AN INDIAN GENERAL.

CHIEF JOSEPH'S CAMPAIGN WITH HIS NEZ PERCE BRAVES.

A Running Fight of Fifteen Hundred Miles From Western Idaho Down and Up the Rockies to Northern Montana—Three Armies Beaten and a Fourth Held at Bay.

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NEITHER Tell—whether a myth or a verity it is all one—nor Rob Roy, defending the glens of the Alps or the highlands; neither Shamyl, in the fastnesses of Caucasia, nor yet Marion in his Carolina everglades, made a more glorious fight to win all that men hold worth battling for—freedom, possessions, homes, wives and little ones, than did the Nez Perce war chieftain, Joseph, who led a chase of 1,500 miles along the valleys, across the foothills and through the blind passes of the Rocky mountains, with hostile armies superbly equipped and of dauntless valor in front of him, behind him, to the right and to the left of him, while almost certain defeat was his single prospect, and death stared him in the face at every turn.

Every advantage of the situation was with the army of the government from first to last. It was led by experienced soldiers of the plains and the civil war. Years of preparation had established forts and camps in places the best suited to quell Indian uprisings. The Nez Perces were, on the contrary, a peaceful tribe who had kept aloof from all wars. They had been early Christianized and were engaged in farming on their Idaho reservation, granted in 1855. Their love of peace was such that up to 1866 they had not slain a single white person.

The quarrel of 1877 was put upon them by the revocation of a treaty grant and the murder of a brother of Joseph by a white, whom the Indians demanded should be tried. Notwithstanding these provocations the tribe submitted to settle on the grounds allotted by the government, and a simple border incident started the flames of an Indian war. In a private quarrel four whites were killed by Nez Perces. The Indians assumed that the tribe would have to suffer for the deed, and one of the war chiefs, White Bird, declared that he would not go on the reservation. The whole tribe was at that time upon its lands in western Idaho or on the borders of them, and General Howard, commanding the Department of the Columbia, at once sent two cavalry companies, under Captain David Perry, to the scene.

Already agents of the Indian bureau had investigated the murders charged upon the Nez Perces, and the appearance of Perry's column was taken by the excited Indians as a signal of war. White Bird mounted his horse, called his braves around him and started on the warpath. Chief Joseph was drawn in by the impulse of his fighting men, and the two bands united at White Bird canyon on Salmon river. There Perry attacked on June 17 and lost 33 men killed out of 99. The soldiers of course retreated, and the victory heartened up the braves, who until then had stood for peace. In fact, they believed that the entire tribe was compromised by these acts, and that there was nothing left to do but take up war in self defense.

General Howard instantly set the telegraph and special scouts and couriers at work to alarm the posts and garrisons surrounding the Nez Perces' lands, and the passes of mountains and rivers were filled with armed soldiery before the chiefs could get their families and ponies together for a campaign. Every year the Nez Perces went on a buffalo hunt along the Missouri, and Chief Joseph, whether truthfully or as a ruse, announced that to be his intention, but General Howard's action cut it short, for he ordered his cavalry, with gatling guns and howitzers, to seize that route and hedge the Indians in.

Joseph then directed his march south and westward across Salmon river, then on a circuit north and eastward to the Clearwater, where Howard fought him on July 11 and 12. The Indians numbered 400 braves, but were encumbered with their women, children and baggage, also an extra herd of about 1,000 ponies for reserves. Their village was in the shelter of a ravine commanded by bluffs, where the mountain howitzers and gatling guns of the army could get range. They brought into action about 300 males, but the soldiers assert that the squaws acted as reserves and fought like men.

Howard had 400 fighting men in the field, besides rear guard, scouts, etc. Chief Joseph made use of every form of tactics to foil the enemy. His sharpshooters kept well to the front, his warriors charged mounted and dismounted, and they barricaded the ravines and gullies where the troops were expected to attack. The gatling guns and cannons played upon them at long range, but they kept the pursuers at bay two days and finally cut their way through to the mountains. Chief Joseph lost 23 warriors killed and 23 captured. Howard lost 13 killed and 24 wounded.

Valorous as he had been in battle and able in strategems to baffle and elude the armies following his pathway the savage Chief Joseph had only entered upon his dazzling career as a war leader. Eastward, in front of him and between his people and

THE BLOODY TRAIL.

the coveted buffalo lands, lay the Rockies, every available pass of which was guarded by the army. Beyond the mountains, blocking the valleys, the stream crossings and the gaps in the lower hills, were forts and armed posts, all of these connected by telegraph, and the surrounding country was alive with citizens inured to frontier battle, armed for it and ready to volunteer against the red men.

