

# THE ACADIAN

## AND BERWICK TIMES.

DEVOTED TO LOCAL AND GENERAL INTELLIGENCE

Vol. VII.

WOLFVILLE, KING'S CO., N. S., FRIDAY, JUNE 1, 1898.

No. 42

### CASTORIA

for Infants and Children.

Castoria is so well adapted to children that it is recommended as superior to any prescription known to us. It is a safe, reliable, and pleasant medicine. It is sold in bottles of 10, 25, 50, and 100 doses. Price, 25 cents per bottle. Sold by all druggists.

### THE ACADIAN.

Published on FRIDAY at the office WOLFVILLE, KING'S CO., N. S.

TERMS: \$1.00 PER ANNUM. (IN ADVANCE.)

CLUBS OF five in advance \$4.00

Local advertising at ten cents per line for every insertion, unless by special arrangement for standing notices. Rates for standing advertisements will be made known on application to the office and payment on transient advertising must be guaranteed by some responsible party prior to its insertion.

The Acadian Job Department is constantly receiving new type and material, and will continue to guarantee satisfaction on all work turned out.

Newspaper communications from all parts of the county, or articles of general interest, will be published on application to the editor, although the name may be written over a fictitious signature. Address all communications to DAVIDSON BROS., Editors, Proprietors, Wolfville, N. S.

### Legal Decisions.

1. Any person who takes a paper regularly from the Post Office—whether directed to his name or another's or whether he has subscribed or not—is responsible for the payment.
2. If a person orders his paper discontinued, he must pay up all arrears, or the publisher may continue to send it until payment is made, and collect the whole amount, whether the paper is taken from the office or not.
3. The courts have decided that refusing to take newspapers and periodicals from the Post Office, or removing and leaving them uncollected for *prima facie* evidence of intentional fraud.

### PORT OFFICE, WOLFVILLE.

Office Hours, 9 a. m. to 5 p. m. Mails are made up as follows: For Halifax and Windsor close at 6:30 a. m. Express close at 10:35 a. m. Kentville close at 1:15 p. m. Gen. V. Rand, Post Master.

### PEOPLES BANK OF HALIFAX.

Open from 9 a. m. to 3 p. m. Closed on Saturday at 12 noon. Geo. W. Bann, Agent.

### Churches.

- BAPTIST CHURCH**—Rev. T. A. Higgins, Pastor—Services Sunday, preaching at 11 a. m. and 7 p. m.; Sunday School at 2:30 p. m.; Pastor's Bible Class & Treasurers Meeting on Tuesday at 7:15; Prayer Meeting, Thurs. day evening at 7:30.
- MISSION HALL SERVICES**—Sunday School at 2:30, followed by Service at 3:30; Prayer Meeting, Friday evening at 7:30.
- PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH**—Rev. R. D. Ross, Pastor—Services every Sabbath at 10:30 a. m. Sabbath School at 11 a. m.; Prayer Meeting on Wednesday at 7:30 p. m.
- METHODIST CHURCH**—Rev. Fred's Frisquet, Pastor—Services every Sabbath at 11:00 a. m. and 7:00 p. m. Sabbath School at 3:30 p. m. Prayer Meeting on Thursday at 7:00 p. m.

### St. John's Church, (Episcopal)

Services on Sunday next at 3 p. m. Sunday School at 2 p. m.

### Episcopal.

St. George's Lodge, F. & A. M., meets at their Hall on the second Friday of each month at 7:30 o'clock. J. W. Caldwell, Secretary.

### Temperance.

WOLFVILLE DIVISION No. 7 meets every Monday evening in their Hall, Witter's Block, at 8:00 o'clock.

### ACADIA LODGE, I. O. O. F. meets every Saturday evening in Music Hall at 7:30 o'clock.

### ISLAND HOME STOCK FARM.

Registered Purebred Horses and Cattle. Also a variety of other stock. Address: Wolfville, N. S.

### DIRECTORY

Business Firms of WOLFVILLE

The undermentioned firms will use you right, and we can safely recommend them as our most enterprising business men.

