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stream, the black demon in the head, skinned the shining concave of the rails under a low line of heights to the left, watched every inch of their length by the wary eyes of crawling sharpshooters in the tangle. Then the steel roadway curves lurched again and whirled them around a projecting nose of bluff, and still Jim's hand never wavered at the throttle, and under almost full pressure the huge drivers tear at the track, the gleaming rods dash at racing speed, spinning like fire wheels, while in the swaying car behind men cling to seat arms or are hurled from side to side in the fury of the chase. Now comes a long line of easy grade as the line leaves the narrow river and begins the climb of the distant crest, and like a black meteor, the Big Horn's powerful Baldwin shoots across the straining trestle over a shallow ravine and spins away in heading dash, a dense volume of lanky smoke and blinding dust whirling and billowing in its wake. Now the snow fence to the north shuts out the landscape on the right flank. Now through low waves of prairie the pilot tears away.

To be continued.

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REV. DR. MORRIS WECHSLER, Rabbi of the Cong. B'nai Israel, New York, Jan. 3, 1901.

Gentlemen:—Your Asthmalene is an excellent remedy for Asthma and Hay Fever, and its composition alleviates all troubles which combine with Asthma. Its success is astonishing and wonderful. After having it carefully analyzed, we can state that Asthmalene contains no opium, morphine, chloroform or other.

AVON STATION, N. Y., Feb. 1, 1901.

Dr. Taft Bros. Medicine Co.

Gentlemen: I was troubled with Asthma for 22 years. I have tried numerous remedies, but they all failed. I ran across your advertisement and started with a trial bottle. I have all relief at once. I have since purchased your full-sized bottle, and I am ever grateful. I have a family of four children, and for six years was unable to work. I am now in the best of health and am doing business every day. This testimony you can make such use of as you see fit. S. RAPHIARI, Home address, 235 Rivington street, New York City.

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**PRESIDENT McCLELLAND,** Forest Grove, Oregon

**Ten Years' Trial**

By Gen. CHARLES KING

(Continued from First Page.)

lows, reckless and unprovoked, and more than one hideous outbreak of the Sioux had been traced to their nefarious deeds. Whiskey was their stock in trade, and many an untutored savage in exchange for a bottle had parted with robes, rifle and pony as well as his senses. Conflict was frequent. Troops were few. There had been bad blood between the Indians and certain settlers along the Chinleas all the winter. In September two leaders were found scalped and mutilated just one week after Sprated Elk and Iron Voice, two young braves of the Brule tribe, had been slain in a drunken row with a party of prairie tramps not ten miles from Rosebud. The agent said he could restrain and control the Sioux provided the governor would take charge of the settlers, but settlers have votes, Indians have not, and the governor would do nothing to intimidate the sovereigns of the soil. The murderers of the Indians, though well known, were still unwhipped of justice and bragging about the frontier saloons of their cowardly deed. The commanding officer of the little cavalry post not far from the Rosebud agency wired that the Indians were dancing night after night and holding big pow-wows. There was trouble ahead for somebody. The dispatch reached Washington through the Pinkertons and trainloads of outside workmen were dumped into the d. h. the very day, moreover, that brought the appeal for troops to protect property and open the roads. The answer to the frontier fort was a telegram ordering the post, with its women and children, to be left "with a suitable guard" while the commanding officer, with all available men

had only three troops of cavalry, averaging 55 effective each, to march at once to Banner Butte, the western terminus of the "Manitou Road," and thence take the train for Omaha. This left the fort to be held by the post quartermaster and some 23 men, when rumors came, with troubling eyes, to say the Sioux would "jump" before the setting of the sun.

Much of this had been told in the local papers, but so engrossed was everybody in the strike that little attention was paid to it. Like a thunderclap from a clear sky, therefore, fell the next announcement from the lips of Boniface as he turned, with almost ashen face, upon the silent throng. "My heaven," he said, "the Sioux have swamped on Rosebud Station and scalped every soul in the place! There was no train to bring the troops from Robinson."

