

# THE CONQUEST OF THE SIOUX

## These Victories Are the Victories of Peace-- Some Contrasting Pictures of Conditions in the Sioux Country.

It was 1834. There stepped ashore from the Warrior, a Mississippi steamer, at Fort Snelling, two men whose names were destined to become household words in the tepees of the Sioux nation--the Pond brothers of Connecticut. In 1835, they were joined by Dr. Williamson and Amos W. Higgins of Ohio and in 1837 by Rev. Stephen R. Riggs of the same state. Their mission was the conquest of that savage tribe of prairie warriors, by the sharp sword of the spirit of the Lord, and their uplift by the power of the gospel of His Son. Then and there began one of the most heroic struggles of modern times. What was the outcome?

It was 1862. The scene shifts, two hundred miles to the west, to the shores of Lac qui Parle, the "Lake-that-Speaks." Twenty-eight years since the coming of the Pond brothers to Fort Snelling. All these years, the work had been pressed with vigor. Great progress had been made. The rude dialect of the savage Sioux had been reduced to a written language, the Word of God had been translated into that wild barbaric tongue, hymn books had been prepared, a literature for a nation had been created. Comfortable churches and mission buildings had been erected. Seventy-five converts had been gathered into the churches. The faithful missionaries, who had toiled so long in their log cabins on the banks of

since the day of Pentecost. And one windy day, in February, 1863, these three hundred Indian captives were baptized, received into the communion of the church and organized into a Presbyterian church within the walls of the stockade, called the "Church of the Scouts Camp." Very fittingly Dr. Williamson and Rev. Gideon H. Pond officiated on this occasion. For three years, the Indians were confined in prison at Davenport, Iowa. Then they were released by the government and returned to their native prairies. There they became the nuclei of other churches and Sabbath schools and so the Sioux became a benediction rather than a terror to their neighbors on the plains of the Dakotas. The Church of the Scouts Camp became the mother of many churches.

### FOUR GENERATIONS OF PONDS.

Mrs. Gideon H. Pond, aged 76; Mrs. Frances R. Pond, her daughter; Mrs. Fannie Williamson, her granddaughter; and Margaret Olive Williamson, her great-granddaughter.

At our feet were prairies rich as the garden of the Lord. The spot was lakapate, that is, "the Ascension." Half way up was a large wooden building, nestled in a grassy cave. Round about on the hillside were white tepees. Dusky forms were passing to and fro and pressing around the doors and windows. We descended and found ourselves in a throng of Sioux Indians. Instinctively we asked ourselves: "Why are they gathered here? Is this one of their old pagan festivals? or is it a council of war?" We entered. The spacious house was densely packed. In the center of the front. Hark! They are singing. We could not understand the words, but the air was familiar. It was Bishop Heber's grand old hymn, in the Indian tongue--

From Greenland's icy mountains,  
From India's coral strand,  
We breathed our first breath,  
On the wings of our Father's hand.

We breathed our first breath, on the wings of our Father's hand. It was the fifteenth grand annual council of the Dakota Christian Indians of the new northwest. Thus they gather themselves together year by year to take counsel together. The white moderator who talked so glibly alternately in Sioux and English and smiled so sweetly in both languages at once, was "Good Bird," one of the first white babes born at Lac qui Parle. That week we spent at Iyakapate was a series of rich, rare treat-ments. We listened, with interest, to the theological class of young men, students of Santee and Sisseton. We watched the smiling faces of the women as they bowed

weep, but scores wept freely that day at Ascension. One of the acting elders was the renowned chief, Little Crow, who was so prominent against the Anglo-Saxons in those days of carnage.

It is 1901. From the heights of Sisseton, S. D., another scene meets the view. The triangular Sisseton reserve of 1,000,000 acres no longer exists. Three hundred thousand of its choicest acres are now held in severalty by the 1,500 members of the Sisseton-Wahpeton band of the Dakotas. Their homes, their churches, their schools cover the prairies. That spire, pointing heavenward, rises from God's Will church, a commodious, well-furnished edifice, with windows of stained glass. Within its walls, there worship on the Sabbath scores of dusky Presbyterian Christians. The pastor, Rev. Charles R. Crawford, in whose veins there flows the mingled blood of the shrewd Scotch fur trader and the savage Sioux, lives in that comfortable farmhouse a few rods distant. He has a