- BORDEN, C. H.**—Boots and Shoes, Hats and Caps, and Gents' Furnishing Goods.
- BORDEN, CHARLES H.**—Carriages and Bleighs Bolted, Repaired, and Painted.
- BISHOP, E. G.**—Dealer in Lards, Oils, Colors, Room Paper, Hardware, Crockery, Glass, Cutlery, Brushes, etc., etc.
- BLACKADDER, W. C.**—Cabinet Maker and Repairer.
- BROWN, J. I.**—Practical Horse-Shoer and Farrier.
- CALDWELL & MURRAY**—Dry Goods, Boots & Shoes, Furniture, etc.
- DAVISON, J. B.**—Justice of the Peace, Conveyancer, Fire Insurance Agent.
- DAVISON BROS.**—Printers and Publishers.
- DR. PAYZANT & SON**, Dentists.
- GILMORE, G. H.**—Insurance Agent, Agent of Mutual Reserve Fund Life Association, of New York.
- GODFREY, L. P.**—Manufacturer of Boots and Shoes.
- HAMILTON, MISS S. A.**—Milliner, and dealer in fashionable millinery goods.
- HARRIS, O. D.**—General Dry Goods, Clothing and Gents' Furnishings.
- HEERIN, J. F.**—Watch Maker and Jeweller.
- HIGGINS, W. J.**—General Coal Dealer. Coal always on hand.
- KELLEY, THOMAS**—Boot and Shoe Maker. All orders in his line faithfully performed. Repairing neatly done.
- MURPHY, J. L.**—Cabinet Maker and Repairer.
- PATRICK, C. A.**—Manufacturer of all kinds of Carriage and Team Harness. Opposite People's Bank.
- ROCKWELL & CO.**—Book-sellers, Stationers, Picture Framers, and dealers in Pianos, Organs, and Sewing Machines.
- RAND, G. V.**—Drugs, and Fancy Goods.
- SLEEP, S. R.**—Importer and dealer in General Hardware, Stoves, and Tinware. Agents for Frost & Wood's Pumps.
- SHAW, J. M.**—Barber and Tobaccoist.
- WALLACE, G. H.**—Wholesale and Retail Grocer.
- WITTER, BURPEE**—Importer and dealer in Dry Goods, Millinery, Ready-made Clothing, and Gents' Furnishings.
- WILSON, JAR.**—Hardware Maker, is still in Wolfville where he is prepared to fill all orders in his line of business.

### J. B. DAVISON, J. P.

STIPENDIARY MAGISTRATE, CONVEYANCER, INSURANCE AGENT, ETC.

WOLFVILLE, N. S.

### JOHN W. WALLACE,

BARRISTER-AT-LAW, NOTARY, CONVEYANCER, ETC.

Also General Agent for FIRE and LIFE INSURANCE.

WOLFVILLE N. S.

### Campbell's Cathartic Compound

It cures Liver Complaint, Biliousness, Acid Stomach, Dyspepsia, Loss of Appetite, Headaches, Constipation or Constipation.

Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass. Sold by all Druggists and Dealers in Medicines.

### Solo Poetry.

"NONE WILL MISS THEE."

Few will miss thee, friend, when thou  
For a month in dust hath lain,  
Skillful hand and anxious brow,  
Tongue of wisdom, busy brain—  
All thou wert shall be forgot,  
And thy place shall know thee not.

Shadows from the bending trees  
O'er thy lowly head may pass,  
Sighs from every wandering breeze  
Sir the long, thick, chureyard grass—  
Wilt thou heed them? No, thy sleep  
Shall be dreamless, calm and deep.

Some sweet bird may sit and sing  
On the marble of thy tomb,  
Soon to fit on joyous wing  
From that place of death and gloom,  
On some throb to warble clear,  
But these songs thou shalt not hear.

Some kind voice may sing thy praise,  
Pleading near thy place of rest,  
Fondly talk of "other days"—  
But no throb within thy breast  
Shall respond to words of praise,  
Or old thoughts of "other days."

