

# CORPORAL

GEN. SHERMAN'S GREAT SCOUT

## SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

Young Pike, a printer, in 1858 leaves Missouri for Kansas, but is persuaded to go to Texas by a Dallas man, who wants him in transporting horses. After several adventures he reaches Dallas, and Indian depredations beginning, finds play for his adventurous inclinations in the ranks of the Rangers. Fierce fights with the savages take place, about which the author tells most interestingly.

## CHAPTER VI.

A circle hunt is a peculiar kind of chase, and the only one which ever results in much success. A column of hunters, consisting of 200 or 300 men—sometimes even more—is formed in the same order as if on the war path, with an advance-guard and numerous flankers, to look out for horses.

As soon as a herd is discovered, the column is notified, by some preconcerted signal, when the instantly halts, and awaits the orders of the chief, who always rides in the direction indicated and reconnoiters, accompanied by four or five of the principal men of the tribe. This done, they ascertain the course of the wind,

only from 600 to 1,500 feet. They are isolated from each other, and do not lie in a chain or range; but each peak rises by itself from a perfectly level plain.

The valleys between the mountains vary in breadth from half a mile to four or five miles, and several small creeks or rivulets are found running through them. The banks are fringed with a luxuriant growth of cottonwood trees, while other portions of the valleys are covered with the mesquite, a low, scrubby bush or tree, peculiar to southern latitudes. It bears a long, slim bean, which, though pleasant to the taste, is not a fit article of diet.

The most singular thing to me was that the mountains were composed exclusively of great masses of dark-gray sandstone, and only covered with a very slight layer of earth; so slight, indeed, that it could sustain no vegetation save a sickly tuft of moss or grass, with here and there an exceptional locality, while the plain in which they stood is entirely devoid of rock. In many of these elevations the layers of stone had a dip of nearly 45 degrees.

The plain is covered with the best quality of grass, affording pasture for immense herds of buffalo, antelope, and horses. The mountains and river take their name from a very considerable branch of the Pawnee Indians, called the Wichitas.

Although long possessing separate political organizations—if the aborigines can be said to have politics at all—the

the nature of the country through which he must travel, the scarcity of grass, water, timber, and game. He possibly find buffalo, but the chances were decidedly against it. They also expressed on the number, power, and prowess of the Comanches and Kiowas, as well as their desperation. For it was advised the Colonel to fall back on the settlements, and guard the frontier during the coming winter, and then renew the campaign in the Spring.

"You have already done much service," they said, "and your horses are not good, and your young men are tired; let us now go to our own country, and wait for the good grass in the Spring; then we will come and help you fight the Comanches." But despite their eloquence the Colonel was inexorable; he would make a campaign at once.

Placido represented vividly the hard fate of his command if it advanced; how his men must suffer from hunger and thirst; and how almost inevitable defeat awaited an invasion by so small a party. But he refused to listen to the words of his friend. Discovering this, the chiefs united in firmly but respectfully informing the Colonel that if he undertook the campaign, it must be alone; they would not accompany him, as but one result could attend the expedition.

Col. Johnston was sorely disappointed at this desertion by his allies. He had relied upon their co-operation; but that reliance had proved delusive. When the friendly Indians had mounted, they parted with every manifestation of deepest friendship; and, for my part, I felt deep regret at the separation. We had long been together, and were really getting attached to each other.

Before leaving, many of them embraced me affectionately, and the Tonchees insisted on my accompanying them, their chief, Placido, desiring me to teach his young men how to read and write.

"If you will do this," said he, "I will

appeared. For days we could not see a crow, or even one of those little brown birds which are everywhere. We had intended to go from the North Canadian to the Salt Fork of the Arkansas, but missed our reckoning and struck the Red River. For three or four days we marched, and we all suffered severely from thirst, and many of the men from hunger.

On the Red River we divided up our little stores equally, and turned up Hard Wood Creek, heading directly for Santa Fe. During this march we suffered greatly from hunger. The only good grass in the country was a famous resort for Kiowas, but they had all left it and gone to a section where game was to be had. All along its banks there were evidences that but a short time before there had been a great number of them camped in the vicinity.

