

ONE MORE WITNESS OF WHAT HAPPENED IN THE CUSTER FIELD

Great Falls, July 23.—About a year ago there was published in this column an interview with Billy Jackson, who was acting as scout to the Custer-Reno expedition at the time of the battle of the Little Big Horn, and the consequent destruction of Custer and his command. That fight in which the wily old Sitting Bull and his Sioux warriors figured will probably remain the greatest battle in the history of Montana, at least it will have more of personal interest to the white man than any other, and any additional information on its story will be welcomed by Montanans. The survivors were few, and their number is decreasing each year by death, so that all testimony is becoming rarer and more valuable. So the following story of an eye witness is proportionately valuable. It was told at Dupuyer to the Acantha last week by William Fellow, who signs his Indian name, and it adds another chapter to the story, and one which is dear to the admirer of Custer. Fellow says:

Quite often, especially of recent years, I have seen articles in papers and magazines relating to the actions and motives of General Custer that lead up to the historic massacres of his heroic band. Most of these do grievous wrong to the bravest and best officer the United States government ever sent out to fight Indians on the frontier. Books, too, go so far as to call him a suicide and murderer for going at the head of his men into the battle of the Little Big Horn on June 25, 1876.

At that time I was in Custer's employ as a civilian scout, and had known him for a long time. I knew his ways of attacking Indians, and knew his unbounded confidence in his men. I had known him to win Indian fights against greater odds than his last one. For instance, at Wichita, he routed them with a force that numbered one to 10. Had he, in his last fight, been supported, as he could and should have been, he would have won the day, and then the Sitting Bull war would have ended and not have lasted until it cost much money and many lives. Not until the buffalo were killed and other game became scarce were the Indians satisfied to accept of government rations and spend their honeymoon at home. An Indian's heart is never good until he is hungry and cold.

Custer had a few scouts who would be historians of going contrary to orders in his last campaign and to refute these charges I write to follow him as far, or farther, than any one else is truthfully capable of doing. That he did not go contrary to orders in his last movements, the captain acting as General Terry's adjutant at the time, if alive, will gladly, doubtless admit. Unfortunately, I have forgotten his name. He will remember the greater part of the orders.

After we, the scouts, delivered to Custer his last orders, I know he had no opportunity to receive any more, and as I recount the events as nearly as I can remember then at this length

of time it will be seen that I am correct. General Terry started myself and another scout to overtake and join Custer. After leaving the supply train and headquarters on about June 22, 1876, we reached the camp that night and delivered our message. My readers will know that in these stirring times when a scout was given a message it was in duplicate, one for the perusal of the scout, and one sealed for the receiver. These precautions were taken for fear one or both might be lost en route. In the first case the open one could be delivered, and in the second the scout would deliver the message from memory. I have yet in my possession the extra copy of this message, but unfortunately it is so old and pocket worn as to be only partly decipherable. From this, aided by memory, I give the message:

To Lieut.-Col. Custer, 7th United States Cavalry: "The brigadier general commanding desires that you proceed up the Rosebud in pursuit of Indians, whose scouts was discovered by Major Reno's scouts a few days ago. Of course it is impossible for me to give definite instructions with regard to this movement, as I was not present, and so the department commander places too much confidence in your zeal, energy and ability to wish to impose upon you orders that would conflict with your own judgment and which might hamper your actions when nearly in contact with the enemy. He will, however, indicate to you his ideas of what your movements should be, and he desires you to conform to them unless your own judgment should give you sufficient reasons for departing from them. He thinks you should proceed up the Rosebud until you ascertain definitely the direction in which the trail above spoken of leads. Should it be found that it turns toward the Little Big Horn, he thinks you should still proceed southward as far as the headwaters of Tongue river and then toward the Rosebud and the Little Big Horn, keeping scouts out constantly to your left, so as to prevent the possibility of the escape of the Indians to the south or southeast, by passing around your left flank. The column of Col. Gibbons is now in motion for the mouth of the Big Horn. As soon as it reaches that point it will cross the Yellowstone and move up as far as at least as the forks of the Big Horn and the Little Big Horn. Of course its future will be controlled by circumstances as they exist. But it is hoped that the Indians, if upon the Little Big Horn, may be so nearly enclosed by the two columns that their escape will be impossible.

"The department commander desires that on your way up the Rosebud you should have your scouts thoroughly examine the upper banks of Tongue river. That you should endeavor to send scouts through to Colonel Gibbons' command with the result of your examination. The lower part of this will be examined by Colonel Gibbons' scouts. The supply steamer will be pushed up the Big Horn as far as the forks of the Big and Little Big Horn if the river is found navigable that far.