Since so fleeting is thy name,  
Talent, beauty, power and wit,  
It were well that without shame  
Thou in God's great book were writ,  
There in golden words to be  
Graven for eternity.

### Interesting Story.

Curley's Last Ride.

There were rocks ahead—there was no doubt about that. For weeks we had heard whispers of an Indian rising, and now the Red-kins had as honned in on every side. The white settlers had long ago left the territory, and were holding the fort in utter desperation. Dear old fort, what happy days we have spent in it! How brave and bright the hearts that beat there! It was picturesquely rough. The winding river could be seen a mile away, gliding and quivering through the trees like a huge serpent. The air was laden with the scent of pine bloom, and the prairie round was soft as velvet. The high smokestack that ran round the barracks made the position all but impregnable, and we kept the old flag floating over it to the last. But the day came when we had to leave it, flying for our lives. We were only a handful of men from the beginning. The Captain had been murdered, when parleying with one of the chiefs, and Bruce, his orderly, galloped back with an arrow in his lungs, and died two days after. Scottie and Ford succumbed to typhoid fever and were buried beside the stables, and only six of the boys were left, besides myself, to see the end of it.

### Curley's Last Ride.

There were rocks ahead—there was no doubt about that. For weeks we had heard whispers of an Indian rising, and now the Red-kins had as honned in on every side. The white settlers had long ago left the territory, and were holding the fort in utter desperation. Dear old fort, what happy days we have spent in it! How brave and bright the hearts that beat there! It was picturesquely rough. The winding river could be seen a mile away, gliding and quivering through the trees like a huge serpent. The air was laden with the scent of pine bloom, and the prairie round was soft as velvet. The high smokestack that ran round the barracks made the position all but impregnable, and we kept the old flag floating over it to the last. But the day came when we had to leave it, flying for our lives. We were only a handful of men from the beginning. The Captain had been murdered, when parleying with one of the chiefs, and Bruce, his orderly, galloped back with an arrow in his lungs, and died two days after. Scottie and Ford succumbed to typhoid fever and were buried beside the stables, and only six of the boys were left, besides myself, to see the end of it.

### Curley's Last Ride.

There were rocks ahead—there was no doubt about that. For weeks we had heard whispers of an Indian rising, and now the Red-kins had as honned in on every side. The white settlers had long ago left the territory, and were holding the fort in utter desperation. Dear old fort, what happy days we have spent in it! How brave and bright the hearts that beat there! It was picturesquely rough. The winding river could be seen a mile away, gliding and quivering through the trees like a huge serpent. The air was laden with the scent of pine bloom, and the prairie round was soft as velvet. The high smokestack that ran round the barracks made the position all but impregnable, and we kept the old flag floating over it to the last. But the day came when we had to leave it, flying for our lives. We were only a handful of men from the beginning. The Captain had been murdered, when parleying with one of the chiefs, and Bruce, his orderly, galloped back with an arrow in his lungs, and died two days after. Scottie and Ford succumbed to typhoid fever and were buried beside the stables, and only six of the boys were left, besides myself, to see the end of it.

### Curley's Last Ride.

There were rocks ahead—there was no doubt about that. For weeks we had heard whispers of an Indian rising, and now the Red-kins had as honned in on every side. The white settlers had long ago left the territory, and were holding the fort in utter desperation. Dear old fort, what happy days we have spent in it! How brave and bright the hearts that beat there! It was picturesquely rough. The winding river could be seen a mile away, gliding and quivering through the trees like a huge serpent. The air was laden with the scent of pine bloom, and the prairie round was soft as velvet. The high smokestack that ran round the barracks made the position all but impregnable, and we kept the old flag floating over it to the last. But the day came when we had to leave it, flying for our lives. We were only a handful of men from the beginning. The Captain had been murdered, when parleying with one of the chiefs, and Bruce, his orderly, galloped back with an arrow in his lungs, and died two days after. Scottie and Ford succumbed to typhoid fever and were buried beside the stables, and only six of the boys were left, besides myself, to see the end of it.

