CHRISTIAN JIM, the White Man's Friend.

BY EDWARD S. ELLIS.

AUTHOR OF "THE SETTLER'S SON," ETC., ETC.

"DON'T HARM A HAIR OF HIS HEAD. HE IS THE BEST FRIEND WE HAVE. HE IS CHRISTIAN JIM, A SIOUX, WHO HAS BEEN A TRUE FRIEND TO US IN OUR TROUBLE."
Christian Jim, the White Man’s Friend.

A Tale of the Minnesota Massacre.

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CHAPTER I.

ON THE RIVER.

On a burner, Oct. 19, 1862, a small steamer was plowing its way up the muddy waters of the Minnesota. Crowded together upon its deck, and children and adults, barrels, bales, and the thousand and one inseparable companions of the emigrant and the soldier, stood the steamer, densely crowded with its human freight, each person eager to get to the country through which they were passing.

There was the cold, calculating spectator, whose eyes were kindled with admiration, as they rested upon the rich sweep of prairie, or the exuberant woodland. There were the pale-faced invalid, the animated, excitable Frenchman; the overbearing, but honest minded Englishman; the fat, indolent, phlegmatic German; the tall-shanked, pale-faced Scot, and the heavy bonnet, white-bearded, and even the ebon-skinned, African, then popularly termed a “Monk.” The stately, ponderous steamer was the world in miniature, a focus of its passions, its prejudices, its hates and loves. Now a low growl, now the whoop of excitement, upon the deck, upon the deck. An old individual, upon whom the glowing panorama seemed to have no effect, sat on the rail, reading a Bible. The face of a young man, rather tall in stature, and with some claims to good looks. A small Panama hat shielded his face from the sun, while the linen “duster,” slightly thrown back by the left hand resting in the upper part of the row. A lean, tall form, a very old gentleman, who dangled several seals and ornaments. One of the passengers, with his arm rested a portfolio, within which were the treasures of prairie and mountain scenery, cleverspecimens of the artist’s toilet, and the work of a master. An artist, journeying up the Minnesota River, partly for the purpose of filling his portfolio with sketches for his gallery, and partly to receive Barstid’s glorious pictures of Rocky Mountain life and scenery, had filled his soul with the desire to see and hear more of the mighty West of its mountains, prairies, lakes, waterfalls, savage tribes, etc.

The light-colored whiskers covering the cheeks of the artist, together with his mule, blue eyes, and smile, were sufficient to advance the judgment of a young man was a “fashionable,” well able of his prepossessing appearance; still he was not at all a “loafer,” but possessed of a pleasing, and charming, and mellow quality, which gave him an especial charm. He was one of those buoyant spirits who seem born to act as a condiment to society. The relation which the two brought to each other was that of cousins.

"Yes, Marian, I expect when I return this autumn, I shall have sufficient sketches to keep me occupied for the next half-dozen years, and the young gentleman, gazing directly at a long stretch of prairie immediately before him.

"The scenery around us, I suppose you hardly count worth an effort of your pen.""I don’t know about that, Jondy. Jondy is quite a pleasant landscape. I have seen poorer ones at the Academy. If they’d only fill up the group of Indians to fill up the background, it would make quite a picture.”

"You haven’t any old admiration for the savages,”

I have admired them, ever since, when a boy, I perused the enchanting pages of the Leatherstocking Tales; and I have longed to visit the scene of his adventures, in the majestic loneliness of the mountains and forests, where they are uncontaminated by contact with civilization.

"You will have abundant opportunity to visit the spot, as you see, that these poetic ideas of yours will disappear as rapidly as the snowflakes upon the meadow.”

The artist smiledly shook his head.

"It is too deep-seated to be removed as suddenly as that. I do not deny but there are vagabonds and soundcrams among them; but you will find such are few and far between. I know that the Indians, as a rule, are high-souled, brave, and chivalrous; even above even ourselves, in point of chivalry.”

"And I say they are a treacherous, merciless, ruffianly enemy. I should like to see a tiger to the Indians. At any rate, those in Minnesota are such. There, now.”

"The art of the world is to smile at the excited manner of his fair companion, adding, after a moment’s pause:"

"Well, then, you know more of the Minnesota Indians than I do; but I think you have taken young Jondy away around the corner of the settlements. If you would only go a few miles further into the woods, you would find that the white man who finds a white man, it is only because I promised to make Uncle John the visit, and he knew best when he should go. If you knew it you would not do to hurt his feelings.”

"Uncle John Brainerd," as he was termed, was a notable man in his time, and in the neighborhood about.

"He was a companion by kindred to the father of Marian Allandette, the children of both having been born in the same cabin; he had removed to Minnesota in 1836, and entered a promise from every path of land that Mr. Allandette had, in his Western home as soon as he was fairly established. The father and mother, who had married and settled in the vicinity, unmoved, had made this visit; so that all, with the exception of Marian, the youngest, had kept the promise. Mr. Allandette took this child to St. Paul. She was placed on the stumback and sent up the river to her uncle, and took her to his home, with the understanding that she was to remain with him.”

"Very pleasantly the weeks wore away in his beautiful Western home. Marian corresponded with her mother. The children, here and there, ever since her earliest recollection, she had been taught to look upon as her future husband. In fact, in the sketching between the two, that at some period (neither had ever attempted to tell precisely when they were to assume the relation of man and wife. The fates of both were merchants of considerable weight in the history of their children, and of the most liberal education. Adolphus had graduated at Yale, with the expectation that he was to take the place of the father, and, to a certain extent, he had evinced quite a talent for drawing; and a decided leaning to the world of letters. In college he sent home numerous sketches of such a judicious nature, that they could not fail to amuse his parents, and cause him a little pride in these efforts. Accordingly, when the son announced his intention of becoming an artist, the parents, in their perplexity, could only venture to express the hope that his boy would accomplish something creditable.”

"When the war broke out, young Halleck started off as "special artist" for one of the Illustrated papers, to sketch the engagement which he attempted to sketch, he was taken prisoner by an officer of the enemy, who had seen a picture of his." On being released he returned home, with the resolve henceforth to keep clear of the army, even if drafted.”

"The glowing description of the scene of Minnesota. It was received from the mouth of his cousin, Marian, finally induced him to make a journey to the West. This journey was a by-product of the artist’s sketching for one of the illustrated papers. It was full two months before he reached St. Paul. It so happened that he was sick at the hospital for a few days, in order to meet her brother, and, on her return, embarked on the same boat which she had taken on her visit to Uncle John some time during the summer, although neither he nor Marian could fix upon the precise date of their meeting.

"They met as two old friends, without embarrassment. When Halleck’s familiar chat, Adolphus showed her the sketches taken on his way; and then, taking the painting, and showing them to the reader, began a conversation, a portion of which we have already given.”

"I gather from your letters that Uncle John is doing well out here,” remarked the artist, continuing a pause the tenth part as long as we have.

"Quite well, indeed. Do you know we all don’t do very much business. They lighted the curling, when he made his failure, a few years ago; we all offered to advance some money and assist him in business again; but he was fully resolved to go. He said he was not too young to begin life again. He has been this year, I know, over fifty years of age, and every one of his seven children is married, with the exception of a boy and girl.

"Let me see, it is some time since I’ve seen Marian. She has got married. And, Will; too; he was in fact a man a few years of age.

"Maggie is nearly eighteen; and her brother is four years older.”

"And I am sure they ought to feel quite satisfied. They have got rid of their books, and I am told that their prospects are very good indeed. Does Will intend to remain there and follow in the footsteps of his uncle?”

"I do not know.”

"It is a pity that he had told you.”

"Again that direct look, right into the face of Marian, and again that blush and falling of the eyes. They have not forgotten the following: the look loomed off dreamily down the river and kept his eye there as he continued the conversation.

"The artist, I suppose, will be back in a few months; never will make an artist though. Did he pass through country?

"Nearly two years ago.”

"What a fine soldier he would make. Our army needs the men, and I think he would be received in that engagement.”

"Too bad, who was his commander—Stone-wall Jackson or Beauregard?”

"Adolphus Halleck.”

"The artist, with a laugh, tucked his head to escape the parallel of his indignant cousin.”

"Here, Marian, take my case; you might break a good story.”

"What do you mean by such a question?”

"Nothing, I assure you, only—"

"She raised her head, and Halleck, smilingly took this time, although it was a desperate task for her to say that she had defeated the artist.”

"Never mind,” he finally added, with the same quiet smile, "The young man is an honor to the country, and I am not unacquainted with him. He says nothing against him. But to come back to our old topic—what will be enough for Uncle Jim’s lot?”

"That depends altogether upon the number that will satisfy you. Every one that I see is just as many more than I wish. They are struggling around the country, and you will collect them at every turn.”

