of declination. That cost him a 2-cent postage stamp. They then nominated me, and I did not mail my acceptance."-Philadelphia Ledger.

Didn't Wish to Interennt.

A husband was being arraigned in court in a suit brought by his wife After repeating the words of the oath for cruelty.

"I understand, sir," said the judge, addressing the husband, "that one of the indignities you have showered upon your wife is that you have not spoken to her for three years. Is that so?" "It is, your honor," quickly answered

the husband, "Well, sir," thundered the judge, friends of mine, with whom I have an "why didn't you speak to her, may I appointment and I will introduce them to

ask? "Simply," replied the husband, "be cause I didn't want to interrupt her."

Old Adage Comes Up. Creditor (angrily)-Say, when are you going to pay the \$50 you owe me? Debtor (calmly)-That query reminds me of the old adage.

Creditor-What old adage? Debtor-The one about a fool's ability to ask questions that a wise man is peared, though it was impossible to say unable to answer.

Church in Use 1,500 Years. The oldest building in England that has been uninterruptedly used for church purposes is St. Martin's Cathe- Tigrero met, a caravan, composed of some dral at Canterbury. The building was ten persons, had halted on the same night originally erected for a church and has and almost at the same moment as the been regularly used as a place for hunter in a narrow valley. religious gatherings for more than 1,500 years.

A Misnomer.

voice attempted to sing a piece called supper. "The Tempest." A sea captain remarked: "Don't be alarmed; it is not a tempest, it's only a squall, and will soon be over."

Germany has 264,000 acres of land and it was a corpse that dragged me devoted to grape culture,

## THE RED

CHAPTER III. Don Martial gazed at the hunter in

roaming about?"

"What do you mean?" he asked him 'I don't understand you." 'You will soon do so, my friend," said Valentine. "How long have you been

'Nearly two months." "In that case you are well acquainted, presume, with these mountains?"

"There is not a tree or a rock whose exact position I cannot tell, nor a wild beast trail which I have not followed." "Good; are we far from a spot called

the 'Fort of the Chichimeques?' "I know the place to which you refer, and have often camped there on stormy nights, because there is a deep cavern, excavated by human hands, and divided into several passages, every turning of which I know."

"I was not aware of the existence of this grotto," the hunter said, with a glad "and I thank you for having told me of it. Are we any great distance from this terrace?"

"In a straight line, not more than five or six miles, and, if it were day, I could Torres had been killed in the fight with show it to you, but as we must ride round to reach the caravan road, we have about

"That is a trifle, for I was afraid I which are strange to me."

While saying this, Valentine had risen clouds, the deep blue sky was studded

"'Tis a magnificent night," the hunter said. "It is past midnight, and I feel no with a smile.

"In that case, what do you think of a will go, if you have no objection, as far

"I was about to propose it; and, as we ride along, you will tell me in your turn "As for that," the hunter said, with a

smile, "I cannot satisfy you; at any rate not for the present. But be easy, I will not put your patience to too long a trial.' "This happy meeting has already made a different man of me," the Tigrero said, as he rose. The hunter laid his hand on his shoul-

der. "One moment," he said to him; "before leaving this bivouac let us clearly agree as to our facts, so as to avoid any future misunderstanding.'

"Be it so," Don Martial answered. "Let us make a compact in the Indian fashion."

"Well said, my friend," Valentine re marked, as he drew his knife from his belt. "Here is my navaja, brother; may it serve you as it has done me to avenge your wrongs and mine." "I receive it in the face of that heaven

which I call as witness of the purity of my intentions. Take mine in exchange, and one-half my powder and bullets, brother." "I accept it as a thing belonging to

another, all is in common between us. "Mine belongs to you, and in a few moments I will place it at your service."

Then the two men, leaning shoulder to shoulder, with clasped hands, eyes fixed on heaven, and outstretched arm, uttered together the following words: "I take heaven to witness that of my

own free will, and without reservation, I take as my friend and brother the man to your self-esteem! for I fancy you would whose hand is at this moment pressing mine. I will help him in everything h asks of me, without hope of reward, ready by day and night to answer his first signal, without hesitation, and without re proach, even if he asked for my life."

There was something grand and solemn in this simple act, performed by these two powerful men beneath the pallid moonbeams, and in the heart of the desert, alone, far from all human society. they embraced and finally shook hands.

"Now let us be off, brother," Valentine said; "I confide in you as in myself; we shall succeed in triumphing over our enemies. By the bye, I must warn you, brother, that if you are not mistaken, and we are really following the road to the Fort of the Chichimeques, we shall probably meet several persons there; they are

They set out again, still following the windings of the track, which gradually grew steeper; and, after a very zigzag ourse, reached the terrace half an hour

"This is certainly the place," the hunter exclaimed.

"But your friends -?" the Tigrero anked.

The hunter without speaking discharged his gun, and at the sound three men apwhence they came. They were Belhumeur, Black Elk and Eagle-bead.

CHAPTER IV.