This is a most singular stream—but eight feet wide and dry as a floor at its mouth, while three miles up it was 14 feet wide, with a current of clear, swift-running water, and three miles above that it was only two feet deep, and after traveling five days more in the direction of its head-waters it made only a single leap, and was at least 20 feet deep, and it was yet another day's journey to its head; but whether or not it increased in size all the way I cannot tell. When we left Hard Wood Creek, and as to Capt. Fitzhugh's company, it had been out since two days before our arrival at the Red River. The Arkansas. After traveling in the direction of Santa Fe for some days, we found so much Indian sign that, after due deliberation, the officers determined to change the direction of Fort Belknap. The chances of our seeing horse looked rather gloomy when we reflected that we had no money, and were therefore unable to purchase any more horses; the most sanguine reader, I presume, would scarcely venture to say that our prospects were watered.

From Hard Wood Creek we crossed to the Mesquit, one of the tributaries of the South Canadian, and here we began to feel our lack of water. The water was of a superior force of savages, and the sign was not plentiful and was very odd. On this stream we encamped in a large grove of mesquit, which was about 20 feet high, with a projecting cliff almost forming a cave.

Near the foot of this we found the skeleton of a man and of a huge bear—perhaps a grizzly. The arms of the man were crushed and broken, while nearby lay the iron of a rifle with part of the mutilated stock, and a large bowie knife of the pattern known as a "cut-throat." The man had stood on the ground and shot the bear on the level of the cliff, and that the animal, though wounded, had not fallen, and, after a desperate struggle, killed the hunter.

How long they had lain there was a matter which I cannot tell. Doubtless, the period might be measured by years. No name was on the gun or knife, and no memorial remained to tell who the hunter was, or what he had done. After examining the bones, pronounced them to belong to a white man.

While on this stream we had a mule bitten by a rattlesnake, and, as none of us knew what to do in the matter, Col. Johnston determined to set out on the campaign. At first our march was in the direction of Red River; but when near the source of that stream we turned in the direction of the head-waters of the False Washita, where we had a number of our animals held for ransom, which resulted in the capture of a number of fine ponies—just what we most needed, as many of our animals had been worn out by campaigning. Perhaps, however, ours was not altogether a fair game, as we fell in with the herd nearly run down by the Indians; and hence we had little difficulty in securing our prey.

We saw the savages and horses coming over the prairie at full speed, but they could not see us; and, discovering that there was but a small party, we formed in a circle, under cover of a hill, and immediately in front of the horses, and as the herd passed we dashed in between them and their pursuers. At the first sight of us the Indians wheeled and fled. For my horse was a beautiful strawberry roan mare, with a white group, covered with black spots; but she was fat and strong, and snapped my lariat, carrying with her the larger portion of the rope. I need not here repeat the language I used when she escaped me; suffice it to say, my reflections were not of the most pleasant character, and I am afraid I gave vent to words more expressive than elegant.

During our march we found an abundance of game as far as Antelope Hills, on the South Canadian River, in the Pan Handle of Texas; but after crossing the Canadian, we saw no other wild animals than buffalo; but these were plenty, which indicated that the predictions of the friendly chief would be falsified. Up to this time we had done well, and had never lacked for water, though some of it was not of the best quality; and thus, as we passed, we dashed in between them and their pursuers. At the first sight of us the Indians wheeled and fled.

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On crossing the Canadian, we reached a beautiful sweet water creek, where we stopped for a day's hunt; and as buffalo could be seen in every direction, we separated and pursued our game. I started on the chase; and, in a few hours, we had the ground strewn with dead and dying animals.

After becoming wearied with the sport, we commenced saving the choicest parts of the meat—the hump steak, shoulder cuts, and loins—which were lashed to our saddles and carried to our camp, where we again ate our camp, we stretched ropes like clothes-lines, and proceeded to cut up our meat in long, thin strips and hang it out to dry.

This is the universal method among hunters and Indians of curing buffalo meat—no salt being used. It is exposed to the heat of the sun during the day, and is taken down in the evening, before the dew falls, and put in the mess sacks. For three or four days it requires airing, until the moisture disappears; and in a few days more it may be opened.

