THE INDIAN TERRITORY

A Sun Reporter's Sketches Among Uncle Sam's Wards.

A SEMINARY FOR SQUAWS.

The Curious Home of the Cherokee Convicts.

A CHOCTAW MAN HUNTER.

Telling How to Track, Arrest, and Get Frontier Desperadoes—The Record of Blood—A Week's Business at Fort Smith—Pictures of Indian Life—Riding the White Mule—An Indian Chowder Party—The National Ownership of Land Oppresses the Weak—The Market Value of Indian Lands—Ought the Lands to be Divided Among the Owners?

IN THE SUN of Sunday, April 7, was printed a series of sketches made by a SUN reporter in the Indian Territory. Therein was related the condition of affairs in the States that adjoin the Territory and the pressure that there exists for the opening of the Territory to white settlement. The efforts of the Government to care for Charley Quapaw, chief of his tribe and a typical Indian of the lazier sort, who owns land worth $50,000 but is on the verge of starvation, was related. Mr. Gould's venture in the coal mining business, wherein he pinched the old proprietors and was eventually pinched himself in the same way, formed an interesting chapter. Another chapter told how J. P. McMaughton, a squaw man of the better sort, had benefited the Peorias, while another one still showed the utter recklessness of an educated Peoria in money matters and the wearing of good clothes. It was the story of Jim Charley's hunt for deer after a snow storm, while clothed with a dress suit and patent leather shoes. Last of all came the story of Sequoyah, the Cadmus of the Cherokees, whose genius revealed to a tribe of savages the mystery of the talking leaf.

This week these sketches are here continued. The Cherokees are just finishing a seminary that is to be the alma mater of their squaws. And such squaws as these are! They have for some years had a penitentiary located at their capital city, and it is probably safe to say that no such home for felons exists in any other place in the world. More interesting still is the interview with the Choctaw man hunter, or Indian policeman. His talk about tracking and getting criminals, handling the revolver, and kindred matters is in fact startling.

The extent of Cherokee civilization can be inferred from the sketch of their record of blood, and the description of Tahlequah, the capital city, and of a week's business at the Fort Smith Court in the succeeding chapters.

The pictures of Indian sports, including the stamp-down dance and the riding of the white mule, do not accord with the common notions of the stolid character of the red men, but they are taken from life.

Last of all comes the querry, "What are we going to do about it?" Something will have to be done very quickly now Oklahoma is open, if the Indian rights in the land are to be preserved. The last chapter will be found particularly interesting to the friends of the Indians, because therein is given a just view of the actual market value of the Indian Territory lands, and the price therefore which the Indians ought to receive for them.

TAHLEQUAH, I. T., April 24.—Standing in a small opening in the native forest that covers a ridge on the verge of the site of Tahlequah is a structure just now receiving its finishing touches, that is unquestionably one of the most remarkable buildings in the world—remarkable when all the circumstances connected with it are considered. It is a monument to the progress of human intellect under adverse circumstances. It is a school house erected by a people who were called savages less than a hundred years ago; a people who first had a written law eighty years ago, and who, within fifty years, at the behest of people not called savages, were, by violence, torn from from homes which they had only just begun to make comfortable, and driven into an unbroken wilderness a thousand miles away to begin anew the work of civilizing themselves. Not only is this building a remarkable structure as considering the history of the people who have built it; it is a notable building in itself. There it stands in the wilderness overlooking a hamlet of Indians. But if it were transported, say to Wichita, Kansas, a city that prides itself alike on its pork-packing establishment and its many schools for educating the young, the citizens there would take the stranger to this building as the choice school, the pride of the city. This new school building is the female seminary erected by the Cherokee Nation; it is to be the alma mater of what Eastern people might call the Cherokee squaws.

The most attractive feature of the new structure, as it now stands not quite finished, is its utter lack of the appearance of a public institution. The hideous nightmare in which architects of like institutions have usually labored was not depressing the mind of the one that conceived this building. More than anything else it suggests a hotel designed as a place of rest and recreation for people of wealth and refinement. With one exception the plans within are in perfect keeping with the outward design. The halls, the reception rooms, and the library are more like parlors than any thing else, and the same may almost be said of the dining room, the chapel, and the school or recitation rooms proper. In finish these rooms are as elegant as one finds in the parlors of the best hotels, for they are finished in native woods of the most beautiful grain. The private rooms which the young ladies and their teachers will occupy, the dormitory for charity pupils, and the sick bay away off in the third story of the building, are models of beauty and comfort. It is a pity that a design so attractive, and, withal, instructive to young minds, should have been marred by a pinched-looking narrow stairway, and that the most beautiful of native woods used for finishing should have been put on unexposed. Think of delightfully proportioned towers, ledges, bays, verandas, and arches without; of capacious portals leading to spacious halls within, and then a stairway only wide enough for two ladies abreast!

In spite of these defects it may yet be said that this Cherokee seminary is the most tasteful school building in the Southwest, and that the credit of having such a building is due wholly to the Cherokee Building Committee, for they had a variety of plans to select from.

