

ROYAL RANGER RALPH,

The Waif of the Western Prairies.

BY WELDON J. COBB.

CHAPTER XII.

The appearance of Darrel Grey at the camp of the Indians was a theme of considerable wonderment to Ranger Ralph. To the young scout, however, it had resulted most naturally, and he was amazed and delighted at his success in the imposition he had undertaken.

When he had knocked the savage at the river insensible, he had boldly determined to assume his identity temporarily, and penetrate to the camp of his enemies. The venture was a perilous one, but it seemed as if fate favored its execution.

Darrel had soon donned the apparel of the unconscious savage, and his war-paint enabled him to finally present the appearance of a genuine Modoc warrior.

He had staggered to a spot where several savages were quarreling over a keg of liquor, and amid the excitement of the hour, no one seemed to notice him particularly.

Several times he was addressed in the Modoc language, but he feigned a muddled drunkenness, and only responded with a few incoherent mutterings.

Thus it was that he entered the camp where Ranger Ralph was a prisoner.

His rescue of the scout has already been seen by the reader.

So far he was entirely successful in his movements; but Darrel saw that his imposture must sooner or later be discovered.

He did not, therefore, return to the same band of Indians from whom he had rescued Ranger Ralph.

Instead, he wandered into the main encampment and determined to locate, if possible, the tent in which Inez Tracey was held a captive.

He found that a large number of the Indians and two of Despard's band had gone south on the expedition against the emigrants.

It was when near a large tent that the sound of familiar tones awakened his immediate attention.

Instantly he recognized one voice as belonging to Dyke Despard.

He was addressing his associate Vance, and he asked:

"Then Danton and the others have gone?"

"Yes," replied Vance. "They will attack the emigrant train, secure our share of the booty, meet the others of the band and come at once to Lone Canyon."

"Good. Now then, as to our movements?"

"Well?"

"We must leave here at once."

"For Lone Canyon?"

"Yes."

"And the girl?"

"Get Trailing Fox to go to the wigwam for her."

"Then I will get the horses ready?"

"At the edge of the camp, yes. The Indians may be suspicious if they find us leaving them, but the Fox will aid us, as he is friendly to us."

"All right."

Darrel withdrew as Vance seemed about to leave the tent.

He knew that if he acted it must be at once.

He hurried in and out among the wigwams, and at last paused before one of them.

It was where an old squaw sat before a smoldering camp fire.

Glancing beyond her Darrel saw the form of a woman lying on some buffalo skins.

"It must be Inez," he murmured, "I wonder if I can pass the old squaw unobserved."

The latter was nodding drowsily as he stepped toward the tent. She roused instantly at his advance.

Immediately Darrel resumed his role of drunkenness. He had a flask of liquor in his pocket and this he extended toward the woman. She seized it eagerly.

Darrel muttered some incoherent words about Shadow Snake. The squaw seemed to comprehend that the chief had sent him to the place, and did not attempt to stop him as he walked boldly into the tent.

Upon the rude Indian couch lay Inez Tracey.

Her eyes were wet with tears, her face pale and alarmed. She started to her feet with a cry of terror as the pretended drunken Indian approached her.

"Ugh! pale face come with me!" she uttered.

She followed him from the place silently, despairingly.

He led her out toward the center of the camp, but through its perils, anxious to reach the open country beyond.

Every nerve thrilled with the intense emotion as he realized that the rescue was nearly assured.

The Indians whom they met paid no attention to them. Poor Inez, fearing some new captivity, seemed about to faint away.

As she walked unsteadily, Darrel approached her nearer.

"Courage!"

She started at the fervent, unexpected word.

"Walk straight on," he breathed, hurriedly. "We are not yet safe."

A half-suppressed cry of joy broke from the girl's lips.

"Darrel—Mr. Grey," she cried; "oh! can we escape?"

"Yes, yes. Follow me faster."

"Stop them!"

The words came from behind them and caused Inez to utter a startled cry. Darrel seized her arm and made for a near thicket.

Coming toward them were Despard, Vance, and several savages.

"Discovered!" cried Darrel, despairingly.

Instantly he was surrounded.

"What are you doing with that girl?" demanded Despard, gruffly.

"Ugh! Shadow Snake's orders," grunted Darrel.

"A lie!" shouted Despard. "Here! Where is the Wolf? This man is no Indian, but a spy. He stole the Wolf's identity, and is spiriting the girl away."