pastorate many a white minister might envy. Miles to the west, still nestled in its grassy cove the Church of the Ascension, referring not to the ascension of our Lord, but to the "going up of the prairies." On the hill above it is the cozy home of its pastor-emeritus, Rev. John Baptiste Renville, the oldest pastor in the two Dakotas, while round about these two churches cluster half a dozen others, with all the machinery of the Presbyterian church, in efficient operation among them. These form only a part of the Dakota presbytery, a presbytery which is not bounded by geographical lines, but having jurisdiction wherever Dakota Indians are found in the United States. It consists of twenty native ministers, twenty-five congregations, more than 1,400 communicants and 800 Sabbath school members, who expended in 1900 for missions and local church work more than \$8,000. Scores of converts last year testify to the faithfulness of these Indian ministers.

—R. J. Creswell.

# EARLY NAVIGATION ON THE MISSOURI

## Decadence of Traffic Emphasized by Colonel Chittenden's Records--Old-Time Masters Now Widely Scattered.

Special to The Journal.

Sioux City, Iowa, March 9.—The days when the muddy Missouri river was a highway of commerce were declared emphatically of the past by the fifty-sixth congress in the scaling down of the appropriations for its improvements and the protection of its banks. But there is much to be said, notwithstanding, of the days when the hoarse howling of the whistle set river tows like Sioux City, which was one of the main shipping and reshipping points, all buzzing with interest and lined the wharves with throngs which included almost every one in the place.

For the first time the records of the masters who commanded the river boats and the names of the boats themselves, the present whereabouts or fate of the masters and the names of the boats which were wrecked in the river, have been compiled—a valuable and interesting fragment of the history of the great, rude northwest. The former masters of the boats are scattered, as this list shows:

- Captain W. R. Massie, in St. Louis.
- Captain John La Barge, died at the wheel of the Helena at Leavenworth.
- Captain Joseph La Barge, died at St. Louis.
- Captain Joseph Feete, at Carondelet, below St. Louis.
- Captain Joseph Todd, on the Ohio river, building boats for Alaska.
- Captain S. B. Coulson, died at Yankton.
- Captain Mart Coulson, died in Sioux City.
- Captain Henry King, now at Chamberlain.
- Captain B. F. Horn, died at Pierre.
- Captain Nelson Todd, died in Sioux City.
- Captain Frank Maratta, on the Ohio river.
- Captain D. M. Maratta, on the Ohio river. He was consul at an Australian port under Cleveland.
- Captain John Williams, died at St. Louis.
- Captain Ed Anderson, lives in Sioux City.
- Captain Andrew Johnson, died at Bismarck.
- Captain William Sims, in the Klondike.
- Captain William Perkins, on the Ohio river.
- Captain Dave Campbell of South Sioux City, Neb.
- Captain B. F. Temple lives in Sioux City and is master of the steamer James B. McPherson.
- Captain Joe Leach, at Running Water; state senator in South Dakota.
- Captain John in Belk, at Bismarck.
- Captain C. W. Blinn, at Bismarck.
- Captain T. D. Mariner, at Bismarck.
- Captain Richard Woolford, died at Bismarck.
- Captain Charles Woolford, went to Yellowstone river several years ago. Whereabouts unknown.
- Captain Tom Townsend, in St. Louis.
- Captain John Justice, in Leavenworth, Kan.
- Captain A. F. Hawley, died in Chicago.
- Captain William Braithwaite, in Maryland.
- Captain Dick Talbot, on the Yukon river.
- Captain James McGary, died at Bismarck.
- Captain Bob Mason, died in St. Louis.
- Captain James Clark, went to Seattle.
- Captain Charles Bagley, Sioux City.
- Captain John Gilman, on Yukon river.
- Captain Albert Kuntz, a Pittsburg man.

Special to The Journal.  
Captain Andrew Haley, New Haven, Conn.

### Some of the Early Ones.

Sioux City was an important river town and the river was very important to the town. Among the steamboats which plied down the river from St. Louis to Sioux City, or from Sioux City to Fort Benton, on the headwaters of the river, or from St. Louis to Fort Benton, were the following:

- Lady Grace, Dakota, East Chace, Rosebud, Emily, Josephine, General Terry, Benton No. 2, General Sherman, Black Hills, E. Peck, Scully, Little Missouri, C. K. Peck, Fontanelle, E. H. Durfee, Mollie Moore, Gen. A. Rucker, North Carolina, Sioux City, Fanny Barker, North Carolina, Gen. Lodge, Western, Admiral Farragut, Hiram Wood, Miner, Peter Baker, Big Horn No. 1, Nile, Flirt, General Thompson, Yellowstone, Gaston, Don Cameron, Jennie Brown, Nellie Peck, Northern Pacific, Colorado, Silver Lake, Far West, Montana, Wyoming, Big Horn No. 2, Bachelor, Guy-Resee, General Meade, Benton No. 3, Ida Custer, Ida, Antelope, Silver Bow, Uria, St. Luke, Andrew Ackley, only Chace.

