

# PLUCK AND LUCK

COMPLETE STORIES OF ADVENTURE.

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No. 1149.

NEW YORK, JUNE 9, 1920.

Price 7 Cents

## THE BOY PRAIRIE COURIER; OR, GENERAL CUSTER'S YOUNGEST AIDE.

*[A TRUE STORY OF THE BATTLE AT LITTLE BIG HORN.] BY AN OLD SCOUT.  
AND OTHER STORIES*



But all at once a noose cast by the red serpent, who had crept up unseen, fell over her shoulders.  
The lasso was drawn tight before she could throw off the coil,  
and she was dragged down.

Suddenly a mounted man

12 Games, 60 cts. each  
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# PLUCK AND LUCK

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## THE BOY PRAIRIE COURIER Or, GENERAL CUSTER'S YOUNGEST AIDE

By AN OLD SCOUT.

### CHAPTER I.—A Brave Boy and Gen. Custer.

Two mounted Indians had halted on the summit of a wood hill, several days' journey due north-west of Fort Lincoln, in the Yellowstone country. It was in the spring, and the grass was well up, so the prairie presented an appearance of the most pleasing character, for the vast expanse of emerald hue was studded with brilliant flowers.

The sun was scarcely visible, and through the red glow of the dawn the two Indians gazed fixedly eastward.

"Wah! The morning campfires of the horse soldiers are yonder!" uttered the taller redskin, extending a muscular hand to point out the faint smoke-clouds afar, which would not have been discovered by civilized eyes.

The great chief has eyes like the eagle. Rain-in-the-Face sees the little smokes, too. Yellow Bull, the white soldier chief, is there."

The soft breeze of the morning fluttered the tall plumes of the head-dress worn by the warrior who had first spoken. Silence ensued while the redskins continued to watch the "smoke signs" in the east. Gen. Custer, with the Seventh Cavalry, was on the march from Fort Lincoln against the Sioux who had taken to the warpath, defied the government, and threatened to exterminate settlers in the far northwest. It was the

morning fires of Gen. Custer's command which the Sioux had sighted. In the rear of the two Indians the foliage of a dense clump of bushes was softly parted, and a bright young face appeared, and a pair of keen, dark eyes glanced stealthily at the two red warriors. Just at that instant the positions of the Indians were such that the spy in the bushes could not see their faces. But he noted that both were in full war-dress, and that the taller wore the eagle plumes of a head chief. The occupant of the thicket was a mere lad—a white boy—probably scarcely more than seventeen. He wore a well-fitting suit of Indian-tanned deerskin, the shirt handsomely fringed and beaded, as were also the outside seams of his leggings.

His dark, handsome face was the very picture of rugged health, and his hair fell in graceful, wavy masses from underneath his broad hat upon his shapely shoulders. In his hands he carried a splendid repeating rifle, and in his broad leather belt there was a revolver and a hunting-knife. Suddenly the tall Sioux chief turned. The boy dodged back out of sight, his heart beating like a hammer with excitement. But he was discovered, while he obtained a view of the red warrior's face.

"Sitting Bull himself!" uttered the lad under his breath as he made the recognition.

It was one which thrilled him. He knew Sitting Bull was the most daring, obstinate and implacable of all the Indians of the northwest. When the whole Sioux nation made peace with the whites, when Red Cloud and Spotted Tail, with all their braves, had come in and settled on the agencies, Sitting Bull alone held out.

"Come, we will go back to camp. At nightfall the Yellow-Haired chief and his horse soldiers will be at the place where we will ambush them. They will follow the big trail the red men have made to lead them on," said Sitting Bull.

"Wah! and Rain-in-the-Face will keep his oath. He will kill the Yellow-Haired chief!" replied the other, fiercely, in the Sioux tongue.

A year previously Rain-in-the-Face had been arrested by Gen. Custer's orders for the murder of two white men and confined at Fort Lincoln. The bloodthirsty Sioux made his escape after the general had extorted a confession from him, and he succeeded in reaching the hostiles under Sitting Bull in safety.

"Maybe it's Yellowstone Jack that 'ull spoil your plans, Mr. Redskin," said the boy in the thicket to himself. "I've started to join Gen. Custer, and now I shall carry him a warning," he added.

He had left his horse concealed at a short distance, and he was creeping away toward the animal when a stick snapped under his feet.

"Wah! Some one there!" exclaimed Rain-in-the-Face.

And the red fiend made a flying leap into the thicket. He alighted very near the white boy, and Sitting Bull came crashing into the cover after his favorite war chief. The white lad was discovered. Uttering a shrill, peculiar whistle, he bounded forward, and the great chief of the Sioux nation and his lieutenant rushed in pursuit. A magnificent black horse dashed to the side of the lad. The fine animal was the boy's own well-trained steed.

"Good boy! Just in time!" cried the youth, leaping into the saddle, and throwing himself along the side of the noble animal furthest from the enemy, he thundered away.

The two Sioux chiefs fired at the daring boy simultaneously, but neither the youth nor his horse were hit. Unscathed, the latter bore his young master down the wooded hillside at the top of equine speed.

Sitting Bull and Rain-in-the-Face soon turned back. The boy rode on. Suddenly a mounted man

appeared out of a gully before him, and the youth recognized the blue uniform of a United States cavalryman. He uttered a shout and spurred forward. The solitary trooper, a halfbreed, so far from camp, seemed alarmed and surprised. Evidently he took the boy for an enemy. But strangely enough, he did not retreat toward the camp of the bluecoats.

"You are one of Custer's scouts, I take it?" cried the youth.

"Yes, me out looking for 'signs.' Boy come from west. Did him see any hostiles?" responded the half-breed readily, but the boy thought he acted nervous and strange.

"Sitting Bull himself is in the hills yonder. But what made you run away from me? You could see plain enough I was not a hostile," replied the youth.

The half-breed mumbled some unintelligible rejoinder. Then he said:

"Me go on little further."

"Look out for your scalp then—I'm going right on to camp!" admonished the boy.

Then he wheeled his horse and rode on without halting until he came to the picket line about the camp of the troopers. But no sooner had the youth ridden on, after his meeting with the half-breed, than the latter said:

"Now for the lodge of the white fire-water trader—the friend of Sitting Bull—I have the news he wants."

He pressed on into the wooded hills, seemingly without fear of the hostiles, and as it chanced, he encountered none of them. He had a long journey before him, but at length he arrived at a large log house, inclosed by a stockade. The half-breed had been sighted afar by the owner of the log-house, and the door opened for the new arrival without delay. Barnabas Zadok was the somewhat singular name claimed by the ranchman. He was a tall, heavily-bearded man, of the white race, clad in semi-Indian costume and heavily armed. He had made a private treaty with Sitting Bull, and was the friend of the hostiles, with whom he had established a flourishing trade. The arch-scoundrel had also acted as the agent of the Sioux in purchasing ammunition and arms in quantities, which the government would not have sold to any Indian. A score of border ruffians of the worst type were the banded nenchmen of the renegade, and they garrisoned the stockade.

"Well, Soldier Fox, my friend, what news?" demanded the renegade rancher.

"The white squaw is with the soldiers of the Yellow-Haired chief who are coming. Soldier Fox deserted before day dawned, taking Custer's best horse. The Whisky Chief gave him gold to join the pale-face as a scout to act as a spy for him."

"Do you mean Custer is coming here—to this ranch after me—with that girl—Ethel Readon?" cried the renegade.

"Yes. Custer thinks, but is not sure, you are the man he wants for the murder of Paymaster Readon, the white squaw's father. Soldier Fox hear Yellow-Haired chief say the white squaw was the only person who clearly saw face of the man who shot her father at Fort Lincoln to steal him gold."

"Ha! I see it all. Custer means old Readon's daughter shall identify me. But it shall not be!

While that girl lives I am in peril of the gallows, and yet, fool that I am, I love her—the daughter of my murdered victim—fiercely, desperately."

Soldier Fox, the half-breed, showed his white teeth in a tigerish grin as he said:

"What Whisky Chief do? Me think he no wait for Custer to come and arrest him?"

"No. Do you ride at once to Sitting Bull's hidden camp and then lead your band of the hostiles to steal the white girl away from the soldiers, and if you succeed bring her to the headquarters of the hostiles, where I will be in waiting. I shall desert this ranch to-night."

Ex-soldier Fox was given food and drink, and when he had partaken of both, a fresh horse was provided him, and he set out for Sitting Bull's camp. Meantime, the white lad who had overheard the plot of Sitting Bull and Rain-in-the-Face to ambush Custer's command that night, was halted by the first picket of the troopers' camp who discovered him.

"I want to see Gen. Custer!" shouted the boy, making the "peace sign" of the prairie as the bluecoat leveled his carbine at him.

"All right. Pass on."

The trooper lowered his carbine and the lad rode into camp. A trooper conducted him to Gen. Custer. The boy from the country of the hostiles regarded the great Indian fighter with a look of intense admiration.

"This lad has just come into camp, and he says he brings news of the hostiles," said the trooper at the youth's side, as he saluted his commander.

"Indeed! What news do you bring me?" asked the general, speaking very pleasantly as he turned his fine blue eyes upon the boy.

"Old Sitting Bull and Rain-in-the-Face were in the hills up yonder a few hours ago, and I overheard 'em say they meant to attack you to-night," replied the boy.

"We shall be ready for the red devils. So Rain-in-the-Face is with the chief of the hostiles? That rascal owes me a grudge."

"He said to Sitting Bull that he meant to kill you."

"Then we'll disappoint them. Ah, what is it, Curley?"

The general turned to a Crow Indian, who served him as a scout, as the latter came up and made a sign to attract the officer's attention.

"Wah! Bad news. Soldier Fox, the half-breed Sioux, am gone. Him stole Yellow-Haired chief's best hoss. Curley sure Soldier Fox have gone to join Sitting Bull. Me no think half-breed Sioux true to white man all along," said the Crow scout.

"I met the rascal. He made for the lines of the hostiles. If I had only known he was a deserter!" cried the boy.

## CHAPTER II.—The Ambush in the Gully.

"Curley, take your scouts and be off after the half-breed deserter at once," ordered the general.

"Wah! Me go! But think no catch Soldier Fox."

"I know the whole Sioux country. Let me go with the scouts. I may be of use to them," said

the boy eagerly, as Curley, the Crow, hurried away to call up his band of friendly Indian scouts.

"All right. But a word or two with you first. Tell me your name and all about yourself. It seems strange a mere lad like you should be ranging the country of the hostiles alone."

"My name is Jack Shelby, but the hunters and scouts of the northwest call me Yellowstone Jack. My parents were slain by the Sioux. An old scout adopted me. He had an Indian wife, and the reds were friendly with him. Since I was six years of age I've lived mostly among the redskins and the white trappers."

"Where is your foster-father now?"

"Dead, and his wife, who is a Sioux, has joined Sitting Bull's band. I had to join the hostiles and fight against my own race or run away."

"So you came to me?"

"Yes. And when old Wahnatach, my late Indian foster-mother, finds out what I've done, she'll wish she had taken my scalp."

"You speak the Sioux language?"

"Yes."

"That's good. You may be very useful to me. I need a courier and aide to bear dispatches, and carry orders in the field. If you wish to follow the fortunes of this expedition, I will appoint you my aide, and you shall be my Boy Prairie Courier."

"Thank you, general. That will just suit me," replied the boy, with kindling eyes.

"Now, I want to question you further. Sitting Bull's stronghold is supposed to be somewhere between the Big Horn and Powder rivers, far beyond the hills in which you saw the Sioux. Is this correct?"

"Yes, general. But little good will that information do you if you don't know the location of the headquarters of the hostiles more definitely. But I know exactly where the Sioux are massing their forces."

"Better and better! I want to surprise Sitting Bull. You shall be my guide!" cried Custer, enthusiastically.

"Sitting Bull will have a great army at his back. All the last few months he has been receiving reinforcements."

"Where from?"

"Why, from all the large Indian agencies along the Missouri, where the reds are fed, clothed and armed by the government. Numbers of these Indians have gone off across the plains to join Sitting Bull."

Just then the general turned, as a musical voice from the rear greeted him with a cheerful "Good-morning."

"Good-morning, Miss Readon," responded Custer, lifting his hat gallantly.

Yellowstone Jack, who had just been appointed Gen. Custer's youngest aide, saw a beautiful young girl of seventeen, who had issued forth from a tent near that of the commander.

"Is there any news?" the young lady asked.

"Yes," replied the officer, and he imparted the intelligence which the boy had brought him.

"Ah! Perhaps this youth can tell us something about the man you suspect was my father's assassin at Fort Lincoln," said Ethel Readon.

The general turned to Jack and said:

"Do you know a man called Barnabas Zadok?"

"Yes. He is a whisky trader and a renegade. His ranch is about thirty miles due northwest. Zadok is a villain of the worst sort, and he is hand and glove with the hostiles."

"I have heard of the rascal. You know, Miss Ethel, I mean to arrest Zadok if you identify him as the man who killed your father. At your request I consented to let you accompany the expedition as far as the ranch of the renegade. Whether he proves to be the man you saw fire the fatal shot at your father or not, you will be sent back to the fort from Zadok's ranch under a strong escort. If you identify the renegade as the assassin he shall be carried a prisoner to the fort by the men who return there with you," said the general.

"Here come the Indian scouts!" cried Jack, a moment subsequently.

Curley, the Crow, dashed up at the head of a dozen "friendlies." They were Delawares, Shawnees and Cherokees. Curley was the only one of the Crow tribe in the band. The Crow drew rein before Custer, to receive his last orders. They were hastily given.

Then the general said: "This boy, Yellowstone Jack, will go with you. I have appointed him my aide."

He indicated the young "prairie courier," who wheeled his fine black horse into line with the ponies of the scouts. The band trotted out of camp at once, and Curley, the Crow, and "Custer's youngest aide" led the van. The trail of Soldier Fox was quickly struck by the keen Indian trail-hunters. Jack told Curley something of his life, and his escape from capture by Sitting Bull and Rain-in-the-Face that morning as they rode along. Then Curley said:

"Me know white boy scout's father long time ago. He called Big-Hunter. He one time save Curley from the stake. Sioux captured Curley. White boy's father great brave. Kill five Sioux. Cut Curley loose from stake. Curley be good friend to white boy for that."

He was really one of the best scouts Gen. Custer ever had. Brave as a lion, cunning as a fox, and devoted to the general, he was a man to be relied upon always, and Yellowstone Jack could not have found a more valuable friend. The camp of the bluecoats was soon left out of sight far behind the scouts. They saw a fresh Indian "sign," but the trail of Soldier Fox was more recent. It crossed the trail of the hostiles. At a certain point Yellowstone Jack drew rein and said, as he pointed at the trail, while a perplexed look appeared upon his countenance:

"Soldier Fox here turned from the course, which I believe would have led him to Sitting Bull's camp. Ah! He has gone toward the ranch of the white renegade."

The youth and Curley rode on ahead of the main band of the scouts, and in a moment both disappeared in a depression of the plains.

Bang! The whip-like report of a rifle sounded from the gully almost immediately. Gen. Custer's boy aide and the Indian scout reappeared, while the report of the rifle vibrated in the air. They came dashing back toward their comrades at full speed, and out of the gully behind them swarmed two score of red riders in war-paint and feathers. A fierce and threatening outburst of

savage yells sounded from the throats of the hostiles. They had been in ambush in the gully, and Jack and the Crow scout had experienced a narrow escape.

"Quick! We must get under the shelter of the bank of the stream yonder before those fiends swoop down upon us or lose our scalps!"

Bullets sang through the air, slapping into the earth about the fleeing scouts like a shower of leaden hail. But the band of Curley and Custer's boy aide reached a watter-course ahead of the enemy. Dismounting, they secured their animals under the bank of the stream, and leveled their rifles over at the Sioux. Curley and Jack both knew that everything depended upon repulsing the first wild, desperate charge of the hostiles. The Sioux came thundering on.

"Fire!" yelled Jack, and then Custer's gallant scouts began a battle for their lives against desperate odds.

### CHAPTER III.—At the Renegade's Ranch.

The first volley from the weapons of Custer's scouts was well-aimed and destructive. More than one yelling warrior was unhorsed, and their affrighted ponies went galloping back among the ranks in the rear, occasioning considerable confusion. But still the Sioux came on. A second and third volley was discharged from the repeating rifles of the scouts. At short range terrible execution was done. The Sioux began to waver. Then they wheeled their horses and dashed away swiftly, getting out of range of the concealed marksmen. But the situation of the heroic little band was still extremely perilous.

Jack and the Crow scout were standing close to the water's edge. Suddenly a human hand appeared above the water near them. They saw the face of a white man. The rifles of the scouts were instantly leveled at the apparition from the water. But the man they had discovered cried out at once:

"I am a friend, and I mean to serve you!"

"The lone scout!"

"The mysterious man of the plains!" exclaimed Jack and the Crow in unison.

"The same," replied the stranger in a calm, stern voice, while the scouts lowered their rifles.

In a moment he gained the bank and stood before the scouts, shaking the water from his garments, while all regarded him with intense curiosity. He was more than six feet and of giant frame. He was clad from head to foot in buckskin. Indian moccasins encased his feet, and upon his well-poised head he wore a skull-cap of deer skin, adorned with a single straight black feather. His hair, white as the driven snow, fell in long, graceful waves upon his broad shoulders, and his beard of the same spotless color was full and luxuriant, covering his face almost to the eyes, which were large, dark and luminous.