"How about that other train—the special with the men?" gasped a burly outfit.

"Out off somewhere back of Rosebud. Only a few of them have guns, and they're praying for help. The rifles are ordered there as fast as cars can take 'em. The strike's off."

**CHAPTER XIV.**

Morn of the last day of the month was breaking, clear, keen and sparkling. The ruddy glow of the orient heaven, the paling fires of the westward stars, the serene, steady watch light of the great planet, the pilot of the sun, high perched above the sharply outlined ridge toward the turbid Missouri, all told of the speedy coming of the king of day rejoicing in the east. Over the wide prairies of Illinois, the rolling hills of Iowa, the slanting, dazzling sunbeams broke in glory, but even such glory failed to rend the pall of gloom and despond that covered the broad lands of the Red Water. A night of terror was changing to a day of dread. The last news before the wires themselves went down long, long miles away was that the train bearing the strikers' reinforcements—sons, brothers, comrades, of the federated workmen of the Rosebud shops—bearing, too, the refugees, men, women and children, from ranch and farm and hamlet along the Niobrara, had left Channing Station at dusk and was held up or cut off somewhere west of Rosebud—God and the Indians alone could tell just where. At 7:30 "Channing" had wired that the Sioux war parties were seen at dusk coming westward at the gallop, "Good-bye" and at 8:30 the wires ceased to vibrate west of Castle Butte, an isolated station nearly 30 miles east of the ravaged settlement and full 150 west of Rosebud. For over 50 miles, as has been said, the line of the Big Horn paralleled the south border of the Sioux reservation, but farther to the west it pierced the old treaty lands along the White Earth and ran long leagues through the former hunting grounds of the Ogallalas, whose young men never lost a chance of scalping any savage exploits of the Brules. Beginning at Rosebud, the strike spirit flew east and west along the lines of the Big Horn and the Seattle. Beginning among the ill-fated groggeries along the Dakota border until it overwhelmed the power of the agency close at hand as well as those to the west in Wyoming. The first dash of the young braves was at the originators of the mischief, the outlaws of the prairie, who discreetly fled, burying such of their stock in trade as they could not carry and dug up by the Sioux. Then, drink maddened and balked of their desires, the band had sacked the agency, released their imprisoned brothers and swooped southward on the helpless ranchers of the Niobrara. In frantic appeal for aid the station agent at Rosebud wired west to Fort Robinson, since their mutual protectors were now far away along the Missouri. The answer was prompt, to the effect that the troops would start the instant a train could take them, and then, alas, too late, it was found that in making up that big "special" for the re-enforcements for the strikers they had sent away the one serviceable engine between Frayne Station at the west and Rosebud. By the time the cars sent whirling from Frayne could reach Robinson every soldier was needed there, for the Pine Ridge Sioux had risen to a man. Robinson itself was threatened, while Rosebud Station, to the east, had been reduced to ashes.

No wonder a pall had spread over Rosebud. Scores of its sons and many of its daughters were scattered in little stations of the Big Horn or in farms and ranches all about that perilous borderland, and the only words to reach the sorely anxious hearts at home came from terrified refugees at Castle Butte, declaring every ranch, farm and station burned and pillaged for over a hundred miles along the road, their hapless, helpless people either massacred or fleeing to the refuge of the sand hills to the south.

And now, as Boniface had said, the strike was done. At 9 the night before the wall had come from the threatened stations at the west, and men who at sunset were blocking the way against every car that carried troops were now straining every nerve to send them on. At 1 o'clock, hurried aboard the waiting train of the Big Horn in the Rosebud yards, the rifles went whirling away through the night, followed by the prayers and tears of a whole populace and re-enforced by full a hundred stalwart men, strikers of the day before, all armed, all bound for Rosebud and rescue of that imperiled train, with not one man in fifty of the military company, not one in ten of the railway party, who had had any experience whatever in Indian fighting. Old hands of the road had had some long range skirmishes while track laying. Some of the engineers' assistants could tell stirring tales of the days of the survey, but only two or three of the rifles had ever seen an armed and mounted Indian warrior. Many hoped they might never have to. Yet here they were, 60 men who under proper leadership would give good account of themselves in action against a civilized foe, setting forth to meet the most scientific fighters in creation, and Lieutenant Hunt, lawyer and loyal citizen, frankly stated that he would be glad to hand over his sword to any one who understood the business, and he'd take a rifle and a place in the ranks. Oh, for Eric Langdon now!

