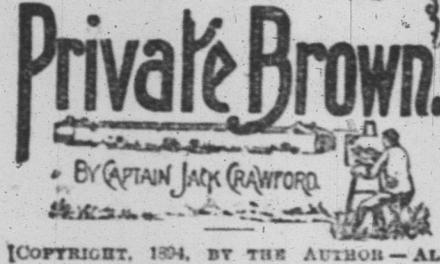


A MOUNTAIN VIEW.

The men climb the steep road patiently, And make pause at the summit, panting slow. Their dull eyes dropped. The teamster, Resting, said: "I know that she feels that the home that sings in minor key, And stirs the pines that darkly, gravely rise, And moss-flecked silver birches—bore his head. And in his brief rest turns his searching eyes. Where, far below, the grassy pastures spread, And wheat fields—little distant checks of green. And yellow, where a creek gleams here and there. And homesteads dot the valley everywhere. With dusty roads wound crookedly between; And circling peaks stand high and hazy blue. As though the thrumming life of man were not, The noisy teamster scans the boundless view. And smiles, and rests his eyes on one meek spot. A far, faint glimpse: but his warm love makes plain. The little weather-beaten house, the shed, The row of bee-hives, faded blue and red. The garden, thriving from the morning's rain; The paths that edge the tan-bark walk, and pour Their sweetness out: the white phlox freshly blown. The little child that toddles round the door— That did his eyes feed, and this alone. —Emma A. Opper, in *Youth's Companion*.



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CHAPTER XVIII.—CONTINUED.

Up from the gulch came the Indians, but half a mile behind, and again their blood-curdling yells rang out upon the air. On they flew, pursued and pursued, and Brown's heart sank within him when he noted that the Indians were rapidly closing the gap between them.

Spurring his horse to its greatest exertions a groan escaped from the soldier's now bloodless lips, for the animal began to perceptibly slacken its speed. His powers of endurance were almost exhausted, and it was evident that he could go but little further. The fort was yet two miles distant, and escape now seemed impossible.

"Zip! Zip! Zip!" The bullets from the rifles of the Indians began to fly by them.

Pulling the jaded horse behind a barricade of rocks which rose by the trail Brown sprang to the ground and cried: "Get into the saddle, Alice, and push toward the fort. For the love of God hasten, and I may be able to hold them at bay until you escape. Fly, my darling, fly, for not an instant must be lost."

To his utter amazement the brave girl slid from the horse's back and, with pale but determined face, replied: "No, Ned, I will not leave you. You risked your precious life for me! and it would be cowardly for me to desert you now. If you must die here, I will die with you."

There was no time for further urging, for the yell of the Indians now came to them with startling distinctness as they rapidly came on. Gaining a position from which he could see over the rocks, the soldier leveled his repeating rifle and began to discharge it with deadly effect.

So unexpected was the fire that the Indians recoiled, and, springing from their ponies in confusion, sought for shelter behind the rocks which dotted the mesa. From their cover they kept up a scattering fire, but their bullets flew harmlessly overhead, or were flattened against the rocky breastwork which nature had provided.

Peering cautiously over the barricade the brave soldier watched his foes with eagle eyes, firing whenever a feathered head came into view.

There came a cessation in the firing of the Indians, and he heard them calling out to each other from their separated positions behind the rocks, and surmised that they were planning a sudden dash upon their hiding-place. His heart became as lead in his breast, for he well knew that, although his rifle might do deadly work as they advanced, they would certainly overpower him and death would speedily follow.

In his eagerness to get a good shot and thus still further intimidate the savages, he raised himself yet higher above the rocks, and the next instant fell backward into the arms of his betrothed, the warm blood spurting from a bullet wound in his breast.

"Oh, Ned, Ned, you are hit! You are killed!" she cried, in agony. "Oh! my



She LOOKED OVER THE ROCKS.

God, my God, what shall I do? Father in Heaven, save him, save him!"

With a great effort he said: "Be brave, Alice, my love, be brave. 'Tis not much. I am only—only stunned a little. I will re—recover in a moment."

His face grew deathly pale, and blood oozed forth from his pallid lips. Alice almost screamed with fright, and her voice trembled with agony as she said:

"Oh, Ned, my poor darling you are dying. They have cruelly murdered you. Father in Heaven take me with him!"

With an almost superhuman effort he seemed to rally his fast departing strength and said:

"I am not so badly hurt as you think. Alice, and can yet protect you. The shock of the shot made me feel faint, but it has passed. Raise me up in your arms, dearest, so I can see over the rocks. I will yet beat them back. They shall never harm you, my boy. Raise me up. There—now yous your hopes. Ah! hear their

fiendish yells! They think they have us now, but will soon learn their error."

Alice exerted all her strength in doing as he requested, and again his rifle rang out as the Indians, supposing he had been killed, were securing their ponies and preparing for a descent upon the maiden. Again they sought shelter behind the rocks and resumed their desultory fire.

