

## FRICK WHARTON'S PERIL.

Frick Wharton was an old campaigner on the frontier, who had served his country from the time of the Custer massacre until the spring of 1890. His intimate knowledge of the Northwestern country, and of the Indians and their languages, his perfect horsemanship, his coolness, pluck and readiness of resource made him a most valuable man as either scout or interpreter.

He was fond of the life, and bade fair to spend all his active years in the government's service; but he encountered at last one person who did what no Sioux, Cheyenne or Ogallala was ever able to do—made him a captive.

That person was a certain blue-eyed young woman from the far-away New England hills, who had come west to teach an agency school, and who said "yes" to the most important question the brave scout ever uttered. As a consequence he withdrew from the service, and with his savings, which had reached a respectable sum, bought a ranch in South Dakota, and settled down into the quiet life of a raiser of cattle and tiller of the soil.

Wharton lived happily enough until the recent trouble with the Sioux nation began. He was quick to foresee the serious nature of the danger. He knew the superstitious nature of the Sioux, and their liability to intense and reckless excitement under a religious delusion. The craze over the expected Messiah, the ghost dances, and the frenzied appeals of the medicine men were sure to inflame the young warriors.

If a war was prevented, it would have to be done by men who knew the Indians well, and were not afraid of them.

As the signs of trouble deepened, Frick grew more and more restless. He longed to leap once more into the saddle, and ride to the scene of the trouble. It was to be a battle of wits as well as of arms, for no people surpass the Sioux in subtlety and cunning.

He was sure his services would be welcome, for no one knew these people better than he.

One day he broached the matter abruptly to his wife.

"Jennie," he said, "I've made up my mind to see the government through in this thing."

"I knew it was coming," she said, "and I have wondered why you didn't speak of it before."

"How did you know it was coming?" he asked. "I haven't said a word."

His wife laughed. "Why," she said, "you've been absent-minded, you've had little appetite, you've walked aimlessly about, you haven't slept well, and you've acted as if there was some heavy trouble on your mind. It was as plain as could be what was the matter."

"Well," he asked, "what do you think about it?"

"I thought that if you didn't mention it pretty soon, I should ask you what in the world you meant by not offering your services when your country needed them?"

Frick did not say much, but kissed his wife affectionately, and was prouder than ever of her. He had made no mistake in estimating the sort of stuff she was made of.

Within a few hours Wharton and his wife rode away toward Pierre, where Jennie was left with friends, and Frick set out alone for the Pine Ridge Agency. He intended to offer his services at once to General Miles.

It was a long ride, but he knew every mile of the way. It was also a dangerous ride, for although no open outbreak had as yet taken place, Frick had picked up enough information on the road to enable him to decide that the conflagration was at hand.

On the afternoon of the second day, when the sun was shining in a clear sky and the air was crisp and keen, an Indian horseman rode over a swell of the prairie, and by his course showed his wish to make a closer acquaintance with the scout.

Frick was not in the habit of running away from solitary Indians, so he drew the rein of his pony, and with the animal at a moderate walk, awaited the coming of the warrior, who was in native costume.

Frick kept a sharp eye on him, and held his Winchester ready, but he detected no hostile movement. Presently he was surprised and pleased to recognize the Indian as an Ogallala whom he knew very well, and who, through some queer whim, had received the inexplicable name of Brother-of-his-Father-and-Mother.

Who was responsible for this amazing title it is impossible to say, but since it was too long to be used except on state occasions, Frick had shortened it to "Briff" when he had occasion to call the Indian by name.

Briff had been a friendly Indian for years. He had been Frick's companion on several of his most dangerous scouts. The two had camped together in the dismal gorges and canons of the Black Hills and Big Horn Mountains. They had faced the awful blizzard in the land of the Assinaboine, and starved, suffered and hunted together until it would seem that the ties of friendship could not have been welded more strongly.

But this was an extraordinary occasion. Wharton knew that many friendly Indians had come under the influence of the prevailing superstition and had joined the ghost-dancers. He shook hands cordially with Briff, but kept a watchful eye upon him.

Briff declared that he was as "good" an Indian as ever, and that he was on his way to Pine Ridge Agency to "help General Miles."

The weather grew colder as the day declined, and when the sun had neared the horizon the horsemen headed toward a wooded ridge, at the base of which they hoped to find shelter against the cutting wind, and fuel for fire. There was dry grass, too, for their ponies.