"I shall then be able to procure a portrait or two.”

"One portrait will answer for all. Take one of the worst-looking vagabonds from the streets of St. Paul, and the most copper cent, let his hair grow long, and dye it a jet-black; then dress him up in a nasty blanket, and a garment to look the part of an Indian.”

"And are the women the same?”

"The women! the portrait will answer just as well as the other.”

"Are we then:"

"In the land of the Dacotahs, in the land of the Hochehmen," that Longfellow speaks about in such glowing terms in his Hiawatha!”

"Drawing art is a country to which he refers. What a pity he did not visit it before he wrote that poem?”

"That exception to those I have described," said Marian, as if conscious that her demurral had been too sweeping. "The Indians are a people; they have laid aside their savage dress, manners, customs, and have adopted the ways of civilization, and are passable beings. I have
Christian Jim, the White Man’s Friend.

"Use my cane, when you must come to it."

The artist assisted his cousin into the wagon, then followed her inside, and closed the box, until she said, "Oh, this is all the baggage was safely stowed away."

"I say, Willy, where’s she and let her drive, if she can be persuaded to do so. It will take both her hands to do that, and then I think it’s rather a perilous business for a few moments in peace. Does she know anything about driving?"

"I can teach you," said Marian, saucily, as she took up the reins, and Willy Brandriff laughed, seated himself behind her, upon the seat by the artist.

"I suppose you esteem yourself a great— Heaven save me—seriously—amusing—very amusing—please don’t take it personally."

The short jerk on the rein started the spirited animal more, and it struck the bottom of the wagon, at the same moment that his feet shot up in the air. Recovering himself, he turned and offered to undertook to converse with his friend beside him. But the fair devour, to use the artist’s expression, "replied an expression to him, and began to tell his own story, and he was compelled to hold on with both hands to save himself, as being pitched out of the wagon altogether.

They had gone perhaps a mile or so, when the portfolio blew open; its contents streamed out, some falling even into the basket below it. Full fifteen minutes were occupied in collecting and disposing of the papers. They were sealed and bowing rapidly forward again.

By this time it was getting dark, and they had journeyed some distance.

"I suppose we shall reach Uncle John’s before morning," asked the artist, as he was mortally uneasy about the movement of the big wagon’s wheels over an obstruction.

"Oh! young lady, you certainly live within a mile of the two houses. Look ahead, a little to the left. You see a light glittering?

"Yes; yes, my cousin, in New York and Philadelphia, have given me an experience already.

Now that you are with us," said Uncle John, "you shall as well remain in the family as not. You will then get a taste of cold weather, such as we never saw the other side of the Mississippi."

"I see that you are disposed to claim a superiourity over this country in the cold, if you expect any colder weather than we have out East, I shall be very anxious to leave before winter sets in."

"Cold weather! You should have been here last winter. Pull, there, don’t forget that very, very soon. What do you think of a man’s eyes freezing shut, and huge icicles forming on his nose if he has passed the door to get a mouthful of fresh air?"

"I should consider it quite a remarkable occurrence."

"Wife, there, will never forget it. I mean the sight! I mean the sensation of cold that comes with the wind, and I undertook to drive him back. I noticed that he walked oddly as though he were getting out of his shoes, and his eyes were too small, or too small, in fact, and I couldn’t move him an inch; undertook to shove him along, and found he had frozen stiff as a rock in his tracks, and couldn’t budge. Howsoever, he thawed out in February, and came back into the pen of his own accord."

"How long did he remain standing in his tracks?"

"Only a weak was it Polly?"

"Why, John—"

And remember Maggie undertook to play the 'Spongur'—she struck the keys, not a sound would come out; she put her finger on the wrong key, and the whole tune came out after a while from the piano. It was the same day that the artist showed me the way through the bottom of the thermometer, and it has never come up again. Yes, Dolph, you are my man. And—"

"There is little danger, then, of my remaining with you here, uncle. How do the Indians stand such weather?"

"I knew cousin could not keep off that subject. I have been expecting some such question every minute."

"How do they stand it? Did you ever hear of an Indian freezing to death? That was the day the artist showed me the way through the thermometer, and it has never come up again. Yes, Dolph, you are my man."

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tribe does he belong to?" demanded the artist, with his characteristic animation.

"The Sioux. They are all around us."

"Splendid set of people, ain't they? Noble, chivalrous, and warlike."

For the first time in the evening, Uncle John indulged in an audible laugh, and even good Mr. Halleck, who was not often moved to any exten-

tion, even by the most exciting incidents, found his humor uncontrolled for a few moments.

"What's the matter?" asked the artist, a little startled at the manner in which his question had been answered.

"Three months from now, you will laugh as heartily as I, replied Mrs. Brainerd, hastening to cover my face. "You are misunderstanding the art and romance of your ideas will undergo a most surprising change.

"Confounded it, so Marian told me on the boat. I thought I was going far enough West to get acquainted with the genuine red-man."

"So you have; you will see the pure specimen in these parts, and one sight of him will be enough for you,-"

"I should like to take the likeness of a dozen or so of their most distinguished chiefs. I heard the name of Little Crow mentioned when I was in St. Paul. I wonder whether I shall ever have a chance to see one."

"It's more likely that he would take you, if I can give you his name, for there ever was an incarinate vanishing. Bear-steak is as sly as he.

"What has he ever done to earn such a reputation?

"Not a great deal as yet, it is true," returned the artist, "but he is just the man who--"

The speaker paused abruptly, as he encountered the sharp, reproving look of his father, who gave a vigorous "Ahem!" to attract his attention. Despite the effort made to conceal this little telegram, and its result, it was noted and observed by every one at the table, although nothing but one or two smiled at its true significance. The artist, noticing the en-

"It has struck me that Uncle Abe might get a great deal of fun out of this," replied Uncle John, "and it strikes me that we could refuse the offer of the Caze-

"No doubt Albert Pike has discovered that line since," replied Uncle John, "and it strikes me that we could refuse the offer of the Cazexih, and make an excellent picture."

"I don't think there is many a Philip, Pontiac and Tecumseh among theaborigines, who could do as well to avoid capture and personal spe-

"I would be glad to do so, Mr. Halleck. I could give you a good deal of gossip.

"Everything in a short residence here to dispel them. I am afraid there is little romance in this Western life, after all."

"I will talk no more with you, when not one of you will be my friend. Uncle John, what simply cannot does Minnesota produce?"

"Every kind—from a grizzly bear down to an ant."

"You don't pretend to say any of those slavag-

"No; the grizzly bear."

They are rarely found up among the moun-

tains, where, according to their peculiarities, are on the prairies. It was only week before last, I found a grizzly bear in the woods and, before she knew, came right upon one."

"You don't say," exclaimed Halleck, in con-

"I don't know which was the most fright-

"Don't mention it. I would rather eat a mile or a horse."

"I suppose you are the rather odd taste; there is no question about that."

"Yes, I am very famous. They would, indeed. We might expect the same of any uncivilized animal. Fanny making me a meal out of Samson, that we have in New York, the grizzly that was the cause of Old Grizzly Adams' death."

"You will soon get used to the Indians, and would now acquire a relief for bear-steak."

"Mrs. Brainerd, I will thank you for a small piece of that meat. I am unusually hungry tonight," said the artist, and then, addressing Uncle John, added: "Uncle John and Marian, her mirth was uncontrollable for a few moments.

"It seems impossible to agree upon anything. I do not wish to become second-hand to you, to be introduced to some things; but there are others, such as eating bear's meat, which—get out."

"Don't be in such a hurry, sir. We were well cooked, and placed before you," asked young Brainerd. And he gave me a smile, "that you might digest a portion?"

"If I were a Digger Indian, I suppose I might: but as I am not, the thing is altogether out of my question."

"Do you think you could tell the taste of the article, out of the article, who would think the article seemed one of peculiar pleasure, "if you should taste it with the artist's plate."

"I believe I shall have to do so. I am extremely fond of it, or else I am immoderately hungry.

"Not at all—not at all; a man that doesn't eat an animal, and there would you be a phenomenon," said Uncle John. "You are sure, then, that you couldn't go a mouthful of bear-steak."

"Not an atom for a million dollars in green-

"Do you relish the meat you are eating? There is no need of asking that question."

"What is it?"

"Yes; that is beef from a black bear!"

"Ah, young Brainerd, the artist, rising hurriedly from the table and making a rush for the door, amid the shouts and screams of laughter of his friends."

CHAPTER III.

THE VIEW, AND THE CAUSE OF IT.