From Sweet Water Creek we crossed over to the vast prairie of the North Canadian—a stream which seems to have no outlet to the sea. According to some authorities it is 60 miles longer and according to others it is 100 miles longer than it really is. Its exact source is in the Pan Handle, in longitude 23 degrees from Washington.

# ADVENTURES IN THE PHILIPPINES

BY PAUL P. DE LA GIRONIERE.

Chevalier of the Order of the Legion of Honor.

## SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

The author, a young surgeon, while on a voyage, disembarks and resides temporarily at Manila. The ship by accident sails without him. He makes a great reputation by curing a Spanish Captain, Don Parra, of blindness, and falls in love with and marries Madame de Las Salinas, a beautiful widow. His wife's fortune, which was to come from Mexico, is lost. They repair to Tierra-Alta, a garden-spot of the islands, where the author cares for his sick wife until she is well. He buys a country-seat at Jala-Jala, where he makes friends with the native leaders and enlists them and some of their followers as his guard. A village is established. La Gironiere commands all the local gendarmerie of the province. His brother Henry arrives to manage the plantations. The author graphically relates the numerous adventures he experiences.

looked quite astonished; he then said to me: "It is a long time since I heard you spoken of as an agent of the Government for pursuing unfortunate men, but I have heard also that you fulfilled your mission with much kindness, and that often you were their protector, so be welcome."

After this first recognition they presented us some milk and some kidney potatoes, and during our repast the old man conversed freely with me.

## STORY OF THE TAPUZIAN.

"Several years ago," said he to me, "at a period I cannot recollect, some men came to live in Tapuzi. The peace and safety they enjoyed, and others imitated their example, who sought like themselves to avoid the punishment of some faults they had committed. We soon saw fathers of families, with their wives and children, flock hither; this was the foundation of the small government that you see. Now here almost all is in common; some fields of kidney potatoes or Indian corn and hunting, suffice for us; he who possesses anything gives to him who has none."

"Almost all our clothing is knitted and woven by our wives; the abaca, or vegetable silk, from the forest supplies us the thread that is necessary; we do not know what money is, we do not require any. Here there is no ambition; each one is certain of not suffering from hunger. From time to time strangers come to visit us. If they are willing to submit to our laws, they remain with us; they have a fortnight of probation to go through before they decide. Our laws are lenient and indulgent. We are Christians. We have not forgotten the religion of our forefathers, and God no doubt will forgive me my first faults, on account of my efforts to do many years to promote his worship, and the well-being of my equals."

"I said I to him, 'who is your chief, who are your judges, and what are your laws?' "It is I," said he, "who fulfill all those functions. Formerly they lived like savages, but now they are civilized. I have devoted all my time to the study of the law. I have chosen to do nothing but what was just, and conducive to the happiness of those who confided in me."

"Until then they had devoted but little attention to religion; I wished to put my fellow-men in the path of virtue. I appointed one hour every Sunday for us to pray together, and I have invited a minister of the Gospel here, to celebrate marriages. I pour water upon the foreheads of the infants, and I offer consolation to the dying. In my youth I was a chorister; I remembered the church melodies; and if I do not actually possess the necessary attributes for the functions of a priest, I have given myself, I practice them with faith and love. This is the reason I trust that my good intentions will obtain my forgiveness from Him who is the Sovereign Lord of all."

During the whole time of the old man's conversation I was in continual admiration. I was among people who had the reputation of living in the greatest licentiousness as thieves and robbers; but his character was altogether misunderstood. It was a real, great philanthropy, composed of brothers, almost all worthy of the name. Above all I admired this fine old man, who, with moral principles and simple laws, had governed them for so many years. On the whole, I celebrated an example that was of free men not being able to live without choosing a chief, and bringing one another back to the practice of the law. I explained to the old man all my thoughts. I bestowed upon him a thousand praises for his conduct, and assured him that I acquiesced in his request, and approved all the religious acts he performed with so noble an object. I even offered to intercede with the Archbishop in his behalf, that he might send a pastor to assist him. But he replied: "No, thank you, sir; never speak about us. We should certainly be glad to have a minister of the Gospel here, but soon under his influence, we should be subjected to the Spanish Government. It would be requisite for us to have money to pay our contributions. Ambition would soon creep in amongst us, and from the freedom which we now enjoy, we should gradually sink into a state of slavery. I should no longer be free. Once more I entreat of you, do not speak of us; give me your word that you will not."

