Red Hair, the Renegade.

A Romance of Real Heroes of Borderland.

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"DASHING CHARLIE," "BUCK TAYLOR," ETC.

CHAPTER I.

THE YOUNG CAPTIVE.

The scene opens in an Indian village, and at night. The camp-fires are burning low, for the redskins early seek their blankets. The village seems in deep repose, and silence rests upon all.

"YOU ARE WANTED, DISMAL DICK!" CRIED DASHING CHARLIE, MENACINGLY.
Dashing Charlie’s Pawnee Pard.

Red Hair said that Red Spirit was the intended emissary, and the doom of death was pronounced against him.

And now Charlie Emmett beheld the Red Spirit, Solaris’s arrow, seared with a wound, and gazed on him, an Indian brave who was the foe of the white man.

What did it mean, the boy wondered.

"Where would the little white chief go?" asked the Red Spirit.

The Eyes, the warrior, seemed so other than other, and so gentle with him, an Indian brave who was the foe of the white man.

"I follow the trail of the great Chief Red Hair," the Cherokee’s answer was.

"The Chief Red Hair left the pale-face boy in his tepee, for he did not want children along on the journey.

"The Little Chief will return with me," and the Red Spirit’s face showed that he meant just what he said.

CHAPTER III.

MOTHER OF THE SITUATION.

DASHING CHARLIE was in a quandary.

A glance showed him that Snake Eyes’s prisoner looked haggard and ill, and that his composure was worse, and his appearance that of a man who had suffered greatly in the weeks that had passed since he left the village of his people, and had been engaged in the service of the chief.

Snake Eyes was a very large, powerful brave, with a face that was marked by too much sorrow to be healthy in the eyes of the tribe.

Even the chief stood in awe of him, and Charlie knew that he meant to take him back to the village.

But he said uneasily: "Is the Snake Eyes going to the village, while his comrades go on the war path in the hills?"

"The Snake Eyes found this coward brave, this squaw brave who tried to kill the great chief, who was biding with a broken leg, and the Red Hair bade him take him back to his village and then come on the trail, for there is war."

Charlie knew that the Snake Eyes hated Red Spirit, because he was not so brave as himself and did not win the names of Singing Dove and the most beautiful maiden in the Sioux tribe.

The boy had always liked Red Spirit, better than any other Indian, and the Singing Dove, too, had been kind to him.

Did Snake Eyes take his prisoner back to the village, he would be put to death upon the return of the chief.

But he obeyed him and returned with him, what his fate, for escaping, might be, he did not know.

"Let him ride in front of the Snake Eyes, when he has given him his weapons," said the Red Eyes wish to give him my first lesson."

"The Snake Eyes has spoken."

The boy put his hand upon his revolver, and quicker than a flash it was drawn, and a bullet crashed through the brain of the Indian, who fell from his horse, howling in agony.

"Let the Red Spirit take the horse of Snake Eyes," Charlie said, "for the Red Spirit has been wounded by the Red Spirit, and the Red Spirit’s weapon is for the Red Spirit."

Charlie recognized him as a young warrior, the son of the tribe.

He was known as Red Spirit, and had considerable influence among the people, and for Red Hair, the chief who had given him the weapon, had been made a chief.

The medicine bowl he handled, and challenged by Red Spirit, an Indian duel had followed, in which the enmity had commenced.

Then the young warrior left the village, and that night an arrow had been fired from some secret spot into the tepee of the renegade chief, wounding him severely.

But he did not want children along on the journey.

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CHAPTER IV.

THE FUR-TRADERS.

A WAGON-TRAIN, heavily laden, was pulling abreast of us in the close of a long day's march.

The captain of the train, a tall, fine-looking man with long blonde hair and beard, was anxious to reach a certain camping-place on Bear Lake, where, he said, he was to collect part of his party.

The train consisted of a number of "prairie schooners," each with a load of Mississippi goods. The prairie schooner was the wagon used by the trappers for their travels on the plains.

As they neared the camping-place the order was passed back for the soldiers to go into hiding, the others not belonging properly to the train also taking refuge in the wagons, and soon afterwards the whole of the party were in the woods.

Toward the sunset hour the train reached Camp Spring, where the soldiers and others in hiding not being visible still.

Hardly had the camp-fires been lighted when a horsemans suddenly appeared, and at sight of him came a volley of bullets from the prairie schooners.

It was Charlie Emmett, the boy captive of the Sioux, and the greeting the tall man with long blonde hair and beard gave him, was as friendly as a host meeting a father after a long separation, or a captive seeing his loved one for the first time.

"One of the renegades will visit your camp tonight, and I will bring him for you to recognise, but it is all a blind to betray you.

"My brave boy, I happen to suspect this, for a courier came into our camp who was some other than one of the renegade dwellers among the Sioux.

"He had a spy in our camp, with whom he entered into a plot, and that man we tried and hanged.

"The other was to meet us here, and arrange to carry a certain traitor.

"He is the man who captured me, uncle, he and his pard, and they are as treacherous as snakes.

"But he must not see me, so I will hide, and when he is no longer talking when any are lying in wait to get you into an ambush."
Dashing Charlie's Pawnee Pard.

"At last, after years of search, he struck it rich, and having gotten a snug sum of dust to his credit, he began to see his goal.

"Then it was that he got into the row that was fatal to his life. The story is that he had a mother and sisters, and waiting to vote for his past desertion of them was cut to the bone of the mine, giving me a half-interest if I would go to it and work it. "I pledged myself to do so as well as I could, for, as I said, the mine is the Indian country. Here is the story of the mine there and full particulars at my cabin in Omaha, and it is my intention to make the attempt upon my return, to reach the mine."

"Good for you, captain," cried Doc Chanlen.

"And we go with you, Uncle Emmett," remarked Charlie.

"Yes, indeed, for I shall need a surgeon, yourself, Doc, and an aide-de-camp, which latter position you can fill most creditably, Charlie."

"I'm awful glad, uncle."

"You see I intend to raise quite a force, and nominally the reason for going against the Sioux will be the rescue of these poor captive women and children that Charlie tells us about."

"Of course that will be the main object, all right, but I shall take advantage of this to locate the mine and see if it pans out as rich as I have reason to believe."

"As the mining might say a hundred men, well armed and mounted, and under so many conditions, and call for others who can afford to volunteer."

The commandant at Omaha will furnish us with a supply of arms and horses as a strong support of soldiers to back us, as will the other fort commanders. I can also get a supply of food and ammunition from the Sioux country, and my force make a dash upon the villages of Red Hair to rescue the captives."

"In the country and with the Sioux pushed to a retreat, we can go to the gold mine, and in the interval of our return of our small force and return to attack us."

"The plan is a perfect one, Captain Emmett."

"I think so, Doc."

"And I'll not share your expense in the affair.

"If you wish, for you and Charlie shall share what I gain from the mine."

"Ah, I would not wish this, Emmett."

"What would I, uncle."

"But it shall be so all the same."

"Now you know my secret, and this reason for our going into the Indian country must be kept between us."

"I will, Emmett."

