

# CRAZY SNAKE'S LAST STAND

BY EDWARD B. CLARK

© COPYRIGHT 1909 BY W.A. PATTERSON



THE recent Indian uprising in Oklahoma, if by a stretch of the imagination it may be so-called, goes to show that a large part of the picturesque of the plains warfare has passed away with the years. Crazy Snake's "last stand" was made against the militia of Oklahoma. It was not long ago that the whole western country as far as Indian regulation is concerned, was in charge of the regulars of the United States army.

Crazy Snake wore "store clothes." In his pictures he appears like anything but the wild untutored savage that one would paint an Indian bearing such a name as Crazy Snake. The fights in the past between the palefaces and the reds were to be in the summer time, wearing nothing at all except breech clout and paint.

Many of the old picturesque chieftains of the plains have gone to the happy hunting ground. Among them were those who died old enough to remember the day when the rifle was unknown to the red man except as a weapon in the hands of the adversary.

Old Rain-in-the-Face died not long ago and his epitaph is found in the flippant paragraph that the Sioux warrior and chieftain is at last a good Indian.

Every redskin who ever raised his hand against a white man is dubbed a bad Indian. Rain-in-the-Face living was of service to the world. He added picturesque and a spirit of savagery to the dull canvas of civilized life. Something is lost every time that one of the old-time warriors of the plain goes to the land where the buffalo grass is always green and where the herds await the Indian hunter.

In the deaths of most of the great Indian chiefs of old there was always some tragic note. Most of them met violent deaths. Perhaps Geronimo, who passed away at Fort Sill, Okla., some months ago, was the only one of many aged chieftains to die a natural death.

The Indians' picture of the happy hunting ground is said by students to have made violent death the safest mode of entrance to the portals of the redskin heaven in the Indian mind. The quality of bravery displayed, the Indian also believed in the old days, had much to do with their happiness after death, and as a consequence to die fighting for their tribe was the aim of most of the old school of warriors.

Rain-in-the-Face followed Little Wound; Little Wound followed American Horse; American Horse followed Young Man Afraid, and Red Cloud is close upon their trail. Sioux chiefs and warriors all! Shall no voice lament their passing?

Most of these chiefs were Christians—in a way. The water of baptism sprinkled but it never washed the war paint from their heathen hearts. The only good thing the white men ever offered them was his religion, but they suspected it as they succumbed to its outward forms. It takes more than a prayer or two and more than a little water from a font to remove from the administering clergyman the suspicion which the red man attached to all of the white race as the result of "a century of dishonor."

Out at Pine Ridge 15 years ago the Little Episcopal mission church was turned into a hospital for the care of the wounded survivors of the band of Big Foot, the Sioux chief. The pews and the altar had been removed and straw had been strewn on the floor and there lay the stricken women and children—all the men of the band had met death—every one sore wounded by the bullets of the soldiers.

Where the altar had been lay the wife of a chief and her four little children, bearing the pain of their wounds with what we are pleased to call a savage stoicism. The sun came up over the pine-topped ridges and sent its light through the stained-glass window over and above the place of the altar.

The red and the yellow and the blue fell upon the family group, and on the blankets covering the wounded children one read, transmitted by the sun and the glass, the words: "Glory to God in the Highest." Yet the wonder is that heathenism still lays hold on the heart of the Sioux!

The tragedy of the fight at Wounded Knee, where Big Foot's warriors, the women and the children, all save a few, were slain, was not the fault of the soldiers. The men of the Seventh cavalry lost scores of their comrades, killed and wounded. They were but doing the duty enforced upon them by years of civil service theft and misrule. The Indian, strangely enough, perhaps, to those who do not know, ever has looked upon the soldier as his best friend.