"Friends," said the lone scout, impressively, "your words have told that I am not unknown to you, at least by reputation, and so you must be aware that I am the friend of all honest men and the deadly foe of the hostile redskins and the white renegades of the border. I understand your situation, and I know where Gen. Custer is. Go-

ing as I have come—swimming under water—will reach a point of the stream to the south beyond the sight of the foe, and then strike for the camp of the troops to bring you help."

Without waiting to hear the thanks which the joyfully surprised scouts meant to utter, the stranger re-entered the stream, sank below the surface, and floated down with the current.

"I wish I knew who that strange man really is. But he has himself told almost all that any one knows about him. The Sioux dread him, and so do the white outlaws. He has surrounded himself with mystery, and no man knows his real name or his history," said Jack.

Half an hour elapsed, and the besieged scouts were rejoiced to observe that nothing occurred to indicate that the lone scout had been discovered by the enemy. The time wore on slowly after that, and the besieged were alert and watchful. But the Sioux had received a lesson. They were content to wait for the night to come, and they did not make another attack. Sufficient time had elapsed for the lone scout to reach the camp of Gen. Custer before night fell. Suddenly Curley uttered a glad shout.

"The boss soldiers are coming," he said, and following with their glances the direction in which he pointed, all saw a long line of dark moving objects far to the south. The Sioux had already discovered the troopers, and the red fiends were seen to hastily mount and ride away to the westward. Very soon Gen. Custer and his entire command, some eight hundred men, came up, and with the troopers rode the lone scout.

The general decided to push on toward the ranch of Zadok, the renegade, and, of course, all hope of capturing the half-breed deserter was given up. With Jack and Curley ahead with the Indian scout, the force pressed on. But night had fallen when they reached the ranch of the renegade, only to find it deserted. The command decided to go into camp for the night at the renegade's ranch. But just as the troopers were dismounting a band of hostiles were discovered at the edge of a belt of timber in the west. Instantly with all save a hundred men, who were left to guard the pack mules of the force, and protect Ethel Readon, the daughter of the murdered paymaster, at the ranch, Gen. Custer set out after the hostiles. Yellowstone Jack was ordered to remain with the force left at the ranch. And the boy saw a moment after the main force of the troops had galloped away that the lone scout had remained behind. The boy noted that the man of mystery was regarding Ethel Readon with covert intentness, and the expression of his face told he was experiencing some powerful emotion. The party left at the ranch had retired within the stockade, and some little time had elapsed when the sounds of combat reached them, and they saw Custer charge the hostiles and drive them into the timber.

"I fear the troopers will be drawn into an ambush!" said the lone scout to Jack, as the soldiers disappeared in the timber pursuing the Sioux.

A moment later a trooper came rushing from the rear wall of the stockade.

"The Sioux! The Sioux! A large band is dashing down toward the ranch from the north!" he cried.

A terrible chorus of savage yells proclaimed the truth of the trooper's announcement. The doors of the stockade were quickly closed and secured. The troopers sprang to the loopholes to repel the impending attack. As the redskins from the north came charging upon the ranch, a terrible explosion occurred in the ranch house, and in a few moments the building was wrapped in flames. The fire spread to the walls of the stockade, while the enemy circled about them and discharged heavy volleys of rifle shots at the troopers. The latter made a gallant fight. Every loop-hole was manned, and the volleys of the foe were returned. But suddenly a small, well-concealed door in the stockade was thrown open, and through it dashed the murderous Sioux, like a band of wolves thirsting for blood. At the head of the hostiles was a tall, heavily bearded white man.

"Zadok, the renegade!" cried Jack, as he beheld the ruffian.

"My father's murderer!" screamed Ethel, staring at the wretch with eyes dilating with horror and recognition.

Gen. Custer's young aide and the lone scout whisked Ethel into a corner of the burning stockade, and placed themselves before her, determined to protect her to the last.

"Kill—kill all but the gal, braves! Remember I have marked her as my prize!" yelled Zadok.

And a score of painted demons came charging at the boy prairie courier and the lone scout.

#### CHAPTER IV.—Battle at the Renegade's Ranch.

"Save me from that man, whose hands are red with the blood of my murdered father! Save me from the fate, far worse than death, with which he threatens me!" breathed Ethel fervently, thrillingly.

"We will battle to the last to protect you!" said Yellowstone Jack in answer to Ethel's despairing appeal.

Instantly the repeating weapons in the hands of Yellowstone Jack and the lone scout began to explode. More than one yelling red fiend fell in that charge under the bullets from the rifles of the two brave whites. The charge of the Sioux had been so sudden, their entrance through the hidden door so unexpected, that Ethel Readon, Yellowstone Jack and the Lone Scout were cut off from the heroic followers of Custer. Suddenly the brave prairie lad uttered a sharp cry, and clapping his hands to his head, he reeled back and fell heavily at the feet of the young girl he had sought to save.

The succeeding moment the redskins closed in upon the Lone Scout, who, with rifle empty, stood as a gigantic living barrier between the paymaster's daughter and her deadly foes. Swinging his heavy rifle as a club, the Lone Scout made a fight for life, such as had seldom been witnessed even in that wild land of deadly frays and murderous combats between men of the rival races.

At the same time, like some noble stag, hemmed in by wolves despite the desperate heroism of his resistance, overpowered by numbers, the lone

scout was dragged down. And the enraged Sioux would have slain and scalped the strange border wanderer, against whom they had many an old grudge, but for the interposition of Zadok. As the mysterious foe of the white outlaws and hostile redskins was dragged to the earth, his hunting shirt was torn open at the throat, exposing his broad chest. Zadok was close upon the unknown nomad of the West, and a startled cry burst from the lips of the renegade as he saw upon the breast of the scout a great red scar, where, as if long since burned in the flesh, there appeared the letters "B. Z." The Indians were about to stab the fallen scout to death. A dozen deadly blades were uplifted in dusky, revengeful hands.

"Hold—hold, I command you! That man must be taken alive!" suddenly shouted Zadok, as he hurled his red allies aside.

"It is he—the man I branded with the branding iron used to mark my cattle in Colorado. He must have come to life after he was hurled over the ledge to the bottom of Red Gulch," added the renegade under his breath.

"He is disguised, and it's clear he is still on my trail. Strange I never suspected that the lone scout was my nemesis. Ha! Has he revealed himself to the girl? Does she know who he really is? Ah! I comprehend now. He had more than a casual interest in the fate of Ethel Readon," he continued mentally.

Meantime Ethel had not seen an Indian, who, lasso in hand, was creeping up along the wall of the stockade toward her. But all at once a noose, cast by the red serpent who had crept up unseen, fell over her shoulders. The lasso was drawn tight before she could throw off the coil, and she was dragged down. A moment and the fair young girl whom Yellowstone Jack and the lone scout had battled desperately to save was bound a captive, at the mercy of Zadok, the white renegade.

And the few bluecoats who had survived the conflict at the ranch were fleeing for their lives from the burning stockade, closely pursued by the yelling and exultant hostiles. The fugitives took the course in which Custer and the main force of the troops had been drawn off by Sitting Bull. The lone scout was bound, hands behind his back, at the order of Zadok. Then a discovery was made which enraged the renegade and his allies. One of the Sioux who had meant to take the scalp of Yellowstone Jack, which his brother warrior had failed to secure, cried out:

"White boy gone! Wah! He no dead!"

It was so. In the confusion attending the capture of Ethel and the lone scout General Custer's boy aide had escaped.

#### CHAPTER V.—The Return of Gen. Custer.

Barnabas Zadok and the redskins who had been directly concerned in the capture of Ethel Readon and the lone scout hurried away with their prisoners in the direction whence they had come. In a few moments the burning ranch was seemingly deserted by the living, and beyond the area illuminated by the conflagration the night was

closing down. Presently the head and shoulders of a human figure appeared above the level of the low curb of an old well at the side of the yard furthest from the ranch-house. A pair of bright young eyes cast searching glances hither and yon in all directions until their owner had assured himself there were no redskins in sight. Then Yellowstone Jack, for he it was, drew his lithe and active form fully up out of the well and leaped lightly over the curb.

The lad had observed Barnabas Zadok when the latter saw the brand upon the breast of the lone scout. But although the boy had not obtained a view of the cruel mark with which the renegade admitted he had branded the scout for life, Jack saw enough to assure him that Barnabas Zadok must have made some discovery which caused him to spare the life of the mysterious border man. Yellowstone Jack marked the direction taken by the captors of the white girl and her defender. He could still hear the yells of the division of the Sioux who had gone in hot pursuit of the fleeing soldiers. Creeping along among the dead whose bodies were strewn about the ranch yard, the lad secured his rifle, which he had dropped when he fell. Hastily he reloaded the weapon, and then he crept toward a cattle-pen at a short distance from the stockade.

The lad had scarcely reached the shelter of the log building when the detonation of firearms in crashing and tremendous volleys resounded from the timber into which the Sioux in pursuit of the survivors of the fight at the ranch had followed the latter. And while Jack looked anxiously in the direction indicated he saw the redskins burst out of the timber, running their ponies at full speed and evidently in retreat. After them came the troopers. And Jack understood, as he saw Gen. Custer and Curley, the Crow scout, it must be the fugitive troopers had met the main force returning from the pursuit of Sitting Bull just in time.

Yellowstone Jack issued forth from the cattle-pen at once and hastened to meet the bluecoats. The Sioux had captured his fine black horse—one of Zadok's band who escorted the captives had ridden the lad's steed away. Gen. Custer and the friendly Indian scouts drew rein as they discovered Jack, almost as he emerged from the cattle-pen. The lad quickly ran up to them, and in a few words he reported the capture of Ethel Readon and the lone scout. Pursuit was continued, and Jack was given the horse of one of the slain troopers. Jack rode at Gen. Custer's side, and the officer presently said:

"I think now the appearance of Sitting Bull was only a ruse to draw off the main force of my men from the ranch. The old rascal gave us a running fight in the woods and then disappeared in the hills to the west."

Jack assented. And then he said:

"Miss Readon recognized the renegade."

"As her father's murderer?" asked the general quickly.

"Yes; she cried out as soon as she saw the rascal, 'My father's murderer!'"

"Well, now that I am sure that Barnabas Zadok is the assassin, no effort shall be spared to capture him," replied the general.

"No say better turn back now to ranch. Sioux think no more follow um now if do that. When

night get darker Curley and band go after Sioux," said the Crow scout.

The wisdom of the advice was so clear to him that Gen. Custer immediately acted upon it. As the entire force rode back to the burned ranch of the renegade, the general said to Jack:

"I am ready to take myself to task for bringing Ethel to this dangerous region, even though it was that her father's assassin might be identified that I consented to do so. Poor girl, she is an orphan with no friends or relatives, so far as she knows; though her uncle, with whom she was a great favorite, may after all be living, though he has been mourned as dead."

"Indeed, what were the circumstances which make a doubt of the fate of Ethel Readon's uncle possible?" asked Jack with interest.

"He disappeared under a cloud. He was accused of a great crime—the murder of a rival—a year subsequently news came that Jasper Readon—that was his name—had been lynched for cattle stealing in Colorado; but there was no positive proof of the truth of this report. Ethel has assured me she and her father have always believed Jasper Readon was entirely innocent of the murder which was fixed upon him," replied the general.

## CHAPTER VI.—In the Camp of Sitting Bull.

When the ranch, which was well-nigh consumed, was reached, the weary troopers picketed their horses and sentinels were thrown out. The camp was quickly made, and upon the embers of the renegade's home the soldiers prepared the frugal meal. Meantime Curley chose three men from among his Indian scouts and led them aside to where Yellowstone Jack sat alone, toasting his hardtack over the red coals.

"Um! Curley an' these three braves go with white boy after renegade," said the Crow scout.

"Then there will only be five of us on the dangerous trail!" exclaimed Jack. "Well, so much the better. The fewer there are of us, the more easily we can conceal our movements."

"Now strip bodies of dead Sioux. Get five war dress," continued Curley.

"What are you getting at? You don't mean——"

"Wah! Curley mean to make disguise as Sioux of all our party."

The Indian scouts and Jack were ready for the dangerous trail they had resolved to take very soon after that. Each one was dressed in the garb of a dead Sioux, and all were skilfully painted in the hideous manner of the hostiles when on the war trail. Mounted upon unshod ponies belonging to the friendly scouts, the devoted little band, carrying with them the best wishes of Gen. Custer and all the troopers, rode silently out of the camp under cover of the darkness.

For some hours the five scouts in the service of Gen. Custer had been silently but swiftly following the trail of the hostiles when all at once Curley and Yellowstone Jack, who rode side by side at the head of the party, drew rein. Instantly the three disguised "friendlies" in their rear pulled up. A tall human figure had suddenly ap-

peared upon the trail, directly in advance of the leaders of the rescue band. The feathered head-dress proclaimed the apparition of a Sioux. He was evidently a scout thrown back upon the trail by Zadok to guard against a surprise from that direction.

"Wah! Who comes?" cried the rear guard sentinel in the Sioux tongue.

"Brother of the league of the great war-chief of the Sioux—Sitting Bull. We come from the band of Cutnose," said Curley, in the deep and guttural tones of a Sioux, and speaking the language of that tribe perfectly.

And when the Sioux had asked if the newcomers had seen any white soldiers on the trail, and received the assurance that they had not, he volunteered to go on with the disguised band. They proceeded at once. And two hours subsequently they came up with Zadok's party. The latter had made one short halt only since they left the burned ranch. Much to the satisfaction of the rescuers they were accepted by all the Sioux of the renegade band for what they pretended to be. The march was continued. Just at dawn Zadok drew rein on a wooded hill. All the band halted.

"We are almost there. Yonder is the great camp of Sitting Bull," said Zadok, pointing.

Jack and the disguised friendly scouts looked down in astonishment at a great Indian camp hidden in the hills. They were surprised, because they had never even suspected that Sitting Bull had assembled such a tremendous force. They saw there were thousands and thousands of red warriors in the camp.

"God help Custer if he is ambushed by that mighty Indian army!" muttered Jack.

The Sioux led the way down into the great camp. The renegade and his band were warmly greeted. Sitting Bull was there. He had ridden rapidly, by a direct route, when he fled from Custer. The disguised scouts were fairly in the hostile camp when, as they rode along between a long line of teepees, a hideous old hag suddenly rushed out of one of the wigwams.

"Wahnatach, my Indian foster-mother," said Jack to Curley, in a whisper. The next moment the medicine woman seized the lad's bridle rein, as she screamed in the Sioux tongue:

"I know you. You make believe Sioux. Ho! Sitting Bull! Here is the runaway white boy who fled to betray your plans to the Yellow-Haired chief!"

## CHAPTER VII.—Jack a Captive.

The boy courier instantly recognized the old Sioux hag who seized his bridle rein. She was Wahnatach, the medicine woman, and the lad's foster-mother. Jack's bright eyes flashed around in every direction. He was seeking for some avenue of escape, but the outlook appeared entirely hopeless. The boy saw the warriors closing in around him closer and closer. For one brief moment he thought of resorting to a desperate dash to escape. But a second thought convinced him of the utter folly of such an attempt.

He beheld Sitting Bull himself making his way toward him from the great painted wigwam

where he dwelt. Then the idea of a ruse, which might serve, he thought, to at least delay his fate, flashed upon his mind. He cried out at once:

"Ho, Wahnatach! You're wrong. I did not run away to join Custer as a real friend."

"The boy speaks with a crooked tongue. His blood is all white. He has forgotten that he has slept in the wigwams of the red men, and eaten at their campfires when he was too young to take the warpath. But now all his white blood cries out against the Sioux. Wahnatach is a great medicine woman. She reads the white boy warrior. He is a traitor."

The medicine woman addressed her words to Sitting Bull as he pushed his way through the circle of painted warriors about the boy aide of Gen. Custer.

"Ugh! It must be true, for the braves who were in the fight at the ranch of the fire-water chief saw the white boy with the pale-faces there, and then he wore not the dress of the Sioux, and he fought against them," said the great Indian chief sternly.

"That's true, chief. But let me explain. Where is Howlolah, the man who runs in the night?"

Yellowstone Jack had seen the war chief whom he named fall in the fight at the ranch of Barnabas Zadok, where Ethel Readon and the mysterious lone scout had been captured.

"What would the white boy say of Howlolah?"

"Ask him if Yellowstone Jack was not sent by him to the horse soldiers. Ask the man who runs in the night this, and he will say he sent me to act as a spy in Custer's camp."

"If the white boy has spoken with a straight tongue, let him tell the chief why he fought against the red men at the ranch of Zadok, the fire-water chief. That was not the act of a friend—it was the evidence of enmity," replied the astute and crafty Indian chief.

"Ha! The great Sitting Bull does not see far. Has something made the chief blind to the fact that the white boy was in the power of Custer's men? They would have slain him if they suspected he was a spy, and that suspicion must have come to them if he had not fought. He made a show of fighting his red friends to save himself."

From the faces of the red warriors all about him, as well as from the expression upon the countenance of Sitting Bull, Jack read the most welcome intelligence that his clever and unexpected defense had made some impression in his favor. Sitting Bull, looking somewhat perplexed, said:

"Let the white boy be conducted to the prison lodge and there be closely guarded until we learn more."

