

# This White Man Was Stolen By Indians When a Child. His Story Is a Book of Thrilling Romance.

WRITTEN FOR THE SUNDAY REPUBLIC.  
This is the story of a white man who—  
Stolen by Indians when he was 2 years old, grew up in the belief that he was an Indian.  
Refused to live as a white man when after being captured by General Custer, he was restored to his uncle in Texas.  
Ran away from his uncle's home and rejoined the Indians; and when war had dissipated his tribe and left him without a people.  
Enlisted in the United States Army; but when the Cheyenne war began, deserted and became a Cheyenne warrior.  
Was captured, tried for desertion, sentenced to death, escaped.  
Was a fugitive for years, as such wandered into Texas, where he was converted by a Salvation Army lassie.  
Joined the Free Will Baptist Church, later the Presbyterian Church.  
Became a successful minister of the Gospel at Buffalo, N. Y.  
Was elevated to the charge of army desertion by a pardon from President Cleveland.  
And was in St. Louis a few days ago, the guest of the Reverend Doctor W. J. McKittick, en route to Anadarko, Ok., to prove his title as land claimant of the late adopted son of an Indian chief, and under appointment as a syndical missionary, to do religious work among the remnant of this old tribe.

"I grew up as an Indian, and I loved the life. When I was old enough, I was put through all the tests that Indians consider necessary to prove the manhood of a young brave. I became an expert in the sports of my people. One of the most suspicious recollections I have is of riding the winner in an Indian horse race. That was when I was quite a youth—perhaps 12 years old. The Kiowas and another tribe met and a horse race was decided upon. Our champion rider was an ugly little flea-bitten mustang, 'Buckskin'—as wonderful impossible a piece of horse flesh to look at him as one could imagine. Both tribes bet that they had worldly possessions—piled their blankets, trinkets, pipes, provisions and everything else in separate heaps on the ground. These piles constituted the purse that the winner was to take. As I was leading my horse upon the track, the other tribe shouted in derision. I don't blame them, for if ever there was a horse that looked as if he could not run, 'Buckskin' was that horse.  
"At the start of the race the other horse had all the better of it. I kept well back with Buckskin well in hand. The other horse ran so well that I began to be afraid, so I let Buckskin out a bit. When I saw he could do all the running that was necessary, I pulled him back and hung on the flanks of my rival until near the finish.

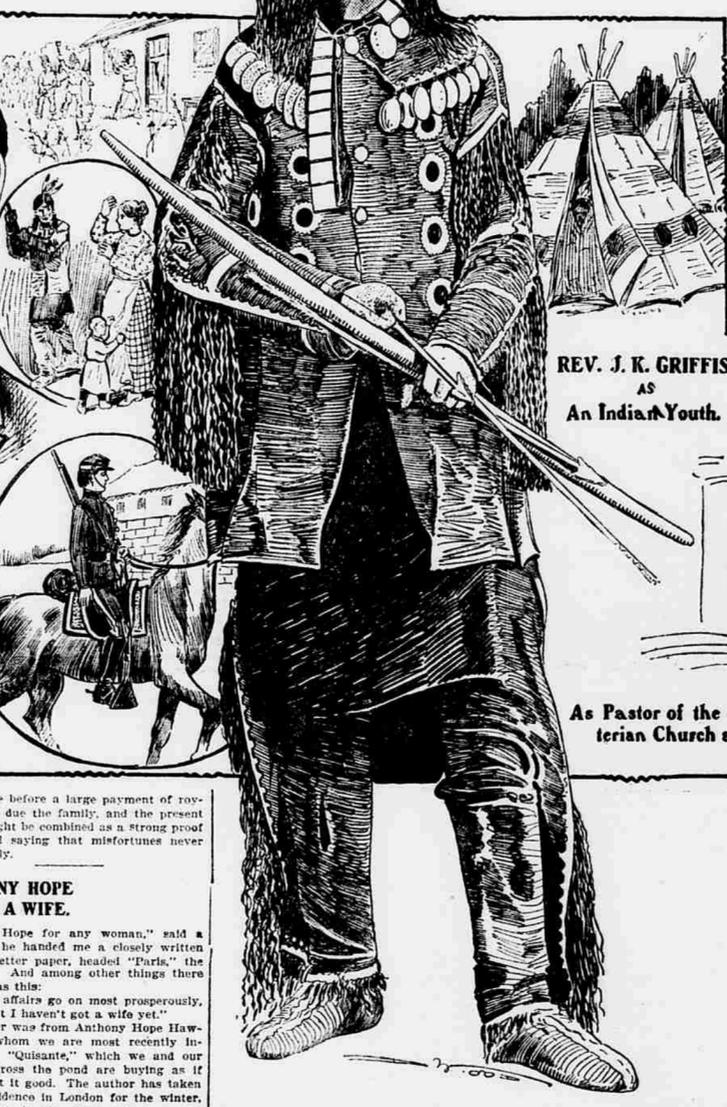
Then I reached over and whispered in the horse's ear: 'Go on, Buckskin.' And that little old flea-bitten mustang laid back his ears, passed the other horse in half a dozen jumps and at the finish was at least thirty feet ahead. Of course the Kiowas were happy, and the other tribe correspondingly unhappy. I was the center of the conflicting emotions. The Kiowas were willing to make a chief of me; the others would have been glad to make mince-meat of me.  
**Captured by General Custer and Sent Home to His Uncle.**  
"I was about 12 years old when I learned that I was a white boy. My people were on the warpath, and General Custer had after them. He caught our band, killed many of the braves, and took Big Bow, myself, and several of the women and children prisoner. He saw I was not an Indian and guessed that I had been stolen. Big Bow told him I was his son, but General Custer knew he was not telling the truth, and threatened to kill me unless he told who my father was. Big Bow was vanquished, and gave the information. General Custer then sent me to my uncle—my father having been killed by the Indians in trying to carry out his threat of vengeance upon them for having killed my mother and stolen me.  
"Even such civilization as then existed in the section of Texas in which my uncle