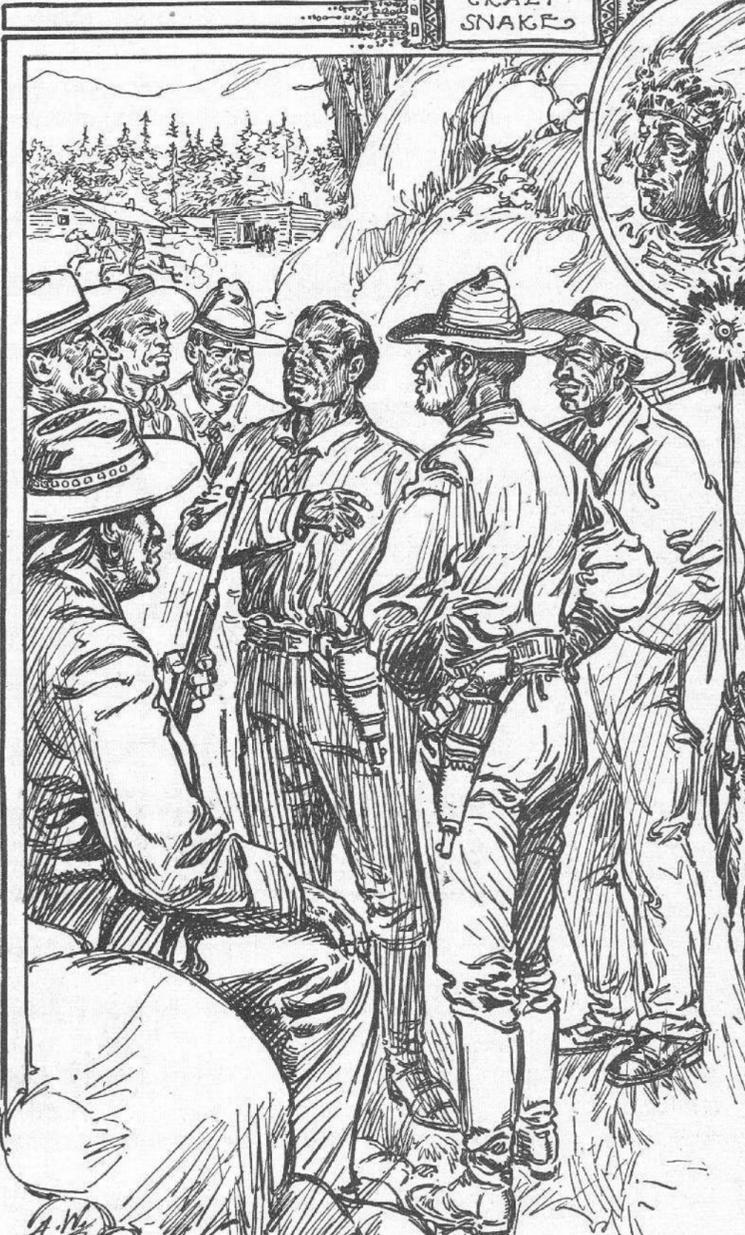
When the war of the Dakota reservations was ended the chiefs of the Ogala and Brule Sioux, Kicking Bear, Short Bull, American Horse and the rest, asked that army officers might be appointed as Indian agents in the place of the civilians who held those offices for years. American Horse, when asked why he wanted a soldier agent, took two paper bags and filled one and half filled the other. The full one, he said, was the soldier agent's bag and the half full one was the civilian agent's bag.

This was the heathen American Horse's method of describing the Indian's rations as they came from the hand of agents with different ideas of honesty.

Captain, now brigadier-general, Charles G. Penny (retired), was the first soldier agent appointed at Pine Ridge. Capt. Penny was in command of Company K, Sixth United States Infantry, at Fort Sheridan, a company which, with its command, Company F, Capt. Munson, was sent to the post north of Chicago in the November of the year that the anarchists were hanged.



CRAZY SNAKE



Capt. Penny stayed at Pine Ridge a long time, and the Indians bore testimony to the fact that the ration bags showed no signs of having leaked any of their contents before they were delivered at the doors of the Sioux tepees.

There is a firm paleface conviction that the red man has no sense of humor. It were better, perhaps, to qualify the statement by making it a trifle less sweeping. It is the paleface at a distance who thinks that the Indian has no funny bone—the frontiersman knows otherwise.