Although the front of the building seems but little over 100 feet long it is, in fact, 225, and there is an L 150 feet deep. The structure covers 20,000 square feet of ground and is three stories high. But one must needs go behind it to in any way appreciate its size. The bath and toilet rooms are fitted with the latest and best designs of the plumbing engineers. The light and ventilation are the best possible. It is heated throughout with steam, and plans are now under consideration for lighting both this building and the seminary for boys with the incandescent system of electricity.

Quite as remarkable as the building itself is the fact that it cost only $60,500. The furnishing and the grounds will cost possibly $20,000 more. The stone was quarried for the foundation, the brick burned for the walls, and the timber and lumber cut and sawed all near Tahlequah. The terra cotta, the moulding, and other fancy work were brought from St. Louis. A St. Louis architect and a St. Louis builder erected the seminary.

A very large percentage, perhaps three-fourths, of the young ladies who will attend this school could not be distinguished from whites, although all of them are Cherokees. The Nation does not educate whites. The Cherokee young lady is a very charming young lady. She is generally a brunette, with brown eyes that she knows how to use with magical effect. In fact, the most attractive feature of the Cherokee men as well as women is their eye. Nor are those most nearly white always the handsomest or most attractive, either in form or feature, for some even of the so-called full bloods are handsome and graceful. There are in this village of Tahlequah, over 100 boys and girls between the ages of 13 and 18, although the village numbers but 1,000 inhabitants. The reporter has not seen any place in the West that could boast so large a proportion of handsome young people as this village.

The new seminary will accommodate 200 pupils. Of these fifty are charity pupils supported by the Cherokee treasury. The rule says: "Primaries (really indigents) must be 12 years old, as required by law, and really indigent." The rest of the pupils must pay $5 a month for their tuition, board, lodging, laundry work, &c. Books, ink, paper, pencils, &c., are furnished to them. They have to keep their own rooms in order.

To teach these pupils there are a principal at $1,000 a year and a home, an assistant at $700 a year and a home, and four other assistants at $500 a year, one of whom teaches music exclusively. Pianos took the place of some of the toms toms among the Cherokees some years ago, although the "stomp down dance" is still an institution among the full bloods, as will be related further on.

The boys have a national seminary also. Here is the description of it as written in the catalogue of the seminary:

The original building was a large, substantial edifice, which has been largely increased since the war. The appropriations for building, as it now is, aggregate over $125,000. The old part is two stories high, and a basement of stone. The basement was used for kitchen and dining room. The new part is three stories high, of brick, with a basement of stone. The basement is used for laundry, bath rooms, furnace rooms, and other purposes. Upon the first floor are the recitation rooms, chapel, study hall, library, laboratory, text-book room, dining room, kitchen, family rooms of steward, parlor, rooms for visitors, closets, and store rooms. Upon the second floor are rooms for teachers, matrons, students, bath rooms, and storage rooms. Upon the third floor are students' rooms and storage rooms. These rooms are all ventilated from without and by open courts within. There are eighty-five available rooms.

Length of building, 183 feet		width, 100
Chapel study hall, 54x68x13	vol.	28,080 cubic feet
Dining room, 48x88x13	vol.	22,230 cubic feet
Parlor, 33½x15x13	vol.	6,500 cubic feet
Three sizes of bedrooms	18x10x10	vol. 2,880 cubic feet
	14½x10x10	vol. 1,450 cubic feet
	18½x15x10	vol. 2,900 cubic feet

The seminary is located one mile and a half west of Tahlequah, the capital of the Nation. The surroundings are beautiful. The elevation upon which the building stands is high, dry, and healthy.

It is interesting to note at this point the manner in which the Cherokees support their schools, and for a particular reason the words of the seminary catalogue are again used:

The seminaries, and in fact all the schools of the Nation, are supported by money invested in United States regular 6 per cent. bonds, the gift of lands to the United States Government. The interest alone of this investment is drawn and used for educational purposes.

The reader should keep this official statement of the source of support of the schools of the Cherokees in mind, for Principal Chief Mayes in an interview in Washington while Congress was in session told a pitiful story of injury that would be done to the schools of the Cherokees should the Administration prevent the consummation of the lease of the Cherokee outlet to the Kansas City syndicate of cattle men. He said the schools were supported by this lease money. The Cherokee used this argument effectively, but the white men in the Southwest say he used it dishonestly to defeat the Oklahoma bill.

The fund for the support of the Cherokees was provided for, however, by the treaty of 1819, the money received for a certain portion of the land then ceded to the United States being set apart for that purpose. The fund has been increased at the making of about every treaty that has entered into.

An orphan asylum was established by the act of March 24, 1871.

According to the report of the Board of Education for the scholastic year ending June 30, 1887, the average attendance had been as follows:

	1884-5.	1885-6.	1886-7.
Male Seminary	150	152	145
Female Seminary	110	113	
Primary Schools	2,112	2,417	2,452
Orphan Asylum	135	141	144

The population of the Nation is 20,000.