### Curley's Last Ride.

There were rocks ahead—there was no doubt about that. For weeks we had heard whispers of an Indian rising, and now the Red-kins had as honned in on every side. The white settlers had long ago left the territory, and were holding the fort in utter desperation. Dear old fort, what happy days we have spent in it! How brave and bright the hearts that beat there! It was picturesquely rough. The winding river could be seen a mile away, gliding and quivering through the trees like a huge serpent. The air was laden with the scent of pine bloom, and the prairie round was soft as velvet. The high smokestack that ran round the barracks made the position all but impregnable, and we kept the old flag floating over it to the last. But the day came when we had to leave it, flying for our lives. We were only a handful of men from the beginning. The Captain had been murdered, when parleying with one of the chiefs, and Bruce, his orderly, galloped back with an arrow in his lungs, and died two days after. Scottie and Ford succumbed to typhoid fever and were buried beside the stables, and only six of the boys were left, besides myself, to see the end of it.

### Curley's Last Ride.

There were rocks ahead—there was no doubt about that. For weeks we had heard whispers of an Indian rising, and now the Red-kins had as honned in on every side. The white settlers had long ago left the territory, and were holding the fort in utter desperation. Dear old fort, what happy days we have spent in it! How brave and bright the hearts that beat there! It was picturesquely rough. The winding river could be seen a mile away, gliding and quivering through the trees like a huge serpent. The air was laden with the scent of pine bloom, and the prairie round was soft as velvet. The high smokestack that ran round the barracks made the position all but impregnable, and we kept the old flag floating over it to the last. But the day came when we had to leave it, flying for our lives. We were only a handful of men from the beginning. The Captain had been murdered, when parleying with one of the chiefs, and Bruce, his orderly, galloped back with an arrow in his lungs, and died two days after. Scottie and Ford succumbed to typhoid fever and were buried beside the stables, and only six of the boys were left, besides myself, to see the end of it.

### Curley's Last Ride.

There were rocks ahead—there was no doubt about that. For weeks we had heard whispers of an Indian rising, and now the Red-kins had as honned in on every side. The white settlers had long ago left the territory, and were holding the fort in utter desperation. Dear old fort, what happy days we have spent in it! How brave and bright the hearts that beat there! It was picturesquely rough. The winding river could be seen a mile away, gliding and quivering through the trees like a huge serpent. The air was laden with the scent of pine bloom, and the prairie round was soft as velvet. The high smokestack that ran round the barracks made the position all but impregnable, and we kept the old flag floating over it to the last. But the day came when we had to leave it, flying for our lives. We were only a handful of men from the beginning. The Captain had been murdered, when parleying with one of the chiefs, and Bruce, his orderly, galloped back with an arrow in his lungs, and died two days after. Scottie and Ford succumbed to typhoid fever and were buried beside the stables, and only six of the boys were left, besides myself, to see the end of it.

### Curley's Last Ride.

There were rocks ahead—there was no doubt about that. For weeks we had heard whispers of an Indian rising, and now the Red-kins had as honned in on every side. The white settlers had long ago left the territory, and were holding the fort in utter desperation. Dear old fort, what happy days we have spent in it! How brave and bright the hearts that beat there! It was picturesquely rough. The winding river could be seen a mile away, gliding and quivering through the trees like a huge serpent. The air was laden with the scent of pine bloom, and the prairie round was soft as velvet. The high smokestack that ran round the barracks made the position all but impregnable, and we kept the old flag floating over it to the last. But the day came when we had to leave it, flying for our lives. We were only a handful of men from the beginning. The Captain had been murdered, when parleying with one of the chiefs, and Bruce, his orderly, galloped back with an arrow in his lungs, and died two days after. Scottie and Ford succumbed to typhoid fever and were buried beside the stables, and only six of the boys were left, besides myself, to see the end of it.

