

A SCOUT'S ESCAPE

By M. QUAD

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During the Indian troubles which followed the close of the civil war I was attached to various western forts and camps as scout and dispatch rider and in that capacity had my full share of adventures. It was my fortune or misfortune almost at the outset of my career to strike the Sioux a blow which made them forever after hungry for my life.

It soon became known among the Sioux what had happened, and every branch of the tribe swore to have my life. A reward of ten ponies was offered to any one who would kill me and twenty if I were taken alive. I was advised by every one to clear out of that locality, but I refused to go till the long expected war finally broke out, and I was attached to a moving column.

I was finally made a prisoner under singular circumstances. I was returning from the flying column to Fort Wallace with dispatches. I had set out soon after dark and made a good twenty-five miles when a heavy fog settled on the plains. It wouldn't have bothered an Indian to keep the points of the compass, but after I turned and twisted among some dry ravines I had to own up that I was lost. My horse was just as badly off. When I gave him his head he came to a stop. The only thing to do was to dismount and wait for daylight. I was sitting on the ground, not feeling a bit sleepy, and my horse was lying down when a band of thirty-seven Indians, all mounted, walked right on to me through the fog. I heard the footsteps of their horses, but could not locate them in the fog until too late. When I leaped up it was with the thought that I might make a break for it on foot, but before I could turn they were all about me, and in another minute I was made prisoner.

The Indians were as much surprised as I was, and it was broad daylight before they identified me. Up to that time they had treated me fairly well. When it was known I was the scout whose life they had so long thirsted after half a dozen bucks tried their best to tomahawk me on the spot, but were restrained.

When their anger had cooled down there was as much rejoicing as if they had captured a fort. Six warriors were called out as a guard, and soon after sunrise I was put in their charge and started for a big Sioux village on Deer creek, between the two forks of the Republican river. I was, of course, disarmed. Then my elbows were tied together and my feet tied under the horse, and for fear the horse would run off with me he was led by a hand.

When we reached the village I was put in a tepee and my arms unbound. It was the third day after my capture before I was disturbed. Then, most of the warriors having returned to the village on purpose to witness my death, I was led out at 3 o'clock in the afternoon to undergo the preliminary to actual torture. This is running the gantlet.

I got ready as well as I could, and when the signal came I sprang away at the top of my speed. Blow after blow fell upon me as the savages shouted their delight, and to my great surprise, I at length reached the end. There I fell in a heap, and they gave me ten minutes to brace up for the run back. I made only half the distance this time, being struck such a blow over the head with a club that I sank down unconscious. When I had recovered my senses they returned me to the lodge, where I lay for many hours, expecting to be taken out any moment for torture. They would have finished me but for the fact that the wife of Little Feather, who was in another village fifty miles away, had not yet arrived. She wanted to be in at the death.

The squaw arrived soon after midnight. My ankles were tightly lashed, and I could not sleep. Half an hour after daylight the village was astride, and at sunrise a squaw brought me some breakfast, and the lashings around my ankles were cast off. I learned several years after that it was intended to oblige me to run the gantlet again. I was eating the meal the squaw had brought when a sudden excitement arose outside. There was a great shouting, followed by criers and the report of firearms, and the next minute the 200 frontiersmen who had been raised in Kansas and Nebraska as an independent force charged into the village. It was a complete surprise to the Indians, but not for long. It wasn't five minutes before the fleeing warriors rallied for defense, but before that time I was safe. At the first alarm I sprang up and ran out of the lodge full against one of the guards, and as I ran I was fired at two or three times. I was with the horsemen in a minute or two, and after a bit I got a rifle and took an active part in the hot fight going on. We were driven off after a couple of hours, but we got every pony in the herd and burned all the lodges, and they had many a dead warrior to mourn over.

It was singular that in after years I should meet the squaw of Little Feather on the reservation and have a long talk with her. So it happened, and she calmly told me that she had been promised my scalp and it would have been her hand which would have ended my agonies after I had amused the warriors to their fill as a prisoner at the stake.

DAMES AND DAUGHTERS.

Mrs. Celia Stellman of Brooklyn recently found her son, Henry, who disappeared fifteen years ago, a sailor in the United States navy.

Miss Eva Ramstedt, a former pupil of Mme. Curie, the radium expert, has been appointed professor of radiology at the University of Stockholm.

First to win the iron cross from Emperor William in the present war was Fraulein Lony Hertz von Vesson of Berlin, a cousin of the late Mark Twain.