"I'll never tell," added Charlie.

"There was one model-mouthed as any one I know, Charlie," his uncle said with a smile, and Charlie accepted the words as a compliment.

CHAPTER VII.
ON THE TRAIL OF RESCUE.

The fur-traders' train pulled into Omaha one afternoon amid the wild cheers of the then very rough citizens of that place.

All manner of reports had been in circulation that the train had been massacred, not one man escaping, and again it was said that the Sioux had them corralled in the mountains with no hope of succor.

The train was given to these rumors, originating no one knew how or where, when "Emmett's Train" came into Omaha and sought the jumping place.

Men gathered about the returned traders, and in many cases corresponded for news of the returned heroes and gave them warm welcome back to the plains.

A number of men remembered the fearsome-faced boy who had drifted through Omaha on his uncle's arm, said, 'I've found him gone, had followed after him under the guidance of Uncle Emmett."

Then he came back grown rougger and tougher, burned as brown as an Indian and with lots of hard-earned gold credits, a boy who had proven himself a man in deeds if not in years, and ridden through several of deadly dangers, and one who had registered himself as a "Dashing Charlie the Boy Hero," in the eyes of old plainsmen.

His story was told not, by himself, but by others, and all admitted that he was a worthy successor to Emmett, or "Old Kentuck," as the captain was frequently called, though he was yet a young man, only twenty-one years of age, but across the country and far from the gilded cities when the Indians, who would pursue, upon discovering the number of their foes, could be seen, in a battle against the fastnesses of the mountains many miles from the seat of the action.

Once they began this retreat Captain Emmett noticed that the country was strongly guarded with many and all worked with the gold mine he held the knowledge of.

It was his plan, and all was arranged without a hitch.

If Charlie went along, as his uncle's aide, and he was mounted upon the splendid black horse he had captured from Chief of Red Hair's corral, and which he had named "Midnight." He was better equipped for the trip than anyone in the outfit too, for Charlie left nothing undone for his use and comfort on the expedition.

Doctor Dick Chulawas was along as surgeon, and with Captains Emmett and Charlie, Sebastian, a negro as big as he is long, being the cook and valet of the trio.

"Scupper Sam," a young chief of the Dakota, was a companion of the trip, having been engaged in a dispute with one of the officers, who who knew the country well, went with the command.

"I was told that a council of white men and Indian from various tribes could be kept up between them if necessary."

"Pawnee Pete, Captain Emmett's faithful Indian companion, went with the party. He was a great helper, for he knew every stick and log of the section.

It was said that he had once been cruelly dealt with by the redskins, just how no one knew, and he was too taciturn to talk about himself or anything else, and answered no questions.

But his bridle was made of Indian scales and a string of scalps hung to his belt, for Scupper Sam always scalped his dead enemies.

He had been sent to Captain Emmett by Colonel Scalper as a man good to take along, and as he had given a position as scout, for he said he had been through the country years before when a Sioux captive.

It was while Charlie was making some purchase in a store that he overheard the following conversation between two men neither of whom he could see.

"He had taken a seat to try on a pair of boots, and was half hidden by the boxes and goods piled up about him."

"I'm off to-night," came the answer.

"I'll with you and see about it."

"Good-by until we meet again." The men parted, and Charlie tried to get a view of who they were.

But before he could pull his boots on they had ridden away."

Charlie was slightly worried at what he heard, and going to his uncle, told him just what was said.

"I am sorry you could not catch a glimpse of the men, Charlie; but then the words may not have been necessary, for they were old friends."

"Who were in the store that you knew?"

"Two men of the river, but I didn't know them."

Assuming that they were Scalper men, and knowing that this place was so full of goods, before I got around there a few days, it was impossible that I could have heard the conversation.

"Suppose you take a circuit of the camps, and see what's afloat on the northwest trails."

"What, what, what is it, I ask, when we tell all such questions?"
CHARLIE AND THE PAWNEE.

Pawnee Pete was as true as steel to the pale-faces.

His natural foes had been the whites, but in time the whites learned that they were not such enemies as were the Sioux, and so they buried the tomahawk and ceased to go on the trail of the white man.

Then the Pawnees added their former hatred of the pale-faces to that they held for the Sioux, and so they went out on the warpath and to the south to the land of the old chief.

There was no better trader in the tribe, nor a better warrior, nor a better friend.

He had won the admiration and regard of the whites, and especially of Captain Emmett, who had been just in the same situation as the Pawnee, and had been the only one to do business with the Pawnees.

Pawnee Pete had gone on two previous expeditions with the Pawnees, and he was to be trusted, they knew.

He had gone with the party that had taken the back trail to rescue Charlie, and he had been the main interest in the Indian war.

The Pawnees had a high opinion of Captain Emmett upon the trail of the kickers of Charlie, and the young Pawnees had tracked him to the village of Chief Red Hair.

When told by Charlie that the two were to start upon a mission ahead of the Pawnees, Pawnee Pete was pleased and showed it, and at once went to get ready for the trip.

He was a fine horse and a new outfit from head to foot, and he was as proud as a boy at the first step of a journey.

The two mounted and started toward the upper river, and the Pawnees, who were the last to go, said good-bye to the old chief in the secret of just what was to be done.

The boy had no English after a fashion of his own, and made himself understood, while he comprehended perfectly all that was said to him.

"Yes," he said, "it is as you wish to do." But Charlie, after he had explained it, he said:

"He says, yes—um! Head off man, don't know when he will be back!"

"That is the work before us."

"Do you know where he goes?"

"I know, all the way!"

"Who goes?"

"He goes to Surprise trail."

"That is it."

"I have leave to go dark?"

"Yes, tonight he said."

"We find him if he comes along trail."

"I hope so, and I will try to find him!"

"Very good."

"He says we must not harm him!"

"No kill?

"Do, no, only capture him."

"That is his order."

"But, how?"

"There."

"On the trail?"

"Yes, spread over trail, and Pawnee Pete be hid."

"Ah! We will get into a tree where he cannot see me."

"No, Charlie stay on ground to kill horse, or catch if horse run."

"Pawnee Pete get in tree and be hid."

"Charlie at edge of tree watch for this."

"Pawnee Pete fly down on man."

"So you are a bird indeed, a daisy and a damsel as well!"

"Yes, yes, yes."

"Pete glad," was the answer, and he smiled, for he knew that he was being highly complimented by two different races.

So on they went, Dashing Charlie quite happy now at having put a way through Pawnee Pete of capturing the man they hoped to find without having to kill him.

If they missed him on the trail and captured the wrong man, then they would have to get out of the best they could, for Charlie was very sure he would have a flight on his hands, from what he knew of the people of that country.

It had been a hard thing for the Captain Emmett to do, but he had no other way, for there was a spy with the command that it would give the secret away if they knew that one man was suspected.

"I will say that you and Pete go to the fort to await the last orders from Colonel Sibley and will then follow," Captain Emmett had told Charlie, and this he was doing.

When the Captain told Doctor Chalmers that night what his nephew had overheard, and what the men and Pawnee Pete had gone, he asked:

"Now, what do you think of it, Doc?"

