THE LONE STAR TRAIL

A TALE OF THE OLD WEST

By HARRY LEON WILSON, Author of "Spenders"

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CHAPTER XV.

The Order from Headquarters.

He left Parowan the next morning to preach at one of the little settlements to the east. He was gone three days. When he came back they told him that the train of Missourians had passed through Parowan and on to the south. He attended a military council held that evening in the meeting-house. Three days of reflection, while it had not cooled the anger he felt toward these members of the mob that had so brutally wronged his people, had slightly cooled his ardor for aggressive warfare.

The following Tuesday he continued south to Cedar City, the most populous of the southern settlements. Here he learned of the campaign's progress. Brigham's courier had preceded the train in this order, and their stock was greatly weakened. At Cedar City, it being feared that they might for want of supplies be forced to halt permanently so near the settlement that it would be inconvenient to destroy them, they were permitted to buy 50 bushels of wheat and to have it and some corn the Indians had sold to them ground at the mill of Major Lee.

As Joel's informant, the fiery Bishop Klingensmith, remarked, this was not as generous as it seemed, since, while it would serve to decoy them on their way toward San Bernardino, they would never get out of the valley with it. The train had started on, but the animals were so weak that three days had been required to reach Iron creek, 20 miles beyond, and two more days to reach Mountain Meadows, 15 miles further south.

Here at daybreak the morning before, Klingensmith told him, a band of Piede Indians, under Lee's direction, had attacked the train, killing and wounding a number of the men. It had been hoped, explained Klingensmith, that the train would be destroyed at once by the Indians, thus avoiding any call upon the militia; but the emigrants had behaved with such effectiveness that the Indians were unable to complete the task. They had corralled their wagons, dug a rifle-pit in the center, and returned the fire, killing one Indian and wounding two of the chiefs. The siege was being continued.

Late on the following day, Wednesday, while they were anxiously waiting for news, a messenger from Lee came with a call for reinforcements. The Indians, although there were 200 of them, had been unable to prevail over the little entrenched band of Gentiles. Ten minutes after the messenger's arrival, the militia, which had been waiting under arms, set out for the scene in wagons. From Cedar City went every able-bodied man but two.

Joel Rae was with them, wondering why he went. He wanted not to go. He preferred that news of the approaching victory should be brought to him; yet invisible hands had forced him, even while it seemed that frenzied voices—voices without sound—warned him back.

The ride was long, but not long enough for his mind to clear. It was still clouded with doubts and questionings and fears when they at last saw the flaring of many fires with figures loitering or moving busily about them. As they came nearer, a strange, rhythmic throbbing crept to his ears; nearer still, he resolved it into the slow, regular beatings of a flat-toned drum. The measure, deliberate, incessant, changeless,—the same tones, the same intervals,—worked upon his strained nerves, at first soothingly and then as a pleasant stimulant.

The wagons now pulled up near the largest camp fire, and the arrivals were greeted by a dozen or so of the saints, who, with Major Lee, had been directing and helping the Indians in their assaults upon the enemy. Several of these had disguised themselves as Indians for the better deception of the besieged.

At fires near by the Indians were broiling beef cut from animals they had slaughtered belonging to the wagon-train. Still others were cutting the hides into strips to be made into lariats. As far down as the line could be seen, there were dusky figures darting in and out of the firelight.

A council was at once called of the Presidents, Bishops, Elders, High Priests, and the officers of the militia who were present. Bishop Klingensmith bared his massive head in the firelight and opened the council with prayer, invoking the aid of God to guide them aright. Then Major Higbee, presiding as chairman, announced the orders under which they were assembled and under which the train had been attacked.

"It is ordered from headquarters that this party must be used up, except such as are too young to tell tales. We got to do it. They been acting terrible mean ever since we wouldn't sell them anything. If we let them go on now, they been making their brag that they'll raise a force in California and come back and wipe us out—and Johnston's army already marching on us from the east. Are we going to submit again to what we got in Missouri and in Illinois? No! Everybody is agreed about that. Now the Indians have failed to do it like we thought they would, so we got to finish it up, that's all."

Joel Rae spoke for the first time.