### Curley's Last Ride.

There were rocks ahead—there was no doubt about that. For weeks we had heard whispers of an Indian rising, and now the Red-kins had as honned in on every side. The white settlers had long ago left the territory, and were holding the fort in utter desperation. Dear old fort, what happy days we have spent in it! How brave and bright the hearts that beat there! It was picturesquely rough. The winding river could be seen a mile away, gliding and quivering through the trees like a huge serpent. The air was laden with the scent of pine bloom, and the prairie round was soft as velvet. The high smokestack that ran round the barracks made the position all but impregnable, and we kept the old flag floating over it to the last. But the day came when we had to leave it, flying for our lives. We were only a handful of men from the beginning. The Captain had been murdered, when parleying with one of the chiefs, and Bruce, his orderly, galloped back with an arrow in his lungs, and died two days after. Scottie and Ford succumbed to typhoid fever and were buried beside the stables, and only six of the boys were left, besides myself, to see the end of it.

### Curley's Last Ride.

There were rocks ahead—there was no doubt about that. For weeks we had heard whispers of an Indian rising, and now the Red-kins had as honned in on every side. The white settlers had long ago left the territory, and were holding the fort in utter desperation. Dear old fort, what happy days we have spent in it! How brave and bright the hearts that beat there! It was picturesquely rough. The winding river could be seen a mile away, gliding and quivering through the trees like a huge serpent. The air was laden with the scent of pine bloom, and the prairie round was soft as velvet. The high smokestack that ran round the barracks made the position all but impregnable, and we kept the old flag floating over it to the last. But the day came when we had to leave it, flying for our lives. We were only a handful of men from the beginning. The Captain had been murdered, when parleying with one of the chiefs, and Bruce, his orderly, galloped back with an arrow in his lungs, and died two days after. Scottie and Ford succumbed to typhoid fever and were buried beside the stables, and only six of the boys were left, besides myself, to see the end of it.

### Curley's Last Ride.

There were rocks ahead—there was no doubt about that. For weeks we had heard whispers of an Indian rising, and now the Red-kins had as honned in on every side. The white settlers had long ago left the territory, and were holding the fort in utter desperation. Dear old fort, what happy days we have spent in it! How brave and bright the hearts that beat there! It was picturesquely rough. The winding river could be seen a mile away, gliding and quivering through the trees like a huge serpent. The air was laden with the scent of pine bloom, and the prairie round was soft as velvet. The high smokestack that ran round the barracks made the position all but impregnable, and we kept the old flag floating over it to the last. But the day came when we had to leave it, flying for our lives. We were only a handful of men from the beginning. The Captain had been murdered, when parleying with one of the chiefs, and Bruce, his orderly, galloped back with an arrow in his lungs, and died two days after. Scottie and Ford succumbed to typhoid fever and were buried beside the stables, and only six of the boys were left, besides myself, to see the end of it.

### Curley's Last Ride.

There were rocks ahead—there was no doubt about that. For weeks we had heard whispers of an Indian rising, and now the Red-kins had as honned in on every side. The white settlers had long ago left the territory, and were holding the fort in utter desperation. Dear old fort, what happy days we have spent in it! How brave and bright the hearts that beat there! It was picturesquely rough. The winding river could be seen a mile away, gliding and quivering through the trees like a huge serpent. The air was laden with the scent of pine bloom, and the prairie round was soft as velvet. The high smokestack that ran round the barracks made the position all but impregnable, and we kept the old flag floating over it to the last. But the day came when we had to leave it, flying for our lives. We were only a handful of men from the beginning. The Captain had been murdered, when parleying with one of the chiefs, and Bruce, his orderly, galloped back with an arrow in his lungs, and died two days after. Scottie and Ford succumbed to typhoid fever and were buried beside the stables, and only six of the boys were left, besides myself, to see the end of it.

