QUIVER AVENGED.

The winter's trade was over, and nearly all the Indians had left the vicinity of our little trading post on the Missouri to pass the summer back on the prairie and along the foothills of the mountains. We had shipped all our furs and robes on the last steamboat, and now there was absolutely nothing for us to do but kill time as best we could until another season's trade should begin. Situated as we were some 100 miles from the nearest town, our post was not a very lively place by any means, and our only neighbor was a saloon man who had built a place 12 yards above us. But with him we had little to do. He was a surly, unhappy fellow, and then were generally hanging about his place a set of men who came we knew not mysteriously, when we none than suspected were members of a gang of horse thieves and road agents that used to ply their trade along the Yellowstone and Missouri rivers.

My partner had gone east with our shipment of furs to dispose of them and order a fresh stock of goods, and I was alone except for the company of a good father, a broad and liberal minded priest, whom I had persuaded to stay with me until my partner should return. The Bishop of the Saskatchewan had sent him south the preceding year to minister to a part of his flock, the plains Crees, who were in our vicinity.

One drowsy afternoon in June the father and I sat out in the shade of the overhanging roof smoking and fanning ourselves, for it was a hot day. In the saloon just above us a poker game was going on, revealed to us by the occasional subdued burst of voices and the ceaseless rattle of chips. As I said, most of the Indians had gone out on the summer's hunt, but two or three families were still within, and presently a young man named Quiver came along with his wife and sat down by the father in the grateful shade. During many years passed with the Indians on the plains, I think this was the handsomest couple I ever saw. The woman, much lighter colored than many a Spanish woman, had a singularly graceful figure, and her features were well nigh faultless. Her eyes were exceptionally large and brilliant, full of expression, and were shaded by long, sweeping lashes. Her hair, neatly braided, hung in two massive strands almost to the ground. Quiver would have served for an epic, a model of Apollo. What I liked best about him was the broad, high brow and square cut chin, which even in a savage denote a keen intelligence united with force of character.

This couple, Quiver and his wife, Pai-o-tah, had been married a little more than a year. They were as yet so deeply in love with each other as ever. On the hunt or in the camp, working or resting, they were inseparable. Quiver thought there was nothing good enough for his beautiful wife. All the robes he killed, all the beaver and otter he caught, were traded for fine blankets, soft and bright colored dresses, and for jewelry with which to adorn Pai-o-tah. He wanted nothing for himself except a little tobacco and a few cartridges for his rifle. The couple sat with an half an hour or more talking with the father about affairs in their own far northern home.

Riel, he who later created the Canadian rebellion, had lately been among the Indians urging them to return home and wrest their ancestral lands from the redcoated usurpers, and Quiver was anxious to get the father's opinion of the matter. The good man plainly told him that it was a visionary scheme and could not possibly succeed. He explained that the Indians not only would have to fight the Canadians, but that if necessary troops would bring thousands of soldiers from across the salt water, ten white men for every Indian and half breed in the northwest. All this talk of war had little interest for Pai-o-tah, and finally she slipped her hand in Quiver's and coaxed him to go home.

"Happy, innocent children," said the father, as we watched them go up the trail hand in hand. "Not a care or a sorrow to mar their daily lives!"

As they were passing the saloon a big Indian stepped out of the doorway, aimed his revolver at them and, calling out to some one within, "Bill, see me drop that d——d Injun," fired. With a cry of pain poor Quiver fell to the ground, Pai-o-tah dropped her robe and knelt over him, and with a coarse laugh the man who fired the shot turned and went back into the saloon.

The father and I hastened over to the prostrate Indian. He was still conscious, but his face had assumed a yellowish tint, and he said faintly: "I am shot in the back. Have pity and carry me to my lodge." By this time one or two Indians had come over from the camp near by, and together we carefully lifted the wounded man, and, carrying him home carefully, laid him on his couch. Sure enough, the bullet had entered his back on the left side and torn its way through the kidney. There was no hope for him.

Leaving the father to attend the poor fellow and give him and the heart-broken Pai-o-tah such consolation as was in his power, I went back to the post and wrote a note to the commanding officer of a troop of United States newly camped some six miles above us, telling him of the cold blooded murder which had been committed and asking him to arrest the murderer. Hastily sealing the message, I dispatched quietly around to the Indian camp and gave it to a young man who happened to have his horse staked near by, charging him to go with all haste and deliver the note to the captain. When I returned to the lodge I found Quiver was sinking rapidly. He was suffering intensely, but never complained, and slowly and distinctly instructed his people as to the disposition of his property. The chief good father began to administer the last sacraments, and I sadly left the lodge and went home. In a little while the father joined me.

