

Literature.

A PLAN FRUSTRATED.

The Story of Whites and Indians in Former Days.

The sun was slowly sinking toward the western horizon when one day, despite an ominous warning from the veteran guide, Jackson Blake and Edna Fenton rode in advance of the train. Side by side they galloped away over the rolling prairie, little heeding how fast or how far they went.

Edna was an excellent horsewoman, and the rich color upon her cheeks told how well she enjoyed the pleasure of a free dash across the open prairie. At a challenge from her companion the horses were put to their utmost speed, and away they flew, neck and neck.

They knew not how far they had gone when they drew rein and, while their horses regained their wind, looked back over the course they had come.

An exclamation burst from Blake's lips, for the train was not in sight, but away in the distance came a dozen dark horsemen, and even as the young man looked back an exultant shout came faintly to his ears. Almost through his clinched teeth Blake hissed:

'Redskins, by Jove! Miss Fenton, we must fly for our lives!'

Edna uttered a little cry of alarm, and, wheeling their horses, they dashed away to escape the red demons in pursuit.

Already were their horses breathing heavily from their rapid race a short time before, and now they were fleeing before the red Bedouins of the plains, every one of whom was mounted upon a fleet horse.

Far away, directly in the path of the fugitives, it seemed, hung the sun, a huge round ball of fire suspended but a short distance above the horizon.

'Oh, sir, do you think we can escape those terrible creatures?' anxiously inquired the frightened maiden.

Before replying Jackson Blake took one long look back over his shoulder.

'I think we can,' he answered. 'We have a fair start, and the sun is low. If our horses hold out till it becomes dark, we may succeed in eluding them.'

'Heaven grant we may!' was the prayer that Edna softly repeated. Away across the plain raced pursued and pursuers, and slowly the sun sank. Every minute seemed an hour to the fatigued and terrified maiden.

Glancing back occasionally, Jackson Blake could see that the savages were slowly but surely gaining.

Finally the sun reached the horizon and gradually sank from view.

'We shall elude them, Miss Fenton,' were the encouraging words that the dark mustached man uttered. 'In the darkness we can circle and strike back for the train.'

Slowly a dusky gloom gathered over the plains. Looking upward, Jackson Blake laughed with satisfaction.

'There will be no moon during the first part of the night,' he observed, 'and therefore it will be comparatively dark.'

His words proved true. Night settled over the Dakota plains, and darkness veiled the fugitives from the eyes of their pursuers. In the gloom the man and girl gradually drew to the left, hoping that the redskins would pass them in the darkness.

Finally Blake drew rein.

'Listen!'

They remained perfectly silent and listened intently. A faint breeze fanned their faces, and the distant bark of a coyote came faintly to their ears. Then all was still.

'We have eluded them,' declared the man. 'Now we must double back. Fortune may direct us to the train.'

Softly the maiden breathed a prayer that the kind Father might direct them aright, and, trusting all to her companion, she followed him through the darkness.

Slowly the panting, foam flecked horses walked onward, guided by their riders. The poor animals were nearly exhausted, but it wouldn't do to give them a breathing spell even now. First they must be sure that they were out of danger.

It seemed that for hours they passed onward. Edna was completely bewildered. She could not tell where she was going. However, she began to feel that their pursuers were eluded and was mentally thanking the all wise Being who had allowed them to escape when suddenly, all around them, a number of dark forms seemed to spring up out of the very earth.

Then through the night rang out a yell of triumph from the throats of a dozen Sioux, and ere they could resist both man and maiden were dragged from their horses.

Then Edna became unconscious. She knew nothing of what happened until her senses returned, and she



Physicians are calling attention to the fact that influenza or grip has come to stay. In the larger cities there has been a marked increase in diseases affecting the organs of respiration, which increase is attributed to the prevalence of influenza. Persons who are recovering from grip or influenza are in a weak condition and peculiarly liable to pulmonary disease.

Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery cures coughs, bronchitis, lung trouble, and other diseases of the organs of respiration. It is the best tonic medicine for those whose strength and vitality have been exhausted by an attack of grip. It purifies the blood, cleansing it of the poisonous accumulations which breed and feed disease. It gives increased activity to the blood-making glands, and so increases the supply of pure blood, rich with the red corpuscles of health.

