AMONG THE SIOUX.

MRS. DE CAMP-SWEET'S STORY OF CAPTIVITY AND ESCAPE.

An Interesting and True Story of Peril and Privation, Containing Many Items of History Never Before Published.

From the Pioneer Press.

Among the white women seized by the Indians in the outbreak of 1862, and carried away into captivity, and who escaped with their lives and are living to-day, is Mrs. Jennette E. De Camp Sweet, at present residing at Glencoe, Minn. At the time of the outbreak this lady was living with her first husband, Mr. Joseph Warren De Camp, who was in the service of the government in charge of the mills at the Lower or Redwood agency. She and her children were made prisoners by the Indians and held for some days, when she effected their escape. Among the many other gifts Mrs. Sweet possesses are a vivid memory of her trying experiences and the capacity of putting her recollections in words and upon paper. Recently she prepared a manuscript account of her captivity and escape and sent it to the State Historical society. By the kindness and courtesy of the society and of Mrs. Sweet the Pioneer Press has been allowed to publish the following extracts from the story, one of the most interesting in the annals of personal adventure in the history of Minnesota, especially of adventure in the Indian war. It must be borne in mind that the story in full is not here given. It will, however, be so published in a forthcoming volume of the "Collections" of the Historical society:

The Sioux Before the Outbreak.

For more than a year we had lived among the Indians on terms of friendly intimacy, if I may so describe it. They were daily visitors at our home, though not always welcome ones, it is true. They came with their bead work, game, fish and every-

Wabasha.

thing else which they happened to have to trade for pork, flour, sugar, or anything they needed, and always expected to receive in return more than twice the value of any article brought. It was not a pleasant life among them, but we tried to make the best of it. The Indians, with few exceptions, were kind and peaceable, and after a few months I grew so accustomed to their presence that no thought of fear ever entered my mind. My husband had charge of the mills which sawed the lumber for their houses, and during the autumn following our arrival put in a mill for grinding their corn. They came almost daily with their bags of corn to be ground and would linger about the doors and windows asking questions about everything usually discussed, and in their childish way comprehending many things. They seemed especially interested in the conflict between our disrupted states. Of course they could not help knowing of our many reverses during that year, and drew their own conclusions. Not until I became a captive did I realize how they put things together. They often described most accurately accounts of battles in which our defeats were more numerous than our victories; and when the call came for additional troops and they were actually enlisted in our very midst—taking half-bloods, employes and every one for soldiers—it was small wonder that they should think our government in the last throes of dissolution.

The winter preceding the massacres set in cold and snowy. The roads were drifted and almost impassable. There was much suffering among the Indians, as their crops had been bad from the drought and cutworms, and there was much sickness attendant upon starvation, of which there were actual cases. My husband gave me leave to feed the women and children who were most destitute, and we otherwise alleviated their distress many times when they would not go to Dr. Humphrey, the government physician. The doctor was not a favorite with them, and they preferred to take the medicine which I prepared for their little ones. Owing to the deep snow the roads were almost impassable, and the government supplies became scanty. The weekly issues of flour, pork, etc., failed to meet the wants of so many hungry people, and at Christmas time things looked very gloomy. We concluded that we must do something for those who most needed help, and accordingly opened our cellar and distributed many bushels of vegetables to those who were actually suffering. I cannot doubt that our friendly attitude toward those starving wretches eventually became the means of our preservation from horrid tortures and a lingering death. They named my husband Chan-ba-su-da-su-da-cha, or "The Friendly Man." * * * June, the month for the annual payment, came, and no money came with it. July passed and the Indians grew angry, and believed what the traders told them, that "that payment would be the last ever made." I was assured by many of the wisest of the Indians that it was what the traders told them, more than anything else, that caused the uprising.

The First Alarm.

The day preceding the outbreak (Monday, Aug. 18) my husband started for St. Paul to transact some business with the agent when he should arrive there. Maj. Galbraith had gone on with the enlisted men (the Renville Rangers), and my husband expected to overtake them at St. Peter, and to return by Saturday, at the latest. Neither of us dreamed of danger, but the separation, even for a week, seemed long in anticipation. Nothing but urgent business induced him to leave me, for my youngest child was ill. We had three children, one aged nine, one four, and the baby.

Monday morning, after a restless night with my baby, I arose late. After breakfast I attended to my usual duties, the children went out to play, and the kitchen girls—one a half-breed and the other a German—arranged the day's work. My eldest boy asked permission to go up to the agency to play with one of his mates, but for some reason I refused. We all remarked upon the stillness of the morning, in the absence of the noise of the mill and the men being away at the agency, for the mill would not run in Mr. De Camp's absence. (The mill was situated on the south side of the Minnesota, under the bluff, and about half a mile below the agency ferry.)