They rode on silently. Wharton had not seen another Indian during the day, and was sanguine of reaching the agency without collision with them. It was his wish to avoid any conflict or skirmish until after reporting at headquarters, for grave consequences sometimes flow at such a juncture from even a trifling collision.

The scout, therefore, uttered an exclamation of surprise when, just before reaching the spot selected for their camp, he saw the gleam of a fire through the trees.

"Hello!" he exclaimed, bringing his pony to a halt. "Some of them are there!"

"What matter?" answered Briff. "They are my people; they will not harm you when I am with you."

Frick was not entirely satisfied, but he had now full faith in his companion, and

went on. The two rode side by side until they reached the end of the wood.

Briff slipped from his pony first, and hurried forward as if to open the way for his friend, who was but a few steps behind him. There were three Ogallalas, and they had noted the horsemen before the latter saw them. They greeted Briff stolidly, and each one as stolidly offered his hand to Frick, as he came forward to the camp-fire where they stood.

It was a proof of Frick's wide acquaintance with the red men that he knew every one of these Ogallalas and accosted them by name, in their own language. Two were young bucks—both striking specimens of their race, finely formed, tall and graceful, and all were well armed.

The third, known among the white people as Jim, was an older Indian. Frick had met him on the reservation several times during his service as scout, and had never known him to be engaged in any trouble. He was taciturn and reserved, like most of his people, and it was evident that he, too, recognized the white man, whom he called by name, and referred to the time when they smoked their pipes together at Pine Ridge Agency.

Jim was the last to take the hand of Frick, who noticed that his behavior was peculiar. He pressed Frick's hand with a warmth not at all like an Indian, and looking searchingly into his face without speaking. Exactly what he meant by this curious procedure was more than our friend could guess, but it had the effect to make him watch the two young Ogallalas closely.

They had prepared a joint of venison, of which all partook. The Ogallalas showed no disposition to "turn in" for the night; they mounted soon, and rode to the eastward, and Wharton thought it best to press on to the agency. He and Briff, therefore, said good-by formally to their late hosts, and rode southward in the gathering dusk.

Frick had become convinced that the three Ogallalas were hostile, and that when the outbreak came they would be among the fiercest of the warriors.

The young bucks showed suppressed excitement in every movement, and Wharton was sure that nothing but Briff's influence restrained them from pouncing upon him.

Briff had exchanged whispered words with the bucks. Frick had no doubt that these words were in his behalf. But had the Ogallalas disappeared for good when they vanished across the prairie in the gloom?

As the scout and the Indian rode along Briff was silent, communing with himself. When Frick questioned him, he said that he had sought to dissuade Jim and his companions from joining in the hostilities that were soon to break out, but that his good words were thrown away.

Briff showed no disposition to talk further, and Frick did not press him. They rode on in silence.

The weather was still keenly cold, but the ground was free from snow, and the ponies loped forward at an easy gait. The full moon rose. It was obscured now and then by drifting clouds, so that sometimes they saw but a little way, while at other times their view was unobstructed for a considerable distance.

Less than an hour after starting, the observant Frick noticed that his companion, instead of keeping his pony beside him, showed a disposition to fall to the rear. When he first discovered it, Briff was twenty feet behind him.

Frick looked suddenly back and abated his own gait, so as to permit the Indian to draw up again.

"Is your horse tired?" asked Frick.

"I'm afraid so."

"Then we'll go slower."

Briff rode up, and they went side by side again. But as Frick strained his eyes looking at some object in a distant belt of moonlight, he noticed that Briff was again dropping behind.

Without appearing to divert his attention from the distant object, Wharton watched the Indian, and made sure that he was holding in his animal. Frick did the same, and they were side by side again.

Frick said nothing, but just at this moment he caught the sound of horses' hoofs on the prairie to the eastward.

"Those fellows are coming back," he thought, "and there will be trouble."

The noise of the hoofs was heard only for a moment, as though it had been thrown forward by a puff of wind, or an animal had stumbled. Without attracting the attention of the Indian, Frick glanced in the direction whence the sound came, but could see nothing of the horsemen from whom he had parted but a short time before. He said nothing of what he had heard, and Briff held his peace, though he must have noted it.

With a belief that a crisis was at hand, Frick held himself keenly on the alert. He was looking for the new-comers, and for the moment withdrew his attention from Briff, who was on the opposite side of him. A scout, however, never quite loses sight of anything, but he quickly turned to look at his companion.