### Curley's Last Ride.

There were rocks ahead—there was no doubt about that. For weeks we had heard whispers of an Indian rising, and now the Red-kins had as honned in on every side. The white settlers had long ago left the territory, and were holding the fort in utter desperation. Dear old fort, what happy days we have spent in it! How brave and bright the hearts that beat there! It was picturesquely rough. The winding river could be seen a mile away, gliding and quivering through the trees like a huge serpent. The air was laden with the scent of pine bloom, and the prairie round was soft as velvet. The high smokestack that ran round the barracks made the position all but impregnable, and we kept the old flag floating over it to the last. But the day came when we had to leave it, flying for our lives. We were only a handful of men from the beginning. The Captain had been murdered, when parleying with one of the chiefs, and Bruce, his orderly, galloped back with an arrow in his lungs, and died two days after. Scottie and Ford succumbed to typhoid fever and were buried beside the stables, and only six of the boys were left, besides myself, to see the end of it.

### Curley's Last Ride.

There were rocks ahead—there was no doubt about that. For weeks we had heard whispers of an Indian rising, and now the Red-kins had as honned in on every side. The white settlers had long ago left the territory, and were holding the fort in utter desperation. Dear old fort, what happy days we have spent in it! How brave and bright the hearts that beat there! It was picturesquely rough. The winding river could be seen a mile away, gliding and quivering through the trees like a huge serpent. The air was laden with the scent of pine bloom, and the prairie round was soft as velvet. The high smokestack that ran round the barracks made the position all but impregnable, and we kept the old flag floating over it to the last. But the day came when we had to leave it, flying for our lives. We were only a handful of men from the beginning. The Captain had been murdered, when parleying with one of the chiefs, and Bruce, his orderly, galloped back with an arrow in his lungs, and died two days after. Scottie and Ford succumbed to typhoid fever and were buried beside the stables, and only six of the boys were left, besides myself, to see the end of it.

### Curley's Last Ride.

There were rocks ahead—there was no doubt about that. For weeks we had heard whispers of an Indian rising, and now the Red-kins had as honned in on every side. The white settlers had long ago left the territory, and were holding the fort in utter desperation. Dear old fort, what happy days we have spent in it! How brave and bright the hearts that beat there! It was picturesquely rough. The winding river could be seen a mile away, gliding and quivering through the trees like a huge serpent. The air was laden with the scent of pine bloom, and the prairie round was soft as velvet. The high smokestack that ran round the barracks made the position all but impregnable, and we kept the old flag floating over it to the last. But the day came when we had to leave it, flying for our lives. We were only a handful of men from the beginning. The Captain had been murdered, when parleying with one of the chiefs, and Bruce, his orderly, galloped back with an arrow in his lungs, and died two days after. Scottie and Ford succumbed to typhoid fever and were buried beside the stables, and only six of the boys were left, besides myself, to see the end of it.

### Curley's Last Ride.

There were rocks ahead—there was no doubt about that. For weeks we had heard whispers of an Indian rising, and now the Red-kins had as honned in on every side. The white settlers had long ago left the territory, and were holding the fort in utter desperation. Dear old fort, what happy days we have spent in it! How brave and bright the hearts that beat there! It was picturesquely rough. The winding river could be seen a mile away, gliding and quivering through the trees like a huge serpent. The air was laden with the scent of pine bloom, and the prairie round was soft as velvet. The high smokestack that ran round the barracks made the position all but impregnable, and we kept the old flag floating over it to the last. But the day came when we had to leave it, flying for our lives. We were only a handful of men from the beginning. The Captain had been murdered, when parleying with one of the chiefs, and Bruce, his orderly, galloped back with an arrow in his lungs, and died two days after. Scottie and Ford succumbed to typhoid fever and were buried beside the stables, and only six of the boys were left, besides myself, to see the end of it.