About 10 o'clock I went into the garden, and while there saw an Indian coming out of the stable with the horses harnessed. He hitched them to the wagon and drove along toward the house, my two boys following him. I observed that he was a stranger, and as he came opposite the door I asked him where he was taking our horses. He replied that they were his horses, and that everything else thereabouts was his; that all the white people had been killed "up there"—pointing to the agency—"and," said he, "you had better be getting out of this!" This was said in the Sioux or Dakota language, which I had learned and understood very well. He did not offer to stop, but drove on toward the ferry. Lucy, the half-breed girl, hearing what he said, began to scream that we would all be murdered. I told her I did not believe a word of it; that he had said so just to get the horses, and that if the whites had been killed we would have heard the guns and the shouts. The German girl hurriedly handled up her clothes and started with a speed for the ferry, and I never saw her again. Lucy, the half-breed, urged me to fly, so taking my sick boy out of his cradle we started for the top of the hill. As soon as we reached there I saw that the Indian's story was all too true. The agency buildings and the traders' stores were in flames and hundreds of shouting savages were surging about the government warehouse, shrieking and brandishing their weapons. It seemed incredible that all this had gone on without our knowledge, and that not a sound had penetrated to our place.

Paralyzed with fear, I knew not where to turn. I looked toward the ferry and saw a dense crowd surrounding it, and knew that all hope was shut off in that quarter. I could not reason or hope that we could escape, but while I stood there motionless—Lucy having fled at the first sight—an old squaw, the Chief Wacouta's mother, came running up and cried out: "Puck-a-chee! Puck-a-chee! Dakota nepowa secha squaw! Puck-a-chee!" (Fly! Fly! The Indians will kill you, white squaw! Fly!). She threw my four-year?old boy over her shoulder and kept on, hardly stopping a moment. I followed with the other children, and we all ran towards Chief Wabasha's village, which was down the river about a mile away.

Wabasha on the Warpath and to the Rescue.

Just before we reached the village we met a large body of Indians in war paint, armed with guns, bows and arrows, tomahawks and war clubs. Every Indian had a tomahawk and war club which he brandished about in an excited manner. Chief Wabasha was sitting on a large white horse, looking as if just out of one of Catlin's pictures. He was dressed in full chief's costume, with a head dress of red flannel adorned with a bullock's horns and eagle feathers, wings of feathers over his shoulders and down his back, great strings of beads around his neck and a belt of wampum around his waist, and his lower limbs were clad in fringed buckskin. He carried a beautiful rifle across his lap and he had two pistols in their holsters, but no other arms. Every detail of his appearance seemed to strike me as if photographed, and in fancy I can see him yet, sitting like a Centaur as he harangued his men. As he rode up he dismounted, and, drawing his pistols from their holsters, approached us. I felt that our time had come to die. I immediately fell on my knees and implored him to save our lives, asking him to remember what we had done for his sick child the past winter. The Indians, sullen and scowling, crowded around closer and closer, raising their tomahawks as if ready to strike, when Wabasha thrust them back, and presenting his pistols told them I should not be killed. He said that I was a good squaw and called them cowards and squaws for wanting to kill women and children. They were very angry and determined, but after a long speech in which he told them he would not be accessory to what had been done and that he should protect and defend the whites as long as he could, they mounted their ponies and rode off. Wacouta's mother-in-law had disappeared, and seeing we were still so much frightened Wabasha told us to follow him. We entered a house near by in which he said we would be safe, as all the Indians had gone up to the agency, and he would ride up and see what had been done. He told me it was the upper Indians (the Wapetons and Sissetons) who were doing all the mischief, but that he would always be a friend to the whites and would see that we were not killed. He then rode away, and I did not see him again for nearly two weeks, when he came to bid me good-bye before he started with the Indian soldiers on an expedition somewhere below.

Alone Among Savages.

After the chief was gone the children became so frightened, fearing others would come, that we left the building and wandered toward the river, hoping we might find some way of crossing; but finding none we sat down in a clump of bushes, not daring to go out on the open prairie. All this time I felt assured that it was the Sissetons, as Wabasha had said, who were doing the killing, for as yet I had not recognized any of the lower bands among those with Wabasha. We remained hidden in the bushes by the river until the sun was setting, when I saw an Indian whom I knew coming down the bluff toward the house near by. It proved to be one who had often been to our house asking favors, and to whom, but a little while before, we had sent a man to help him put up a stove. Feeling sure he would aid me, I made myself known, telling him how hungry the children were, and asking him what had happened. He said that all the whites who had not escaped from the agency had been killed, but he did not say by whom. I asked if he had seen Wabasha. He replied that there had been a battle and he might have been killed, but he did not tell me that it was with the white soldiers they had fought. He said the lower bands (Melawakantons and Wacoutas) were in camp just below the agency, and he was going back there. I asked him if he would protect us into camp. He said he would do all he could, but feared the warriors would kill us. Still thinking that the lower bands were friendly to us and that they were arrayed against the Sissetons, I told him we would go with him, as we could not stay there. We accompanied him to the camp, which we reached just at dark. Instead of meeting friends, as I supposed we would, there were only sullen and angry faces on all sides. Everywhere were piles of goods from the stores and houses, and the Indians were angrily discussing their ownership. I then realized that those we had relied on as friends were our enemies. I asked a squaw for some food for the children, but she did not pretend to hear me. Seeing an Indian leading one of our horses by the bridle, I went to him and asked him if he would not help us and give us some food. I knew him well and had often fed his family, but he said he did not know anything about us, and that we had better be getting out of the camp or we would be killed. I asked him if he knew of any place where we could go and be safe, and he replied: "You can swim the river; it is better to drown than be tomahawked." I looked in vain among all that excited assemblage for one friendly face.