"You say except such as are too young to tell tales, Brother Higbee; what does that mean?"

"Why, all but the very smallest children, of course."

"Are there children here?"

Lee answered:

"Oh, a fair sprinkling—about what you'd look for in a train of a hundred and thirty people. The boys got two of the kids yesterday; the girls had dressed them up in white dresses and sent them out for a bucket of water. You can see their bodies lying over there this side of the spring."

"And there are women?" he asked, feeling a great sickness coming upon him.

"Plenty of them," answered Klingensmith, "some mighty fine women, too; I could see one yesterday, a monstrous fine figure and hair shiny like a crow's wing, and a little one, powerful pretty, and one kind of between the two—it's a shame we can't keep some of them, but orders is orders!"

"These women must be killed, too?"

"That's the orders from headquarters, Brother Rae."

"From the military headquarters at Parowan, or from the spiritual headquarters at Salt Lake?"

"Better not inquire how far back that order started, Brother Rae—not of me, anyway."

"But women and children——"

"The great Elohim has spoken from the heavens, Brother Rae—that's enough for me. I can't put my human standards against the revealed will of God."

"But women and children——" He repeated the words as if he sought to comprehend them. He seemed like a man with defective sight who has come suddenly against a wall that he had thought far off. Higbee now addressed him.

"Brother Rae, in religion you have to eat the bran along with the flour. Did you suppose we were going to milk the Gentiles and not ever shed any blood?"

"But innocent blood——"

"There ain't a drop of innocent blood in the whole damned train. And what are you to be questioning this way about orders from on high? I've heard you preach many a time about the sin of such doings as that. You preach in the pulpit about stubborn clay in the hands of the potter having to be put through the mill again, and now that you're out here in the field, seems to me you get limber like a tallowed rag when an order comes along."

"Defenseless women and little children——" He was still trying to regain his lost equilibrium.

He walked about the fires or lingered by the groups in consultation until the first signs of dawn. Then he climbed the low, rocky hill to the east and peered over the top, the drum-beats still pulsing through him, still coercing him. As the light grew, he could make out the details of the scene below. He was looking down into a narrow valley running north and south, formed by two ranges of rugged, rocky hills 500 yards or so apart. To the north this valley widened; to the south it narrowed until it became a mere gap leading out into the desert.

Directly below him, half-way between the ranges of hills, was a circle of covered wagons wheel to wheel. In the center of this a pit had been dug, and here the besieged were finding such protection as they could from the rifle-fire that came down from the hills on either side. Even now he could see Indians lying in watch for any who might attempt to escape. The camp had been attacked on Monday morning after the wagons had moved a hundred yards away from the spring. It was now Friday. For four days, therefore, with only what water they could bring by dashes to the spring under fire, they had held their own in the pit.

When it grew still lighter he descried, out on his left near the spring, two spots of white close together, and remembered Lee's tale the night before of the two little girls sent for water.

At that instant, the chanting and the beat of the drum stopped, and in the silence a flood of light seemed to shine in upon his mind, showing him in something of its true aspect the thing they were about to do. Not clearly did he see it, for he was still torn and dazed—but not in its real proportions, moreover; for he saw it against the background of his teaching from the cradle; the murder of their Prophet, the persecution of the Saints, the outrages put upon his own family, the murder of his father, and the death of his mother; the coming of an army upon them now to repeat these persecutions; the reported offenses of this particular lot of Gentiles. And then, too, he saw it against his own flawless faith in the authority of the priesthood, his implicit belief that whatsoever they ordered was to be obeyed as the literal command of God, his unshaken conviction that to disobey the priesthood was to commit the unforgivable sin of blasphemy against the Holy Ghost.

The plan of assault was now again rehearsed, and its details communicated to their Indian allies. By ten o'clock all was ready.

CHAPTER XVI.

The Meadow Shambles.

They chose William Bateman to go forward with a flag of truce. He was short and plump, with a full, round, ingenuous face. He was chosen, so said Klingensmith, for his plausible ways. He could look right at you when he said anything; and the moment needed a man of this talent. He was to enter the camp and say to the people that the Mormons had come to save them; that on giving up their arms they would be safely conducted

He Listened to the Drumbeats Coming from Below.

to Cedar City, there to await a proper time for continuing their journey.