That boy has a great head on him, Emmett, and he is not wrong in his surmise that it means we have a spy to go along with us, and a man by name Charlie Red Hair in advance starts for tonight."

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Pawnee Pete said:

"Yes, I really think so!"

"Beyond all doubt it is the case."

"But the man, for my men are all picked."

"True, and I would be willing to vouch for each one of them."

It was a great burden on the shoulders of the Indian agents among the Indians certainly have spies here, as we know, and there must be a black sheep in our midst."

"Well, we will know who it is when Charlie comes his man of course.

"And it was upon the following morning that the Pawnees mounted and rode away upon the trail to the land of the Sioux."

CHAPTER X.

Pawnee Pete was at home on the trail, and to plot to capture an enemy was just his liking. Where strategy, cunning, and boldness were needed the Pawnees was the man to select for the work.

He grasped a situation quickly, seldom got rattled and was one to take instant advantage where it could be taken without injuring his friends.

Dashing Charlie Emmett could not have had a more apt scout, or been coached in plain-craft by one who knew better how to do it.

The boy had his own ideas, but he yielded to those of Pawnee Pete, who he was well aware knew just what he was about.

"I was willing to be guided by the Indian," he said, "but after we leave here, Pawnee Pete, just what I wish to do is!" And Charlie, after he had explained it, he said:

"Yes, yes, yes."

"How much hours?"

"True, if he does not leave until night we will be six hours ahead of him."

"We ride fast, make more."

"True."

"He ride slow, have long trail."

"Yes."

"He ride late, camp two hours, come on and camp two hours."

"You know it all, Pete."

"We go where he make second camp."

"You think him right?"

"Yes, know."

"All right, you be ahead."

"We have long rest when stop for horses."

"He no trail at night."

"You are right."

"We catch him easy."

"All right."

"So on they went until many a mile had been gone.

At last they came to a place where Pawnee Pete turned from the trail.

"Him come on, he get here daytime and see trail."

"We go all round."
camp at Omaha until sometime after dawn, and with a number of peck-animals and extra horses along, too. The men who were left then were lying in wait before noon the following day. Ungammed as he would doubtless be, the man they waited for, as Pawnee Pete had said, could not hide the trail all night, without camping, very soon. It camped then it would perhaps be a long wait.

The Pawnee had examined the trail most carefully, and had told Charlie that he had passed within the last forty-eight hours. The rear guard in the meantime was beginning to think of his far-away home in Kentucky and wonder what his kinfolk and companions would think of him if they knew of all his adventures. He was aware that his uncle had written a long letter home from Omaha, telling everything, and he could not but feel proud that he had made a record for himself that would make the home folks open their eyes with wonder.

So his thoughts were running upon home, when he said low:

"Hist!"

He knew that it came from the Pawnee and he riveted his eyes upon the spot where the trail wound into the canyon nearly a quarter of a mile away.

At once his gaze fell upon a horseman, who was riding at a walk, his rein hanging loose, and he could, to save a few paces, to save a few precious minutes, ride at a quick trot, if he chose. The man had a long rifle.

He was mounted upon a large roan, and as the horse came on Charlie made a discovery.

The man was either very drunk, or he was highly excited, for he was riding in his saddle with his eyes shut, and, catching himself from falling by a sudden check.

He came on, the horse with his head down taking a sudden and visibly uncertain of his movements—whether drunk or afraid.

Charlie did not know.

He knew that Pawnee Pete would wake him up with a nightmare, and if he’s drunk then he’s not walking. He looked at him the Jim-Jams,” muttered Charlie, who now eyed the stranger closely.

He noticed that he was dressed in frontier garb, wore a belt of arms, and a rifle, slung to a strap, hung across his back.

Behind the horse which rode Charlie now saw an old animal, a fair match for the one he was riding.

Upon the back of this second horse was a heavy pack, and this proved that the man was not out for a short hunt, but on a long trail.

Drawing nearer Charlie saw that he was bearded, wore his hair long, and the face had seen him often in Omaha he was well aware of.

"Yes, I am not mistaken; it is the man who has killed迪曼狄克, on account of his woe-begone face, and they say he is call’d, too.

I see Pawnee Pete wake him up, and the boy enjoyed the situation in which Disman Dick had ridden, with youthful gusto.

CHAPTER XII.

For Future Reference.

On came the man, the horses in a swinging walk, unargued by spur or voice, and moving with the pace of animals that had been going steadily along for hours.

Under the trees they passed, and, a moment after, down from a limb nearly ten feet above the head of the rider, dropped the little form of the Indian boy.

He landed directly upon the back of the horse, allowing the horse to totter on, with his arms clasping him in a deathlike grip.

The horse gave a snort of terror and made a bound into the air, striving to unseat his rider and break his fall. Disman Dick fell with a wild yell as though he believed himself in the clutches of the Great One from Heaven.

But the horse did not unseat his rider, or the Indian.

Pawnee Pete took good care of this, and with his grip upon the man also held firmly upon the horse, and the animal fell.

The horse had dropped back upon the lead rope, partly checking the other’s forward spring and giving the man time to get clear of the animal. The runners would go down with their riders.

"Well, you will be when you tell that I overheard what you said to your pard yesterday, when you met him in Tanner’s store, about going to warn Chief Red Hair of the coming war. You are a man of action and I shall hold you for future reference."

CHAPTER XIII.

DASHING CHARLIE’S DISCOVERY.

The words of Charlie Emmett were fired at random, but they hit dead center.

He wished they had acted upon the information in spite of himself, and turned deadly pale. He was still nervous from the amount of liquor he had consumed.

Seeing his advantage, Charlie said:

"No. So you got landed before you started, and yet you had some enough to pull out ahead of the Rescuers as you feared you would be too late with your warning."

"What in eternal thunder does yer mean, boy?"

"I mean that your pard comes on with the comin’ of the wind."

"I doesn’t understand yer."

"Don’t you?"

"No."

"Well, I’ll explain by sayin’ that you are on your way to warn Chief Red Hair, the renegade leader of the Sioux, that a party of Rescuers are coming to his village."

"I can tell the man."

"Yes, he told the man."

"Did you tell the man?"

"Yes, and you are, but it’s to set traps for human lives, not for pels."

"Does yer say I is a renegade?"

"Yes, and you are the man, Charlie Emmett."

"Wast yer is away off, as yer will find out when you see Disman Dick as you knows me."

"Suppose I ask you what the Rescuers are?"

"The man again started.

"It referred to you before this clever boy who appeared to know so much.

They were agreed quickly and put on a look of indifference, while he asked:

"Who does ye mean?"

"Your pard."

"I haven’t got none."

"Ah, yes you have, Disman Dick."

"I say I hain’t."

"He is the one who met you in the store yesterday and told you that you ought to be off and that he was coming along with the company."

"I didn’t see nobody in the store yesterday."

"Yes you did."

"I did not see nobody in the store yesterday."

"Yes you were, for I saw you there, and you were carryin’ a belt, for your weapon, or what?"