He was not a moment too soon. Briff had brought his pony to a stop, less than twenty feet distant, and was in the act of leveling his Winchester at Frick. The scout had no time in which to anticipate him in firing; he dropped, therefore, on the other side of his animal, with the quickness of lightning.

The bullet intended for the white man missed him by an inconceivably narrow chance, and almost at the same instant, Briff tumbled headlong from his horse.

The clouds at that moment brushed past the face of the moon, and its light shone out full and clear. Through the gloom, the figure of an Ogallala horseman assumed shape, as he galloped toward Frick. The scout, with his rifle pointed across the saddle of his pony, waited to receive him.

He held his fire, however, for he had already perceived that it was the new-comer's weapon which had brought down Briff in the very act of shooting at his friend.

It was Jim, the Ogallala, who, with a friendly greeting to Frick, made clear the meaning of what had just taken place.

Briff, he said, had become one of the most fanatical of the ghost-dancers, and his sudden hatred of the white people was intense. When he joined Frick he undoubtedly meant to kill him at the first opportunity. Well aware of the bravery and skill of the white man, and cowardly at heart as he must have been, Briff had shrunk from acting until he seemed to have Frick quite at his mercy.

When Jim saw the two in company, he read Briff's purpose at a glance. His retention of Frick's hand, and the searching

look into his eyes, was meant to warn him of his peril, and to learn if he suspected it. Briff's whispered words to the two young warriors were really an urgent counsel to them to fall upon the scout and kill him then and there. They would have done so but for the course of Jim, who told them that if they tried it he would join the white man in detesting himself. Briff had then declared that he would manage it alone.

Jim knew his intention, and after riding a short distance with the two bucks, he told them to keep on their course, and that he would join them soon. Then he rode back, determined to warn Frick of his danger.

He arrived in the nick of time. "I fight you when we meet in battle—not like him," said Jim, as he wheeled and rode off to rejoin his companions.

Jim did fight after the manner of his people at Wounded Knee, where he was one of the first to go down. Frick was not present at that fierce conflict, but when he learned of his fall, he said:

"Some Indians may be devoid of gratitude and honor. Briff was one of that kind, but Jim was not."—*Youth's Companion*.

## NOT ALL A DREAM.

And the Exceptional Part was the Strange Feature of the Matter.

"I had the most singular dream of my life the other day," the young man with the creased trousers was saying. "I had just come in from lunch. It wasn't quite time to go to work again," he continued, knocking the ashes from the end of his cigarette, "and while I was sitting in the armchair at my desk I went to sleep. I dreamed my tailor came in with the bill for this overcoat I've got on."

It was a fine garment. He passed his hand carefully down its smooth surface, shook his head slowly and sadly, and went on:

"He had been in about five times already with that same bill. This isn't a part of the dream, you know. I'm telling you straight facts now. Every Monday afternoon he used to come in regularly with that bill, and I always stood him off somehow."

"What was the amount of the bill?" inquired the pimply young man with his feet on the radiator.

"Sixty-five dollars. It's a good jag of money. There's no fun in paying out \$65 to your tailor when you can give him a stand-off. It isn't business, anyhow. Well, I dreamed he had come in again with that bill. He slapped it down on the table and he says:

"I want the money on that coat this time, young man."

"Can't you drop in next week?" I says. "I'll make it all right then."

"No, sir," he says, "I want it right now."

"Well, I had the money in my pocket, and I dreamed I yanked it right out—the whole blamed \$65—and he took it and receipted the bill and went away."

"Well, sir, the shock of the thing—so unexpected, you know—waked me up. And right there on my desk, by George, was that thundering old bill, and the ink on the name signed to the 'Received Payment' part of it wasn't dry! I jerked out my pocketbook and opened it. There was just \$65 missing. I ran to the door and looked down the hall. There was that beastly tailor just starting down the stairway at the end of it. He'd got his money all right enough, and I hadn't had the coat six weeks."

"How do you account for it?" asked the young man with the waxed moustache.

"Did he take it out of your pocket?"

"Naw!" exclaimed the party with the creased trousers. "Take it out of my pocket? Not any! He hasn't got originally enough about him for that."

"Then how did he get it?" inquired the youth with the plug hat on the side of his head.

"How did he get it?" echoed the narrator. "I paid it in my sleep, sir, begad! Paid it my sleep! Do you think," he groaned, "I'd have done it if I had known what I was doing?"