From the hill to the west of the besieged camp they watched the plausible Bateman with his flag of truce meet one of the emigrants who came out, also with a white flag, and saw them stand talking a little time. Bateman then came back around the end of the hill that separated the two camps. His proposal had been gratefully accepted. The besieged emigrants were in desperate straits; their dead were unburied in the narrow enclosure, and they were suffering greatly for want of water.

Major Higbee, in command of the militia, now directed Lee to enter the camp and see that the plan was carried out. With him went two men with wagons. Lee was to have them load their weapons into one wagon, to separate the adults from the children and wounded, who were to be put into the other, and then march the party out.

As Lee approached the corral its occupants swarmed out to meet him,—gaunt men, unkempt women and children, with the look of hunted animals in their eyes. Some of the men cheered feebly; some were silent and plainly distrustful. But the women laughed and wept for joy as they crowded about their deliverer; and wide-eyed children stared at him in a friendly way, understanding but little of it all except that the newcomer was a desirable person.

It took Lee but a little time to overcome the hesitation of the few suspicious ones. The plan he proposed was too plainly their only way of escape from a terrible death. Their animals had been shot down or run off so that they could neither advance nor retreat. Their ammunition was almost gone, so that they could not give battle. And, lastly, their provisions were low, with no chance to replenish them; for on the south was the most to be dreaded of all American deserts, while on the north they had for some reason unknown to themselves been unable to buy of the abundance through which they passed.

Arrangements for the departure were quickly completed under Lee's supervision. In one wagon were piled the guns and pistols of the emigrants, together with half a dozen men who had been wounded in the four days' fighting. In the other wagon a score of the smaller children were placed, some with tear-stained faces, some crying, and some gravely apprehensive. At Lee's command the two wagons moved forward. After these the women followed, marching singly or in pairs; some with little bundles of their most precious belongings; some carrying babes too young to be sent ahead in the wagon. A few had kept even their older children to walk beside them, fearing some evil—they knew not what.

One such, a young woman near the last of the line, was leading by the hand a little girl of three or four, while on her left there marched a sturdy, pink-faced boy of seven or eight, whose almost white hair and eyebrows gave him a look of fright which his demeanor belied. The woman, looking anxiously back over her shoulder to the line of men, spoke warningly to the boy as the line moved slowly forward.

"Take her other hand, and stay close. I'm afraid something will happen—that man who came is not an honest man. I tried to tell them, but they wouldn't believe me. Keep her hand in yours, and if anything does happen, run right back there and try to find her father. Remember now, just as if she were your own little sister."

The boy answered stoutly, with shrewd glances about for possible danger.

"Of course I'll stay by her. I wouldn't run away. If I'd only had a gun," he continued, in tones of regretful enthusiasm, "I know I could have shot some of those Indians—but these, what do you call them?—Mormons,—they'll keep the Indians away now."

"But remember—don't leave my child, for I'm afraid—something warns me."

Farther back the others had now fallen in, so that the whole company was in motion. The two wagons were in the lead; then came the women; and some distance back of these trailed the line of men.

When the latter reached the place where the column of militia stood drawn up in line by the roadside, they swung their hats and cheered their deliverers; again and again the cheers rang in tones that were full of gratitude. As they passed on, an armed Mormon stepped to the side of each man and walked with him, thus convincing the last doubter of their sincerity in wishing to guard them from any unexpected attack by the Indians.

In such fashion marched the long, loosely extended line until the rear had gone some two hundred yards away from the circle of wagons. At the head, the two wagons containing the children and wounded had now fallen out of sight over a gentle rise to the north. The women also were well ahead, passing at that moment through the line of low cedars that grew close to the road on either side. The men were now stepping briskly, sure at last of the honesty of their rescuers.

Then, while all promised fair, a call came from the head of the line of men,—a clear, high call of command that rang to the very rear of the column:

"Israel, do your duty!"