The night proved one of the most beautiful in August, for it was near the full, and the air was of that soft coolness which makes no existence a pleasure. At the close of the evening, I was alone myself at the piano, and sung a song or two at the earnest request of the artist, after which the light was extinguished, and the sexes sitting upon a long porch that extended one-half the length of the house. Halleck and young Brainerd enjoyed their Havana, while Uncle John declared the professed coffee, and confirmed himself to his well-blackened and uncomfortable position. The arrangement of their position was such that Halleck was at the extreme end of the porch, while Maggie and I sat between him and young Brainerd.

The situation of the night was so perfect that, although some of the party were considerably separated, an ordinary lens sufficed for a gen-

"A true friend, a good friend, is a deep, genuine, and not unpleasant voice, "Good evening.""

Several responded to his salutation, and with-

"The gate at this point opened, and the artist saw a bare-headed figure shrouded in a blanket. A slight, dark, shadowy figure emerged from the porch. A glance convinced him that he was an Indian, while his easy, unobstructed manner made him the footprint of a friend. As he came forward, he could be seen to be tall, graceful, and not unpleasant voice, "Good evening.""

The position of the Sioux was such that his head was turned toward Halleck, as if he was desirous to talk to him. Although it was an August night, he still retained his blanket to his shoulders, ob-

"Maggie Brainerd was somewhat surprised at the finery with which she maintained her part of the conversation; but Adolphus Halleck's enthusiasm seemed to be that delightful art of placing any person at ease in his presence. Besides this, the most awkward and restless of men, can very be in the moonlight. There is an

"And moonlight, too, is like a fairy veil thrown over the rugged, disproportioned outlines, softening down the harsh expression, smoothing out the wrinkles of time, and giving a mellow beauty to the plain and homely. Uncle John sat near the bottom of his lap, one leg carelessly thrown over another, the other resting flat upon the table. Between his cigar, was a picture that possessed many prepossessing points. His high forehead, fair hair, and keen, sparkling eye were especially noticeable. Adolphus Halleck, around his mouth, under the magic touch of the moon-

"I should like to see much to know this Jim that you refer to, added in reply to her last re-

"More perhaps because his walk and life and so on, and once was a man first I him, he was a very bad man. He was drunken and quarrelsome, and it has been said that he has murdered more than one white man. He came from the upper portion of Minnesota, where he experienced a great many troubles.

"But he is completely changed."

"He is completely changed, he who literally considers himself another person. Since he has taken to the red man's life a few years ago, I suppose his greatest passion was for strong drink. To obtain that, he would sell the heirloom from his dead. He is a man subject to the strongest kind of temptation, but has not fallen, for he has the most absolute faith that he has no taste at all for any such thing."

A remarkable being. Then you, Mr. Dearie, that I suppose in your estimate of Indian character?" said the artist, turning with a smile toward the girl be-

"It is not the Indian that is thus, but the frontier life."

This pointed remark, was the most complete refutation that Halleck had received, and he was unable to meet the artist by the commanding general of this de-

"I am glad for the girl kept him company, and then he added:

"And yet you will not deny that there have been savages, who have eaten Christianity, that have been as noble and chivalrous as the one of which we are speaking.

"That is it, but many as I have seen, I have never as yet met such a person—his name is Christian Jim."

The gate at this point opened, and the artist saw a bare-headed figure shrouded in a blanket. A slight, dark, shadowy figure emerged from the porch. A glance convinced him that he was an Indian, while his easy, unobstructed manner made him the footprint of a friend. As he came forward, he could be seen to be tall, graceful, and not unpleasant voice, "Good evening." Several responded to his salutation, and with-whose aid, an additional shadowy figure emerged from the porch, nigh to Uncle John and Marian. He accepted the pipe proffered by the former, and once or twice peered over the shoulder of the artist, interspersing with Maggie, and gazed intently at him. The position of the Sioux was such that his head was turned toward Halleck, as if he was desirous to talk to him. Although it was an August night, he still retained his blanket to his shoulders, ob-

"He is a friend, a friend, is a deep, genuine, and not unpleasant voice, "Good evening.""

The description already given of Christian Jim's character had strongly possessed Halleck in his favor, and this, united with the romantic idea of the American aborigines as a class, made him the all absorbing object of the young man's attention. Leaning forward in his chair, he keenly scrutinized for him.
Christian Jim, the White Man’s Friend.

Beginning yesterday—born yet—keep on to-morrow.

“God save us! and will they come here, Jim?”

“Dunno—saw too—far too from Agency—fractured soldiers.”

“And have you seen this yourself.

“X’mas—saw—too—three Christians turn in jig ago, and kill de white—feel bad—don’t like to see it—come back—antagonism is not—Dunno—saw too—far too from Agency—fractured soldiers.”

“The wife stood irresolute a moment, as if trying whether to obey his direction, and then finally turned, with the inquiry, “Do not stay any longer, John.”

“Let me see the picture of the Sioux.

“Can’t you spend the night with us, my friend?” inquired Halleck, in his off hand, easy manner.

“Can’t stay: must go away,” said the Indian, and moved on toward the horizon.

All three entered the house, and made their way to their separate apartments. As for Halleck, he didn’t have any degree, the feelings of those around him. The days of merciless, massacre-loving Indians, he believed, had gone for over a half-century; the idea of a massacre occurring in Minnesota, one of the most beautiful sections of the Great American basin, with all the barbarity, and he could but pity the apprehensive trembling of his friends around him.

When the head chief had been on the point of retiring, when he noticed a bright fire shining through the open window, he peered there with the curtains, he saw, far away on the horizon, the lurid glare of a conflagration. It was directly to the south, and he at once knowing besides the fiery red could be distinguished.

“Is it a fire?” exclaimed the friendly Sioux.

“I suppose the folks here will attribute that fire to the Indians, but I don’t believe any such nonsense. They are too beneficent and chivalrous.”

ChAPTer IV.

A Sketch of Something Else.

No one of the settler’s family, besides Halleck, saw the light of this conversation, as he judged it best not to refer to it, as it would only serve to excite remarks which would evidently carry it to the ears of the Indians.

The next morning was one of the most beautiful of the month of August. Produced without a ripple of wind, and as though from the depths of the terrestrial atmosphere, it heralded a mild, pleasant day, during which existence would be quite bearable. The sun shone freely in the sky, and I was with Jim. Do you think we had better leave now?

The Indian did not reply for a moment or two. The whiffs came more magnificently than usual. I opened the baggage those which had been under the ghostly reflection. Finally he answered:

“NO.”

“Then should we go and see young Brainard?”

“Dunno—can’t tell; wait while—know more—when ready.”

“Shall we leave to-morrow?”

“Dunno; wait see; Jim tell.”

“How is my dear friend, Jim, do you think we had better leave to-morrow?”

“Dunno—wait see; Jim tell.”

“But don’t you want to see me, Jim feel bad.”

“What is the cause of it?”

“White trader had man—make Sioux Indian cross steal his blanket.”

“Has he always been so?”

“Bad, too—bad to be—killin’ all others.”

“What do you mean?” I gasped the father. He was not going to be a secret at the Agency—kill men, women, babes, take de scalp.

“When did this happen?”
Lake Wita Chaw Tab. The one, however, of which they were in quest, lay to a considerable distance south, and it was not their intention, unless absolutely necessary, to venture so far as the first mentioned sheet of water. Their journals were thus kept to a minimum, and the limp skin of an elk, hanging around their necks, held their provisions. They burned the dried bulrushes, over which there was a grove of timber, until they reached a hilly piece of woods and rocks, through which they passed before they struck the lake. Here the shores were narrow, and there a grove of timber, until they reached a hilly piece of woods and rocks, through which they passed before they struck the lake. Here the shores were narrow, and...
headlong over him, in spite of a desperate attempt to prevent it. Young Hallocke was not stunned, but reeled back and fumbled with his rifle. On reaching out for a death-enveloping weapon, he arose and advanced upon his foe. The latter, grinning through a bleeding mouth, at the faintest movement of the stillness, and the Sioux sprung high in air, a flash of steel glared directly at the earth, at the very feet of Adolphus Hallocke.

The latter gasped around in search of his deliverer. He was too stunned to be even conscious of the impossibility of his getting him, and his mind was impossible to tell from where direction the saving bullet had come. At first, the artist thought it probably could not have been him. There might have been someone else present. However, second thoughts convinced him that there had been none other.

He did not forget the shouts of other Indians that had reached his ears a few minutes before, and, hearing the protests that would almost have been impossible to tell from where direction the saving bullet had come. At first, the artist thought it probably could not have been him. There might have been someone else present. However, second thoughts convinced him that there had been none other.

"If that bullet had not been so well aimed, I might have identified Parris; he, but as it is, I can't claim such a grand opportunity of doing a sketch."

And thereupon, he proceeded to transfer the form of the great hunter and warrior to the white paper before him.

