

"GO!"

A Tale of Invasion.

The new El Dorado was in sight. Gordon's party of twelve tired frontiersmen had mounted the high divide which separates the sources of the Running water from those of the Cheyenne.

For five weeks the men had shovelled drifts, buffeted blizzards and kept a constant vigil among a t of interminable sand-hills. By means, too, of stable canvas, shovels, axes, iron picket pins and a modicum of dry feed, they had kept in good condition the splendid eight-mile team which drew their rig freighter.

In fact Gordon's outfit was a model one in every respect, and probably no similar body of men ever faced our snow-bound, trackless plains, better equipped for the adventure.

And now the muffled marchers cheered as 'Cap' Gordon halted them, and pointed to a blurred and inky upheaval upon the far rim of a limitless sea of white. The famous Black Hills, a veritable wonderland, unseen hitherto by any party of whites save the men of Custer's expedition, lay before them.

Two more days and the gold-seekers would gain the shelter of those pine-covered hills, where their merry axes would 'eat chips' until shelter, comfort and safety from attack were secured. Out of the bitter cold, after weeks of toil and danger, into warmth and safety—no wonder they were glad!

As yet they had seen no sign of the hostile Sioux, but their frosty chests, thin and piping, had hardly been borne away by the cutting wind when a moving black speck appeared on the western horizon.

The speck drew nearer, and resolved itself into a solitary horseman. Could it be that a single Sioux would approach a party of their strength? They watched the rider without anxiety. They were so near the goal now that no war party of sufficient strength to become a menace was likely to be gathered.

They were equipped with an arsenal of modern guns, with fifty thousand rounds of ammunition, and had boasted they were 'good to stand off three hundred Sioux.'

Nearer and nearer drew the horseman his pony coming on in rabbit like jumps to clear the drifts. Speculation ceased. It was an Indian—probably a hunter strayed far from his village, half starved and coming to beg for food. Well, the poor wretch should have tramped bread and meat as much as he could eat—they could not stop to give him better fare.

It was as cold as Greenland. The bundled driver upon the great wagon slapped his single line, and yelled at the plodding mules. Eleven buffalo-coated fur-an-cased men with festal in snow packs marched at the tail of the freighter. In such weather their cold 'shooting irons' were left in the wagon, nor did they deem it necessary now to get them out.

They were prepared for a begging Indian, but the apparition which finally rode in upon the monotony of their long march seemed to them a figure as farcical as a savage. As the Sioux horseman confronted them he lowered his blanket, uncovered his solemn, barbarian face, and stretching out one long arm, pointed them back upon their trail.

'Go!' he said, and he repeated the command with fierce insistence. The big freight wagon rattled on, but the Indian halted for a moment to laugh. The Indian stretched his arm and shouted, 'Go!' still more savagely. It was immensely funny. Gordon's men jeered the solitary autocrat, and laughed until their icicles bearded their lips.

They had him get into a drift and cool off; asked him if his mother knew he was out, and whether his feet were sore, and if it hurt him much to talk, and if he hadn't a brother who could chin-chin washtado?

His sole answer to their jeering, as he rode alongside, was 'Go! go! go!' repeated with savage emphasis and a flourish of his arm to southward.

The footmen were plodding a dozen rods in the rear of their freight wagon, and still laughing frostily at this queer specimen of 'Indian,' when the savage spurred his pony forward. A few quick leaps carried him up to the toiling eight mule team. His blanket dropped around his hips, and a repeating carbine rose to his face. Both wheelers dropped at the first shot killed by a single ounce slug. A rapid fusillade of shots was distributed among the struggling mules, and then the Sioux was off, shaking his gun and yelling defiance, his pony going in zigzag leaps and like the wind.

Men ran tumbling over each other to get into the wagon and at their guns. The teamster and two or three others who, despite the cold, carried revolvers under their great coats, jerked their mittens and fumbled with stiff fingers for their weapons. They had not been nerved up with excitement, like the Sioux, and before they could bring their guns to bear, the savage was well upon the prairie.

And when these men tried, with rifle or revolver, to shoot at the swiftly moving erratic mark presented by the cunning Sioux and his rabbit-like pony, the cutting wind numbed their fingers and filled their eyes with water, the glittering snow obscured their front sights, and they pelted a white waste harmlessly with bullets.

immediately. They believed they could easily overtake the Sioux among the drifts of the lower lands, where creeks and snow-filled ravines must cause him to shift his course continually.