The direct trail from the Clearwater to the Missouri, over Bitter Root mountains, through Lo Lo pass, has been known since the earliest explorations as the worst ever trod by man or beast. By that route Joseph struck out, taking his wounded braves, his squaws and children and 2,000 ponies. He pushed on an advance guard to clear the road and left a rear guard to barricade the trail by felling trees across it and rolling stones into the narrow defiles. Howard was baffled and gave up the pursuit.

Safe in the mountains, the Indians need not fear molestation, but their food supply was barely enough to last out a rapid march, and it was plain that they must outwit or outfight the soldiers to get through the chain of forts and posts lying eastward. The telegraph had alarmed a company of the Seventh infantry stationed at Missoula, and its commander, Captain Rawn, promptly moved with a re-enforcement of volunteers into a defile at the eastern mouth of the pass and intrenched the place to await the advance of Chief Joseph. But the wily Nez Perces did not attack the Thermopylæ, and after a few days spent in parley with the soldiers and in gathering supplies he moved southward into Bitter Root valley.

It was then the 28th of July. More than six weeks had passed since Captain Perry's defeat on the Salmon and two weeks since Howard's drawn battle on the Clearwater. The army had not only been aroused, but had had time to concentrate. General Gibbon, commanding the Seventh infantry, left Missoula on Aug. 2 with 149 regulars and 54 citizens to follow the Nez Perces trail. On the 8th they struck the village in Big Hole basin, with the Indians for once napping.

The soldiers crawled up in the night close to the huddle of "tepees" and at daybreak opened fire without warning. The Indians en masse, squaws and children, mingled with the braves, rushed out and ran for the neighboring timber. But the stampede of the warriors was only temporary. They turned in their hiding among rocks and trees and cut down with unerring aim the soldiers who were burning the camp. Gibbon was finally driven to the timber bills with a loss of 30 killed and wounded. The soldiers buried 89 dead Indians.

Chief Joseph marched on from Big Hole on Aug. 10, leaving Gibbon's bruised army unable to pursue. But next day General Howard reached Gibbon with a fresh body of soldiers from Idaho. The Indians marched southward, recrossed the mountains near Fort Lahmi, then turned eastward toward the Yellowstone. Howard gave a sharp stern chase, and on the 19th was within 18 miles of the village at Camas Meadows. Joseph turned on Howard and ran off his mule train, then made haste eastward into the country of the Mountain Crows, beyond the Yellowstone.

Among the little armies called out by the telegraph to head off Joseph was General Sturgis' Seventh cavalry on Tongue river. Starting about Sept. 1 with 300 mounted men, he struck the trail on the 8th between Howard's column and the Indians. On the 13th he was across the Yellowstone to the north, near Canyon creek. Joseph had left a rear guard posted among the cliffs and timber along the trail and stood at bay with his main force in the canyon of the creek. Sturgis attacked with a boldness not before shown in the campaign, but he was favored with Crow scouts and braves who turned against their hunted brethren.

Joseph held off the soldiers for a day, but it cost him the lives of 21 braves, and nearly 1,000 of his ponies were stampeded and ran

CHIEF JOSEPH.

off by the help of the greedy Crows. Sturgis made a running fight of 100 miles northward in the direction of Judith gap, then abandoned the pursuit as Gibbon and Howard had done, from sheer exhaustion of men and horses.

Chief Joseph had already used up forces in marching and fighting over three times the size of his original band. His next antagonist was General Miles, who started from Tongue river about the middle of September with a large force of cavalry, infantry and artillery and overtook the band encamped in the defiles of Bear Paw mountains on Oct. 1. In the first charge on the village Miles captured the Indian herd of ponies, thus cutting off the last hope of escape. A cold snowstorm set in, and Joseph surrendered on Oct. 2 after a fight which cost him 17 killed and 40 wounded. But 87 of his 400 warriors survived.

Throughout all that fearful and bloody march the Nez Perces refrained from scalping and other acts of savage retaliation. Women captives they set free.

GEORGE L. KILMER.

JOSEPH, THE NEZ PERCE.

From the northern desolation
Comes the cry of exultation:
"It is ended. He has yielded, and the stubborn light is won!"
Let the nation in its glory
Bow with shame before the story
Of the hero it has ruined and the evil it has done.

How he prayed while hope remained,
Though the white man's hands were stained
With the blood that cried for vengeance of his murdered kin and clan.
For the home the good God gave him
And the treaty sworn to save him,
For the shelter of his children, for the right to be a man.