Before the faces of the marching men had even shown surprise or questioning, each Mormon had turned and shot the man who walked beside him. The same instant brought piercing screams from the column of women ahead; for the signal had been given while they were in the lane of cedars where the Indian allies of the Saints had been ambushed. Shots and screams echoed and re-echoed across the narrow valley, and clouds of smoke, pearl gray in the morning sun, floated near the ground.

The plan of attack had been well laid for quick success. Most of the men had fallen at the first volley, either killed or wounded. Here and there along the pit but prostrate line would be seen a struggling pair, or one of the emigrants running toward cover under a lure that always brought him low before he reached it.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Was Not What He Imagined

Masher's Ardor Cooled When Lady Lifted Her Veil.

An elderly lady who keeps a fashionable school for girls had been paying a call upon friends in East Sixty-seventh street, says the New York Times. She left their house about ten p. m. to walk home. As she turned into Madison avenue a sudden and rather heavy storm broke. A well-dressed young man with an umbrella approached her and asked her if she would not come under the shelter he offered. She did so, and at his suggestion took his arm.

They walked down the avenue a few blocks and the schoolmistress was surprised to find that her escort was squeezing her arm and murmuring words of amorous intent into her ear. As it was raining very hard and she had no umbrella of her own, she made no protest.

The situation struck her as amusing. She is on the shady side of 60 and even her dearest friends would not call her handsome, but she has a figure that a belle of 20 might envy her, and she realized that it was this that had attracted the man, her face being heavily veiled.

Reaching her house, she gravely thanked her escort for saving her from a wetting and turned to enter. He urged her not to leave him, suggesting supper and wine and things.

"Sir! Who do you think I am?" exclaimed the lady. And she raised her veil under the glare of the electric light.

"The devil!" cried the man, hurrying away, after one glance at the white hair and wrinkled cheeks.

By Repentance Alone.

Sins may be forgiven through repentance, but no act of wit will ever justify them.—Sherlock.

FOLLY AS IT FLIES

HOW ONE MOTH WAS DRAWN FROM THE BRIGHT LIGHT.

Gay Young Rounder Needed Only to Have His Feet Set in the Right Direction and the Plain Path.

Setemup didn't draw any dividends from bowling alleys, saloons, or theaters; but he was a free spender, and made welcome by all the proprietors of such places.

One day Setemup got moody and sad. His clothes were glossy, and since he couldn't be relied on to do good work because he stayed out late at nights and often came to work with a bad headache, he had not been promoted for 18 months. Further, Setemup was penniless and owed a three weeks' board bill.

Setemup began to think. Thought produced action, and he went to see a wise old uncle who often gave him good advice, and had on one occasion rescued him out of the hands of some relentless loan sharks.

"How now?" said the uncle. "Why so sad?"

"I'm nearly down and out," was the reply. "I can't keep good habits, somehow, and I can't save."

His relation scratched his head and pondered for a few minutes. Then he said, "I like you because you have the elements of a man in you. I'll help you by giving you an inducement to save your money. For every dollar you bring me inside the next two years I'll add half a dollar. It'll cost me some money, but I guess it will be worth it."

Fired by the ambition of making such easy money, Setemup neglected his old haunts at the bowling alleys, the saloons, and the theaters. Inside a month he brought his uncle a few dollars, and the old man promised to put carefully away for him and add the percentage promised. And he kept on bringing his uncle all the money he could spare.

The habit of saving and the virtues it necessitated soon showed itself in his appearance. His clothing was good and well kept. His eyes were bright and healthy. What most pleased him was the fact that he began to be advanced regularly, and before the two years were up he had become assistant to the head of a big department.

At the end of the two years Setemup went to his uncle to draw his money. The sum was so large that he protested the old man had been adding more than he should.

"Are you satisfied?" was the query. "Perfectly!" was the reply. "I never expected nearly so much."

"Well, I'll be honest with you. The money just handed to you represents your savings alone with accrued interest. Lately I've met with some reverses, and am unable to add my proportion; but I will later.

"In this world," said the uncle, "habits are the real giant forces for good or evil. I simply helped you to establish one good habit, and lo! like magic, all the rest of the virtues followed in its train. The forming of one good habit and sticking to it often will help a man to make good headway in a manner faster than he could imagine in his wildest dreams."

Happy Solution.