'Boys,' said Gordon, when some of them had hastily begun to strip for the chase, 'boys, this is my particular affair. You make camp and fix it for fightin'. I'll either get that Sioux, or he'll fetch his tribe back an' get us.'

Cy Gordon was their captain. He had been a hay and wood contractor for many years in the Sioux country, and his word was law to this little band.

There was no need to argue that no man could have even guessed at the daring and disaster they had looked upon. The performance had been too appallingly simple and easy. It had come as unexpectedly as the flood of a cloudburst or the bursting of a gun.

While his men stood vengefully watching the flying Sioux, Gordon stripped himself of superfluous wrappings, stocked his pockets with frozen bread and cartridges, snipped on a pair of snowboots kept for emergency, tightened his belt, and launched himself in pursuit.

Horse and rider were again no more than a speck upon the vast snow field. Gordon, with an 'express' rifle under his arm, took the long, swinging stride of the accomplished snowshoer. In an hour the speck upon the snow had grown smaller.

At high noon, by a broad flat where tall grass held the snow, Gordon came almost within bullet range of the Sioux. An hour later, among a tangle of drifted ravines. There was an exchange of shots, and the Sioux's pony dropped in its tracks. The rider dodged out of 'sight, and Gordon pushed warily on with a grin of hate under his icicles.

He took up the Sioux track, and noted with satisfaction that the Indian's moccasined feet punched through the light crust at every other step. In just a little while!

But he followed for an hour or more among a seemingly interminable tangle of gullies without catching a glimpse of the wily doer. Then he emerged into a wider valley, to find that the artful rascal had escaped out of range and out of sight upon a wind swept stretch of river ice.

Gordon ground his teeth and swept over the smooth surface, sweating, despite the sharp cold, from fierce exertion. At a turn of the river he saw the Sioux; but there were others, more than a score of them, mounted and approaching the runner. The male killer's camp or town was close at hand.

Exhausted from his long run, Gordon, in his own language, 'threw up the sponge.' He hastily sought the cover of river drifts, and scooped himself a kind of rifle-pit. Then, with a pile of cartridges between his knees and slapping his hands to keep his fingers ready for action, he waited, meaning to do what execution he could before the end.

There was considerable parley among the Sioux, and then only a single Indian advanced toward the white man. This one came aloft within gunshot, then stopped and shook his blanket in token that he wanted to approach and talk.

Gordon laughed. The situation seemed to him grimly humorous. He motioned the Indian to come on, and kept him well covered with his rifle. A moment later, however, he lowered his gun.

Whatever fate awaited Gordon, he knew that he stood in no danger of a treacherous stroke from the approaching Sioux. It was the chief, Red Cloud.

Gordon arose, and the chief came forward with a hand outstretched. 'My young man has killed your mules,' was Red Cloud's greeting in the Sioux tongue. Gordon understood. 'Yes,' he said, 'and I will not take your hand until you have done right.'

The grave old chief drew his blanket about his shoulders with a shrug. 'Now listen,' he said. 'If one of your soldiers had approached a party of my soldiers and killed all their horses, and so crippled them and escaped, your people would have young man in very brave. He did as he was told. You cannot come here and take my country—not yet. I have watched your advance and complained to your soldiers at White river. When I saw they did not run out and catch you as our Great Father has said they should do, I sent my young man to stop you. You will find your soldiers at the three forks of White river. Now go!'

And without another word, Red Cloud turned upon his heel and stalked away. This time Gordon was glad enough to obey the injunction to 'go.' Three days later his little party filed in at the military camp on White river, and when, some time afterward, their boxes of freight had been recovered, not so much as a blanket or a pound of sugar had been taken by Red Cloud's Sioux.

THE DEACON'S SUGGESTION.

Told His Colored Groceryman How to Keep Dirt Out of His Scale Weights.

'Opposite the railroad depot down in Virginia there was a grocery kept by a colored man, and as we had some time to wait for the train, three or four of us crossed over to look at his stock,' said a commercial traveller. 'Business was very brisk with the merchant, though all his customers were colored. We noticed that sugar, tea and codfish seemed to sell above all else, and during a temporary lull the colonel approached the battered old scales on which everything was weighed and picked up some of the weights. The hollow in each one had been filled with lead, and quite sure that the pound weight would balance twenty ounces at least, he said to the old man:

"I see you have filled your weights with lead."