This argument appeared so just to me that I acquiesced to his request, and again gave him all the praise he deserved, and promised never to disturb the peace of the inhabitants of his village under any pretext whatever.

In the evening we received visits from all the inhabitants, particularly from the women and children, who all had an immediate curiosity to see a white man. None of the Tapuzian women had ever been out of their village and had scarcely their last sight of their husbands; it was not, therefore, astonishing that they were so curious.

The next day I went round the plain, and visited the fields of kidney potatoes and Indian corn, the principal nourishment of the inhabitants. The old chief and some elderly people accompanied me. We were reached at a spot where, upon the eve, I had already remarked enormous

blocks of rock, the old man paused and said to me: "Look yonder. At a time when the Tapuzians were without religion and lived as wild beasts, God punished them. Look at all the mountains that are now quite stripped of vegetation; one night, during a tremendous earthquake, that mountain split in two—one part sank down, and the other part rose up, and then stood on the place where those enormous rocks are. A few hundred steps further on all would have been destroyed; but no one was longer hurt, except a single person in Tapuzi; but a part of the population was not injured, and came and settled themselves where the village now is. Since that time they have been happy, and live in a manner so as not to deserve so severe a chastisement as that experienced by the wretched victims of that awful night."

The conversation and society of this old man—I might say the King of Tapuzi—was most interesting to me. But I had already been four days absent from Jala-Jala. I ordered my Lieutenant to prepare for our departure. We bid most affectionate adieus to our hosts, and set off. I pleased with my journey and the good inhabitants of Tapuzi.

I found Anna in great trouble, not only on account of my absence, but because on the previous evening information had been received that the inhabitants of the two largest towns in the Province had, as it was said, declared war against each other; the number of 200 or 300 on each side, had started for the island of Talem.

This news frightened Anna; she knew that I was not a man who would quit quietly at home the issue of the battle; she already fancied she saw me, with my musket, engaged in the thick of the fight, and perhaps a victim of my devotedness.

I comforted her as I had always done, promising to be prudent, and not forget her, but that was not a moment to lose; it was necessary, at all risks, to try to put an end to a conflict that might no doubt cause the death of many men. How could I do so, when my quarrel was with Tapuzi? I pretended to impose my will as law on this vast multitude. Clearly not. To attempt it by force would be to sacrifice all. What was to be done? I had no boats enough to carry them to Talem.

On this difficulty I decided upon setting out alone with my Lieutenant. We ordered our arms, and set sail in a canoe, that we steered ourselves; we had scarcely come near the beach within half of the shore, when some of the Indians called out to us to stand off, otherwise they would fire upon us. Without paying attention to this threat, my Lieutenant and I, some minutes later, jumped upon the beach, and after a few steps we found ourselves in the midst of the combatants.

I stepped immediately up to the chiefs and addressed them. "Wretched men," I said to them, "what are you going to do? It is upon you who command that the severity of the law will be felt. It is I, your chief, who pardon. Order your men to give up their arms; lay down your own, or else in a few minutes I will place myself at the head of your enemies to fight against you. Obey, if not, you will be treated as rebels."

They listened attentively to me; they were half conquered. However, one of them made this reply: "And if you take away our arms, who will satisfy us that our enemies will not come to attack us?"

"I will," I said to them; "I give you my word; and if they do not obey me as you are going to do, I will return to you, I will give you back your arms, and will fight at your head."