"My dear," said the bridegroom, the day after they had returned from their wedding journey, "I have a suggestion to make that I think will work to our mutual satisfaction and benefit."

"Now, John, darling," said the bride, preparing to weep at the slightest excuse "remember, I never said I could cook—"

"Don't worry; it isn't about your cooking. It is about the letters you write and ask me to mail. It strikes me that we might be happier—"

"If I didn't write to anyone? Oh, John, how—"

"Wait until I have finished, my dear. All I want to suggest is that you mail your own letters, so I won't be forever forgetting them, and in return for so doing that I will sew all my buttons on. By doing so it seems to me we will overcome two obstacles to married happiness that have caused trouble since buttons and letters were invented."

And the little bride, having checked her tears, agreed to try the plan.—Judge.

Horse Had Manners.

One of St. Johnsbury's best-known characters and one who has had name and fame perpetuated by having a likeness of himself and team printed on a colored post card, is Orville Lawrence, formerly associated with the late Russell Sage on Wall street in the early fifties, but being less fortunate than Mr. Sage he has become reduced in circumstances, and now drives around town in a more or less dilapidated looking outfit, says a writer in the Boston Herald.

Orville's wit is keen, and he always has an answer ready for any of his friends who attempted to chaff him.

One day Orville appeared driving a horse which interfered badly, and, like its driver, had evidently seen better days.

A prominent business man of the place accosted Orville with the remark: "Say Orville, your horse seems to interfere some!" to which Orville promptly replied: "He ain't interfering with your business, is he?"

Why Birds' Nests Are Round.

The little, abandoned nest had fallen from the tree. The nature student took it from the frozen ground.

"How round it is!" he said. "No cup rim could be rounder. Don't you wonder how the bird, with neither rule nor compass, can make her nest so round?"

"Well, she does it easily. She builds the nest about her own breast, turning round and round in it, and its circular character comes spontaneously and inevitably.

"The circle is found everywhere in the buildings of the lower animals. The straight line, on the other hand, they can never achieve."

AILING WOMEN.

Keep the Kidneys Well and the Kidneys Will Keep You Well.

Sick, suffering, languid women are learning the true cause of bad backs and how to cure them. Mrs. W. G. Davis, of Groesbeck, Texas, says: "Backaches hurt me so I could hardly stand. Spells of dizziness and sick headaches were frequent and the action of the kidneys was irregular. Soon after I began taking Doan's Kidney Pills I passed several gravel stones. I got well and the trouble has not returned. My back is good and strong and my general health better."

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His Practical Idea.

A benevolent old man who lived on his farm in Iowa never refused shelter to any who might ask it of him. His many friendly remonstrances with him about this characteristic, knowing that many unscrupulous hoboes would avail themselves of the opportunity, and that there was great danger of the old man being robbed. To these remonstrances the old man replied that he believed in "practical Christianity."

"But," said one of his friends, "this seems very impractical. Suppose one of these men took it into his head to rob you one night?"

"My dear young friend," was the reply, "I bid all enter in the name of God, but I prove my belief in practical Christianity by locking up their pants during the night."

POTENT LIQUOR IS SAKE.

Lafcadio Hearn's Testimony as to Strength of Japanese Wine.

There is no liquor in the world upon which a man becomes so quickly intoxicated as Japanese sake (rice-wine), and yet none of which the effects last so short a time. The intoxication is pleasant as the effect of opium or hasheesh. It is soft, pleasant, luminous exhilaration, everything becoming brighter, happier, lighter; then you get very sleepy.

At Japanese dinners it is the rule to become slightly exhilarated, but not to drink enough to talk thickly or walk crooked. The ability to drink at banquets requires practice—long practice.

There are tongues of many kinds, and the man who is invited to one at which extensive drinking may be expected is careful to start in upon an empty or almost empty stomach. By not eating one can drink a good deal. The cups are very small and of many curious shapes. One may be expected to empty 50. A quart of sake is a good deal; two quarts require iron nerves to stand. But among the Japanese there are wonderful drinkers. At a military officer's banquet a captain offered me a tumbler holding a good pint of sake. I almost fainted at the sight of it, for it was only the first. But a friend said to me: "Only drink a little and pass it back," which I did. Stronger heads emptied cup after cup like water.—Letters of Lafcadio Hearn.