"The department commander, who will accompany the column of Colonel Gibbons, desires you to report to him

there no later than the expiration of the time for which your troops are rationed, unless in the meantime you receive further orders."

After sleeping about two hours that same night we got fresh horses and Custer started us with instructions to go to the east of Tullock's fork, and to follow it down to its mouth at Tullock's creek, and to keep a sharp lookout for any signs of Indians, and to report to him again that night if possible. This would, seeing nothing but the trail of a small war party going toward the Big Horn.

We had been rolled in our blankets but a few hours when Charlie Reynolds and a half-breed Sioux scout, Bill Cross, came in with a report which caused Custer to send for us again. After getting fresh horses we were given a dispatch to carry to Colonel Gibbons' command. We reached the river, which we crossed by the aid of our horses' tails, with our clothes tied so as to keep them as dry as possible. We reached the command that day. The next morning, after eating our embalmed turkey and hardtack, I was sent back to the supply train, which was still at Powder river, and my companion was sent to join Benteen's command. He was with the latter during his engagement with the Indians and he gives Colonel Benteen great credit for bravery. The colonel, he says, when the men behind the breastworks ran short of ammunition, with his own hands carried it and threw it over to them, being all the time exposed to the deadly fire of the enemy.

In 24 hours I reached the supply train and was afforded another opportunity to see the head of the trail. On the 26th we met a Sioux scout, Bloody Knife, coming in badly scared, and he seemed to think that Custer had been killed, although he had not seen him. Another scout, George Mullin, and myself had been sent out to find Custer.

We had not gone far when we met Bill Cross and eight Ree Indian scouts. They had a few Sioux ponies which they said they had captured. They told us that Custer and his command were killed, but they did not seem to know much. They could not tell us just where the fight took place, but they took little stock in their story. We learned afterwards, however, that when Custer made the charge they gathered up the Sioux horses that had strayed out on the hills, and pulled out for a more healthy climate. Scout Reynolds had the same privilege, but chose to go into the battle, and was afterward found in the same deadly circle with General Custer with many empty shells around them to count their score for them.

Reynolds well knew of Custer's ability to deal with the Indians against fearful odds, for he had previously fought with him. He also knew the brave warrior's heart, and he spoke of it when we last met, and he proved by his actions that he could not have been aware of any wrongdoing on the part of the general when he, of his own free will, followed him that day.

After leaving Cross and the Ree scouts we met Curley, the Crow Indian scout, who was with Custer at the beginning of the fight. That pocket marked with an arrow, Rain-in-the-Face, says Curley is a liar; that he was not there; but I know for a fact that Rain-in-the-Face had never met Curley, nor to the best of my knowledge, had he ever seen him. He will never get into the happy hunting grounds if veracity is to be his passport.

When we met Curley he was so badly scared that I doubt he would have known himself. He had a Sioux medicine or war pony in full paint and

feathers, a Sioux blanket and a part of a war bonnet, that he wore in his story, and which he got from a dead Sioux medicine man who was killed near him in the first attack. The blanket had some blood on it. His own horse was killed, and he appropriated the medicine man's property, and instead of trying to run the gauntlet he moved along with the enemy, trusting to his disguise to deceive them. When he saw an opportunity he dropped out of his hide and company, and escaped. When I last saw him with Custer he had his Crow clothes on and had his own pony, and he had no other chance to get the outfit. Had he been a white man he would not have had any chance of escape even with that disguise. He does not claim to have tried to fight, but only to escape, and his first account of the affair is no doubt the correct one. I was acquainted with the Indians and their mode of fighting will admit its feasibility.

I understand that there was an ex-soldier at the world's fair in Chicago, who posed as a soldier in the Seventh cavalry who escaped from the fatal field. He was an impostor, for none but Curley left the ground alive. He may have dreamed it and believed in such a thing.

When the 7th cavalry rode away from Fort Lincoln with the White Horse company, the band belonging to it played one of Custer's favorites, "The Girl I Left Behind Me." Ever after that, when I heard the familiar tune of the plains, my mind was carried back to the parting scene at the fort, and in the foreground of memory's picture stands, with tear-dimmed eyes, a sad, brave warrior. Well might her heart high break, for the knew, as no one else did, that her brave husband was going on an expedition fraught with untold, hidden dangers, and not upon a summer outing.

Crazy Horse and Gose, each with a band of Cheyennes, fought against Custer. In fact, the former was looked upon as the head war chief. Sitting Bull being cooler. The prevalent belief is that Sitting Bull was the worst Indian and head war chief. This is a mistake. There were several worse than he and more treacherous, but it is not for them that we are dead and good Indians will not take the trouble to name them or to recount their good (?) deeds. Gull was the head man among those who fought Reno and Benteen, and would have got away with the same impunity, but for the bravery of the latter, before mentioned.