Saved by Wacouta.

Feeling sure that we would receive scant mercy if we remained, I determined to creep silently out and hide in the grass till the Indians should remove, or perhaps I could get far enough away to escape them altogether. I had scarcely resolved to do so when I saw Wacouta, the chief who had lived nearest us, approaching as if he were seeking some one. I went immediately to him and asked his protection. He said: "Come with me. You are in danger here." Lifting my little boy in his arms he rapidly led the way out of camp. We followed, and soon came to one of his empty houses. He opened the door and bade us enter, gave us a small box of figs and then left, locking the door from the outside. Feeling momentarily secure I tried to hush the frightened children, giving them the figs to eat, as they had eaten nothing since morning. They then knelt down and said their evening prayers, and drawing close to me in the darkness were soon sleeping the innocent sleep of childhood. * * *

Wacouta had assured me that he was a true friend of the whites and would save as many as he could; but I knew the warriors would not be controlled by their chiefs. Besides all else they had found plenty of liquor, and a drunken Indian was more to be dreaded than a tiger in the jungle. While thus thinking I was alarmed to hear some one trying to unfasten the door, and hearing women's voices I discerned that of Miss Mattie Williams. They unfastened the door and entered, and I was surprised to see both Miss Williams and Mary Anderson, with two Indians, who had just brought them in a wagon. Mary at once hastened to tell me that she had been shot in the back. She was in great pain and apprehensive of immediate death. In a few moments the negro Godfrey brought in Mary Schwandt.

The three girls—Miss Williams, a niece of J. B. Reynolds, who had come out from Painesville, Ohio, and was expecting to return in a few days, and Mary Anderson and Mary Schwandt, who were domestics in the family of Mr. Reynolds—upon hearing of the trouble had started from his place (at the mouth of the Redwood) in a wagon in which were Mr. Patoile (of Yellow Medicine) and Lee Davis of Shakopee. Mr. and Mrs. Reynolds were in a buggy and they all started to escape together, but after a short time they separated. Those in the wagon were near the fort (Ridgely), on the opposite side of the river, when they were overtaken by the Indians. The men were killed and the girls ran, but were soon overtaken, Mary Anderson being shot in the back, the ball lodging in the abdomen. It was after dark when they were brought where I was.

A Night of Terror.

Following Godfrey and Mary Schwandt a crowd of Indians came into the house armed with guns and carrying the knapsacks of the soldiers killed that day at the ferry. In a moment all was terror and confusion. Lights were struck and curses and imprecations resounded on all sides. The children were terror stricken. Mary Anderson was urging Mattie Williams and myself to extract the bullet from her body. Mary Schwandt fled to me for protection from the indecent assaults of the Indians, begging me to tell her what they said. My eldest boy was crying, "Are we going to be killed now, mamma? Don't let them kill us with knives." Nothing could describe that awful scene.

"It was as if the fiends that fell
Had pealed the banner-cry of hell."

Shocked into a feeling of desperation and an absence of fear, I determined to tell the Indians how it would end, even if they killed me while speaking. Some of the young men I knew. They had often come to me to learn English words. I asked them what had instigated them to do the deeds they had done. They replied that it was "such fun to kill white men;" they were such cowards that they all ran away and left their squaws to be killed, and that one Indian could kill ten white men without trying. Without fear I told them they would all be hanged before another moon; that if the white men had gone away they would soon return; that the "whispering spirit" (the telegraph) would bring more men than would cover the prairies and that if they did kill us it would not be long till their hideous forms would be dangling from a rope's end. How they scoffed and jeered as they swung their rifles and tomahawks, aiming to strike as near the prisoners as they could without hitting them.

