

A GRUESOME WAR DANCE.

Our trouble all came from hiring the young Pawnee to carry in one of Arnold's deer.

We were camped in the thick willows on the Loup river between Timber Creek and the Cedar and had been out three days. There was already considerable snow on the ground, more had fallen during the night, so that the walking was very bad.

On the morning of that third day we sat at breakfast discussing means of bringing in the two deer which Arnold had killed the night before. It was just then that this Indian came down the river and turned into our camp.

As soon as we had hired him to carry in one of the deer we all set out together. After a long search Arnold found one of his deer where he had cached it in a snow drift. The Indian promised to get into camp with it before dark. We went on for the other deer which we found and undertook to carry to camp, packing it turn about. The snow was so deep that long before we got in we were so tired that we could carry the deer but a few rods at a time. However, we did finally get to camp at dark and found three Indians waiting for us. The other deer had not arrived.

While preparing supper we both threw our belts, knives and pistols upon the bed. After we had fed our visitors they told us that they were camped across the Cedar, up the Loup a very short distance. So after supper we decided to go with them and see if the Indian had gotten that far with our deer. We went without arms.

There was no moon, but the stars and the snow-covered ground made it quite a light. The three Indians went ahead, breaking the trail, and we followed. They traveled very fast for some time, then they broke into a trot, which grew gradually faster and faster until we found it almost impossible to keep up with them. Finally we lost sight of them and began to suspect something was wrong. However, we concluded to follow on. They could not hide their trail in the deep snow, and we could always find our way back to camp.

After a while an Indian struck the hills, making a large trail, seemingly to lead us after him. The other two went up the river. We were sure their camp was not in the hills, so we followed the two up the river. Soon another trail, also large, turned into the hills, but we followed the remaining man up the river.

After a short distance the third trail turned in the hills. We stopped to talk over the situation. Far away from over the hills came the shrill, whining wail of a lone coyote; then all was silent.

What should we do? Evidently the Indians had not intended to take us to their camp. We were only the more determined to find it. For we were now satisfied that the Indian had stolen our deer and taken it to the Pawnee encampment.

We turned down to the river and went on the ice, where the walking was much better. The snow crunched under our stiff boots, cold wind sighed past our ears, and the eddying flakes blew into our faces. The bright air was deliciously fresh, but on the snow-cad startle prairie nothing appeared to break the stilly whiteness, to tell us which way we should turn our

feet. However, we traveled up the river several miles, until we were well tired out, and were about to give up the search, when we heard a far-distant muffled sound. Turning a bend in the river, we saw two glowing tents lit up with great fire within.

The Indians were camped in the willows on the west side of the river. Between us was a large rift in the river, kept open by the swift current. We found a long log which we threw across the dangerous hole. Then balancing carefully we walked over. To have fallen meant a certain death under the ice. We found no trail so we pushed the willows apart and crowded through. In the clearing we discovered several other tents, most of them seemingly deserted. The one nearest us was well lit up. Numerous moving shadows played on its side. Much talking and laughing came from it. We went to it, raised the flap and stepped in. The noise and talk stopped instantly.

The air was close and smelled of cooked meat. In the centre a large fire raged. On it was a great boiling kettle of venison. We looked around. Each Indian had a rib of deer. A feast was on. We knew they were eating our deer.

After a time I asked, Whose tepee is this? A large fat Indian struck himself on the breast and said, It is mine.

Arnold recognised him as the Doctor Big Bear, and shook hands with him. The other Indians then resumed their feast. He gave us seats near himself, and we asked about our deer. Big Bear admitted that it was our deer, explaining that it was all right about the deer that he and Arnold were just like brothers. I told him he should bring the part of the deer not cooked, the hide, and a good blanket to our camp and it would be well. Otherwise we would go to the White Father (the Indian agent) who would send the thief and Big Bear to Omaha, in irons.

The doctor smiled, then he said in Pawnee, Whose deer is it? Did you kill it?

I told him that Arnold killed the deer, but that we were hunting together as one man.

The doctor turned to Arnold, who could not understand Pawnee, and said in English, He-say-he-shoot-deer.

Nervously Arnold answered, Yes, yes, he kill him, he shoot him. I said to Arnold, That will not do. They know I don't know where the deer was. The boy told them you killed it.