The effort proved too great for the wounded man, and he sank back heavily into Alice's arms. She now became almost paralyzed with fright as the agony of his death lay down upon the ground. He looked up into her blanched face, and with a smile so ghastly that it seemed to be taken the approach of death said, faintly:

"Papa, dear, may I not give it to you in writing?" she asked, a slight flush enfusing her face.

"Yes, daughter, that's military. Make a full report to me in writing and place it in my hands at the earliest possible moment. Give the old bear of a father a kiss and get to work on your official report at once, dear."

She pressed her trembling lips to his, and moaned:

"Ned, you are dying! You are dying! I can see it in your poor, dear eyes! Oh! must you die so cruelly, and for me? Don't close your eyes, darling—you frighten me so! I cannot bear it! Speak to me once again, Ned! Oh! he is dying—he is dying!"

She gave way to her great grief in the most pitiful sobs. The wounded man made a great effort to rally his strength, and feebly said:

"Alice, do not despair. I—I—I—I am very faint, but I—"

A fiendish yell from the Indians cut short his speech, and Alice, a cold glint of desperation coming into her eyes, laid his head gently on the ground, seized his rifle, and, with a strange ring in her voice, said:

"You defended me to your death, my lost darling. Now I will defend you till death calls me to go with you into the dark shadow?"

Raising herself she looked over the rocks, and to her amazement saw that the Indians were hastily mounting and rapidly retreating. At the same instant a rumbling sound from the direction of the fort fell upon her ears; and casting her eyes in that direction she observed a great cloud of dust raising in the air. Springing to the side of her lover she cried:

"Oh! Ned, darling, if you are yet alive, rouse yourself. The troops are coming from the fort."

But the pale lips refused to move, and the eyes were closed as if in death. With a wild shriek of agony she raised her hands aloft and fell across his body, as a troop of cavalry thundered up to the spot. Col. Sanford at its head.

CHAPTER XIX.

When Private Brown regained consciousness he found himself lying on a cot in the hospital, with the post surgeon bending over him.

"How do you feel now, my man?" the doctor asked, kindly.

"Very weak and faint, sir. How came I here? What is the matter with me?"

"You have been very sick, Brown. Can you not recall the past? Do you not remember being wounded by the Indians?"

"Wounded? The Indians? What Indians?" He looked up at the surgeon in astonishment.

"Try to remember. See if you cannot recall your desperate fight with the Indians."

Brown closed his eyes and endeavored to collect his truant thoughts. Slowly, faintly and indistinctly at first, but growing clearer and clearer as his dilapidated brain regained power, the resolute, the desperate ride for life and the battle all came back to him.

"Oh! tell me, doctor, was she—was Alice saved?"

"Calm yourself, my boy. The least excitement may yet undo all my work in my efforts to save you. Miss Sanford is safe with her father."

"God be praised," he fervently said, great tears of joy starting in his pain-dimmed eyes. "How long have I been here, doctor?"

"For four days. You have been delirious all that time, and very near to death, but you have now passed the crisis and there is a good chance for your recovery. You are built of good material, Brown. That shot would have killed any ordinary man."

"And Alice, doctor, Miss Sanford, has she been to see me?"

"Been here to see you, indeed? Why the little witch will scarcely take time to eat and sleep, but wants to sit here by your side all the time. The young lady is filled with gratitude toward you, Brown, for your heroism in rescuing her from a horrible fate, and the whole garrison is singing your praises. It was a brave undertaking, my boy—a noble, heroic venture successfully accomplished."

A smile of gratification spread over his pale, wan face. He cared not for the laudanum of the people of the garrison. His Alice had been near him, and that was worth more to him than would have been the plaudits of the universe.

"Has Col. Sanford asked after me, doctor?" There was an eager look on his face as he put the question.

"Col. Sanford calls to see you several times a day, Brown. You cannot realize the dangerous position in which your care places me. The colonel has given me the most emphatic orders to save your life, and says if I let you die he will at once have me taken out and shot. Now you see the peril which confronts me, and you must do all you can to hasten your recovery by implicitly obeying my orders. You must not speak another word. You have talked too much already. You must remember my life is at stake, my man."

He smiled knowingly as he referred to the colonel's blustering threat. There was a smile of perfect peace and satisfaction on the pale face of the wounded man as he closed his eyes to reflect over what the surgeon had told him. Alice was with him almost constantly, and, of course, it must be with her father's consent. And the old commander, himself, called several times daily to ask after him. This knowledge was sweet to his soul, and he felt supremely happy. Gradually his senses grew more and more inactive, and he soon sank into a sweet, refreshing sleep, the first since he had been brought into the hospital. The surgeon bent over him and noted his strong, regular breathing, and softly felt his pulse.

"Excellent! Excellent!" he said to himself. "Brown, my brave boy, you are worth a whole regiment of dead men yet."

When Col. Sanford found his daughter once more safe in her home, he acted in a manner that at times almost made her fear he was losing his reason. He would call her many times

a day to come to him, and clasping her closely in his arms, as if he feared she might again be taken from him, would weep like a child and mutter praises and thanks to Heaven for her deliverance from death. The old man's heart was filled with joy immeasurable, and the light of love was never before so bright as now as he gazed upon her lovely face.