Just then Zadok, the renegade, with a dozen redskins, pressed forward with the lone scout and Ethel Readon.

"Chief, we have here two prisoners. The gal belongs to me. But the old foe of the Sioux—the lone scout—I give to Sitting Bull. Many a brave of your tribe has fallen under the bullets of the lone white slayer, and I know that the red men thirst for vengeance upon him."

A chorus of fierce yells greeted this speech. The red fiends crowded about the lone scout. They brandished their weapons threateningly, and no

doubt the mysterious man of the plains would have met death at the hands of his red enemies, whose will was the law of his hostile tribe.

"Hold!" he cried, stripping off the scarlet blanket which he wore drooping from his broad shoulder. "It is not fitting that the dread white hunter, who has brought grief and wailing to many a Sioux lodge in days gone by, should die any easy death."

With those words he cast the red blanket over the head of the mysterious scout, who had fought at the side of Yellowstone Jack, and so heroically sought to save Ethel Readon. And the white boy scout shuddered from head to foot, for he knew the casting of the chief's blanket over the head of the prisoner meant that he was reserved for the torture stake. Sitting Bull and Barnabas Zadok, the white renegade, exchanged some words in an undertone, and then the lone scout and Ethel Readon were separated and led away to different lodges. And Yellowstone Jack knew they would be watched by a vigilant guard. Jack was led to the prison lodge. And having bound his hands behind his back to the center pole of the lodge, his Indian jailers left him.

"Well, this is hard luck, and I'm afraid the future will be even worse for me. But the Sioux don't seem to suspect anything wrong with Curley and his three friendlies, and as long as they are in Sitting Bull's camp free from suspicion, I will not despair."

In this wise Jack reflected. He knew that Curley would risk his life to accomplish his rescue. And he thought it most fortunate that Cutnose and his band were not then in the camp. Cutnose's band was recruited from the southern Sioux, and Sitting Bull and the main force of the hostiles were northern Indians.

It was but natural that all the members of the former band, who had but recently come north, should not be personally known to the Sioux chief and his immediate followers. As Yellowstone Jack was led away to the prison lodge he caught the swift glance of Curley. Something in the dark, keenly flashing orbs of the cunning chief of Gen. Custer's friendly Indian scouts caused the boy to feel that his red friend meant to convey to him a silent token of encouragement.

The youthful scout did not count upon deliverance through the efforts of Gen. Custer. On the contrary, he believed the general could not help him, and that he could not find the hostile camp until the great ambush which Sitting Bull was arranging for him was complete. There was an awful fear for the safety of Gen. Custer and his devoted little army in the heart of the great officer's youngest aide.

## CHAPTER VIII.—A Mysterious Escape.

Ethel Readon was a brave Western girl. But great as was her courage it gave way before the assault of untoward circumstances which had consigned her to the power of Barnabas Zadok, the white renegade.

The horror of her situation was materially intensified by the knowledge of the fact that the arch-villain who had led her into captivity among

the bloodthirsty Sioux was the assassin of her own father. She scarcely dared reflect upon what might be in store for her. But on the way to the great hidden encampment of Sitting Bull and his vast army of hostiles the fair captive had overheard Barnabas Zadok in conversation with one of the Sioux warriors. And from the talk of the renegade and the redskin the young girl had gleaned that Barnabas Zadok meant to compel her to become his wife. She preferred death to such a fate. She could conceive of nothing more abhorrent than an enforced union with the red-handed slayer of her beloved father. Alone in the lodge to which she was conducted, poor Ethel crouched upon the buffalo-robe covered earth and prayed for deliverance.

And, meanwhile, the mysterious lone scout, bound as Jack was in the lodge which had become his prison place, seemed to contemplate his fate grimly. Anon his lips moved. But the words which passed them were mere mutterings. One must have come very close to the strange wanderer of the wild Northwest to have caught his utterances, which were as follows:

"Red Fawn heard all, and the beautiful Indian maid saw Sitting Bull throw the red blanket over my head. The daughter of the Sioux has a true heart. Since the day I saved her life in the flood of the Yellowstone I have secretly met her many times. It has been against my will though. But the red maid has persisted in seeking me. She is the daughter of Sitting Bull, the great Sioux chief, and his favorite, but at our last meeting—which she brought about without my intending to see her again—she told me she would leave her father's wigwam and follow me to the end of the earth if I would only let her.

"Will the red maid's love now prove strong enough to cause her to brave discovery and the terrible anger of her father and all her tribe to aid me?"

The lone scout did not answer the question of such vital importance which he put to himself. But anon he added:

"Poor Ethel! Heaven protect her, since I am powerless to do so.

"Does she suspect who I am? I think not. But I dare not reveal the truth yet. A mystery must be cleared up, a confession must be forced from the lips of the miscreant, Barnabas Zadok, before I can do so."

The hours wore on. Meanwhile Curley, the Crow scout, was in a fever of impatience and anxiety. He dreaded the coming of Cutnose and his men. He knew the bloodthirsty chief, who had long ago vowed to take the life of Custer, might arrive at Sitting Bull's camp at any time. And, of course, Cutnose would repudiate his claim that he and his three comrades had belonged to the war party of the latter. Curley and the three disguised friendlies had a dangerous part to play in the hostile camp. But they managed to hold a consultation among themselves, undetected or unnoticed.

"When night comes the attempt must be made to get the white boy off and also the white squaw. Under cover of the darkness we must outwit those Sioux dogs," said Curley.

More conversation ensued. And Curley fully developed a daring project, which he had formed

looking to the accomplishment of the proposed rescue. Ominous preparations were at this time going forward in the great hostile encampment. A green tree of small size had been cut down and a stake was made from it, which was set up at the western edge of the camp near the wigwam or lodge of Sitting Bull.

Wahnatach, the hideous old medicine woman of the tribe, painted the stake black. A number of the warriors employed themselves in gathering dry fuel, until a great heap of it had been collected and heaped up near the torture stake. The old medicine woman then announced that everything was in readiness for the torture. But there was some delay. Sitting Bull hoped that Cut-nose and his band would come in time to witness the burning of the lone scout at the stake. As night was coming on once more the warriors became more and more impatient. And they clamored for the prisoner whom Sitting Bull had himself doomed to the stake. Finally the great chief said:

"Let the paleface be brought forth!"

And he led the way to the lodge in which the mysterious white captive had been placed. One of them drew aside the flap of deerskin at the entrance of the lodge and looked in. Then a wild, startled cry escaped his lips. The others sprang with him into the lodge, and all saw it was empty. And a great rent in the deerskin at the back of the lodge told how the scout had made his exit. Sitting Bull picked up the thongs with which the white prisoner had been bound and announced that they had been severed by a keen-edged knife.

"There is a traitor among the Sioux! Ha! Let me find him out and he shall take the place of the pale-faced hunter at the torture stake!" grunted the enraged chieftain.

"To the trail!" he added.

Already his braves had bounded through the great rent in the rear of the lodge.

Perhaps an hour had passed after the discovery of the escape of the lone scout when the braves who had taken his trail returned to the encampment. And they reported they had lost the trail of the white fugitive at a water course. Great was the disappointment of Sitting Bull. But one of the returned trail-hunters took the Sioux chief aside and whispered some communication which seemed to surprise the latter. Sitting Bull gave the warrior some instructions. Then he glided away, and with an expression of demoniac fury upon his painted face the chief shouted:

"March Yellowstone Jack out of the prison lodge!"

## CHAPTER IX.—Yellowstone Jack at the Stake.

"Hi! What is coming now? What message did the Sioux trail-followers bring Sitting Bull that caused the chief to order the boy brought forth?" muttered Curley to himself.

He had been watching Sitting Bull closely when the trail-hunter returned and made his whispered communication to the chief. A moment later the guards at the prison lodge led Curley and his three followers drew near-

er the chief. Jack glanced apprehensively at the face of Sitting Bull, and he felt a thrill of horror, as he saw the fiendish expression upon the painted face of the merciless Sioux.

"Warriors," said Sitting Bull, "the pale-faced boy is a serpent. Let him die at the stake!"

The Sioux waved his hand. Old Wahnatach uttered a howl of delight. The warriors who held Jack then dragged him to the painted stake. And he was bound hand and foot. Pale as death, the doomed lad faced the howling red demons, who began to circle around him in the wild scalp dance, brandishing their weapons and seeking in every way to add to his terror and intimidate him to the utmost. Old Wahnatach, whose vindictive hatred of the boy prompted her, gathered herself up and running forward snatched a blazing fire-brand from the hand of a warrior who was about to apply it to the fuel which others had quickly heaped about the lad, and herself ignited the torture fire.

Yellowstone Jack saw the red flames leaping up all about him, and he closed his eyes to shut out the terrible sight. His teeth were set and he was resolved to perish heroically. The Crow scout ground his teeth and clinched his sinewy bronzed hands in impotent fury while he mentally vowed vengeance.

Hearing the wild uproar from about the torture fire, Ethel Readon crept to a hole in the deerskin of which the lodge she occupied was composed. Looking through the small opening which was in the side of the lodge toward the stake, the young girl witnessed the frightful drama of savage vengeance which was being enacted there. But while she stood enthralled by the horror of it all, though she did not wish to look longer, she saw a mounted Sioux come dashing into camp at full speed. The red rider waved something in his hand.

And she heard him utter a shout in the Sioux language which she did not understand. But she noted that Sitting Bull, with a startled cry, bounded away from the circle of red dancers, and rushed toward the approaching horseman. The latter halted. And he placed the object which he carried in the hand of Sitting Bull. At the same time he seemed to speak exultingly. Almost at the same moment Ethel caught the sound of a stealthy footstep in the lodge. She turned quickly. A low, alarmed exclamation escaped her lips, and she shrank away. She beheld a tall Indian in full war paint and feathers standing just inside the door of the lodge.

The intruder seemed about to speak when a second Indian leaped through the door. He opened his lips as if to utter a yell, when the first newcomer hurled himself upon him and caught him by the throat. The next moment the two men were engaged in a deadly struggle, and he who had entered first uttered in low tones:

"Fear not; I am the lone scout in disguise."

## CHAPTER X.—How the Lone Scout Escaped.

Ethel Readon recognized the tones of the strange man of mystery who was known throughout all the Northwest as the Lone Scout. But

the mystery of his own escape and how he came to reappear so soon in the camp of Sitting Bull must be explained, as those incidents have a direct bearing upon thrilling events yet to come.

While but two of the hostiles were acting as sentinels before the prison-lodge in which the lone scout had been confined, a slender, graceful, red-skinned girl, whose face was really a bright and pretty one, stole out of the great lodge of the Sioux chief, Sitting Bull.

"Where would the Red Fawn, the princess of the Sioux, go?" asked an old and withered squaw who was seated at the door.

"To the stream, to the water-course to gather the sweet grass that grows beside it to weave a basket," replied Red Fawn, but her great black eyes did not meet the orbs of the old squaw.

And under her beaded and fancifully embroidered tunic the heart of the red girl was beating fast. She felt the keen-edged scalping knife she had secreted in her bosom, and a daring, love-inspired determination which she had formed became more intense in her heart. The old squaw said no more. And the Sioux princess went swiftly away toward the water-course which ran near the prison-lodge in which the mysterious white hunter was a bound prisoner, awaiting a terrible death at the torture stake. Red Fawn's eyes were fixed upon the prison-lodge.

"He is there, the great white brave, whose strong arm saved Red Fawn and brought her in safety out of the roaring, rushing flood, when but for him she would have perished."

Her lips parted. Her face was all alight with the glow of love.

"He shall not die! He who saved Red Fawn at the peril of his own life shall not perish at the stake. Red Fawn dare not plead for his life—she must save him secretly by her own unaided efforts—and she will!"

She reached the water-course. There she remained for a few moments plucking the long, sweet grass, which the Sioux use in making their fancifully colored baskets. Meanwhile she glanced hither and yon in every direction, seeking to make sure that no one was observing her movements.

Satisfied finally that she was not watched, she crept stealthily away through the long grass. And she shaped her course directly toward the rear of the prison-lodge, which contained the white man to whom she had given her heart unsought. At last she reached the rear wall of the lodge. Almost breathless with excitement now that the supreme moment, which might decide the fate of the Lone Scout and her own, for Sitting Bull in anger would not spare his own flesh and blood, she crouched close to the rear wall of the lodge for a moment.

Then she drew forth the keen-edged scalping knife from her bosom, and without noise cut an opening in the skin of dried and seasoned deer-skin. The faint sound reached the hearing of the white prisoner, whose senses had become as acute as those of the red men. He started. And he turned quickly in the direction from which the faint sound of the severed deerskin emanated. Then he saw the glittering blade of a knife as it made its way through the lodge wall, until the opening was large enough to admit of the passage through it of a human form. Instantly

Red Fawn lifted the irregular flap she had cut and crept into the lodge, with one little bronzed hand clasped upon her lips, as a sign to enjoin silence.

The Lone Scout saw and recognized the Sioux princess, the daughter of the great Sitting Bull. The hope that had come to him, that the Indian maiden would not let him perish without an attempt to save him, was realized. Red Fawn reached the lone scout. And as she cut the thongs of deerskin with which the Sioux captors had so securely bound him, she breathed in his ear:

"Crawl away, through the long grass, as silent and as swiftly as the serpent. Go, and may the great Manitou—the God of the red man and the white—guide your footsteps so that you may meet no foe."

"Red Fawn," he said, taking both her little trembling hands in his, "I go, and if I escape with my life I shall know it is Red Fawn who gave it to me. Maiden, I thank thee with all my heart."

He was about to go. But she threw her arms about his neck detainingly, as she said:

"And you will love me after this?"

Gently he put her away from him, and a troubled look came upon his countenance.

"If we meet again we will talk more. Now good-by, my brave girl. Good-by, and may the Manitou watch over you."

After going some distance from the Indian camp he heard the soft tread of moccasined feet in the forest, where he had halted. The sounds drew nearer. The approaching red man was coming from the direction of the renegade's deserted ranch and Custer's camp. The lone scout glided behind a great tree as silently as a shadow. The Sioux came on. The concealed white man presently saw the feathers of his war bonnet above the bushes. It seemed the Sioux would pass close by the great tree whose trunk afforded the lone scout concealment. And so he did.

Red Fawn had given the lone scout her knife when they parted. The white man drew the long, keen blade, and making a sudden leap, buried it to the hilt between the shoulders in the back of the Sioux. The blade must have pierced his heart, for he fell dead. Hastily the Lone Scout disguised himself in the war dress of the dead savage, and painted and stained his face with materials he found on the Sioux. Then he retraced his way to the camp of Sitting Bull, and entered it unquestioned.

It was an easy matter for the Lone Scout, disguised as an Indian, to enter Sitting Bull's camp. It seem as if the occupants of the camp were in attendance at the ceremonies being enacted at the torture stake. Therefore, it was also comparatively easy for the mysterious scout to enter the teepee occupied by the white female captive and attempt her rescue. Such attempt came near being a failure on account of his discovery by a warrior, as given in a preceding chapter.

However, the Lone Scout soon silenced his adversary and led the white girl through the back of the teepee and to safety.

Meanwhile the escape of the Lone Scout and the white girl had been discovered and a great hullabaloo ensued. Yellowstone Jack was taken

from the torture stake and returned to Sitting Bull's teepee. In the midst of the excitement Curley and his companions quietly stole away from the Indian camp. They had not gone far before they ran into a party of redskins sent by Sitting Bull to intercept the Lone Scout and Ethel and a battle royal ensued, in which the odds were so greatly against the scouts that they were forced to flee for their lives.

Before the Lone Scout and Ethel left the Indian camp the former succeeded in securing a couple of ponies, and mounted on these were making their way to a cave which the Mysterious Scout knew of. They reached it after a long ride. The cave was entered from behind a waterfall.

The scout bade Ethel take a rest while he went on a little scout around to see how matters stood. He was gone some time, and Ethel began to fear something had happened when she heard a faint footfall. Gladly she thought, "The Lone Scout is returning." But the next moment with terror she saw a hideous redskin peering at her from the mouth of the cave.

#### CHAPTER XI.—Hemmed In.

Curley knew the Indians would pursue his party until Custer's camp was too near to make it safe for them to follow further. Suddenly a shot from a long-range rifle struck one of the ponies ridden by one of the friendlies. The animal fell with a broken leg. A comrade took the dismounted man up behind him. And the race continued, but again the long-range rifle in the hands of an expert Sioux marksman spoke. Another pony fell. As before the rider of the unfortunate steed was taken up behind a comrade. Curley took the last dismounted scout on his own steed.

But now there were but two ponies to carry the four escaped scouts. It began to look black indeed for the latter. The doubly laden ponies could not long keep ahead of the pursuers. They soon began to gain rapidly.

"This will never do! In ten minutes the Sioux will be upon us!" said Curley.

"Wah! Let me down and ride on!" said the scout whom Curley had taken up.

"And you, too, brother, do you do the same. It is better that two should escape than all should be taken," bravely said the warrior who rode with the other mounted scout.

"Never! Curley, the Crow, is a great brave. He will never desert a brother," cried the chief of scouts.

"Wah! So Red Rifle say," asserted the other Indian who had been appealed to.

"What can we do then?" asked one of the warriors who had lost his mount.