### Curley's Last Ride.

There were rocks ahead—there was no doubt about that. For weeks we had heard whispers of an Indian rising, and now the Red-kins had as honned in on every side. The white settlers had long ago left the territory, and were holding the fort in utter desperation. Dear old fort, what happy days we have spent in it! How brave and bright the hearts that beat there! It was picturesquely rough. The winding river could be seen a mile away, gliding and quivering through the trees like a huge serpent. The air was laden with the scent of pine bloom, and the prairie round was soft as velvet. The high smokestack that ran round the barracks made the position all but impregnable, and we kept the old flag floating over it to the last. But the day came when we had to leave it, flying for our lives. We were only a handful of men from the beginning. The Captain had been murdered, when parleying with one of the chiefs, and Bruce, his orderly, galloped back with an arrow in his lungs, and died two days after. Scottie and Ford succumbed to typhoid fever and were buried beside the stables, and only six of the boys were left, besides myself, to see the end of it.

### Curley's Last Ride.

There were rocks ahead—there was no doubt about that. For weeks we had heard whispers of an Indian rising, and now the Red-kins had as honned in on every side. The white settlers had long ago left the territory, and were holding the fort in utter desperation. Dear old fort, what happy days we have spent in it! How brave and bright the hearts that beat there! It was picturesquely rough. The winding river could be seen a mile away, gliding and quivering through the trees like a huge serpent. The air was laden with the scent of pine bloom, and the prairie round was soft as velvet. The high smokestack that ran round the barracks made the position all but impregnable, and we kept the old flag floating over it to the last. But the day came when we had to leave it, flying for our lives. We were only a handful of men from the beginning. The Captain had been murdered, when parleying with one of the chiefs, and Bruce, his orderly, galloped back with an arrow in his lungs, and died two days after. Scottie and Ford succumbed to typhoid fever and were buried beside the stables, and only six of the boys were left, besides myself, to see the end of it.

### Curley's Last Ride.

There were rocks ahead—there was no doubt about that. For weeks we had heard whispers of an Indian rising, and now the Red-kins had as honned in on every side. The white settlers had long ago left the territory, and were holding the fort in utter desperation. Dear old fort, what happy days we have spent in it! How brave and bright the hearts that beat there! It was picturesquely rough. The winding river could be seen a mile away, gliding and quivering through the trees like a huge serpent. The air was laden with the scent of pine bloom, and the prairie round was soft as velvet. The high smokestack that ran round the barracks made the position all but impregnable, and we kept the old flag floating over it to the last. But the day came when we had to leave it, flying for our lives. We were only a handful of men from the beginning. The Captain had been murdered, when parleying with one of the chiefs, and Bruce, his orderly, galloped back with an arrow in his lungs, and died two days after. Scottie and Ford succumbed to typhoid fever and were buried beside the stables, and only six of the boys were left, besides myself, to see the end of it.

### Curley's Last Ride.

There were rocks ahead—there was no doubt about that. For weeks we had heard whispers of an Indian rising, and now the Red-kins had as honned in on every side. The white settlers had long ago left the territory, and were holding the fort in utter desperation. Dear old fort, what happy days we have spent in it! How brave and bright the hearts that beat there! It was picturesquely rough. The winding river could be seen a mile away, gliding and quivering through the trees like a huge serpent. The air was laden with the scent of pine bloom, and the prairie round was soft as velvet. The high smokestack that ran round the barracks made the position all but impregnable, and we kept the old flag floating over it to the last. But the day came when we had to leave it, flying for our lives. We were only a handful of men from the beginning. The Captain had been murdered, when parleying with one of the chiefs, and Bruce, his orderly, galloped back with an arrow in his lungs, and died two days after. Scottie and Ford succumbed to typhoid fever and were buried beside the stables, and only six of the boys were left, besides myself, to see the end of it.

### Curley's Last Ride.

There were rocks ahead—there was no doubt about that. For weeks we had heard whispers of an Indian rising, and now the Red-kins had as honned in on every side. The white settlers had long ago left the territory, and were holding the fort in utter desperation. Dear old fort, what happy days we have spent in it! How brave and bright the hearts that beat there! It was picturesquely rough. The winding river could be seen a mile away, gliding and quivering through the trees like a huge serpent. The air was laden with the scent of pine bloom, and the prairie round was soft as velvet. The high smokestack that ran round the barracks made the position all but impregnable, and we kept the old flag floating over it to the last. But the day came when we had to leave it, flying for our lives. We were only a handful of men from the beginning. The Captain had been murdered, when parleying with one of the chiefs, and Bruce, his orderly, galloped back with an arrow in his lungs, and died two days after. Scottie and Ford succumbed to typhoid fever and were buried beside the stables, and only six of the boys were left, besides myself, to see the end of it.