Then in Pawnee to the Indian, I said, Speak straight out from your mouth. We are here; speak straight out.

He turned to Arnold and again said, He-say-he-shoot.

I was angry. I hit him on the side of the jaw just hard enough to show him I meant business. The other Indians had been talking and eating. At this a sudden hush ran around the lodge. It should have warned me.

Again I said to the doctor, Speak straight out from your mouth. We are here; speak out.

The old rascal kept quiet a moment then calling Arnold brother, said, You come-last-year-my-camp Florence? He say-he-shoot.

Hardly had his mouth closed when I hit him again. The blow twisted his head around sharply. Again the sudden hush ran round the lodge.

He said, Perhaps you are looking for a deer?

Yes, looking for a fight, I said as I put my hand inside my breast, pretending to reach for a pistol.

So we stood glaring at each other. All was still; no one moved. At last three bucks rose. One passed out; the others sat down. Again there was silence; ever, one anxiously expectant.

Ere long outside a squaw began a singing cry. Now her tones were low and mournful, low and mournful the wail. Now it grew faster, and fiercer, ever more terrible, defiance went her theme, upward hurried the wailing, and she sang more rapidly. I

received no answer. All were silent. Then to a boy I shouted, Why does she cry? Because you hit her man, answered he, jumping up.

At this all the Indians sprang to their feet. More Indians crowded into the tepee. They talked and gesticulated fiercely. The excitement was growing. Arnold and I stood back to back waiting.

Some of the Indians began to move in and out still taking, still gesticulating. Soon a deer's hind-quarters were brought in and hung at my feet, then the hide, then the fore-quarters, then more meat. And the smell of blood was added to the stench of close air, cooked meat and Indian sweat.

I said to Arnold, Say all. Tell them to bring it all. Fight for some. Then I added: There are some red-hot irons in the big fire. We must grab them, strike right and left, and break for liberty. We can get away before they realize what we have done.

No, no! he answered. We can't do that. There are too many. Let me fix it.

The Indians had quieted down some, watching us, awaiting our next move. Arnold turned to the doctor, took the rascal's hand and said: We are brothers, take the deer, it is wicked to fight.

The Indian smiled, and his beady eyes gleamed treacherously.

Outside the war song had begun again. More meat cooked and thrown at my feet. The excitement was swiftly growing. The Indians moved around us in a circle, all muttering all swaying their arms and legs. Soon the circle began to move. One Indian inside took up the war chant. Others joined in the wailing chant; the gruesome war dance was on.

We folded our arms and looked about. As yet they were afraid to attack us.

Round and round went the dance, faster and faster. Fiercer and fiercer grew the song. Sweat began to stream down our faces. The air was hazy with smoke, dust and stench. It was hell.

Then I thought swiftly and remembered that I knew Spotted Horse, one of the chiefs of this camp. Eagerly I looked for the young chief. He was not to be seen, I despaired.

At last a young Indian came in. He seemed to have just arrived at camp. I looked fixedly at him, until he seemed to be conscious of myself alone. Then in Pawnee I said: "Go tell Spotted Horse to come here. He is white brother wishes to speak to him." The Indian immediately raised the flap of the tepee and disappeared.

Some of the dancers noticed this. The dancing quieted down. The leaders started after him.

Then again Arnold said good-bye to the doctor and we started to go. A crowd immediately stepped in front of us. They pointed to the meat and gesticulated fiercely.

We took our old positions, acting brave, though feeling dejected. Soon the leaders returned, and again the circle was formed. Wilder and faster the dancing grew. Round and round went the circle. More Indians crowded in. A squaw stirred the fire. It roared and crackled, and long-pointed red flames leaped into the dark air, lighting up the cruel faces.

One Indian drew his knife, then another and another. One left the singing circle and danced toward us, singing wildly, and slashing the air excitedly.

This is terrible, muttered Arnold.

Legs so Swelled He Couldn't Walk

This case of Mr. James Treisman, the well-known butcher of 636 Adelaide Street, London, Ont., is another proof that Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills are effective in the most severe and complicated diseases of the kidneys.