CHAPTER V.
The Friend in Need.

It may well be supposed that the artist's hands were full with his task, as he looked over the lines of the still-dashing bones of the dead Indian; but, if such was

the case, it was more for the moment of grief, and feeling that his grief had been forced, than from any nervous excitement occasioned by the sight of so many corpses. There were some who held Death, in whatever form he comes, makes little or no impression. This stoicism, unaccompanied by a lack of feeling, is not unusual by familiarity with such scenes, but seems in

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The Sioux failed to do any such thing. He merely passed over the excited young man for a moment, and then said:

"Hurry 'way from here! Injun hurry—burn— dinosaurs—"

Despite the apparently quiet, stolid exterior of the Sioux, he was unmistakably agitated. His dark eyes shone and flashed, and there was a certain abruptness in his manner that did not escape the notice of both Hallocke and Marian.

"Do not let us delay," said the artist, advancing his arms to the ends of the Indian's gesture, "let us leave them in this state."

The Sioux, taking the part of guide, ordered both Indians to get back into the boat and to stand within a few yards of where Marian had been concealed.

"How came you to leave that place?" inquired the artist, with one of his droll expressions, "when I distinctly forbade you, until I came back?"

"I did not leave—was taken forcibly away. These two, 'Indian Injuns of yours came directly to the place and took me away."

"Why didn't you scream, so that I could have said something?"

"Scream? I thought I should wake the dead—"

"Ah! here is my pistol, that I flung in out of one of those who was chasing me."

TheartistsawJimscreamed,turnedround,

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The artist saw Jim's face as he faced the profound surprise and amazement of his companion. He had left the hiding place of his own free will and went to meet the fate of his companion. But he had to face the fact that his companion was not there. And yet Adolphus Hallocke by no means felt at ease. He had learned, in a manner in which there could be no mistake, that there were Indians in the wood, and that they were not of a treacherous nature to attack defenseless women.

He was standing thus, doubting and hesitating, when a sudden leap of joy sprang to his heart, from the direction of the lake. It was unmistakably, the voice of Marian, and, with,

out pacing an instant, to reflect upon the con-

sequences he ran, he dashed headlong through the wood and plunged into the lake, until he stood upon the very spot where he had occupied in sketching. He glanced out upon the lake, and, with an eye to the canoe, which had been nestled under the bushes along the shore. It was speeding away as fast as it could make a mile to the two Sioux warriors, which, in their excitement, with paddles, could drive it. In the center of the two Indians, to either side of the canoe, was seated Marian Allandale, the very picture of terror and despair. As she caught a glimpse of her face, she screamed, "Help! help!" at the top of her voice, and would have leaped overboard, had she not been prevented by the men.

The artist noted the point toward which the boat was gliding. Again, in the nature of the case, it was impossible for him to intercept the Indians, and although he had not a weapon in his hand, yet he did not hesitate a moment, but sprung away at the top of his speed, resolved that the savages should not have their prise without fighting for it.

He had not progressed half the distance when the canoe was driven high upon the shallows, and the savages sprang ashore, taking Marian with them.

At that same moment, while the artist's eyes were fixed upon the roaring rapids of another ridge broke the stillness of the air, and one of the Indians, with a wild cry, released his share and started upward, while halloing for companionship; as if stricken with a mortal terror, fled a way at top speed.

While still wondering from what direction this friendly shot could have come, he discovered Christian Hallocke, making his way leisurely down the rocks toward the terrified girl. The artist comprehended at once that it was this shot of his, which he had, perhaps, given between death and himself at the critical moment. The artist exclaimed, in his enthusiasm, as he advanced toward the savages. "Give us your hand, old boy; we have no malice toward you."

The Sioux failed to do any such thing. He merely passed over the excited young man for a moment, and then said:

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would occur. As for myself, I only wish to get out of it as soon as possible.

"But," I must confess that my opinion of the aborigine is in doubt. He is, as it were, under a cloud in my estimation. Before I leave the tribe, I should like to have them all left behind, and have him shine again in all his splendor.

"Oh, Adolphus, will you never have sense? If you are afraid of losing your exalted opinion of your savages, it would be best for you to go home at once, without a moment's delay."

"Catch me," laughed the artist. "That reminds me that you have not seen a sketch I have just finished."

"I have no time to look at sketches when the lives of all us are in danger," said Marian, impatiently.

In a few moments all were gathered together within the house. Will Brainerd, just descending from his lookout, reported the horizon clear of enemies, although the evidences of their work were constantly multiplying, and it seemed a wonder that this house, up to the present, had escaped visitation at their hands.

The "council of war" was short and conclusive, instantaneous flight was resolved upon, as the only means that offered the slightest chance of safety; and once on the march, they were armed with the chances in a hundred of a band of freight Indians swooping down upon the house, there was the hundredth chance that it would escape visitation altogether; probably, and impossibility—was the cause of a slight deviation in the programme at first laid out by prevailing chance.

It was decided that Uncle John, his wife, Maggie, and the artist, would start off that day, and partake at once in the team that was waiting at the door, going due east toward St. Paul, traveling on the road of getting back to Minnesota before the infuriated horses had reached it. Will and the artist were to remain behind and watch the estate, being prepared to flee at the instant's warning. Their brother Bob was for protecting the building against vagabond Indians, whose purpose was plunder only. Each was given a trust, the latter to be decided upon by the artist. These would be ample sufficient to drive off all intruders, and as they were such were cowardly and fearful of encountering any opposition.

Uncle John adjured them to offer no resistance, which was not absolutely certain would be successful, for, in spite of Hall's protestations to the contrary, he assured them that those Minnesota savages, when their blood was up, were more terrible than any in the west last winter.

"We shall aim for St. Paul, and, when you leave, come directly after us. Jim will be our guide through the woods, and no doubt you will bring you safely through—that is, if you ever start," added Uncle John, in a lower voice.

"We shall start, of course," said Hall, as he stroked his whiskers, observing his bachelor's hat, and that was the only reason, I assure you—at least it is all I have.

"Gosh!" said Margaret, half provoked and half amused at this careless, haphazardway of meeting the dreadful reality of the present.

"I am indeed, Maggie; I am not yet convinced that those Minnesota Indians are such horrible creatures, after all. You know how easy it is for a body of persons to become panic-stricken. Your brother, now evidence of that at Bull Run last summer."

Uncle John, his wife and Marian were busy placing the few necessary in the wagon, preparatory to their flight. Will had some trouble as his arm had been thoughtfully, had again ascended to his observatory upon the top of this house. The artist had essayed a sketch of his in the current newspaper, broken several valuable articles, and sent a half-dozen leaves of broad rolling beneath the horses. He was now at the very verge of more nimble and dexterous hands. The profoundness of his soul was thus reflected on his face, and so much was the artist's that she stood in converse with her cousin.

"I hardly believe you are so indifferent," said she, in answer to her last remark.

"Marian has told me what happened in the wood.

"Ye-es," he drawled, emitting the smoke, in tiny quivering volumes, now and then alternately. "Yes, I made a capital sketch of it; I think some of sending it to Harper's, only last. I see me, much too," the artist, he over a.

"What is that man about in the wood?"

"Suppose Christian Jim had not been in the wood?

"He did me a good turn, I am glad to admit, and I'd like to make him a present for it."

"He wanted nothing that looks new, but I can tell you what would be gratefully received by him, and always appreciated.

"What's that?

"A Bible; I have been instructing him, as chance serves, and he is now able to read well. His only wish was to learn how to read. The Good Book that the unlettered savages had told him about. He has a cheap copy, that nothing in the world would induce him to part with. I know he would be delighted with one of those splendidly-bound volumes that can be found in almost every book store. I have no doubt you have such a one about you.

"The artist actually blushed as he replied:

"I am ashamed to say I haven't; but I can soon get him one, and he shall have one of the very best that money can purchase.

"You say you have none yourself," said Maggie, her blue, soulful eyes looking straight into his, "and yet you know that the Indians, and young ladies interested in my welfare,"

"Let me present you with this," said Maggie, producing from her pocket a manuscript binding it to him.

"I ask only of you the promise that you will occasionally look into it. No promise will be kept without a secret reading of some of its contents; but I do not ask that you would read some times it is a task. Only say that you will sometimes do so.

The artist accepted the well-thumbed book with a revulsion that he respected and appreciated its character, if he were unfamiliar, by experience, with the sublime and all-important truths it contains. The earnest words and manner of the girl before him had impressed his heart, and there was positively no telling how this might influence him in the future, when he turned and stood at bay before his mortal enemy."

"I will look into it when leisure and opportunity offer," said he; "I will try and do so this very afternoon, after your departure, as I expect to have abundant time.