In the fifty years she has been connected with the bureau of engraving and printing in Washington it is estimated that over \$100,000,000,000 has passed through the hands of Miss Annie Roe, chief of the numbering division.

Miss Harriet A. Graham has been retired on a pension by the Pittsburgh board of education after having taught for more than fifty-three years in Pittsburgh schools. Miss Graham is said to be the oldest woman public school teacher in point of service in Pennsylvania and one of the oldest in this country.

Echoes of the War.

It seems to be millions for munitions, but not one cent for peace pacts.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Even the Swiss are running deeper into debt to pay the cost of their neutrality.—Boston Herald.

Reflections as to the causes of war have lost interest in the contemplation of the effects.—Washington Star.

"No change" in the military situation is beginning to evoke a heartier echo from hollow war chests.—Washington Post.

The war will do one thing for the men who die in the trenches. It will relieve them of the burden of helping to pay the war debt. This will be a heritage to their children to the third and fourth generations.—Houston Post.

PITH AND POINT.

The more excuses a man makes the less he gets out of it.

The dictates of conscience are never recorded by a typewriter.

Since getting into the war little Sam Marino seems to have been lost.

Originality is a thing we constantly clamor for and instantly quarrel with.

Actions may speak louder than words, but most people prefer oratory to pantomime.

Work is terrible to some men and loafing is terrible to others, showing what habit will do.

War dispatches announce another gain of 200 yards, but fail to state who carried the ball.

Don't wait too long for your ship to come in. Better take a canoe and paddle out and meet it.

Speaking of infant industries, that of the home tourist finds better protection in war than in the tariff.

Short steps attained at terrific cost in blood and treasure is the monotonous story of the European hostilities.

One of these days there is going to be a great battle at Szecebrzeska, and then half a dozen composers will commit suicide.

A New York woman aged ninety-nine attributes her longevity to having always had a good appetite. The eat less campaigners will please note.

Science Sitings.

It has been estimated that the earth can maintain a population of 6,000,000,000, a total which will be reached about A. D. 2100 at the present rate of increase.

The brain is divided into two parts. If you are right handed you think with the left side of your brain, while if you are left handed you think with the right side of it.

The velocity of a star seems to be a factor of its effective age. Unlike our ordinary human experience, the speed of a star increases with its advancing years, and in the world of spheres above us it is the young who cannot keep the pace.

Town Topics.

As a summer resort all that Chicago lacks is an albedodied sea serpent.—Chicago News.

Baltimore is boasting that the government reports show it costs less to eat in that town. But life is not all eating, except to the gluttons.—Pittsburgh Dispatch.

Minneapolis, too, is making rapid strides as one of our foremost American cities, one of her judges reporting that there is one divorce in that city for every eight marriages.—Detroit News.

Automobile Runs.

It is a pity that incomes don't increase in the same ratio as automobile cylinders.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Life has many mysteries, one of them being why motorists keep right on taking chances at railroad crossings.—Detroit Free Press.

The Long Island railroad is testing "auto proof" gates to prevent accidents at grade crossings. They must be fool proof too.—New York Sun.

A SALON DIALOGUE

By WILLIAM CHANDLER

"What a pity it is," said Betty Chamberlin to me, "that Harry Ashurst is going to throw himself away on that Perkins girl!"

"What's the matter with Ida Perkins?" I asked.

"Oh, nothing," replied Betty, "only she's not half good enough for Harry."

"Why don't you interrupt the proceedings?"

"How could I do that?"

"Stop in between them."

"You flatterer! One would think to hear you talk that I could have any man I want for the asking."

"So you could and not half try."

Betty tried hard to conceal the pleasure my appreciation of her powers gave her, but failed.

"There's one man I couldn't"—

"Who?"

"The first letter of his first name is J."

"That's because you never tried."

"Perhaps I will."

"What would poor Harry do in the meanwhile? He would be swallowed up by Ida Perkins."

"Oh, that affair could wait."

"When are you going to begin on me?"

"You? Oh, you can wait too. Good morning. Come and see me soon. I have things to tell you."

"Very soon. Goodbye!"

This scrap of conversation, which I am free to admit was not concentrated wisdom, occurred at the glove counter of Jones', where I met Miss Chamberlin. The next time I saw her was at Mrs. Winters' salon, so called from the brilliant dialogues that take place there. Betty was tied to Ashurst. He was a graduate of a scientific school and could drown her in a pool of ideas seven feet deep. I was sandwiched between two girls directly behind them. We conversed with one another, but had our ears open for what Ashurst and Betty were saying. One of the girls beside me was Ida Perkins. The only remark that could be considered to refer to the couple in front of us was made by Ida. It was this:

"Why do you bright men get stuck in the honey of stupid girls?"