The report of the Treasurer for 1888 shows that during the year he had paid out for school expenses $80,190.82, and for the orphan asylum expenses $14,574.94.

An average of from ten to fifteen young people graduate from each seminary every year.

There are 103 non-sectarian schools supported by the Cherokees. The Bible is a text book. Fifty-four young lady teachers are employed. Nearly all are Cherokees.

The course of study at the seminaries includes mathematics as far as geometry, astronomy, Latin as far as the translation of Virgil, logic, geology, chemistry, political economy, music, and drawing.

CHAPTER II.

THE TERRITORY'S ONLY PENITENTIARY.

It is a square two-story and basement stone structure, perhaps forty feet on a side, and having a pyramid roof. It is curiously divided. On the top floor are the rooms occupied by the High Sheriff, as the superintendent is called. On the first floor are four rooms, one of which is the commissary or store room, and another is the sleeping room occupied by the trusties or convicts, who are so much in love with prison life that they could not be driven away from it. There is also a room where prisoners are confined alone on bread and water for punishment. The basement is the prison proper. It is divided by two walls into a hall, with a commodious room on each side. The dividing walls, both in the basement and on the first floor are made of two-inch oak plank, six inches wide, laid face to face and spiked together. The doors are made of heavy oak plank swung on heavy iron hinges. The basement is lighted by a number of windows about two feet and a half square, each guarded by a double set of iron gratings. The two basement rooms are furnished with one bed for each two convicts confined there. The bedding consists of straw mattresses and gray blankets. A wood-burning stove warms each room. Around the prison is a yard half an acre in extent. A wooden fence six feet high, with the framework on the inside, surrounds the yard. Beyond the yard stands the houses of the villagers, for the prison is but one block from the centre of Tahlequah.

In one corner of the yard, within plain view of the homes of the people thereabouts, and of the street as well, stands the national gallows. It is a substantial platform five feet above the ground, with two uprights rising eight feet further, across the top of which rests a stout beam. Two eyebolts project below the beam, and a two-foot piece of rope, badly frayed by the wind, dangles from one of the bolts. The rope is a part of the last one used at a hanging. The lower, or noose part, was cut off when the corpse was lowered.

There is a curved roof over the gallows frame, but no sort of enclosure about it.

Wishing to visit the prison, the reporter obtained a permit from the secretary of the principal chief, and went to the prison gate. The gate stood partly ajar, on account of a defect in one hinge. He opened the gate, and seeing no one, walked to and up the steps of the prison building. The front door was open, and he walked into the hall. There were two doors on each side of the hall. The two on the right were open. The first of these rooms was well high barren, and its use was not apparent. Looking through the next open door two men in prison uniform—gray woollen trousers striped horizontally with black, and gray shirts—were found sleeping on two of the four beds in the room. They were convicts. It seemed a pity to disturb them, and they were left in peace. Knocks on the other two doors failed to bring any one into the hall, and the reporter passed on through the rear door. In the back yard four men in prison garb were chopping logs of wood into firewood. Two men not in prison garb sat on logs in comfortable conversation. One had a huge six-shooter in a holster on his right hip. The other one had the holster in a like location, but the revolver lay on the chips before him. As the reporter walked down the rear steps the convicts stopped chopping to gaze at him, and the men with the arms looked around. They all greeted the reporter cheerfully, and one of the guards offered to show him over the place.

In the basement there were four men in one of the rooms, all confined either as punishment for committing murder or awaiting trial charged with that crime. Although there were locks and bolts a plenty, there did not seem to be any special reason why any ingenious man should not walk out of the building whenever he felt like doing so. Indeed, the reporter was informed that since 1876 an almost endless number of prisoners had escaped, of whom forty-two are now at large. The total number of prisoners now in confinement is only thirty-three, one a woman.

The woman was found walking from the main building to a wooden one in the rear, used as a kitchen. Nothing prevented her walking out of the gate. She is serving a sentence of one year for having perjured herself to clear her husband of a misdemeanor for which he was on trial. He got clear, but she was convicted. She is not a bad looking half breed.

The balance of the prisoners were out in gangs cutting wood for the national seminaries, working on the streets, and doing like public work. The High Sheriff however, will take a contract at any time to do almost any sort of work about the farms or the village, and will send convicts with a keeper to do it. There is no jealousy of convict labor among the workingmen of the Cherokee nation. One stalwart convict is employed every week to turn the press on which is printed the national newspaper, the *Cherokee Advocate*. He is a coal-black negro with a smile as pleasant as a spring morning on the Congo.

The High Sheriff receives $900 a year. He employs ten guards at $45 a month each. That is the price paid farm hands in this country, and as guards go these men are much cheaper than farm labor, he is overrun with applications from the politicians who want to get soft berths for their constituents.

How men get into this prison will be explained in another chapter. That their life here is not one of special hardship appears from the fact that one of them, a full blood, having escaped one night, returned two days later, bringing his wife.