When General Terry left the field and General Miles took command all Terry's and Custer's scouts who were alive except George Mullin and Jiminy-from-Cork. But there were only five of us left—Bob and Bill Jackson, Vick Smith, Gaddy and myself. However, I hope that when we all cross the great divide our former commander will keep his vigilant eye on the grub pile as he always has, giving us the white rations with the same liberality as he did for Sitting Bull, which will either cause him to give his familiar war whoop or his weird death chant.

"Scout Billy Jackson was with Custer on the morning of the 25th, but left before the engagement, and he did not know anything of the terrible conflict until the next day. On the 27th they came to the battlefield, and Jackson, with four other scouts, identified the remains of General Custer and Scout Reynolds. Although the remains were showing the effects of decomposition, Jackson could not be mistaken, for he knew every particle of their clothing as well as their own. His report of the battlefield may be vouch-

ed for, as he was ever known as a brave, cool, clear-headed and truthful man. General Miles said he could always depend upon him. He, too, maintains that Custer did not go contrary to orders.

Silk Hat Is Losing Favor.

From the Hatters' Gazette. If the question were asked of every wearer of a silk hat, "If comfort were the only question to be considered, would you prefer to wear a felt or a silk hat?" we do not doubt that, without exception, the answer would be that fashion decrees that silk hats must be worn by all men who wish to look well dressed, and the dictates of fashion must be obeyed, notwithstanding the extra comfort gained by wearing a hard or soft felt. While fashion rules thus, the hat trade benefits all round. A man wearing a silk hat when on business, at social functions, or on Sunday naturally reverts to a felt hat on other occasions, as hatters know. It is a hat suffered almost as much wear by being exposed to light and dust while hanging on a peg as when on the wearer's head. It follows that all branches of the trade are helped, and the more frequently the fashions of fashion desire new shapes in either silks or felts the greater will be the turnover of manufacturers and retailers.

Who are the mysterious individuals or rather the mysterious individual who decrees with what particular kind of covering long-suffering humanity shall hide the brains we are all more or less supposed to possess? It is the Prince of Wales, who is a staunch believer in the silk hat, has a considerable hand in the matter. But whether that be so or not, the prince is undoubtedly responsible for the still more important position that the silk hat occupies in our wardrobes. According to a London morning paper the silk hat is losing ground. "With a frock coat it is de rigueur the world over, but in other parts of the world, even of knowing what to wear," says the writer of the article. "But in no city, perhaps, is the doom of the silk hat more patent than in London. Twenty, nay, 30, years ago when the vulgar closhopper would dare wear a 'bowler' in Bond street or the park? What city man, to say nothing of a city clerk, would have dreamed of going to his office except in the regular frock coat and felloe? In the country—more especially if he wanted to be taken for a cockney—would have come for a few days' holiday to London without his silk hat? The sheep jacket, and the hat, not matter to him, but the fact that he had a silk hat was more than sufficient for him. But all that has changed. The silk hat is losing its hold in other parts of the world. It did many years ago in Fleet street—the one great thoroughfare where headgear is of no account; where even a poetical species of hat is affected by some, a veritable sombrero is worn, and for some unauthoritative reason Londoners speak of as a 'sombbrero hat,' as though sombrero itself meant something else.

"But in spite of all this the silk hat still holds long sway in the city. The silk hat of the swell—the man about town—is not the silk hat of the city merchant; we have a cabinet minister's silk hat, a clerical silk hat, a lawyer's silk hat, a cabman's silk hat, a city clerk's silk hat and many more. There they all are proclaiming loudly to some extent by their condition, but more often by their habits, to what class of person they belong."

SOME OF THE SIGHTS TO BE SEEN WHEN ONE IS IN BRAZIL

Special Correspondence of the Standard. Rio Janeiro, Brazil, May 7.—In mingling with the ship chandlers and other merchants I am surprised as well as amused to see the American one dollar gold piece so conspicuously displayed as a stickpin, stud or cuff button. In a number of cases as many as three of these bright yellow coins adorn the immaculate shirt bosom of the scheming tropical merchant. Nevertheless he is all the while pestering us Americans with queries as to where he can obtain more of them.

There is a rare Brazilian coin, worth about \$2.60 in our money, which has as yet been unable to obtain except at a big premium at the "exchanges." Of the latter there are perhaps a half score or more scattered about the city exhibiting piles of the currency or other exchange medium of all the civilized and all the savage countries of the globe. They accept our paper and silver on the same basis as our gold in exchange for Brazilian money.