"Leave out the 'you,' and I will answer the question," I replied.

But she wouldn't, and I confess I would not have been pleased if she had.

Betty made a judgment with Ashurst at that salon, and this is the way she did it.

"I have heard, Mr. Ashurst," she was saying, "that you are not one of the kind to feel certain of anything and that you never force your opinions on any one."

"Confound those persons who know everything!" granted Ashurst.

"So say I—that is, I mean persons who don't know as much as other persons who know a great deal, but are not constantly trying to show it off."

This was a trifle mixed, but Ashurst didn't seem to mind it.

"Some of the women here make me laugh," Betty went on. "They think they're quite wise. Don't they tire you, Mr. Ashurst?"

"I don't know; some of them do."

"I heard one of them just now talking about the big European war. She said the allies had the best generals, only they had been short of ammunition."

"Which allies?"

"Why, I suppose she meant—in there more than one ally?"

I saw Ida Perkins and Belle Townsend—Belle was the other side of the sandwich that had me for a middle—look at each other. Fortunately for Betty a lady passed her, bidding her good evening and making a remark about the weather. So Betty was not obliged to go any further into the military problems of the great war. Indeed, it had not been her intention to do so. She had become inadvertently drawn into it by attempting to hold up one of her rivals in an unfavorable light.

"Are you fond of motoring, Mr. Ashurst?" was her next remark. "I don't suppose you are. At least so busy a man as you is not likely to have time to enjoy himself."

Ashurst was the scientific adviser of a gigantic manufacturing corporation. He looked relieved that Betty should have spared him the trouble of answering the question she had asked him. Bet has beautiful eyes and knows that they serve her a better purpose than her tongue, for unfortunately the latter member cannot wag without drawing on her brain.

"The reason why I asked you if you were fond of motoring is that I have a car, and if you could spare me some afternoon about 4 o'clock"—

"I should be very happy," was the reply.

"Don't you think an ice would cool us? These rooms are very warm."

They arose and went elsewhere. Bet had caught sight of Ida in rather too close proximity to suit her.

The next time I saw Betty I congratulated her on her engagement to Ashurst. "Did I tell you?" I said, "that you could if you tried?"

"What's this I hear about you and Ida Perkins?" she asked, looking at me anxiously.

"Oh, we're engaged too."

I have never since regained the place I occupied in Betty's good graces. I don't see why. Surely she could not have Ashurst and me too. Perhaps if I had married any but the girl she robbed of another man she might have remained my friend.

Both Trumpeters.

Among the quaint old epitaphs collected in England by an American with a fancy for odd verse and ancient bronzes are two commemorating trumpeters. The first is often quoted: Till Angels trumpets on the Final Day Shall Blow and Graves shall Open Here Abram Crumpeit in his Tomb doth Lay

And waits the Call in Hope.

The second is less known and, with all its quaintness, less a fine, bold swing to it. Moreover, the deceased, as a prose addition to the inscription makes clear, was a gallant soldier as well as a musician and had served through many campaigns, civil and foreign. Thus it runs:

When Gabriel, Angel, shall hys Trumpett blow

Uppre from the Sod commanding all below,

Vaster than Armys when those Millions rise

Among that Sampsons from the Pealing Shyes,

Phrases O' lyes Here will Joyfull Rouse at last

And sound a manful Echo to the Blast— John Peppre, Trumpetter, who All his Days

Blew for the Kyngs his Wars and God his Prays.

—Youth's Companion.

Both Far Away.

A prominent Kentucky lawyer had been in Jackson during the hearing of a big land case and after the strain of several weeks in the courtroom had decided to take a trip up in the mountains and enjoy the quieting influences of the hills. He traveled the paths and narrow mountain roads till he found himself, at the end of several days' journey, about forty or fifty miles from the railroad. It was about noon, the lawyer judged, for his watch had run down and he could not be exact. But in the midst of this deep contemplation the lawyer came upon an old dorky sitting upon a boulder alongside the road. "What time have you?" he asked of the old dorky. "Well, sah, boss, the old watch says she's about ten minutes to 12," was the reply. "Is that sun true or railroad time?" again questioned the lawyer. "What diffr'ence 'at make? One's nigh as fur from heah as de yudder."—Argonaut.