"Here, shut her up; she done heap bad, too," he said. It was too pleasant a life to be selfishly enjoyed alone.

Bread, molasses, meat, beans, coffee, and now and then potatoes, constitute the diet of the prison. Sugar is prohibited by law along with delicacies of various sorts. There are a number of interesting sections to the act governing this prison. Thus prisoners who are obstreperous may be placed in solitary confinement for not more than thirty days on a diet of bread and water. It is said that even this punishment is never fully required. A very few days is enough for the gregarious Cherokee. A prisoner who tries to escape may have ten years or less added to his sentence. If a life convict, he may be placed in the solitary cell a year or less; but in each case the court that sentenced him must determine the punishment. The High Sheriff may also add such amount as he may deem best to recapture escaped convicts. The same rule applies in preserving order and discipline. A prisoner trying to run away from a guard would escape a bullet only in case the guard was a bad marksman, of course. A decent suit of clothes and twenty dollars in money must be given to a discharged convict who has served "one year or more."

The penitentiary is not only the place of convicts; it is used also as the village lockup. The man serving out a fine of $5, or awaiting trial for disorderly conduct, may sleep and eat with a man serving a life sentence.

It is the duty of the High Sheriff also that the High Sheriff is "conservator of the peace," crier to the Supreme Court, custodian of the public park, Chief of Police, and Street Commissioner of Tahlequah, and janitor of the Capitol building, all for the one salary. More than that, "all fuel, water, and lights for the Supreme Court room, the offices of the Executive, Treasurer, and Auditor of Accounts, and for the Senate, council, and committee rooms, shall be provided by the High Sheriff out of his salary."

It would be a pleasure for the reader to look upon the features of this gentleman, but the pleasure must be denied owing to the fact that he has no photographs of himself, and that there is not a photographer within many miles of Tahlequah.

There have been but two executions on the national gallows. The last one to hang was Mr. Spade Sunshine, who was executed two years ago in May. Sunshine lived in the Flint district. While preparing to go to a dance one night he was told by a neighbor that he was to be killed at the dance. The information was meagre but startling. Sunshine considered the matter. He knew of but one enemy, Mr. Long John, with whom he had quarreled about a lady love. Sunshine went hunting John with a rifle and killed him. That was a fatal mistake. It was not Long John who was going to kill him. He learned this soon after the killing.

So instead of going to the dance he took to the woods. The Indian police tracked him and arrested him. He was tried and convicted. On the gallows he made a speech. He said:

"I killed the wrong man, and I am willing to die for it. If I had had a thousand dollars I would not have been here. I would have given the money to Principal Chief Bushyhead and he would have commuted my sentence. But I am a poor man, and so I must die."

And he did. The High Sheriff sprung the trap a moment after the speech, talking and his neck was broken by the fall. He had had an opportunity to escape. His wife had offered to bring him tools to escape with, as well as arms, and she could have done it easily, but he refused to go.

It is an interesting fact that at least two-thirds of the Cherokees believe the little speech he made on the gallows.

CHAPTER III.

A CHOCTAW MAN HUNTER.

His name is Robert J. Gentry and his home is at Eufala. THE SUN reporter first saw him at Purcell, and afterward within a few days met him on a train on the Missouri, Kansas and Texas Railroad. This fact is mentioned only because it shows that these policemen have very long beats. They often ride from 75 to 100 miles on horseback in a day.

"Is it a dangerous life you lead?" we asked.

"Sometimes."

"How long have you been on the force?"

"Five years."

"Been shot at occasionally?"

"Ten or fifteen times."

"What was the closest call you ever had?"

After considering the subject, he said:

"I had a writ for a man who had fired into a train, and having learned where he lived went to the house to arrest him. I did not find him in the house, and started out to look around for him outside. As I unconsciously went around the corner I unexpectedly met him. He had a big six-shooter levelled, and the moment I appeared he fired at me. The bullet passed through my clothing, just grazing my left shoulder. I don't know how he missed me, unless he had buck fever."

"Did he run then, or did you arrest him?"

"I got him."

"Was he convicted?"

"Why, no. I *got* him."

Got means killed in the vernacular of the Indian police. Gentry had rounded the corner, pistol in hand. His own weapon had been fired almost as quickly as that of the criminal and with unerring aim. The policeman talked for half an hour about police work.

"I went into the service," he said, "because some one must do the work, and I felt it to be a duty. There are so many desperadoes in the Territory now that we are overrun, but if there were no police no one could live here. The Government pays $8 a month. Those of us engaged by villages to do special service get from $40 to $75 per month, according to the service. Besides that we are all commissioned as deputy United States Marshals.