Angry, menacing faces confronted the young scout. One savage sprang before him with an uplifted tomahawk.

At a glance Darrel Grey recognized him. It was the Modoc warrior whose garb he had stolen at the river a few hours previously.

The young scout was in a position of terrible peril.

Trailing Wolf, but Despard caught her roughly.

"Halt! Begin to understand this," he muttered, a jealous light coming into his evil eyes.

"The young fellow who ran away with her, eh?" ejaculated Vance, Despard's companion.

"Yes, the old!" cried the outlaw leader to the savage. "The Wolf shall have his revenge at the stake—the tortoise. Seize him and bring him to the chief's tent," ordered Despard.

With a sudden, lowering brow, the Indian, whose identity Darrel had stolen, cast aside the tomahawk.

At the same moment Darrel Grey realized his position and recovered from all his bewilderment.

He comprehended that to remain inert, to impassively fall into the hands of his captors, meant a certain death amid their revengeful numbers.

Inez's frantic endeavor to save him thrilled his very soul with joy and courage as he recognized her love and devotion.

It inspired him to think beyond the present. A prisoner, he would be helpless to aid her. Free, he might yet outwit his foes.

He surprised savages and renegades alike by a sudden movement. They advanced to seize him, but he was already a dead man.

He stood clasping her hands in terror. "Oh! they will capture and kill him," she cried.

Despard laughed hoarsely.

"In love, eh?"

She flushed in indignant resentment at Despard's coarse tones.

"Coward! Assassin!" she breathed, her eyes flashing abhorrence and a shiver upon her dreaded captor.

"There will be one less lover in a few moments," continued Despard. "Die, you struggle vainly to escape my power. I have too many friends and allies."

"See here, Captain!"

Vance had touched the outlaw's arm. "Well?" inquired Despard.

"You are wasting valuable time here."

"That's true. Let us move at once. We can take advantage of the confusion to leave the camp."

"Shall I get the horses?"

"Yes; and bring them to the river beyond the camp. Go ahead. I will meet you there. You come with me."

Dyke Despard made no pretense of gentleness as he seized Inez's arm roughly. He forced her to accompany him away from the Modoc camp.

A quick glance toward the river he paused to await the arrival of his accomplices.

Vance, his eyes glowing with the malice and triumph of a villain as he noted Inez's deep distress.

He was angry and jealous at his discovery of her evident preference for a rival.

"Girl," he hissed, as he bent toward her, "if you are listening for some token of your lover's escape, abandon the thought."

Inez was silent and dropped her eyes to veil their evident expression of anxiety for the fate of the man she had learned to love within the past few hours.

"He is doomed," continued the merciless Despard. "Even if he eluded capture for a brief time, he would soon be found. Then the stake—the torture."

Inez shuddered at his heartless words.

"If you want to be sensible," pursued Despard, "you will save yourself and others trouble. It will be wise for you if we understand each other perfectly now."

"I understand you only too well, miscreant," cried Inez.

"Hard words will not help your case any," replied Despard.

"My name is too hard for your cruel nature."

"You will soon change your tactics, my girl, if I'm not mistaken," remarked Despard, menacingly. "You are completely in my power. In a few moments we leave this camp. Do you know where we are going?"

Inez did not need to reply.

"I am going to take you to a retreat so safe and isolated that no friend will ever penetrate to it—of which even the glances of ignorance. Between it and civilization is a safe barrier of savage hordes, friendly to my designs. Trustworthy friends and strong walls of rock surround me. There you will be my prisoner—secure, with no hope of escape. There you will be my wife."

Despard laughed confidently.

"We shall see," he taunted. "Oh, you will soon tire of playing the indignant role. Do you hear that?"

Vengeful, triumphant cries from the direction of the Modoc camp told the anxious Inez that her worst fears were confirmed.

They seemed to announce that her brave protector, Darrel Grey, had fallen a prisoner into the hands of his murderers.

She buried her face in her hands in mute anguish, while Despard peered over his breast, her mind agonized as she perceived another, dashed by toward the camp.

A minute later Vance appeared. He was riding a horse and leading two others.

"Quick! we had better start at once," he said.

Inez knew that it was useless to struggle in the direction of the Modoc camp, and was soon in the saddle.

Despard retained hold of the check-rein of the horse she rode. Vance kept close to the other side of the steed.

"The camp moves south," remarked the latter, as they proceeded on their way.