"Is dead?" I asked.

"Yes."

"And Pai-o-tah?"

"She fainted; the old women are waiting for her."

Supper was called, but neither of us cared to eat. We sat in silence a long time, and finally the father said:

"Never, during my long life in this wild and wicked land, have I ever seen or heard of such a cold-blooded act as that fiend committed this afternoon. Can a man be human, is he born of woman, who will deliberately shoot down a fellow creature in cold blood? And what is to be done? Is there no justice in this land? Can he not be punished for his crime?"

"Wait, father," I replied. "I have sent a note up to the soldier camp informing the captain of the affair. No doubt he will send some men down to arrest the fellow."

Some time after dark my messenger returned and handed me an envelope, the same one in which I had inclosed my note. On the back of it, written in pencil, were the following words:

Outside my jurisdiction. Send to Fort Benton for the sheriff.

Send ten miles for the sheriff! And in the meantime the murderer would be far away, perhaps even on the Yellowstone or in Dakota on another horse stealing raid. That night the father and I could not bear to go to bed.

Early the next morning we made preparations for burying Quiver. Out of such material as was at hand I made a rude coffin and lined it with soft new blankets. The father made a cross for it of black cloth and, true to his faith, sewed in the center a large white cross. Then down at the lower end of the lodge, beneath the earthworks, we dug the grave, and before noon we laid the poor fellow in it. In the afternoon the father and I again sat out in the shade of the house, trying to get a breath of fresh air. Too busy one allies fearfully hot in those Missouri river bottoms, but toil always there was no sense in doing or chasing. Each of us was occupied with his own thoughts, and they were sad and oppressive.

One thing we had been long at times in the saloon during the night, a perfect frenzy of drink and revelry, which had lasted far into the morning, and now the ruffians were sleeping off the effects of it. Presently we saw the murderer come out, barricaded, barefoot and stripped to the waist. He glanced indifferently at us, and, going on to the river not many yards away, stooped down and began to bathe his head. As I watched him the father suddenly pressed my arm, and, looking up, I saw Pai-o-tah, rifle in hand, slipping up toward the father.

"It must not be!" murmured the father. "Vengeance is mine, saith the Lord. I will repay," and he started to rise.

I grasped his arm and forced him back into his chair.

"You shall not interfere, father," I said, in a low voice. "There is something in the same book about an eye for an eye, a tooth for a tooth," and I held him with a firm grip.

"Don't cry out," I continued, "for the fellow has a pistol in his belt and might kill the woman."

And now from where we was but a few yards from the sloping bank of the river. Raising the gun to his shoulder, we heard her call out in a loud, clear voice, "Nap-i-kwan" (white man). At the man turn on hearing, she said again, much more loudly, "Nap-i-kwan!" This time he heard, and, looking over his shoulder, saw her standing there with the rifle pointed at him. Quick as a flash he sprang to his feet, whether armed and pulled his revolver out, quicker still, Pai-o-tah pulled the trigger, and at the report the desperado threw up his arms, reeled and fell over backward into the river. There was a heavy splash, and then the deep and treacherous current sucked the body under. Then, we saw a hand rise above the surface of the water and then slowly disappear and pass out of sight forever. Poor Quiver was avenged.—New York Sun.

Riches Through Economy.

Mme. Bonchout was first a laundress and the daughter-in-law of a laundress who married a butter at Montargis, in Normandy. She was engaged in the laundering department at the Port St. Thomas mart and found her opportunity in its sales of damaged silks and odds and ends of machine made lace. She used at night to make up what she bought at these sales into remarkably pretty and stylish hats. Hooks, according to patterns she studied at the Petit St. Thomas. On her way in the morning to her work she sold them in a market. She did so well that she had soon to get help, and then she took a pretty shop in the Rue du Bac, where she was soon finance to the Bon Marche now stands. The rule was champion. Nobody was ever taken in. In the tentative struggle she had her business learned business without having lost her credit and so called an old woman when she died. After giving away nearly $2,000,000 in acts of justice, friendship and benevolence, she left a fortune valued at over $7,000,000.

Devotion.

That was a remarkable instance of devotion to which an Indian journal referred some time ago, wherein a husband, on hearing that his wife lacked her lost teeth, had gone to a neighboring village and slit that she might have an opportunity to wear it.—London Queen.

Maybe

you have not got it. You have had a hacking cough for some time and a soreness about the lungs. Your doctor says one of your lungs is affected, but whether or no, the thing you want to do at once is to take

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of Cod-liver Oil and Hypophosphites. He will tell you that. It will stop the cough, heal the soreness, and give strength to overcome the approaching malady.

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[illegible]

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