

RED CLOUD—MOST TERRIBLE OF SIOUX WARRIORS



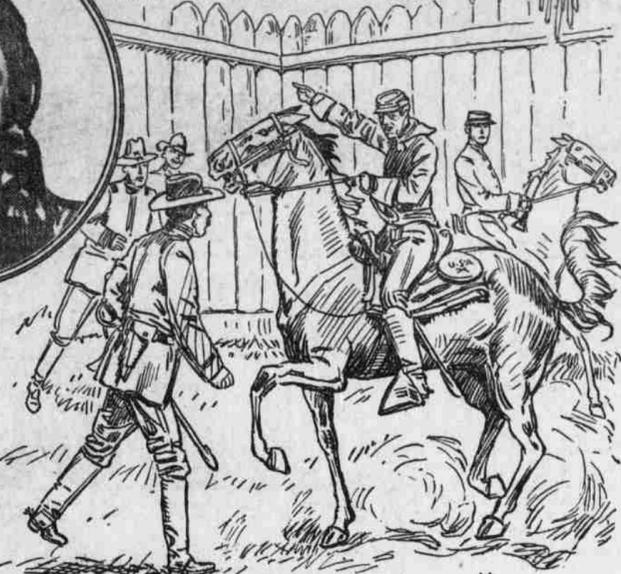
RED CLOUD



SITTING BULL

EDWARD D. CLARK

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WASHINGTON.—Red Cloud was a Sioux warrior more terrible than Sitting Bull. It is true that the chief who met and killed the last man of the force of Gen. Custer is accounted in the east the greatest brave, but the people of the plains will scoff at the accounting. Red Cloud, it is said, is still living.

Sitting Bull had 5,000 fighting men with him when he met the Seventh cavalry under the "Yellow-haired Chief," who rode into the valley of death with less than three hundred following troopers. It is the custom of the whites to speak of every battle with the reds in which the pale face loss was severe as a massacre. The Custer affair was a massacre, but it was one of the few fights in which the whites were defeated which rightly could be so called.

Red Cloud's name is suggestive of the warrior, and in the years that are gone he made its significance terrible. With his braves he swept the settlements and gave battle to the soldiery, rarely giving heed to the odds that might be against him.

Red Cloud was a Sioux of the pure blood. There were always men of the tribe who said that Sitting Bull had a trace of white in him, and to the full-blood this was the equivalent of discrediting him with a "streak of yellow." But this was only the Indian way of looking at it and Sitting Bull probably never showed a coward's face to any foe, no matter what may be the opinion of him as a plainsman general.

In his old age Red Cloud is said to be an object of pity, but it was a different story in the earlier days, when his arm was strong and his heart was vengeful. Almost immediately after the civil war Red Cloud met in battle the field-tried heroes of that conflict and they found in him a foe worthy of their skill and steel.

Mineral wealth had been discovered in Montana and the rush of prospectors and settlers made it necessary for the government to begin the erection of military posts along the trail leading over the prairies to the mines. On the trail to the Powder river was built Fort Phil Kearney. While the troops ordered to the new post were on the march overland, a scout came riding in to the column as if he had death at his heels. Col. Fetterman was in command, and after a hurried talk with the scout the two rode forward, leaving the column at a halt. Officer and scout skirted a patch of timber and came to the banks of a small prairie stream from which the view was unbroken for miles. To the front and about 600 yards distant they saw a solitary Sioux warrior standing on the plain with his spear thrust into the ground at his side, while from the end of the weapon's handle fluttered a bit of colored cloth. It needed but little frontier knowledge to make interpretation of that signal easy. It was the Sioux sign of warning that there must be no trespassing on the lands over which they held dominion.

Warning Is Spurned.

Red Cloud, the chief, had ordered the warrior to display what was at once a notice and a menace, and later he took a terrible vengeance because his warning had been spurned.

Col. Fetterman rode back to his command, knowing well what the signal of the planted spear meant, but, soldier like, fully determined to disregard its conveyed threat. He pushed ahead with his men, throwing out scouts to feel the way. The Indian sentinel had vanished, but he had left his spear with its pennant of cloth to stand as a forbidding sign. Not another Sioux was seen on the march to the new post, but the scouts knew that Red Cloud was not far off and was biding his time.

A few hours after the occupation of the fort a detail of soldiers was sent out with a small wagon train to cut and to bring in needed timber. Two hours later a courier rode in and had barely time to tell his story before he sank into unconsciousness from the pain of his wounds. The timber detail was surrounded by Sioux and was in imminent danger of death.

In the fort were many women and children, the wives and sons and daughters of the officers and enlisted men. Col. Fetterman knew that he must leave a strong guard for the protection of the post, for the attack on the timber party might be but a diversion to draw away the troops, and so, taking but 50 men with him, the commanding officer rode out to the rescue of the surrounded soldiers. Not one man of the gallant band ever rode back.

