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Chronicles of the KAH-PEE-KOG CLUB

By Wright A. Patterson.

NOTE:—The Kah-pee-kog club is an interstate organization of good fellows and good fishermen, so they say, who meet once a year in the wilds of Canada for a fishing expedition of from two weeks to a month in length. The members are but ordinary citizens of the United States territory who once a year invade the Canadian wilds where the game laws strike hard and often. Who they are is of no interest to the reader, but they do many things and tell many stories that are interesting and entertaining to those who love a vacation time in the woods and on the water.—Editor.

NO ONE would ever have thought it of Zuckmaier, Charley was considered the one truthful man in camp, and then for him to be caught in the worst lie of the season, and caught so that there was no possibility of twisting out of it, or explaining it away to the satisfaction of the remainder of the club, was inexplicable.

Zuckmaier has been able to prove the truthfulness of every fish tale he had ever told, and it had become the rule never to question anything he told. So implicit was our confidence in him that we would probably have believed him had he told of landing a hundred-pound musky and then throwing it back into the lake again.

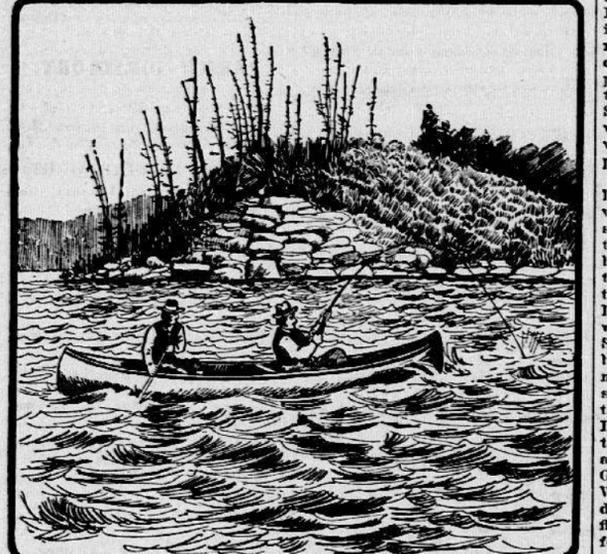
There are no muskies in Kah-pee-kog. There is an endless procession of bass, in fact, I have always thought Kah-pee-kog must have been the Eden of the bass family, and have persistently fished for the bass Adam, but never in the memory of the oldest inhabitant had a musky been seen in the lake waters.

But bass fishing had become monotonous. Not for lack of bass, but more because of the quantity, for there is no other body of water in all that beautiful Muskoka and Georgian bay country to which the Grand

point of the narrows that connects this portion with the main lake," began Zuckmaier again. "I had sized the location up as we came through this morning, and made up my mind it was a good place for fish. We hadn't been there three minutes before I had a strike. He took the bait just as though he was starved, and I hooked him nicely. Like all muskies, he went out of the water the first thing, and I saw he was only a small one, probably one of the great-grandchildren. I landed him, dropped him overboard again, and during the next hour landed several of about the same size. The big one didn't show up until nearly noon, but I wasn't discouraged, for I had gotten it into my head that they were holding a family reunion, and that the old man must be around somewhere.

"I had waited longer than usual for a new strike, and when it finally came it was peculiar. The strike was a hard one, all right, but after I had hooked him he failed to show himself, which was unusual. I played that fish for ten minutes or more, and was having the best kind of sport; then he shot around the stern of the canoe, and I passed my rod over my head to accommodate him to his new location. I had been pulling him in a little all the time, and as he got to the other side of the canoe I had him within a dozen feet of us, and his nose was right up to the top of the water. That was the first glimpse I had had of him, and when I saw him I nearly jumped out of the canoe. He was the biggest thing I ever saw in the way of a fish, but, as bad luck would have it, I had but an insecure hold on him. He was hooked just through the tip of the nose, and I knew that I could never land him. My revolver was lying at my feet between Fraser and myself, and I asked him to shoot the monster so that we would not lose him. He did so, but it was useless, for just as he fired the fish broke away and we saw him no more. I had hooked the Adam of the muskies, but didn't land him."