There is old Red Cloud, the Sioux chieftain, now with in a short journey of the joys which the happy hunting ground holds for him, who probably never laughed aloud in his life, but who, behind his mask of stolidity, hides as keen an appreciation of "the fun of the thing" as can be found in the composition of any one of his white conquerors.

Nearly 40 years ago Red Cloud, in the prime of his fighting days, led, with other chiefs, an attack on the whites near Fort Fetterman. Red Cloud had the better of his foes on that day. Afterward, when the paleface soldiers with blue coats proved too many for him, Red Cloud had a change of heart.

He said that he had plucked out hatred. That was one of Red Cloud's best jokes, and when "the whites could not see his face because it was turned away from the council fire, the old chief smiled and his eye twinkled with the joy of it.

A quarter of a century divided the fight at Fort Fetterman from that at Wounded Knee. Red Cloud was at the Pine Ridge agency when the news of the battle be-

hostile camp and harangued his brother savages imploring them to obey Miles and to come in and be bad Indians no more. Young-Man's speech had some effect. Then Red Cloud wanted to follow the example of the young chief. No one knows definitely whether Red Cloud was sent out by the general commanding or went on his peace talking errand of his own initiative, but he went.

The hostiles were north of White Clay creek and west of Porcupine Butte. Red Cloud reached their camp and he talked at the council fire. Then there happened a curious thing. On the heel of the chiefs a pack band of the young bucks broke away and began to raid. There was a fight with a squadron of the Seventh cavalry near the Roman Catholic mission school, and an army wagon train was attacked at a place not far distant from the agency.

Red Cloud came back to the agency. Even his native command of himself could not give control to the twinkling that was in his ancient eye. But what a tale that he told; the Indians with bad hearts had rejected his pleas for peace and surrender, and had driven him, their old chief, with curses and with blows from their camp.

He had plodded the trail from the camp to the agency, footsore and foodless, and in this day of his falling sight he would have been lost had not his granddaughter Star Eyes—or some such name, for here memory is at fault—led him all the way by the hand.

It was with as near a sob in his voice as an Indian ever gets that old Red Cloud told his story. Way down inside he was enjoying the joke of it better, perhaps, than were his hearers. The old chief, who had made

twelve miles of distance, footsore and foodless, during the night, was looking in an unusually robust and well-fed condition that frosty January morning 18 years ago.

It would be something of a joy to know just what old Red Cloud had said to the Brule and Ogala bucks beyond the White Clay creek. The old fellow was an orator, and when there were no white men listening he knew the way to the seat of the savage passions.

Is the Indian lacking in a sense of humor? Old Red Cloud used to get more genuine enjoyment out of telling his unsophisticated paleface listeners the story of how he talked peace in the hostile camp than Kicking Bear ever did in running off a settler's stock—and this means much.

There probably never will be seen again on this continent such a scene of savage splendor as that which marked the final surrender of the Indian bands of Short Bull, Kicking Bear, Spotted Elk, and the rest. The surrender took place at Pine Ridge in late January, 1891, and for hours the savages came in over the ridges guarding until the last their women and children from a seemingly expected assault. They were painted the black and green of the warpath, and their ponies were daubed with vivid pigment. It was the close of what perhaps will prove to be the last of the great Indian uprisings. It was the passing of the war glory of a great race of savage men.

When that warfare on the plains of South Dakota was brought to an end there was still hatred enough in the breasts of several of the chieftains to make another outbreak possible. Kicking Bear and Short Bull, Sioux chieftains of proved valor and of known hatred for the whites, were brought east under guard to Fort Sheridan, Illinois, where they were kept prisoners until it was believed that their war lust had died. Finally they were sent back to the reservation and there to-day, while keeping strictly to the path of peace, it is only in the nature of things human to believe that after a century of dishonor at the hands of the whites their hearts are still for war, though their hands and their bodies are incapable.