lived was too much for me. I longed for the old life on the plains—in the woods—on the warpath—on the chase. I felt that I was in prison; the ways of my uncle and the white people were too tame. And the first opportunity I got I stole my uncle's best horse, a rifle and a revolver, and started out to join my tribe. I found it after many days of weary searching, and was welcomed with open arms.  
"One incident of my life with my uncle is particularly fresh in my mind. On the first day of my arrival at his home, he sat me at a table with plate, knife and fork before me. Then he brought in some meat. He showed me how to use the knife and fork, but the knife was dull, and I threw it into a corner; the fork was an incumbrance, and I threw it under the table. Then I drew my own sharp hunting knife from

my belt, cut the meat to suit myself, and ate it with my fingers.  
"I said I was welcomed with open arms when I returned to the Kiowas. There was one brave in camp who did not join in the welcome. He was the old medicine man, who had never liked me, and who now declared I had come into the camp as a spy. He gathered the entire band around him, pointing to a certain tree, and declared to me:  
"When the sun reaches that spot where its shadow will rest on the trunk of that tree, a flame of fire will shoot from your mouth, and by that means the Great Spirit will show to my people that you are not our friend."  
"With that the medicine man went into his tepee and began to chant wildly, while he prepared some mysterious concoction. Just at the time the shadow touched the tree trunk he rushed out, and an instant before he reached me something that appeared to be flame shot from his own mouth.  
"From that moment that medicine man was without honor in the camp of the Kiowas. He was discredited—the superstitious Indians holding that the Great Spirit had rebuked him for his attempt to disparage me.  
**Has Felt the Thrill That Comes With Lifting an Enemy's Scalp.**  
"I have felt the thrill of joy that comes

with the lifting of a scalp. Novelists have not overdrawn the sensations of the Indian when he accomplishes this triumphant feat. There is nothing to compare with the happiness that it gives him to hang to his belt the scalp of an enemy. The scalp of an Apache was the first that I hung from my girdle, and the way of it was this:  
"One day I was hunting with a party of my tribe, when unexpectedly a party of Apaches came upon us, and killed two or three of our party. I escaped, with others, and made a vow that I would hang an Apache scalp to my belt to revenge the death of my friends.  
"Some time after this, myself, a white man known to us as Gee-Whiz, and an Indian were hunting in a neighborhood which we knew to be infested by Apaches. Presently we noticed a warrior lying at full length in the high grass of the prairie. All of us fell on our faces and began to crawl toward him. He kept his heady eyes on us and his rifle raised, but he could not find an opportunity to fire. We crept in a circle until we got in plain sight of him. I raised my rifle, and just then he pulled the trigger of his own weapon.  
"But there was no explosion, and the next instant my rifle rang out. I fired twice, then crept to where he was, found him dead, and with a wild whoop stripped his scalp from his head. We saw then why he had not fired; a blade of grass had caught the hammer of his rifle in such a way as to stop its descent against the plunger. One of my bullets had glanced along the side of his head, and the other had struck him squarely in the forehead, piercing his brain.  
"The world was bright to me then. I had reached the pinnacle of an enemy's scalp was hanging at my belt. There was no greater joy that could come to me—and when I hurried into camp to show my trophy I felt that I was chief of all the warriors that had ever lived.