'A word for your Golden Medical Discovery,' writes Mrs. E. A. Bender, of Keene, Coshocoma Co., Ohio. 'We have been using it as a family medicine for more than four years. As a cough remedy and blood-purifier there is nothing better, and after having the grip Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery is just the right medicine for a complete bracing up.'

Accept no substitute for "Golden Medical Discovery." There is nothing "just as good" for diseases of the stomach, blood, and lungs.

The sluggish liver is made active by the use of Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets.

found herself lying upon the ground with both her hands tightly bound. Near at hand a campfire was feebly burning, and by its light she saw that she was surrounded by the forms of many sleeping Indians. They were in a little cottonwood grove upon the bank of a stream.

A realizing sense of the full horror of her position caused a sickening sensation to creep over her, and for a moment she came near fainting again. She was a captive in the hands of the bloodthirsty redskins.

But where was her companion, Jackson Blake? She asked herself the question, and then shuddered with horror as an answer arose in her mind. He had been murdered! As she looked upon the sleeping forms she half expected to see Jackson Blake's scalp attached to a savage's girdle. But although no sight met her gaze, she still felt sure that her companion had been slain.

By the flaring light of the campfire she saw that beneath the rude rawhide thongs that held her wrists together a silk handkerchief had been placed, evidently to keep the hands from cutting and chafing her tender flesh. The handkerchief, she thought, had been taken from the body of her companion, but such care for her feelings upon the part of a red man was a great surprise.

The Indians were all sleeping soundly, evidently little fearing the approach of foes or the escape of their captive. Edna struggled to break her bonds, but one attempt was sufficient, for it showed her that such a thing was impossible. Then she thought that she might arise and steal away, but she became aware that a lariat was fastened around her waist and attached to the wrist of an Indian near by.

As she lay there, trying to think of some means of escape, she fancied she heard a faint sound in the darkness near at hand. She strained her eyes in that direction, but for a time could see nothing.

The fire sank lower, till a dull red glow given out by the embers was about all the light visible. Then, near at hand, she heard a warning hiss, and among the other shadows seeming one of them, she saw what appeared to be a human form. The next moment the dark form slowly and silently advanced.

With her heart pounding heavily in her breast, Edna watched this shadow. Without the least noise it drew near. Finally the trembling, excited girl was enabled to make out that it was a white man.

Without disturbing the sleeping Indians, the daring intruder reached the captive's side. The dull light from the embers flashed upon the bared blade of a knife. The next moment the girl's bonds were severed.

In her ear the stranger breathed the very softest of whispers, enjoining the greatest caution. Then he lifted her to her feet. She would have fled from the spot, but he detained her.

Cautiously they crept away and, without disturbing an Indian, reached the shadows that lay just beyond the gradually diminishing circle of light. In another moment they were hastening away through the cottonwoods.

Suddenly the sound of voices near at hand arrested their fleeing footsteps. The unknown rescuer quickly sank to the ground, drawing the girl down with him. They were near the edge of the timber, and a short distance away they could see a dark form outlined against the

sky. The man was speaking, and evidently others were sitting on the ground near at hand listening.

'We've got the girl in our hands. The rest will be easy. We will drop on the train and wipe it out. Then I will turn up and pretend to rescue the girl from the reds. She will never suspect me and will naturally look upon me as a hero. Of course she will fall in love with me, having no other friend and protector. Thus I shall win the only woman I ever loved—and I loved her at first sight—without letting her become aware of the disagreeable fact that I am Black Jack, the outlaw. Eh, boys?'

'Good plan, cap, and under your management it can't fail to work,' observed an unseen speaker.

Then, while the outlaws were talking and planning, the rescued girl and her rescuer crept away.

Edna had recognized the voice of the first speaker and was nearly stricken helpless by amazement and horror. Jackson Blake had not been killed. He was alive and unharmed, and not only that, but he was an outlaw—a false, black hearted traitor. While apparently attempting to escape from the Indians he had carried her into their very midst.

Nearly half a mile away, in the midst of some thick cottonwoods, a horse was hitched. His feet were muffled, so that even if driven at full gallop they would give out little sound.

The escaped captive and her rescuer had reached the place where the animal was hitched when a long drawn yell came through the night from the Indian camp. Immediately a wild chorus of similar cries followed the first.

The man laughed as he deftly unhitched the horse.

'Hear them howl,' he muttered. 'I reckon they have just missed something.'