These words, said with a tone of authority and command, produced the effect I expected. The chiefs, without uttering a word, laid down their arms. Their example was followed by all the combatants, and, in a moment, a heap of carbines, guns, spears, and cutlasses were laid down before me. I appointed 10 among these individuals who had just obeyed me, gave them each a gun, and told them:

"I confide to you the care of these arms. If anyone attempts to take possession of them, fire upon the assailants. I pretended to take down their names, and went off to the opposite camp, where I found all the combatants on foot, ready to march and fight against their enemies. I stopped them, saying: "The battle is over—your enemies are disarmed. You too, must give me up your arms, or else immediately embark in your canoes and go home. If you do not obey me, I will give back their arms instantly to your opponents, and I will put myself at their head to fight against you. Perform what I command you; I promise you all shall be forgotten."

The Indians knew that I did not allow much time for reflection, and that my threats and chastisements followed each other closely. Shortly after, they all embarked in their canoes. I remained on the beach alone, with my Lieutenant, until I had almost lost sight of this small fleet. I then returned to the other camp, where I was impatiently expected. I announced to the Indians they had no longer any enemies, and that consequently they could go back quietly to their village. My Anna took part every day more and more in my labors, anxieties, and even in some of my dangers. Would it have been possible not to have loved her with deeper affection than that which one feels for a companion leading a peaceful and insignificant life?

(To be continued.)

EDITORIAL NOTE.—Hunting strange game-crocodiles in the Philippines is told of in the next issue. The hunting-trips taken by Gironiere and his friends were full of sports and dangerous situations. The author tells the incidents most interestingly.



"I WILL GIVE YOU ALL MY PONIES WHEN I DIE," SAID THE CHIEF.

and taking advantage of that, march their forces toward the herd, keeping at a great distance away, so as not to excite alarm.

At intervals of a mile or so, a band of 25 or 30 men will be posted, until the game is entirely surrounded. These squads again deploy to right and left, as the movements of the herd or the nature of the ground require. When the circle has been completely formed, the signal is given, and the ring is contracted as much as is possible so as to avoid alarming the herd.

As soon as the wild horses scent the hunters the chase begins. Off go the animals, in the vain hope of escaping the enemy, which they suppose to be approaching only from one side; but no sooner do they approach the circle than several hunters show themselves and turn the frightened herd back again; and thus they are kept galloping across and around the sac formed for their reception for hours, and until they are so wearied that they are readily taken by the contracting and closing of the circle.

Occasionally these horses, over frightened, make a desperate charge upon some single spot in the line by which they are surrounded, and thus make their escape; but this is not usual. And even then, all do not escape, for some of them are sure to be lassoed in the melee.

Our chase was moderately successful one. We encircled a herd, and worried the horses till they were nearly exhausted, and then succeeded in obtaining a number. As soon as we had a noose on one of the animals it was tied and hopped, and then let loose, in order to create greater confusion in the herd. After securing all the best stock, they were driven home, and turned over to the women and boys, whose duty it is to train them serviceable to the warriors.

AGAINST THE KICKAPOOS. Col. Johnston, who had returned to his command, now undertook another expedition against the Kickapoos; and after marching about 200 miles through the country and exhausting a large number of horses, we succeeded in running them out of the country; and though we had no fight with them, we effectually prevented further depredations on that part of the frontier for some time. The only parties who lost their lives by the expedition were two white men, who were living in a little cabin on the big Washita River. They doubtless believed us hostile Indians and fled; and mistaking them, we charged after and killed both.

On learning who our victims were, deep regret pervaded the entire regiment; but it was unavailing, and we could only perform the decent funeral rites due to the departed. The unfortunate man, who had been a man of no doubtless hunters or trappers, and perfectly innocent of conniving with the Indians in their depredations upon the frontier. They were, judging from their appearance, but recent settlers in the vicinity.

After our return to Radzinski, the men were allowed to recruit their horses and rest themselves. During the months of July and August scouting parties were sent up each of the forks of Red River, the South and North Canadian, and even to the Colorado and the Brazos. We had in these scouts numerous adventures and some exceedingly hard times, as well as a fair degree of success.

