

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 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 for 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 in the cold and the starlight 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-crad starlit prairie nothing appeared to break the still whiteness, to tell us which way we should turn our

footsteps. 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 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 laughter 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 roared. 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.

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. His 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 gestured 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 Treman, the well known butcher of 434 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. Treman writes: "Two years ago I was laid up with kidney disease and urinary troubles. Besides the pain and inconvenience caused by these troubles, I became dropsical, 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."

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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.

Then the doctor drew himself back, and I hit him under his blanket, and I hit him under his blanket.

I answered, Yes very bad.

He said, Perhaps you are looking for a shot.

Yes, looking for a fight, I said as I put my hand inside my breast, intending 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 sing-song cry. Now her tones were low and mournful, low and mournful the wail. Now it grew faster, and fiercer, ever more terrible, defiance was her theme, upward hurried the wailing, till now it was a

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At this all the Indians sprang to their feet. More Indians crowded into the tepee. They talked and gestured 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 flung at my feet, then the hide, then the forequarters, 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 time. 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 heady eyes gleamed treacherously.

Outside the war song had begun again. More meat cooked and uncooked, was hurried in 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 song. 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.

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A Siege

The nations of the Ponson 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.

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.

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