"No," answered the boys unanimously and a deep, sympathetic silence settled down on the group.—*Chicago Tribune*.

## How Red Hair is Colored.

A well-known physician, who has made human hair a study for years, delivered an entertaining lecture on red hair yesterday. "The great Italian painter, Titian," said he, "was so fond of red hair that he raved about it, and at one time is said to have offered to sell his soul to the devil provided his hair would turn red. This passion for red hair has raged fiercely since early times. About every eight years red hair comes in style and the belles try to color their hair in conformity to the prevailing style. They often use poison, and that's where we come in. At one period in history, however, red hair was the subject for universal scoffing, and one old poet wrote of a girl who had jilted him:

"Malicious fame reports her head was red, That she smoothed it with a comb of lead."

The reason why red hair is red is because of the pigment accumulated in the cells of the medulla. In other words, there are sacs at the foot of each red hair filled with three or four distinct pigments, all of a reddish tint. I have taken certain specimens of very red human hair, treated them with twenty times their volume of water, and obtained as a result a very marked pink solution. That goes to show that the hair is impregnated with the red stuff."—*Philadelphia Record*.

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## EXCELLENCE.

RHEUMATISM.—Mr. WM. HOWES, 68 Red

NEURALGIA.—Mrs. JOHN McLEAN, Barrie Island, Ont., March 4, 1889, writes: "I suffered severely with neuralgia for nine years and have been greatly benefited by the use of St. Jacobs Oil."

SCIATICA.—Grenada, Kans., U. S. A., Aug. 8, 1888. "I suffered eight years with sciatica; used five bottles of St. Jacobs Oil and was permanently cured." JACOB I. SMITH.

STRAIN.—Mr. M. PRICE, 14 Tabernacle Square, E. C. London, Eng., says: "I strained my wrist and the severe pain yielded like magic to St. Jacobs Oil."

LAMEBACK.—Mrs. J. RINGLAND, Kincaid St., Brockville, Ont., writes: "A part of a bottle of St. Jacobs Oil enabled me to go about in a day."

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## THINGS OF VALUE.

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K. D. C. relieves distress after eating and promotes healthy digestion. If youth be a defect, it is one we outgrow only too soon.—Lowell.

K. D. C. is guaranteed to cure any case of Dyspepsia or money refunded.

Success has sometimes to be paid for after having been fairly earned.

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Manners carry the world for a moment, character for all times.—A. Bronson Alcott.

K. D. C. is the Greatest Cure of the Age. Its merits prove its greatness.

It is better to suffer wrong than to do it, and happier to be sometimes cheated than not to trust.—Johnson.

For Cholera Fellows' Speedy Relief stands ahead of all other preparations.

If people do what is right, in time they come to like doing it.—Ruskin.

Fellows Dyspepsia Bitters is not a new remedy. It has been known in this country over 50 years.

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For scrofula in every form Hood's Sarsaparilla is a radical, reliable remedy. It has an unequalled record of cures.

Life is made up of not great sacrifices or duties, but of little things, in which smiles and kindness and small obligations given habitually are what win and preserve the heart and secure comfort.—Sir H. Davy.

K. D. C. frees the stomach from poisonous acid and gas, and restores it to healthy action.

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A FREE Sample package of the Wonder Working K. D. C. mailed to any address. K. D. C. Co., New Glasgow, N. S.

It is a beautiful thought that, however far one shore may be from another, the waves which now rattle over my foot will in a short time be on the opposite strand.—Wilhelm Von Humboldt.

K. D. C. The only preparation of the kind in the market and is the Greatest Remedy for all forms of Indigestion.

It is not work that kills men; it is worry. Work is healthy; you can hardly put more upon a man than he can bare. Worry is rust upon the blade.—Henry Ward Beecher.

K. D. C. has proved itself to be the Greatest Cure of the Age. Try it! Test it. Prove it for yourself and be convinced of its Great Merits!

When all is done human life is at the greatest and best, but, like a forward child, it must be played with and humored a little to keep it quiet till it falls asleep, and then all is over.—Sir W. Temple.

K. D. C. positively cures the worst cases of Dyspepsia and Indigestion. Ask your druggist for it, or send direct to K. D. C. Co., New Glasgow, N. S.

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That which a man sees or hears may drop away from him as easily as it dropped upon him; but that which he has learned to know, the ideas he has cherished, the truths he has assimilated, the principles he has espoused, the theories he has worked out and tested—these may be truthfully called his very own.

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