The day following her return, he called her into his business office and said:

"Sunshine, that young scamp gave you from God only knows what fate, and I must reward her. I want you to tell me all you know of him from your first meeting to the present time."

"Papa, dear, may I not give it to you in writing?" she asked, a slight flush enfusing her face.

"Yes, daughter, that's military. Make a full report to me in writing and place it in my hands at the earliest possible moment. Give the old bear of a father a kiss and get to work on your official report at once, dear."

"She kissed him once, twice, thrice, and ran away to her room. Her pen flew over the paper with great rapidity as she fully, freely wrote down every detail of her relations with the private soldier from their first meeting until the present moment. She told of his enlistment, being ignorant of the fact that the colonel had gotten a full report of that from Private Lannan, told of their many meetings, of mutual love and of her urgent appeal to Brown to go to her father and tell him all, and ask his sanction to their engagement. Nothing was withheld, and when the statement was completed she took it to her father's office, laid it on the desk before him, kissed him passionately and ran away to her room, her young heart throbbing with anxiety.

She gave way to her great grief in the most pitiful sobs. The wounded man made a great effort to rally his strength, and feebly said:

"Alice, do not despair. I—I—I—I am very faint, but I—"

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CHAPTER XX.

When Private Brown regained consciousness he found himself lying on a cot in the hospital, with the post surgeon bending over him.

"WM. EARL was arrested at Mt. Vernon on a charge of passing counterfeit money."

A: E. GRAHAM, the Martinsville banker who suffered from a stroke of paralysis, is dead.

JAKE YORK fell from the roof of his barn near Greenwood, and was probably fatally injured.

At Bluffton, George White was sentenced to two years in the Prison North for robbery.

The jury in the celebrated case of the state of Indiana against "Squire Angleberger, charged with blowing up the house of his son-in-law, Charles Bennet, at Decatur Station, on March 3, after being out twenty-six hours, failed to agree upon a verdict and was discharged.

At Winchester the jury found Joseph Hewitt guilty of assault and battery with intent to murder, and sentenced him to ten years in the pen. He is the man who placed the dynamite bomb under the house in which his wife and two daughters were sleeping at Parker.

At Milburn, hotel, Cass' drug store and Mrs. Peter Hamber's store burned at Mishawaka.

The Clinton and Columbian hotels, Kokomo, were purchased at receiver's sales by Ross Brothers, of Frankfort.

A TRIP to the Atlanta exposition is being planned for the Anderson schools. It is thought that from 300 to 500 will go.

Lewis Baker, who can not read or write, but secured \$6 from the Delaware County National Bank, by inducing another man to forge T. C. Old's name to a check, was sentenced to three years in state's prison, the day after the crime was committed.

The eight window glass factories of Elwood, Orestes, Alexandria and Frankton all resumed operation with full force.

The water from a flowing well at the works of the National Tin Plate Co., at Anderson, kills all desire for strong drink. It has taken nearly 200 customers away from the saloons already.

AMONG the newly appointed postmen are: John T. Wiley, Gordon, Cass county; Victor L. Harvey, Worthy, Vermillion county.

JOHN C. OCHILTREE, editor of the Richmond Daily Telegram, has resigned, and will remove from the city.

SEVEN children of W. W. Brewer's family at Wilkinson are afflicted with diphtheria.

A CLASS to test the law taxing building and loan association paid-up stock has been brought at Terre Haute.

FRANCES, the daughter of Dick Goodwin, of New Castle, was injured in a runaway.

ALFRED E. GRAHAM, president of the First National bank at Martinsville for many years, died the other night from a stroke of paralysis. He was 59 years old and unmarried.

FRANK KEMP, who some time ago shot and killed his father in a quarrel, plead guilty in the circuit court the other day, and was sentenced to three years in the Northern prison.

The town of Tios, ten miles south of Plymouth, was destroyed by fire the other morning. A saw mill, lumber yard, five stores, elevator and a number of shops are all in ashes. The fire started in a burning pile of sawdust.

Then a great light seemed to break in upon her, half joyous, half wondering look came over her face, then lowered beneath a smile of the most intense delight.

"Just as I would have a daughter of mine do under like circumstances."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE ONLY ONE.

For the famous charge of the Light Brigade at Balaklava only one officer was awarded to an officer.

It was given to Lieut. A. R. Dunn, who

saved the life of a non-commissioned

officer by cutting down three Russian lancers, and later in the battle also

saved life of a private. The decoration was recently sold at public auction in London.

A FLASH of lightning, it is said, equals

15,000 horse power.

INDIANA STATE NEWS.

MUXUS colored citizens celebrated Emancipation day anniversary a few days ago.

FIVE Putnam county people were fined \$5 each on pleas of guilty to having caught fish with a seine.

THE F. M. B. A. fair, being held at Cedar, near Farmland, opened the other day. The live stock exhibit is reported to equal any of the country fairs held in the state.