"Not so much, perhaps, as you think," said the girl, in a voice startlingly impressive, from its low, deep earnestness. "I tell you, Mr. Hall, I have been nearer to some of us than you imagine.

"Tut, tut," laughed the artist, replacing the cigar in his mouth. "I do not mean to discourage you."

And yet, despite his assurance of safety, a look of considerable anxiety now crept over him, such as he never, in all his experiences, he had experienced before, and, in a sense, however, and all his careless ease of manner came back to him again.

"I looked you for a strong-minded young woman, Maggie, but such talk as this makes me doubt it.""

"I am a young lady, but I believe I feel only as every one of this company does, excepting myself, perhaps"

"What a laugh we shall have over this scare, when we all meet down at St. Paul, or when, a few days later, we reach the farm again.

"I hope so; but I fear not, what has become of Jim? I have not seen him for some time now.

"He is out yonder, on that little swell of ground, facing it toward the west, as Will did when he was upon the house, there is danger of an enemy stealing upon us unawares. So, make yourself as comfortable as you can, and, however, and all his careless ease of manner came back to him again.

"Such was the case. The light, spring-bottomed wagon, which had brought the artist from the city, which had stood in the living freight. Marian was assisted in, Mrs. Brainerd followed, then came her daughter, and then Uncle John and the folks have the wagon loaded.

"What has become of Jim? Oh! yonder he comes.

The savage, at this moment, shattered to view, and approached the wagon. Uncle John took the yoke in his hand and passed only to say good-by.

"Good-by, my boy!" he called to his son, who was gazing down from the roof. He exchanged farewells with all, wished them a pleasant journey, and, then bent his gaze to the horizon, with a look of apprehension.

"Don't let that idea of the Indian prove your destruction, as I fear it will," said Uncle John to Brainerd, and she, with the others, shook hands with the artist.

"Send Jim up here; there are signs off there in the woods that they are passing us by."

The Sioux instantly entered the house, and a few moments later appeared upon the roof. One of the young men, who had been selected, was well-fed, and called out to the face of the others, who were so anxiously awaiting his words.

"They are directly in your path, and you can not escape them."

"I rather think you can easily save yourselves, the trouble of meeting them," said the artist, who, after a looks at his aunt.

"How so?" inquired the latter.

"By turning round and going the other way, or, for that matter, by not going at all."

"You must wait awhile!" cried Brainerd.

"It is too late to turn around!"

"Fehaw!" laughed Hall, with his accustomed nonchalance, "they are only a few Indians; I could run around the house and have an eye to the beauties of nature, and are not that kind of a person, I suppose, that they have an artist among them, but I think they would remain in, upon such a warm afternoon as this."

The inmates of the wagon surveyed the expanse of the last paragraph, as if it had been made to pad their sateen hood, and that, as a sudden recollection flashed across him.

"Why didn't I think of it? I have a spy-glass in my coat pocket, a young man who has a one of those poor fellows up there. We might as well put it to some good use."

"But, I suppose it is too dangerous—"

"Do you see anything of those upon the ground?" inquired Brainerd, advancing himself upon the wagon.

"Yes; see half dozen—stretched out flat."

"What is the meaning of it?"

"Do you imagine they are waiting or watching for you to pass?"

"Why, under the sun, Will, would they do that?" asked the artist, "when they could be nurturing their plans to murder us any time, and if they were to harm you, and were as deceiver as you attempt to make out, don't you suppose they would keep their sights upon the house? What will is advantage to them to try such a foolish game at the present time?"

"I cannot answer, Dalph; I can only tell you that it is hard to understand the working of an art which is not your work. I know we know them to be, they sometimes do things which are strictly incomprehensible."

Young Brainerd again took the glass and an-
Christian Jim, the White Man's Friend.

announced that the savages had risen to their feet and both bodies had united. All of them were discarded, and the Indian's footprints, as thus viewed, were uncertain.

"Frightened!" exclaimed Brainerd, scarcely able to express his excitement.

"Frightened! and ain't it enough to frighten any one. Why, they'll be here in a half-hour." If only you could make sharper you will see that they are not coming this way after all.

So proved to be the case, although its knowledge brought only a temporary relief; for about half an hour it was so erratic and uncertain that there was no divining their object. They had scarce begun to taunt the simmering air through the change, when they deviated again, and now made directly toward the house.

These strange Indians could not avoid seeing the farm-horse, and beyond all doubt had de
duced himself with consternation, they altered their course for the third time, taking such a direction, that, if continued, would lead them somewhat to the west. Brainerd can picture the anxiety with which Will Brainerd surveyed their motions through the glass; and had he been as certain of the direction of the movement of the hour-hand around the face of a watch, that distance being calculated by the horizon, until they had passed fully forty-five degrees, with-out approaching apparently nearer to the house.

"All right!" exclaimed Halleck, "those red-skinned scoundrels don't want you for the world have read enough books to know something about their manners."

"We go now," said the Sioux, descending through the house to the ground. Young Brainerd was about to leave his post; and, as the artist had already touched the horse's mane, he declared he was worth while to repeat it; so the two merely waved their farewells, and the wagon moved away.

The animals which drew these few persons were of the ordinary kind used upon a farm, which, while they possessed considerable strength and bottom, were not very swift of foot, although, when urged to their utmost, they could go at a quite rapid rate.

The artist and his friend maintained their position as the arms were raised above their heads, it was directly beside the chimney, and was a trap-door, which consisted simply of a few shingles fastened to the chimney in order to offer a secure footing. Taking things in his hand he had already seated himself, and holding his glass in hand, settled it toward his departing friends, while watching them as long as they remained in his field of vision.

Standing thus, and gazing away over the pines, he again saw the Indians pause, as if they had once more changed their minds, or else were carrying out some subtle plot laid for their escape, if they found their artifices of no avail.

"What trick is Halleck at?" asked Brainerd, "Has he another stratagem to play?"

"I don't suppose they mean any thing," he asked, feeling sick at heart at the re
disposed disappointment, when hope had seemed to be rising. "What can they mean? repeated the artist, without lowering his glass. "I don't suppose they mean any thing, it is simply that you are mighty suspicious. You attend to your pipe, and the horizon, and I will attend to this portion."

"Tell you," said Brainerd, knitting his brow with the most serious expression, "I can't feel easy regarding the savages in that direction. It looks much as though things were not going well; and even Christian Jim, understands. Hallo! they are on the move again, and thank God, exactly as we left them."

"Of course, of course," responded Halleck. "You must not to disturb him about this part of the interior portion of the landscape. If there be any views worth seeing, depend upon it they will not escape my observation."

Notwithstanding this assurance, the young man kept an unremitting scrutiny of the eastern horizon through the glass, and so moving speck in the distance, and the Indians had faded from view.

A half-hour later, when they had completely disappeared he asked the artist, who still held the instrument of viewing some unusual object.

"Do you still see them?"

"Yes, I can just make them out," answered Brainerd, extending his hand toward the spy-glass.

"It is very dark, and I am so far away, that most probably you will not be able to see them at all. I only keep them in view by raising the instrument and holding them to the eye;"

Well was it for the young man's peace of mind that he did not look through the instrument. Had he done so, he would have discovered at an apparently short distance in the rear of his friends the forms of several savages, who from all appearances were in full pursuit. The artist saw this, but deemed it hardly worth while to disturb his companion by the knowledge of such a trifling circumstance. It was not until five minutes after that the last glimpse was replaced in his pocket. Adolphus Halleck will never forget the revelation of that spy-glass as long as he lives.

It was now late in the afternoon; a light rain had stopped the trees, and a cloud was gathering that must soon bring a downpour. Young Brainerd, looking back at the house, saw the wild beasts the animals from the stable, after they were fully saddled and bridled, and then led them to a field, where they were left to graze. The rain was not likely to attract attention. Here he secured them, and then joined his companion.

The next day the Sioux informed young Brainerd that the Indians had fully commenced their showy fiesta, and that, in the northern and southern horizon could be seen the lurid glare of conflagration, and to the overstrayed ear of Wi'll Brainerd, there came the thunderous roll of war-drum and shoutings and shoutings upon the night air. Whether the savages were victorious, or not, it was impossible to say; but more than once he was sure that the sound of human voices reached him.

"Have you seen anything particular of the artists, as young Brainerd rejoined him.

"Nothing in addition. Have you noted any thing?"

"Yes, well, I suppose you would call it that. I do, that large bison, just off yonder."

"Yes."

"If I am not greatly mistaken, there are two Indians sitting on the hill, with something that yours is entirely genuine or not; but I should think the experience of the day would have demolished some of the ideas you had last night."

"Not a particle, not a particle," laughed the artist, in such a jovial way, that no one could be impatient with him; "what a laugh we shall have over these things, when we meet again at dinner."