"When?"

"At once. Two messengers from Shadow Snake just arrived after them."

And the pretended Indian—the lover of this girl here?" queried Despard.

"He is captured, and the Modocs will celebrate their departure from the camp by burning a victim at the stake."

A hollow moan issued from Inez Tracey's lips. She rode on, her head bowed on her breast, her mind agonized as she pictured the sufferings of her brave rescuer.

The heartless Vance had indeed told the truth when he affirmed that Darrel Grey was again a prisoner of the Modocs.

When the young scout had dashed away from his savage foes, he hurried toward the horses. He felt assured if he reached there he could secure a steed and escape.

The warning cries of his pursuers, however, attracted the attention of others in the camp.

The Modocs came rushing from every direction, and he was finally hemmed in on all sides. He made a desperate resistance, but was overpowered.

The triumphant savages bore him toward the very spot where the ranger had recently been a prisoner.

With mocking words they tore his disguise from him and secured him to a tree.

Just then there was a sudden commotion. As Vance had stated to Despard, the couriers from Shadow Snake had arrived. Soon the camp became a scene of bustle and excitement.

Darrel observed that a change of camp was meditated. He also learned that

Inez Tracey uttered a frantic, frightened cry as she saw the tomahawk of the Indian uplifted over the head of the disguised Darrel Grey.

The latter, overcome completely with chagrin and dismay, seemed for the moment bewildered at the disaster that had appeared at the time of apparent success.

"Spare him! Do not kill him! He is my only protector—my friend!" she cried, wildly.

Inez endeavored to spring forward and intercept the blow of the infuriated

this fact would only precipitate his doom at the hands of his enemies. One of these approaches the scene.

"Palface try to make Indian out of self," he muttered. "Ugh! Great Modoc! We see if palface die like Modoc."

It was only when the last preparations to leave the camp had been made that full attention was bestowed on the captive.

Some of the savages were already leaving the spot. Several of them, however, held a brief consultation on near the smoldering camp fire.

Finally they seemed to have decided on his fate. The young scout paled, but betrayed no fear as he saw the two gather wood and pile it about the tree where he was. They redoubled his bonds with stout things that would not burn easily.

The wood and branches were piled high about him, the savages uttered wild, boisterous cries, and a blazing bonfire was placed under his feet.

A dense volume of smoke choked and blinded Darrel, and he closed his eyes despairingly. He was menaced with a horrible, lingering death.

The spot and hastened after their departing comrades.

The last to leave, glancing back at the burning pile at the tree, uttered a fierce yell of savage delight as he saw the flames encircle the form of the devoted young scout.

[TO BE CONTINUED]

Brave Boy.

Some years ago, says the author of "Big Game of North America," three children who lived near Olympia, Washington, were returning from school.

When Walter, the eldest, a boy of 12, noticed what he thought to be a large yellow dog trotting in the road behind them.

They paid no attention to it, as they were all going to the same place, and everywhere they saw the same dog.

Suddenly the youngest, a chubby chap of 6, who was behind his brothers, came running to the front, and a moment later he was back, now to be a cougar, sprang over the fence, and he at once answered it and prepared to return to his family. In a few days the wife and other daughter will greet the long lost husband and father.

Shelbyville has footpads.

ONE was almost completely destroyed by fire.

DIPHTHERIA and thieves are both epidemic at Tipton.

THE country around Goshen has been flooded with "green-coats" circulars.

The last night of the year, that burned, causing a loss of \$20,000, will be rebuilt at once.

JOHN WHITESIDES, one of the oldest and wealthiest citizens of Franklin, was found dead in his bed.

NEAR Noblesville John Colburn and Chester Simons collided with buggies. Colburn was perhaps fatally hurt.

DAVID BROWN and Richard Wolff are in jail at LaPorte charged with train robbery. They are wanted in Detroit.

THE case of Virginia McGill against the Big Four railroad for damages has been taken from Clay to Putnam County.

It is said that there are heirs in this country to a German estate valued at \$1,000,000. A citizen of Peru is one of them.

JOHN GOSHEN shot Louis Curtis at Shelbyville, for alleged familiarity with his wife. Both are colored. Curtis will recover.

VALENTINE MARKS, of South Bend, who suddenly lost his voice two years ago, awoke the other morning and found he could talk as well as ever.