"We must dismount, plunge into the hills and try to throw the Sioux off the trail," cried Curley.

"And failing in that?" asked Red Rifle.

"We must choose a position and fight to the death!"

"To the death!"

"While we have a shot left."

The determination thus voiced was carried out so far as the abandoning of the two now well-nigh exhausted ponies went. Leaping from the two ponies which had carried double, Curley and

his three comrades dashed into the hills at the foot of which they had just been riding. The sides of the hills were covered with stunted timber, and among them rocks and boulders were plentifully strewn.

The Sioux seemed to understand the intention of the friendly scouts at once. They dismounted when they came up with the abandoned ponies of the Custer scouts. Leaving several braves in charge of their mounts, the Sioux scattered and began beating the cover along the hillsides where the disguised scouts had disappeared. The latter were discovered in a short time. They had gained the top of a round hill. There they noted that the situation was one possessed of many natural advantages for defense.

The top of the hill was a plateau, nearly level, and all around were rocks and boulders like a natural breastwork. For some distance on all sides the hill was barren of vegetation toward its base. And there were very few rocks or boulders which could serve to shield an advancing enemy.

"Here we must make a stand. Wah! It shall be a good fight, if we lose our scalps! We cannot retreat much farther without deserting the hills, when we should soon be run down and captured," said Curley.

"Wah! Chief say true," assented Red Rifle.

"And Curley has not forgotten that he carries some of the yellow-haired chief's signal rockets," continued the Crow scout.

"But the chief cannot use them now."

"No, not to any good purpose. Not until darkness comes."

"And then?"

"Oh, if we can hold the hilltop until then, we can send up the rockets."

"And they will be seen at Custer's camp?"

"Yes, and he will send us help."

"We must hold the hilltop."

"Wah! While we have a round of ammunition left."

In a moment the four brave Indian scouts took advantageous positions on the hilltop. Each one leveled his rifle over the natural barricade of rocks which encircled the party. On came the Sioux. Soon a couple of warriors appeared on the open hillside, and at the same instant the repeating rifles in the hands of Curley and one of his comrades cracked. The foremost Sioux leaped into the air, uttering a terrible yell, and then went crashing down, shot through the heart. The other was shot through the arm. Dropping his rifle, he staggered back, and disappeared in a clump of bushes. The other Sioux halted. The fate of their leader had taught them caution.

But creeping stealthily around in the cover below the barren space which extended for two or three hundred yards toward the hill top, the Sioux soon completely surrounded the summit. Now and then an Indian could be seen at the edge of the timber. The Crow scout and his friends were alert and fully aware of the movements of the enemy.

"We are besieged. Wah! The Sioux mean to keep us here until we have no ammunition, if they can't get at us sooner," said Curley.

It was the truth. The Sioux kept firing occasionally at the hilltop for some time. Then at

a given signal from Cutnose the Sioux charged from all sides at once. The besieged scouts worked the triggers of their repeating Winchester-like lightning. A rain of leaden bullets descended upon the charging hostiles. They were repulsed. And they carried the dead and wounded away with them. After that only an occasional shot was fired by the Sioux for some time. But at length one of the hostiles leaped upon a rock, and waving a white rag at the muzzle of his gun, shouted for a "talk."

"What do you want?" demanded Curley in the Sioux language.

"The renegade Indians must surrender! They cannot escape!" was the reply.

"When we surrender you are welcome to our scalps, dog of a Sioux! Bah! The Sioux are old women. We have outwitted you once—we will do so again!" shouted Curley, tauntingly. The spokesman of the hostiles' only rejoinder was a threatening yell.

Then he leaped down from the rock and disappeared. After that the hours passed until nightfall, and only an occasional shot was exchanged between the besieged and their foes. But meanwhile, leaving them, we must return to Yellowstone Jack, Gen Custer's youngest aide. The young lad was of course much rejoiced at his respite, and he meant to improve the slightest chance for escape which the chapter of incidents yet to come might possibly present for him. Just at nightfall old Wahnatach entered the lodge in which Jack was confined. The lad was no longer bound. He looked at the old Sioux medicine woman, and the idea of a daring stratagem flashed upon his mind.

"Wah! White boy be burned at stake yet. Now Wahnatach make him howl. Now she'll beat him so he'll never run away again," hissed the old Indian fury, and she raised a heavy knotted bludgeon to strike the boy, when, with the leap of a tiger, he bounded upon the fierce hag and caught her by the throat.

## CHAPTER XII.—Gen. Custer's Camp.

Meantime Gen. Custer, in camp at the burned ranch of Zadok, the renegade, impatiently awaited the return of Curley, the chief of Indian scouts, and Yellowstone Jack. The gallant officer was troubled by many doubts and misgivings. He dreaded lest his invaluable friendlies and the boy aide might fall into the hands of the hostiles. And he was most anxious on account of Ethel Readon, the daughter of the murdered paymaster. If she was not rescued he felt he could never forgive himself for having allowed her to accompany the expedition. And yet her presence he had deemed essential, as she alone could positively recognize the murderer of her father of the suspect—Zadok.

Custer was harassed, too, by doubts as to the plans of Sitting Bull. He knew he had the most wily Indian leader in all the Wild West to contend with. But, despite the assurance of the boy prairie courier that the great Sioux was massing a tremendous force against him, Custer did not imagine anything like the truth. And nine out of ten officers of the frontier army would have

deemed it impossible that Sitting Bull could concentrate such a force as he had assembled. The army records and the reports of the Indian agents all go to show that the strength of the hostiles was vastly underrated from the beginning.

Gen. Custer's anxiety grew apace as the hours went by, and still the friendly scouts and Yellowstone Jack did not return. He paced restlessly up and down before his tent for a long time. And he sent out scouts to give warning of the approach of the friendlies, or the coming of the treacherous enemy. It was to these scouts he was indebted for the capture of Sitting Bull's son.

Young Long Knife and a few Sioux scouts were surprised by Custer's scouts at a distance of but a few miles north of the troopers' camp. A short, sharp fight ensued. And the only captive taken was the great chief's son. All his comrades escaped, and Long Knife would have been equally fortunate but for the fact that his pony was shot under him when in full retreat. Then he was overtaken by the white scouts. It was one of Long Knife's comrades who brought the intelligence of the capture of his son to Sitting Bull. The young redskin was brought before Gen. Custer. There he stood, silent and sullen, but erect and defiant, among his captors. He would not shame the reputation of his sire, and though he was then on his first war-path, he comforted himself, as behooved one upon whose shoulders the mantle of the great Sitting Bull might one day fall.

Custer questioned the young Sioux. At first he would make no answer. But finally he said with fierce dignity in the Sioux tongue, which an interpreter duly translated:

"Long Knife is a great brave; he will tell the palefaces nothing save that soon their scalps shall hang at the belts of Sitting Bull's warriors."

And nothing more could be elicited by persuasion or threats. An old scout cried out:

"Give the pizen varmint a taste of Injun treatment. Put him to the stake and let him feel the flames, and it will loosen his tongue."

But Gen. Custer rebuked the old scout, saying: "We are not savages. Away with the young Indian; after all, he is acting with savage chivalry."

So Long Knife was hurried to the guard tent. And sentinels closely guarded him after that. The next day not an Indian was seen, but the camp was alert and watchful. We know that Sitting Bull was lying low. Custer had not yet entered the hills, and on the open prairie the Indians do not fight well. Even with his great force Sitting Bull would not risk a conflict on the plains. No. He would curb his impatience until he had lured the yellow-haired chief of the whites into the chosen fighting grounds of the Sioux.

When night drew on again, and there was no news from the daring band who had gone forth to attempt the rescue of the white maiden and gain information about the enemy, Custer was inclined to give them up for lost. His men were eager to advance. The younger officers frequent urged their commander to give the order to march. They had so frequently been successful in their raids against the Sioux that they had

acquired a certain degree of contempt for their red foes. Brave Tom Custer, the general's brother, who was with the expedition, was one of the most urgent for an advance against the enemy.

"We shall defeat them easily enough. Holding off only encourages them, and gives them time to strengthen their forces," he said.

But Custer would not advance. He had the plan of campaign for conquering Sitting Bull in mind, as it had previously been mapped out, and it seemed pretty certain of success at the outset. When he left Fort Lincoln it was understood that Generals Crook and Gibbons with their commands were to operate with them. It was supposed Sitting Bull could at the utmost assemble but about eight hundred warriors, and Custer, Crook and Gibbons were all to come at the Sioux at the same time. Generals Crook and Gibbons were to unite with Custer on the Yellowstone. But to that point they were to take separate routes to guard against the escape of the Sioux southward if they sought to retreat. But the delay in getting a start caused the expedition to be begun too late in the year to surprise the Indians. The general belief of the leaders of the expedition was that Sitting Bull was to be found on the Yellowstone, between the Big Horn and Powder rivers.

The Missouri river describes nearly a quarter circle all around this region, at a distance of some three hundred miles. All the time the expedition was getting away from the forts the force of Sitting Bull was being augmented from all the great Indian agencies in the territory bounded by the Missouri. At the last moment Gen. Custer had received orders to scout for Sitting Bull on his own account, and if Generals Crook and Gibbons had not joined him when the enemy was found, to fight if his force was sufficient. Custer meant to obey orders, but what Yellowstone Jack, the boy prairie aide, had told him made him hesitate about charging Sitting Bull.

He did not know that three days later Crook had been attacked and driven back by three thousand of Sitting Bull's warriors. Crook was advancing from Fort Laramie, so he was first to get into a fight with the Sioux.

The night which witnessed the siege of Curley and his Crow scouts on the barren hilltop, where the Sioux had hemmed them in, came on dark and cloudy. That night, because it was a most favorable one for an Indian attack, Gen. Custer caused a double line of outposts to be placed around the camp at Zadok's ranch.

But the darkness had scarcely fully descended upon the lone wild land of the Sioux when a sentinel at the door of Gen. Custer's tent entered. The general was sitting at a camp table, looking over a map of the Yellowstone country. He looked up quickly when the trooper entered. The latter saluted.

"Well, James, what is it?" asked the general.

"Signals, sir. The sentinels have just discovered rockets going up in the hills in the north-west."

"Is that so? It must be Curley is sending up the rockets. He had some with him when he left!" cried Custer.

Then he rushed out of the tent. At that moment, as he directed eager glances to the northwest, he saw a red ball of fire flash high in the black sky, sputter and fall in a shower of flame. Another rocket went up. And then another.

"The help signal of our rocket code!" cried the general.

Then he shouted to an orderly:

"Take two hundred of the troops and be off to learn the meaning of the signals. If Curley wants help, see that he gets it!"

Five minutes later the band of troopers were galloping away. Would they reach the hill in time to save the friendly scout?

### CHAPTER XIII.—The Lone Scout's Battle.

The unity of events now demands that we shall return to the hidden cave of the lone scout under the waterfall. We left Ethel alone there at a thrilling moment, when awful peril very nearly threatened the noble girl, whom the mysterious man of the plains had so nobly rescued from the camp of Sitting Bull. It was not long after the lone scout left the cave, to make a short scout about it, as narrated, when, hearing footsteps, Ethel became alert, and presently saw a hideously-painted Sioux warrior peering in at her through the mouth of the cave. Revolver in hand, the girl sprang back. But the light of the torch, sticking in a crack in the rocky floor of the cave, had revealed her to the Indian.

"Wah! White squaw found at last! Ugh! Big Bear heap glad see white squaw! Um take her back to Sitting Bull's camp. Get big jug whisky from the white trader, Zadok," uttered the Sioux, gutturally, in broken English.

The redskin advanced. The young girl was frozen with terror. She wanted to scream, but her tongue seemed to cleave to the roof of her mouth, and she could make no utterance. With an exultant grin upon his painted face, the redskin continued to approach. Ethel recoiled, and caught up the torch in one hand. Then she leveled her revolver. The Indian had not previously seen the weapon, for she held it concealed in the folds of her dress. Evidently he had believed her to be unarmed. Quick as thought the imperilled girl pressed the trigger. But the weapon was not discharged. A cartridge had slipped so as to hold the cylinder. The Indian made a forward leap, uttering an exultant cry, for he was sure of his prey then. But just then Ethel flashed the brilliant light of the flaming torch upon the wall at her side.

It was there that the hideous human figures of life-like and gigantic size, carved by some forgotten race of aborigines, stood forth in bold relief like a grotesque phalanx of giants. The Indian saw them. He must have thought he beheld a troop of living men, who were about to spring upon him. He leaped back, wheeled about and darted to the mouth of the cave. Again Ethel tried to discharge her revolver, but again the weapon refused to act. And the young girl thought with a feeling of despair at her heart:

"The Sioux will escape and bring his comrades to the cave. 'We are lost!'"

At this juncture she would have given ten years of her life for the appearance of the lone scout. She found her voice and uttered a loud and thrilling scream. As the utterance escaped her lips the Sioux was about to bound away through the entrance of the hidden cave. But what was that? Oh joy—joy! Ethel clapped her hands as she threw aside the weapon which had proved useless. Just then a human form, which she recognized at a glance, appeared at the mouth of the hidden cave to bar the way of the escaping Sioux. The lone scout had come. His rifle sprang to his shoulder.

But before he could discharge the weapon the Sioux ducked down and ran in on him, while with the other he sought to stab the white man with his hunting knife. The lone scout dropped his rifle. And a desperate hand-to-hand struggle ensued between him and the Indian. Both fell upon the floor of the cave. And they fought like tigers. Ethel watched the conflict for a moment. It seemed to her the lone scout was getting the worst of it.

But suddenly the Indian uttered an awful, half-smothered yell. And the lone scout bounded to his feet with his hunting knife, which was bathed in the life blood of the murderous savage, in his hand. The young girl turned sick and faint. And she sank heavily upon the cave floor before the lone scout could reach her. When she recovered her senses she found the brave man who had so nobly protected her bending over her.

"Fear not. The Sioux is dead!" he said in reassuring tones. Ethel regained her feet and asked anxiously:

"Are there any more Indians near?"

"I have discovered a small war party, to which, no doubt, the Indian I have slain belonged."

"Then we must remain here?"

"Yes. It is our only chance."

"How long must we stay hidden in this cave?"

"It is impossible to tell; but we must not think of venturing forth while there are any of the hostiles in the neighborhood."

Then Ethel told the scout how his weapon had failed, and how terribly the Sioux had been frightened by the figures carved upon the wall of the cave. Ethel's guardian finally prevailed upon her to seek sleep. He spread a buffalo robe on a couch of boughs in the rear end of the main cavern, and Ethel reclined there while he kept watch at the entrance of the cave, mentally resolved that no harm should reach her while he lived. The night wore on. For a long time Ethel could not sleep. But at last exhausted nature succumbed, and her trembling nerves became quiet. Her heavy breathing assured the lone scout she slept.

Leaning upon his long rifle, he remained on the watch. It was about midnight when above the roar of the falls, which concealed the entrance of the cave, he caught a faint sound. At first he was not sure of its cause, but as it came again he knew it was the yell of an Indian. Once or twice more the yell reached him.

"Ha! It is the peculiar signal yell by which the Sioux scouts announce the discovery of a sought-for trail," he muttered.

And he suspected that some white fugitive, seeking to escape the vengeance of the Sioux, had been successfully tracked by the red demon whose

yell he had heard. But the lone scout did not leave the cave, and the long hours which marked the period of his night vigil drew their slow length along until dawn.

Then the lone scout awoke the sleeping girl. They partook of food, and Ethel was rejoiced to learn that there had been no alarm during the night save that of the distant Indian scout. The mysterious man of the plains saw Ethel shudder as she looked upon the hideous form of the dead Indian, and he hastened to put it out of sight. He dragged the body out of the cave and cast it into the foaming whirlpool under the falls. Then he once more went forth on a scout, assuring Ethel he meant soon to return.

#### CHAPTER XIV.—Yellowstone Jack's Stratagem.

When old Wahnatach, the medicine woman of the Sioux, came to beat Yellowstone Jack in the prison lodge at Sitting Bull's camp, it has been stated that the Boy Prairie Courier flew at the vindictive creature and caught her by the throat. The idea of a daring stratagem, which had flashed upon the mind of the youth, came like an inspiration, and his prompt action completely surprised the old medicine woman. She struggled desperately to free herself from the tenacious hold which Yellowstone Jack had fixed upon her throat. But she was unable to free herself. And she could not utter a sound. The boy strangled her. Gradually her struggles grew weaker. And finally she sank insensible upon the earth.

Then the daring boy aide of Gen. Custer crept stealthily to the entrance of the lodge, lifted the flap of deerskin which hung before it and peered forth. The shadows of night had fallen. Darkness was closing down upon the great camp of the hostiles, and already here and there the evening fires had been kindled before the long rows of wigwams. Jack could see the dusky forms of the Sioux warriors and squaws moving hither and yon about the campfires, while the odor of broiled venison filled the air. Near the door of his lodge two warriors stood on guard. But their manner proclaimed they neither knew nor suspected what was taken place in the prison lodge.

While his heart beat fast with excitement, the boy courier crept back to the side of the insensible old medicine woman. Then he set about the preliminary steps looking to the accomplishment of the greatest and most perilous attempt of his life—to outwit the wily Sioux. The lad quickly possessed himself of the strange feathered and beaded head-dress worn by the Sioux hag. And he removed the blanket tunic she wore. He was about the same height as the old medicine woman, and he quickly donned her head-dress and tunic. Then, by means of the stain and paint he found in a pocket of the hag's outer garment, he made up his face like that of the old woman. This done, he took the twisted medicine stick, carved like a serpent, which she always carried when she went abroad.