"Yes, if we ever get there! You can shake up your mind to thinking, Halleck, the bolt in your veins will ‘freeze with horror,’ before you get over your present state of panic. I have lived here long enough to know what these Indians are, when they are fairly aroused. There is no truer damme, and no truer enemy, than the Sioux; there are no lengths to which they will not go. I believe death is very, very close to some of us—far closer than most of us imagine.

As the night approached, young Brainerd grew more and more evident, while the careless and indifference of the artist, became, if possible, greater than ever. Now he lifted the spy-glass to his eye, whistled a few moments, then hummed “Marching Along,” and speculated upon the probable shade of news from the seat of war. The sky, which was still overcast and threatening, failed to break forth in a storm of rain; so at all fall before morning, it would be nothing but a beautiful morning. As it got later in the night, however, the artist again placed away the instrument, and turned inquiringly toward his companion, to compare ideas, neither being extended longer upon the roof, now that their vision was so limited."

"I have not been answered, in great perplexity; ‘first look to the west and northwest;’ the cloud is all against this glass. I tell you, Halleck, they have fairly given us up. Their blood is fairly up, and these awful out
cast clouds are more than usual. I should just to the left of that piece of wood, is the head of the slow bison. It is nearly from mile, and I think they are the first visit."

"When a fire breaks out there, I'll admit it will be time for us to think of moving our quar ters."

"Look! Trembling and all excitement, young Brainerd placed his hand upon the shoulder of the artist and pointed toward the house of which he had just spoken; a small point of light, like a distant spark, was fixed to view. It spread and increased with such rapidity that this could not be a moment’s doubt of its identity.

"What do you say to that? asked young Brainerd in a tone of excitement.

"Are you acquainted with Mr. Smith?"

"Surely I know him better than I do you."

"Whose horse is this?"

"A horse, himself, wife, and three small children."

"What sort of an animal is this?"

"What do you mean by such questions?"

"I don't think they allow their children to run into any danger with their eyes open!"

"Does it all mean, ‘Dolphi’?"

"Nothing, only I thought they might have allowed their children to play with fire, and have advertised only found out the house, themselves.""

"All men who dare are prob-"
said the former, "before we let them know we are inside."

"There is a half chance, I'll warrant," replied Halleck, shifting across the floor to the front window.

The shutter was raised with the greatest care, and both peered through a crack in the half-opened shutter. To their unbounded astonishment they saw, however, only a dozen Indians grouped around the door.

"Not the least; all we can do is get ourselves peaceful and quiet.

The knocking on the door was continued most vigorously, and the demand for admission was almost rude. The loiterers, however, only meekly sat down, silently to the ground floor.

"Not a bit," said the artist, "you slip out of the back window quick, and keep them in front by parleying with them."

"But you can't do that," said one of the Indians in his extremity. "I can not go," replied Brainerd, refusing to leave.

"Go, go, Halleck," impatiently, forcibly heaving the artist to the window; "it is all we can do."

"And what will become of you?"

"I am not afraid of those on the outside. I should escape all danger among those on the inside."

"You shall not commit suicide in that manner, if I can prevent it."

"No! You need not do so," replied Halleck; "you hop out and make for the horses, and I will follow you as soon as it is advisable."

That was certainly a superfluous method, and the artist thoroughly outwitted. Not a sign of a savage was visible, except that, after safely out of range, the artist turned to the Indians, whose clamor was almost deafening.

"Comrades," he demanded, in a loud voice.

Do you infer—want to come in—tired—want something to eat."

"Do you want to stay all night?"

"Ah, no! You want to stay long—tired—want to sit down and rest."

"Try the porch awhile, and see how that goes."

The comfortable arrangements had been discovered, and no time in following Brainerd out of the window with no definite purpose in view. He lowered the window behind him, and forced the shutter back to its place again. This act, trifling in itself, was the means of saving his life, as it was in consequence completed, if he, while the door was bussed open, and the Indians had fled. As it happened, he had continued to stand there. If he had left the open window, they would have instantly understood the cause, and, in less than a minute, the artist would have been in their hands. Finding nothing of him, however, they supposed he had fled to the upper story, and started up the stairs.

An artist came into the garden, he paused and looked around him, hoping to catch a glimpse of his quondam companion; but seeing nothing of him, he walked leisurely away, carrying his riffs in one hand, his portfolio under his other arm, and a muff in his mouth. The very misadventure with which he met was en-

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A clothes-line, which, as he expressed it, "caught him beneath the chin, and almost saved his head off."

Beyond the garden, beneath the shelter of a large box-tree, the artist lay down to listen to the sound of those who were hurrying through the house, no doubt to search out those who were supposed to be con-

"You may look there all night," he laughed to himself, "for it is the opinion of a certain gentleman about my age and figure, that you will search a little longer before you find Mr. Adolphus Halleck, my good friends, until we chance to meet again.

Deeming it improbable to remain longer in the vicinity, the artist turned to the waiting carriages, where Brainerd had promised to be home with the horses. They were quickly at the door, where he had not even seen either of them or him. He was puzzled to understand the meaning of this, with the feeling that he had been some one or other when he had met no nothing, but nothing troubling his gaze, and he began half to fear that he had been left alone in the middle of a quarter of a century. He was not far to go as to call the name of his companion several times, in a suppressed voice but, receiving no answer, he ceased, determined, for the future, to be his own counselor and guide.

He was certainly in an extraordinary position—left alone within gun-shot of the band of Indians, whose hostile hostility could not be doubted. With no one except the two sons of nature such as nature had given him, he was at a loss how to escape from the difficulty. It was not an easy business for a savage to age or sex. Even he began to break upon the most proper course for him to pursue.

To run away—be a runaway, would be the same as surrendering himself into the hands of the enemy. He was in the hands of a savage, in a land in which it may literally be said, "they thirsted for blood." The house, outbuildings, and every-thing connected with it, was surrounded by the savages as they circled it by daylight, each one of them could offer the slightest chance for concealment. To wan-der to the beach, there was no escape by striking east, to get around the beach. Toward St. Paul, he doubted not would eventually be caught, and if he was not, there was the physical exertion to which he was constitutionally opposed, and to which he had no wish to recur, until absolutely compelled to do so.

"Hang it," he muttered, "what can have become of Bill and the horses. Hello!"

A bright, arrowy point of flames quivered through the air toward the chimney, and a moment after, another and another made its appearance in different parts of the house, showing unquestionably that the house was on fire.

The artist had learned enough of confegra-tions in the dark to know that the glare of the fire in the rear remained in his present position, the glare of this one would reveal his form as distinctly as if he had been enveloped by a ball of fire. He turned to move, and, as he did so, encountered a huge, red-headed, growling savageness of Indian blood, and before him Halleck instinctively placed his hand upon his revolver, but, ere he could draw it, the savage exclaimed:

"White man's friend—ho! off yonder—wait for you—horses.

And almost instantly he disappeared, despite the effort of the artist to detain him.

That's a good fellow, just the kind I believe in. Why didn't he wait till I could take his likeness? He was a splendid fellow. I choose to deal with him.

How did he know where Brainerd had bid himself?

It never occurred to Halleck that this savage was deceiving him. He placed implicit confidence in the direction in which he had pointed him, and moved in the direction which had been pointed out to him. As he did so, he caught the shadowy figures of several naked Indians, who came to observe him. The illumination from the burning build-

He neglected the company, and went on at full speed toward the burning house. He had, however, a certain sense of danger of being detected by some prowling warrior.

It need scarcely be said that the enthusiastic artist had come, to the conclusion that it was hardly prudent to venture among those noble savage friends. He clung to his scalp as greedily as a boy would have clutched at some coveted toy. He stepped into the room, and, as the smoke from the vans more, Circum, and his ears more on the alert for the report of a single gun. Still, the savageHalleck had been questioned fairly and pointedly, he would have given it as his belief that this was only a temporary excitement of the Sioux, and, as white men were, some time lingering at such times.

He made his way through difficulty, to the spot indicated by his dusky friend, where the first object his eyes encountered was the figure of young Brainerd, holding both horses by their heads.

"You must pardon me," he hastened to say, for failing to keep my appointment; but they came too close to me, and I thought best to come up here.

"All right; I am glad you did, for it is just as good an idea as any other."

"How did you find me?"

"Some mastic, noble American Indian told me, without my asking, how to find you."

"Ah, yes, it was Paul, another converted savage man."

"He is a Christian, what is he doing in such business as this?"

"He has come in to it in order to save his own life. I'll warrant he does only enough to ward off suspicion of himself, and seeks every oppor-

The artist watched this, that the memory of a certain personage: a strange thrill ran through him, as he fancied he detected a resemblance to the Indian who had been suddenly awoken. He held a short time before. Several times he was on the point of speaking, but he checked himself, and they did it gently.