FEARFUL BURNING SORES.

Boy in Misery 12 Years—Eczema in Rough Scales, Itching and Inflamed—Cured by Cuticura.

"I wish to inform you that your wonderful Cuticura has put a stop to twelve years of misery I passed with my son. As an infant I noticed on his body a red spot and treated same with different remedies for about five years, but when the spot began to get larger I put him under the care of doctors. Under their treatment the disease spread to four different parts of his body. The longer the doctors treated him the worse it became. During the day it would get rough and form like scales. At night it would be cracked, inflamed, and badly swollen, with terrible burning and itching. When I think of his suffering it nearly breaks my heart. His screams could be heard downstairs. The suffering of my son made me full of misery. I had no ambition to work, to eat, nor could I sleep. One doctor told me that my son's eczema was incurable, and gave it up for a bad job. One evening I saw an article in the paper about the wonderful Cuticura and decided to give it a trial. I tell you that Cuticura Ointment is worth its weight in gold, and when I had used the first box of Ointment there was a great improvement, and by the time I had used the second set of Cuticura Soap, Cuticura Ointment, and Cuticura Resolvent, my child was cured. He is now twelve years old, and his skin is as fine and smooth as silk. Michael Steiman, 7 Sumner Avenue, Brooklyn, N. Y., April 16, 1905."

There are more ways than one by which a woman can get even with a man. One way is to marry him, and another is not to.

A cheerful lie is often better than the solemn truth.

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PAZO OINTMENT is guaranteed to cure any case of Itching, Blind, Bleeding or Protruding Piles in 6 to 14 days or money refunded. 50c.

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Garfield Tea, an unusually practical household remedy; take it for constipation, to keep the liver normal, to purify the blood, to dispel colds, to cure rheumatism, to keep well.

It is great folly not to part with your own faults, which is possible, but to try, instead, to escape from other people's faults, which is impossible.—Marcus Aurelius.

There is more Catarrh in this section of the country than all other diseases put together, and until the last few years was supposed to be incurable. For a great many years doctors pronounced it a local disease, and prescribed local remedies, and by constantly failing to cure with local treatment, pronounced it incurable. Science has proven Catarrh to be a constitutional disease, and therefore requires constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, Ohio, is the only Constitutional cure on the market. It is taken internally in doses from 10 drops to a teaspoonful. It acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. They offer one hundred dollars for any case it fails to cure. Send for circulars and testimonials.
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Sold by Druggists, 75c.
Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

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Dr. Williams' Pink Pills Will Cure Most Cases and Should Interest Every Sufferer.

Nobody who has not endured the suffering caused by nervous headache can realize the awful agony of its victims. Worst of all, the ordinary treatment cannot be relied upon to cure nor even to give relief. Some doctors will say that if a person is subject to headaches there is nothing that can be done to prevent their recurrence.

Nervous headaches, as well as neuralgia, are caused by lack of nutrition—the nerves are starved. The only way to feed the nerves is through the blood and it is in this way that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills have accomplished so many remarkable cures.

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I had no appetite and when the headache passed away I felt as if I had been sick for a month. My blood was thin and I was pale, weak and reduced in weight.

"I read about Dr. Williams' Pink Pills in a paper and decided to try them. I first noticed that they began to give me an appetite and I commenced to gain in weight and color. My headaches stopped and have not returned and I have never felt so well as I do now."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are sold by all druggists or sent, postpaid, on receipt of price, 50 cents per box, six boxes $2.50, by the Dr. Williams Medicine Company, Schenectady, N. Y.

THE CANADIAN WEST IS THE BEST WEST

FARMS in WESTERN CANADA FREE

The testimony of those farmers who have gone there during the past year is that the Canadian West is the best West. Over 200,000 Americans went there in the year 1905, and reports are to be received in volume and in person that they are delighted with Canadian Government offer. 160 acres of free land for every home. Also entire

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Brentwood

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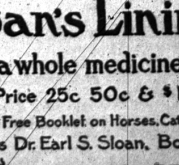

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