"Now I am ready," he reflected. "If I can only pass the sentinels around the camp in safety, I think I shall stand a good chance of getting to Custer's camp."

Then, having dragged the still insensible old hag into the darkest corner of the lodge, he bound and gagged her, using thongs he found upon her person. At last he was ready to leave the lodge. With the twisted medicine stick in his hand, he strode boldly forth. The sentinels had, of course, seen the medicine woman when she entered the lodge. And they took the boy for her. The gloom favored him, and the sentinels did not bestow a second glance upon him as he hobbled away. He passed them in safety.

And then he sauntered to the eastern end of the camp, and soon passed the last campfire, unheeded by the Sioux. After that he quickened his pace. And presently he saw the tall figure of an Indian sentinel ahead. The boy went straight toward the sentinel.

"Wah, Wahnatach, where go?" he asked.

"Ugh! The serpent weed grows in the woods. When the medicine woman wants it she seeks it in the moonlight, which will soon be here," answered the boy.

He was so familiar with the tones of the Sioux hag that he could imitate her voice perfectly. The sentinel grunted and allowed the disguised boy to pass on without further questioning. Jack soon left the camp at some distance behind him. Anon the moon and stars began to illuminate the night. Guiding himself by the nocturnal luminaries and walking swiftly, for he had not dared to attempt to recover his horse, he pressed on. Meantime Jack had been gone from the Sioux camp for perhaps an hour when the sentinels at the door of the lodge from which he had escaped heard a strange sound from within it. Then noise was a smothered groan. It was repeated again and again. The sentinels at length strode to the door, and drawing aside the flap, peered within. At first, on account of the darkness, they were unable to discern anything. But the eyes of the Indians are sharp by night as well as by day. At length, becoming accustomed to the gloom, the two sentinels were able to see the form of the medicine woman. In a moment they reached her and dragged her out into the open beyond the door. Then they saw she was bound and gagged, and the realization of the ruse which the daring white boy had employed to dupe them flashed upon their minds instantly. They knew he had passed them in the garb of the medicine woman.

While one of the sentinels removed the gag from between the jaws of the hag and cut the throngs with which Yellowstone Jack had secured her, the other sent up the loud and shrill alarm yell of the tribe. In a few moments all was excitement and confusion about the lodge.

Sitting Bull was alarmed and enraged, because if Yellowstone Jack reached Gen. Custer in safety he would have no prisoner to hold as a hostage for the safety of his son, who had been captured by the troopers as stated. The pursuit of the white lad was immediately undertaken by a score of Sioux warriors. They questioned the sentinels. And from the one whom Jack had spoken with they learned which way the lad had gone. They procured torches. And by the light thus afforded they sought for and found Jack's trail. While they followed it the moon and stars came forth—and then they discarded their torches and went forward on the trail more swiftly than be-

fore. Jack feared pursuit. And he made the best possible speed. He had obtained a good start, and he most feared he might encounter some band of Sitting Bull's numerous parties of scouts coming back to the great camp. Suddenly he paused and listened intently. He caught the roar of a distant waterfall.

"Ah! I am nearing the falls of the white water!" he said, bestowing the Indian name upon a swift hill stream that he had often fished in when he dwelt among the red men.

He knew the falls well. And it was on the route he had chosen to escape from the hills. So he went on toward it. But he had not proceeded far when he heard voices to the right. Instantly he recognized the guttural tones of the Sioux. He knew a scouting party on their way back to Sitting Bull's camp was near. He started forward, and a dry stick broke under his foot with a sharp sound. He ran swiftly after that. But a few moments subsequently a loud yell rang out behind him. He glanced back and saw a dozen dusky forms upon his trail.

## CHAPTER XV.—Saved by a Ruse.

The situation of Curley, the Crow scout, and his brave comrades whom we left on the barren hilltop still remained one of extreme peril. Curley and his followers had a respite from the assault of the Sioux who had hemmed them in as the night drew on. But the wily Crow knew the enemy were closely watching his position. Occasionally a feathered head could be seen when a Sioux appeared at the edge of the fringe of timber below the barren hillside.

"They are only waiting for the darkness," said Curley to one of his men, as the shadows lengthened.

"Wah!" replied the Indian addressed. "The Sioux will creep up when it is dark."

"Yes, and if they reach us before I can bring help by sending up a signal rocket we shall all be slain."

Curley spoke in the Crow tongue, which the other understood.

"We must make everything ready now," he added.

"Against the time when it will be dark enough to see fire a long way?"

"Yes; we must send up the rockets as soon as night has completely fallen."

"Wah!" was the laconic assent.

While the others watched the enemy, and occasionally discharged a shot when a feathered head was seen above the bushes down the hill, Curley and the Indian to whom he had spoken, as above recorded, soon got out the rockets. Then they prepared everything. At last Curley announced that the gloom was sufficiently deep. And he sent up the first signal—the rocket whose mission was to bring deliverance to the devoted little band of friendlies, who were so completely hemmed in by their deadly foes.

Up—up into the black vault of the overcast heavens, above the hilltop, which had proved a fortress for the red heroes, shot the ball of fire. Up—up, glaring, scintillating against the black

background of the sky like a meteor earth-driven into space. Higher and higher soared the fireball, and as it ascended, a chorus of fierce and threatening yells rang out from the Sioux. But answering war-cries, full and defiant, pealed from the lips of Custer's red scouts like a cheer to speed the light of the help beacon on its way on high.

The Sioux had seen the fire ball signals of the troopers in times gone by. They knew the scouts they had hemmed in were seeking to tell Custer, by means of the rocket, that they needed help. The second rocket quickly followed the first. Then came the third. But Custer and his braves in blue were far away. We have seen how the signal rockets were seen in the troopers' camp. We have recorded how Gen. Custer, who never left his scouts in peril if he could help them, immediately dispatched a force of two hundred men to the rescue.

But the darkness was come. The ammunition of Curley's force was almost exhausted. It seemed the Sioux would reach them under cover of the night. Not very long after the last rocket exploded high up in the somber sky, sending forth a shower of sparks, the Sioux sounded the battle yell anew. A volley of rifle shots came hurtling through the night at the scouts on the barren hilltop.

"Wah! They come! They come! The Sioux are charging up the hill!" cried Curley.

It was so. The foe could be heard on all sides. The pandemonium was frightful. The yells of the Sioux was mingled with the incessant reports of firearms. One who has never taken part in a battle cannot adequately comprehend all the horror and excitement of the night conflict we are seeking to depict. The friendly scouts of Custer's crouched side by side. Shoulder to shoulder the red heroes of the Yellowstone meant to make their last fight. They leveled their rifles over the rude barricade they had erected. And they opened fire as the foe advanced. But they could not see the enemy. They had to be guided in their aim wholly by the flash of firearms on the hillside. Nearer and nearer came the foe. The repeating rifles of Curley and his braves became heated. They knew the end must soon come. Once the red fiends, whom Sitting Bull had leagued for murder and rapine on the border, reached the barricade all was lost. Death under the hatchet and the scalping knife stared the besieged scouts in the face. Or, it might be, their lives would be temporarily spared in order that they might perish at the torture stake. The Sioux had an old grudge against Curley. And indeed they were, if possible, more bitter in their hatred of the red men who served Custer than of the whites themselves. What terrible reflections as to what the immediate future might hold in store for them must have flashed through the minds of the scouts. But what was that?

Suddenly the shouts of the white men were heard at the foot of the hill. And then came a rattling volley of rifle shots. The bullets hurtled among the rear ranks of the charging Sioux, the foremost of whom had almost reached the barricade on the hilltop which sheltered Curley and his men.

"Charge them, men! Forward by fours!

Charge!" shouted a ringing voice from the rear of the Sioux.

Nothing could have occurred to so completely surprise and demoralize the Sioux. Of all things, the Sioux dreads being caught between two fires. The red demons thought Custer's troopers were upon them. On account of the gloom they could form no estimate of the number or the troopers. But they believed they must be numerous. The Sioux broke and fled down the hill away from the direction when the volley from the rear and the shouts of the whites had sounded. Curley and his braves were amazed and delighted. But they knew it could not be that troopers from Gen. Custer's camp had arrived. It would require some hours for the men from Custer's camp to reach them. Curley thought it must be a party of scouts had chanced to be near the hill when he sent up the signal rocket. What then was his surprise when presently a voice out of the darkness, quite near the breastworks on the hilltop, reached him, shouting:

"Don't fire, Curley. I'm Yellowstone Jack!"

The next moment the boy prairie courier leaped the barricade. After him came a tall man. One of the scouts was about to shoot at the second figure, when he exclaimed:

"Hold! I am the Lone Scout and Custer's friend!"

It was so. Yellowstone Jack and the lone scout were warmly welcomed. And the brave boy of the wild northwest hastened to say:

"Now, Curley, you want to get out of this before the Sioux find out we have worked the stratagem and fooled them!"

"What white boy mean?" demanded Curley.

"That the lone scout and I are all alone. We made the Sioux think we were a large force, but I fear they'll soon discover the truth."

"Boy say true. Scouts go quick!"

A moment later the entire party were creeping away down the hillside.

## CHAPTER XVI.—Jack and the Lone Scout Meet.

The friendly scouts and the two friends who had so cunningly scattered the Sioux reached the foot of the hill. No Indians were encountered on the way. When the plains were reached the lone scout said:

"Now I must leave you."

"Where go?" asked Curley.

"To look to the safety of the paymaster's daughter."

"Ugh! Then great white hunter have white gal hidden?"

"Yes. But I will not stay to talk. Push on to Custer's camp. Tell them not to give Sitting Bull battle until he receives strong reinforcements. Assure him Ethel Readon is safe for the present in a hidden retreat of mine."

"Ugh! Curley do as white hunter say."

"Good-by, Curley!" cried Yellowstone Jack.

"Where boy go?"

"With the lone scout."

"Why do that?"

"To help save the white girl."

"Ugh! Good-by. Tell Curley where to send those soldiers to bring in white gal."

The lone scout replied before the boy could do so. He said:

"Until Custer is strongly reinforced the young girl is safer in the hiding place where I have hidden her than she can be with the daring officer's little army. I tell you, Curley, Sitting Bull has sworn to massacre General Custer and all his force. Go, go! And once more warn Custer!"

"Me go!"

There was a silent grasping of hands. Then the red scouts glided on. They went toward Custer's camp. In the darkest night those experienced Indians would not go astray. It seemed a sort of instinct guided them. The lone scout and Yellowstone Jack set out swiftly in another direction. They went toward the secret cave under the waterfall where the mysterious man of the plains had hidden the daughter of the murdered paymaster. But how came Yellowstone Jack in the company of the man of mystery? And how did the brave border lad who had entered the service of Gen. Custer elude the Sioux whom we left upon his trail? And this must be made clear.

We recall first the fact that Yellowstone Jack was fleeing in the disguise of old Wahnatach, the medicine woman. He had gone some distance from the great camp of the hostile whom Sitting Bull had assembled. Then he heard guttural voices near. Then he recognized the tones of the Sioux. He had started forward at increased speed, when he heard the sound of the falls in the stream the Indians called the white water. It was under that falls that the secret cave of the lone scout was situated. Jack had not gone but a few paces after he heard the voices of the Sioux when, as previously stated, a stick broke under his foot with a sharp snap. Then he bounded on like the wind. But he glanced back, and saw several Sioux warriors in pursuit of him. After that Jack ran for the falls. Like an inspiration, the recollection suddenly came to him of a forgotten secret. It was the secret of the hidden cave. Jack then remembered that a white trapper had told him the secret of the cave when he died in the lodge of his cruel Indian foster-mother years previously. The boy had not thought of the trapper's dying revelation for years. It seemed to him like a Providential thing that the memory of the secret which he had forgotten in early childhood should have returned to him like a revelation of possible salvation at that moment of the most imminent and thrilling peril.

The Sioux runners were gaining upon him. They were some of Sitting Bull's scouts. The whole country thronged with the parties whom Sitting Bull kept constantly ranging the country through which the troops must advance to reach him. Jack had never visited the secret cave under the falls of the white water. But he now resolved to try to gain that retreat. Indeed, it was his only hope. He thought intently as he bounded on and on of all that the old white trapper had revealed to him about the cave. The memory of all the clear and most explicit directions which the dying white man had given him for finding the entrance of the cave came back to him.

The roar of the falls sounded louder and louder

as he ran on. The Sioux continued to gain. It became an awful, thrilling question in the mind of the boy fugitive if he could reach the cave in time. And he knew to reach it and make a safe refuge, the Sioux who so closely followed him must be left out of sight when he entered the waterfall. Otherwise they would, of course, at once obtain the clue to the secret. At last Jack plunged through a thicket and reached the falls. The cover through which he had just made his way shut him out from the Sioux. He lost not a moment, but dashed boldly under the blinding sheet of falling water which hid the mouth of the cave. A moment later he sank down exhausted against the steep ledge, but he was hidden from the Sioux by the curtain of falling water. Jack rested for some time. Then he crept along and sought to find the entrance to the cave. But he passed it without discovering it, and finally he crept under a sheltering ledge beneath the falls, and soon fell asleep. The new day had dawned when he awoke. The sun was shining on the falling water which screened him. Suddenly, as he started up, he heard a footstep. The heart of the hunted boy beat fast. He listened eagerly. Some one was coming along the ledge under the falls. The next moment the boy beheld the tall figure of a man in the uncertain light. At a second glance the border boy recognized the lone scout. The latter saw Jack as he sprang forward, exclaiming:

"I am the Boy Prairie Courier!"

The lone scout was surprised. But he welcomed the lad warmly. Jack told how he had escaped from Sitting Bull's camp. And he also made known how he had come to seek a hiding place under the falls. The lone scout led him to the cave. There he met Ethel Readon, and further explanations were made. The lone scout had just returned from a scout. He remained with the boy and the paymaster's daughter all day. Toward evening he went out on another scout. It was now the night on which Curley sent up the signal rockets. The lone scout saw the rockets later.

## CHAPTER XVII.—Scouts Reach Gen. Custer.

The discovery of the rocket signals by the lone scout caused him to conjecture that there was a force of soldiers near. But he scouted forward stealthily. Ere long he heard the occasional report of firearms. He drew still nearer the position of Curley and the friendly scouts. And he soon gained an idea of the situation. Two Sioux warriors passed close by him as he crouched in a thicket. From their remarks the lone scout learned that Curley and his men were hemmed in on the barren hilltop. Then the scout sped away.

He reached the hidden cave in an incredibly short time, and, with Jack, to whom he explained everything, he returned. Fortunately the Sioux delayed their charge, after the explosion of the last rocket which Curley sent up until Yellowstone Jack and the lone scout came up. They had decided on the ruse to frighten off the Sioux, which we have seen proved entirely successful. But now, leaving the boy prairie courier and the lone scout in the hidden cave, we must return to

the camp of the hostiles. On the morning following the night of the escape of Curley and the friendly scouts from the hilltop, Sitting Bull called the head chief and Zadok, the renegade, to the council lodge. "Brothers," said the great Indian leader, when all had assembled, "the Yellow-Haired chief can never be led to attack us here. The trap has failed."

"I think you are right," said Zadok.

"I am sure of it."

"What new plan have you, chief, for I am sure you do not mean to abandon the game to lure Custer to his doom?"

"No. Sitting Bull never gives up a project once he has formed it. But the spies who have escaped from our camp, and particularly the white boy, will tell the Yellow-Haired chief how strong we are. Custer is brave—he is a great brave—but even he will not dare to attack us here."

"Then you must move?"

"Yes. We must scatter the great force of the Sioux, but only to reunite again further up the valley of the Little Big Horn."

"Good!"

"We will leave only one trail, and that not too large for Custer to follow. The other trails will be hidden before they reunite. The Yellow-Haired chief will think the Sioux have scattered, and that, after all, they are afraid to stand a battle."

"Just so."

"We will send a renegade to tell Custer we have fled. He will send scouts. They will see our renegade has told the truth—that the great camp is deserted. When Custer hears this he will only feel afraid we may get away from him. He will follow the trail we have left plain, and that will lead him to a small Sioux village."

"And then what, chief?"

"The whites will attack our small village, when suddenly from out of the defiles and covers I'll hurl my thousands of red braves upon them and slay them all."

A low murmur of admiration went up from the assembled chiefs.

"You are a great general, chief, and I think your new plan of the campaign will succeed. But when shall we break camp?"

"At once."

"Who is the renegade you mean to send to Custer?"

"One of your men. The new one, who has been with you but a few days."

"All right, chief."

"Call the man in."

The white ally of the Sioux obeyed. In a moment a ruffianly-looking white man, who had come with Zadok from his ranch, entered the presence of the assembled chiefs. This fellow was not known to the whites of the frontier as a renegade. He bore the reputation of being an honest white trapper. But he had long been secretly in the service of Zadok. Sitting Bull addressed the rascal. The red chief instructed him to make his way to Custer's camp and give the general the news that the Sioux had scattered and fled in every direction. The renegade agreed to do the bidding of Sitting Bull. A little later he left the camp. Orders were then issued by Sitting Bull. The result was that in an hour's

time the whole force had scattered and were on the move. The cunning red men separated into small bands for the most part, just as Sitting Bull had at the council declared they should do. One party was larger than any other. They dragged their tent poles from the back of their ponies so as to make a plain trail. With this party went Sitting Bull and Zadok, the renegade.