Sixty, 70, 80 miles they ran without either news or warning, the silent engineer peering ever grimly forward through the night, one hand at the throttle, the other at the reverse lever. In the cab rode the assistant superintendent. In the forward cars were other officials and scores of stalwart men lately heading the strike. Hunt for a time had been with them, but a veteran conductor took him aside. "We are pulling together now," said he, "but of course brotherhood matters can't be discussed in the presence of outsiders, and there are matters that must be talked over. We'll let you know whatever news we get at every stop." The conductor's words were significant; so were his eyes. Hunt took the hint and his leave, slipping back to the second car, where half the rifles were sprawling on the seats, the other half occupying the third. Six times the crowded train had stopped at stations and six times rushed on again. "Nothing further from any reliable source," said the conductor. "Only more horrible rumors and stories from refugees wired in from Castle Butte. Dawn came on apace, and the train showed down in answer to a lantern signal at the bridge over Shadow creek. Two men tumbled aboard after excited hail to the occupants of the cab, and the conductor presently came back, looking in at the door and jerked his head to Hunt, as much as to say, "You're wanted." They were still 20 miles from the Buttes and had been running like mad. "There'll be a dozen wild hands to join us next stop, lieutenant," said the official, "and all wild Henrys or Wheelers. The train with the boys from the river, he continued, consulting certain telegrams, "is six hours behind us, and the Union Pacific has started a train with regulars from Omaha. Others from Kansas are coming by way of Fremont. There'll be soldiers enough by tomorrow, but—God help us through today!"

"Who are these who boarded us here?" asked the lieutenant.

"Some of our fellows—bridge guards, you know—in case—the other thing had to be done."

"The Lord be praised it didn't!" said Hunt piously. "If that bridge had been burned, there would have been no saving our special. We have men enough," he continued thoughtfully, "if we only had the right kind of leader."

The conductor glanced about him and nodded reassuringly to one or two who were anxiously eyeing him and his uniformed companion.

"Mr. Hunt," said he, drawing the officer to a corner of the swaying baggage car, "this is no time, is it, for discussing rights and wrongs? For awhile, at least, the strike's a dead issue. We've got to pull together. No good can come of stirring up—what's past and gone. I've wired ahead to have coffee ready for 200 men at the Buttes. It's a lunch station. We'll take the car right aboard and shove ahead. That'll cheer the men up a bit, won't it?"

"Sure to," said Hunt, wondering what might be coming.

"Then—if a little farther beyond that—we happen to find—just the right sort

of peered from the windows at the whistle for brakes, and a shout went up that well might rouse the roof. In the midst of a little group at the siding stood a man faced, stern eyed man in the fatigue uniform of a first sergeant, and the rifles, yelling like mad, tumbled headlong in a surging throng from the train, a-swarming about him in eager, impulsive greeting. Without a word he grasped Hunt's outstretched hand, signalled to the conductor and broke away through the throng toward the hissing engine taking in water at the windmill tank up the track. "We haven't an instant to lose," were then his first words. "Get everybody aboard and join me forward as soon as you can," said he to Hunt, linked his arm in that of the conductor and rushed him up the roadside to the pilot.