That Fetterman and his men exacted a heavy price for their lives goes without saying, but how many of the savage followers of Red Cloud fell on that day no man ever knew nor will man ever know unless the chief in the hour of his dotage may one day babble the tale. To the memory of Fetterman a fort bearing his name rose in the wilderness, but even the remembrance of the memorial is now passing away. News of the killing of the troops that had gone to the aid of their fellows only to die was sent to the nearest garrison by courier, who made his way through the hostile country with peril besetting every hoof stroke on the path. He eluded Red Cloud only by matching cunning against cunning, and the white craft won over the red.

Relief reached the post, but by this time the whole Sioux nation had declared for war and the northwest was aflame, nor did the fires of conflict kindled by Red Cloud, die out for more than a score of years, the last flicker of the flame lighting the battle field of "The Mission," near Pine Ridge, S. D., in the year 1891.

Red Cloud, at the agency near the scene of the last fight, saw the wounded brought in from the field. He had seen the beginning of the great war and he was the witness of its end.

Reno's Gallant Fight.

While Sitting Bull with his 5,000 warriors was engaged in the annihilation of Gen. Custer and his devoted following of troopers. In June, 1876, Maj. Reno's squadron of the Seventh cavalry was battling with a band of Sioux not many miles away in the country of the Little Big Horn.

The "Custer massacre" overshadowed all the other Indian fights which took place in that red month, and thus it is that but little is known outside the circles of the army about the gallant fight which the unfortunate Reno and his men put up that day against the swarming hordes of savages.

After it was known that Custer and his command had been killed there was criticism of Major Reno for not pushing forward to Custer's assistance. The major had been given orders to take another trail, and when he felt the shaft of criticism he demanded that a court of inquiry be convened to pass upon his conduct.

The court met, heard the evidence and found him blameless. Later in his army life Reno, a man of tried courage, committed indiscretions which resulted in a court-martial and a sentence of dismissal from the army in which he had served in peace and in war for years.

There was an incident in connection with Reno's fight with the reds nearly 30 years ago concerning which the only facts set down in army history are that for a specific act of gallantry on that field of battle Sergt. Richard P. Hanley was awarded a medal of honor. The noncommissioned officer received his decoration for riding a mule, a dangerous proceeding at almost any time, but a proceeding on that day of battle so precarious that neither Hanley nor his comrades believed when the ride began that it could end in anything but death.

Reno found himself confronted by a tremendous force of Indians. The fight that ensued was one of the fiercest ever fought on the plains. A charge made by a part of Reno's command, a charge that literally led the troopers into the jaws of death, turned the tide of defeat, though a score of officers and men gave up their lives that victory might come.

The men in Reno's command knew that they were a match for five times their number of savages, but they were short of ammunition and every time that the Sioux were driven away they returned again to the assault, and every assault cost the troopers dear in powder and lead.

Finally all the ammunition in the outfit with the exception of that which the men carried in their belts was on the back of a huge, bad-tempered Missouri mule, chosen for the job of cartridge carrier because of his prodigious proportions and his unflagging energy.

Daring Deed of a Trooper.

The mule was with the pack train to the right and rear of the squadron, which was lying along the edge of a wood with its face toward the enemy. A Sioux



warrior who was no sharpshooter sent a bullet which might have been aimed at the noonday sun. Probably before it came to earth it tore a fragment out of a cloud, but on its way to the ground it "creased" the ammunition-bearing mule, which instantly broke loose and, maddened by pain and fright, went tearing through the wood, knocking down a trooper who attempted to stay its course, and then made straight for the outlying masses of the enemy.

When the flying mule had reached a point about a hundred yards distant from where the feathered heads of the reds were showing, it stopped short and, forgetting its pain, began to graze on the bunch grass.

On the back of that mule was the ammunition upon which depended the troopers' salvation. In order to reach the animal any man brave enough to make the attempt must needs cross an open plain swept by a thousand rifles.

The officers consulted, and a desperate plan for the recapture of the mule was under discussion. Suddenly one of the enlisted men called attention to a movement in the grass far over to the right. In a moment the head of a white man was seen. It was a trooper who was crawling slowly toward the stampeded animal.

Word was passed swiftly down the line, and volley after volley was directed at the Sioux to keep their attention away from the mule and from the soldier who was making his way toward it. The trooper crawled up and on. He was close to the savage line and discovery meant death. He reached a point within 25 yards of the grazing animal, then suddenly stood up, bolted forward and vaulted on to the mule's back.