## Water the World's Banker

The ancients called water one of the four elements, and the work which it does in the earth's crust amply justifies the name. It is the world's banker, for it is by its agency that the ores are accumulated in veins, and in a sense it is a repairing architect. Water is the magic instrument by which copper and gold and silver are accumulated; it is the true philosopher's stone; constantly at work, dissolving, transporting and redepositing. With indefatigable zeal and never flagging industry it searches through the innermost recesses of the rocks, removing treasures through their very walls, and often repairing breaches made in the attack so skillfully as to defy detection or to make the masonry stronger than when first laid.

In an article by H. W. Winchell in Popular Science Monthly the method of the action of water and the influence of climate, sun, rain, average temperature and topography on the formation of underground veins of ore are suggested in an interesting way and throw some light on the future tendencies of mining science. We may, perhaps, imagine the water as laying down veins of ore by means of a perpetual circulation.

It arrives at last at a state in which we may imagine it capable of dissolving anything. Finding no escape downward and urged on by cooler and heavier waters coming down, these saturated solutions begin to move laterally and upward; and as they find their way back to the surface again they have to drop deposits of metal which they hold in solution. Such waters may finally emerge as hot springs or geysers, finding their way through earth fractures, and these fractures, coated with metal by the metal carrier, become the veins and lodes of future ages.

Taking this theory for granted, it is evident that many such considerations will govern the laying down of ores. Countries in which the rain descends through soft rocks will be more likely to entertain mineral veins than those in which the surface is arid or the rocks are hard. Then there will be few "bonanzas" in Siberia or Russia or Switzerland; and the countries of mild climate and soft surface rocks will be most productive. A local difference may exist on either side of the mountains; the best ore shoots are on the sunny side; the cold northern shaded sides produce few veins.

## Traveling with Phials.

In traveling with toilet bottles or medicine phials, which cannot be dispensed with, first ascertain that the corks are sound and will not allow the liquids to pour through. Then cut small pieces of thin, pliable wire.

Draw a piece around the neck of each bottle and make one loop, drawing tight. Put the other end across the cork and form another loop around the neck of bottle. So prepared the bottle may be packed in either bag or trunk without danger of spilling.

## AN INTERESTING PAINT TEST

There is a very simple and interesting chemical test by which to detect impurity in paint materials. Thousands and thousands of people, all over the country, are making this test. It is a sure way to safeguard against the many adulterated white leads which are on the market. Any one can make the test—all that is needed is a simple little instrument which may be had free by writing National Lead Company, 1903 Trinity Building, New York, and asking for Houseowner's Painting Outfit No. 49. The outfit includes also a set of color schemes for exterior or interior painting, or both, if you wish, and a book of specifications. No houseowner should make any arrangements for painting till he gets this outfit.

One can't expect a satisfactory painting job without pure white lead. There is a way to make sure you're getting a pure white lead—without testing it. See that the keg bears National Lead Company's famous Dutch Boy Painter trademark, which is a positive guarantee of purity. Your dealer probably has this white lead. If not let National Lead Company know.

## KNEW HIS SON.



Prodigal Son—Father, I have returned!  
Father—Yes, go! I thought you'd show up about the time the pretty summer boarders began to arrive at the farm!

## ECZEMA COVERED HIM.

Itching Torture Was Beyond Words—Slept Only from Sheer Exhaustion—Relieved in 24 Hours and Cured by Cuticura in a Month.

"I am seventy-seven years old, and some years ago I was taken with eczema from head to foot. I was sick for six months and what I suffered tongue could not tell. I could not sleep day or night because of that dreadful itching; when I did sleep it was from sheer exhaustion. I was a mass of irritation; it was even in my scalp. The doctor's medicine seemed to make me worse and I was almost out of my mind. I got a set of the Cuticura Soap, Ointment and Resolvent. I used them persistently for twenty-four hours. That night I slept like an infant, the first solid night's sleep I had for six months. In a month I was cured. W. Harrison Smith, Mt. Kisco, N. Y., Feb. 3, 1909." Utter Drug & Chem. Corp., Sole Props., Boston.

## Not His Business.

"Pow'ful fertile country daoun theh in Texas," said the colonel. "Yes, seh! Why, seh, I know spots daoun theh where the trees grow so close together that you-all couldn't shove your hand between their trunks. And game, seh! Why, seh, I've seen Fehginyuh deah in those same forests with antlehs eight feet spread! Yes, seh!"