"It’s the very belt you have on."

"It’s the very belt you have on."

"All right, say what you please: but you are the man I want, for I recognized the voice I heard last night, and I know the other one too when I hear it."

"Then you doesn’t know who ‘tuther was quickly asked the man.

"Ah! you admit then that you met some one there then? And Charlie caught at his words.

"I doesn’t admit nothin’! growled Disman Dick, angry with himself at the slip of the tongue he had made.

"Well, I’ll take a look through your pockets and see what you’ve brought out of the place."

"Does yer intend to rob me?"

"Oh, no, I am no road-agent, Disman Dick, and so will not take any of your property, though I wish I could."

"Come, Pete, we will open the pack."

"I said Pawnee Pete, basely, for he was anxious to have a look into thepackages, feeling that there was much within that he knew about, as the Indian’s right to what he captured he deemed undeniable.

Disman Dick was not in a hurry to eat, but drank a tin-cup of coffee, and afterward sat down.

"Now, what does yer want with me, boy?"

"I wish to know where you were going."

"To the camp of the Pawnee for pets."

"Going alone up into the dangerous Sioux country, Disman Dick, and remember that he too had a duty to perform.
CHAPTER XIV.
A YOUNG STRATEGIST.

The remark of the young plainsman took the color again from the face of the prisoner. Pawnee Pete had said but little. He had foreseen that he had done his part, and as accomplished it well. But when he saw that he was watching the face of the prisoner, and what he saw there seemed to impute him, then he turned more actively to his work. He wanted to make a call on Charlie for a division to waste in with a will for the things he wanted.

When he saw the man turn pale at Charlie's words, he said in his quiet way: "Pawnee Pete would come back on Charlie."

"Oh, no, I won't be the one to scare him, Pawnee Pete, but the boys got hold of him, for he meant to trap us instead of beaver."

"Ah, straight talk, brave soul," said Pawnee Pete.

"Now, Pete, we must put these things back in the same state.

It was the Indian's time now to change countenance, and he said eagerly:

"I guess to Pawnee Pete and Charlie."

"No; they belong to Dismal Dick here; but we must put them away for safe-keeping, and when the captain comes he will know what to do with them."

"Pete, you can't tell him."

"He is a brave man, Pawnee Pete, I guess the captain will think he is a brave man."

Then Pawnee Pete expressed his confidence that he would find telling evidence against the prisoner.

CHAPTER XV.
PROOF.

For a youth of his age Charlie Emmett was progressing as a scout.

He seemed cut out for just such work as was falling to his lot, and he did it with no bluster and bravado, but with quiet determination.

At heart Charlie pitied the man he held at his mercy.

But reason told him that the man was a black-hearted villain, who had sided with the redskins against his own race and that he was then on his way to Stony village to plot the destruction of the Rescuers for what their death would bring to him.

Dismal Dick was determined not to be searched if he could prevent it, and he gave a kick at Pawnee Pete, who started toward him that would have laid flat him had it struck him.

But the agility of the Indian saved him.

Then, with his head and breast, he fought with his head, head and breast, until Charlie suddenly tried another plan.

Cooking his revolver he held it full in the face of the man and said in a determined way:

"Here! Take this, Dismal Dick. I have just told you, Pete, and I mean it.

"Keep your head still, pull trigger, and the result will be a rendezvous starts on his last trail.

Then Pawnee Pete, know that he was not a man to be trifled with, began to talk.

"Don't rope me, for I'll fight you yet," he said.

But the rope was thrown about his neck and the noise drawn as tight as a cravat.

Just as the rope was pulled tight he rushed him and saddling his horse Charlie made it fast to his saddle-bow.

"Now, Pawnee Pete, if he kicks any more just lead Midnight off until you bring him in the air."

"Me will do it," firmly responded the Indian, and Dismal Dick felt sure that he would be as good as his word.

Then it was that the man was forced to remain quiet and be searched.

Charlie did his searching as well as a roadside agent could, and found, for all there was hidden away he found.

A belt of money came first,

"You are a rich man, but I do not intend to rob you, for it is not money I am after."

"What in the world is it you are after then?"

"I don't know; but well find out soon.

There was a small revolver concealed in an inner pocket, which a really wicked weapon the desperado gotten his hands free, and caught both the redskin off their guard.

A gold watch and a silver one, some gold jewelry and other trivial things were next found, and then, from a pocket in the back of his hunting shirt, Charlie pulled out a couple of pieces of paper containing a message.

The man begged for at once, for he said:

"See here, boy, pat, there is old-time letters, keepers from my dead wife and I don't wish yer read.

CHAPTER XVI.
A PLANK MOVEMENT.

That Dismal Dick felt the words of the boy were in his face he was as white as his burned face could get, and be trembled at what he knew must be his end come some way.

He knew that the boy could not be bribed, so he had relented in his heart and had turned upon him to play a bold game, and he said:

"See here, boy, pat them papers hadn't mine."

"Well, I found them on you."

"I ain't eaten for I got them from a man I kill back on the trail yesterday."

"Don't lie, Dismal Dick."

"I lie in all for the support of hundred men for money I had too.

"You was old enemies, and he drew his gun on me when we met on their trail, and I got there with my bullet first—see?"

"When was that?"

"Yesterday."

"And what time?"

"And what time that you leave Omaha?"

"About ten o'clock."

"I knew you were lying, Dismal Dick, for it was a good thing for you, and I have no doubt you would start last night, and you got full of y'un and did not come out the night, for you have not camped since you left.

"I don't care for your dead wife's letters, but I must get them, and when my uncle comes up with the men I'll show him to it and will decide our case."

"Hell hang me."

"If he don't I'll be surprised.

"You don't want my life on your hands, and you only a boy?"

"I have been forced to have other lives on my conscience, of just such men as you, Dismal Dick, and though I hate to take a life, I manage to sleep well of nights, for I was not to blame.

"You will be now.

"I'm glad to feel that if I did not capture you and give you up to the Rescuers, you would have been the cause of many of them losing their lives."

"I'm sorry for you, Dismal Dick, but I have got to kill this fellow."

The man saw his doom and argued to be set free, then pleaded, and finding all in vain, began to beg for his life. The Indian and the whole crowd of Rescuers, on so strange a occasion he suddenly said something that Charlie started to.

"What did you say, Dismal Dick?"

"I didn't say nothing."

"Can you say something for your earning me, for my old grandmother used to tell me that curses, like chicken, go home to roost, but you said just the same thing that had been said to us that if you were hungry there was one to avenger you and I'll find it out, too."
In the light of the fires he was recognized, and such a yell as went up made even the Sioux turn pale with envy.

"Ha, Charlie, I see you."

"Did you bring me the last order from the fort?" called out Captain Emmett.

"Yes, sir, as you command," said Charlie, as he led his horse away to stoke up.

"That boy has a mind," said Whitewash.

"You think so, Doc?"

"I am sure of it."

"Then I thought he looked very serious."

"That is just it, for he will not let his face be seen by his superiors."

"But we will soon know, and I will wager I am right."