"Yes, sah; yes, sah," he replied as he rubbed his hands together.

"What was the idea?"

"To keep the dirt out o' de holes, sah. Can't no dirt git in dar now."

"Was it your own idea?"

"No, sir. I never should ev got dat idea if it hadn't been fur Deacon Williams. De deacon said it was de way dey did down in Greenville, an' fixed 'em up fur me with out cost."

"The deacon buys all his groceries here doesn't he?"

"He does, sah; yes, sah, he buys 'em all yere, an' he was tellin' me only dis mawning dat he nebber did see de beat o' how dem groceries held out."

"He was advised to take his weights over to the cotton warehouse, and have weighed, and he puled them up and in a slow walk and very much puzzled, he proceeded to the warehouse. When he returned it was on the run and his eyes hang ing out, and as he reached the store he exclaimed:

"No wonder I has gone into bankruptcy fo'teen times an' had to sell my mews and hogs on 'an' make de ole woman go bar'nt! Dat air pound weight weighs twenty-two ounces, an' every time Deacon Williams has bought two pounds o' sugar an' codfish, he has taken away three pounds an' a half! Shoo, but I'as gwine to close de doah an' put up a sign o' 'Busted Ag'in'!"

TIPPED HIM RIGHT, BY MISTAKE.

Unlooked for Outcome of an Attempt to be Rid of a Bothersome Racetrack Friend.

"Back in the early nineties," remarked an old-time racer the other day. "I had the queerest experience in the many years that I have followed the horses. Among my friends in those prosperous days was a young chap whom I only knew by the name of Frank, and how I really got acquainted with him I can't recall. He used to bob up at the track every day and his first question usually was, 'Anything good today?' Of course I used to give the kid, as I called him, a tip now and then to get rid of him, but he finally became such a nuisance that I made up my mind one day to give him a dead one the very next time he came to me. I missed him for a day or two and was beginning to think that probably he had quit the tracks for good when one day at Morris Park he turned up as large as life with the usual 'Anything good?' Now is my chance, I thought to get rid of him for once and all.

'It was the day of the Metropolitan Handicap, and about all I could bag and borrow I had put on the favorite, the famous old Tenny. Among the other horses in the race if I remember right were Clarendon, Riley, Senorita, Ambulance, Teunament and Tristan. The latter was an outsider in the betting and it almost went begging at 20 to 1. This was my opportunity, I thought, and I told my friend that Tristan was a sure winner; in fact, I added that it was almost like stealing money to bet on him and then I watched him run into the betting ring, and while I thought it was too bad to have to resort to such measures, I felt sure that he would never come to me again for a good thing. Well, the race started and about every horse in it appeared to have a chance but Tristan, and I could not help but smile as I thought of my young friend who had played him. Coming into the stretch there was the usual clog up with my horse Tenny, right along with the leaders, while Tristan was absolutely last, but somehow or other he was running easier than any of the others. Still this didn't worry me until his jockey shook him up and he began to walk through the whole bunch, including my horse Tenny. Even then I felt that Tristan wouldn't be able to stand the pace, but when Tenny's jockey let out a wrap and still the 20 to 1 shot hung on I began to feel cold chills up and down my back.

'Tristan had a world of speed that day and although Isaac Murphy, who rode Tenny, used all his skill, Tristan, in a driving finish, won by half a length, and so instead of getting rid of my friend I only made matters worse for myself and lost a lot of money in the bargain.

'After cashing in my young friend, wild-eyed and happy, sought me out in the crowd and showered such congratulations on me that I was almost tempted to tell him the truth. He stuck to me closer ever after that and it was a couple of years afterward that he finally quit the horses and I lost all track of him. There was only one consolation in that race for me and that was the fact that Tristan had to establish a new record to beat my horse Tenny, and the record of 1.51 1/2 for a mile and an eight I guess stands today.'

His Mauds.

The secret of success is to believe in the thing that one is doing. Because he innocently expected nothing but compliments an Italian organ grinder, pictured by the New York World, easily got out of a difficulty.