The white man whom Sitting Bull had dispatched to the camp of Gen. Custer rode swiftly. Meantime Curley and his scouts, after leaving the barren hill-top where it had seemed for a time they were hopelessly imperiled, had pressed on steadily. After some hours Curley and his companions sighted advancing men as the night grew lighter with the appearance of the moon. At first the scouts could not decide whether or not the men they had sighted were mounted Indians or troopers. The latter approached cautiously. But Curley soon uttered a signal yell which informed the cavalymen of his identity. Then the cavalry force galloped. They were the men Gen. Custer had sent to find the parties who had sent up the rockets. Curley related his story, and, with the troopers, he and his comrades made their way back to Custer's camp. There Curley made his report, and, of course, the gallant officer was rejoiced to learn that Ethel Readon had been rescued from the Sioux and that Yellowstone Jack was safe. Then Curley told all about the strength of Sitting Bull's forces, and Custer looked grave. Just then an orderly came up and announced:

"Long Knife, Sitting Bull's son, has made his escape!"

## CHAPTER XVIII.—The Secret of the Lone Scout.

Having reached the hidden cave under the waterfall, after parting with Curley and the friendly scouts, whom they had saved by the daring stratagem at the barren hill, Yellowstone Jack and the lone scout held a consultation. Then the lone scout turned to Ethel.

"The time has come when I feel that I should reveal to you, my dear Ethel, a secret of my life; for if I should be slain before you are once more safe at a settlement, I should always regret that you would never know who I really am. You have, no doubt, heard your father tell the story of his brother—your uncle, Jasper Readon?"

"Yes," replied Ethel.

"Then you know all the sad history of that unfortunate man; but let me assure you that he was innocent. Jasper Readon was accused of the murder of a rival, and he disappeared. His flight was taken as evidence of guilt, but really he fled because he knew the circumstantial evidence against him was too strong for him to combat without conclusive proof. Jasper Readon really left his home to seek for the evidence of his innocence. He knew the man who committed the crime of which he was accused, but lacked the evidence to convict the latter. He set out to track down the guilty. The wretches who lynched Jasper Readon when he was in Colorado close upon the trail of the man who committed the crime of which he was falsely accused, branded your uncle upon the breast with the branding-

iron used for marking cattle. Then they hurled their intended victim into the depths of Red Gulch."

"But he was not killed. How did he escape?" Ethel eagerly asked.

"A friendly Indian rescued him, and though he was sorely wounded he recovered fully in the wigwam of the red man who befriended him, and he is still upon the trail of the man whose crime made him an outcast. The man Jasper Readon is seeking to bring to justice is your father's murderer, Barnabas Zadok, and I am Jasper Readon!"

At last the secret of the lone scout was out.

"Now I comprehend, dear uncle, why you have so heroically risked your life in my behalf, and also why, from the time of our first meeting, you inspired me with trust and confidence."

"Yes, my dear niece, I resolved as soon as I learned who you were to become your friend and guardian in this wild land, where so many perils are to be encountered. When I had fully recovered from the wounds I received in the Colorado cattle country at the hands of Barnabas Zadok and his band, who were then located there, I took a solemn oath to conceal my identity, and become the Nemesis of Zadok."

"To avoid making a confidant of any man, I decided to work alone. So I became known as the lone scout. The cattle country of Colorado had become too hot to hold Barnabas Zadok and his band. The vigilants had driven them out of Colorado. I set out on a long scout, and the trail of Barnabas Zadok was, of course, what I was in search of. Zadok frequently changed his name and he too was a wanderer. Finally he established himself here in the Yellowstone country as a pretended rancher, but really an illicit whisky trader engaged in barter with the Sioux, for whom he acted as a spy. Here I finally located the double murderer, and I was preparing a plot to get him in my power, when Custer and his men came. I need say only, in concluding my history, that it was during the years of my quest for Zadok through all the wild Northwest that I won the title of the lone scout!"

"Now, as to your plans for the immediate future?" asked Jack.

"I mean to guard Ethel here until Custer's reinforcements arrive and Sitting Bull is beaten."

"I have volunteered to help you."

"I know that, my lad, but, after all, I believe I have been selfish and unjust in accepting your offer. You joined Custer, and accepted an appointment as his aide."

"But for Miss Ethel's sake I will do anything," cried Jack.

Ethel hastened to say:

"Your duty is to serve Gen. Custer, Jack:

"Then I will do so," said the brave boy.

When night came again he left the cave, disguised as a Sioux in the costume of one of the reds who had been slain at the barren hill, and set out for Custer's camp.

The boy prairie courier reached the camp of Gen. Custer in safety. The general welcomed him. The lad related his thrilling experiences among the hostiles. He also told the story of the lone scout. The interview ended, and Jack went to find Curley, who was of course, delighted to see the lad. The next morning the renegade from the great camp of Sitting Bull, which the crafty hostile leader had broken up, came into Custer's camp. The fellow had not taken part in the battle at Zadok's ranch. None of the troopers or Yellowstone Jack knew he was a renegade. We have previously explained that he had only very recently joined the Sioux. And we have also shown that he had formerly been known as an honest trapper. The fellow was sighted as he approached the camp by the friendly Indian scouts. Curley and Yellowstone Jack rode out to meet him.

He asked to be taken before Custer. His request was complied with. The general received the renegade in his tent. And the fellow told the story Sitting Bull had sent him to relate to the Yellow Haired chief in a most cunning and seemingly sincere manner. Gen. Custer listened to the story of the renegade intently. At last the general said:

"What you have stated may be all true. Then again it may be all false. I propose to test the truth of your statement. If you have told the truth you shall be well rewarded. If not, you shall be punished."

"I'm satisfied," said the renegade.

Then Custer called the guard. The renegade was led away and confined in the guard-tent. Then Custer called Curley to his tent. And he related what the renegade had said.

"Wah!" said Curley, shaking his head. "Me think white man tell heap big lie."

"That's what I want you to find out. Take Yellowstone Jack and your scouts and try to learn if Sitting Bull has broken camp."

Curly bowed and hastened to carry out the general's orders. Half an hour later he and Yellowstone Jack and the "friendlies" were cautiously scouting in the direction of Sitting Bull's recent camp. In due time they reached a hilltop, from which they could command a view of the valley in which the great force of the Sioux had been assembled. They were surprised to see the camp was no longer there. Everything indicated the hostiles had fled in haste. Then he and his companions made their way back to the camp of the troopers. As soon as Custer heard their report he assembled his officers. In a few words he made known to them that Sitting Bull had fled.

All the officers were in favor of pursuing the hostiles. So orders were issued and the command took up the line of march for Sitting Bull's recent camp. It was reached in due time. There a broad lodge-pole trail was found. This trail was followed. The troopers saw no Indians, and they went into camp twenty-five miles further north. This was the 23d of June. Next day the Sioux trail was much fresher. At sunset the column went into camp and the scouts were sent out in all directions to hunt for "signs." The scouts came in and reported that, beyond a doubt, the Indian village was in the valley of the Little Big Horn, which was divided from the Rosebud by

## CHAPTER XIX.—Opening of Custer's Last Battle.

Yellowstone Jack had fallen desperately in love with the pretty daughter of the murdered paymaster.

a ridge of hills. Accordingly, when darkness fell, they moved on the weary march across the divide. They had marched three hours when the scouts came in to say the divide could not be crossed before daylight, so that all their trouble was thrown away. The regiment rested from two to five o'clock. Then the march was resumed. At eight o'clock they entered the valley of the Little Big Horn, and the Indian scouts saw the scouts of Sitting Bull on the ridges in the neighborhood. The faint smoke of the morning fires had met their vision. They knew the village must be there.

Away went the column, hoping to reach the Indian village before the Sioux scouts, or with them. They went in three battalions. Major Reno commanded one battalion, Captain Benteen another, Custer led the third. He meant to attack the enemy in front and on both flanks at once. Captain Benteen was sent off to the left front, in case lurking bands might be waiting to harass his flank and rear. Benteen was ordered to rejoin the main trail as soon as he was sure the flank was clear. At about twelve o'clock the columns were in full sight of the Sioux village, where a great commotion prevailed.

"Charge the village, and the whole column will support you!" Reno ordered.

A cloud of dust hung over the village of the Sioux. Reno charged down the river, crossed at a ford, and then halted ten minutes to gather his men, formed in line, and galloped down toward the village. No sooner did Custer see Reno fairly in the battle than he charged down the river to find another ford and attack the Indians in flank and rear. And Yellowstone Jack, the boy prairie courier, rode with Custer.

## CHAPTER XX.—Conclusion.

Soon Custer made a thrilling discovery. He saw that instead of a small village, there were at least three thousand warriors to fight. Sitting Bull's ambush had been sprung. Turning to Yellowstone Jack, Custer shouted:

"Ride for your life, boy, and tell Benteen to come on. Big village! Be quick! Bring packs."

No sooner had Yellowstone Jack dashed away to carry Custer's message, than the latter rode on and disappeared behind the bluffs. Meantime, Reno reached the village. Before him was a great cloud of dust, cast up by the Indians. And suddenly a tremendous force of Sioux warriors came dashing out of this cloud, flogging their ponies and yelling like fiends, while they discharged a shower of bullets as they came.

The crowd was so immense, the sounds so horrible, that Reno halted instantly. The Sioux thought it a retreat. They tore on by the woods to get behind the soldiers. Reno had almost concluded to hold the woods when the Indians began firing from the rear. Then Reno came to a decision. He knew he had met overwhelming numbers and he determined to retreat to the river. A moment later the whole command was dashing for the river in a confused mass, with the Indians racing after them on all sides. All

the way to the river the soldiers were slaughtered, and at the ford the rout was horrible. The soldiers and horses plunged in, crowded together and the red fiends shot down the huddled mass of fugitives without resistance. The foremost, with Reno among them, gained the bluffs. And just then Yellowstone Jack, with Benteen's men, came dashing to meet them.

A moment later, far down the stream, they heard the volleys of musketry. Custer was fighting there! Reno's force was demoralized. The officer had lost his head. He waited until Benteen came up and also McDougal with the pack train. All the time the firing down the river continued. Yellowstone Jack believed that Custer was in deadly peril. Only one officer seemed to share the belief of the boy prairie courier, that Custer was hemmed in. That officer was Captain Weir, a devoted friend of Custer. The remnant of the Seventh Cavalry made a breastwork on the hill, and there defended themselves, repulsing every assault of the enemy. For three days the battle raged. But on the third day the Indians suddenly fled, and the cause was speedily made known, for Gen. Terry's column came up in the afternoon.

Then the soldiers went over the route Custer had followed into the valley, whence they had heard those terrible volleys on the 25th, and there they learned the awful truth. There, in the valley of the Little Big Horn, lay Custer and his five companies, every man dead. Yellowstone Jack had fought like a hero, but he burst into tears when he beheld the dead body of Custer. Suddenly the boy felt a hand on his shoulder, and turning he beheld Curley, the Crow scout. The latter had been with Custer. Curley told how the Indians in vast numbers surrounded Custer, and how they charged again and again and were driven back each time as long as Custer lived. How every man had died like a hero.

A few days later, while the soldiers were preparing to follow the Sioux, and forces were concentrating to pursue them, Curley and Yellowstone Jack while out on a scout came upon Zadok, the renegade, and captured him. They marched him into camp, and he was held a prisoner. That same day the lone scout and Ethel came into camp. Zadok was tried by a military court, convicted as a hostile and shot. But before he died he made a confession which exonerated Jasper Readon, the lone scout, from the suspicion of a crime. A strong party, commanded by the lone scout, and of which the boy prairie courier was a member, was sent back to Fort Lincoln with Ethel.

They reached the fort in safety. Thereafter the brave border boy cultivated the acquaintance of the paymaster's daughter to such good purpose that some years later the beautiful young girl, who had shared so many perils with Gen. Custer's youngest aide, became his happy bride. The lone scout made his home with the young couple, who were thereafter prosperous and happy.

Next week's issue will contain "LED ASTRAY IN NEW YORK; or, A COUNTRY BOY'S CAREER IN A GREAT CITY."

## CURRENT NEWS

## THEY BRING IT IN EGGS

Fresh CANADIAN eggs—\$2 a dozen. Laid by Canadian Club hens, Scotch Plymouth Rocks, Brandy pullets, Martini Leghorns, Bronx Minorcas, and Gin bantams! Strictly fresh—with a kick!

Take it from D. A. Sawyer, who has just arrived from Detroit, there are more ways of getting liquor across from Canada than shooting it in torpedoes. At the Waldorf-Astoria the other night, Mr. Sawyer said the stuff is being smuggled into this country in eggs diabla.

"It was discovered in Detroit, when a man with a big market basket, just off a boat from the Canadian side, was run into by a taxi," said Mr. Sawyer. The unmistakable odor of good old Scotch pervaded the air, and a crowd gathered. The man did not wait to explain, but left without ceremony, deserting his eggs, basket and all, when the traffic policeman approached.

"The eggs proved to be filled with liquor and carefully sealed. The customs inspector afterwards testified that he had noticed a great increase in egg imports, and that a great many men and women had seemed to be doing this branch of their marketing in Canada."

## VICTIMS OF REDS THRUST UNDER ICE

Details of the massacre at Nikalaevsk, Siberia, of a Japanese garrison and numerous Russian civilians by Bolshevik forces have reached Japan, brought by two refugees, an American and an Armenian, who made their way over 200 miles of the arctic tundra in the late winter.

They arrived at Alexandrovsk, where their accounts of the fight were obtained, but, according to Japanese Embassy advices, every effort is being made to confirm what was said, and the stories of the refugees are still classed as rumor. The port of Nikolaevsk is completely closed at this season by ice.

Early in March, according to the refugees, the Bolshevik army appeared in force at the mouth of the Amur River and occupied the port of Nikolaevsk, making prisoners of the nearly 200 anti-Bolshevik troops. Cutting holes in the thick ice of the river, the Bolsheviks thrust the prisoners under the ice, some civilians also being among the victims.

The commander of the small Japanese garrison protested, the refugees said, whereupon the Bolshevik commander demanded that he surrender the arms of his own soldiers. When this was refused, the Japanese were attacked and driven into their barracks, which was burned, together with the Consulate, in which the Japanese Consul, his wife and two children had their quarters. Every one in the buildings perished in the flames, none being permitted to surrender. It is believed that the Japanese force numbered 130 men.

## BANKS TO CONTINUE PART-PAYMENT PLAN

Thousands of people in the United States hold property and sound investments to-day who never held anything before but a job and who did not even have a tight clutch on that. These holdings are the result of their having bought Liberty Bonds on weekly or monthly payments during and after the war. That practice made capitalists out of millions of Americans and accomplished the result without appreciable inconvenience, discomfort, or self-sacrifice. Banks aided in the work by carrying bonds for the investor and allowing them to make partial payments, and thousands of industrial concerns and employers did likewise.

The custom of making regular payments on safe, sound, profitable, Government investments became a fixed habit and a desirable one. Those who saved and invested in this manner found to their elation that they had something besides a tired feeling to show for their labor and they desired to continue the habit. Employers discovered that the prosperity of their employees was reflected in the prosperity of the business and desired it to continue. Banks found that they had acquired thousands of new customers and sought to retain those relationships.

The ending of the Liberty loan issues, for a time tended to check the continuance of the habit so favorably formed, although many continued to save and invest in the shorter-term issues such as War Savings Stamps and Treasury Savings Certificates. The \$100 and \$1,000 certificates, however, did not at first lend themselves so readily to partial-payment purchase as did the Liberty Bonds, as each year's issue of these obligations is separate and distinct, and there was a problem connected with delivery of the certificates on completion of payment.

The difficulty has just been obviated by an arrangement approved by Secretary of the Treasury Houston, which provides that Treasury Savings Certificates of the series of 1920, sold under partial payment plan, may be carried in stock by cash agent banks up to October 31, 1921. This will afford all necessary protection to the banks in respect to the surrender of unsold stocks and will provide time for completion of the payments begun in any month of this year.

The Government or the Treasury Department is not connected in any way with the transaction until payment has been completed and the certificate delivered to the purchaser. The transactions up to that point are solely between the investor and the bank, and even after delivery the United States is liable only on the certificate itself. But the department has approved the ruling in order to facilitate for many thousand investors the continuance of the habit of saving and safe investment in Government securities so auspiciously begun with the Liberty Bonds.

Thousands of industrial concerns throughout the country have approved and put into practice these part-payment investments among their employees by making the necessary arrangements with the banks in their vicinity.

# BOB, THE ICE KING

— OR —

OUT TO FIND THE POLE

By J. P. RICHARDS

(A Serial Story)

CHAPTER XIX (continued)

"I must do it! Stand back. It is only ten feet."

"But if you fail it spells death!"

"If I don't do it that spells death, too. Long before we can get around there they will be gone, even if we could find our way into the crater. No use trying to dissuade me, Ike. I am going to make the try."

Ike looked hard at Bob for an instant, and then threw up both hands, exclaiming:

"I'm all in on the kick! Good luck! Good-by if this spells your finish, which will be mine, too."

