

# THE RIDE THAT KILLED GEN. MILES' BLACK HORSE.

He Traveled 120 Miles in Twenty-Two Hours.

A horseback ride of 120 miles in twenty-two hours is no small undertaking when more than twelve hours of it be accomplished underneath "the solemn-faced moon." An ex-army officer told, the other day, of a ride of this character during which the moon cast more startling and terrifying shadows than ever fell before the vision of the most superstitious rabbit-foot dandy who ever strayed into the village graveyard after nightfall. As the story goes:

It was in September of 1874, when Gen. Nelson A. Miles, then colonel of the Fifth United States Infantry, was commanding an expedition against the Indians in Indian Territory. All summer he had been following and fighting the Indians with indifferent success. Grass-fed ponies were fleetlier than corn-fed horses. But the grass, sun-dried and fire-destroyed over great areas, was giving the Indians distress,



"What Sized Detachment Shall I Take?"

as autumn came on, and his troops were alert to take advantage of the conditions to run the Indians down and onto their reservations at Forts Sill and Reno, or into the Cheyenne agency.

The troops were encamped on the Wichita river, near the 100th meridian, and in a couple of days' march of Llano Estacado, or the great Staked Plains of Texas. Near midday, while the command was in their September cantonment, the whole camp was suddenly aroused from the apathy of waiting, like Micawber, for something to turn up by something turning up. Two scouts rode into camp—long-haired, weather-beaten, sun-dried, and strangers to all the scouts, buffalo hunters and soldiers of the command. They were "two gentlemen from Texas," and declared it with typical unctiousness; and then went on to say they were from Lieut. Col. Buell's command of the Ninth United States cavalry, which was in hot pursuit of a big band of Indians coursing over the country fifty miles west of the camp on the Wichita.

The news stirred the camp up like an earthquake shock, and soon made one of the command suddenly as sick as if he had swallowed a seismic epidemic as big as Mount Popocatepetl. Gen. Miles yelled to the lieutenant of his staff and administered the dose by telling him to prepare for a ride to Adobe Walls, 120 miles away, up on the Canadian river, not far distant from the New Mexico boundary line of the Texas Panhandle.

"When, general?" was asked. "Now! at once!"

And the lieutenant walked away to look at the trimmings of his armory, get a plug of tobacco from the commissary and put a can or two of sardines in his haversack.

Returning to the general's tent, he complacently asked: "What sized detachment shall I take?"

And the general pointed to a single individual, a scout, called "Prairie Dog" Dave (Dave Campbell) ironically remarked: "He'll go with you."

"But, general," the lieutenant had the temerity to interpose, "can't I have ten men, at least?"

"No. You would make too broad a trail, and two of you can better get through, if you do (consoling), than if ten were sent out."

And then he explained the contents of a paper he handed the lieutenant, saying that a body of 300 to 500 Indians were being hunted by Col. Buell between his (the Wichita) camp and Col. Compton's camp at Adobe Walls, and that the lieutenant's orders were to ride over to Adobe Walls (only 120 miles away) and give Col. Compton word of the chance to distinguish himself and command.

"But, general," tremulously interposed the lieutenant again, "I ought to have a good horse; mine's played out."

"You can have the best in the command—"

"I'll take your black horse," eagerly spoken.

"All right."

Mounted on "the best horse in the command" the lieutenant set out on the ride at high noon, followed "cheerfully" by the caution, "Be careful not to run into the Indians," and it was moodily remembered there were 500 of them, and only the scout and himself if he did happen "to run into 'em."

"Prairie Dog" Dave was no mean guide for this expedition. He had hunted buffalo all over this country for their hides and by indiscriminate slaughter of them had helped the Indians into the war, which the lieutenant, his companion, wished then and there might have been averted.

The trail from the camp led up the Wichita until the river ran out or ended in a lot of little ravines, which by easy ascent led up to a "divide." Over this the two had to cross a rolling prairie, on which "bunch grass" and "tumble weeds" were magnified into buffalo herds and then bands of Indians by the lieutenant. "Prairie Dog" Dave knew better, though he stopped twice and borrowed the lieutenant's field glasses to scan the horizon. The divide curved down all of a

sudden into "a break" that led down into Elk creek. For a mile at forsores path was followed until the bottom land of Elk creek was attained—and a more picturesque sight was never photographed on the mind of men than was then impressed upon "Prairie Dog" Dave and comrade.