At this point some meddlesome idiot asked the colonel how such deer ever managed to get their antlers between such tree trunks.

"Theh, seh," said the colonel, drawing himself up with squeaking dignity, "theh business!"—Everybody's Magazine.

## Shiloh Church to Be Rebuilt.

An effort is being made to build a suitable memorial church on the site of the original Shiloh church, on Shiloh battlefield, now one of the most attractive of military parks. It was on this very spot the bloody battle of Shiloh was begun on the morning of April 6, 1862. It is the purpose to build a memorial church to cost not less than \$10,000. The names of all contributors will be recorded in a permanent register and kept on exhibition in the church, which will be open to visitors and tourists.

## Work of Fish Hatcheries.

As the result of special efforts in the hatchery work during the year the output of fish and eggs in 1908 was greater than ever before in the history of the national bureau, reaching a total of 2,871,456,280. Of this number 2,413,809,225 were young fish distributed for the stocking and restocking of public and private waters, and the remaining 457,647,055 were eggs delivered to state and foreign hatcheries. The output of young fish exceeds the greatest previous record for any one year by 376,000,000.

## NOT DRUGS Food Did It.

After using laxative and cathartic medicines from childhood a case of chronic and apparently incurable constipation yielded to the scientific food, Grape-Nuts, in a few days.

"From early childhood I suffered with such terrible constipation that I had to use laxatives continuously going from one drug to another and suffering more or less all the time.

"A prominent physician whom I consulted told me the muscles of the digestive organs were partially paralyzed and could not perform their work without help of some kind, so I have tried at different times about every laxative and cathartic known, but found no help that was at all permanent. I had finally become discouraged and had given my case up as hopeless when I began to use the pre-digested food, Grape-Nuts.

"Although I had not expected this food to help my trouble, to my great surprise Grape-Nuts digested immediately from the first and in a few days I was convinced that this was just what my system needed.

"The bowels performed their functions regularly and I am now completely and permanently cured of this awful trouble.

"Truly the power of scientific food must be unlimited." "There's a Reason."

Read "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs. Ever read the above letter? A new eye opening, true, and full of human interest.

## CLOCK HANDS 20 FEET LONG

Made of Bridge Truss Design, of Manganese and Bronze, and Weighs 1,700 Pounds.

On the building of a clock company in Brooklyn just now are to be seen the largest hands that have ever been made for a clock. They are destined for the tower of the Metropolitan Life building. Fourteen feet from the center pin to the tip is the length of the minute hand, and there is six feet over all. The hour hand is 11 feet long.

In making a sweep around the circle the minute hand passes three stories of the building. When one of the hands is in front of a window it is necessary for those working within to cease work, owing to the hand completely shutting out light.

These hands are made of manganese and bronze, and are of bridge truss construction. They weigh more than 1,700 pounds.

Over the hands there is a covering of wireglass which will allow illumination. Through each hand there are 24 electrical tubes, in pairs. When the hands are illuminated it is estimated that it will be possible on a clear night to tell the time they mark at a distance of 2½ miles. They will be about 400 feet above ground level.

There is to be a clock on each of the four sides of the tower. There will be a 7,000-pound bell, with a hammer weighing 170 pounds, and four smaller bells to strike the Westminster chimes.—New York Herald.

## Girls Harnessed to Plows.

Remarkable accusations were made against a young married couple, named Colander, who were recently tried at Tszchoe, in Schleswig-Holstein. The accused were engaged as "house father" and "house mother" in charge of a female reformatory at Guckstadt,

which though of charitable foundation, was affiliated to the local house of correction and took over responsibility for a number of girl convicts. Certain of the inmates, it was alleged, were systematically ill-treated, deprived of food, put into chains, strapped on to a board and flogged, and subjected to horrible indignities, the nature of which it is impossible to indicate.

Finally the indictment asserted that the girls were harnessed like horses and made to draw plows and harrows in the fields.