One of the first steamboat companies organized for the Missouri river traffic was the Benton transportation company, still in existence nominally, but not owning two boats. The secretary of the company, John H. Charles, still lives in Sioux City, to which town he came in 1856. At one time his company owned twelve steamers. Fur trading, carrying supplies to the upper river cities and mining machinery to the headwaters of the river proved profitable. One master complained of a trip because, through various misfortunes, it did not net for the vessel owners about \$19,000.

### On Old Muddy's Bottom.

In the office of Colonel H. M. Chittenden, in charge of the government improvement of the upper Missouri and in Yellowstone park, and formerly secretary of the Missouri river commission, there is a list of the vessels which were wrecked in the Missouri from the time the first side-wheeler paddled up the turbid stream. The list gives the names of the boats, description of the trade engaged in and owners, date, locality and cause of wreck. The total number of steamboats which went to the bottom of the river was 295. These were distributed as follows: Snags, 193; fire, 25; ice, 26; rocks, 11; bridges, 15; explosion boilers, 6; sandbars and falling river, 4; other causes, 21.

The Thomas Jefferson was the first boat wrecked in the Missouri river. She was wrecked in June, 1819, near Cote Sans Dessein, on a snag. She was one of the fleet, used in the famous Longe's Yellowstone expedition, the object of which was to ascertain whether the Missouri river was navigable for steamboats or not. Several boats were wrecked at and near Sioux City and the portions of their hulks are still visible at low water in midstream, when the blazing sun shines on the placid, dark ripples of the big river.

# DREAM OF MEXICO

## It May Be Realized in the Tehuantepec Railroad.

### PRES. DIAZ'S GREATEST AMBITION

#### Its Importance to the World's Commerce and to the Nicaragua Canal.

Correspondence New York Post.

City of Mexico, Feb. 21.—Notwithstanding his advancing years, President Diaz will probably live to witness the fulfillment of one of his greatest ambitions--a Mexican transisthmian route practical for the freight and passenger traffic of the world. Early in his presidential career General Diaz realized the commercial and strategic value of a commercial highway from ocean to ocean which could be controlled by Mexico. An opportunity for the construction of such a highway existed on the Isthmus of Tehuantepec, between Coatzacoalcos, on the Gulf of Mexico, and Selina Cruz, on the Pacific.

By free use of the credit of the government a railroad was constructed across this 200 miles, more or less, dividing the two oceans. Thirty-eight million dollars went into the project, and a road was actually accomplished. The manner of its building and the lack of harbor facilities at either terminal rendered it practically useless, however, as a world's highway, and in this innocuous condition it has remained until the present time. It has long been the intention of President Diaz to proper rebuiling this road as soon as the financial condition of Mexico warranted further expenditure. The amount of money required was so great, however, that it has been necessary to call in foreign assistance to carry the enterprise to its legitimate end.

For many years the late C. P. Huntington, realizing the threat contained in this route to Pacific interests, tried to secure control of the road by the Tehuantepec railway, and thus suppress it in the interest of his other securities. President Diaz, however, firmly resisted Mr. Huntington's plan, and has now forever prevented the road from becoming other than the property of the Mexican government by making a remarkable contract with the English firm of which Sir Westman Pearson is the head. This contract Pearson & Son received from the Mexican government \$5,000,000, to be paid in forty monthly instalments of \$125,000. This sum is really a payment of a loan agreement between the Mexican government and the English builders. In return for the \$5,000,000 to be paid in less than three and a half years, Pearson's company undertakes to improve the harbor at the eastern end of the road to make it perfectly feasible for commerce at all times, and also to provide the Tehuantepec harbor on the Pacific end.

The agreement between Pearson & Son and the Mexican government runs for fifty years, and at the end of that time the government becomes the sole owner and operator of the entire line. During the term of the agreement the losses in the operation of the road are to be equally divided, except that if such losses shall amount to \$4,000,000 Pearson & Son shall have the option of terminating their agreement with the Mexican government.