On emerging from "the creek" or little canyon, canyonito, onto the bottom lands both felt as if they had come "over the divide" into paradise—hunter's paradise. There were deer, bucks, does and fawns, by the score in sight, feeding on succulent grasses, and as the ride across the valley was made hundreds of wild turkeys took to wing and a dozen or more elk scampered away, frightened by the two trespassers. The young lieutenant was mightily tempted to take a shot, and had "the buck fever" like a chill-stricken patient of Dickens' "Eden." His comrade kept him, wisely, from wasting ammunition and inviting the attention of any prowling Indian.

The creek crossed, the farther embankment of the stream was reached and ascended, and the two riders got to another divide just as the sun was sinking at the farther edge of the prairie in a sea of glory, nowhere so lurid, nowhere as near, seemingly, as it appears on the plains.

Cautiously and expeditiously this divide was crossed, as Indians are at their worst when "twilight falls."

"A break" of the Canadian was reached, and, like the sun that had dipped behind the horizon, the two horsemen went out of sight into the dark ravine.

"The brakes of the Canadian!" Nobody knows just what is meant by the term unless he has been among them, not by daylight, but moonlight, while beset as well with fear of Indians.

"Breaks" is used to designate a network of ravines that flank every river in the Indian Territory and the Panhandle of Texas. They are deep canyons radiating from each river, a perfect labyrinth in themselves.

Down one of these "breaks" the two horsemen rode. It was a black dawn in the canyon as the ace of spades, to use a familiar frontier simile. Stumbling over gypsum rocks, the horses could scarce keep to their feet, and the riders in their seats, but suddenly the horses took to speeding over a hard, sand-hollowed ravine, and soon horses and riders were out on the divide, but on the same side of the river, as was their purpose and need to cross. Another plunge, without any particular consideration, was made into another ravine. It was followed down, down, toward the river, broadening out, and the banks growing higher and higher and more precipitous. Just as the month was reached, opening out to the broad high, grass-covered bottom lands of the Canadian river, the full moon came out from behind a great bank of clouds. Just to the right of the "break," from a bosque, or cottonwood grove, sprang forth a troop 300 or more strong.

"Indians, lieutenant," was whisperingly shouted by "Prairie Dog" Dave, if there be anything like making a whisper sound like a roll of thunder.

The moon looked down calmly and cast a shadow, as is her habit when there is material at hand out of which to fabricate it. A projecting butte in the ravine furnished the material, and both horsemen sped to its hospitable shadow. As the troop rushed pell-mell, Indian style, out of the bosque into the moonlight, the war bonnets of the Indians could be distinguished, and the animals ran as fresh from the grass, precluding all hopes of escape on the two horses, which had been ridden over thirty miles in less than six hours.

Just then the moon took a less alarming twist on her face, and showed the "war bonnets" to be the antlers of a great herd of elk.

The Canadian river, followed up its right bank for many miles, was crossed at "the sand dunes," fifty miles west of Antelope Hills, along about midnight.

"The Antelope Hills" are not a range of hills, or a longitudinal upheaval on a dead level of prairie. There are only three of "the hills," great gypsum buttes, one 700 feet high, and no one less than 400 feet, somehow washed out by a swath of the waves of a great inland sea that once covered "the Great American Desert."

But, dropping these hills out of sight, great landmarks as they are, the Canadian river was crossed, with "Prairie Dog" Dave in the lead. Gen. Miles' black horse was kept well in hand to the rear—no thoughts of losing the horse, but a quicksand loss was apprehended for "man and beast."

A ride of thirty-five miles, uneven, full, and "Prairie Dog" Dave and comrade dismounted, or were lifted off their horses at Adobe Walls. Col. Herbert M. Bristol and Lieut. Hobart K. Baily, Fifth United States Infantry, being the reception committee.

At 11 o'clock in the forenoon the ride began at 12 o'clock the day before was ended—120 miles traveled.

Next day Gen. Miles' black horse died.

The lieutenant is believed to be still alive.

"Prairie Dog" Dave "died with his boots on" several years after this ride while trying to make one like it for Gen. Miles in the Northwest.—Chicago Herald.

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The sand dunes reached, across the river, both riders dismounted for the first time after a ride of twelve hours. Both stretched themselves on the sand, soon becoming half buried—as these hillocks move about with almost an imperceptible whirl, but yet to a sound as rhythmical as the fabled "singing sands" of mythology.

Remounting, the journey was continued, the moon at full, shining almost ominously.