Another 40 minutes and, the still smoking ruins of Rosebud Station left behind, the crowded train was speeding swiftly, yet cautiously, over the broad, open westward prairie. Except a few famished, homeless dogs howling mournfully about the scene not a living thing remained at the station, and only the ghastly grin of one of the creatures had been found in the brief, hurried, two minute search. Already it was known far as the Atlantic that the first stories of massacre were grievously exaggerated, many families reported murdered having made their way in panic but safely to Castle Butte and others escaping to the south. But not a word from any source had come as to the special, the last news by wire being that the Ogallalas were dancing and howling about their agency at Pine Ridge and tribes on the scouts sent out from Robinson. The Brules could only be somewhere between Rosebud and Wounded Knee. Wherever that luckless train could be found there would be the Indians in direst force and fury. Grave, set faces were those in the cab and about the engine and tender. The road ran straight for miles. The landscape was open and treeless and lay like a lazily rolling ocean turned suddenly to earth and stone. Langdon and the conductor, clinging fast each to a stanchion, were under the headlight above the pilot. A sergeant and three men, best shots of the rifles, hampered the cab and tender, but the engineer felt safer in having them there, and the hope, pluck and spirits of the whole train had gone up at a bound in the consciousness that that cold headed, gritty ex-regular was at the front to take command. Hunt had brought his belongings, and despite the jar and jolt as the huge engine clanked along over the elastic roadbed Langdon searched the prairie ceaselessly while the conductor kept track of the mileposts.

"We twist and turn every which way five miles farther on," shouted the latter into Langdon's ear. "That bluff ahead there marks the end of this tangent. Then we follow the creek a piece and then make a streak cross country at the big bend."

"Any deep cuts there?" shouted Langdon in reply, hanging to the iron bar with a hooked arm and still peering through the binocular.

"Four or five. Why?"

"That's where we'll find 'em. They'll run the train into a cut for protection, line the banks on both sides and stand off the Sioux till help comes if they can. Signal full speed to the engineer, will you? He can slow down again at the bend."

A moment more and the huge machine seemed rushing through space, and the two men at the pilot bent double and hung on for dear life. Five minutes brought them once more along the banks of the stream and close to the frowning bluffs. "Watch them!" signalled Langdon, pointing to the crests and leaning far out from the side of the engine, now reducing speed. The sergeant, clamping his campaign hat to his head, nodded, "I understand."

The bluffs were but the shoulder of a high ridge through which long centuries before the stream had torn its way. It hid the certain the spreading landscape beyond. It might be hiding hundreds of lurking warriors, but Langdon believed that though a few wary scouts would be thrown out to give warning of coming troops the main body of savages were clustered close about the beleaguered train. He had never before been brought into contact with mounted Indians, but had long talks with comrades well schooled in border warfare and felt sure of his ground. From what he could gather he believed that several old Indian fighters from the westward stations must be on that train and reasoned that they would make their defensive stand where the cars could be sheltered and they themselves, the defenders, be partially covered by the sides of the cut. He was reasonably certain that they could there hold out for his coming.

And now as they sweep cautiously round the long curve at the foot of the bluff and see the stream they bend ahead up the distant slope of the divide the jagged seam of spaded earth and the black shadows of the snow fence and realize that all that stretch of winding grade must be overcome before they can hope for sight of the besieged Langdon's heart throbs like the massive engine straining at its burden. "Hit her up again, Jimmy!" shouts the conductor, his hands forming a speaking tube. The fireman is thrusting coal by the shovel into the scorching furnace. Lanky smoke jets from the stack and streams tailward over the train. "No hiding our coming, cap!" yells the conductor, with a backward and upward glance. Langdon shakes his head. "They've spotted us long before this," is the answer. Again the speed increases despite reverse curves that hug the bank like the convulsions of a snake. Jim is gathering headway for the climb. Tilting far toward the



Two men tumbled aboard.

of man to run this thing don't you think your fellows would take him and no questions asked—until the whole business can be settled later?"

"By Jove, you mean Langdon!" cried Hunt in hope and rejoicing.

"Sh! For goodness sake, don't shout! He's ahead all right enough and safe and sound, but he's fighting mad over this business. Some of the boys weren't advised right, and it's a kind of awkward all round," ended the

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