ourselves to that life. Three of us—Gee-Whiz, my Indian friend, and myself—joined the army. For a time we gloried in this life; there was action and excitement, and we were fighting the hated Apaches. But after awhile the Cheyennes went on the warpath, and we did not hate the Cheyennes. So we determined to desert. When the opportunity came, we joined the Cheyennes and fought with them.  
"But in the course of time the Cheyennes, too, were captured. We were recognized, hauled up for court-martial on the charge of desertion, sentenced to be shot, and taken to the blacksmith shop to be manacled. The blacksmith was a man whom I had befriended. I saw that he recognized me, and whispered to him to make the shackles large. He nodded that he understood, and he made them so large that it was an easy matter, after we were put in the guardhouse, to slip them off. Then we climbed the roof and cut a hole in it.  
"Two sentries made regular rounds about the guardhouse, meeting every few moments at one side or the other. We waited until they were on the side opposite from us, and then leaped to the ground. We ran to the woods and then, as the guards fired in our direction, gave several warwhoops.  
"This had an effect that we did not expect. The garrison thought Indians were attacking the fort, and instead of going after us, began to prepare for the attack. And while they prepared we made good our escape.  
"I wandered all over the Western country after that—a fugitive whose capture would mean his death—a homeless wanderer—rascals with a price on his head—a mourner at the country as it had been, and a hater of it as it was. Without aim, I drifted into Canada, and to London, Ontario.  
**Converted to Christianity**  
by a Salvation Army Lassie.  
"One night, in the early winter of 1891, when the first chill blasts were coming down from the north, and my thin clothing was beginning to prove its inefficiency, I found myself listening to the singing of a Salvation Army band at a street corner. While I stood, scarcely understanding what was going on, a young girl came to my side, caught my arm, looked up into my face, and said:  
"Isn't it nice that God loves you?"  
"Umph!" I grunted. "God no love me! Nobody love me!"  
"And I jerked away from her and went on my aimless wandering about the streets. But the girl's words had taken hold of me. I thought of them; I tried to solve them. And the next night I sought out the Salvation Army headquarters. As I entered the room a man came up to me and paid no attention to him. Off in a corner I saw the girl who had spoken to me the night before. I pushed through the small crowd until I got to her side.  
"If your God loves me," I said bluntly, "tell him to make me love him."  
"The Salvation Army girl went down on her knees on the floor and prayed. I was hungry, and they gave me food; I was tired, and they gave me a place to sleep. And at all times they told me that God loved me.  
"After a while I began to love God. I became a member of the Salvation Army, and then as I began to study I joined the Free Will Baptist Church. Later I became a Presbyterian, and for five years I have been pastor of a church in Buffalo.  
"Doctor McKittick and Mrs. McKittick first met Mr. Griffis in Buffalo soon after he had taken the South Presbyterian Church of that city, and about the time when President Cleveland, by pardon, quashed the charge of desertion against him.  
"At that time," says Doctor McKittick, "South Church was merely a mission in the outskirts of Buffalo. Mr. Griffis has made of it one of the largest and most influential churches of the city. He is an eloquent preacher and a hard worker, and whereas South Church was only a mission, supported by another church, when he took charge of it, it is now a big church and supports two missions. Mr. Griffis is married and has three sons.  
"Mr. Griffis is now in Anadarko, Ok., where he has gone for the double purpose of proving his claim to 320 acres of land, to which he is entitled as an adopted son of a Kiowa chief, and to do missionary work under a special appointment from the Kiowa reservation live two daughters—old Chief Big Bow, who still consider "Boy Chased by a Buffalo" as their brother. Mr. Griffis has a strong affection for these former sisters of the plains and will visit them.



REV. J. K. GRIFFIS AS An Indian Youth.  
As Pastor of the South Presbyterian Church at Buffalo.