The fiendish conduct went on until the uproar became so loud that Wacouta appeared, having heard the din. Going up to his two sons, boys not more than sixteen, he demanded of them how they came there and what they were doing. Then, thrusting them out of the door, he cleared the room of the rest, nearly all of whom seemed to be of his band. The most of them were so drunk they could hardly stand. He then asked me: "How long has this been going on?" I told him everything that had happened while he was away. He seemed distressed beyond measure to know that his sons had been in the crowd. Telling us not to fear further molestation, he turned to Mary Anderson and asked what he could do for her. She asked him to try and take the bullet out of her body. Using an old jack knife he probed the wound, first taking out the pieces of wadding, and finally found the ball quite near the surface. He brought some water and tearing up an old apron soaked it and placed it on the wound. The poor girl had grown delirious, and we all knew that the wound was fatal. Gathering some old clothes together for her to lie on, we lifted her upon a rude bedstead. Wacouta left us, telling us he would keep watch that we should not be disturbed again.

Wacouta and the Warriors.

Morning came at last, and Wacouta came according to promise, telling us that we must stay there, as the Indians were going below to attack Fort Ridgely. He said we must not show ourselves outside until he returned. In surprise I asked if he were going. He said: "Yes; my band would kill me if I did not go." He carried Mary up stairs into the loft, bade us all follow, and, bringing up a pail of water, shut the trap door of our prison and left us, again impressing upon us the necessity of remaining perfectly quiet. No food was left us, and to this I called his attention, but he said there was no time to prepare any, as his band was waiting for him and he must be off. From a hole in the chamber we could see the Indian cavalcade marching by. The bodies of the warriors were entirely divested of clothing except the loin cloth, which they invariably wore, and a blanket, worn loosely around the neck, floating to the breeze as their ponies pranced and curvetted. They were painted in all the colors of the rainbow, and their ponies were decked with ribbons and tassels of every bright hue. The chiefs were dressed in their war costumes, which I have described (Wabasha's). They rode gaily away, shouting and whooping as only Indians can.

Hiding in Horror.

We now turned our attention to our own situation. Mary was in a violent delirium of fever and calling for food and there was nothing to give her. My baby lay perfectly passive and did not seem to notice anything. How long we were to remain there depended on the return of the Indians, and their families had left the camps for the upper villages when the warriors started for below. Unless the whites came to rescue us—which we dare not hope for after the battle of the ferry—we might starve. But for Wacouta' strict injunctions a part of us would have gone in search of food, and we could see the Indian scouts riding past and knew that they were watching us. Mary became so violent in her ravings that we feared discovery, and Wednesday night Mattie and Mary Schwandt went out and found some green corn. Bringing it in we all ate ravenously of it, though it was raw, and we tried to give Mary some; but she would not eat it, crying all the time that we wanted to starve her, and that if only Dr. Daniels would come he would cure her.

Amid Sorrowful Scenes.

Thursday, about noon, the war party returned, some of the Indians passing the house we were in. At last a wagon stopped and took Mary Schwandt away; then came another which took Mattie Williams, and at last a man that I knew drove up and told us to get ready to go with him to the camps above. I got into the wagon with my baby, then he lifted Mary in and placed her head in my lap, and my two children crept into the bottom of the wagon at our feet. Mary's limbs were getting rigid and she could scarcely speak, but I hoped she would live until we reached the camp. Our way lay through the streets of the agency, where the bodies of the first day's victims were still lying. It was an awful sight and I tried to screen my children from it. I saw the body of Divoll, one of Myrick's clerks, lying on a burned floor, his features natural as in life, but his body burned to a cinder. The bodies of Myrick, Lynde and others lay there. Some of them had been decapitated, but the Indians did not touch them or even seem to notice them. Just as we were passing the last buildings, which for some reason had not been burned, they began to stone the windows and set fire to them. A dreadful storm had been gathering for some time, and just as the buildings were fired it burst upon us with great fury. The crash of the thunder, the flashing of the lightning, together with the roaring and crackling of the flames of the burning houses, made a scene not easily forgotten, and the horrors of that ride will never be effaced. The Indian cavalcade numbered many hundreds and seemed one vast, unending caravan. * * *

Poor Mary Anderson.

At last we came to Little Crow's village, where we found Mattie, who had just arrived. The Indian who claimed the dying Mary came up and said she must get out. I told him she was dying and asked him to let her go on with me, so that I could be with her till the last. He brutally replied: "She is better than two dead squaws yet. Get along out." Mattie came up and we lifted her out. The Indians carried her into a tent as I left, Mattie promising to bury her. She lived about an hour afterward, reviving, however, to take a little food which Mattie gave her. She was buried there with an old table cloth for a winding sheet, and that autumn her friends removed the body. We went on to Shakopee's village, near where Redwood now stands, and remained there until the next Monday, when all of the bands went up near Rice creek, where they camped until after the battle of Birch Coulie.

At the Time of Fort Ridgely.