He had been playing before the house

of a very irascible old gentleman, who furiously and with wild gesticulations ordered him to 'clear off.' The organ grinder, however, continued to grind away, till finally the old gentleman had him arrested for disturbance.

At the police court the magistrate asked why he did not leave when requested to do so.

'Me no understan' mooch Ingloese,' was the reply.

'Well,' said the magistrate, 'but you must have understood what he meant when he kept stamping his feet and waving his arms.'

'No, me not know,' replied the Italian. 'Me think he come to dance to my music.'

The organ grinder was discharged.

BORN.

- Somerville, May 11, to the wife of T. Sanford, a son. St. Croix, May 10, to the wife of W. Sweet, a son. Harmony, May 11, to the wife of N. Minard, a son. Amherst, May 11, to the wife of Wm. Miller, a son. Digby, May 8, to the wife of Chas. Gavil, a daughter. Digby, May 12, to the wife of W. Outram, a daughter. Benville, May 7, to the wife of F. Inglis, a daughter. Windsor, May 10, to the wife of F. DeCof, a daughter. Benville, May 13, to the wife of Jas. Greenalade, a son. Antironah, Apr. 15, to the wife of Payson Clark, a son. Lunenburg, May 14, to the wife of H. McDonald, a son. Port Lorne, May 14, to the wife of Capt. Banks, a son. Whiteburne, May 4, to the wife of F. McBride, a son. St. Mark's, May 7, to the wife of John Dalton, a son. Kildare, May 6, to the wife of James Whelan, a son. Halifax, May 3, to the wife of Edward Carroll, a son. Hawk Point, May 12, to the wife of B. Atkinson, a son. Mt. Denison, May 12, to the wife of Austin Wile, a son. Woodstock, May 24, to the wife of W. Fisher, a son. Margareville, May 7, to the wife of James Roach, a son. Yarmouth, April 22, to the wife of Harry Boyd, a daughter. Halifax, May 3, to the wife of John McMichael, a daughter. Halifax, May 12, to the wife of Wm. Preper, a daughter. Cape Island, May 3, to the wife of J. Kenny, a daughter. Barrington, May 4, to the wife of Chas. Thomas, a daughter. Cambridgeport, May 15, to the wife of W. Lane, a daughter. Harmony, May 13, to the wife of James McGuire, a daughter. Kings Co., May 13, to the wife of Alfred Bishop, a daughter. DeBent's Village, May 13, to the wife of J. Fleming, a daughter. Burton, May 3, to the wife of Laurence Fitzpatrick, a son. Chatham, May 10, to the wife of Andrew Danca, a son. Hawk Point, May 12, to the wife of Otis Cunningham, a daughter. Southport, May 17, to the wife of Johnston Thompson, a daughter.

MARRIED.