Mr. Treisman states: "Two years ago I was laid up with kidney disease and urinary trouble. Besides the pain and inconvenience caused by these troubles, I became drowsy, and my legs would swell up so that I could scarcely go around at all. Hearing of Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills, I procured a box and continued the use of this valuable medicine until now I can say for a certainty that I am entirely cured. I never took any medicine that did me so much good, and am firmly convinced that if it had not been for this medicine I would not be working to-day."

These pills act directly on the kidneys and liver, regulate the bowels and ensure the perfect action of the digestive and filtering systems. One pill a dose; 25 cents a box. At all dealers, or Edman, Bates & Co., Toronto.

Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills

We've got to grab those irons, I said. Are you ready?

Yes. It's our only chance. Let's risk it.

Ready! Our muscles were tense for action. But just then I saw Spotted Horse's head thrust into the tepee. Wait! I cried.

Spotted Horse gazed about a second until his eye fell on us. Then he hurried in, dinging dancers right and left, elbowing his way straight to us.

We each grasped one of his hands. He shyly smiled at our signs of relief, and said, You-hap-bad-scare!

Yes, I laughed nervously, heap bad. The Indians quieted down quickly and one by one sneaked out of the tent.

Spotted Horse led us to his tepee, and gave us seats with him on the raised part, which was covered with robes and blankets I told him our trouble, and the cause of it. So he promised to bring us the deer and a good blanket the next day. We thanked him, shook hands, and started back to camp.

Throughout the Indian village all was dark and quiet, not an Indian in sight. We hurried on silently for a mile; then, feeling more secure, we began to talk over our narrow escape.

At our camp we found everything as we had left it. But we did not sleep much that night. Early the next morning we heard Spotted Horse call. We looked out and saw only an Indian pony some forty yards away. When we answered, the chief appeared from behind the pony. He unloaded the meat, cooked and uncooked, the deer's hide, and a very poor blanket. Then he jumped on his horse, yelled good-bye, and started back.

We laughingly cried after him, Spot, oh, Spot! We said a good blanket!

He laughed, waved his hand, and galloped away. He knew we were glad enough to get off with even a poor blanket.

That day the Indians moved on up the river. We stayed several days longer and enjoyed our hunt without molestation.

A TOTAL WRECK.

The Frederica Ashore Near Cape Spencer.

Crew Taken off by Government Steamer Lansdowne.

Barquentine Frederica was wrecked at 3 o'clock this morning on the rocks about two miles east of Cape Spencer Light. The Frederica, Capt. Churchill, left Parrboro on Friday morning at 5 o'clock for Portland, Me., with coal. She got out a good way in the Bay when a heavy storm set in, and on Saturday was forced to seek shelter at Snook Harbor. She lay there until Tuesday morning with sixty fathoms of chain out. Before breakfast all the chain with the exception of fifteen fathoms was taken in. The weather schootered some, and seeing several scudmers which were lying there putting to sea, it was decided also to sail.

There was a mizzling breeze when the vessel left the harbor. All the sails were set. The breeze again sprang up, and at 3 o'clock the men commenced to take in sail, and the vessel was placed under double reefed mainsail and storm trysail. The course was kept west by south under this sail as long as possible. The gale commenced to increase in violence, and the wind with terrific force with high seas. Somewhere near 3 o'clock in the morning all hand were called out to wear ship, but the breezes were found to be foul, and the yards stuck, so that nothing could be done with the ship, and she was at the mercy of the winds and seas.

A short time afterwards she struck the reef and commenced to go to pieces. The seas washed over her, and the after-companionway broke off. The men crowded on the companionway.

For a time it looked very serious. Three men managed to scramble to shore over the rocks for the purpose of seeking assistance at the lighthouse. The bank was very steep, and one had to push the other up. It was a difficult and dangerous climb in the darkness, with the wind blowing a gale and the great seas washing over the rocks.

It was found impossible to do anything for the third man, H. White, A. B., and he was left on the rocks. There he had to remain until the Lansdowne arrived at 9 o'clock. At times the seas washed over him, and he had to cling to the ledges to keep himself from being washed away. The two other men made their way through the woods to the lighthouse, and the lightkeeper telegraphed for the Lansdowne.