"The crimes for which the greater number of men are arrested are horse stealing and introducing whiskey into the Territory. We are constantly on the lookout for men with horses for sale cheap. When we strike a trail we follow it until we find which way the mass is heading. Suppose he is a horse thief with a horse. He may try to throw us off by travel away from the road for miles in one direction and then double back at a sharp angle. We are not actually following the track of the horse, but are following by learning of the people along his route that a man with such and such a horse has travelled that way. Finally we reach a house where we are told that no such a man or horse has been seen. We do not know whether this is a lie or not. The thief may be in the house. He may have a Winchester drawed down on us through the window all the time we are talking there. If we see no fresh horse tracks or anything suspicious we leave and go to the next house, there acts and talks frankly, we go on to the next house. The thief may have passed unnoticed. If we get no clue at the next house we ride a circle, and then another larger one if need be. We are thus sure to strike the trail again.

"We have lost some time; so has the thief, in doubling and in hiding, but we can afford to run more than a mile to one in a hurry to get into another part of the country. When we finally locate his course we get some one who knows the country, if we do not know it ourselves, to pilot us by a short cut through the hills so as to get ahead of him. If there is no short cut then we must run our horses perhaps ten or twenty miles so as to go around him unobserved. We wait until we are only three or four miles behind him before we do this, though. Then we waylay him.

"We never ride up behind a man. He is sure to see us ahead and turn in his tracks and run into the timber, which is easily found in this country, and then he is safe, unless we have a large squad and can surround him.

"When we get ahead we conceal ourselves in the brush or timber along his route and just on the further side of a prairie which he has to cross. They understand that, too. They are always on the lookout for us when they reach the timber. You can tell an old hand, because he always draws down his Winchester as he approaches the timber. They are getting worse every year. They nearly all fight now. We have to keep well concealed and wait a chance to get the drop on them. We generally get it, too. They may have their guns to their faces, but the gun is aimed ahead indefinitely. Our guns are aimed straight, for we have been watching them, and they have not seen us. If they catch a glimpse of one of us before we flash in their faces they are plumb sure to shoot.

"Sometimes we have plenty of them on the open prairie. That is an excellent way. Say there are four of us and three of them. We get ahead of them. Three of us conceal ourselves in a hollow; the fourth rides in ahead of them at an angle. They never pay any attention to one man. He rides right on by us and they follow. They are not in any suspicion in the open prairie. Still they have their guns ready to fire all the time. We say "Halt" when they are near enough, or 'Hands up.' You bet we have to be quick with the trigger if they don't obey.

"Suppose we locate a man in a house. We often do that. Some one tells us he is there. Maybe he is his friend. Maybe it is the house of a friend. The only way to arrest a man in a house is to get close to the door without his knowing it, and then rush up, break down the door and jump in, pistol in hand, and order him to surrender before he can reach for the pistol in his belt. They nearly always surrender. If he does not you know you have your prisoner by sight when you arrest him in a house. You might have to kill an innocent man if you didn't. Being innocent, he might think you a robber. If brave he might go for his gun. Then you would have to kill him. Men are not arrested in houses in this country except by rushing in on them. It is better if you can find the door already open, because it takes time to break it down. Sometimes the house has more than one room, and you don't know it until you get inside. If the man is in the other room you must get in there directly.

"If the man inside sees you coming he will sure shoot through the door to slow you down, you have to take that chance. He may miss you because you are running. Sometimes he will stand you off.

"The chief of this district was killed the other day and one man wounded and two horses were shot. There were six horse thieves in a hewed log house. There were 25 of us went to arrest them. We rushed in on them, but it was so far from the timber to the house that they saw us and opened fire. The chief and the other man fell at the first round. We had to run to cover. The house had port holes all around it, and we could not get a bullet through those logs, of course. So we sat down to wait, but they stood us off and got away at last. The day had been very warm. At night the wind went to the north, and then rain fell, and froze where it hit. We couldn't stand it. We were thinly dressed and we were all more or less frost-bitten, and had to give it up."

"Are they still at large?"

"No, sir. Within six weeks we arrested five and got the sixth. The five are sure to hang.

"Of course we have to learn the country pretty well. We learn where all the bad women live, and we have to alternately threaten and coax them to keep posted. We know what desperadoes are likely to go to each house. When we hear of one of them heading toward a certain house we follow the trail no further, but run our horses or do anything to get to the house first. Then they don't get the exception they are looking for when they arrive there, when he sees a man he does not know where to find him we watch the house of his friend, if he has one. I have been a house in eight six days and nights as a stretch with head of one man. We sometimes keep a woman of the sort or her house in sight for weeks. It so always leaves it may be to need him, as we find to our cost.

"Did you ever try to arrest more than one man at a time, single-handed?

"Yes. I have taken two at once several times. It is easy enough if you get the drop on them. You can't arrest one if you don't get the drop for you will surely get killed.

"When you arrest one you don't let him walking alone. They are together.

"When you arrest two they are together you wait till you find them unawares and standing pretty close together. Then you must be quick, but not in a hurry. Just draw down your Winchester or six-shooter and tell them to surrender. If they don't, just shoot to deliberately, because you are bound to lose your life if you hesitate. Some two men I've got in too much of a hurry.