Digging his spurs deep into the animal's side, Sergt. Hanley, for he was the trooper who had dared death to save the ammunition, started the animal back on a run toward the squadron. There was wild yelling from a thousand red throats. Hundreds of rifles were emptied at the mule and its dauntless rider.

Straight into the lines Hanley rode unburt. He had

taken one chance in a thousand and had won out.

The army mule lived, but it did not escape unscathed, as did Hanley. As a man in the fight said afterward: "That mule came back with as much lead in his hide as he had in his pack."

CAREER OF "BABE" CLARKE.

In the year 1880 there reported at the United States Military Academy as a candidate for admission a Louisiana boy, who was just 17 years old, but who looked to be three years younger. His name was Powhatan H. Clarke. No cadet is admitted to the academy who has not rounded out 17 years of life.

Clarke was called "Babe" by his classmates because he was the youngest among them. The oldest member of the class is dubbed "Dad." This has been the custom of the class from time immemorial and the soddling of the word of infancy upon the cadet implies nothing of weakness of body or of character.

One day at Sunday morning inspection the tactical officer, told "Babe" that he must shave and the boy blushed like a holly berry. There was fun in camp that day, for with the advent of the razor into his kit "Babe" had passed from childhood.

There was a cadet at the academy who had some grievance against "Babe." It must have been imaginary, for the Louisiana boy was in demeanor peace and good nature to all the world. Clarke was challenged to a fight; the challenger outweighed him 20 pounds, but the boy refused to let one of his classmates take the burden of battle on himself and he fought the heavier cadet and thrashed him beautifully.

Young Clarke proved his pluck on that day. Later he gave an exhibition of heroism. He was a southerner, with a southerner's prejudice against the negroes, but upon graduation from the academy in 1884 he went into a black regiment, the Tenth cavalry. He was just 21 years of age, the youngest second lieutenant in the army of the United States. He had been at his post a month he was sent into the field against hostile Apaches. With a squad of men he was directed by his troop commander to detach himself from the main body for the purpose of making a reconnaissance into a part of the country that was all rock and sand. While riding with his men across the sandy waste beyond which rose the rocks, a crashing volley met his command. The duty sergeant was shot through both hips and he fell from his horse to the ground.

Clarke knew that another volley would crash almost instantly and he knew also that he was greatly outnumbered. Furthermore, a mounted charge was impossible. Clarke ordered his men to fall back to shelter, but he stayed on the field. He jumped from his horse to the ground and attempted to lift the wounded trooper, who was a heavy man, to the saddle. His strength was equal to the task, but the man was so injured he could not retain his seat and in his condition Clarke found that it would be impossible to hold him on the back of his mount.

He struck his horse on the flank with the palm of his hand and sent him trotting back to the troopers who, under orders, had retreated. Then the lieutenant put himself between the Indians and the wounded sergeant, prepared for an effort, and raised the black man to his shoulder. The Apaches broke loose with another volley. Clarke's blouse was pierced twice and the sand was kicked up spitefully about his knees, but he was unhurt. He staggered back over the yielding sand, while the bullets spat about him.

Back through the death-beset way Clarke carried the black sergeant, shielding him as much as it was in his power with his own body while he toiled along. Finally he reached shelter and with his men he made a detour, attacked the Apaches in flank and sent them scattering.

The black sergeant is still living, but the white lieutenant who saved him is dead.

He lost his life while swimming in the Snake river country. He had struck a rock in diving. The blow in itself might not have killed him, but he was drowned, while on the bank stood the troopers for one of whose black comrades Powhatan H. Clarke had once dared death in the Arizona desert.

"WHO IS WHITNEY?"

Career of Man Who Enters Cook-Peary Polar Controversy.

Is Perfect Specimen of the Clubman Sportsman and Went North with Peary to Hunt—A Good Writer and Story-Teller.

New Haven Conn.—"What sort of a man is Harry Whitney?" This is the question that is being asked of every New Havenite, man, woman or child, who ventures into the zone of the Cook-Peary polar controversy. To reply to it accurately is a matter of more than a word or two.

Harry Whitney has had an interesting career. "The quiet sportsman" he has been called, for his adventures have been enjoyed and suffered without press notices, except when they could not be avoided. The world has been the theater of his exploits, and the arctic regions were about the last section of the globe left for him to visit when he joined the Peary party.

It is not commonly known that when Whitney decided to become a member of the Peary party half a dozen other wealthy clubmen agreed to take the trip. There was no individual scheme on his part to join in the dash for the pole, but an agreement reached by clubmen, probably in a New York club, after tales of previous adventures had been exchanged and the view taken that the world seemed to be growing tame. Frank Carnegie was one of the party who agreed to take part in the expedition. He is a nephew of Andrew Carnegie and his plans were vetoed as soon as they were mentioned at home. Indeed, a veto was uttered upon all those of the party except Whitney, whose step-mother's wish did not dissuade him from his scheme.