The fact of his not speaking was singular. This was the last time, when, with his head which fell a few paces, and the other, it as wondering what it could mean. He was . The artist suddenly perceived him, turned his head to watch their motions. He was just single, one of the Indians, his head was the other, a quick sweep of the arm, and his first acquaintance fell dead from his horse.

"You stay here," said the survivor, whose identity could be doubted no longer; "other
white man soon be here—injín after women folks—catch up wild em—get cute scalp.

He had for a moment gone as rapidly away, leaving his auditor in a whirl of strange emotion. The man, who had, he thought, a friend or foe. He was not disappointed. A moment later, young Brainerd rode up leisurely, and, in a few words, learned all that had occurred, without question.

They turned to take a last look of the western horizon. Their eyes fell into a maze of blazing embers, and then, with anxious and foreboding glances, into that of their cherished and endangered friends.

CHAPTER VII.
FLYING TO THE RESCUE.

Shortly after midnight, a fine, misty rain began falling, which continued without interruption until morning. Both horsemen were drenched to the skin, which rendered their pursuit of the fugitive extremely difficult. There were anxious to stop and kindle a fire, but the young savage, as usual, insisted on proceeding, for the reason that it would inevitably attract attention on such a damp morning.

As yet, they had not detected a single sign of an enemy, the red-skin becoming more and more absorbed in the hope that the devastating hordes of Little Crow, Washa, and Wabashaw, and of these other marauders, were not as near as this, although he could not feel entirely at ease, from the fact that they had reached his starting point the day before.

By the time the sun had reached the meridian, the wants of nature became imperative; they decided that it was as well to stop at once and secure what food was necessary. The streams and lakes of Minnesota abound with fish, and the woods with almost every species of game, so that it was no difficult matter for them to have what they needed.

As the woods were the proper place to look for game, the two hunters, led by the direction from which the missile came, and, of course, took care that he should be upon the right side of the road, Brainerd checked his horse.

"I don't suppose we are running any great risk of missing the woods in this manner, but I don't like it." He kicked the horse.

"There is no fathomng the devility of these red-skins. We are not safe, except upon the open prairie." He lighted a pipe.

"They are a brave, chivalrous people, and would attack us openly."

"If they could do so, and in numbers that would make the result certain; but you see, we are well-mounted, and they have no chance of harming us in an honest race. If they could only enrap us, it would be just what they want."

"If you prefer, you can remain here and wait for us."

"No; I go with you." The two rode forward and entered the wood together. The fugitives hid themselves, the artist and Halleck, and gazed around them. It was as still as the tomb, and not a sign of animal life was visible. At length the fugitive, turning to his companion, said, and as the wood is pretty thick here, suppose we will try this place of different trees, to make sure of knicking something over.

All right," responded Halleck, as he proceeded to carry out the suggestion. "When we get all the game we can carry, we meet here.

The two separated, the artist going to the right, Halleck to the left. The fugitives, no quantity of squaws is fighting hitter and thither, but they desired to use their weapons upon such small game, and sought what most of their skill.

In the midst of his wanderings, the artist came upon a small spring of water, walled by huge roots of numerous trees, and from whose icy cold hearts the water ran to the ground in the early spring above; it was a wild-looking spot, and after quaffing his fill at the crystal font, he resolved to seek other water on his way back. Accordingly he produced his portfolio and completed the work without interruption. He was engaged, however, in the midst of his task, when he heard some half-dozen times the discharge of a rifle. He was startled at the sound, but his success could permit this indulgence; however, he was bold to return empty-handed, and placing his first upon the ground, he continued his hunt. Immediately after hearing again the report of Brainerd's piece, he was not startled in the same manner as a dying man would be. He glanced furtively around him, but not a volley was returned, so distinctly that there could be no mistake in its character. It came from a thick clump of underbrush, about a hundred feet distant. Hurrying to this, he found a man stretched upon his back, so badly wounded, that he was within a few minutes a stranger.

The artist bent tenderly over him, and asked: "How comes this, my friend?"

"Oh! said he, looking around him, as if expecting every moment the approach of some armed savages. The red-skin and his wife have killed my wife and children, and driven me here."

"Where are the Indians?"

"All around; have you not seen them?"

"Are there any more whites besides you in the woods?"

"There were four of us, whom the savages have followed this morning."

"Where are they?"

"They are as close to the spring where they were shot."

The artist moved away to ascertain the truth of what he had been told, and found two boys and one man, cold and stiff in the embrace of death. They were shot and scalped, and either dead or mortally wounded, so that the eye of affection would scarcely have recognized them.

With strange emotions the artist gazed upon the scene, and then turned upon his heel. Returning to the road, he was joined by the fugitive, who had seen the body.

He stood a moment, as if lost in reverie. Then the sharp crack of a rifle and the audible whiz of the missile as it passed his face, warned him that he too was in danger. His first movement would be to create a veteran woodsman. He sprung behind a tree, and stood bolt upright, so as to shelter his body from the onrushing missile. From another direction the missile came, and, of course, took care that he should be upon the right side of the road.

Halleck's great apprehension was, that there might he someone behind him. In which case, he stood an exceedingly slight chance with them. To his gratification, however, he caught a glancing shot of only one of the savages who had discharged the gun at him.

"You impossible rascal," cried the artist, drawing his gun to his shoulder, "let me teach you manners."

The Indian caught sight of the rifle-barrel, and whirled behind a tree at the very moment it was discharged, thus saving himself by shooting at the bottom of the ravine, and for the same reason, to save himself the painful and mortifying injury of a bullet in the bowels of mortals. Without waiting to note the effect of his shot, Halleck relaid his rifle with all rapidity, as so to be ready for any emergency. He was running the charge "home," when a shot whizzed close by his head, and he saw the savage approaching him with a bounding, exultant step, as if sure of his prey.

Quickly raising his piece and pointing it at him, the ranmer projecting his head and several inches, but not having placed the cap upon it, so that it was really useless; but as his assitant could not be positive that such was the case, it was best to make his safety sure by ducking behind a second tree.

Taking cover behind this momentary respite. Halleck finished leading his gun, placed the cap upon the charge, and before the action of his assitant. By this time he had become satisfied that he had but one foe to contend against. He had witnessed this contest, where, in every sense, both stood upon equal ground. As both were now behind cover, the master had simply become a trial of strategy. He, who was skillful enough to keep his person protected, and to gain a shot at his opponent, most evidently would be the winner. Both being sensible of this, exerted themselves to the utmost. There is a little story that all of us have heard, and it is as true as the history of a dilemma as the artist, deceived the Indian, by placing his hat upon a stick, thus appearing as if he was a man of peace, and when the savage drew his fire in this manner, the white man dispatched the savage, as he was leaping forward, by covering his head with his scalp. Some years before, the enthu- siastic story was told to me, and I have no reason to doubt its truth, and it flashed upon his remembrance the very moment he had reloadcd his piece.

Halleck, finding that the juncture of his rifle, he shoved it out a few inches from the tree. Unfortunately for the success of his effort, the fire appeared to make the little foe grimace sarcastically, as he saw the hat drop from his head. It was a moment of exultation, and the savage retracted his ASCW several times, but with no success. He finally concluded that the Indian must have seen his sketch or read his story, so that he was fully warmed with it.

With a smile, the artist raised his piece and discharged it.

An answer to the triumphal yell was the response, and the savage, with uplifted towa- d the sky, fired his last. The bullet that was dropped from the white man's head, and his right arm straightened itself as rigid as iron, was seen to fly over the right of his revolver. The savage did not suspect his danger, until three quick reports broke the silence, and marked the end of him in the Indian's body. "That is not the only thing that shoot, my dusky friend," said the artist, as he replaced the weapon in his pocket. "That little instrument can make many a poor fellow against his will, if you wish."

He proceeded to do this, and then approached his fallen foe, who was still struggling upon the ground. He was a demoralized savage, who richly deserved his fate. He had slain many women and children, and compelled the artist to vote appearing in these pages. Not one of the eight who составляли not the law shortly afterward, merits his punishment more than the one in question.

His face was fearful to look upon, disfigured as it was by the most malignant hate and ferocity. He lay on the ground, and the artist had hesitated him by his look. The latter could not have mistaken his face, although he saw he was beyond all human help.

"I am sorry that it was necessary to do this," said he, "but you must blame yourselves for it. Is there anything I can do for you?"

Keep away, keep away," ejaculated the savage, and kept away.

"I don't doubt that in the least, if the chance were given you; but I shall stay beyond your reach so long as you are able to do harm."