Scotch Breakfasts.

Dr. Redgill, in Susan Ferrier's "Destiny," dwells on Scotch breakfasts with gusto. After proclaiming that Scotch-rub-in general is "a perfect mass of rubbish" and the cookery not fit for dogs he adds: "But the breakfast! That's what redeems the land, and every county has its own peculiar excellence. In Argyllshire you have the Lochline herring-fat, luscious and delicious, just out of the water, falling to pieces with its own richness, melting away like butter in your mouth. In Aberdeenshire you have the finnan haddock, with a flavor all its own, vastly relishing, just salt enough to be piquant without parching you up with thirst. In Perthshire there is the 'fay salmon,' kippered, crisp and juicy—a very magnificent morsel. In other places you have the exquisite mutton of the country made into hams of a most delicious flavor."

Judge's Gown.

The London Law Times points out that the silk gown of the bench and bar owes the original use to its having been adopted as a form of mourning at the death of an English sovereign. On the death of Queen Mary in 1534 the present silk gown was introduced as mourning and, having been found more convenient and less troublesome than the regular dress then worn, has since been continued. The late Sir Frederick Pollock is said to have expressed an opinion in reference to the ordinary costume of the bar that the bench and bar went into mourning at the death of Queen Anne and have so remained ever since. American courts adopted the gown along with the English common law.

The Review and Chicago Daily Record-Herald 1 year \$4.00

Husband and Wife Both Saved From Suffering

I wish to tell you the good results myself and husband received from Dr. Kilmner's Swamp-Root. About eleven years ago I had a severe attack of La Grippe and was confined to my bed about eight weeks under the doctor's care. He pronounced my case kidney trouble and rheumatism and not receiving the results from the doctor's treatment I should have received, I decided to try Swamp-Root. After taking several bottles of Swamp-Root I was able to get up and attend to my work. About a year later my husband was affected with a severe attack of kidney trouble and doctored for some time with the doctors and received no benefit. Knowing of the good I had received, he decided to try Swamp-Root. His condition was such that he was confined to his bed and words cannot tell how he suffered, but after taking Swamp-Root he was relieved so he could go on with his work without pain. I wish to heartily recommend Swamp-Root to all persons afflicted with kidney and bladder troubles and you may publish this letter if you wish.

Yours truly,
MRS. A. E. BRIGGS,
Elford, Pa.

Sworn and subscribed to before me, this 25th day of May, 1912.
Ira McCarthy, Notary Public.

Letter to Dr. Kilmner & Co., Birmingham, N. Y.

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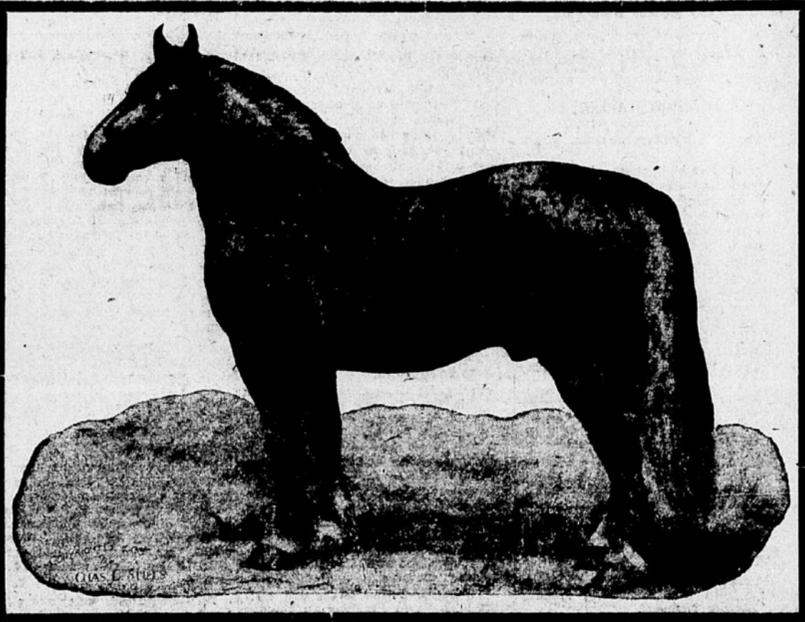
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WOUNDED CANADIANS SAND ARTISTS.



Photo by American Press Association. Convalescent Canadian soldiers constructing the maple leaf, with a beaver couchant, the Canadian coat of arms, on a sandy field in England.

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