In a few moments Charlie appeared, just as Whitewash announced:

"Supper is ready, gentlemen, and it is a good one."

Whitewash was right, for it was a good one, and the two men and Charlie began the attack with a relish that showed perfect health and keen appetites.

There was bacon, venison steaks, hot biscuits, roasted potatoes and coffee.

Charlie was too hungry to talk at first, but at last said:

"Well, uncle, I got him."

"Got who?"

"The man I went after."

"Nononsense!"

"I've got him, or rather Pete has."

"Charlie, out here when a man comes into camp and reports that he has killed an Indian, the first thing is to have him to show the scalp."

"I can show my man, sir."

"Where is he?"

"Back on the trail several miles, I think."

"With Pete?"

"Yes, sir."

"Who is he?"

"Do you remember Dismal Dick?"

"I should have shot him, for he is a bitter foe of mine, and I have expected to have to kill him some day."

"Well, sir, you can hang him now."

"Hang him, and for what, Charlie?"

"I took this, pan from him, uncle, and you can see what it says."

"But why did you not bring your man to camp with you?" asked Captain Emmett, as he took the paper.

"Because I would only give the alarm to the spy in the outfit, who is his pard," said Charlie's quiet response.

CHAPTER XVII.

IN CAMP.

The Rescuers had left on time, and Captain Emmett set the pace at which they were to travel.

He did not care to push on the first day, and decided to camp after a fair day's march and then in the course of the day he would march hard, and drive hard ahead of them.

The two men would go up to camp before sunset, and all would be very busy getting supper, staking out the meat, and making themselves comfortable for the night.

Many of the men had asked about Dismal Dick, and Whitewash had decided that he should remain, in case anything of importance came up in camp, and so the captain and Dismal Dick sent the two men to have a council with the men further ahead of the line at one point.

Pawnee Pete had gained on the trail, and they walked rapidly back toward Omaha.

It was a tramp of four miles, but neither man complained. It was the first time they had been to the Indian village at all the time.

"Well, Pete, you and Charlie have done well, and I congratulate you." said the captain.

"Where is your prisoner?"

"He is in the fort again.

"I am going to ask you to take him to the fort, Pete, and deliver him to Colonel Sibley with a letter I have written for you to give him."

"You must not go through Omaha, but flank it, and try and get to the fort before daylight."

"That might be a good idea, but the boy knows that you gave him a fresh horse, as a good one is there in the service, and you can head off somewhere on the trail, and I can head off somewhere, and believe you have been scouting about all the time."

"Do you understand, Pete?"

"I do know it all," said Pete, repeating Captain Emmett's praise of him.

"Well, as soon as we have seen your prisoner, you must go, and don't spare your horses." said the captain.

"No, Dismal Dick."

"Save your horses."

"No, indeed, you must do as I tell you." he said.

"A true and loyal friend," was the answer of the Pawnee, and he led the way where his prisoner was bound.

CHAPTER XIX.

PETE AND HIS PRISONER.

Pawnee Pete began to saddle the horses, while Captain Emmett had a talk with the prisoner.

The man was seated in a ravine, where there was a small camp-fire burning, and he seemed really interested as Charlie advanced to meet him.

"Well, Dismal Dick, I expected I would have to talk to you some day. It is only a matter of time that you will know that it was that twice tried to assassinate me, but I did not expect to have to hang you."

"I expect I will have to, for you are worse than I believed you to be."
CHAPTER XX.

THE PAWNEE MISSION.

If Pawnee Pete understood the bitter cats a-beapin' upon him by his prisoner he showed no sign of it, but continued serene on his way. Whenever he could do so, the nature of the trail permitting, he urged his horses to a gallop and kept them at it, for he was anxious to reach the fort before the express of Captain Emmett had told him to do so. At last, just a half hour after daybreak the lights of the fort became visible, and halting, Pawnee Pete enveloped the head of the prisoner in a blanket. But he could not only be recognized, but could hardly breathe. The sharp edge of the prisoner当我与他问答时，我回答了他关于单词的问题。

Me Pawnee Pete want see big chief.

Come from Captain Emmett.

The sentinel communicated the intelligence to the corporal, who in turn informed the sergeant, and thus reached the officer of the day, who admitted the prisoner and his prisoner. The officer did not care to disturb Colonel Sibley at that early hour, but Pawnee Pete was so persistent that he did so, and the Indian and his prisoner were admitted to the commandant’s room.

"Well, Pawnee Pete, I thought you were away with Captain Emmett?"

"Me, but I saw you."...

The law was uttered in a tone that showed Pete intended to be a chief some day, if he lived in his scalp.

"You are a Pawnee!" continued Dismal Dick, "I’ve seen a lot of Pawnees, and I tell you you are a credit to your race."

"I am glad you do, for I tell you that if you shall go with me and be my pard, I’ll give you my horse and all in the pack-dad.

"I am glad you do, for I tell you that if you shall go with me and be my pard, I’ll give you my horse and all in the pack-dad.

Chappie, please glad.

"It is all wrong for them to rope me in like this, for I hasn’t done nothing; but I knows what I done, and I think I’m a friend of your people.

"And I’ll take you to see your friend, and set you free.

"And I’m glad you do, for I tell you that if you shall go with me and be my pard, I’ll give you my horse and all in the pack-dad.

Chappie, please glad.

"You’ll do it then?" eagerly said Dismal Dick.

"Pete takes Dismal Dick to fort first.

Then Pete go after Sioux scalp, and when Dismal Dick by and by he come to Pawnee, for Little Chief Charlie say so.

"And I’m glad you do, for I tell you that if you shall go with me and be my pard, I’ll give you my horse and all in the pack-dad.

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Chappie, please glad.

"You’ll do it then?" eagerly said Dismal Dick.

Chappie, please glad.
It might when get there. Leave bread, butter, cheese, eat big breakfast, get horse and come.

"See horse."

"Yes, and he's a fine one, isn't he?"

"Hap good horse."

"Pete get horse in Sioux camp, and scalp, too."

"Well, we headed off the Sioux knowing of our coming, didn't we?"

"Yes, Pete good scalp."

They had ridden back to the trail after Sculp-

er Sam had left them, and the head of the column of Rescuers had not, and stretch-

ing out in their march for nearly half a mile. Gimo, the guide, had passed on, and at the head of the column rode Captain Emmett and Doctor Chalmers.

They recognized Charlie in the distance, and

with him the Pawnee.

"Pete has made good time, indeed."

"Now we can push on after the noonday camp."

"But I didn't know Charlie was ahead," said Captain Emmett.

"He told me he was going to study under

Sculp Sam, so he also must be ahead for them to have found Pete," answered the doctor.

They now came up to Charlie and the Pawnee and the latter at once handed over the letter in-

trusted to him by Colonel Sibley.

"Have heap good time, eat much, get good horse, explained," said Pete.

The captain broke the seal and read the letter hastily aloud.

It simply acknowledged the coming of the

prisoner, and reception of the papers, and stated that Pete was already off in good shape.