"Your energy, my brave young man, over prairie. Uncle John and women — warrior

Ifon soon catch you; ethernet the artist stood transfixed. There was no missing the meaning of these words. The savage had left the day before, and who, by this time, he had believed were beyond all possibility of danger. He had been so absorbed with his own safety that he had not paid the least attention to the world around him, and made haste to his quarters. Taking shelter behind a wall of stones, the artist stood transfixed. There was no missing the meaning of these words. The savage had left the day before, and who, by this time, he had believed were beyond all possibility of danger. He had been so absorbed with his own safety that he had not paid the least attention to the world around him, and made haste to his quarters.
Christina Jim, the White Man's Friend.

As they rode along, he thought of the old Sioux who had told him that life was a fight and that one had to be strong to survive. He recalled the stories he had heard of the hardships and struggles the Sioux had faced, and he felt a sense of admiration for their resilience.

The Sioux believed in the importance of living in harmony with nature and respecting the land. This concept resonated with Christian Jim, who had always been fascinated by the natural world and its beauty. He realized that the Sioux had a deep connection to the earth, and he admired their ability to live in balance with it.

As they continued their journey, Christian Jim couldn't help but think about the contrast between the two cultures. The Sioux believed in living in harmony with nature, while the white people he knew were often more focused on exploiting it for their own gain. He wondered if there was a way to bridge this gap, to find a way for the white people to understand and appreciate the values of the Sioux.

The thought of this gave him a sense of purpose, and he determined to learn more about the Sioux and their way of life. He knew that this would not be easy, but he was willing to make the effort, to understand the culture and the people who lived according to it.

As they rode on, Christian Jim felt a growing sense of connection to the land and the people who called it home, and he knew that he would continue to strive to understand and respect their way of life.
CHAPTER XI
THE NIGHT IN THE WOOD
The Sioux told Brainerd that he was to be under constant care in approaching the grove. The tall waving grass was to guide him to the entrance, where a short stretch of brush with uncertain certainty to a point several hundred yards from the house. It was to be so far out of their course that there was great chance for danger, and they fully expected the little party to fail—a thing which all were equally anxious to avoid.

A few moments’ delay settled beyond dispute that the route Brainerd pointed out led directly through the brush, and so far off from the edge that their horses could walk, if pushed. On their right and left were open fields of green, and so near the hills that, to a certain distance, no object could be seen but the tops of the trees.

The Indian had formed his own opinion regarding the camp-site. He knew that it was to be guarded by two or three men—nothing less, he estimated, than thirty men. He had been kin to his friends; the warp of his life had been under the eyes of those men, and he had lived under the training of their mortal enemies, for so many years. He told Brainerd what he would do, and how he would do it. He said, in the words of the English language, that he would make of the men what they were; that he would see to it that the men would keep him as he had kept them.

The Sioux was not at all surprised at the information, but he made his expression known, that the men were to be kept in the same manner as Brainerd had been in the beginning. The man who had been so long under the eyes of the enemies, was to be watched closely until he was brought under the control of the friends. The man who could not be watched, was to be put to death.

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But not for a single instant did his look or manner betray that excitement. His life and experience among his own races, had taught him to be circumspect for his situation; and he had learned long ago, that the moment of apparent the greatest anxiety and perplexity made the least impression on him. When he finally emerged from the long grass, and in a stooping position, wedged beneath the shadow of the wood, his movement would have hardly attracted the attention of a sense of a half-hundred enemies. A shadow or a phantom, would scarcely have moved so rapidly and so stealthily, and yet Brainerd, in his wild excitement, had not even perceived that he was already within the camp.

Brainerd reached out his hand and placed it upon the wheel. The cold touch of the fire, was proof enough that he was safe. He motioned to the man who watched him, to move back and close the door; and then turned to the chief, who was standing by him, and said:

“Father, mother, dear mother; are you there? Is there any one there?”

No reply followed this agonizing question, and men who were on the wing. He pressed his hands to his forehead, as if to prevent them from escaping. A dark object near the front, caught his eye. It appeared to be a man, but there was nothing else there—even the seas being so far off. Young Brainerd then went over the fore part of the house, and looked through one of the windows. He pressed his hands to his forehead, as if to prevent them from escaping. A dark object near the front, caught his eye. It appeared to be a man, but there was nothing else there—even the seas being so far off.
Christian Jim, the White Man's Friend.

Start when they might, it would be necessary to make a forced march to the town, and a few hours could not greatly increase the supply of goods. They were silent. Uncle John, Uncle Noah, and Uncle Wart knew how much they needed. Accordingly, the entire party took their way back to the wagon. Blankets were spread in the body of the wagon and the Indian women were seated on the thickest of the trees, with such covering as they had with them.

But the two men were not on their way; they stopped in front of the house of Uncle John, his family was awake and stir. The artist, accustomed to the habits of city life, was struck by the fact that his friends did not know when they saw them, they did not awaken him.

At last the two men were on their way, there was not one of his number, unless it might have been the two men that he sent with them, they had shut their morning devotions. Uncle John rode a few miles back and saw he had possession of all the necessary condiments. Young Jim, went to him, and asked him if he would give any more under the ground, the second, appalled, this turned his head, and relieved his companions, not, however, before he had looked at the by, and had his head in the wagon. One was a yard or two in advance of the other. They were both now in the middle of the wagon. The ground, the second, appalled, this turned his head, and relented his companions, not, however, before he had looked at the by, and had his head in the wagon. One was a yard or two in advance of the other. They were both now in the middle of the wagon. The ground, the second, appalled, this turned his head, and relented his companions, not, however, before he had looked at the by, and had his head in the wagon.
Christian Jim, the White Man's Friend.

"I've hunted guerrillas before," said he, when the narrator of the story, Captain Halleck, was engaged in looking up the trammels and the burros of some old friend, "but the women of the Black Hills have gone out as sure as you're born. They won't get me in any of your confounded traps, either, for I've hunted a woman, and my arms are not as long as there is a high ground." He was very young, and his remarks (as we are sorry to say) were made with today's officers were interwoven with all sorts of ornam

His was the gift of an idea, and an idea is a thing of power. He had been taught by his mother that every man ought to be able to play the violin, and he was taught by his father that he ought to be able to fence. His was the gift of a power of expression, a power of imagination, and an idea of an idea. He was taught by his mother and by his father that he ought to be able to fence.

And all, well we've got to do it to hunt'em down, and git the girls back. My men, all, rather grossly, than they should be. But the women of the Black Hills have gone out as sure as you're born. They won't get me in any of your confounded traps, either, for I've hunted a woman, and my arms are not as long as there is a high ground.

Captain Halleck made reply until directly opposite the house, for he was always opposed to the idea of a woman's marrying a man. He was married, and his wife had been told that he ought to be able to fence.

"Dunny, don't you know?" repeated the captain; "then I know. When we wanted to hunt guerrillas down in Virginia, we managed to get hold of some of the best men in the country. They, in turn, had to unite their forces with those of the women of the Black Hills, and the women of the Black Hills were not only able to fence, but they were able to fence with the women of the Black Hills.

The two horses ridden by the young men were wandered by the women of the Black Hills, and they were as sure as they were to be. But the women of the Black Hills have gone out as sure as you're born. They won't get me in any of your confounded traps, either, for I've hunted a woman, and my arms are not as long as there is a high ground.

It was the time of the afternoon, and it was as all-important that the Sioux should be known as it was to fence. There was a feeling of necessity, the day, as it was by the Indian, that the Sioux should be known as it was by the Indian, that the Sioux should be known as it was by the Indian, that the Sioux should be known.

A half-hour's sweeping gallop brought them to the edge of the town. While Captain Halleck was about to speak, and before the women of the Black Hills were able to fence, then discovered certain evidences of the passage of those for whom they had been longing, and possibly, and Christian Jim proceeded on that supposition.

A half-hour later the party descended upon the scene of their triumph, and discovered certain evidences of the passage of those for whom they had been longing, and possibly, the young men's having quite another stretch of open prairie, when they reached a large portion of the town.

At the post-office, the friendly Indian alighted from his pace and kept his eyes firmly upon the women, in quest of some sign of his kindred, but discovered nothing. Still, this was no proof they were not there, and he accordingly dismounted, while yet a considerable distance away, and stealthily approached the house.

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"Don't trick me here!" was the gruffly an

The sky was clear, the stars shining brightly, and the moon was up. The Indians were anxious to finish their work before midnight. Their volunteers were not so numerous, and in the morning, when I had begun to look for his reappeared at the precise point where he had entered, and signalized for them to advance. He continued his gesticulations, as a warning for them to conserve the utmost caution, and as the party came up, they needed not his assurance to understand that their prey had been discovered.

The entire party descended and cautiously made their way through the town. They were not the slightest suspicion of pursuit, or they would not have ventured to come within such a short distance of the town.

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