- Truro, May 17, Charles A. Thomas to Sarah Teague, a daughter. Brooklyn, N. Y., May 16, Francis W. Jones to Elizabeth E. Coyer. Bedford, May 15 by Rev. A. F. Logan, Charles J. DeBent to Annie Surdhan. Woodstock, May 12, by Rev. H. D. Marr, Ral Hendrick to Ruth Tidd. Annapolis, May 12, by Rev. H. How, William Caldwell to Annie Surdhan. Kentville, May 15, by Rev. B. N. Nobles, Conley Hart to Ruby Penwarden. Mt. Rose, May 2, by Rev. E. F. Coldwell, Wallace Reid to Lottie Marshall. Annapolis, May 2, by Rev. E. L. Steeves, Geo. B. Longley to Nettie Daniels. Milltown, May 9, by Rev. F. W. Murray, James H. To Mar to B. White. Kentville, May 16, by Rev. B. N. Nobles, Percy Simmons to Gerlie Landey. Chegoquin, May 18, by Rev. Edwin Crowell, Alexander Bain to Janie Harris. Roseville, P. E. I., by Rev. A. E. Burke, Thomas Butler to Annabelle Doyle. Truro, May 17, by Rev. H. P. Adams, James H. Newton to Mamie Campbell. Greenville, May 12, by Rev. James B. Heal, George E. Pat to Victoria Truitt. Halifax, April 19, by Rev. John Cottingham, Alex. R. Kilday to Miriam Crosby. Charlottetown, May 14, by Rev. Dr. Morrison, Jas. Fraser to Mrs. Julia Carroll. Regis, N. W. T., April 19, by Rev. Mr. Milliken, David B. Smith to Dora Zorn. Morell, May 9, by Rev. A. Crisler, James O. Webster to Margaret E. Anderson. Milltown, May 9, by Rev. C. E. Young, Burton Whirly to May Leeman. Joyce's Corner, May 3, by Rev. J. F. Foley, William Murphy to Minnie Lawson. Argyll Shore, May 7, by Rev. John Goodwill, Daniel Macosca to Mary E. Baker. Woods Harbor, May 16, by Rev. Wm. Halliday, Angus Goodwin to Ida Nickerson. London, Eng., April 8, by G. L. Harris, Registrar, Henry Rowell to Ellen M. Davidson. Windsor, May 16, by Rev. J. A. Mosher, Oscar J. Kirkpatrick to Bessie O. Richardson. Charlottetown, May 8, by Rev. A. Marston Sinclair, Robert Ross to Mary A. Macdonald. Allston, Mass., May 9, by Rev. C. W. Duffield, George McCulloch to Florence Marsh. Springhill, May 12, by Rev. J. W. Bancroft, William Feltgus to Mrs. Margaret Bennett. Lunenburg, C. B., May 1, by Rev. L. H. Maclean, Thomas Rodgers to Maggie Macdonald. Lock Lomond, C. B., May 8, by Rev. M. Macleod, Frederick A. Macleod to Catherine Campbell. Manset, Me., May 8, by Rev. Chas. P. Kittredge, John E. Robbins to Mrs. Margaret M. Reed. Alberton, P. E. I., May 8, by Rev. A. E. Burke, saved by Rev. Dr. Chasson, Andrew Graves to Mary Cahill.

DIED.

- Penobscot, May 12, Joel Ross, 60. St. John, May 24, James Murphy. Hantsport, May 12, George Zink, 80. Gratton, May 13, Allan Minard, 60. St. Stephen, Mrs. James Clarke, 41. Darnley, May 12, Ida M. Clarke, 22. Moncton, May 14, Agnes Sefton, 51. Acadia, May 16, Thomas Treedy, 88. Windsor, May 18, Edward Elton, 60. Liverpool, May 12, Wm. Godfrey, 62. Halifax, May 20, Edward Roome, 63. Kentville, May 17, Wallace Fisher, 50. Hantsport, May 16, Rhoda Davison, 11. West Amherst, May 16, Jane Jones, 74. Richmond, May 14, David Embree, 70. St. Stephen, May 9, James Bradley, 74.

- Montreal, May 17, Chas. J. Wallace, 84. Deer Island, May 6, Dewey Fountain, 1. Princeton, May 6, Albert McReche, 72. Shelburne, May 18, Mrs. Robert Ryer, 92. Dartmouth, May 20, Caroline Murphy, 62. Yarmouth, May 10, Mrs. Enoch Porter, 78. St. John, May 28, Stephen B. Murphy, 70. Fort Point, May 19, Philip Robicheau, 40. St. Lambert Q., May 11, Helen Parker, 6. Marshalltown, May 12, Mrs. Hannah, 63. St. Stephen, May 8, Mrs. Sarah Fryer, 74. Annapolis, May 12, Mrs. Avis Corbin, 52. Halifax, May 20, Frank Anderson, 52. Gloucester, Mass., May 8, Myra Frost, 10. St. John, May 27, Mrs. Robert Bartley, 78. Vernon River, May 4, Mr. S. Macleod, 37. South Lake, May 6, Frank MacKinna, 62. Naintrage, May 14, James MacDonald, 57. West Beccoon, May 12, Myrtle Madden, 6. Bonaville, May 4, Catherine Macdonald, 23. Fort La Tour, May 6, Mrs. James Bethel, 62. East Windsor, May 19, Miss Mary Smith, 65. Milltown, Me., May 15, Mrs. Mary Kelly, 43. St. Thomas, Ont., April 17, Nellie Prosper, 90. Short Beach, May 20, Mrs. Fauche Harris, 81. Millvale, Camb. Co., Mrs. Chas. A. B. Parry. Glasville, May 14, Mr. James W. Lawson, 71. St. George, N. B., May 18, Fred McMaster 43. Charlottetown, May 17, Mrs. John Arling, 74. Somerville, Mass., May 11, Henry Malloy, 20. Weaver Settlement, May 7, Mrs. James Barr, 63. St. Stephen, May 12, Mrs. Samuel Robinson, 60. Philadelphia, Pa., May 5, James Wreton Smith, D. D. 77. Brant, Callnes, Scotland, April 22, Mrs. Alexanderutherland, 70. Somerville, Mass., May 12, infant son of Mr. and Mrs. T. F. Sanford. St. Stephen, May 3, Virginia, infant of Mr. and Mrs. Fred Watson, 10 mo.