Then the troops began to hound him,
And he wrapped his blanket round him,
And he called his braves to follow, and he smote them hip and thigh.
But the host grew vast and vaster,
And the whirlwind of disaster
Drove him out into the mountains and beneath an alien sky.

Through the continental ridges,
Over tottering torrent bridges,
By the verge of black abysses, in the shades of mountains hoar,
Herds and wives and children bearing,
Months he journeyed, toiling, daring,
With an army trailed behind him and another crouched before.

Thrice the sudden blow descended,
Roar and flash and clashing blended;
Twice his rear guard faced and checked them till the hunted tribe were free.
Once he reeled, but swiftly rallied,
Forth upon the spoilers sallied,
Drove them headlong into shelter, captured all their cansonry.

But the mountains could not shield him,
And the snowy heights revealed him,
his goal was far away;
Burdened by his weak and wounded,
Stripped and harried and surrounded,
Still the chieftain of the north and, like a lion, stood at bay.

From the freedom that he sought for,
From the dear land that he fought for,
He is driven by a nation that has spurned its pledged word;
By the Christians who have given
To the heathen gracious heaven!
With the one hand theft and falsehood, with the other ball and sword.

—W. H. Babcock in Harper's Magazine.

Nettle Hemp Thread.

Another success scored by the Japanese in the province of industry is recorded in that country's press. It consists in the production of fine thread from nettle hemp. The patent is said to have been obtained by Itagaki Hokotaro, son of Count Itagaki, but the technical method was elaborated chiefly by Miyazaki Saburo of the Hokkaido hemp factory.

The reputation acquired by a certain French silk manufacturer in connection with thread of this kind turned the attention of Mr. Itagaki to the subject. After trials extending over a period of several years, Mr. Itagaki succeeded in obtaining thread about the size of No. 40. He was, however, dissatisfied with that result, and continuing his experiments at length succeeded in obtaining threads of the fineness of No. 100, a fineness never previously obtained, even in France. The nettle hemp is said to be three or four times as strong as silk, equally fine and not at all inferior in point of luster, so that it is expected to prove a formidable rival of the "noble article."

This nettle hemp, from the bark of which the thread is produced, grows abundantly in a wild state in Japan, especially in Hokkaido, so that the country has a great advantage over Europe, where the plant must be specially cultivated.—San Francisco Chronicle.

Silent Machinery Running.

A serious objection to the system of silent machinery running, as proposed recently by an Austrian manufacturer, consists, as mentioned, in the considerable additional expense which the plan involves. The article, which is claimed to realize the desideratum in question, consists of cog-wheels made of pressed rawhide, which are intended to work in conjunction with wheels of cast iron, steel and other metals. The wheels made of this material are found to possess not only great strength, but, as they require no lubricating, are very clean in operation, and, it is claimed, substantially reduce the vibration of the machinery in which they are used. They are supplied ready made, or in the form of rawhide disks, to be shaped as may be necessary for the use intended. These hide pieces, it is further stated, have to be supported by a wooden framework, and after cutting the wheel is covered with a shellac solution.—New York Sun.

GEMS IN VERSE.

Popular Choice.

What grander sight for gods and men to see—
The people choosing rulers! How sublime
When, right or wrong, defeated millions be
As true as those who win! No senseless crime
Is theirs. They stand by them the people chose,
If general welfare be the goal they seek,
And party be but means, and not, for those
Who won, the end. The people are not weak
Nor stupid rogues that vote at Mammon's beck.
Their voice, for us the voice of God; their heart
Responsive beats when calls the right, for wreck
Of nation never came unless by art
The people were betrayed—their fateful voice
Will bless, if right, will doom, if wrong, their choice!

—Frank Leslie's Weekly.

The Maiden's Choice.

Two youths once lived in a country town,
And one was a giant fair,
With a saxon viking's golden crown
And a blacksmith's muscles smooth and brown
When he made his right arm bare.

The other youth was of dapper size,
So slender and short was he
That he found small favor in maidens' eyes,
And the giant boasted in merry wise,
"I could lay him across my knee."

These twain both courted the village belle,
But short was the race they run;
At the giant's feet the maiden fell,
And the little man, though he pleaded well,
Naught more than her pity won.

They marched away to the wars one day,
In haste for the battle's van,
And the people cheered when the giant gay
Strode stoutly past for the distant fray,
And they smiled at the little man.

But the earliest ball by a foeman sped—
One drop from the war black skies—
Passed safely over the pygmy's head,
And the giant, who stood behind, fell dead,
With a bullet between his eyes.

Then the little man swore, though his sight was dim,
And he bounded ahead of them all,
And the whole great army followed him
Till he leapt like a devil, little and slim,
First man o'er the battery wall.