The name of this man is Joseph N. Griffis; his Indian name was "Boy Chased by a Buffalo."  
In 1884, when he was 2 years old, he was living with his parents in a frontier settlement where the town of Gainesville, Tex., now stands. One afternoon, while most of the men were away, a band of Kiowas, headed by Chief Big Bow, made a raid on the town. The mother of Joseph ran into their trail home, taking the child with her, and barred the doors and windows. The Indians battered down a door, killed the mother and took the boy prisoner. When they left the scene of their depredation nearly all the women and children lay dead about their huts, and their souls dangled at the belts of the Indians. The survivors were prisoners, but all except the boy either escaped or were killed.  
Joseph was taken to the camp of the Kiowas and adopted by Big Bow. He grew up with never a thought of his white blood in his veins. He took part in the sports of the Indian children, and when he grew old enough became a brave and went with his people on the warpath.  
"I have no recollection of a babyhood that antedated my life in an Indian tepee," he

little white before a large payment of royalties was due the family, and the present report, might be combined as a strong proof of the old saying that misfortunes never come singly.  
**ANTHONY HOPE WANTS A WIFE.**  
"Here's Hope for any woman," said a friend as he handed me a closely written sheet of letter paper, headed "Paris," the other day. And among other things there written was this:  
"All my affairs go on most prosperously, except that I haven't got a wife yet."  
The letter was from Anthony Hope Hawkins, to whom we are most recently indebted for "Quisante," which we and our cousins across the pond are buying as if we thought it good. The author has taken up his residence in London for the winter, and will live in the Savoy Mansions. He went into politics this autumn, but, like the "man in our town," when he found that he was in, went out again. The real reason for his giving up the attempt to get a seat in Parliament was a threatened breakdown and a touch of heart trouble, he says. So, instead of going to Parliament, he went to Paris. He is anxious to visit this country again, and it will be good news to his many friends here to know that next spring is the time he has set for the trip.

**HOPKINSON SMITH'S SUMMER WORK.**  
Every summer F. Hopkinson Smith lays aside his thoughts of engineering and writing and betakes himself to Europe, where he becomes the artist. This year he did not get away until late in June, but he is as prodigious a worker with the brush as with the rule and pen, and when he returned last month he brought with him forty-five large water-colors, scenes along the Thames, in Holland, and about Venice. They are all painted on gray paper, as is his custom, and they are as good in their way as his feats of engineering are remarkable and his books readable. Early in January they will be exhibited in New York.  
Mr. Smith and his family spent two weeks in Paris, and one result of that visit is a series of drawings of picturesque places at the great exposition. Accompanied by a descriptive article from the artist's pen, these will appear in an early number of a monthly magazine. As usual, he has seen and depicted what most other persons would pass by. When the Smith family returned, there was one more member that started out—a beautiful, black pool, with a pedigree quite long. This was a gift to the artist's daughter from the Baroness de Rothschild. It will, in a way, take the place of a former pet, which succumbed to an attack of appendicitis while the family was abroad.

**THE WESTCOTTS' MISFORTUNES.**  
It is sad news that comes to me concerning one of the daughters of Edward Noyes Westcott, author of "David Harum." She is said to be the victim of a very uncommon disease—a gradual ossification of the entire body, which is slowly and painfully rendering her helpless. It started in her feet and has worked upward, until now the physicians tell her that within a few weeks she will have to decide on what position she wishes to assume for the rest of her life, which will last until the malady reaches some vital part. To conceive a more grievous affliction is almost beyond the power of imagination, and the fact that the young woman is still in full possession of her mental powers only adds to the pathos of the situation. It would almost seem that some strange fatality had opposed itself to the remarkable success of the book, and the play founded upon it. The author dying before he could enjoy his fame or its material reward, the firm which published the story failing, and unfortunately, just a

for another magazine, which are awaiting only their final touches of revision. It has been a busy year with the Novelist of Northampton.  
Mr. Kipling will spend several months in South Africa this winter, and his family will go with him. He does not make the change on account of his health, but because he likes the Boer land. His new story, "Kim," will not be published until next autumn.  
Thomas Nelson Page and Mrs. Page have closed their home in Washington and sailed for Egypt, where they will spend the winter in Cairo and on the Nile.  
Captain Joshua Slocum, whose "Sailing Alone Around the World" created a sensation in London, will be heard on the lecture platform in this country this season.  
Some hitherto unpublished letters of Marcus Aurelius, which are said to have been recently found, form an interesting addition to a new edition of this classic, which has just appeared on the book stands.  
The Aldine Club, which has for its members the publishers of New York, will give a dinner in honor of Mark Twain early in December. The returned wanderer, whose welcome was such a warm one, will be much feted this winter.  
Besides a short story, which will appear in one of the Christmas magazines, we will have nothing new from Frank R. Stockton until next year. He is writing away at his home in West Virginia, but he has no announcement to make concerning what he is doing. He will come to New York early in December to spend several months, as is his custom.  
"Max O'Rell" (Paul Blount) writes from London that he has had to cancel all his engagements for lectures and readings up to Christmas on account of illness. He recently underwent a somewhat dangerous operation.  
LEIGH MITCHELL HODGES.