On the other hand, the banks, of which there are several, exchange for gold only. The Brazilian and London bank is about the busiest. Its 30 officials and employees are a compromise between Brazilians and Londoners.

population of Brazil at the immense figure of 45,000,000. The majority of the shops are small and dinky establishments. However, there are a number of fancy tailoring, dry goods, jewelry, drug, notion and tobacco stores.

But the one place attracting at least a portion of every tourist's attention is the "curiosity shop" or "naturalist store." The proprietor is a German, about 60 years of age. Finding him communicative, kind-hearted and hospitably disposed, I besought him for an extended interview and spent a pleasant afternoon in his company. He married a Portuguese lady and has a handsome and well-educated family. Two of the sons are his assistants. Among many "curiosities" of the shop may be mentioned artistic fans and flowers of natural feathers of pink, red, green, yellow and white tropical birds, made by the hands of the cleverly mounted birds of the brightest hues; tropical insects, as gorgeous butterflies and moths, or hideous beetles and tarantulas; the Brazilian bug of a pretty dark green color, used extensively for setting in cuff buttons and scarf pins; cocoon

and horn dishes and bowls cut out and ornamented by the hands of the Indian natives; beautiful tiger and leopard skins; native painted shells and needlework that must have required a world of patience to finish; in short a collection worthy the best museum shelf.

at 4:45 we started to the navy yard landing at doublequick time to catch the 5 o'clock boat and return to the ship. But a fiercely hot afternoon sun served to slacken our pace and it was five minutes past the appointed time, when, arriving at the navy yard enclosure, we seated ourselves on a stone slab dedicated to Don Pedro III, beneath the shades of a spreading mango, there to chuckle at the antics of the boat crew battling with a contrary breeze, tacking and retacking the sails in the effort to reach the dock about 300 yards away. Being out of the boat, we strolled to the apprentice quarters, where the boys were having drill and recreation, and with arm and finger movements required a light for our cigars. One bright chise "comprehended" and rushed off, returning shortly with a new kind of match—a shoveful of live coals—which he presented with much deference and we politely accepted, at the same time handing him a generous "tip" for what seemed unusual quick-wittedness on his part.

In conversation with a Brazilian sailor, who spoke fair English I gleaned the following, which I was afterward able to partially verify by observation. Brazil's apprentice boys are as young as ten years and may be seen daily performing all sorts of acrobatic and gymnastic feats at the dock opposite our anchorage. Their seamen receive

but 20 milreis as monthly wages, and if they "break liberty" they even forfeit their engagement to the naval establishment unless compared with our navy, but the attire of the enlisted men differs but slightly from ours.

At present eight Brazilian men-of-war in the harbor are flying the green, yellow-centered flag from their main masts. The most formidable looking is the famous Esquadra, whose commander appeared in dress regalia on the decks today to exchange the customary courtesies of naval recognition.

For the last three weeks about six officers, four divers and 100 sailors have been engaged with wrecking apparatus in the channel, raising the shattered remains of a merchant steamer in the revolution of 1891. From all appearances it is a slow and tedious undertaking.

CHINESE WANTED THE BIBLES.

But the Missionary Found They Were Used in Making Firecrackers. From Frank Leslie's Monthly. "Independence day reminds me," said the missionary from China, "of the most encouraging and the most disillusionizing experience in my life. I had labored hard in the work of converting the Chinese to Christianity, and there was unfeigned rejoicing among all the missions in China, and the churches in America when the demand for Bibles, on the part of our converts, culminated in orders for 84,000 Bibles in one shipment.

The remarkable number of new Christians thus indicated, while it occasioned much thanksgiving in America, caused

the heads of the missionary associations to set on foot an inquiry as to the methods being used in selling the bulk of such an unusual number of Bibles, and the uses to which they put the Bibles sent them.

"You may know that in China the majority of the firecrackers, with which we are so familiar, are made by the Chinese in their homes. Contractors for fireworks give each man a certain amount of powder and that must be made into a given number of crackers. The paper used in the manufacture of the crackers is of an inferior quality, and is not a cheap commodity in China. The powder furnished seldom fills the required number of crackers, but that does not disturb the Celestial in the least; he turns his crackers into his own little pocket, and in consequence invariably finds in each package of firecrackers a few that 'won't go off.'"