Then there was a statement that the three

army bands were marching at a fair speed to-

ward a glorious goal of its being after what

needed by the Rescuers, while, if he, Captain Emmett, found the Indians in greater force than he expected, to send couriers to the forts and post, and three reserve parties at once be dispatched to support those already in the field.

This pleased Captain Emmett, and he said

cheerily: "We go ahead now under the best auspices, and success must crown our efforts."

CHAPTER XXIII.

SURPRISED.

The camp at noon was for two hours, and

Pawnee Pete slept during the whole time, for he needed rest.

Then he rose and went to the front of

the flanks, or wherever he deemed best, as he had free permission to do.

As he was going ahead, Charlie said:

"Say, Pete, I want to tell you something, so

which trail will you take?"

"Me go ahead, but flank white scalps, sculp."

"All right, then, I will follow in half an hour or so, for there is something of importance I must say to you, and it's got to be our secret, for I have not told my uncle or Doc Chalmers."

"Pete listen, very good."

"I know you will, and you are a whole team when advice is needed, such as this, and then

said: "Well, you have made good time to the fort and back, but did you get Dismal Dick there all right?"

"Yes, have letter for big chief,"

"Good! Keep it and give it to him, for I will go back to the column with you; but don't say you have been to the fort."

"No, Pete know."

Then Sculp Sam rode into the timber and

the Indian eyed him most curiously. In

this Sculp Sam returned the compliment and then Charlie said:

"Well, Sculp Sam, it was a mistake, your shooting at me."

The silent scout smiled, held forth his hand,

grasped the one of Charlie and rode away. This was the "making up" or explanation, which was unexpected to use the sign-

language himself and accepted the explanation as satisfactory by the offering of the scout's hand, which was the old formula. This was the odyssey I ever met.

"He has answered all my questions but one, and yet has not spoken a word."

"Come, we will go to the column, for uncle will be there, and give you back some descent."

"Pete glad, too."

"But did Dismal Dick give you any trouble?"

"No, Pete.

"You got to the fort by daybreak?"
Dashing Charlie’s Pawnee Pard.

CHAPTER XXIV.

The Wind’s Whisper.

When Charlie again joined Scapler Sam on the thwart where he had left him, Charlie did not see it revealed, for the man greeted him with a smile.

"Hullo, Charlie!" said the Pawnee, and Charlie began to tell him about his coming West, hoping to interest him in their adventures, and draw him out to talk a little.

Scapler Sam seemed interested, and yet did not make the least effort of working and watching.

"Come," said Charlie, "let us talk. I see you have made an easy and skillful man of Charlie’s admiration, though he still doubted his story.

At last he got a word from the silent man.

"Do you believe in ghosts, Scapler Sam?" he asked suddenly.

He saw the man start and change color, and then quickly answer the question.

"Yes, I do," he said, "for I often see a ghost, the ghost of a woman, and it will haunt me to my dying day."

Then the spurs sunk into the flanks of his horse and he dashed on.

Charlie was surprised at the feeling he had shown, and still more so that he had at last forced the silent talk to a close.

"There is no mistake, I am not wrong, for the woman—" he said, when Charlie ventured to speak, in the store in Omaha to Dismal Dick.

"I am right, for there are not two men on this frontier who are more interested in the strange than he said.

"But wasn’t he almost scared as when he said he had seen the woman?"

"I wonder if she has ever killed a woman, and she will tell you."

Then the man turned almost fiercely upon him and said:

"Boy, who told you to ask me that question?"

"No body told me, sir, but you showed me a stick you kept a record of an Indians you killed, and a coffin-lid of the white man, and I thought maybe you had another of the women you had killed."

"Well, I was a large grave-yard you would have, if they were all in it, Scapler Sam."

The man regarded the youth with a look that was piercing and searching in the extreme.

But Charlie met his gaze with one of utter impudence, and answers that he had said anything out of the usual run of conversation.

"I am right, for there are not two men on this frontier interested in the strange than he said, and his voice was deeper than ever now, as though he were searching for words which would bring his meaning true.

"See here, boy, if you wish to keep on the trail with me, don’t talk to me, or I will have you back again—by watching me, but don’t speak to me unless it is necessary."

All right, Charlie said, "but let’s it getting near time to hunt up the camp."

"Yes, come along, Charlie," said the man led the way directly toward the main trail.

He seemed to know just where Girard had located the camp, for he came out right where the guide had halted, and was waiting for the camp to arrive.

It was an excellent place for a camp, but Charlie was more interested in seeing if Scapler Sam intended to tell Girard about the white man and the Indian.

But not a word did the scout say, and soon after the men rode up.

The captain and Dr. Chalmers soon had their quarters ready while Whitehead gathered wood to make a fire.

While Charlie was eating his supper, and was seated by the fire, checking his pipe with his wont, when in camp.

"Why have I something to say to you, sir, and to Doctor Chalmers," began Charlie.

They were all seated upon their blankets upon the ground, before the camp-fire, leaning back against an uprooted tree that had fallen.

Therefore, the men, all of whom were gathered around the fallen tree, sat all in shadow.

Whitehead had finished his work and was asleep in his blankets some distance off, and the men were grouped about the camp-fires.

As the evening was over the tents, and the smoke was curling in the air, and the men were sitting around the camp and Pawnee Pete had not yet come in.

"Well, Charlie, out with it," said Captain Emmett, who saw that the boy was worried about something.

CHAPTER XXV.

A MYSTERIOUS MEETING.

Having determined to shadow Scapler Sam, Charlie did it most thoroughly. He put it in the palm of his hands, and went from Pawnee Pete to Girard, then to the scout.

He would make the rounds twice a day, one in the morning march, and again in the afternoon.

If tittered by the scout did not show it, and Girard and Pete were always glad to have the boy with them.

"You are learning fast, Charlie," the guide often said to him.

One day on his way to see Scapler Sam, Charlie saw the guide come upon three trails instead of one.

Two were made by mule tracks, the third was the track of Scapler Sam’s large horse, the scout following the unused trails, or were they following Scapler Sam?

Then again with you."

Charlie was determined to find out.

But he noticed nothing of Scapler Sam, close observation, and that when the scout went out of camp but nothing on the pack-horse.

Everything that he had carried with him, and was ready when due.

"I only wish I had Pete with me," the boy muttered, when he saw the two trail-blending with that of the scout.

But not having Pawnee Pete, who was several miles away, Charlie determined to go on alone. He rode rapidly, and reaching a ridge looked over the country.

There in the valley he saw three horsemen.

One was the scout, Scapler Sam, another was a white man also mounted upon a pony, and the third was an Indian.

"It’s a Scout," said Charlie to himself, and was placed to his eyes a small glass his uncle had given him.

"Lordly! It’s bricktop, as sure as I live."

"Now what is to be done?"

"Charlie was in a quandary, and at last decided to remain in hiding and watch developments.

He had not very long to wait before the Indian and his white companion rode away.

Then Charlie saw Scapler Sam coming back slowly upon the trail, and he was at once went to where his horse was, mounted and rode over the ridge.

Scapler Sam saw him, and came on at a canter.