For the first thirty-five years the government is to receive 62 1/2 per cent of the tolls. The next five years 60 per cent, the next five years 57 1/2 per cent, and the last five years 74 per cent. The passenger rates for first-class traffic are to be cents a kilometer in Mexican silver; third-class rates to be cents a kilometer. The rate for first-class freight is to be 8 cents per ton per kilometer and 3 cents a ton for sixth-class freight. Mexican silver is now worth about half as much as the dollar, and the rates on this road will be less than any road on this continent, a kilometer being about three-fifths of a mile.

Sir Westman Pearson has an enviable reputation for carrying through such enterprises as he may undertake. It is said that this Tehuantepec road is the first speculation in which he has ever engaged, and that he has commended a bond for his money before undertaking a contract, no matter how large or how profitable it might promise to be. It is his own work which has done more than \$20,000,000 worth of work for the Mexican government in the harbor of Vera Cruz. He is familiar with the Tehuantepec line, for he has also done considerable work for the Mexican government in the harbor at Coatzacoalcos, where a shifting sand bar has baffled commerce for many years.

It is believed that when Cortez landed in Mexico, five hundred years ago, this was the point at which he commenced operations. The towns along the Tehuantepec railroad are already hundreds of years old, and many of them were larger five centuries ago than they are to-day. This region is distinctly tropical, and presents all of the disadvantages possible to enumerate to the making of a happy home for an emigrant from the temperate zone. Considerable skillful writing has been done setting forth the advantages of investment and residence in the extreme southern portion of Mexico, but nearly all of it is purely theory or romance. Large plantations owned and managed exclusively by those whose interests are to be served by the stock subscription to the road, as elsewhere, but the citizen of the United States who has been persuaded by a tempting prospectus to put his meager savings into one of the agricultural companies stands very small chance of ever receiving a cent of interest on his money, and much less of ever securing the return of his capital invested.

Allowing that all of those who are selling land in southern Mexico are honest and that each and every one of the propositions they present is legitimate, the small investor who puts his hard-earned money into the company treasury must surely have failed to consider what the case may be, even if the company carries out its promise and brings it into bearing condition for him. The ease with which Americans have been roped into these tropical schemes is due largely to the hope which seems to exist in the breast of every man or woman who in any way passes through a frozen season of trouble and somewhere a place of retirement and rest may be found where the sun shines with steady warmth the year round and food is to be had for the asking.

It is not in the local development of the isthmus, however, that we are to find the importance of the Tehuantepec railroad. There is already talk of several direct lines of steamers from American and European ports to the eastern terminus of the isthmus railway, and there is no question that when Pearson & Son are sufficiently advanced with their contract to originate a new freight and passenger line which will be far superior to that of Panama and will present tangible competition to the all-rail transisthmian haul for Europe to the United States. It can be made the direct route from western South America to the United States, and Europe, and in going from New York to San Francisco via the isthmus it is at least six days shorter than by the Panama railroad. The building of the Nicaragua canal will be a great stimulus to all transisthmian traffic, and the Tehuantepec route presents many advantages over any other in reaching the Pacific end of the proposed American canal. In the hands of a firm such as is now in control of this railroad project, even if it were a half allowed by the contract with the Mexican government Pearson & Son must put this railroad upon a tangible working basis. Hence it may be that President Diaz will live to see one of his most daring ambitions in the line of commercial development for Mexico fully realized as a commercial influence, it may be

# TALES OF "ORIGINAL TOWNER"

## A Fire in the Old Cow Town Evokes Reminiscences of the "Eighties."

A recent dispatch from Towner, N. D., brought the information that a conflagration had razed a portion of the town, and that the burned district was largely the "original Towner" of the early days of western Dakota.

To the later arrivals in the cow country this means that a few frame buildings corner in the heart of many a pioneer.

So it was with Couits. He staked out his ranch ten miles down the river in an ideal spot. His yearlings and two-year-olds were the best that money could buy. His cattle brought the highest price in the west. His hospitality, his warmth and his own himself could hold his own in a gentleman's game with any of the men who circulated through the valley.