**PESSIMISTIC.**  
To the confirmed pessimist there is no good or pleasure in life that has not its corresponding evil or unhappiness.  
"Your house looks much better since you had it painted," remarked a cheerful citizen, stopping on his way downtown to speak to a neighbor.  
The neighbor was standing in front of his premises, looking with lowering brow at the newly painted front of his mansion.  
"Yes," he replied, gloomily. "It looks some better, but we have to wash the windows twice as often as we did before to dress up to it."

**THE GOSSIP OF LITERARY CIRCLES.**  
George W. Cable is this month finishing a long novel, which will appear serially in one of the leading magazines before its publication in book form. I am not at liberty to mention the title or character of the story, but one who has read two-thirds of it and who is an authority says it will be the best thing Mr. Cable has done. Aside from this, he has on hand two shorter stories, destined

**GENIUS AT HOME.**  
I am by no means certain that Princess Bismarck was fully cognizant of the transcendent genius of the founder of the German Empire, says a writer in the London Queen. She was an admirable wife, an excellent mother, an unobtrusive though a genuine grande dame, but she failed to see in more respects than one that a great man cannot do his greatness together with his court dress or uniform; that even in the most exclusive privacy of his home something of that greatness must cling to him, and that a man at whose bidding every one flies in the outer world does not become absolutely transformed into an ordinary husband under his own roof-tree. She was fond of informing visitors to Varzin and Friedrichshagen that the smallest turnip field on his estate was of more importance to her husband than the most complicated problem of European politics. No doubt she wished to delude herself into the belief that she was speaking the truth, for, no matter what the status of Prince Bismarck's private guest, she entered his study and interrupted the interview when, according to her idea, it had lasted long enough. Bismarck himself was too much of a grand seigneur to express, either by the slightest word or gesture, his disapproval of such interruptions. On the contrary, he pretended to approve of them to his interlocutor; in reality, he must now and again have thoroughly disagreed with them.  
Longo intervals, Princess Bismarck's demeanor on such occasions reminds one of a scene invented by the late Oliver Wendell Holmes, and which, fletitious though it was, might have had its counterpart, in real life. I transcribe verbatim:  
"Arthur writing."  
"To be or not to be, that is the question—whether it is nobl—"  
"William, snuff we have pudding to-day, or bapocakes?"  
"Bapocakes; as it please thee, Ann, or a pudding, of that matter; or was thou with good woman, so thou come not betwix me, and my thought." Exit Mistress Ann, with a strongly accented coughing of the door, and murmurs to the effect: "Ay, marry, 'twas well for thee to talk as if thou wast not stomach to all. We poor wives must not for our masters, while they sit in their armchairs grinning as great in the sixth Sciences; summoned Voltaire and Maupertuis; made Germany open its eyes at the speech: 'In this country every man must get to heaven in his own way,' and proclaimed a practical freedom of the press—"

**HE WILL WORK AS A MISSIONARY AMONG THE REDS OF THE SOUTHWEST.**

**PASSING OF POPULARITY.**  
Sir Walter Besant in the London Queen.  
A man often discussed is the duration of an author's popularity. At the present moment there are some seventy poets who are read and counted as poets. My last begging letter writer assured me, with a modest blush that one could see wanting to the notepaper, that he was a "minor" poet. There are some five-and-twenty novelists who are in repute and demand; there are half a dozen essayists who are in repute; there are a few more who are also in repute, though not much in demand. How many of them will be still read in the year 2000? The question may be considered at some future time. I have mentioned it here in order to introduce a popular novel to you. I met her, with her sister, both ladies in the autumnal period of life, in the room behind a shop at a writing place; the room contained the circulating library. They were eagerly examining the shelves; they mounted chairs in order to get at the books; they worked at opposite walls. I sat at the table and pretended not to be looking. At last one of them gave a little scream.  
"Ah!" she cried, "here it is." So she pulled out the three volumes, and the two sisters began to look at the work.  
"See," said one, "the binding is loose. How many readers does that mean? And look at the pages—how crumpled, dog's-eared, tattered. My dear! It is always the same wherever we go: the same story. What a popularity! What readers you have obtained! We ought to be proud!"  
"Grateful, sister, not proud," replied the other.  
"Let us put the book back in its place. Some one will be wanting it."  
Then they went away. I got up and looked at the book. It was a three-volume novel of the seventies, a period which afflicted many such works upon the world. It had been entirely worthless and rubbishy, and it had been on the shelves of this seaside circulating library for thirty years. Of course, there had never been any second edition; the book had been dead for five-and-twenty years, and this was the author, and all the time she had been sustained and comforted by this outward and visible sign of immortality, or at least life prolonged, until the book should fall into rags absolute and could no more hold together. Before that sad event happens I hope the author will herself have ceased from haunting the seaside libraries.