And he planted the flag of his country there
While the routed army ran,
And the legions roared as it floated fair
On the dusky waves of sulphurous air,
"Three cheers for the little man!"

Oh, I don't know, and I cannot say
What the giant might have done,
But I'm sure the maiden will weep alway
For her lover shot in the first of the fray
And dead ere his fame was won.

For war is a field of chance, you know.
Let him dodge the bullets who can;
But love is a garden where fancies blow,
And the form of a giant makes larger show
Than the soul of a little man!

—George Horton.

The History of Jim Jones.

Jim Jones, he was an editor—that is, he tried to be.
He bought himself a hand press, an he started in to see
Jes' what there was in editin, but when he'd canvassed round
Some fifteen hundred editors in that same town he found,
They all knew more about it than Jones could hope to know.
They told him: "You must run her, Jones, jes' so an so an so!
Be sure an boom the Baptists—they're bound to help you out—
An give the good old Methodists a big salvation shout!
"Give every man a notice. Be sure an put it down
Whenever Major Jinks is seen perambulatin town.
Put in a few free locals for all the stores, an give
Each man a free subscription—if you want your sheet to live!"
Well, Jones he done jes' as they said, for fear they'd make a row;
But the more he tried to please 'em all, the more they told him how,
Until at last he took his book an laid it on the shelf,
Then run the paper in the ground an follered it himself!

—F. L. Stanton.

Be Patient While We May.

The hands are such dear hands;
They are so full; they turn at our demands
So often; they reach out,
With trifles scarcely thought about
So many times; they do
So many things for me, for you—
If their fond wills mistake,
We may well bend, not break.

They are such fond, frail lips
That speak to us. Pray, if love strips
Them of discretion many times,
Or if they speak too slow or quick, such crimes
We may pass by; for we may see
Days not far off when those small words may be
Held not as slow or quick or out of place, but dear,
Because the lips are no more here.

They are such dear, familiar feet that go
Along the path with ours—feet fast or slow,
And trying to keep pace—if they mistake
Or tread upon some flower that we would take
Upon our breast, or bruise some reed,
Or crush poor Hope until it bleed,
We may be mute,
Not turning quickly to impute
Grave fault, for they and we
Have such a little way to go—can be
Together such a little while along the way—
We will be patient while we may.

So many little faults we find,
We see them, for not blind
Is love. We see them, but if you and I
Perhaps remember them some by and by
They will not be
Faults then—grave faults—to you and me,
But just odd ways—mistakes, or even less—
Remembrances to bless.
Days change so many things—yes, hours—
We see so differently in suns and showers.
Mistaken words tonight
May be so cherished by tomorrow's light.
We may be patient, for we know
There's such a little way to go.

—New York Observer.

True Love Is Immortal.

He was old and grim and grizzled and gray,
With whiskers that looked like a forkful of hay,
And he lived in poor style for a man of his means,
While his costume ran mostly to flannel and jeans.
His neighbors made a sort of a butt and a joke of him—
Called him "lazy old Bill" whenever they spoke of him—
And yet to his wife—and who dares call her silly?—
He was never aught other than "darling" or "Willie."

—Indianapolis Journal.

Let Me Believe.

Let me believe you, love, or let me die!
If on your faith I may not rest secure,
Beyond all chance of peradventure sure,
Trusting your half avowals sweet and shy,
As trusts the lark the pallid, dawnlit sky,
Then would I rather in some grave obscure
Repose forlorn, than, living on, endure
A question each dear transport to belie.
It is a pain to thirst and do without,
A pain to suffer what we deem unjust,
To win a joy and lay it in the dust;
But there's a fiercer pain—the pain of doubt—
From other griefs death sets the spirit free—
Doubt steals the light from immortality!

—Florence E. Coates.

'Tis with our judgments as our watches—none
Go just alike, yet each believes his own.

—Pope.

A Race of Giant Cannibals.

Unlikely as it may seem to some who read these lines, it is a fact, nevertheless, that there is an island in the gulf of California, not more than 60 miles from the Mexican mainland, which is inhabited by the remnants of a race of giant cannibals. This startling discovery was made by a west coast naturalist early in 1891, and has since been confirmed both by United States and Mexican explorers. Mr. McNamara, the scientist referred to, has a photograph of one of the men found by him on the island, that individual, although not one of the largest, being over 7 feet in height. The island upon which they were found is known as the island or isle of Leri, and the original discoverer says that there is every evidence of cannibalism among them.—St. Louis Republic.

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—Chicago Inter Ocean.

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