Every day was not like Sunday on the plains, nor was every day. But one morning that was marked down as the day of rest on one of the few calendars in town, Couits started the charmed circle by announcing that his sister was coming from England with a visit. A woman, and one with a title, coming to "original Towner." It was too much for the gang and the respiration of the cow punchers was arrested in short strokes. There were a few women in "original Towner" and good souls at that. There was the only mellowing influence in the strenuous life of these men of the round-ups. But a new and distinguished arrival! However, Couits set all fears at rest by explaining that he would arrange the program for the lady's entertainment and issue all instructions. "You see, boys," said he, "this is the first visit of the countess to this great country and her entertainment must be something impressive. She must have a reunion on horseback, and don't forget that the guns are to stay in the saddle pockets."

The great day came and the special car of the countess was switched to the new side track. The "retiring party" was on hand. The lady was seated in "original Towner" and the procession started for the ranch. But the thing was too tame for the cow punchers who were acting as positions and outriders, and, in spite of the orders of Couits, they began to unlimber the guns. By the time the countess reached the ranch, she was in a terrified state, and the celebration which continued through the greater part of the night, did not help matters. At the end of a few days the countess bid Couits, the ranch, and the cow punchers good-bye and fled.

have been erased from the townsite to make room for the more pretentious structures of brick and plate glass, the signboards of real progress on the western prairie, in the pioneer in the "cattle-man's paradise." The disappearance of "original Towner" awakens a different feeling, a memory of the times when the man who stole his neighbor's horse was meted a punishment more severe than to him who had "killed his man."

### BOB FOX WAS ONE OF THE ARISTOCRACY.

Bob Fox was one of the aristocracy of the plains back in the early eighties. His saloon in "original Towner" was the rendezvous of those light-hearted, money-

spending men who have given to the cattle country its most fascinating aspects. In Bob's saloon the bear danced on Fridays, the crack shots of the Mouse River valley took a try at the lights, and the stories of the last big round-up were told while the "cow puncher" slaked his thirst and the "hoss wrangler" called for another glass of "straight." He who in terms detrimental was referred to as "the-d- sheep herder" had no place in this select circle. None but the ranch owner, the heroes of the round-up, and the business men of the "metropolis of the valley" found real welcome here. Next door was the hotel, presenting to the gaze of the tourist the "Valley View," but invariably referred to in Bob's place as "the White Chapel." The killings that took place there every night made it a well-known record as large as the annual weather report, but the population of the insect world in the "White Chapel" seemed to grow anew every day.

One bright spring morning in the early eighties brought Couits Majoribanks, a big, strapping, manly six-footer, with the heart of an ox and the money-bag of a millionaire. This sort of man among the tourists is welcome everywhere. He is a "stranger" in the Indian legends of the "Mouse" and the "country to the southward" may be forgotten, but Couits never from the moment he appeared. It was evident that Couits Majoribanks was to be the one leader among the aristocracy of the ranges, the "pacer maker," as it was called, for he was the only one of the sons of the English nobility sent to western America to grow up with

to her special car and the less boisterous ways of civilization. The next few years the boom struck Towner. New people came into the Mouse river valley. The small farmer with his shack and his quarter section began to encroach on the lordly domain of the owners of thousands of acres. Couits Majoribanks began to long for a change. Letters from old England appealed to him to return, and when he finally decided that the old home had the first claim, he called a farewell meeting at Fox's that will go down in the history of the cattle country as one of the real "original Towner" events. The departure of the redmen into Montana.

Couits Majoribanks, Thursty and most of those good-hearted Englishmen with money to spend have quit the western plains. "original Towner" is in ashes. Bob Fox's saloon and "White Chapel" have disappeared. Fox, as a later owner of the Majoribanks ranch, dispenses charity to the stragglers in that love-lorn spot "ten miles down the river, and in the autumn days, while the "Clamorous Wa Wa" is flying southward in a V-shaped procession through the clouds, the tourist is welcome to the valley, to ride and riding whip are on the long vanderland. Down the valley new homes are appearing. The children welcome to the doorway of the stray maverick of the plains and the old-timer exchanging hunting yarns with the gentlemanly sportsman from the east will digress far enough to add a word of kind recollection for Couits Majoribanks and the cow punchers of the early eighties.

### COUTTS STARTLED THE CHARMED CIRCLE.

W. E. Davis.

### WOODEN SHOE NOT DESPISED

There is evolution in the wooden shoe, as in all other things earthly. Many people in Minnesota still wear the kind their daddies wore back in the olden times. Others have taken up with more advanced ideas and prefer the leather "upper."