"I discovered that Yankee thrift had been absorbed by the heathen Chinese with much more readiness than Yankee industry. In contributing his labor toward our festival occasions, he hit upon an expedient whereby a considerable profit accrued to himself. In other words, our great shipment of 84,000 Bibles had literally 'gone up in smoke.' They were to be used for lighting, and the Celestial conscience seems never to have suffered a pang as to their disposal for firecracker wrappers."

GRAPPLING FOR A LOST CABLE.

It Was Cut by Swordfish and Recovered With Much Difficulty. From the Philadelphia Record. To find the broken ends of a North Atlantic cable is by no means an easy matter, according to the reports brought to this city, by the British steamship Manhattan, from London, and the Red Star steamship Switzerland, from Antwerp. Both vessels recently spoke the cable steamer Minia, during her long search for the broken ends. The Minia has been able to locate the break, although its approximate position was known before she started on cruise.

The Switzerland sighted the Minia on June 19 in latitude 42.1, longitude 61.48, and the Manhattan on May 28, in latitude 48.94, longitude 38.50. The electricians on the Minia reported to the Manhattan that the break was over 15,000 feet, or about three miles, below the surface of the sea, and that they had already been able to pick up the broken ends. The point at which the cable parted was in mid-ocean, and at one end of the deeper spots in the Atlantic. The officers of the Manhattan stated that it was more than likely the work of swordfish.

Before the Minia started on her cruise two months ago, the location of the break was approximately discovered by the resistance of the electrical current on the cable. The remarkable number of new Christians thus indicated, while it occasioned much thanksgiving in America, caused

the break in the cable, which crosses from New York to Kinsale, Ireland, occurred last winter, and it has been of use since that time. It was first thought that the wreck of a sunken vessel had dragged upward over the cable, causing it to snap apart, but an expert on deep-sea cables, who stated that it was more than likely the work of swordfish.

TO WEAK MEN

And Women Dr. Bennett's Electric Belt Offers a Guaranteed and Permanent Cure—Drugs Will Not Cure—They Oppose Nature—Other Belts Burn Painfully. To weak and debilitated men and women I offer a free book if they will write for it. It will tell you just why drugs will not cure and why Electricity is now the greatest remedial agent known to modern science. I could give drugs if I wanted to and make a great deal of money by doing so—it does not cost a cent to write a prescription; but I could not give you drug treatment and be honest, for I know drugs will not cure—they only temporarily stimulate. I am the inventor of

Dr. Bennett's Electric Belt

Which is endorsed by physicians and recommended by thousands of cured patients. I worked so long on this belt to perfect it and studied it so patiently that I know exactly what it will do. If my belt will not cure you I will frankly tell you so. I do not want a dissatisfied patient, nor am I going to have one—if my treatment will not cure you I am going to say so. Do you know there are more drug wrecks than alcohol wrecks in this country? It is a fact. Don't drug yourself to death. The medicine that may slightly benefit one man will literally tear down the constitution of another. Electricity alone stands unassailable. It is the Vital and Nerve Force of every man and woman—it is life itself.

When there is a lack of Electricity in the system you are sick. My Belt is to supply this lost Electricity. The only trouble heretofore with electric belts and batteries was that the current did not penetrate the system, but was retained upon the surface, which caused frightful burns and blisters. I have done away with all that. My Belt has soft, silken, seamless-covered sponge electrodes that render this burning and blistering a physical impossibility and allows the entire current to penetrate the system as it should. The electrodes on my Belt cost more to manufacture than the entire belt of the old-style makes. When worn out it can be renewed for only 75 cents. No other belt can be renewed for any price and when worn out is worthless.

I guarantee my Belt to cure Sexual Impotency, Lost Manhood, Varicocele, Spermatorrhea and all forms of Sexual weakness in either sex; restore Shrunken and Undeveloped Organs and Vitality; cure all general Debility, Kidney, Liver and Bladder Troubles, Chronic Constipation, Dyspepsia, Rheumatism in any form, all Female Complaints, etc. The prices of my Belts are only about half what is asked for the old-style, and I warrant mine to be four times stronger. Generates a current that you can instantly feel.

Call upon or write me to-day—sacredly confidential. Get symptoms blanked out. Enure. Write for my New Book About Electricity. My Electrical Suspensory for the permanent cure of the various weaknesses of men is FREE to every male purchaser of one of my Belts. Advice without cost.

Dr. Bennett Electric Belt Co. Department "A," Denver, Col.

LEGAL

...REPORT...

OF THE PROCEEDINGS OF THE County Commissioners

OF DEER LODGE COUNTY, MONTANA

Table with columns for names, titles, and amounts. Includes entries for John Conley, D. H. Morgan, Joseph Daily, J. J. Walsh, John Robinson, etc.

A SCENE ON THE QUAY.