It was near sunrise when a double burdened horse entered the emigrant camp many miles from the scene of rescue. Wild cries of joy burst from the emigrants' lips as they recognized Edna Fenton as one of the persons mounted upon the horse. Howard Fenton nearly swooned from joy when he once more held his daughter safe in his arms.

No need to tell of his grief—of the sleepless night he had spent—how he was only prevented from going in search of his lost daughter by the guide promising to go with him in the morning. No need to tell of these things; they were written on the haggard face.

The old weather beaten guide came forward.

'Why, hello! Durn my eyes!' he exclaimed as his gaze rested on Edna's rescuer. 'No—'tain't—yes, 'tis Nebraska Nat, I swear!'

The next moment the old guide and the handsome young plainsman and scout clasped hands.

'Hear, folks,' cried the guide as soon as he could make himself heard. 'Let me interjue ye to Nebraska Nat, the dingdest whitest boy this side of ther Mississippi!'

'And my brave rescuer,' said Edna Fenton, a warm blush suffusing her beautiful face.

The reader can imagine what followed.

From this time till they reached their destination the emigrants were constantly on their guard. One night they were attacked, but succeeded in repulsing the foe. As the Indians retreated they carried away their dead warriors. The bodies of two white men were found, however. One was instantly recognized as Jackson Blake—Black Jack, the outlaw.

The wagon train reached its destination in safety, and three months later the Deadwood Pioneer contained the following notice:

Married.—In this city, on—Nov. 18—, by the Rev. —, Nathaniel Norton to Miss Edna Fenton.

THE SECRET OF HEALTH

For pallid women or girls, weak and listless, will be found in the use of Dr. Ed. Morin's CARDINAL PILLS.

Girls Like Courting.

You have no idea how little men seem to realize what courtship means to a woman! To them it is merely a period of waiting for the auspicious moment to arrive when the all-important question may be asked; but with a girl everything is different, and courtship at its best is, after all, a time of bitter-sweetness, in which hope and fear are freely mingled. For, however true and deep her love may be, she is powerless to ascertain if her feelings are reciprocated, and can only guess by a man's actions what her heart longs to know. So naturally, a girl looks for and expects those countless little "nothings" which mark the difference between the lover and the friend.

And yet many a man will argue to himself, "We've been friends for years, and why should my conduct alter because I have discovered I want to make my friend my wife?" But he knows very well that, though he cannot define the exact moment when friendship turned to love, there is, nevertheless, an unconscious feeling now in her presence that their relationship is not exactly what it

used to be. There is a strange shyness—though no word of love may have been spoken—that makes conversation difficult between them. She, maybe, is diffident and blushing when he is about, and says just the things she doesn't mean to, in her very anxiety to hide both from him and the world the true state of her feelings. But whatever the circumstances are—and they vary in the case of every separate couple—in each and every instance a girl does expect some courting.

The man who sits moodish and bored through an evening when she is present, and neglects the customary courtship usages, is certainly neither worthy the name of a lover nor the love of a good woman. If the prize is worth having, it is worth winning, and every girl appreciates beyond even its fullest value the smallest kindly action on the part of the man she loves. It is so simple to send flowers, sweets and music, all tell their own tale; and even if they arrive anonymously, what girl ever yet failed to guess their giver?

Oh, yes, girls do want courting, and plenty of it, too. "Tis love that makes the world go round," and even in these days, when the need of money makes women put their shoulders to the wheel, every man who really cares for a girl can do much to "ease for her life's weary burden" by a little kindness, a little thoughtfulness, and plenty of love.

It is vain for any member of the sterner sex to urge the characteristics of the girl of the age as an excuse for his own delinquencies; for be the object of his love ever so independent, or self assertive, and proud, he may be sure that beneath that cold exterior there is the spirit and heart of a true, loving woman. And though, like Undine, her soul may sleep, it only waits for the burning touch of Cupid's magic wand to wake it into breathing, pulsing life. Courtship is just the time for Cupid to feel his feet, ere he claims his fullest prerogatives; and, to those who use it wisely, it should prove a gradual, mutual growing together of two souls, hovering on the confines of a strange, new world into which they will one day step, to walk with enchanted feet along life's rugged road.

WHAT MAKES YOU COUGH?

Did you ever wonder just what it is that makes you cough? In a general way it is understood to be an involuntary effort of nature to eject something from the breath-pipe. As a matter of fact, merely a slight throat inflammation, caused by a cold, will cause a cough to start, and the more you cough, the more you want to cough. If you allay the inflammation in the throat your cough will stop.