As he drew near he said in his terse way.

"Can’t cross down there, so come this way."

"All right, Charlie said, "but let’s it getting near time to hunt up the camp."

"Yes, come along, Charlie," said the man led the way directly toward the main trail.

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CHAPTER XXVII
THE PURSUIT.

CAPTAIN EMMETT: When the cover of those two unshod ponies, who were the mail ponies, had been reached the mail column, and in less than an hour the column of Rescuers were on the new trail and going at a trot along the Sioux trail, not to be slowed down by the Petroe no men, nor even by Captain Emmett, under the circumstances was even to be seen himself.

Three couriers had been dispatched to the military columns, with orders to ride hard to reach them. Then Captain Emmett counted over his forces and said:

"I've seen no more after awash, and then I mounted my horse, and waiting for a few minutes, I turn the column over the hill.

"And Scalper Sam?

"Was coming back on the trail.

"Yes, yes.

"Nothing else to say?

"Yes, sir.

"Nothing else to say?

"He did not know that I had seen him with the Sioux and the renegade, and he said nothing.

"And then?

"We came on together to camp, and, as he knew just where the others were he came to know this.

"Now, Charlie, you have again made a discovery of importance.

"I know so, uncle.

"You recognized the voice of Scalper Sam as the one you heard in the store talking to Dismal Dick.

"I did, sir, the moment I heard him speak.

"But were you afraid the doctor and they would laugh at you if you told us?

"No, sir.

"So keep the secret.

"I will, doctor.

"And shadowing Scalper Sam you saw what you reported just now?

"Yes, sir.

"Then Scalper Sam is the man we want, Charlie.

"By all odds, I will send for him at once and you and Charlie can ride over here in the meantime and see if the man must not escape.

Then Captain Emmett called out for Scalper Sam.

But no answer came and the man was nowhere to be found in the camp.

CHAPTER XXVIII.
A SCRAP OF PAPER.

This man went on with better hope.

They had every confidence in Girard the guide, and as he had Dashing Charlie as an ally, they thought as they knew it was a strong team to lead them.

The trail was known to a number of the men, and several of the best scouts in the camp had come to the front and ride by his side.

Thus several hours went by, when suddenly Captain Emmett called out:

"There is a fresh trail." He pointed out the tracks of two horses that came into the trail from down a slope and continued on as though it was on the surface.

"It is Girard and the boy, sir," cried one of the scouts who had thrown himself from his horse to examine the tracks.

The men could hardly restrain a cheer at this, for they had expected that Cawson and Dashing Charlie had fallen a victim to Scalper Sam.

CHARACTER XXVIII.
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Such was the communication, and the men were delighted to get it.

It told them that Pawnee Pete and Girard were between them and an ambush, and they were not far away.

It told them also that there was a chance to make a dash into the Indian village before they were expected, and if they could thus surprise them, they could strike a hard blow and fall back into corral until the soldiers came up.

Thus matters looked brighter for the gallant Rescuers.
Dashing Charlie's Pawnee Pard.

Then the horses were saddled, and once more the hot climb was made, the animals being kept at a very rapid pace.

CHAPTER XXX.

OVERTAKEN.

The homestead, now occupied by the two sleepers, like a phantom of the night, was Pawnee Pete.

He had discovered the trails of the Sioux and the renegade, and saw that they joined that of Scapler Sam. He had followed the trails until night, and had then camped until morning.

Pawnee Pete was fully a hundred yards from the main trail, so could not have checked the homesteader if he would.

So he could only mount and ride on in pursuit of the Sioux and the renegade, the Sioux chief had gotten into trouble in the camp, and was making his escape.

He halted for rest after going some distance, and before dawn started once more.

Pawnee Pete was also a hundred yards from the main trail.

He could have turned back, but if he did he would have exposed his position and probably have lost the trail.

He then went out into the open field and saw that two of the three men he would fight them, that is, he would ambush them, then he would die as a brave Pawnee should.

He knew that Scapler Sam had not taken the usual three days' rest, and would therefore be more difficult to catch.

In the mean while Scapler Sam had over taken the Indian and started after him, so that the Sioux chief, who had been in the background, also coming forward.

He had met them by the scuffle at the day before, and known that Bricktop had turned and fled for the shelter, having no wish to aid his red-skinned friends.

Not having seen the two who rode the unshod ponies, he supposed that they were both Sioux, and so galloped to the rear of his brother.

He had the best of the two, in the same direction and ahead of him, and the more so because of the fact that he had had practice enough at that style of locomotion to make the best of time, so as not to lose them.

He was thinking of the chase when he heard the sound of the braves coming up on his flank.

He was not the only one who had been hunting the renegade.

Pawnee Pete was now using his revolver, and Scapler Sam was using his rifle, but neither had the time to shoot an arrow.

Scapler Sam heard the patter of the renegade, saw that Bricktop was nearly dead, and knowing that he could not get a shot at him, shot his rifle away from him, and then turned to face the braves.

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Dashing Charlie’s Pawnee Pard

Pawnee Pete was then turning up for his death-song, when Girard said to him: "Pawnee Pete! Farewell! You are not going to die. Eat glad; but hear burst," was the cool reply.

"I’ll fix you up in no time," and the guide set forth, and soon all was on his premise.

He had been a medical student in his earlier days, and his great practices with the wounded had made him a skillful surgeon, as he soon proved to the Pawnees. Girard’s chief came back, leading his tired horse, he found Girard just finishing dressing his wound.

"Is he much hurt, Girard?"

"No seriously, Charlie."

"Good! How are you, old Pete, and what made you such a fool as to fire the three of them?"

"Pete been fool, but got, Sioux chief’s scalp."

"You bot did, and you came pretty near losing your own; but you are a sandy, Pete, and will be as good as ever before."

"Your horse is dead, Pete, but you can have your choice of Brickyto’s or the Sioux."

"Charlie good, hawk good."

"He save Pete from die."

"I got in a little lead, Pete, just in time; but where’s Girard?"

"Girard gone, Charlie."

"We can only go into camp up the canyon and follow the trail to the source."

"I will put Pete on my horse, while you bring the trail up. Then we will look at the last gentleman’s belongings, for he may have something valuable about him."

"Yes, but if I know my uncle they won’t have him in a seller, for he’ll come on for all the stock can do."

"In that case we will crowd in pretty close on the Sioux, Charlie, for his horse is dead best."

"We got so hard as ours."

"He was pushing his for his life, you yours only to take his, and that made a great difference."

"That might be," and Dashing Charlie led the three through the sage and yokes. Then he took a look at the body of the Sioux chief ordered from that to Brickyto.

"Well, I am avenged, I suppose, and his daviltry has ended," he said to himself.

"If you want to save your life, you was did you kill."

"I have not searched his body—I could not," and Charlie turned to the guide who just then came up.

"Well, I’ll do it," and Girard did so, but found nothing of value other than a few dollars in silver.

"We must bury them, Girard."

"If you say so, Charlie."

"They are human beings you know."

"I meant the body, Charlie, for he was dead; but before he was a wild beast."