As the native American in his home wears the slipper for comfort within the confines of his castle, after the day's work is done or before it is begun, so the German, the Swede, the Norwegian and the Finn, without mentioning the Chinaman, puts his feet into the wooden shoe. This does not include many individuals of those nationalities who have settled in America, but there are some people who have come from the farthest from these countries who still cling to the wooden shoe as one of the treasured and comfortable relics of the old country and of years past.

### Wholesale Horses Carry Them.

Many of the wholesale shoe houses have a trade in wooden shoes that is no small thing. The German will often wear a dealer buys his wooden shoes from small factories that make a specialty of them. In addition to that, this peculiar piece of foot gear is manufactured in the "hames" of the farmers in German or Scandinavian districts, out of a block of basswood and shaped much like the storm overshoe of to-day, with the exception of the high heel. The German will often wear the wooden shoe while "doing the chores" in the morning and slip it off shortly after entering the house. The Scandinavian will wear the shoe almost entirely in the house, and both like it on account of its expected that it will soon become a decided factor in making rates and estimating time of shipments from Atlantic to Pacific ports and from Atlantic to oriental lands. Within the three years and a half allowed by the contract with the Mexican government Pearson & Son must put this railroad upon a tangible working basis. Hence it may be that President Diaz will live to see one of his most daring ambitions in the line of commercial development for Mexico fully realized as a commercial influence, it may be

warmth. The wooden foot gear is a trifle awkward to handle, but practice makes perfect, even in the wooden shoe walk.

### Wooden Sole Leather Upper.

The demand for the wooden sole and leather upper is becoming very general among communities throughout Minnesota. Many of the American manufacturers now import the wooden sole and heel and top it with the leather upper. This sort of shoe is very popular among foundry workers and heavy employees. Heat has not the effect on wood that it has on leather, and the brewery employees consider the wooden sole the only thing that will give them dry feet at the end of a day's work. This idea in wooden shoe construction has invaded the European countries, and it is now in vogue in most of them, with the possible exception of the far north of the Scandinavian peninsula, where the frugal farmer still carries his wooden shoe out of the solid block of that light, soft white wood which is yet to be found in the forests of the United States.

### Explained.

—Boston Transcript.

Johnny—Pa, doesn't a man sometimes speak so rapidly that the stenographer can't follow him, and say so many wonderful things that they are lost in admiration of his eloquence?

Pa—Yes, I have heard that something of the kind does happen now and then.

Johnny—Why do you ask, Johnny?

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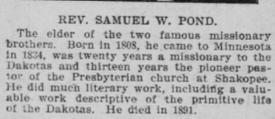
FOUR GENERATIONS OF PONDS.

Mrs. Gideon H. Pond, aged 76; Mrs. Frances R. Pond, her daughter; Mrs. Fannie Williamson, her granddaughter; and Margaret Olive Williamson, her great-granddaughter.

the Lac qui Parle, with but little encouragement, now looked forward hopefully into the future.

Suddenly, however, all their high hopes were rudely blasted. It was Aug. 17, 1862, the sun sank that day in the bosom of the prairies, a fearful storm of fire and blood raged upon the defenceless settlers and missionaries. Like the cyclone, it came unheralded and in a few moments the death of the prairies, it left desolation and death in its pathway. The Sioux arose and in their savage wrath swept the prairies of western Minnesota as with a besom of destruction.

But now occurred the strangest part of



REV. SAMUEL W. POND.

The elder of the two famous missionary brothers. Born in 1808, he came to Minnesota in 1834, was twenty years a missionary to the Dakotas and thirteen years the pioneer pastor of the Presbyterian church at Shakopee. He did much literary work, including a valuable work descriptive of the primitive life of the Dakotas. He died in 1881.

this wondrously strange story. Three hundred Indian braves, mainly chiefs, were confined in prison pens, at Mankato, Minn. While free on the prairie these warriors had hated the missionaries and had scorned their messages, with all the intensity of their savage natures. They had bitterly opposed every effort of the missionaries. They had scornfully rejected the invitations of the gospel. But now in their bonds they earnestly desired to hear the gospel message they had formerly



REV. GIDEON H. POND.

The younger of the famous missionary heroes. He was born in Connecticut in 1810 and in 1834 came to Fort Snelling, one of the pioneer legislators of Minnesota territory, and the first to preach the gospel in Minnesota. For twenty years he ministered to the Dakotas and then gathered the First Presbyterian church at Bloomington, serving as pastor for twenty years, until his death in 1878.