The country over which we traveled is generally barren and almost destitute of water and timber. The water courses are filled with bitter cold water, which is almost unpalatable. Everywhere rock salt is abundant; the river banks are full of it, and the waters of the streams are so impregnated by contact with it that a man will hardly sink in them. As the streams are dry during a portion of the year, thousands of barrels of pure crystallized salt is left in the beds, only awaiting the hand of man to gather and use it.

On the head-waters of the Colorado we surprised and burned a small village, but took no prisoners. Our horses were jaded and we could not follow up our successes, or we could have annihilated the savages who inhabited it. As it was, six or seven men and one woman were killed.

two branches speak nearly identically the same language, being able to converse with each other as if they were of the same nation, after a few years of separation. If the language of the savage is ever refined, that of the Pawnee and Wichita is the most refined, it is smooth, soft, and very musical.

In this region game is exceedingly plenty—deer, otter, wolves, deer, turkey, and in addition, poisonous serpents are numerous and large. These last named are great seekers after comfort, and are ever hunting out a good bed to rest in. It is not uncommon to find them in the morning in possession of your best blanket, and sometimes your rather covetied bed-fellow. As for tarantulas and centipedes they are innumerable; but they seldom do any harm.

The Indians never kill the tarantula; but when it is found in camp, they carry it away with great care, and let it loose. If urged to destroy one of them they refuse, on the ground that if one is killed, it will revenge its death by biting somebody's horse. The centipede would soon become so numerous that life would not be safe in Texas, if it were not for another species of reptile, the lizard—their active and deadly enemy. I have seen one of these animals attack a centipede as large as itself, kill it and carry it to the top of a tree, and there devour it at leisure.

## A WHITE SQUAW.

On one of our forays toward the head-waters of the Colorado we killed a white woman, and captured another with her child. They were in an Indian village, upon which we charged with great suddenness and violence; and though a portion of the inhabitants made their escape, this woman, on seeing she was mounted, threw her buffalo robe around her, and covering her head, shouted, "Americano! Americano!" But the men did not know her sex, nor understand her words, and in a moment she fell, riddled with bullets.

The white woman, who was fortunate enough to be captured, was taken down to the settlements, where she was identified as a niece of Capt. Parker, an old frontiersman, and the presence of her child in that region; having built himself a fort, which is still known by his name. He was attacked one night, when this woman was a girl, and his wife and child were killed. She turned out to be the whole family, except the Captain and one or two others, supposed to have been killed. His wife was brutally murdered in the presence of her child. There were several families in the fort at the time, and but few of the entire number escaped. The children had been taken out on a trail a short distance, and, except this one, murdered.

Although she could distinctly recollect all the details of the attack, and the form and features of her mother, she had entirely forgotten her native tongue, and could only communicate with her through an interpreter. She happened to have her youngest child with her, at the time of her capture, which had been nearly two years old, and she was about three years old, and violent in its disposition as a catamount.

She informed us that she had one son, who was a good warrior, and also another boy and girl. She informed us that she had never seen a white person over nine years before she was captured. She had been a spectator on numerous occasions when they had been put to death; and that she was uncommon to allow even a child to escape with its life. Her prisoners," she continued, "are tortured, and then killed and eaten."

ANOTHER CAMPAIN. On the 15th of August we left Radzinski, finally. All the men who had lost their horses, or whose animals were unfit for service, were sent back to Fort Belknap, with quarter rations, but with sufficient ammunition to enable them to subsist off the country. After sending away these, Col. Johnston found himself with a force of 100 men, and it was with this small force that he proposed to invade the Indian country, and teach the savages to respect the property and power of the whites.

The friendly Indians regarded this determination as the freak of a madman; and the chiefs waited upon him in a body, in order to induce him to desist from his undertaking. They represented to him

give you all my ponies when I die." All his wealth was in these animals, the number owned by him being about 400. I informed him that I would go to his village at some other time, but at present I could not accompany him.

AN INDIAN'S PROMISES. "No," they said, "we will never see Cah-hah-ut again. Cah-hah-ut means 'good,' and by it I was known among all the friendly Indians. In this region game is exceedingly plenty—deer, otter, wolves, deer, turkey, and in addition, poisonous serpents are numerous and large. These last named are great seekers after comfort, and are ever hunting out a good bed to rest in. It is not uncommon to find them in the morning in possession of your best blanket, and sometimes your rather covetied bed-fellow. As for tarantulas and centipedes they are innumerable; but they seldom do any harm.