"I am sorry for more highly.

"They were very tired, but they dug graves for the dead renegade and Indian, and placed them there.

Then they went back to Pawnee Pete and had breakfast.

Several hours thus passed away and then came the numb of an Indian in the canyon.

The Rescue! cried Charlie.

"Yes, for those are iron boots."

"At first I feared they were Sioux."

Soon the head of the column appeared in sight and a cheer was given as Charlie stepped forward and waved his sombrero.

The horses were gaudy and tired, the men baggad looking; but they were full of fight and were eager to press on when they heard the story of the pursuit and the fight in the vale. But Captain Emmett knew that his men and horses must have rest, so he went into camp, and there the general council was held.

Pawnee Pete said he could stand the pain if they would permit him to fight the Sioux, and once more the rescuers moved on to the attack.

After the fall of the chief of the Sioux village, just one hour behind Scapler Sam, whose horse had died on the trail and thus forced him to walk the way.

All was excitement in the Indian village, there was no time to capture the near hand, and a perfect reign of terror followed when with wild cries and a revolver in each hand the Pawnee made their noble dash upon the red-skins.

Captain Emmett was on all sides, some women and children were killed in the mad onslaught, and a stream of wild humanity fled to the sheltered valley.

The white captives were found and hastily taken to the rear support, and the mad fight went on, until at last the warriors rallied in large numbers, and the brave Emmett and following him from the hunt and neighboring tribes and the Rescuers were obliged to retreat.

Back through the wrecked Sioux village they went until a wild cry went up:

"Where’s Emmett?"

"Si! he has been captured!"

CHAPTER XXXII.

CAPTIVES.

"HALT! follow me; I come to rescue that boy!"

The command came from Captain Emmett, and his retreating force halted.

Then Dr. Chalmers and several of the men fought their way back, but Captain Emmett’s horse fell dead and some one called out that he too was dead.

Back from the village sullenly surged the Rescuers, bearded troopers, a score of white captives, women and children, whom they had rescued, and their wounded as well.

They fought their way through the night, and held at bay the horde of demons that crowded about them.

The reserve, with the pack-horses, came up and aided greatly, for the Indians knew not their number.

At last the band of heroes, under Dr. Chalmers’s command, reached a spot where they could make a stand.

They did so, and stood at bay against ten times their numbers.

Through the long hours of the night they beat their way through the dead charges upon their position, and just at dawn came ringing cheers and a squadron of cavalry dashed up to the rescue.

Their horses were worn out, but their presence was felt, and soon after came two hundred pounders thundering into action.

They were unlimbered quickly, and the roar of the artillery sounded among the rocks, making a thousand echoes.

The mountains had arrived now, and the men sprung from their horses, and accustom ed to foot service, they rushed to the front like an avalanche.

And back before the gallant soldiers, who had so nobly preserved the honor of the Rescuers, the Sioux were driven mad in flight, beaten, their resistance broken, their fire given to the flames, while their horses by the hundred fell into the hands of the Rescuers.

The next morning not an Indian was in sight that was not dead or wounded, and the ground was strewn thick with them.

The soldiers held the field, and the Rescuers were searching to see if the body of Captain Emmett, or that of Dashing Charlie could be found.

But in vain the search, for nowhere could they be seen, and so it was that the gallant Captain and his brave companions were left in the hands of the Sioux, but whether dead or alive their comrades could not tell.

The rescued troops went back with the command, which retreated at once, for they were not prepared to resist the force which could be brought against them did they remain a few days in the mountains country of the Sioux.

Back to Omata went the Rescuers, and when asked about the leader and Dashing Charlie, they could only say:

"We left them captives to the Sioux."

CHAPTER XXXIII.

CONCLUSION.

Pawnee Pete’s wounds healed rapidly.

Perhaps he had received from having scalped half a dozen Sioux on the day of the fight, for he would go into battle on horseback, and, in the end, to averry for Captain Emmett and Dashing Charlie; but cer-

tain it is that he rapidly recovered and avowed his determination to rescue his white brothers if ever given the opportunity.

If dead he meant to take a revenge that would raise a wave in the whole Sioux nation, he said.

Girard, the guide, had also been wounded, yet虽然 he returned to headquarters, Colonel Chalmers, who had received a couple of arrow cuts but did not neglect to dispatch an order to the Governor, to come to their rescue.

He seemed very moody after his return and rode off to the fort to see Colonel Sibley, who had been a brother officer of his whose was in the army.

He found the colonel in a state of mind that was not amiable.

"He was just in time, Chalmers, to see an execution," said Colonel Sibley.

"An execution, colonel?"

"Yes, a hanging.

"Some poor devil of a deserter, or one who showed the white feather in action, I suppose."

"No, indeed, Chalmers, it is that accused renegade who calls himself Dismal Dick."

"Ah! I remember him now, the one Pawnee Pete brought to you!"

"The same, and that brave Pawnee Indian shall be his helter, for I have here the fellow’s horse, pack and all his belongings, mourning the loss that he gets his reputation.

"Certainly, colonel; but will you execute the man."

"Certainly, for I have here the proofs of his guilt, and this turning renegade must be stop ped."

"Come, for it is the hour appointed for him to die."

"Certainly, Colonel Sibley," and Dr. Chalmers accompanied the colonel to the scene, where the force in the fort was drawn up to witness the execution.

It was a solemn scene, and yet little sympathy was bestowed upon the white man who had turned renegade, and had sought to destroy his own comrades.

Out came Dismal Dick, looking even more dim than was his former form of being, and he was white with fear.

He begged for life for his life, but no mercy was shown him, and the crack of the rifles ended his cowardly career.

"Now poor Emmett and his brave boy are partly avenged, Chalmers," said the colonel, "but I cannot speak to you, Colonel, that I came today."

"Ah! have you news of them?"

"Indirectly, sir, I have learned that they are captives of the Sioux, and you know that the renegades Red Hair and Scapler Sam are chiefs among them.

"True, but what can be done, for I have no more men than are needed to protect the border, not to invade the Indian country.

A message was sent to the general commanding the department, for sending a force to rescue Emmett and his companions, and this was immediately performed from the Secretary of War, from whom he caught the brief and to the one from a scolding given him by the President, who was addressed by a lot of others who think that it is nothing to kill a soldier, only don’t hurt the poor fellows in the war.

"I tell you, Chalmers, I am sick of this being ruled at Washington by oxen."

"If I was allowed the right and given the men, I would stop Indian wars for all time to come."

"I believe you, Colonel Sibley," answered Dr. Chalmers, and he rode slowly back to his home, and told all his partner and friends, and of the gallant boy whom he had learned to love as his own.

But the rumor that Captain Emmett and Chalmers’s captives to the Sioux proved true, for Red Hair held them as prisoners.

And, but for their being protected by Sing ing Dove, the beautiful Sioux Queen, what their fate would have been the reader can readily guess.

But she protected them, and for a year they remained captives of the Sioux, before an opportunity was presented for them to make their escape, which they did with the aid of the Singing Dove, who led with them as the bride of the gallant captain.

THE END.