We swallowed every word of the cleverly told tale, bait, hook and all, and would probably have believed it



THE STRIKE WAS A HARD ONE.

Trunk railway carries so many tourists and fishermen in which the fighting bass are more numerous. So it was that we proposed to go for muskies.

Just as Kah-pee-kog is the Eden of the bass family, so is Crane lake the Eden of the muskies, and it was to Crane lake we went. In the party were Smith and Yorker, Zuckmaier, Fraser and myself, and we headed straight for that picturesque bit of water known as Deep Cut in Crane, where Fraser assured us the muskies were so thick as to crowd each other for room to swim, and where historic legend has it the old Adam musky himself resides.

We were not the only visitors to Crane lake that day. Two gentlemen from the Ingersoll camp on Healy came in a few minutes after us with ambitions similar to our own, and followed us into Deep Cut.

When we were ready for the day's fishing Zuckmaier and Fraser had been paired off to the same canoe; Smith was by himself in another, and Yorker and I occupied a third.

It was not until two o'clock in the afternoon that we were again together, and ready for a recounting of our adventures during an hour's rest.

"No, I didn't get anything better than the old man's grandson," said Smith in answer to a query as to his luck. "A 12-pounder that I brought back with me, but I guess that he will match anything else that was caught. Got several smaller ones, seven, eight and nine pounders, but threw them back again. How about you, Charley?" he added, turning to Zuckmaier.

"Nothing worth speaking of," replied Zuckmaier. "Got several small ones, like yourself, but the big one got away."

"Do you think he struck you?" asked Yorker.

"Sure of it," replied Zuckmaier. "The fish I lost didn't weigh an ounce less than 50 pounds, and he might have gone more than that."

The tone, the manner of springing such a sensation, both carried conviction with them if he had never said another word, and not one of us ever thought of questioning his story—until later.

"Fraser and I paddled back down the bay until we had rounded the

STORY OF AN INDIAN.

His Fate Was Far Worse Than That of Capt. Dreyfus.

Apache Chief Who Was the Victim of an Army Officer's Hatred—Wronged by the Men He Had Befriended.

[Special Washington Letter.]

THIS is the story of Es-kim-in-zin, the Apache chief who suffered unmerited imprisonment, and died in confinement. It is a pathetic story of wrongs never righted. The whole world sympathized with Capt. Dreyfus, but he lived to be restored to his family and friends. Poor old Es-kim-in-zin never received justice, and was returned to his home and family, only in a dying condition, within a month of his decease.

One of the staunch friends of Es-kim-in-zin was John P. Clum, post office inspector. Formerly Mr. Clum was Indian agent at the San Carlos agency, in Arizona. His record there was superb, and he was regarded as the best Indian agent in the service. His word alone ought to have been sufficient to secure the release of the persecuted Apache, but it was not. Gen. O. O. Howard was also one of the firm friends of Es-kim-in-zin, but even his efforts to procure his release were unavailing.

In the war department the statement of Es-kim-in-zin is on file, under date March, 1892. He says: "Seventeen years ago I took up a ranch on the San Pedro, cleared the brush, and took out water in a ditch which I made. I plowed the land and made a fence around it like the Mexicans. When I started I had three horses and 25 head of cattle. I was on the San Pedro ten years. Then I had 17 horses, 38 cattle, a large yellow wagon, for which I paid \$40, and another wagon, which cost me \$90, but which I had given to some relatives. I also had many tools. For about three years I drew rations from the agent. After that I did not draw any more till I was sent to the agency by Lieut. Watson. I bought all my family clothing and supplies with the money I made. In 1888 Lieut. Watson came to my ranch and gave me a paper from Capt. Pearce, the agent, and told me that I had better go to the San Carlos reservation, as citizens would kill me if I did not that there were about 150 citizens coming with pistols.