"But they know when you've got the drop, and you may say they always surrender where an officer does his work right. Well, there they are, with their hands up. You tell them to stand facing you, and you tell one to swear so that they are, say five feet apart. Then you tell one to unbuckle his belt and let it drop on the ground. Now, if you are new at the business you will feel cold streaks in your back when he lowers his hands; but you keep him covered and never make a move. If the other one starts to lower his hands too, it is better to shoot the one you are covering, first and the other one afterwards; because you may lose your grip in shifting from one to the other and then back. But, then, if you don't show cowardice the other one won't drop his hands too.

"If the one who lowers his hands tries to get his pistol it is an evasion of him before he can get it from the holster, and he knows it so he unbuckles the belt and it drops, and then he puts up his hands. The other one goes through the same motions.

"Then you make them march forward two or three steps toward you, or back, maybe, if there is a place behind that one but it's generally safer to get them nearer, unless to near that they can jump on you. There they halt, and while you cover them with one hand you fling a pair of handcuffs to one with the other. That one has to put the jewelry on the other. He'll sure do it, because he has no gun now. Then you give him a pair of cuffs and the other one shackles them. Now you are all right, for there are no desperados around locked their arms behind them. So you step around and rap their belts and march them away where you can get help.

"Do you practise shooting at a target?"

"No, not very much, because the man who can shoot best at a target cannot hit a man, it is a different sort of shooting. There is but one kind of practice worth anything, and that is to shoot at a small tree while you are running your horse past it. We carry repeating rifles for long-range shooting. For a six-shooter I prefer the short forty-five calibre. The long-barrelled forty-fives are a little the accurate at long range, but you will never want to shoot a man with a six-shooter at more than twenty steps. The short forty-five will sure get him at that. But the most important thing is that it is shorter—you do not have to draw so much pistol out of the holster; you get it up quicker, and do not have to hurry so much. Six inches of barrel of the forty-five is better than nine inches with the end of the barrel still in. That three inches of barrel still in the holster makes the difference between his getting the drop on you or you on him."

"Then you carry a double action pistol?"

"No; double actions are no good. You can always shoot more times than you can hit. It settles your nerves some times to cock the pistol, and then you are generally watching for your man with your pistol all cocked and don't need a double action. The worst of the double action is that you destroy your aim by the long pull on the trigger. Besides, don't you see that the single-action pistol shoots quicker after it is cocked? It does not make so much difference after all which kind you have if you carry it right. See here."

As he spoke he shoved his revolver in its holster on his right hip with the hammer to the front. He grasped the butt with his right hand, and with a motion so rapid that the reporter did not accurately see how it was done, raised it to a level ready cocked. It was a startling act, but no less startling than the flash of his handsome brown eyes, which he turned toward his questioner. It was almost the look of the devil, but a mighty good-looking one, let it be said. Then he laughed and drew the pistol over again slowly. As he raised it out of the holster his thumb cocked it. Keeping it still in the plane of the holster he shoved it forward and raised it with one steady motion until it was in the line of his right eye.

"Notice," he said, "that as soon as I get my pistol clear of the holster it is cocked and pointed at my man. If I am excited and shoot at that instant I will hit him in the leg. That is not a good place, but be better than a miss. I will kill his aim. If my nerve stands me a moment longer I hit him in the stomach. If I raise it in too much of a hurry so that the muzzle gets a little too high I still hit him, and in the head, and that is as good as the heart, when I intend to hit him. From the moment I get the six-shooter over on the holster I have my man covered. Suppose now I carry my holster in front and a little on the left side of the navel, as many good men do. Notice the difference. When I reach for my pistol, then, I must place my arm across my body and he sees me do it, and knows I am going to shoot. Now, with my holster on my right hip, my hand drops on it less awkwardly and in a way to attract less attention. With the holster to the left here I draw my pistol, and when the muzzle clears the leather it is pointed at the ground a way off to the left instead of at his legs. I have to swing it upward to cover him, but I can do it so that if I shoot too soon I shoot to his right and miss. If in swinging it around I swing too far I shoot to his left. That is what happens very often in shooting matches. That is why so many misses are scored.

"If I carry the pistol around behind me on the right hip it is awkward to get at, although many think it is worse, but it is too bad for me. I must draw the pistol and swing it a long way before I get it pointed at his legs, even. Just try it for yourself and see."

Policeman Gentry is a Choctaw. He is 28 years old, and has a wife and several children. He was hurt when a boy by having a horse fall in such a way that his right leg was broken below the knee. It bent when healing, and he now walks with a limp. Besides, his leg looks crooked. Every thief and desperado in the civilized tribes knows him by sight, and the great majority of them are very much afraid of him. What he lacks in fleetness of foot he makes up in handiness with firearms and courage.