About five or six leagues at the most from the spot where Valentine and the

The caravan was lodged on the bank of a running stream, the mules had been un loaded, a tent raised, fires lighted, and when the animals were hobbled, the trav-A lady with a very inharmonious elers began to make preparations for their

One of the travelers appeared to belong to the highest class. The rest were only servants or Indian peons. Still the dress of this person was most simple, but his stiff manner, his imposing demeanor and haughty air, evidenced the man long accustomed to give orders without admitting between his teeth, and with a lightness of refusal. He bad passed his fiftieth year; movement that would have done honor to

he was tall, well built, and his movements vere extremely elegant. His broad forelead, his black eyes large and flashing, his long gray moustaches, and his short hair, gave him a military appearance, which his harsh, quick way of speaking did not contradict.

Among the peons two men more espe ially attracted attention. One was a redskin, the other a half-breed, with a crafty, leering manner, who, for some reason or another, stood on most familiar erms with his master; his comrades called him No Carnero, and at times gave him the title of Capataz. No Carnero was the wit of the cara-

van, the funny fellow-ever ready to augh and joke. The redskin was a tall, thin, dry man, with angular features and gloomy and sad face, illumined by two black eyes deeply set in their orbit. Like nost Indians, it was impossible to form any opinion as to his age, for his hair was black as the raven's wing, and his parchment skin had not a single wrinkle.

He had engaged at Santa Fe to act as guide to the caravan, and, with the exception of his obstinate silence, there was every reason to be satisfied with him The peons called him The Indian, or ometimes Jose-a mocking term, employed in Mexico to designate the Indios man sos; but the redskin appeared as insensible to compliments as to lokes, and continued coldly to carry out the task he had imposed on himself. When supper was nded the master turned to the capataz.

"Carnero," he said to him, "though in these remote regions, we have but little to fear, still do not fail to place sen-

"I have warned two men, mi amo, the capatas replied; "moreover, I intend to make my rounds to-night; eh. Jose, added, "are you certain you are not mistaken, and that you really lifted a trail? Do you know to what nation the sign you discovered belongs?" "Crow," the redskin answered hoarse

"Carai!" the master exclaimed, "if

they are Crows we shall do well to be on our guard." "Nonsense!" Carnero remarked with a

grin of derision. "Indians tell as many les as old women." The Indian's eyes flashed; without

leigning to reply he drew a moccasin from his breast, and threw it so adroitly at the capataz as to strike him across the face. Furious at the insult so suddenly offered by a man whom he always considered inoffensive, the half-breed uttered a yell of rage, and rushed knife in hard on the Indian.

But the latter had not taken his eye off him, and by a slight movement he avoided the desperate attack of the capataz; then, drawing himself up, he caught him round the waist, raised him from the ground as easily as he would have done a child, and hurled him into the fire, where he writhed for a moment with cries of pain and impotent passion. When he at length got out of the fire, half scorched, he did not think of renewing the attack, but sat down, directing savage glances at his adversary, like a turnspit punished by a mastiff.

"The Indian is right," said the master coldly, "this moccasin bears the mark of me, and here is half my ammunition for the Crow nation. My poor Carnero, you ishment you received was severe, I am

"The dog will pay me for it with his traitor face," the capitaz growled. "I am no man if I do not leave his body as food for the crows he discovers so clev-

"My poor lad," his master continued, with a jeer, "you had better forget this affair, which I allow might be disagreeable not be the gainer by recommencing the

The capataz did not answer, but looked round to select one on whom he could vent his spite, without incurring risk but the peons were on their guard, and offered him no chance. He then made a signal to two men to follow him, and left the circle grumbling.

The head of the caravan remained for few moments plunged in serious thought; he then withdrew beneath his tent, the curtain of which fell behind him: and the peons lay down on the ground, one after the other, with their feet to the fire, carefully wrapped up in their sarapes, and fell asleep,

The Indian then looked searchingly around him, and, rising negligently, went slowly to crouch at the foot of a tree though not before he had taken the pre caution of wrapping himself in his buffale

Ere long, with the exception of the sentries leaning on their guns and motionless as statues, all the travelers were plunged in deep sleep.

An hour elapsed ere anything disturbed the silence that prevailed in the camp All at once a singular thing happened The buffalo robe, under which the Indian was sheltered, gently rose with an almost imperceptible movement, and the red skin's face appeared, darting glances of fire into the gloom. In a moment the guide raised himself slowly along the trunk of the tree against which he had been lying, embraced it with his feet and hands, and with undulating movements resembling those of reptiles, left the ground, and raised himself to the first branches, among which he disappeared.

This ascent was executed with such ell-calculated slowness that it had not produced the slightest sound. Moreover, the buffalo robe left at the foot of the tree so well retained its primitive folds. that it was impossible to discover, without touching it, that the man it sheltered had left it.

Before selecting as his resting place the foot of the tree in which he was now concealed, the guide had assured himself that this tree, which was very high and leafy, was joined at about two-thirds of its height by other trees.