The morning after our arrival at Shakopee's camp the Indians were alert very early and making preparations to attack Fort Ridgely again. They prepared fire arrows to burn the buildings. They seemed confident of success, and rode away saying they would not return until the fort was taken, and gloating over the anticipated spoils of victory, the good things in the commissary, the guns, ammunition, etc., and the pleasure of killing the whites. We were afraid they would succeed. During the afternoon an old squaw mounted a lookout and called my attention to a vast volume of smoke rising on the prairie in the direction of the fort. She seemed very joyful and said to me: "Look! Look! See the big steamboat coming. Hurry and get ready to go!" My heart sank as I saw the smoke mount higher and higher and thought what might be taking place. The squaws made haste to leave with the ponies and wagons to be in at the plundering of the fort. I had just had an interview with Frank Roy, a half-breed, and he said he feared the Indians would succeed, but if they did not, he, John Mooer and some others had determined to get us away if possible. Saturday the Indians began to return in straggling parties, bringing in large quantities of goods of every description. Some had been to New Ulm and in the country adjoining, and the harrowing tales they told nearly froze my blood. The negro Godfrey boasted of killing seventeen women and children, and related how they fought for their lives before they were killed. Sunday the warriors returned and were feasted, according to their custom. That day a woman was shot in our camp for trying to escape.

Retreating—Escape From the "Cut Nose."

Monday morning the tents were taken down and orders were given to march. All of the lower bands were in motion and early in the day the cavalcade started. Their haste was so great that we were sure the white troops were after them. When we came to the Redwood the stream was greatly swollen, and all on foot were compelled to wade. In the rush and confusion of teams I feared we would be crushed, but I threw my four-year-old boy on a wagon, the other climbed up behind him, and with my baby in my arms I plunged bravely in to keep near them. I never knew how I got over, but when across I missed my shoes, which I had taken off to have them dry when I landed, and I had to go on without them. The Indian, in whose tent I had been, was wounded at New Ulm and had to be carried on a litter. We had strict orders to keep close to this litter and not get away from our friends. As we reached the place where Mr. Reynolds had lived, the train halted for fresh water from the spring. When my turn came and I was raising the water to my lips I heard a shout and saw a horrible form bending over me, ready to strike. It was Cut Nose, who had sworn to kill every white man, woman and child that he was able to. I darted quickly around behind the litter containing my friend, whose warning voice had saved my life, and after that I was careful to keep as close to our party as possible.

On the March.

I wish I could properly describe that march. * * * There were numerous flags carried, two or three of the largest size. One of Wabasha's band, "Old Brave," had one which he said was given him in Washington the year before. The negro Godfrey is most prominent in my memory, not excepting Cut Nose. He was everywhere. Up and down the lines he rode, passing us several times an hour, and always trying to frighten the captives by his hideous antics. Many of the warriors wore ladies' bonnets on their heads, furs dragged from their legs, their breasts were covered with valuable brooches and chains, and the wheels of clocks and watches dangled from their ears. The finest silks were made into shirts, and beautiful shawls were used for saddle cloths and cut up for head dresses and waist girdles. No device was too ridiculous for their attire. At night we often suffered from cold. I remember one occasion when the medicine man came to doctor my wounded friend, who was about to die. We were all thrust out of the tent and sat huddled together for warmth till nearly midnight, when, the evil spirit having been ejected and shot at as it departed, we were allowed to return. (An Indian woman named Hazatome, who had been kindly treated by Mrs. De Camp, here promised the party some clothing the following day, but failed to keep her word. That day, however, she was greatly assisted by an old Indian whom she had often befriended, who gave her children some bread and hauled one of them on his "pony poles." Mrs. Sweet says: "The poor old man tried to comfort us the best he could. Nothing could induce him to leave us a moment.") On our way up we came upon the body of George Gleason, who had been killed on the 18th as he was coming down from Yellow Medicine. I had known him before coming to the reservation.

At Rice Creek.

The following morning we were aroused early. That day we reached Rice Creek, and here we stayed several days. The camp was very large and contained about 1,000 tents; it was like a city. Here I first saw Mrs. Hunter, whose husband had been killed. She and I think Mrs. Robertson and her son Frank were in John Mooer's tent. We were not far apart and Mattie and I often visited Mrs. Hunter and read the litany in the prayer book together, as Mrs. Hunter was the only one that had a prayer book. Mr. Mooer, a half breed, was very kind to us, and said he wanted very much to help us to escape to the fort. While we were at Rice Creek the Indians held a council in a large tent over which waved a United States flag. Mr. Mooer and Frank Roy, another half breed, felt certain that we would be sent to Fort Ridgely, but after the council told us not to go even if we were ordered, for some of the Indians who had advocated our going meant to lie in wait and murder us. Here I first learned, from messengers who had been sent down to see what the whites were willing to do about the captives, that my husband, Dr. Wakefield, and the agent were alive and at Ridgely.