In talking about a man's feelings in charging on a house known to contain desperadoes who were likely to be on the lookout, rifles in hand, for officers, he said:

"You will hear men say that they don't know what fear is. They are liars. You will hear others say that such and such an officer is a brave man—don't know what fear is. Once when I had arrested two men single-handed some of the citizens said that of me. They were wrong. I was so badly frightened that it is a wonder I believes I didn't get me. It is just this way: Sometimes you will go charging into a house where you are plumb sure to find the worst men in the Territory, and you will be in the greatest danger, and yet you won't think anything about it. You will feel as cool and withal as eager as if you were hunting a wolf instead of a man. May be the next day you will have to arrest a man who is walking down the street with his back toward you, and yet you will be as weak as a cat from thinking that he may turn around and draw down on you, when all the time you know you could shoot him full of holes before he could get his hand on his six-shooter. I don't know how it is that I should have plenty of nerve some days and none on others. I reckon you can say I don't know what courage, instead of fear, is."

The Indian police are appointed by the Indian agent. White men say they take to work of man hunting with even greater zest than that which characterizes the white man in this game. Gentry's career is that of only of the ordinary Territory policeman. He has only killed two men, while some have killed many more.

There is one feature of Indian police work not pleasant to contemplate. The opportunity to wreak private vengeance is so great that it is said that a man's life is not worth a cent when once he has made an enemy of a policeman. This saying is, of course, not absolutely true. The majority of the force are manly, courageous fellows. A too large minority is made up of natural-born desperadoes, or worse, natural-born thieves, who are really too cowardly to follow their natural bent in the causes was they take to manhunting because of the opportunity it gives them to rob and murder under the protection of the law. With a bottle of whiskey and a pistol the policeman can shoot his enemy with impunity. Having killed his man, he carries the whiskey to the agent, and says he found it about the man he shot. When trying to arrest him for unlawfully introducing whiskey, resistance was made. That settles it. The murderer is justified.

Col. Ross told the reporter that whiskey was very often concealed in the wagons or other property of an obnoxious citizen by one marshal in order that another might go to make the arrest. Although the Territory contains the very best kind of tobacco land none is now grown. Armies of men tried it, but they were harassed so by the marshals and police that it was unprofitable.

The white man sojourning in the Territory is very apt to be blackmailed by them to the point of bankruptcy. White men seeing the fertility of the soil often want to lease lands of the Indians. This they do under the fiction of hiring out as farm hands. After the crop is planted comes the policeman who wants to borrow a few dollars or a steer or a six-shooter or something of value. He tells the tenant that the nature of the lease is fully understood and that the agent is not going to stand any more such nonsense. Now, for the loan of $10 the policeman will report the tenant as paying for the Indian in good faith. Without the loan the tenant will be reported as being unlawfully within the Indian country. Cases are on record where tenants have thus lost the whole season's work, for when one policeman has made a forced loan others come and repeat the levy. Other cases are known where tenants have refused to put up, and have soon thereafter been arrested on trumped-up charges and sent to Fort Smith for trial. A simple arrest amounts to an awful punishment for an innocent man, for he must remain in the jail month in and overcrowded in both corporeal and moral sense. The imprisonment of innocent men for over a year while waiting trial is by no means infrequent. The indian officers are usually afraid of the penal, and therefore unable to protect the tenant. See and then one like J. P. McNaughton of the Flint district, who was blackballed by the bank, and threatening to kill a man, and no match for either one in strength, went without aval, and finally fell fainting in Burgess's arms after having been stabbed twenty-nine times. Next day he died. The white man fled.

Milton Overton, a son of the late Gov. Overton of the Chickasaw Nation, and a nameless Wilson, who killed Jim Saera a few days ago, were expected at the jail yesterday.

James Martin, colored, was on trial for murder. In August last, near Vinita, Louis Dickerson, a white man, went to the home of Martin and had a quarrel with Martin's wife. The white man had been there before, and when Martin heard of the last trouble of his home he took his Winchester and went in search of Dickerson. He found him with a six-shooter in his right hand to assist pocket, which he attempted to draw. Martin grabbed the weapon with his left hand, holding the gun with his right, and in the tussle the pistol was discharged, inflicting a wound from which Dickerson soon after died. Martin was acquitted.

John Bahr, a German of 15 years, was placed on trial for incest. It attracted much attention because it was the first case of the kind ever before the court. He was convicted.

Lewis Pader, for selling whiskey in the Territory, was committed to jail.

George West was convicted of larceny.

Tim Carroll, selling liquor in the Territory, *nolle* entered. He was held, however, having been convicted previously of receiving stolen property.

In the case of George Johnson, charged with assault with intent to kill, the jury disagreed.

George Harbolt, charged with assault with intent to kill, was acquitted.

A *nolle* was entered in the case of Matt Moore, charged with assault with intent to kill.

Jim Graves was convicted of selling whiskey in the Territory, and fined $200 and sent to prison fifty days.

Four of the cases of selling whiskey in the Territory. Fined $100 and sent to prison sixty days.

John Bunch, Isaac Holt, Dank Gilstrap, William Duncan, B. J. French, and Smith Rutherford have been caught in for selling whiskey in the Territory.

Deputy Tyson was sent to Muscogee on Wednesday evening to bring in a man named Outlaw, charged with killing Mrs. Johnson and daughter near Fort Gibson.