The moon, dead, silent, looking down upon the wide, open, far-stretched prairie and upon the two travelers, dreading and in fear, afraid to talk or whisper to one another—there's nothing like the moon under such circumstances to make a man shiver.

Winding in and out among the sand hillocks, the horses were put to their best along this fetlock-deep road until Sand creek was reached. A dry creek, waterless at all seasons of the year, Sand creek is fringed on either bank by a scraggy growth of trees.

As the two moonlight prowlers crossed the creek, and got into the timber on the west bank—

Two million dogs began barking at them!

There was no mistake about it; they were dogs, not coyotes, disturbed at a feast over the carcass of a buffalo.

Both felt, at once, that they had strayed into an Indian camp.

And they had!

Soon human voices, mixed with those of the dogs, and lights could be seen—not fitting to and fro, as in a soldier's camp, but set to glowing from a score of camp fires. Right well defined in the moonlight, too, appeared the silhouetted group of Indians—not this time "elk antlers"—and they gave "the view halloo" as they took a "snap shot" of the paleface trespassers.

"Prairie Dog" Dave and campadre wheeled about their horses and took to the sand hills as never did the Israelites to the sand flat on the borders of the Red sea, as related of old.

Two men fled on travel-tired horses before a double score of savages well mounted on fresh ponies. Is it any wonder if the Canadian was looked upon as the River Styx, and that the moonlight was regarded as an infernal illumination that guided and directed the Indians on their course?

And to add to the "desendus in averno," Gen. Miles' black horse began over-reaching as he was speeded through the sands, and shoe hitting shoe, there began "a click-clack" which helped the Indians in their pursuit when even the moon lent the shadows of the dunes to hide the fugitives from the pursuers.

But the Indians gave over, but not before the lieutenant, chafed and tired out, had pleaded with "Prairie Dog" Dave half a dozen times to make a stand, die.

"Keep up, lieutenant," was the scout's adjuration, never once believing life was a failure, though death so near impended.

The pursuit abandoned, after ten miles of yelling on the part of the Indians and a discretionary silence on the part of the white riders, the mesa (or divide) on the left or north side of the Canadian was reached, and Adobe Walls became again the objective point of the expedition.

As morning came on, away on the south side of the Canadian, the lights of half a hundred camp fires were discerned, and the unwelcome and horrible thought obtruded: "The country is full of Indians!"

Fearful of discovery, scout and comrade sought a cul-de-sac among the breaks, and there, waiting until full daylight, a squint was taken through "the glasses" at the camp.

"The blue of troops" was seen, and "old glory" in miniature as a cavalry guidon. A rub of the glasses to dispel possible achromatism and a bee line was made for the camp.

It was Col. Buell's command of the Ninth United States cavalry.

After a hearty reception, a generous breakfast, during which the adventures of the night were told and the proximity of the Indians reported, "Prairie Dog" Dave and comrade left, departed for Adobe Walls. Col. Buell put his command at the same time after the Indians who had so murderously pursued his visitors the night before.



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# WIT AND HUMOR

He Wanted to Know.

Commercial travelers, who are sometimes called "drummers," have acquired a reputation, perhaps undeserved, for largeness of statement. Thus we read in the Washington Star that a commercial traveler of the more flashy type had just finished a startling story when the listener, a new acquaintance, remarked:

"That reminds me of one of Munchausen's yarns."

"Munchausen," answered the drummer; "who is he?"

"Why, don't you know about him? He is the most colossal example of mendacity that civilization has produced."

A moment of silence followed, broken by the commercial traveler.

"Excuse me," he said, "would you mind telling me what house he travels for?"—Youth's Companion.

The Original One.

Adam had slept too long. He felt sure of it as he stretched himself, yawned and rose, with a heavy sensation in his head and a lightness round his stomach, to take a turn about the garden.

But suddenly he doubted whether he was yet awake.

There in front of him was an animal he had never seen before. He thought it was an animal, but it was strangely like himself, yet strangely different. His surprise increased. For some moments he was speechless. Then:

"What are you?" he gasped.

The unusual creature smiled.

She picked a loose hair off one of his shoulders, compared it with his wild, unkempt locks and smiled again.

"I am the New Woman," she said.—Life.

The Reason Why.

"I wonder if the new woman movement will result in the erection of monuments to women?" she said thoughtfully.

"It won't," he replied promptly.

"I don't see why," she persisted. "It seems to me that women have been slighted in that line. Why shouldn't there be statues of great women as well as of great men?"