"They came the next day after I left my ranch, and they shot at my women, putting bullets through their skirts, and drove them off. They took 515 sacks of corn, wheat and barley, destroyed 523 pumpkins and took away 32 head of cattle. After that I went to Washington, and when I returned they asked me if I did not want to go back to my ranch on the San Pedro. I said no, I would not be safe there, and would feel like a man sitting on a chair with some one scratching the sand out from under the legs. Then Capt. Pearce said that I could select a farm on the reservation, so I went with Lieut. Watson and selected a piece of land on the Gila just above the subagency. Lieut. Watson surveyed it for me. I made a ditch for irrigating, and had water flowing in it, and had nearly finished fencing the farm when I was arrested. Since I have been away my wife and some of my children have looked after the farm for me."

Es-kim-in-zin, in concluding his final plea, says: "Since I put down a stone with Gen. Howard many years ago, and promised that I would never do anything wrong, I have not broken my promise. I ask to be sent back to my family at San Carlos and given the land surveyed by Lieut. Watson; that it be given me forever, and I will never ask for rations or anything else for myself or my family, from the government. I want to work like a white man and support my family. I can do it, and I will always be a good man."

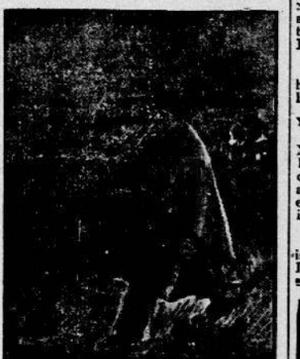
It was claimed by those who interested themselves in Es-kim-in-zin that



THE WRONGED APACHE CHIEF.

the order expelling him from Arizona was, at best, a military precaution, and certainly could never have been regarded as a military necessity. Capt. Wetherston, commandant at Mount Vernon barracks, was also a sympathizer with the imprisoned chief. Vincent Colyer stated to the authorities that Es-kim-in-zin was the first Indian chief who came into the military post at old Camp Grant, Ariz., in the spring of 1871, and asked to be allowed to live in peace. It is asserted that while there under the protection of the American flag, and assured by the army officers that he and his people could sleep in their camp in as perfect security as the soldiers could in theirs, they were, in the early dawn, set upon by a band of assassins, under the leadership of Americans, and 128 of his tribe, his family, relatives and friends, old men,

women and children, were brutally murdered and their bodies mutilated. Es-kim-in-zin saved only one member of his family from the slaughter, and this was a little girl, two and a half years old, whom he caught in his arms as he fled. Es-kim-in-zin, the day after the massacre, returned to Camp Grant, where the commanding officer assured him that no soldier had any part in or sympathy with this brutal butchery. With this assurance he returned with the survivors of his band, and once more placed himself under the protection of the troops. Within six weeks his camp was charged by a troop of white soldiers, his people assaulted and driven into the mountains. It was stated in extenuation by the authorities that



THE FLIGHT AT MIDNIGHT.

"this was a very unfortunate blunder." It appeared to Es-kim-in-zin like trickery and he became enraged. He was stirred to revenge, and later, either he, or one of his friends, killed a white man.

His friends maintain that it was wonderful that he stopped at the death of only one of a race with which he had formerly maintained relations of perpetual war, and who, since a truce was declared, had exercised, as he believed, and had reason to believe, so much treachery and cruelty toward him and his people.

The enemies of Es-kim-in-zin emphasized his alleged crime by saying that the man who was killed had befriended him. His friends said that all this treachery, cruelty and murder toward the Apaches was enacted after the most solemn assurances of friendship and protection had been made to the Indians by the commissioned officers of the American government.

One of the papers filed in behalf of Es-kim-in-zin contains the following paragraph: "Is it not strange that we can pass lightly over the 128 treacherous and cowardly murders instigated by white men, while we carefully treasure the memory of a single killing by an Indian, and after the lapse of 23 years point to him and say: 'This man murdered his friend,' without even giving him the benefit of the circumstances which instigated the crime."