This was an ordinary week. Much worse one—worse for the reputation of the Territory—has been known. In one week in February, six men were sentenced to death in one day.

It should not be forgotten that the Federal court in Wichita, Kan., has a part of the criminal business of the Territory, and another court in Texas a very small part.

The Indians complain that at Fort Smith they are tried by white juries, and that there are men there who make a living by sitting as jurors. They say white men are not their peers within the meaning of the Constitution.

The Indians also complain because they are charged by the Southwestern press with all the crimes done in the Territory, when, in fact, the white men are usually the aggressors or have incited the Indians to the crimes. A graver charge is that the Indian forms of government there are unable to cope with the desperadoes who flock there—that they are unable to preserve life and establish order. The Indians reply that in proportion to the population they are little, if any, worse off than Taney and other Ozark Mountain counties of Missouri and northern Arkansas. The Southwestern papers say to this that if the Territory were opened it would soon be settled by people different from those in southern Missouri.

Over 2,000 ponies have been stolen from the Osage Indians by white men since 1887.

CHAPTER IV.

THE RECORD OF BLOOD.

To give the details of all the murders committed in the Indian Territory during any one year would require a volume of immense size. A more gruesome volume would be hard to write. Only those murders reported in the two Tahlequah papers printed during the week ending Jan. 5 will be given here with any detail. They did not report all the murders committed in the Territory during the preceding week, either.

According to the *Advocate* there was a dance on the night of Dec. 19 at the house of Mrs. Ducks, eight miles from Tahlequah, on the road to Fort Gibson, the nearest railroad station. There had been a house raising on the woman's claim, and the crowd of men stayed at the house and had a jollification with their wives and daughters and sweethearts.

Among the merrymakers were Rod Perry and a man named Burgess, who were white, and Henry Weaver, a Choctaw. As very frequently happens at such entertainments in this country, a quantity of whiskey was served, and some of the men took too much. Rod Perry was one who took too much. So when he felt slighted by one of the women later on he began beating her shamefully. No one interfered for a time, but finally Weaver tried to make him desist. Thereupon Perry turned on Weaver, but Weaver picked a big iron poker from the woodbox and hit Perry across the forehead a stunning blow. Perry fell unconscious, with his head laid open to the skull. After a couple of minutes he came to and got to shaking his head and with a knife in his hand.

He was apparently half crazy from the blow he had received, but not so crazy but what he wanted to kill the man who gave it. Burgess came to his help by grabbing Weaver from behind and holding him while Perry stabbed him in front. Weaver was a stalwart man and no match for either one in strength. He wrestled and begged for help and mercy, but without avail, and finally fell fainting in Burgess's arms after having been stabbed twenty-nine times. Next day he died. The white men fled.

Milton Overton, a son of the late Gov. Overton of the Chickasaw Nation, with a nameless man named Wilson, killed Jim Saera near Oakland on Dec. 16. It was done in a light in an open field. All three were armed. Overton said he shot Saera in self-defence.

According to the *Telephone*, a man named Pruitt was killed during holiday week at Wagoner by a man named Ward, who chopped his victim to pieces with an axe. Ward returned home and found Pruitt quarreling with Mrs. Ward. A fight ensued, during which Pruitt picked up his axe, and soon ended the quarrel.

On Christmas afternoon, about 5 o'clock, Sam Manus shot and killed John Spears in Tahlequah, at the house of Aaron Farrell in the western part of town. There had been a feud between the two men for a long time. Both men had been drinking, and had had a wordy quarrel during the forenoon.

Along toward night Manus and Cul Thorn went to Farrell's, looking for Spears. Spears was sitting in the yard. Spears and Manus at once began to quarrel. Finally Spears said:

"I'll turn your shirt for you."

"You can't get it any too quick," said Manus.

Spears made a motion as if to grab Thorn's revolver, which was in plain view, but Manus drew a big 44-calibre revolver and fired one shot. The ball struck Spears just above the right eye, and ploughed clean through his head. He died instantly. Spears belonged to one of the most prominent Cherokee families.

On Friday, Dec. 28, two murders were committed in Tahlequah. Lige Medows and Tarbucket Johnson had been enemies for some time and during the forenoon met and called each other hard names. This is apparently the custom here, in such cases. They then went home and armed themselves. Medows got an old Kentucky squirrel rifle, Tarbucket an old cap-and-powder six-shooter. Medows then went out of town and got a load of wood and brought it in to sell, having his rifle along with him. As he approached Frank Finch he saw Tarbucket standing behind a hitching post, smoking a pipe, and with his revolver in sight.

"Oh, you are waiting for me, are you?" Medows said to Tarbucket.

"Yes," said Tarbucket, "I am waiting."

At this Medows raised his rifle, took deliberate aim, and fired, Tarbucket standing meantime, smoking and watching him coolly and steadily. As Medows fired Tarbucket's hat fell off, but no other effect of the shot was noticed by the half-doz