Whitney left on the Roosevelt, which sailed from New Bedford July 9, 1908. He went to New Bedford some time before the party left there and had two neat power boats built there, of



Harry Whitney.

whale boat model, which he presented to Peary as part of the expedition's equipment.

Whitney is a perfect specimen of the clubman-sportsman. His father, the late Stephen Whitney, was another such, and was known in New York and New Haven clubs as "a thoroughbred."

Harry Whitney is the elder of the two sons of Stephen Whitney, and has two sisters older than himself. His younger half-brother is Stephen Whitney. Harry's mother and Stephen's mother were sisters and the daughters of the late Bradish Johnson of New York city and Long Island. Mr. Johnson was a clubman and country gentleman of prominence and wealth, and much of his property was left to Harry and to Harry's step-brother. Both Harry's father and mother are dead.

Harry Whitney did not care to go to college, but on leaving the high school decided to learn the copper manufacturing business. He spent three years in factories in Ansonia, Conn., and then decided that he did not like the steady confinement of the work. Conceiving the idea of managing an Australian sheep ranch, he made careful preparations for the venture and sailed from New York city for Australia, where he purchased a ranch. This business was well started when a severe drought killed the sheep and Whitney abandoned the plan and came home.

His love for ranching and open-air life remained, however, and he purchased an Arizona ranch, where he has remained a couple of months each year. He had a narrow escape from death in a peculiar manner while on his Arizona ranch a few years ago. He was riding on a mustang when an insect flew into his ear. He used every means to dislodge the creature, whose presence created excruciating pain. Tucson, the nearest place where a surgeon might be found, was 100 miles away, but he headed for it and rode at top speed. When he reached Tucson he was raving mad and was stopped for an insane man. His fate would have been uncertain but for an Elks' pin that he wore. Prominent officers of that order interested themselves in his case and he was taken to St. Mary's hospital in that city, where the physicians found out his trouble and relieved him of the insect.

In his physique Harry Whitney is slight. He is unusually tall, although a little stoop prevents this characteristic from being too evident. His face, from exposure to the weather, is as ruddy as a sea captain's, and a light drooping mustache covers his mouth.

Bullfrogs a Campaign Issue. Howell, Ind.—Bullfrogs are a live political issue in Howell, which is surrounded by ponds teeming with frogs. At the municipal election an independent candidate for mayor with a platform advocating extermination of the frogs by filling in the ponds will run against candidates of the regular parties. Apparently he will be elected.

The Retort Evasive. She—Look here, I've been told you go to book shops. He—Of course, I do, my dear. Where else would I go to buy you buckets?

OREGON HAS KINDEST MAN

Hermit Refuses to Kill the Wild Animals That Perpetually Destroy His Crops.

If you lived in the woods where bear, deer and cougars actually interfered with your farming operations and devoured your crops, would you have any hesitation about killing the offending varmints? Frank Lotcon, a German hermit living alone on the

Panjab river in the Blue mountains, in Oregon, thinks it wrong to kill wild animals and they bully him unmercifully.

Although for years he has lived in a district where all sorts of wild animals are numerous, he has never killed one yet. "They frequently cause me much trouble," he says, "but it is wrong to kill them."

A few days ago he awakened in the

morning to see two large cougars glaring at him through the windows of his cabin. The mountaineer could easily have killed both of them, but he said he had no objection to have them inspect the interior of his house. After watching him for several minutes the wildcats slunk away into the timber.

A field of corn, planted and cultivated by Lotcon with great care, was destroyed recently by a herd of deer. Several acres of the corn was eaten to the ground. Mr. Lotcon could not

have killed the deer the morning after the animals devoured the corn, but he did not molest them. A big deer recently created havoc with the irrigation scheme Mr. Lotcon has carried out on his farm. Wallowing in the spring from which the water is drawn, the deer squeezed mud into the outlet pipe, stopping it up, and the crops suffered before the cause of the trouble was discovered.

Taking all these things into account, Oregon may claim to have the kindest man.

Humbled the Suffragette

"To-night I saw a suffragette acquaintance just back from the seaside campaign," writes the London correspondent of the Bristol Daily Mercury. "She had had a successful time apparently, especially in Scotland. But she informed me that at one meeting—at Grantown, in the Highlands—an argument was advanced to which she was unable to find an answer. Speeches had been made to a large

crowd. Questions had been replied to amid applause. Imbecile young men making remarks about minding babies and mending socks had been silenced. Then, just as there was a temporary lull before the putting of the resolution, a great buccolic Scotch voice from the back of the crowd rasped slowly in with the inquiry, obviously the result of prolonged rumination, 'Wha made a mess of Adam?'