Within the two years which followed the massacre of old Camp Grant, Special Commissioner Colyer and Gen. O. O. Howard visited Arizona. Post Office Inspector Clum says that these officers did not find Es-kim-in-zin "treacherous, cruel and bad," but that, on the contrary, they had great confidence in him, and that Gen. Howard believed in the old chief. Mr. Clum states that when he went to Arizona in 1874 as the Indian agent at San Carlos he found Es-kim-in-zin a prisoner of war at new Camp Grant in iron, engaged in making adobes for the soldiers, and that then, as now, there were no specific charges against him. Mr. Clum said that the officers at the post told him the Indian was confined because "a certain major of the United States army did not like him," and regarded him as a bad Indian.

Think of that! A human being confined in iron, like a convict, and compelled to make adobes for officers who held him in durance, because, forsooth, one white man wearing shoulder straps so autocratically ordered, simply because he suspected the old chief of being a bad man. The officer who committed that outrage was not in danger of being "suspected" of being a bad man; for he was a bad man, and a disgrace to the uniform which he wore. He was as infamous as those villains who not only suspected, but perjured testimony convicted Capt. Dreyfus and condemned him to living death in torture and torment.

In 1874, in compliance with an official request from Indian Agent Clum, Es-kim-in-zin was released, and up to the time of the departure of Agent Clum from that agency the old Indian was faithful, and never found wanting in action or advice. When the agent's life was sometimes in danger, he relied upon Es-kim-in-zin, and the old chief always did his duty well. It was in 1877, after Agent Clum went elsewhere, that the undeserved outrages were heaped upon the old Indian, who had done nothing wrong, but had done everything to deserve a better fate.

Es-kim-in-zin was confined for many years at Mount Vernon barracks, Alabama, and ultimately was sent to Fort Sill, Oklahoma, where he remained until 1895 without seeing even a glimmer of justice to cheer his pathway to the happy hunting grounds.

SMITH D. FRY.
First Rank.
"If ye visit th' minstrels," said the janitor philosopher, "ye'll find out it isn't only th' turkey that is stuffed with chestnuts these days."—Chicago Daily News.

England's Army and Navy.
It was recently stated that England's army and navy is inadequate to properly defend herself from a sudden onslaught. England is, in this instance, like the individual who allows disease to creep into his system through a stomach too weak to strengthen the stomach there is nothing better than Hostetter's Stomach Bitters. It cures dyspepsia, constipation, indigestion, liver and kidney trouble, and as a tonic, is incomparable.

Mrs. Johnson—"I jes' met Mrs. Yallerby, an' she tole me her daughter done eloped wif a gemman in de iron business." Mrs. Jackson—"Well, I declar! Seeh air! Who am de gemman?" Mrs. Johnson—"He's de Chinese launderman 'round de colner."—Philadelphia Record.

The Grand Trunk Railway System.
The picturesque route to the Pan-American Exposition, will mail on receipt of 2 cents in stamps, sent to its City Passenger and Ticket Agent, 248 Clark Street, Chicago, the handsome descriptive folder of the Pan-American Exposition yet issued.

"Then what is your reason for marrying her?" "I have no reason. I'm in love."—Philadelphia Times.

You Can Get Allen's Foot-Ease FREE.
Write to-day to Allen S. Olmsted, Leroy, N. Y., for a FREE sample of Allen's Foot-Ease, a powder to shake into your shoes. It cures chills, sweating, damp, swollen, aching feet. It makes New or tight shoes easy. A certain cure for Corns and Bunions. All druggists and shoe stores sell it. 25c.

The man who boasts of paying as he goes is usually slow about making a start.—St. Louis Star.

