

## MOONCHILD'S, ETC.—CONTINUED FROM PAGE 23.

"Yes, treat Indian well. More too; next fall, before snow flies, heap presents come for Indians from Great White Mother. Red coats, medals, looking-glasses."

Here Moonchild got interested in the conversation and let his rifle slip from his hands on to his lap. In an instant, Miller sprang across the fire and landed squarely on the astonished Indian. Moonchild struggled fiercely, calling on his friends to aid him. For a moment, they were undecided; then the burly form of Constable Leeson appeared in the tepee door, and the muzzle of a six-shooter convinced them that they had better remain seated. Moonchild succeeded in releasing one hand from Miller's grip, and drew his knife, making a vicious stab. Fortunately, he aimed low, and the point was caught in Miller's cartridge belt. Then Miller drew his revolver, and, striking the man on the head with the butt, stunned him, and quickly fastened his hands behind his back with the handcuffs. Lifting the senseless man easily, he took him out of the tepee and carried him to where the men were with the horses.

On getting outside of the tepee, however, Miller found the space around was filled with shouting, howling Indians. Evidently, there had been a larger camp hard by, and word had been sent of his coming. Some 200 Bloods were present, shouting insults and threats at the police. One stepped up to Miller as he was carrying Moonchild towards the horses and presented a rifle ball in his face. Miller never flinched—the man altered his aim and fired in the air, so close to Miller's head that his head rung with the report. Another fired in front of his feet. The police drew their revolvers and took a step to the front.

"For God's sake don't fire, men," cried Miller. "we'll take this beggar in all right; don't fire, it's no use, anyway. Sheath your revolvers."

The Indians pressed around more threateningly than ever. One buck walked up and spat in Leeson's face.

"Begob, an I'll be avien wid ye for that, me bucko," muttered Leeson, but he did not use pistol or fist on the man; discipline was strong, and he knew that the lives of the party depended on appearing careless and indifferent to the mob of savages that surrounded them. With the assistance of a constable, Miller threw Moonchild on the led horse which they had brought with them, and hastily tied his feet under its belly, then gave the order to mount. The Bloods took up the ground between the police and the open prairie; some were endeavoring to stampede the horses by firing between their legs; one or two of the ringleaders were haranguing their fellows on to the attack.

"Guess we'll have to herd him out of this, boys," said Miller. "place him in the middle. Johnson grab hold of his lead rope. Now, ready, trot, gallop, charge!"

The little party broke into a trot and then put their horses at the full gallop, straight for the yelling mob of Bloods who awaited the onset. "No shooting, men," cried Miller, and for a moment things looked black. Then the shock came, the Indians wavered and gave way, some of their number being trampled down by the police, among them being the gentleman who had saluted Leeson. "Shpit at me, will ye, ye red devil?" shouted the latter as he caught the Blood under the chin with the point of his toe. "How's that, me bhoy?"

In a few moments the police were through and on their way home. Not an Indian dared to fire on or follow them. Moonchild made a sulky companion, preserving a stolid silence, well knowing that he was going to meet his just fate. Miller and the men were happy and looked forward eagerly to a large dinner, barrels of "purge" and perhaps, it being Christmas, a supply of "Old Joe."

The barracks were reached before dinner and all the post

turned out to meet the prisoner and his escort. After delivering up the prisoner to the jail orderly, who swore vigorously, to himself, at being interfered with, and being complimented by the O. C. on the way in which he had effected the arrest, Miller stalked off to the sergeant's mess where he was received with great effusion. Of the remainder of that memorable day he has but a slight recollection, as, indeed, have few of those who were there, but, when the temperance editor of the local paper was discovered at reveille vainly endeavoring to climb the flagstaff in the square, under the impression that it was the stair case of the hotel, little remains to be said.

Shortly afterwards, Moonchild was tried and suffered the penalty of his crime, Miller having before that day received the right to don an extra chevron for the able manner in which he had presented that worthy with his Christmas present.



### A CHRISTMAS MEMORY.

By ESTELLE HOLLISTER WILSON.

AGAIN a child, a happy child,  
I hear the organ's deep vibrations.  
The Christmas Carols bring once more  
The strange old-time sensations!  
A dreamy child, I stand again  
And hear my sweet-voiced mother singing  
"Glory to God on high!" That voice  
Still in my heart is ringing.

Through richly-blazoned diamond panes  
The sunlight falls in colors splendid;  
Outside, the sparrows' chirping call  
Is with the music blended;  
And still in memory, I see  
The old stone church where I was christened,  
And hear that voice, more dear to me  
Than aught to which I've listened!

Above, the evergreens are wreathed,  
They drape the arches and the altar.  
The white-robed priest, with silvery hair,  
Speaks on in tones that falter,  
And still I see her slender form,  
Hear her pure notes with fervor thrilling;  
"Come all ye faithful," pleads that voice  
The church with music filling!

If we had known, as thus we stood,  
What the veiled future then was bringing—  
How had we bowed our heads and wept,  
Sobbing—instead of singing!  
Ah! had I dreamed a Christmas Day  
Would find her voiceless, patient, dying,  
And I who loved her, far away  
In hopeless sorrow crying!

With one glad crash of joyful sound,  
The silence comes—still music-freighted;  
And I lift up my dreaming eyes,  
My heart with hope elated.  
Somewhere she waits, so fair and young,  
(With eyes of love and heart of yearning)  
A white-haired woman's faltering steps  
Toward Home and Mother turning.