Wabasha Will "Shoot Up."

Here also I first met Wabasha after his leaving us the first day. A large war party was assembling to go below and he came to "shake hands" and bid me good bye. I was surprised to see him and and asked him where he was going. He pointed to his face, which was painted black with white lines across it. I asked him if he was going to kill his white brothers, and said I thought he was a friend of the whites. He said he was obliged to go, but that he would not kill any one; he would "shoot up." I told him how sorry I was to see him go to war, but he only said, "I shake hands," meaning good bye—and was gone. This war party was the one that fought at Birch Coulie.

With the Christian Indians.

In a short time we were again on the march and camped above the upper (or Yellow Medicine) agency next time. The second or third day after the war party left runners came into camp and ordered the squaws to run bullets as fast as they could, and all was consternation and uproar. I did not know what had happened, but afterward learned there had been a battle. I here met Lucy, my former domestic. She had heard I was somewhere in camp and sought me out. I told her I was nearly starved and I meant to try to escape. She said that if I dare try she would help me that night to go to her uncle, an upper Indian, and there we could get more to eat. So that night we slipped away very easily; the warriors had gone and only a few old men were in camp. We had but three miles to go, yet I found I was very weak. Lucy carried the baby and the other little one by turns, and we reached our destination safely. Here Lucy's grandmother (the mother of Lorenzo Lawrence) and her daughter cooked us a nice supper of bread and beef, the first real good food we had eaten for many days. The grandmother was one of Dr. Williamson's first converts, but having been a renowned medicine woman she had great influence among the Indians. She was a very superior woman in many respects. Next morning word came that the Indians would move up to the Riggs mission, west of and near Yellow Medicine, and we set out to reach it before them. There were many Christian Indians there. John Renville was in charge after Dr. Riggs escaped. The Indians sent word that they were coming to burn the mission and that all must put on Indian clothes and go into tents. Paul, Lorenzo and Simon were elders in Dr. Riggs' church, and they at once took down the church bell and buried it, and, taking the books from the library, dug a large hole, lined it with blankets, placed them in it and covered them up carefully.

Burning of the Riggs Mission.

Thursday afternoon the Indians came and burned the buildings, the Christians having gone into tents. They encamped on the other side of a small coulie, saying they could kill the Christians better if they were by themselves. They claimed they had killed all the whites in the last battle (Birch Coulie), and it was a dreadful time for us. Saturday a large party returned, and on Sunday the rest came in, bringing more captives. All this time I had kept hidden and afterward learned that they had hunted for me. Late Sunday evening Lorenzo returned with his mother, bringing in some large turtles which they cooked for the evening meal. Not a word was said until after we had eaten and the children were asleep. The messenger of Little Crow had returned from the fort, telling him that Gen. Sibley would not treat with him until the captives were delivered, and he said: "Let him come; we will put the captives before the guns, and then he may shoot!" An old man went around that evening crying the news and announcing that all must be ready to start for Red river in the morning, and that all the captives who could not walk were to be killed.

The Escape.

I knew that the time had come to try and escape. Lorenzo and Simon sat smoking in silence. I felt sure they would help us, but Lorenzo's wife was loth to leave her people and was much afraid of the whites. About 3 o'clock in the morning Lorenzo's mother came to us and said: "If you want to get away, now is the time." I gathered my children together and found that Lorenzo and his family were ready to start. We crept out of the tent, I with my baby clasped to my breast. The children made no noise. In a clump of chaparral we met Lorenzo's mother, who gave us a little flour tied up in a rag and said it was all she could give us. She was much concerned for our safety and affected at parting with her son, but refused his entreaties to go with us, saying she was "an aged tree with the branches all cut off," and that she would die among her people. She embraced us all, and commending us to the care of him whom she tried to serve, returned to camp. Lorenzo led the way toward the Minnesota river, returning every little way to cover our tracks. He made us step carefully over every log. We reached a marshy lake and hid among the reeds, sitting partly in the water, and here we passed the day. We heard the Indians leave the camp and when they had gone Lorenzo crept back to it and returned at dark with two chickens. He found a written warning for himself and Simon, saying that as many holes would be shot into their bodies as had been shot in their tepees.