MARTIN HALL, a Goshen drug clerk, was given a life sentence for mixing poison with one of his customers, which Sherry Hughes drank.

THE Citizens' Enterprise Company, of Muncie, has closed a deal with George R. Edgely that will remove the Ohio warzone works from Cincinnati to Muncie.

FRANK ZIEGLER, a dry-goods clerk in the employ of Stewart & Kahn, of Fort Wayne, was almost fatally asphyxiated with natural gas while taking a bath.

LAST Fourth of July Webster Huff shot John Armstrong at Washington. Huff is a boy and recently inherited a fortune. Armstrong sues for \$10,000 damages.

J. A. BUCHANAN, Vincennes pension examiner, has an application from a member of the Sixth United States rebel regiment. The regiment was composed of rebel prisoners.

An epidemic of diphtheria is prevalent at New Haven, Allen County, and all the schools have been closed to prevent the spread of the disease. A number of deaths have occurred.

S. P. WILLIAMS, of Lima, has given \$20,000 to Wabash College, the income of which will be \$1,400 per year. The sum will be devoted to the general running expenses of the college.

AT Muncie, while Mrs. Edward Lyons was sitting with her feet on a hearth her husband accidentally stumbled over her and fell into the fire.

There was another and larger stone jar on the same shelf, and when he saw those big, puffy, twisted and braided doughnuts that neither looked nor tasted like the degenerate doughnuts of the present day.

Sometimes we chose a cookie instead, a cookie was a cookie, but a thin, wafer-like, dry cookie, like the cookies of this generation, but a full inch thick and almost as large as a saucer—a cookie to delight the heart and still more the stomach of a hungry boy.

You remember the big brown turnover with your initial on it. In these days of elaborate and unwholesome dishes you have never tasted anything better than that turnover.

You found many things in your grandmother's pantry.

Anywhere now. And, perhaps, with the exception of your own mother, you have never found any one so kind and patient and generous as grandmother herself was.

Brayed Himself to Death.

Henry Boren, living near Jackson, Tenn., lost a fine jackass yesterday in remarkable manner, says the St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

He purchased the animal for \$400 in Middle Tennessee. A few days since he purchased another, which he brought home yesterday. It at first resembled the trotter of the new-comer, and as soon as the latter arrived, the premises became terribly enraged, and let forth a bray so loud, so long, and so deep that it echoed and re-echoed throughout the surrounding country. Passion and jealousy moved him to the supreme effort that cost him his life. A blood-vessel burst, and the blood flowed in a stream from his nose and mouth. The crimson tide could not be stemmed, and the unhappy animal lay down and died. His place will be filled by the new arrival, but the memory of that awful bray will go down among the traditions of the Teuth District.

The Woman Bicyclist.

Beiva Lockwood was the first woman to ride a bicycle in Washington and she was ridiculed and jeered by the multitude, and the regulation anathema of "unsexed women" was hurled after her by the old fogies of conservatism.

Mrs. Lockwood can ride the length of Pennsylvania avenue and not a masculine head would be turned. Custom makes laws as inexorable as those of the Medes and Persians. A bicycle tournament has just been held in that city, and the wives and sweethearts of the boys rode their bicycles beside them, and the crowds looked on and approved. The word "move," and the wheels help it along.

Queer Custodian.

A New Orleans man keeps a lizard on his table to guard valuable papers.

The gas may fall, the wells go dry, Gates be without a flame.

But he who has the gas, the dial gives you the usual bill to file. And gets there just the same.

As they stood on the beach where the waves played

She laid her head on his satin vest, And lifted her lips in a pouting way, And he—

THE United States declared war against Tripoli on June 10, 1801.

BY POST AND WIRES

COMES THIS BATCH OF INDIANA NEWS.

A Catalogue of the Week's Important Occurrences Throughout the State—Fires, Accidents, Crimes, Suicides, Etc.

Going to Meet Her Father.

Miss Nellie Garrett, a compositor in the Muncie Times office, went to Cincinnati recently to meet and accompany her long lost father to his home in Muncie. Sixteen years ago Henry Garrett, a printer, left his wife and three little daughters, leaving her to support the mother. Miss Nellie has quietly been sending letters addressed to her father to newspapers in all parts of the country, with a perseverance of hope that only a woman can entertain. A week since a letter addressed in the Boston Post office reached the desired person, and he at once answered it and prepared to return to his family. In a few days the wife and other daughter will greet the long lost husband and father.

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