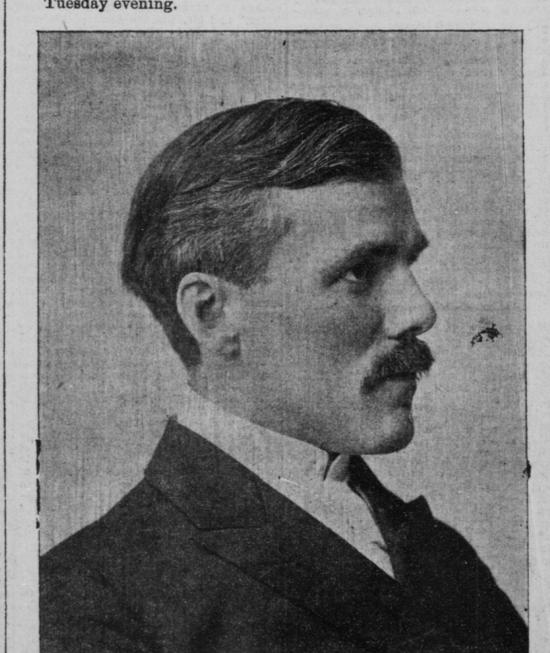
In prayer and brought their offerings to the missionary meetings. Such wondrous liberality those dark-faced sisters displayed. We marked with wonder the intense interest manifested hour after hour by all classes in the sermons and addresses, especially in the discussions, Sabbath came! A glorious day! With the early dawn, prayer and praise rose from the white tepees on the hillsides. The great congregation assembled in the open air. Pastor Renville, who as a little lad, played at the feet of the translators of the Bible in the Sioux language, and who as a young man, organized a counter revolution among the Christian Indians in the Dakotas, in Manitoba. The bread was broken by Artemas Enhamane (Walking Among), who was condemned, pardoned and then converted after that appalling tragedy. The wine was poured by that man whom all the Sioux lovingly call John (John P. Williamson, D. D.), who led them in the burning revival scenes in the prison camps at Fort Snelling in 1862-63. And as he referred to those thrilling scenes, their tears flowed like rain. It is said that Indians cannot

scorned. They sent for the missionaries to visit them in prison and the missionaries went with joy and the Holy Spirit accompanied them.

These savage captives welcomed these ministers and listened eagerly to the glad tidings of salvation. And all that long winter of 1862-63 there was in progress within those terrible prison pens of Mankato, one of the most wonderful revivals

# DR. NEWELL DWIGHT HILLIS

## Famous Brooklyn divine who will lecture on Oliver Cromwell in the Institute of Arts and Letters Course at the Lyceum theater next Tuesday evening.



Dr. Newell Dwight Hillis, although only 42 years old, is without any superior in the American ministry as an orator. Soon after leaving Northwestern University his preaching was marked for its eloquence and substance. When Professor David Swing died, Dr. Hillis was called to succeed him in the pulpit of the Central Church of Chicago. Thence he was called to the pastorate of historic Plymouth church in Brooklyn when Dr. Lyman Abbott resigned to devote himself to the editorship of the Outlook. Dr. Hillis was not called to Plymouth until the congregation had canvassed all the "possibilities" in America and Great Britain.

Dr. Hillis has published number of books which have been widely read. They are, "Great Books as Life Teachers," "A Man's Value to Society," "The Investment of Influence," "Right Living as Fine Art," "Foretakers of Immortality," and "How the Inner Light Failed."

Dr. Hillis has a style which has been described as fairly throbbing with animation and scintillating with beauty. He packs his lectures with thought and uses a wealth of illustration. "So fertile is his intellect, so vast and varied his store of information that he has no need of restraint for fear of exhaustion."

Dr. Hillis was to have lectured in Minneapolis for the Institute of Arts and Letters in January on "The Tragedy of the Ten Talent Men from Socrates to Lincoln." The date had to be postponed and was eventually fixed for Tuesday evening, March 12, at the Lyceum theater. Later at Dr. Hillis' urgent request, the subject of the lecture was changed to "Oliver Cromwell." This lecture is regarded more highly by Dr. Hillis than the other and is being given immensely popular wherever delivered.

A year ago Dr. Hillis' lecture on Ruskin marked one of the salient events of the Institute's season. On so inspiring a