### Curley's Last Ride.

There were rocks ahead—there was no doubt about that. For weeks we had heard whispers of an Indian rising, and now the Red-kins had as honned in on every side. The white settlers had long ago left the territory, and were holding the fort in utter desperation. Dear old fort, what happy days we have spent in it! How brave and bright the hearts that beat there! It was picturesquely rough. The winding river could be seen a mile away, gliding and quivering through the trees like a huge serpent. The air was laden with the scent of pine bloom, and the prairie round was soft as velvet. The high smokestack that ran round the barracks made the position all but impregnable, and we kept the old flag floating over it to the last. But the day came when we had to leave it, flying for our lives. We were only a handful of men from the beginning. The Captain had been murdered, when parleying with one of the chiefs, and Bruce, his orderly, galloped back with an arrow in his lungs, and died two days after. Scottie and Ford succumbed to typhoid fever and were buried beside the stables, and only six of the boys were left, besides myself, to see the end of it.

### Curley's Last Ride.

There were rocks ahead—there was no doubt about that. For weeks we had heard whispers of an Indian rising, and now the Red-kins had as honned in on every side. The white settlers had long ago left the territory, and were holding the fort in utter desperation. Dear old fort, what happy days we have spent in it! How brave and bright the hearts that beat there! It was picturesquely rough. The winding river could be seen a mile away, gliding and quivering through the trees like a huge serpent. The air was laden with the scent of pine bloom, and the prairie round was soft as velvet. The high smokestack that ran round the barracks made the position all but impregnable, and we kept the old flag floating over it to the last. But the day came when we had to leave it, flying for our lives. We were only a handful of men from the beginning. The Captain had been murdered, when parleying with one of the chiefs, and Bruce, his orderly, galloped back with an arrow in his lungs, and died two days after. Scottie and Ford succumbed to typhoid fever and were buried beside the stables, and only six of the boys were left, besides myself, to see the end of it.

### Curley's Last Ride.

There were rocks ahead—there was no doubt about that. For weeks we had heard whispers of an Indian rising, and now the Red-kins had as honned in on every side. The white settlers had long ago left the territory, and were holding the fort in utter desperation. Dear old fort, what happy days we have spent in it! How brave and bright the hearts that beat there! It was picturesquely rough. The winding river could be seen a mile away, gliding and quivering through the trees like a huge serpent. The air was laden with the scent of pine bloom, and the prairie round was soft as velvet. The high smokestack that ran round the barracks made the position all but impregnable, and we kept the old flag floating over it to the last. But the day came when we had to leave it, flying for our lives. We were only a handful of men from the beginning. The Captain had been murdered, when parleying with one of the chiefs, and Bruce, his orderly, galloped back with an arrow in his lungs, and died two days after. Scottie and Ford succumbed to typhoid fever and were buried beside the stables, and only six of the boys were left, besides myself, to see the end of it.

### Curley's Last Ride.

There were rocks ahead—there was no doubt about that. For weeks we had heard whispers of an Indian rising, and now the Red-kins had as honned in on every side. The white settlers had long ago left the territory, and were holding the fort in utter desperation. Dear old fort, what happy days we have spent in it! How brave and bright the hearts that beat there! It was picturesquely rough. The winding river could be seen a mile away, gliding and quivering through the trees like a huge serpent. The air was laden with the scent of pine bloom, and the prairie round was soft as velvet. The high smokestack that ran round the barracks made the position all but impregnable, and we kept the old flag floating over it to the last. But the day came when we had to leave it, flying for our lives. We