"How would a statue with puffed sleeves look?" he asked.

"I don't see why it wouldn't look all right," she replied.

"But how would it look after puffed sleeves have gone out of fashion?"

"I never thought of that," she answered. "But I don't see why they couldn't change the statue as the fashions changed; and I guess they'll do it, too, when women are in full control of things."—Chicago Post.

A Wise Baby.

Voice (from up stairs)—Boo-hoo-hoo-wow-wow-wow. My name ain't—

Papa (below stairs)—Here—what's that noise up there?

Voice—Tommy's callin' me names!

Tommy—What?

Papa—What did he call you, Willie?

Willie (with a wild shriek of despair)—He c-called me Dunraven.

Tommy—Well, papa, he won't play fair.

N. B.—The chief merit of this anecdote is that it is absolutely true.—Harper's Bazar.

Worthless.

"You are a worthless fellow."

The Wayfarer stood silent and abashed.

"Alas! too true," he thought to himself.

There was upon him considerable real estate which was choice inside property, some of it being within ten minutes' walk of the city hall, but the boom burst, and it was practically worthless.—Detroit Tribune.

The Amateur Tinner at Home.



Mrs. Brown (in the midst of the lovely prelude to Gounod's "Maid of Athens," which melody Brown is practicing for the Smith's party)—"Would you—give baby—one of those powders, James, or do you—think a—linseed poultice will do?"—Punch.

Naturally Surprised.

"I say," said the regular customer, as he stopped at the restaurant cashier's box to pay for the dinner he had eaten, "where did you get that beef you are serving to-day?"

"What is the matter with it?" aggressively asked the cashier, who scented another row.

"Oh, there is nothing the matter with it; that is why I asked."—Tit-Bits.

No Living With Him Since.

"Strikes me that Vanderchump is awfully conceited."

"He is; you know how it came about?"

"No."

"Why, several years ago the report got out that he was dead. Several papers printed his obituary, and, of course, he read 'em!"—Chicago Record.

Critical Case.

Hargreaves—You know that time I was so sick last summer? I just heard the doctor gave me up once.

Ferry—I heard that he gave you up twice.

Hargreaves—Twice?—

Ferry—Yes. The second time after

he had been trying to collect his bill.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Filled the Bill Exactly.

"I've got Smedley's new gun."

"Why, don't you know you couldn't hit anything with it? It's a beauty, but it won't shoot straight."

"Sh! That's why I got it. Fellows always saying me because I couldn't shoot, and now I've got a good excuse for missing!"—Chicago Record.

Heavenly.

Alethia (ecstatically)—Isn't it just heavenly!

Bob (looking down from the front window of the new flat, lugubriously)—Yes; quite as near that locality as I care to have it, love—fourteenth floor, and the elevator does not run after midnight.

She Had Reformed.

Ethel—Molly told me yesterday, Nell, that you had resolved to give up talking slang.

Nell—Yes, I have. I've thought it all over, and I've made up my mind that even if the young men do seem to like a girl whose talk is bright and slangy, when it comes to getting married she simply isn't in it.—Somerville Journal.

Fully Explained.

"What is the reason that the top drawer of a boarding-house bureau will never either open or shut?" asked the newly-arrived guest.

"Possibly," answered her friend, "it is due to the quality of the board."—Westchester Globe.

A Man With a Striking Appearance.

A man came into the store one day, who used profane language in the presence of ladies. Lincoln asked him to stop; but the man persisted, swearing that nobody should prevent his saying what he wanted to. The women gone, the man began to abuse Lincoln so hotly that the latter finally said, coolly: "Well, if you must be swiped, I suppose I might as well whip you as any other man," and, going out doors with the fellow, he threw him on the ground and rubbed smartweed in his eyes until he bellowed for mercy. New Salem's sense of chivalry was touched, and enthusiasm over Lincoln increased.

His honesty excited no less admiration. Two incidents seem to have particularly impressed the community. Having discovered, on one occasion, that he had taken 6 1/4 cents too much from a customer, he walked three miles that evening after his store was closed, to return the money. Again, he weighed out half a pound of tea, as he supposed. It was night, and this was the last thing he did before closing up. On entering in the morning, he discovered a four-ounce weight on the scales. He saw his mistake, and, closing up shop, hurried off to deliver the remainder of the tea.—McClure's Magazine.

Noiseless Machines.

Gearings of Rawhide Supplanting Metal Shafting.