**THE DEPARTMENT STORE ENTERS THE PUBLISHING FIELD.**  
Fatality Follows Family of "David Harum's" Creator. The Remarkable Record of a Young Writer. Miss Bertha Runkle's Success With Her First Book. F. Hopkinson Smith to Describe the Paris Exposition. William Allen White at Work on a Character Sketch of Mr. Croker.

**DOCTOR GOSS'S NEW NOVEL.**  
"The Redemption of David Corson" stirred up much comment as to its morality—an comment of more than ordinary interest in view of the fact that its author, Doctor Charles Frederic Goss, is a clergyman. His forthcoming book, which he is just now finishing, will doubtless be like its predecessor in this respect, judging from the brief description he gives me concerning it. The title has yet to be chosen, but the story deals with the development of the soul life of a young woman who has been driven by her wrongs into an effort to secure revenge. By contact with a man who exemplifies the Christian doctrine of forgiveness she is led into a new life.  
The scene of the story is laid in the Ohio Valley, with the people and parts of which Doctor Goss is familiar through long association. He is the pastor of the Avondale Presbyterian Church, in Cincinnati.

**A NEW WRITER'S GOOD FORTUNE.**  
To have one's first novel accepted by the first publishers to whom submitted, and to receive their thanks in the form of a check for \$2,000, is to say the least, an occurrence with few, if any, precedents. That the fortunate writer should be a young woman just out of her teens adds to the fatality of the story, but it is true. She is Miss Bertha Runkle, a New York girl, and her story is "The Helme of Navarre." Its serial publication in a magazine was preceded by a flare of trumpets such as might have heralded the return of Victor Hugo, and its reception thus far by readers and reviewers would seem to justify the prelude of praise. Personally Miss Runkle is quite as unassuming of way and bloodily inquisitive as Miss Mary Johnston, whose "To Have and to Hold" may yet be rivalled in public esteem by a different type. She is bright and full of life, fond of dancing and sports, and even her nearest friends know nothing of her literary aspirations or ability until about a year ago. Then she sent a

short story to the woman who conducts a well-known magazine for young folks. "I was sorry when the manuscript came," said this editor afterwards, "for I had known Bertha a long time and loved her, and I had not the least idea that I could do anything but return the manuscript after I should read it." So on this account she delayed reading it, as an unpleasant duty, the performance of which, however, justified her hurrying to the head of the firm and telling him about a "find" of pure gold. This story will be published next month. The longer one, which followed, was accepted at once, and in addition to the check mentioned just above, the publishers are not the heartless, grasping beings some persons imagine—she was offered a royalty on the book, which will be brought out later, and the dramatic rights were reserved to her. Of course, the story will be staged, and up to the present writing Miss Runkle has had only seventeen offers to dramatize it. I understand.

**WILLIAM ALLEN WHITE AND CROKER.**  
The author of "The Court of Boyville," whose gift becomes more ample as his literary fame increases, recently journeyed to New York to study Richard Croker, who will be one of the next in his character sketches of great political leaders appearing from time to time in McClure's. In order to get plenty of "local color," Mr. White—who is a Republican leader himself in Kansas—was introduced to some of the big chiefs of Tammany, and with them he attended a typical meeting on the East Side. He sat on the platform, heard the trusts denounced and enjoyed it all immensely. The next evening he dined with Mr. Croker at the palatial Democratic Club, in Fifth avenue. So he saw both extremes.  
"I believe I'd like to live in New York if I could get in with Tammany," he said, smilingly, afterwards. "It would be all right until some newspaper called me 'Fatty White.' That would be too much."  
This Kansas editor, who has refused some alluring offers to come to this city. He prefers Emporia to New York, however. "All you do here," he once remarked, "is to eat luncheon and get ready to go home." It's not strange that he should think thus, for when he comes East he is overwhelmed with luncheon and dinner invitations. As to his literary work, after he has finished with Mr. Croker, he will take up President McKinley. He has also written some more short stories for Scribner's, which will be published soon.

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