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Hurons know they have a great warrior for a leader and will treat him as such. He will strike his foes when the moon is low, and his name will be carried in terror to the great braves on the Salt Sea."

"As the Huron uttered these words, his eyes furtively glanced at the countenance of his listener in order to discover how he stood the compliment.

"The Manitou has put the yongere in our hands, Huron, to be tortured, and that their scalps may decorate our wigwams. The Canadas shall have their share. They are not like the western dogs that come to get their tails and ears cropped by the Ottawas. The Huron takes his own where he finds it, and asks leave of no one; he is a warrior of high caste. Away, Le Bulefe, and call your young men in from the forest to be ready to strike the throat of their knives in blood tonight."

A far different scene was it in the little city of Detroit, though the movements of the besieged showed that they were not unconscious of their peril. The sentinels stalked up and down the ramparts, cutting many phrases of keen thrust at every tree and log within their respective visions.

And well they might, for it was the fourth of July, 1763, and the future of Detroit was dark and gloomy. The city had been under a close siege ever since Pontiac failed to capture the fort by his coup de main, and the garrison was now beginning to feel the effects of starvation.

Under the branches of a shady oak some 15 or 20 rods back from the fort, sat the commandant, tent of Major Hamilton, the commanding officer of the fort. He sat there, but leaning against the trunk, conversing with two of his chief officers. On his left was Capt. Burt, who had recently arrived with a detachment of his men, and who had been engaged in a expedition against the Hurons on the following day. On his right was Lieut. Burr, an old and experienced soldier, and who had been engaged in a expedition against the Hurons on the following day.

Major Hamilton, however, will be seen to be in a state of some anxiety. He is looking at his watch, and the hands are pointing to 10 o'clock. He is looking at his watch, and the hands are pointing to 10 o'clock. He is looking at his watch, and the hands are pointing to 10 o'clock.

knows wherein his power lies, and mark me, captain, such cunning is not without its devilry. He will give you blow for blow, and by tomorrow's sunrise mayhap you will think better of the renegade Uncas' advice!"

"Do not grow faint-hearted, lieutenant," interrupted the major. "Are we to take the word of a renegade Huron as truth?" Will an Indian turn back-biter to his own tribe?"

"Without doubt, and the man who says he will not is no more of a soldier than your cow."

At this sudden and unexpected announcement, Gladwin made no answer, but his friend laughed scornfully.

"And do you mean to instigate, Friend Burr, that with nearly 300 men at my command I am merely a babe to be thrashed by a parcel of savages?"

The old galle jumped to his feet.

"If God allows you to live till tomorrow night, Capt. Dallyell, you will see that my words prove true. As surely as there is a sun shining in the heavens, you will be ambushed and massacred to a man by Pontiac and his hellish warriors. Surrounded as we are by the enemy, our dearest movements are not secret, and even now the red skins are preparing for their deadly work. I have said enough, the rest remains with you."

"Hark! Ye gods, major, hear the demons yell! See the smoke curling up toward the sky! Are they burning the forest?"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

It was a long, mocking laugh that fell from the lips of Burr.  
 "No offense, captain, no offense. A woodsman's a woodsman, a soldier a soldier, I suppose, but it do seem as though the Creator ought to have given a soldier a little of the woodsman and a woodsman a little of the soldier's craft. Ha! ha! ha! Can't you tell the wretching yell of a panther from the whoop of a buffalo? Not much for the Canada people going round telling to let people know where they are. They're keeping quiet today, captain, and your bare of smoke is from their council fire where all the big dogs of the Canadas are planning to intercept your tonight. For God's sake, take the advice of an old man who has had many a blood-stained belt of old Kaskaskia, and powder bag cut well before you start for your own tonight."

With these words Burr left.

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superiors!" he broke forth vengeancefully. "The guardhouse is the place for him!"

"Tut, tut, captain. Let not thy angry passions arise. Is a good motto. Everything is settled and you shall go, but remember, Dallyell, if you are defeated, Detroit lies at the mercy of the savages."

The captain arose, doffed his cap, and disappeared in the gathering darkness.

Human voices no longer marred the songs of nature. The unfathomable veil of gloom had slowly drooped over all, and now the moon arose in all her glory and splendor to guide the footsteps of God's smaller people. The sentinels stood like statues along the ramparts, listening in awe and admiration to the varied, often blood-curdling cries that emanated from the deep-mouthed denizens of the forest. Here, where they stood, was a plot of civilization lost, like a single rose among thousands of its untamed sisters. There, where they lay and slept was the deep, sullen forest, stretching from the hills of Kentucky to the cold ice-bound regions of the upper Canadas.