Every day sees an increase in the use of modern raw hide gearings because of their many excellent advantages. A striking illustration of their operation is afforded at the plant of the American Book company in New York.

In their new building on Washington Square, all the presses, folding machines, cutters, etc., are operated each by a separate electric motor. The speed of the presses is adapted to different kinds of work by changing the pinions in the motor shafts, which engage with the operating gear of the press, the motor being adjustable in position to an extent sufficient to compensate for the difference in diameter.

On machines where no other gearing is employed there is no noise beyond a soft purr, while on the presses and other machines where metal gears are used in contact the contrast between the noise of the ordinary and the smooth, quiet running of the rawhide gear is so decided as to impress one very forcibly with the advantage which a press fitted with rawhide pinions throughout would possess.

Rawhide as a material for gears has been through the experimental stage and its practicability and durability is an established fact. By compression and elimination, in the process by which the pinions referred to are manufactured, the discs of which the gear blank is made up are rendered more like horn than leather in their composition, retaining, however, a toughness which allows them to bend double without cracking. They run without lubrication, and in the plant referred to above show no deterioration after several months of use. Their extensive use in street railway work is a sufficient demonstration of their durability. There are many directions in which their use can be extended to advantage.—Power.

Equipped Ruins.

By far the most interesting ruins on the coast were those we found near the entrance to Nachevack bay. It was evident, from their appearance, that they had never been visited by desecrating strangers, and even the natives disclaimed all knowledge of them.

Upon a narrow strip of beach at the foot of a precipitous ravine, cutting the crest of the mountain cliffs which overhang the sea, half-buried in shingles and weighted with a covering of heavy turf and moss, are the well preserved remains of what was once the residence of a populous tribe.

The main entrance had been formed by setting upon end the lower jawbones of a whale. This led into a broad passage way, from which smaller one branched at irregular intervals, and which terminated at the various family apartments or habitations. Whales' bones entered largely into the construction of the whole, no other material having been used for supports. Nachevack is far beyond the northern tree limit of the coast, and these were doubtless the best substitutes for timbers which could be procured for the purpose. The vertebrae of whales had been used as stools and for various other purposes; the framework of kayaks and komatiks, skin boats and sledges were of bone and horn; the weapons and implements were of stone, bone, horn and ivory. Enough of these were present to have filled a ship, but not a scrap of iron or other metal could be found.—Ontario

Her Heart Was Moved.

"Now, that, aunty," said young Phat-head, "is Tumbles, the halfback!"

Aunt Sarah—En ho wwuz th' pore feller hurt?

"On the gridiron!"

"Forever! Did they trust that simple-lookin' feller to try to cook for 'em?"—Cleveland Post.

Could Furnish Them.

A clergyman, on a recent sultry afternoon, paused in his sermon and said:

"I saw an advertisement last week for five hundred sleepers in a railway. I think I could supply fifty, and recommend them as tried and sound."—Erie (Pa.) Messenger.

His Preference.

Mrs. De Gabb—And would you not like to be clothed with the right of suffrage, my good woman?

Mrs. McLubberty—Oh, believe O'd rather have a plum-cooled silk dress, av it's all the same to yez, mum.—Puck.

A Fast Train.

"Is this a fast train?" asked the traveling man of the porter.

"Of course it is," was the reply.

"I thought so. Would you mind my getting out to see what it is fast to?"—Tit-Bits.

Responsibility Disclaimed.

Hamlet McDuff (in Arizona)—I have been playing in your town a week, sir, and your paper hasn't contained a line about me.

Editor Bazzoo—Well, in case of a lynching they can't say that I incited it.

He Studied to Please.

Prospective Tenant—But we wish to keep a servant.

Landlord of Flat—Oh, very well. I will have an alcove painted on the wall of the kitchen.—Detroit Tribune.

There Was No Violence.

"Bigland has been thrown out of work, hasn't he?"

"Well, his pay has been stopped, if that is what you mean."—Detroit News.

Experience With Pirates.

Miss Gush—Oh, captain, were you ever boarded by a pirate?

Captain Storms—Yes; and he charged me \$11 a day for a hall room on the fourth floor.—Cleveland World.

No Nonsense About Her.

Skidds—Did she say it was so sudden when you asked her to marry you?

Askin—Of course she didn't. She was a widow.—Detroit Free Press.

Her Prerogatives.

Frank—As this is leap year, I will trouble you, Miss Florence, to help me on with my coat.

Florence—Certainly, and I will stuff your sleeves in with pleasure.—Detroit Free Press.

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