After a few minutes' hesitation, the guide drew in his belt, placed his knife

monkey, he commenced literally hopping from one tree to another, hanging by his arms, and clinging to the creepers, wak-ing up, as he passed, the birds, which

This strange journey lasted about three quarters of an hour. At length the guide stopped, looked attentively around him, and gliding down the trunk, reached the ground. The spot where he now found himself was a rather spacious clearing, in the center of which blazed an enormous

fire, serving to warm forty or fifty red-

skins, completely armed and equipped for This detachment of redskins was certainly on the war trail, or at any rate on a serious expedition, for they had with them neither dogs nor squaws. In spite of the slight care with which the Indians were wont to guard themselves at night, the free and deliberate manner in which the guide entered their encampment provd that he was expected by these warriors, who evinced no surprise at seeing him. but, on the contrary, invited him with hospitable gestures to take a seat at their The guide sat down silently, the chief standing by his side. This chief was still a young man, his marked fea-tures displaying the utmost craft and After a rather lengthened interval, doubtless expressly granted the visitor to let him draw breath and warm himself, the young chief bowed to him

and addressed him deferentially: "My father is welcome among his sons; they were impatiently awaiting his ar-

The guide responded to this compliment with a grimace. "Our scouts," the chief continued have carefully examined the encampment of the Yoris, and the warriors of the

Jester are ready. Is my father Curumilla satisfied?" Curumilla laid his right hand on his chest and uttered with a guttural accent, 'Ugh!" which was with him a mark of

the greatest joy. The Jester and his warriors had been oo long acquainted with Curumilla for his silence to seem strange; hence they yielded to his mania, and giving up the hope of getting a syllable out of his closed lips, began a conversation in signs.

The redskins have two languages, the written and the sign language. The latter which has attained high perfection, and which all understand, is usually employed when hunting, or on expeditions, when a word pronounced even in a low voice may revea! the presence of an ambuscade to the enemy, whether men or beasts.

It would have been interesting for any stranger who had been present at this interview to see with what rapidity the gestures and signs were exchanged be ween these men, so strangely lit up by the ruddy glow of the fire, and who resembled with their strange movements. their stern faces and singular attitudes a council of demons. At times the Jester with his body bent forward and emphatic gestures, held a dumb speech, which his comrades followed with the most sustained attention, and which they answered with a rapidity that words themselves could not have surpassed. At length this silent council terminated.

Curumilla raised his hand to heaven, and pointed to the stars, which were beginning to grow dim, and then left the cir-The redskins respectfully followed him to the foot of the tree by the aid of which he had entered their camp. When he reached it he turned round. "May the Wacondah protect my fath-

the Jester then said. "His sons have thoroughly understood his intentions, and will follow them literally. The great pale hunter will have joined his friends by this hour and he is doubtless

awaiting us." "It is good," Curumilla answered, and saluting for the last time the warriors, who bowed respectfully before him, the chief seized the creeping plants, and raising himself by the strength of his wrist in a second he reached the branches and

The journey the Indian had made was very important and needed to be so for him to run such great risks in order to have an interview at this hour of the night with the redskins.

The chief recommenced his aerial trip with the same lightness and the same good fortune. After a lapse of time com paratively much shorter than that which he had previously employed, he reached the camp of the white men. The same silence prevailed in its interior; the sentinels were still motionless at their post and the watch fires were beginning to ex-

The chief assured himself that no eye was fixed on him—that no spy was on the watch; and, feeling certain of not being perceived, he slid silently down the tree and resumed the place beneath the buffalo robe which he was supposed not to have left during the night.

At the moment when, after taking a final glance around, the Indian chief disappeared beneath his robe, the capatas, who was lying athwart the entrance of the hut, gently raised his head and looked with strange fixity of glance at the place occupied by the redskin. (To be continued.)

Unbelievable Part. He-Do you believe in fortune tell-

She-Only in part. I had my fortune told one day last week and the woman said I'd be married shortly. I believe that.

He-What did she tell you that you do not believe? She-She said I'd be married to

poor man.

Expensive Lines. The persistent poet had been hauled up for reciting his effusions on the highway and obstructing traffic.

whispered the judge, as he raked in the fine. "Why, here is where it pays \$10 toward better roads."

She-There wasn't a dry eye in the room when I finished my pathetic reci-

The Purchasing Agent. "Dad," asked Bobby, "what is bi-

"Go ask your mother," replied dad curtly. "She spends the most money." -Harper's Weekly,

OTES.

ent delegaon Congress ed by Govpresident of them will in Irrigation

September Oregon is ation. All address at g, Septen m. where tople. His ie largest in

prizes for 1, and this newspapers and Washcitizen of forgotten to win. but there inderstandthe letters

s advertiswill be in se of this never beitates. New York igue went

icago that Association onist rates d to conso that the te the most

my of the

Dregon in-

activities

hroughou the is ctive and te is in isimped in price

home in ton three 'ery neat

cian and

trical ap-

s of colo-

answered a bicycle/ id Como do all

) canvast

ing and

Bailey's. ae highley's. closing

n

"Who can say poetry doesn't pay?" Pertinent Query.

tation last evening. He-Indeed! Did everybody leave before you got through?

ology?"

thbound 8 a. m. 5 p. m