Bob set his teeth and made no answer.

Going back up the incline he started and came tearing down with race-horse speed.

Ike could not look.

He shut his eyes and back against the wall.

When he opened them again there was Bob clinging desperately to the ice-covered rock on the other side of the break.

He had just missed it.

He was hanging over the abyss, liable to lose his uncertain hold at any instant.

Wisely Ike kept silent.

It was an awful moment for both, but Bob declared afterward that he never had the least fear once he got a grip.

In a moment he got his left knee upon the ice, and that settled it.

Bob had won out in his desperate undertaking, and was now standing beyond the break.

"Thank goodness, dear boy!" cried the doctor.

"All over now," answered Bob, and he threw the improvised bridge over the break.

Ike came across and caught his hand.

"We win!" he cried. "If death had been written on your slate, Bob, you would be dead now. Go back and get the sled. I'll watch here."

"Doctor, we ought to stick together, don't you think?"

"Humor me, please, Bob. I know I am a nuisance, but—"

There was still something working strongly upon him. Bob gave up at once, for it was a case where a minute might ruin all.

Back to the site of the camp, he hurried, and drove the dogs to the break.

No Ike!

Bob could hardly believe it.

Before he got there he knew that Larsen and his people had started away.

The camp in the crater was now apparently deserted.

Bob drove down the slope with all speed and rounded up at the hut.

The door opened almost as he reached it and out walked Ike and his brother, hand in

So closely did they resemble each other that in their Arctic dress Bob actually could not tell which was Ike until he spoke.

"Pardon me for deserting you, Bob!" he cried, "but I saw them go, and as I knew that they had left this poor fellow behind I wanted to meet him alone."

He talked to his brother with his fingers for an instant, and the man came forward and offered Bob his hand, but displayed no special interest.

"And are they all gone?" demanded Bob, whose disappointment cannot well be expressed in words.

"All gone," replied Ike, "and it is up to us to follow. Lars Larsen has started on his final dash for the Pole, leaving brother Henry on guard here. I have had trouble to persuade him to abandon his post and go with us, but he has at last consented. Bob, if we could only have found Thyra this would have been the happiest moment of my life. But now, my dear boy, prepare yourself, for I have something to say which won't set well with you."

"Say it!" cried Bob. "I want to know the worst at once."

"Well, then, this Larsen is an old lover of Thyra's. He will never give her up."

"Won't he?" cried Bob. "We'll see about that. Jump aboard! The chase begins right now."

"Wait! Hear to reason. Your instruments are all here. There are arms and provisions and an excellent tent. We don't want to start unprepared."

Of course, this was only sound sense, and Bob had to yield.

It was an hour before they finally made their start, Ike's brother driving the dogs.

Behind their sled trailed another loaded down with such things as they could best carry and were most needed.

"And now, doctor, will you tell me your name?" demanded Bob, once they were under way. "I feel that I have a right to know."

"You have," replied Ike. "Listen, I am Dr. Isaac Bennington. This man is Henry Bennington, my twin brother, and as for the rest of my story, Bob, we quarreled about a woman. In a moment of rage I turned on my brother while we were out in a boat upon a lake. I thought I had drowned him. Then came repentance. I was almost insane. Later I learned that Henry had escaped and had gone away. As for the woman, she jilted both of us, and has long since married another, while I have devoted my life to finding my brother. At last I have succeeded, and he has forgiven me. That, Bob, is my story in a nutshell. Details I must decline to give."

And it was all Bob ever got, although he learned later that Ike was a man of large means, whose home had originally been in New York City.

They drove on, passing out of the crater through a winding canyon.

Just as they turned into the open they saw a man running toward them over the snow in the distance.

(To Be Continued)

## THE NEWS IN SHORT ARTICLES.

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### AN ADHESIVE FROM SNAILS

Many of the larger kinds of snails have at the extremity of their bodies small white bladders filled with a gelatinous substance. It has been discovered that this is the strongest adhesive known for the repairing of porcelain, glass, etc. The substance is applied thinly to both sides of the fracture and the broken piece is tied firmly together so that all is held in place. A rather longer time for drying should be given than in the case of ordinary adhesives so as to allow the natural glue to acquire the greatest degree of strength. When it is once really set the tenacity of this remarkable adhesive is astonishing.

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### VAST FORTIFICATIONS OF METZ

An article by Colonel E. M. Blake, C. A., in the Journal of the "United States Artillery," speaking of the modern Metz fortifications, says that the turrets containing the Krupp guns can be manned and supplied without ever exposing a man, as all batteries are connected with other works of the "Feste" by deep subterranean galleries. Miles of these galleries have been cut, with a cross section and grade to allow men to circulate rapidly when needed, and one finds complete kitchen, bakeries, bathing and toilet rooms for the garrison, large recreation rooms, electric lighting and power, and a complete system of forced draft ventilation.

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### TRYING TO SALVAGE CARGO OF MILLIONS

A maritime romance of absorbing interest is attached to the voyage of the Government salvage steamer Racer, which has sailed from Southampton. She was bound for the north coast of Ireland, where, twenty fathoms deep, lies the wreck of the White Star liner Laurentic, with specie to the value of 3,000,000 pounds sterling buried in debris that was once her bulk. The object of the Racer's request is to recover this valuable cargo.

The Laurentic was sunk—whether by accidental contact with a mine or by a German submarine never has been definitely established—while on a voyage to America in the early part of 1917. She carried \$45,000,000 in gold and silver money intended for the payment of munitions supplied by United States firms.

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### BEATS HIS CHILD WITH FIST

After pleading guilty the other day to severely beating his three-year-old boy with a clenched fist, Walter Gray, a piano maker, of No. 434 West 48th Street, New York, was sentenced to sixty days in the workhouse in Special Sessions.

Dr. Gibbs of the Children's Society, testified the child had suffered contusions of both cheeks, injuries on the neck, the lower part of the back and right hip.

The complaint was made by the mother of the child. Following his arrest the father said he had inflicted the beating because the youngster

had awakened him from his sleep. In court he said the boy had not obeyed him.

In passing sentence Justice Freschi said it was too bad the law did not give the court the privilege of letting Gray have a dose of his own medicine.

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### BRITISH WARSHIPS FOR CHILI

The Chilean navy is to receive a substantial increase in ships from Great Britain, the latter power having agreed to turn over to Chili one battleship, one transport, and three torpedoboat destroyers of 1,800 tons each. The only battleship that Chili has at present is the antiquated Capitan Prat (1888), reconstructed in 1890. During the World War Great Britain requisitioned two battleships building for Chili, one of them, the Almirante Latorre, being renamed Canada. This vessel is a powerful craft with a full load displacement of 32,000 tons, a speed of 22.75 knots, and burns both oil and coal. Her main battery consists of ten 14-inch guns. This vessel is probably the battleship allotted to Chili, and the destroyers and the transport are taken over by Chili to replace the second battleship.

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### ROWBOATS LIKE BOWLS

The goufas of the Tigris are wonderful! And I suppose they should remind me of something besides the "three wise men of Gotham who went to sea in a tub," writes Eleanor Franklin Eagan in the "Saturday Evening Post." That is exactly what they remind one of. They are perfectly round reed baskets, "covered within and without with pitch." They have curved-in brims and they look for all the world like enormous black bowls floating uncertainly about.

They are the only kind of rowboat the Bagdad people seem to know anything about, and the river at times is literally crowded with them. They roll around among the larger and more possible looking craft like a thousand huge inverted tar bubbles; and the way they are laden is a marvel and a mystery.

Many of them ply back and forth as ferry boats, and it is not at all unusual to see one of them carrying two donkeys, half a dozen sheep, a dozen people and somebody's entire stock of earthly belongings in bundles and bales. They are the most pleasing to the eyes when they are carrying reeds from the marshes up river. The reeds are cut with their feathery blooms still on and are packed in a goufa in upright sheaves, the effect being a gigantic imitation of a Scotch thistle, out of the top of which, as often as not, protrude the turbaned head and brightly-hooded shoulders of an Arab passenger. The men who propel the amazing craft squeeze themselves in under its curving brim and wield long paddles and poles with a skill that nothing could surpass.

# The Midnight Shadow

— OR —

## THE MYSTERY OF THE SEVEN STEPS

By WILLIAM WADE

(A SERIAL STORY)

### CHAPTER XX (continued)

Close to the edge of the woods was a little hut with light streaming out through the open door, and smoke curling out the chimney.

It looked to Fanny like a haven of refuge, but when she thought of the gems and the money she did not feel quite so sure.

Still something had to be done.

"At least they will tell me how to get to some place where I can get a train for New York," thought Fanny, and she started for the hut.

When she reached the door she peered in, but could see no one.

Still there was a room beyond the one into which she looked. There might be someone in there.

Fanny called, but received no answer.

Then she ventured to discover more money. There seemed to be money lying around loose everywhere that night.

This lot was all new half and quarter dollars.

There were piles of them on a table, and lots more dumped loosely between the piles.

Fanny picked up a few and examined them.

Even with her limited knowledge she thought they looked like counterfeits, and there is no doubt but what she was right.

Fanny was frightened.

"If I run into a gang of counterfeiters they may kill me," she thought.

She concluded to pull out at once, and to hide the dress suit case in the woods.

Then with the two grips she would get out of the neighborhood as quick as she could.

The scheme was all right, but Fanny never got the chance to carry it out.

For she had scarcely reached the door when a dark, wild-looking foreigner, bare-footed and bareheaded, and wearing only a shirt and trousers, suddenly entered the hut.

He gave a shout in Italian or some other foreign language, and made a rush for Fanny, seizing her by both hands.

"What you do here?" he cried. "You spy! I killa you!"

Fanny screamed and tried to pull away, but it was no use.

"Pietro! Pietro!" shouted the man, and he threw his arms about Fanny and held her tight.

In a moment, a young man, wearing only pajamas, came running down the stairs, which ascended to the floor above from one corner of the room.

"Don't kill her, father!" he cried in English. "She is too pretty for that. Gee! What a pretty girl!"

This was too much for Fanny's nerves.

She tried her old trick again, and promptly fainted.

When she came to herself she was in the back room lying on an old settee.

The young man, now dressed, stood over her. "Hello!" he said. "The old man was right then. So you are not dead after all."

"Oh, let me go! Please let me go!" wailed Fanny.

"Let you go nothing," replied Pietro. "Are you a detective?"

"No, no! I am only an unfortunate girl who is in all kinds of trouble. I——"

"Say, did you come here in that boat?"

"Yes, sir. I did. I was with a gentleman, and he fell overboard. The oars floated away, and I drifted here. Oh, please let me go!"

"It is a bad job for you that you came to this house. You have seen too much. The old man will never let you go. He would have choked the life out of you only for me."

"Thank you for saving me, sir. I'll never tell about those coins, if that is what you mean."

Just then the old man entered.

He was carrying the two grips and the dress suit case.

"Oh, they will find the money, and then they will kill me!" thought Fanny.

Her heart sank.

It seemed as if the end had come.

### CHAPTER XXI.

#### Oliver Sees Fanny Once More.

Oliver got through the hall and down a flight of back stairs quicker than he moved before.

But it was to no purpose.

He could hear the Shadow running ahead of him, but he could not see him.

At the foot of the stairs was a door leading outside.

He assumed that the Shadow had passed through it, but when he got out he could not see him anywhere.

But in that big garden full of trees and shrubbery, which went sloping down to the break, there was plenty of chance to hide.

Dick Ketchum came charging after him, with one eye blackened.

"Gone!" he cried.

"Yes," said Oliver. "I think he came out here. I didn't see him, though. By gracious, Mr. Ketchum, he must have given you a terrible crack."

"That's what he did! If you had my eye to nurse I guess you'd think so! The old man's face is all cut."

Overman joined them in a minute with a handkerchief saturated with blood pressed against his face.

He was using very forcible language as he came out through the door.

"Why, confound him, he's knocked out the only two teeth good for anything I had left in my head!" he growled. "Did you catch him, then?"

(To Be Continued)

## GOOD READING

### WHY THE BUFFALO WALLOW

The water buffalo of China, writes C. O. Levine, associate professor of animal husbandry, Canton Christian College, in the *Journal of Heredity* (Washington), has few sweat glands in its skin, and for this reason cannot endure hard work in the sun for a long period, unless its body is wet with water. This accounts for the desire of the buffalo to wallow in mud or water. The animals are easily overcome by heat if worked hard in the sun, and sometimes they go crazy and become very dangerous.

### BOY KILLS BABY

Supposedly in revenge for having been rebuked by Mr. and Mrs. Oliver Gemmel of West Bradford, Pa., Leo Kelly, sixteen, took Ruby Gemmel, ten months old, from her crib and, according to the police, plunged the blade of his pocketknife into her throat. The baby died before the arrival of a physician. The boy is held on a charge of murder.

Kelly is an adopted son of James Gemmel of this city, a brother of Oliver Gemmel. He escaped a week ago from the State Institution for Feeble Minded in Polk and returned to his home here. Last night he is said to have taken a horse and buggy from Oliver Gemmel's stable without getting permission. He was taken to task for this to-day. Following the reprimand he entered the house and a few minutes later Mr. and Mrs. Gemmel found the baby dying.

### ANIMALS THAT USE OTHERS AS WEAPONS OR TOOLS

There is a species of crab, indigenous to the Island of Mauritius that habitually holds a sea-anemone in each claw, using them presumably as weapons of defence—one animal using another as a utensil! There are, however, somewhat similar instances quite as curious. One is that of an ant of the East Indies that builds shelters of leaves whose edges are fastened together with silk fibres.

The origin of this silk had long puzzled entomologists. The ant has no spinning glands of any kind at adult age. Holland, of Balangoda, and Green, of Paradeniya, Ceylon, verifying old and incomplete observations made in India, have proved that the working ants, in order to spin the thread that fastens the edges of the leaves, make use of the larvae of their own species, which they hold in their jaws, moving them about with skill in all directions and afterward returning them to the nest when they have finished with them.

Chun has shown, in a study of the anatomy of these larvae, that they possess spinnerets of unusual size after serving the adults as distaffs, so to speak. They use these organs to spin the cocoon.

The origin of such differentiated instincts, whose manifestations resemble so closely those of intelligence, is one of the difficult problems of zoological psychology.

### BAN ON REFILLING CIGAR BOXES

More than 140,000,000 cigar boxes are destroyed in the United States every year. These cedar cigar containers now cost from twenty-seven to thirty cents apiece. If all cigars were packed fifty to the box (and they're not) the cigar manufacturers of this country alone would be spending \$35,000,000 a year for receptacles; but as nearly one-half of cigar production goes into fortieths, or in boxes of twenty-five, the cigar manufacturers are spending a great deal more than \$35,000,000; a conservative estimate is \$55,000,000. Thirteen years ago cedar boxes cost from ten to eleven and a half cents.

Every cigar box which has contained cigars is immediately smashed after being emptied, by the retailer, to comply with the rules and regulations of the Department of Internal Revenue of the United States. Meantime, millions upon millions of cigars are lying loose on the shelves of manufacturers of them because of an acute scarcity of cigar boxes.

If only half of the total amount of cigar boxes could be used over again, not indefinitely but only for the second packing, the innovation would entirely correct the shortage in cigar boxes and thus an actual saving of \$17,000,000 per annum would accrue to the cigar manufacturers, who could reduce the prices of their cigars somewhat.

Many more than one-half of the cigar boxes destroyed are in perfect condition and could be reclaimed not only for one refilling but for several. It is not so much the great monetary saving, though; it is the desire to get a sufficient number of boxes so that cigar distribution may not be longer arrested because of the box shortage.

The object of the Government in requiring that 140,000,000 cigar boxes be junked every year is not one of wanton waste. In prescribing that cigars shall be packed in boxes never having been used before for that purpose, the Government's object is to minimize the temptation to reuse the internal revenue stamp.

In other words, the Government, after exacting a tribute of \$50,000,000 a year from the tobacco trade, in the form of internal revenue taxation, compels the cigar manufacturers to dump more than \$35,000,000 of their personal property into the junk pile, for the sole purpose of making it easier for the Government to collect its \$50,000,000 in taxes.

But the solution of the box supply question may be not far off. Recently perfected mechanical devices will doubtless make it possible for every cigar manufacturer to be his own box-maker. A number of New York cigar manufacturers have already placed orders for these machines.

Definite action by cigar manufacturers in connection with the increasing cost of cigar boxes will be taken at the annual convention of the Tobacco Merchants' Association of America, to open at Washington, D. C.

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## ITEMS OF INTEREST

## 380 POUNDS OF BRANDY DROPS ARE SEIZED IN HARTFORD.

Seizure of 380 pounds of a 500-pound consignment of brandy drops from New York to Hartford was reported by H. H. Spooner, State Secretary of the Connecticut Temperance Union, who for years represented the union as legislative agent during the sessions of the General Assembly. In four months, Mr. Spooner says, he personally made 150 complaints of alleged violation of the Prohibitory Amendment to the Federal officers.

## ROBBER PLAYS CRIPPLE

On crutches, a well dressed man entered the Bellevue-Stratford Hotel, Philadelphia, Pa., May 10, registered as "Charles Duboise and wife, Bridgeton, N. J.," and was assigned to a room. He said his wife would arrive later. He asked for the name of a jeweller.