The next morning the fugitives reached the river and that night embarked in a dug-out and a skiff, which Lorenzo and his mother had hidden, for Fort Ridgely. Mrs. De Camp and her two younger children were in the dug-out. They passed the Granite Falls in daylight. The first night a violent rain storm drove them ashore. The next morning they found a Frenchwoman, with five children, escaped prisoners like themselves. This was the family of M. Robideaux, an enlisted man of the Renville Rangers. Thursday Lawrence shot a cow and put a quantity of the beef into another canoe which he had picked up. His own boy and Mrs. De Camp's oldest son were the crew of this boat, and in another rain storm it upset, near the lower agency, the beef lost, and young De Camp nearly drowned. At her old home, which had not been entirely destroyed, Mrs. De Camp went ashore and secured her husband's valuable papers and a Bible, the latter still in her possession. After a toilsome, tedious and perilous voyage of a week in traveling about fifty miles, the party arrived at Fort Ridgely in another rainstorm, and here Mrs. De Camp learned of the death of her husband ten days before from wounds received at Birch Coulie.

Among Friends at Last.

Every one in the garrison showed us the greatest kindness, and means were given me to go to my friends. An escort was provided to take us to St. Peter, Lieut. T. J. Sheehan in command. His gentlemanly kindness toward us was most gratefully received, as was the attention of the other members of the escort, whose names I have forgotten. From St. Peter I was sent to Shakopee, where we had formerly lived. In a short time my father came and took me to his home in Northeastern Missouri, near the town of Newark. Here, a month before buried, almost in the midst of a battle that was fought in the town between the Union troops and the Confederates. In a few weeks after our arrival here I again became a mother, my family now consisting of four boys. We remained in the South until the close of the war. My relatives and friends here were about equally divided between the Unionists and the Confederates. In 1866 I returned to Fort Ridgely as the wife of Rev. Joshua Sweet, the chaplain of the garrison, and who had been the first to inform me of my husband's death.

(Paying a deserved tribute to Maule, the ferryman who lost his life at his post of duty at the lower agency, and to Lorenzo Lawrence (Ton-wan-i-ton), who became a scout for Gen. Sibley and now lives at Sisseton agency, S. D., and relating the details of the heroic conduct of her husband at Birch Coulie, where he met his death, Mrs. Sweet concludes:)

To all those now living who befriended me in those days of adversity I still tender my heartfelt thanks, and, in the words of Wabasha, I say "I shake hands."

—J. E. DeC. Sweet.

Puff, Purr, Bang.

Longman's Magazine: The growth of new words in our existing languages is the safest guide to the origin of language in general. Such new words are continually arising from day to day in our midst. Just at first they are usually imitative or onomatopoeic and more or less inarticulate. They are deficient in vowels. The steam engine seems to say to us, "P'f, p'f, p'f;" the cat seems to say to us, "P'rr, p'rr, p'rr;" the sound of a cannon ball, as it strikes the ground, we represent by "Th'd;" the sound of a gun we represent by "B'ng." But when we come to use these sounds familiarly as parts of language we soon grow to vocalize them. We say puff, puff, puff, purr, thud, bang.

In proportion as we use such words in composition do they become more and more articulate and less and less onomatopoeic, while at the same time they tend to become widened and conventionalized in meaning. At last, when we talk of whizzing wheels, of a banging door, of giving a friend a puff in the papers, or of dexterously booming a new invention, we have almost lost sight of onomatopoeia altogether. Even when we remark that the cat purrs or that we distinctly heard a loud thud at a distance we are scarcely conscious of the imitative intention.

Followed the Band.

Hans von Bulow, the famous leader and composer, who died a short time ago, was an eccentric member of a profession in which eccentricity is common. While walking the streets of Vienna one day he came across a regimental band on its way to the castle.

Von Bulow ran to the middle of the street, and joined the small boys about the drummer. Following the band, he kept bowing to the surprised drummer, applauding him at almost every beat.

"That is rhythm! Excellent! That's the way I like to hear it!" he continued to ejaculate, to the surprise of all and the delight of the small boys.

People in the streets recognized the famous pianist and joined the procession, so that the band had one of the largest audiences to which it had ever played. Von Bulow listened attentively to the end of the last piece, and then made a deep bow before the drummer and his instrument.

"Thank you," he said; "that was refreshing! That puts my nerves in good condition again."

When the drummer learned who his strange admirer was, he was the proudest man in the regiment.

With a Proviso.

A certain judge who is blessed with a tremendous head of hair, which is generally in a state of wild disorder, was questioning a youthful witness, to make sure that he comprehended the character and importance of the oath he was about to take.

"Boy," he said, with his severest and most magisterial manner, "do you feel sure that you could identify me after six months? Now be careful. Think before you speak."

"Well, your honor," replied the boy, after a prolonged survey of the judge's portly figure and rugged features, "I ain't sure, but I think I could if you wasn't to comb your hair!"

CAN RUSHERS FIGHT.

LIVELY CUTTING AFFRAY AT THE CHICAGO STOCK YARDS.

A Number of Men Engage in a Fight Over a Can of Beer, and as a Result Ten of Them Are Laid Up for Repairs.