Charged—"Dear," said Mrs. Spendlots, by way of preliminary, "would you consider an opal unlucky?" "I would if I got a bill for one and had to pay it," replied her husband, sternly. "Ah! I'm so glad I ordered a diamond ring instead."—Philadelphia Press.

I do not believe Pisco's Cure for Consumption has an equal for coughs and colds.—John F. Boyer, Trinity Springs, Ind., Feb. 15, 1900.

Stubb—"I hear that Falcon is going to stop writing poetry." Penn—"Yes; the position in which the paper brought out his sonnet discouraged him." Stubb—"Did they run it on the children's page?" Penn—"Worse than that. It appeared in the puzzle department."—Philadelphia Record.

Mr. Newlywed—"Come, won't you break bread with us to-day?" Jack Jester—"No, thanks, old man; you see I can't stand manual labor; by the way, is it her first attempt?"—Ohio State Journal.

How My Throat Hurts! Why don't you use Hale's Honey of Horehound and Tar? Pike's Toothache Drops Cure in one minute.

A good many men are so shiftless that they never dress up except on Sunday or when their church gives a dinner.—Washington (La.) Democrat.

To Cure a Cold in One Day
Take Ixatix Bromo Quinine Tablets. All druggists refund money if it fails to cure. 25c.

It's mostly them what hain't sartin sure uv themselves what's like ter want ter go gallivantin' 'round.—N. Y. Herald.

Indigestion is a bad companion. Get rid of it by chewing a bar of Adams' Pepsin Tutti Frutti after each meal.

"Now Don't Get the Blues."



When a cheerful, brave and light-hearted woman is suddenly plunged into that perfection of misery, the blues, it is a sad picture.

It is usually this way: She has been feeling out of sorts for some time, experiencing severe headache and backache; sleeps very poorly and is exceedingly nervous.

Sometimes she is nearly overcome by faintness, dizziness, and palpitation of the heart; then that bearing-down feeling is dreadfully wearing.

Her husband says, "Now, don't get the blues! You will be all right after you have taken the doctor's medicine."

But she does not get all right. She grows worse day by day, until all at once she realizes that a distressing female complaint is established.

Her doctor has made a mistake. She loses faith; hope vanishes; then comes the morbid, melancholy, everlasting blues. She should have been told just what the trouble was, but probably she withheld some information from the doctor, who, therefore, is unable to accurately locate her particular illness.

Mrs. Pinkham has relieved thousands of women from just this kind of trouble, and now retains their grateful letters in her library as proof of the great assistance she has rendered them. This same assistance awaits every sick woman in the land.



Mrs. Winifred Allender's Letter.

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM—I feel it my duty to write and tell you of the benefit I have received from your wonderful remedies. Before taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, I was a misery to myself and every one around me. I suffered terrible pain in my back, head, and right side, was very nervous, would cry for hours. Menstrues would appear sometimes in two weeks, then again not for three or four months. I was so tired and weak, could not sleep nights, sharp pains would dart through my heart that would almost cause me to fall. "My mother coaxed me to try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. I had no faith in it, but to please her I did so. The first bottle helped me so much that I continued its use. I am now well and weigh more than I ever did in my life."—MR. WINIFRED ALLENDER, Farmington, Ill.

\$5000 REWARD Owing to the fact that some skeptical people have from time to time questioned the genuineness of the testimonial letters we are constantly publishing, we have deposited with the National City Bank, of Lynn, Mass., \$5,000, which will be paid to any person who can show that the above testimonial is not genuine, or was published before obtaining the writer's special permission.—LYDIA E. PINKHAM MEDICINE CO.

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Take no substitute! Insist on having W. L. Douglas shoes with name and price stamped on bottom. Your dealer should keep them; I give one dealer exclusive sale in each town. If he does not keep them and will not get them for you, order direct from factory, enclosing price \$3.50 extra for carriage. Over 1,000,000 satisfied wearers. New Spring Catalog free. Past Color Systems used exclusively. W. L. DOUGLAS, Brockton, Mass.

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