Don't dull the sensitiveness of the throat with medicine containing a narcotic, but give it soothing and healing treatment. This is difficult because the inflamed parts are in the way of the passage of food and drink. The true cough remedy is something that will protect the throat from the ill effect of catarrhal discharges and also from the irritation of swallow-food. Such a remedy is Adamson's Botanic Cough Balsam, which for many years has been conquering the most obstinate coughs. It is a soothing compound prepared from barks and gums. Its beneficent effect is quickly felt and the work of healing promptly begun. If you once take Adamson's Balsam for cough, you will never be satisfied without some of it at hand for any new cough. A trial size of the Balsam can be secured of any druggist for 10 cents. The regular size is 25 cents. In asking for the Balsam, be sure you get the genuine, which has "F. W. Kinsman & Co." blown in the bottle.

What a boy can do for himself in these modern times of trusts is shown by the fact that Percival J. McIntosh of Amalgamated fame started in life as an office boy and is now worth \$6,000,000. And he is only 31 years old.

Pittsburg, Pa., is to have a new hotel, 217 feet wide and about the same length, and will be thirteen stories high. The exterior will be of marble or granite. The hotel, including the ground, will cost \$5,000,000.

People Who Have Used It

Say that Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine affords wonderfully prompt relief for coughs and colds. Everybody has confidence in Dr. Chase, in his great recipe book and famous family remedies. They have learned by experience that it pays to insist on having Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine instead of accepting the various unscientific "mix-ups" which some druggists offer as "just as good." Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine contains many of the most valuable and most effective remedial agents for throat and lung troubles that science has discovered. It acts so directly and promptly as to be of incalculable worth in all cases of croup, bronchitis and whooping cough. It is so far-reaching in its effects as to loosen the tightest chest cough and cure the cold of long standing. 25c a bottle; family size, three times as much. Get at all dealers, or Edman-son, Bates & Co., Toronto.

Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine.

HOME AND CHILD

Does your horse "feel his oats"? What a difference between the grain-fed and the grass-fed horse! The first strong and full of ginger, the second flabby, weak and tired out before he begins. The feeding makes the difference.

Children are not alike either. One is rosy, bright-eyed, full of life and laughter, another is pale, weak and dull. The feeding again is responsible.

Sickly children need special feeding. They don't "feel their oats". Scott's Emulsion adds just the right richness to their diet. It is like grain to the horse. The child gets new appetite and strong digestion.

Scott's Emulsion is more than food. It is a strong medicine. It rouses up dull children, puts new flesh on thin ones and red blood into pale ones. It makes children grow. Scott's Emulsion makes ordinary food do its duty.

This picture represents the Trade Mark of Scott's Emulsion and is on the wrapper of every bottle. Send for free sample. SCOTT & BOWNE, TORONTO CANADA 50c and \$1. all druggists.

From Afghanistan.

London, Jan. 25.—The Daily Chronicle learns from an influential source that rumors are current in India of coming trouble in Afghanistan.

It is alleged that Russia will utilize the winter to mass troops upon the northern frontiers, in readiness to invade Afghanistan as soon as the snow melts on the passes. Preparations are being made on the British side. The Punjab manoeuvres have been timed for the unusual season of February and will be on a large scale. Regiments are being quietly massed, ostensibly to fight the Mahud Waziris, but in reality to be in readiness for graver complications. It is likewise rumored that hospitals are being built along the military base and that the arsenals are being stored with munitions.

A Chance for Farmers.

For the benefit of our agricultural readers we have made arrangements whereby we can furnish them "The Maritime Homestead," in connection with this paper, on most liberal terms, viz: THE SENTINEL and The Maritime Homestead, one year, with a picture of His Majesty King Edward VII, all for \$1.25. On these terms payment must be strictly in advance: parties in arrears to the SENTINEL, by paying arrearages and a year's subscription in advance, can have the benefit of the above clubbing offer. Farmers ought to avail themselves of this excellent opportunity.

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MRS. OMER MENARD.

MISS E. VEZINA, of Quebec, writes:

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St. Jean Baptiste, Quebec.

I was cured of Scrofula, Anemia and Skin Disease by the use of Dr. Ed. Morin's CARDINAL PILLS.

F. GINGRAS.

To Dr. Ed. Morin, Quebec:

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