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EDITORIAL NOTE.—In the next installment of "The Tale of a Scout of the North Canadian" we shall see how the scout from hunger and thirst on the great plains, and of a severe battle with the Indians. Many installments of this adventurous scout's story are to come.

## A LADY TELLS HOW SHE SUPPRESSED HERSELF AND FAMILY.

"I often read of ladies who work hard trying to earn enough to keep body and soul together, and for their benevolent hearts how easily they are misled in the world if they only know how. There is a big firm in Pittsburg that manufactures flavoring powders. I had tried them myself and knew they were splendid, so I sent for samples and tried selling them. I found it so pleasant and easy that I have kept right on, and more than \$25,000 worth of powder has been sold. The powder goes twice as far as the liquid extracts sold in stores and are much stronger. I sell from one to eight different flavors in each house. They are used for ice cream, custards, cakes, candies, etc., and are so delicate and give such a rich flavor that they are becoming a permanent customer. Those of your readers who would like to make money can get full particulars by writing to W. H. Baird & Co., Station A, Pittsburg, Pa., and they will give you a good start. I support myself and family nicely and we have a good many comforts we never had before." "L."

## Daughters of Veterans.

Julia A. Croft, National President, Daughters of Veterans, has issued General Order No. 7 from Headquarters at Cleveland, O., and has called for the attention of a Cincinnati during the Grand Army Encampment. Headquarters will be in Room 113, Palace Hotel, where all members are requested to register. A most cordial invitation is extended to all members of patriotic Orders to visit Headquarters.

The following sisters are appointed as a Reception and Information Committee at Headquarters: Bertha Dicus, Delaware, O.; Lillian Phillips, Austin, Ill.; Addie York, Sumerville, Mass.; Sadie Keenan, Spokane, Wash.; Cora White, Alhambra, Cal.; Hetty Knollenberg, St. Louis, Mo.

The following committee is appointed to assist on the evening of reception and will receive orders and give information on Arrangements: Anna Bronk, Maine, N. Y.; Rose Herron, Omaha, Neb.; Fannie Brown, Cleveland, O.; Geneva Craig, Chicago, Ill.; Virginia Will, New York, Mass.; Flora Kendall, Manchester, N. H.

A social committee is composed of Bertha Southworth, Ontario, N. Y.; Anna E. Ashwith, Omaha, Neb.; Eva Beckler, Fort Scott, Kan.; Cora White, Alhambra, Cal.; Martha Walker, New Bern, N. C.; Terah Munger, Easton, Pa.; Eva Messenger, St. Paul, Minn.; and Emma McCall, Leominster, Mass. Their duty will be to arrange all social matters pertaining to the Convention.

RECEIVED AS FRIENDS. We heard a scream near us. I told my Lieutenant to proceed alone toward the direction from which it came. In a few minutes he returned, accompanied by two Indians, who, confident in my pacific intentions toward them, came to take us to the village. We proceeded cheerfully on the remainder of the road until we reached the spot where ended the sort of funnel we were walking in. Upon this height there was to be seen a plain, some miles in circumference, surrounded by hills.

The part that we were in was stopped up by enormous blocks of rocks, lying one on top of the other. From behind stretched forth an abrupt threatening mountain, without any signs of vegetation—not unlike an ancient European fortress that some magical power had raised in the midst of the high mountains that commanded it. We had one glance beheld the whole of the site we were crossing, and at the same time reflected upon the great varieties nature presents to our view.

We soon reached the long-wished-for object of our journey—the village of Tapuzi. It lay at the extreme end of a plain, composed of about 80 or 100 huts, similar to those of the Indians. The inhabitants were all at their windows, to witness our arrival. Our guides conducted us to their chief, or Matandaysonayon, a fine old man, from the look of his face about 80 years of age. He bowed affably to us, and addressed himself to us.

"How are you come here—as a friend, or is