Chicago, July 23.—As a result of a fight over a can of beer in the stock yards district yesterday afternoon ten men are in the county hospital: The most seriously injured are Stanislaus Weecseka, face cut from left ear to his mouth. George Felanka, left arm badly cut, abdomen cut and left thigh cut open for a distance of eighteen inches. A. Paniak, head badly cut. Among those arrested on account of the fray is Paul Mogaski, who, it is said, did all the cutting, who has a badly bruised head. The men had been drinking beer together most of the day in the rear of their residence and became quarrelsome. Finally Felanka went to renew the supply of refreshments, and, returning with a can of beer, was assaulted by Mogaski, who was of the party. All became involved in the free-for-all fight which followed and during which the cutting was done. None of the men are expected to die.

MASONS DROP HIM.

Col. Breckinridge Expelled by the Lexington Lodge.

Cincinnati, July 23.—"Have the Masons expelled Col. Breckinridge?" has been on every tongue for a fortnight, but the Masons were sworn to secrecy and no one else could tell what was done at the recent meeting of Lexington Lodge No. 1, believed to have been called for the purpose of taking action on charges affecting the Masonic standing of the silver-tongued congressman. An eminent Mason showed a responsible gentleman a newly printed list of the members of Lexington Lodge No. 1, issued since the meeting in question, remarking as he did so:

"Masons are not permitted to divulge the secrets of the lodge room, and I cannot say whether Col. Breckinridge was expelled from our lodge or not, but here is a complete list of the present membership, and you can see for yourself who are members."

An examination showed Col. Breckinridge's name to be missing, and the circumstances attending the printing of the list and its display are conclusive proof that the Ashland district congressman has been dropped by the Masons.

THE QUARREL OVER COREA.

Japan and China to Fly at Each Other's Throats.

Shanghai, July 23.—The report that war has been declared between China and Japan is not yet confirmed, but China is preparing for war. The Chinese are blocking the northern passage of the Yang-Tse-Kiang, the great river of China. Incoming vessels are thus compelled to pass nearer the Woo-Sung forts. Telegraphic communication with Pekin has been stopped on account of the floods. Japan has chartered all the Mitsui Bussan company's ships in addition to the sixteen already chartered from the Yusen-Kaisha company. Japan has prohibited the departure of the Yusen steamers.

Yokohama, July 23.—The Corean government has consented to the reforms proposed by Japan. British and United States marines have been landed at Seoul, the capital of Corea, in order to protect the British and United States legations. China has requested that Japanese warships be not allowed to enter the Chinese treaty ports. Japan has replied that she maintains the right to enter these ports at any time. The attitude of the population generally is warlike. It has been learned here that 12,000 Chinese troops have received orders to proceed with all possible dispatch to Corea.

LAID DOWN HIS LIFE.

Denton J. Callahan Ends His Troubles With a Bullet.

St. Paul, July 23.—Denton J. Callahan of Northfield committed suicide by shooting himself twice with a 32-caliber revolver. Mayor Heatwole of Northfield was telegraphed to notify Mrs. Callahan, who arrived at 6:25. She was not allowed to see her husband, however. Mr. Callahan was thirty-nine years old, and leaves a family consisting of a wife and three daughters. Financial troubles are supposed to be the cause of Callahan's act. A few years ago he was rated as a rich man, but of late has suffered reverses. His father was John C. Callahan, land commissioner of the St. Paul & Duluth road, and the deceased was employed under him for some years. Afterward he went into business for himself, and did well. He dealt in pine lands, and at the time of the boom at Spokane Falls, Wash., made considerable money. When the excitement subsided he was caught with a large amount of property on his hands. This gave him considerable trouble. Five years ago he lived at 209 West Winifred street, but removed to Northfield early in 1890, so that his three daughters, all of whom have marked musical ability, might attend the Carleton college conservatory.

Like an Earthquake.

Mammoth Hot Springs, Yellowstone Park, Wyo., July 23.—A telegram received here this morning from a reliable source says a shock resembling earthquake was felt at Norris geyser, which has been quiet for some time. The new crater geyser broke out with terrific force, throwing rocks weighing twenty-five pounds to the height of 200 feet. Steam arose 500 feet, accompanied by a roar equaling the combined exhaust of a thousand locomotives, which could be heard for ten miles. Every geyser in the Norris basin played for hours. The new crater now surpasses any geyser in action in the park.

Pullman's Barn Fired.

Little Falls, Minn., July 23.—Charles Pullman's livery barn and the People's Ice company's ice house burned. Loss on barn, $2,000; insurance, $600. The ice company's loss is $1,100; no insurance. The fire started in the barn. Cause unknown.

Fennelly Found Guilty.

Ashland, Wis., July 23.—The jury in the Fennelly embezzlement case brought in a verdict of guilty. The attorneys are the whole amount of $16,282.90 to have been taken by him.