RAILROADS.

CANADIAN PACIFIC SUMMER TOURS

Commence June 1st. Write for 1900 Tour Book. The Famous Fast Train

"Imperial Limited"

To the Pacific Coast will be put in service commencing June 11th, 1900

NEW ROUTE TO QUEBEC

Commencing June 6th, there will be a combination first class and sleeping car leave St. John at 4:10 p. m., week days, and run through to Lewis, P. Q., via Megantic.

Dominion Atlantic R'y.

On and after Monday, Feb. 6th, 1900, the Steamship and Train service of this Railway will be as follows:

Royal Mail S. S. Prince Rupert.

ST. JOHN AND DIGBY. Lvs. St. John at 7:00 a. m., Monday, Wednesday, Thursday and Saturday; arr Digby 10:00 a. m. Returning leaves Digby same days at 12:50 p. m., arr. at St. John, 3:25 p. m.

EXPRESS TRAINS

Daily (Sunday excepted). Lvs. Halifax 6:30 a. m., arr. at Digby 12:30 p. m. Lvs. Digby 12:45 p. m., arr. Yarmouth 2:30 p. m. Lvs. Yarmouth 3:00 a. m., arr. Digby 11:45 a. m. Lvs. Digby 11:45 a. m., arr. Halifax 5:50 p. m. Lvs. Annapolis 7:40 a. m., Monday, Wednesday, Thursday and Saturday, arr. Digby 8:50 a. m. Lvs. Digby 8:30 p. m., Monday, Wednesday, Thursday and Saturday, arr. Annapolis 4:40 p. m.

S. S. Prince Arthur.

YARMOUTH AND BOSTON SERVICE. By far the finest and fastest steamer plying out of Boston. Leaves Yarmouth, N. B., Wednesday, and Saturday immediately on arrival of the Express Trains from Halifax arriving in Boston early next morning. Returning leaves Long Wharf, Boston, Tuesday, and Friday at 4:00 p. m. Unequaled cuisine on Dominion Atlantic Railway Steamers and Palace Car Express Trains.

State rooms can be obtained on application to City Agent.

Close connections with trains at Digby. Tickets on sale at City Office, 114 Prince William Street, at the wharf office, 1 from the Furzer on steamer, from whom time-tables and all information can be obtained.

P. GIFFKINS, superintendent, Kentville, N. B.

Intercolonial Railway

On and after SUNDAY, January 14th, 1900, trains will run daily (Sundays excepted) as follows:

TRAINS WILL LEAVE ST. JOHN

- Suburban for Hampton.....5:20 Express for Campbellton, Pugwash, Pictou and Halifax.....7:25 Express for Halifax, New Glasgow and Pictou.....12:05 Express for Sussex.....12:40 Express for Quebec, Montreal.....12:50 Accommodation for Moncton, Truro, Halifax and Sydney.....22:10

A sleeping car will be attached to the train leaving St. John at 11:30 o'clock for Quebec and Montreal. Passengers transfer at Moncton. A sleeping car will be attached to the train leaving St. John at 22:10 o'clock for Truro and Halifax. Vestibule, Dining and Sleeping cars on the Quebec and Montreal express.

TRAINS WILL ARRIVE AT ST. JOHN

- Suburban from Hampton.....7:15 Express from Sussex.....8:30 Express from Quebec and Montreal.....12:20 Express from Halifax.....12:50 Express from Halifax.....19:15 Accommodation from Moncton.....21:45

All trains are run by Eastern Standard time Twenty-four hours notation. D. FOTTINGER, Gen. Manager Moncton N. B., Jan. 9, 1900. CITY TICKET OFFICE, 7 King Street St. John, N. B.