The boat was dispatched as quickly as possible, and at 9 o'clock she had the men aboard. She first took the men off the wreck, and then rescued Seaman White from his perilous position on the rocks. The men had a very hard time and lost everything but what they stood in.

A school teacher visiting in a nearby city was a guest at a party the other day, and a lady to whom she had been just introduced did not catch the "Miss" and supposing she was married, asked: How many children did you say you have? Well, only forty now, was the reply that nearly staggered the questioner.

The Frederica was a vessel of 390 tons register, and was built at St. John in 1884. She was owned by Fred E. Sayre, St. John. The freight was insured, but the vessel was uninsured.

LAMENESS IN HORSES, HARD AND SOFT LUMPS RELIEVED BY LEEMING'S SPAVIN LINIMENT.

For curing lameness from whatever cause, sprain, curb, splint, ringbone and for removing obstinate lumps and all similar injuries or diseases. Cures when everything else fails. Do not confuse this preparation with spavin cures and other preparations. Leeming's Spavin Liniment is different from any of them, the effects produced by the applications of Leeming's Spavin Liniment are certain and comparatively mild. Prepared by the Bard Company Limited.

A man may not appear to advantage with his hands in his pockets, but it is better than having them in the pockets of others.

Office in the Deans' building Newcastle.

On hand and to arrive

500 tons, best screened house and steam coal, viz: Acadia and Drummond egg, Pictou, Old Mine Sydaey and Reserve, Cape Breton, Alban Mines, (Blacksmith) Pictou.

Delivered from vessels at reduced rates. Now weight scales in working order.

John Russell & Co. Newcastle.

We are manufacturers of SHEATHING, FLOORING, MOULDINGS, OFFICE, CHURCH AND SCHOOL FURNITURE, MANTELS, STAIRWORK OF ALL KINDS, DOORS AND WINDOWS.

Large stock of British and German glass panes. Fancy glass for doors and windows, direct from manufacturers. CORRESPONDENCE SOLICITED. CURRIE BROS. WOODWORKING CO. CAMBELTON, N. B.

PATENTS GUARANTEED

Our fee returned if we fail. Any one sending sketch and description of any invention will promptly receive our opinion free concerning the patentability of same. "How to obtain a patent" sent upon request. Patents secured through us advertised for sale at our expense. Patents taken out through us receive special notice, without charge, in THE PATENT RECORD, an illustrated and widely circulated journal, compiled by Manufacturers and Investors. Send for sample copy FREE. Address, VICTOR J. EVANS & CO., (Patent Attorneys), Evans Building, WASHINGTON, D. C.

LEAD TO WEAK LUNGS Consumption.

THOUSANDS OF PERSONS ARE HASTENING TOWARDS THEIR GRAVES AS A RESULT OF THIS DREAD DISEASE

A cure is now within the reach of every sufferer. PUL-MO stands alone—the use of any other medicine as an assistant is not necessary. Eat good, plain, nourishing food, get plenty of fresh air and out-door exercise, and use Pul-Mo as directed. That is all—Nature will do the rest. Pul-Mo is inexpensive, being sold by druggists at \$1.00 per large bottle, or you may procure a sample bottle for 15 cents. If your druggist has not got Pul-Mo in stock, a sample bottle will be delivered to any address. FREE OF ALL CHARGE. Address all letters to The Pul-Mo Co., Toronto, Ont.

A Siege

The nations of the Poleson Orphanage at Lowell, Mass., U.S.A., were they had a siege of whooping cough in their institution. They said that every case was promptly relieved by Vapo-Cresolene. Its value is so great and colds was so great they always kept it ready for use. You know how it's used, don't you? 'Tis heated by a vaporizer and you inhale it. Write us for a book that tells all about it.

Vapo-Cresolene is sold by druggists everywhere. The Vaporizer and Lamp, which should be a lifetime, and a bottle of Cresolene complete, \$1.00; extra supplies of Cresolene 25 cents and 50 cents. Illustrated booklet containing physician's testimonials free upon request. Vapo-Cresolene Co., 26 Fulton St., New York, U.S.A.

If you Require any Fire Accident Life Plate Glass or Guarantee

INSURANCE CALL ON J. W. DAVIDSON GENERAL AGENT

Office in the Deans' building Newcastle.