"If anything should happen to me, I trust to you, Maj. Gladwin, to care for an honest soldier's character."  
 "Hely on me, Dallyell—you will rely on a friend, be vigilant; remember you will be in the very jaws of the Hon—est! of no Hon either, but of ferocious tigers, and beyond support, and—farewell Dallyell, farewell."

The captain took the extended hand of his superior with proper respect, and then finally parted.

A few minutes later, just as the hour hand pointed at 2, a dull heavy bang could be heard, and the clank of steel upon steel as rifle barrels suddenly met. Orders were given in whispers and passed rapidly down the lines of determined men.

"Company, attention! Ready—for ward—march!"

And Dallyell, in the lead, stride on to his doom.

"Captain, we are on dangerous ground, and your men are straggling and not prepared for a defense. Put them in order to repulse an attack!"  
 "How dare you, Burr, address me in this way, and presume to direct me in the guardhouse as well as in the field. You make yourself ridiculous by assuming fear in the hearts of others."  
 The next moment he started forward at the wretching yell of a panther, and if he had been a panther, he would have been a panther.

walls and discover a hidden foe. An inexplicable feeling seemed to warn them of a near and hidden danger, and even Nature seemed to hold her breath in anticipation of another bloody scene about to be enacted upon that vast battle-ground of the west. The silence and strange feeling increased as they neared the little bridge that crossed the turbid waters of the Bloody Run.

Tramp! Tramp! Tramp!  
 Across they went and buried themselves in the deep forest again. The clouds cleared away and the moon shone once more, fainter of course, as the night waned.

"Ow-Wow-Whui! Onenda jum-cum-mun!"

The wild piercing yell came from their rear, and was instantly followed by hundreds of others. A volley of lead came hurtling through the confused ranks, fired at such close range that the flash of the redskins' guns fairly dazzled the soldiers. All was confusion in an instant. Many fired at random, then threw away their rifles and stampeded for the bridge.

Burr, however, with a mere handful of brave men, stood like a mass of granite, returning shot for shot, and blow for blow. Dallyell proved to be a veritable mountain of courage and strength, and dashed into the thickest of the fight to atone for his carelessness in thus being led into a death-trap.

The battle of Bloody Run had now fairly commenced. The firing came from both sides, front and rear. The company was surrounded.

Lieutenant what can we do?" exclaimed the thoroughly humbled captain.

"Fight, d-n you," was the reply. "There is nothing else to do now; you are surrounded, you can't go forward. Keep your men in open order and on the move. In this flex our only chance of escape. The red devils are too many for us, and have too great an advantage to risk a pitched battle. A running fight is our only way out of this devil's den!"

The two officers passed down the broken lines and admonished the firing soldiers to keep cool, and above all to keep on the move. All unfeeling feelings had been cast aside, and the old Kentuckian and his haughty superior fought side by side, forgetting in their extreme danger the unkind words that had been uttered an hour before. Foot by foot, they reached the bridge, all at length the first soldier stepped upon it.

"Ready, boys! Ready! Don't cease a single word, except every inch of the way or with one word you shall be shot down."

cowardly ours won't show their hides in the open, so keep cool!"

It was not Dallyell's voice that was heard—God had given the right of command to another.

After the bridge was gained and crossed, the battle virtually ended, and the wild piercing yells of the Hurons told that they were satisfied with their victory.

Tears of gladness filled the eyes of many as they grasped each others' hands, and their looks showed their thankfulness to the Almighty Creator who had preserved them.

That evening, as the sun sank deep in the west, shedding a soft golden flood of light on the morning battle-field, the bugle sounded the funeral call. As the sun disappeared, throwing at last ray on the bare heads of the soldiers, the bodies were lowered into the graves.

The guide, his head uncovered, and his stalwart form standing out clearly in the last rays of light, read in a choking voice the funeral services; then gave the command:

"Company, attention! Ready—aliv—Fire!"

And a volley from the rifles rang out the last tribute of respect to the dead.

Just as sank the blood-red sun, they lowered them in the graves; Covered them over as night before, Life's hopes, Death's curfew-bell slaves.

JAMES O. CURWOOD.

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