Shortly after 2 o'clock in the afternoon Bailey, Banks & Biddle reported that Duboise had telephoned and requested that they send a salesman to his room with diamonds. Hiram McDade was sent with jewelry valued at \$25,000. He later was found in the bathroom, trussed up with straps taken from a suit case. The man had suddenly drawn a blue steel revolver, commanded McDade to put up his hands and had then backed him into the bathroom and fastened him to a chair.

## THREE KINDS OF TIME IN THE STATE OF OHIO.

Ohio will have four different names for its clock time this summer and three different kinds of time. They are: Eastern standard, sun time, central standard and advanced central standard.

The last mentioned is a name only, for it coincides with Eastern standard time. The name came through action of communities in Western Ohio deciding to advance their clocks one hour. It was the same as Eastern standard time, but they preferred to call it advanced central standard.

About half of Ohio is on Eastern standard

time because the regular dividing line runs mid-State from north to south.

When it is noon at Youngstown it will be 11 A. M. at Cincinnati, Dayton and Toledo, but it will be noon at Hamilton and Springfield, which are only a few miles out of Cincinnati and Dayton. At the same time it will be 11.30 o'clock sun time in some other places.

## LAUGHS

"What made her family think she's succeed in hospital work?" "She was always the kind of girl who rubs things in and nurses an injury."

Teacher—If you wear one pair of shoes three months, how long will two pairs last? Jimmie—A year. Teacher—Oh, no; how do you get that? Jimmie—I don't wear any in the summer.

A woman went to a bank. She noticed that there was a new face behind the window. "Has the cashier gone away to take a rest?" she inquired. "No," replied the new man; "he has gone away to avoid it."

"I trust, Miss Smith," remarked a persevering young man, as he rose to depart, "that I have not taken up too much of your valuable time?" "Not at all," replied the girl. "The time you have taken up has been of no value to me whatever, I assure you!"

Old Lady—Well, my boy, and what do you want? Boy—I've called for the reward of five shillin's wot you offered for the return of your canary. Old Lady—But that is a cat you have there! Boy—Yes, I know, mum; but the canary's inside of 'im. I just seen 'im eat it.

Benevolent Old Gentleman—"My little boy, have you no better way to spend this beautiful afternoon than by standing in front of the gate idling away your time?" Little Boy—"I'm not idling away my time. There's a chump inside with my sister, who is paying me a dime an hour to watch for pa."

"Say," said Baitman, as he passed the fish dealer's stand, "send up a couple of nice bass to the house to-morrow." "All right, sir," answered the dealer. "And be sure they are bass," continued Baitman. "You see, I'm going—er—out of town for the day, and—er—the last time I went I told my wife I was going trout fishing, and you sent up a salt mackerel. Another error like that on your part and there will be strained relations in my family. See?"

"Moving Picture Stories," No. 308, contains an article entitled "HOW TO BECOME A MOVIE ACTOR." Buy a copy. Price 7 cents; postage free. HARRY E. WOLFF, 166 W. 23rd St., N. Y.

## A FEW GOOD ITEMS

### FEW BLACK SQUIRRELS

In various parts of the country a coal black squirrel is met with; it is but a melanistic variety of the gray, and it is now becoming quite rare, says the American Forestry Magazine of Washington. They are about the same size as the gray squirrel and have similar habits.

### ANNOYED SHIP CREW

The Pacific Mail freighter Haleskala arrived at San Francisco, Calif., recently from Calcutta, after having a lively voyage, according to Capt. Fleming and members of the crew.

An orang outang worked the reverse gear of the engines while the engine room crew took pot shot and finally killed him, a monkey scurried aloft and nearly deafened all hands by swinging from the whistle cord, a 100-year-old elephant, which died aboard ship, became a derelict in mid-Pacific when the carcass failed to sink after it had been weighed with iron and heaved over the side, and caged tigers took bites out of all who approached too near.

Four men were in the sick bay when the ship made port, three suffering from tiger bites and one with his arm torn from wrist to shoulder by an enraged monkey. The animals are consigned to American zoos.

### FLYERS HELD IN BOOZE CASE

Charged with having transported twelve cases of liquor in a naval seaplane from Bimini, one of the Bahama Islands, to Key West, Fla., Lieut. W. H. Cushing and Ensign Frank Lamb, Naval Reserve officers, have been recommended for courtmartial by a board of inquiry at Key West. Three enlisted men of the plane's crew were cleared.

The two officers are alleged to have "acquired" the twelve cases at Bimini Island when the planes in which they were making a return flight from Pensacola, Fla., to Rockaway, L. I., by way of Key West, made a detour to the island before putting in at the latter port. The "cargo" is alleged to have been discovered in the plane at Key West before the flight was resumed to Rockaway where Cushing and Lamb were stationed. Pending action by the Navy Department on the report of the board, the two officers are being held at Rockaway.

### SITS AMONG SNAKES

Dr. Marie Phisalix is making a thorough study of poisonous reptiles and the practical uses to which they can be put. She spends her time in the serpents' house of the famous Zoo, the Jardin de Plantes, where she sits in her laboratory with her snakes, salamanders, singing toads and green tree frogs about her.

"Here," she said, taking up a lovely newt with the resplendent orange waistcoat which Nature gives him for courting times, "here is a gentleman whose poison is not in a gland provided with a fang but under his skin," and she explained

that this device, if it left him defenseless before his enemy the snake, yet defended his race, since no snake could eat two newts. He dies from the effects of the first.

Mme. Phisalix is the only woman engaged in research work at the Paris Natural History Museum, and she holds a unique position in the scientific world. She took her degree at Sevres Women's College and was a professor of natural science in different lycees, which she obtained in 1900 with a thesis on the salamander and poisons from the medical point of view.

### MUSK FOR PERFUMES A CHINESE EXPORT

A newly discovered perfume extracted from seaweed was sold in France recently at \$5 a drop. It is said to take one ton of seaweed to produce five drops.

Musk, so important to the perfumery compounder, is a secretion of the male musk deer. Three kinds of musk are distinguished in commerce, the most important and valuable being the Chinese or Tonkin musk, imported principally from Shanghai. It is put up in small tin-lined caddies, each containing two or three musk pods. These are generally adulterated with dried blood, fragments of leather, leaden pellets, peas, etc., so that often little more than the original scent remains.

The Chinese pods vary greatly in value, according to quality and genuineness. Some musk collected from the western Himalayas is exported from India. It is much less prized than genuine Tonkin musk. The third variety, known as Kabardine or Siberian musk, is exported from Central Asia. It is in large pods, said to be yielded by a distinct species of deer, and is very inferior. Good musk is of a dark purplish color, dry, smooth and unctuous to the touch and bitter in taste.

A grain of musk will distinctly scent millions of cubic feet of air without any appreciable loss of weight, and its scent is not only penetrating but more persistent than that of any other known substance. As an ingredient in perfumery its powerful and enduring odor gives strength and permanency to the vegetable essences, so that it is used in nearly all compounded perfumes. Musk, or some substance possessed of the musk odor, is also contained in glands in the jaws of alligators and crocodiles, whence it has been extracted for use in perfumery in India and Egypt. The musk ox and the Indian and European muskrat are, as their names indicate, remarkable for the odor.

The musk deer differs from the typical members of the deer family and stands by itself as an isolated zoological form, as both sexes are entirely devoid of any sort of frontal appendage and the upper canine teeth of the males are remarkably developed—long, slender, sharp-pointed and gently curved, projecting downward out of the mouth, with the ends turned somewhat backward.

## ITEMS OF GENERAL INTEREST

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### MOUSE SAVED MINER'S LIFE

Frank Lucas of East St. Louis is feeding the mice in a mine. One of them saved his life and he is the friend of all mice from now on. Lucas was drowsing on a bench in the mine after eating his lunch. A mouse ran up his trouser leg to his knee. He sprang up and forward, clutching his trouser leg to keep the mouse from going higher. At the instant a "clod" fell from the roof, crushing the bench where Lucas had sat. Later in the day another miner was about to kill a mouse. Lucas interceded. "Don't kill it," he said, "one of them saved my life." Then he told what had happened.

### TRAP KILLS FIVE GHOULS

Mashuds, tribesmen on the Abyssinian border, who, during the frontier campaign, repeatedly desecrated graves in which British soldiers had been buried, have just been taught a severe lesson that will make them chary of meddling with the dead in the future.

A trap was set for them. A grave was fixed up which was made to appear that it contained the body of a British officer. It contained something much more deadly in the shape of gun-cotton and other explosives.

Six Mashuds started to open the supposed grave. Five of them were blown to pieces. The sixth had just enough life left in him when discovered to tell what had happened.

### WOMAN A BULL FIGHTER

Women have been invading the domains of men for some years, but few will follow the lead of Johanna Maestrick, of Portugal, who has blossomed out as a full-fledged bull fighter.

At an early age the pretty torera was taken to Portugal to witness a bull fight. Her feminine susceptibilities, far from revolting at the spectacle, were aroused to a keen desire and determination to emulate the prowess of the toreador.

A teacher of the art was so struck with her keenness, physique and beauty that he offered to become her instructor. She made her first appearance at Oporto recently, where she quickly laid out two ferocious bulls and rode off in triumph amid thunders of applause.

### FORTUNES IN FOXES

Wearers of furs who like to have the hope encouraged that they may continue to wear them (at a price) in spite of the rapidly diminishing supply of suitable fur-bearing wild animals may, perhaps, gain a modified comfort from the following contributed by a correspondent to the London Daily Mail:

"On Prince Edward Island, the smallest province of the Dominion of Canada, black foxes are being reared in captivity, for their fur, with very great success. Fortunes are being made in

a single season, and chartered fox companies pay dividends of from 300 to 400 per cent. annually.

"Black foxes have always been on the island in a wild state, and about the year 1900 a poor farmer thought of securing a pair of black foxes alive and rearing the young ones in captivity. He had marked success and carried on a very profitable business for nearly ten years before it leaked out that he had made a fortune.

"Several men then tried it with startling success; the news became general, and the country went "fox" mad. Live foxes were in such demand that options were taken on unborn pups, and in 1913 prices ranged from \$12,000 to \$15,000 a pair. One proved pair of breeders was sold for \$35,000, the highest price ever paid.

"Now in 1920 the industry has developed on different lines. Live foxes are not bringing as much as pelts are. The world's supply of fur is growing smaller each year. Russia is out of the market, the Great West of Canada and the United States are being settled and depleted of wild fur-bearing animals, and fur-buyers are turning to Prince Edward Island to supply their ever-increasing demands.

"One usually pictures a ranch as a place of hundreds of acres in extent, but a model for ranch covers only about three acres of woodland, the whole inclosed within a ten-foot board fence of boards on the north and west sides and fine mesh wire on the south and east.

"To the casual observer the wire looks like ordinary chicken wire, but it is really much stronger, as a fox can easily bite through ordinary chicken wire.

"Foxes are great burrowers, so, to prevent them from digging themselves out, a trench is dug about two feet deep and two feet wide, and wire is laid along the bottom and up the side, and the trench is refilled with earth. This forms a safe fence, because foxes always start to dig at the foot of an obstruction, and in so doing come upon the wire buried in the bottom of the trench.

"In each pen there is a small house, and inside this a large box which serves as the den, to which a curved runway or chute gives the foxes admittance. In this den the young are born, and the mother does not allow them out until they are about three weeks old. During that time the rancher must wait in patience and not attempt to find out how many pups have been born, for if alarmed or disturbed the mother fox kills her young. During the pup season not one is allowed near the ranch except the rancher. When the puppies are about a month old they are quite tame to the rancher, but on the approach of a stranger they will rush to their hiding places.

"The profits in the industry are astounding, but when it is reckoned that a female fox produces a litter of from four to eight pups each year and continues to do so for about eight years, it is easily seen how fox companies pay their huge dividends."

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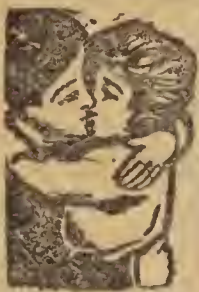


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## HIGHEST HOUSE

"The loftiest habitation in the world is in Peru," writes Isaiah Bowman in "The Andes" of South-crn Peru, published by the American Geographical Society. "Between Antabamba and Cota-huasi occur the highest passes in the Maritime Cordilla. We crossed at 17,400 feet and 300 feet lower is the last outpost of the Indian shepherds. The snowline, very steeply canted away from the sun, is between 17,700 and 17,600 feet. At frequent intervals during the three months of winter snow-falls during the night and terrific hailstorms in the late afternoon drive both shepherds and flocks to the shelter of leeward slopes or steep canyon walls.

"The thatched stone hut that he passed at 17,100 feet and that enjoys the distinction of being the highest in the world was in other respects the same as the thousands of others in the same region. It sheltered a family of five. Hundreds of alpacas and sheep grazed on the hill slopes and valley floor, and their tracks showed plainly that they were frequently driven up the snowline in those valleys where a trickle of water supported a band of pasture.

## FRENCH TEND GRAVES

On the wooded slope of a hill that rises in a bend of the Seine just on the edge of Paris there is a little cemetery that is doing much to weld another link in the chain of friendship binding France and America.

Among the 700 graves of soldiers in this cemetery are many graves of American boys who have succumbed to their wounds in the hospitals in the suburbs of the city.

Almost every one of the American graves has been "adopted" by some French family, which takes care of the grave as though one of their own dead lay there. Many families have adopted from three to five of the little mounds, and one prominent French professional man of Paris has and insists upon tending them with his own hands.

The duties of the "foster-parents" include besides the care of the grave an effort to get in touch with the relatives of the dead hero in America to tell them about the resting place of their fallen soldier.

On Sundays it is not unusual to see a dozen French women in deep mourning, caring for the grave of an American who has fallen on the soil of France.

# Wonderful Victory Over Baldness

## HAIR GROWN ON MR. BRITTAIN'S BALD HEAD BY INDIANS' MYSTERIOUS OINTMENT

My head at the top and back was absolutely bald. The scalp was shiny. An expert said that he thought the hair roots were extinct, and there was no hope of my ever having a new hair growth.

Yet now, at the age of 66, I have a luxuriant growth of soft, strong, lustrous hair! No trace of baldness.

### Indians' Secret of Hair Growth

At a time when I had become discouraged at trying various hair lotions, tonics, specialists' treatments, etc., I came across, in my travels, a Cherokee Indian "medicine man" who had an elixir that he guaranteed would grow my hair. Although I had no faith, I gave it a trial. To my amazement a light fuzz soon appeared. It developed, day by day, into a regular healthy growth and ere long my hair was as prolific as in my youthful days.

That I was amazed and happy is expressing my state of mind mildly.

### Hair Grew Luxuriantly

Obviously, the hair roots had not been dead, but were dormant in the scalp, awaiting the fertilizing potency of the mysterious pomade.

It became my sudden determination to possess the recipe or secret if I could. Having used my most persuasive arguments which convinced the aged savant of my sincerity and that he had only fairness to expect from me, I succeeded in gaining the secret recipe by giving him a valuable rifle in exchange.

### I Put the Secret Away

My regular business took all my time, however, and I was compelled to forego my

plans to introduce the wonderful Kotalko (which I call for short kotalko) and I put the secret aside for some years.

That my own hair growth was permanent has been amply proved.

My honest belief is that hair roots rarely die even when the hair falls out through dandruff, fever,

excessive dryness or other disorders. I am convinced, and am sure many scientists will agree, that the hair roots become imbedded within the scalp, covered by hard skin, so that they are like bulbs or seeds in a bottle which will grow when fertilized. Shampoos (which contain alkali) and hair lotions which contain alcohol are enemies to the hair, as they dry it, making it brittle.

### The Secret Now Revealed

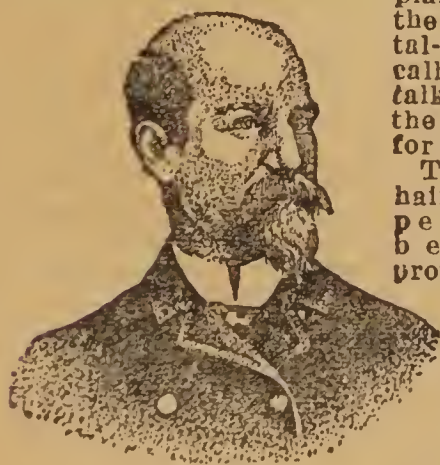
Recently I was induced, while on a business trip to London, to introduce Kotalko, the Indian hair elixir. It met with an immediate demand and has since been introduced throughout England and France, where, despite the war, it is having a great sale. Its popularity comes chiefly from the voluntary endorsements of users. Many persons—men, women and children—are reporting new hair growth. Some cases were really more extraordinary than my own. For instance, a lady reported that Kotalko grew a beautiful supply of blond hair (her natural shade) after her head had been completely bald since a fever nine years previously and she had worn a wig ever since.

A military officer had a bald spot which had been growing larger for some time. Within a few weeks it was completely covered.

I could mention numerous examples. Now, having made arrangements here, I intend to supply Kotalko, according to the genuine Indians' formula to whomsoever wishes to obtain it.

### Recipe Given Free

The recipe shall be pleased to mail, free. Address: John Hart Brittain, BG-103, Station F, New York, N. Y. When you have grown new hair please send me a letter giving the facts for my files.



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