

A Sulphur Chickasaw Maiden Writes Interestingly

 DR. J. S. RILEY, UNCLE OF JAS. WHITCOMB RILEY, SPENDS
 HOT SUMMER MONTHS AT SULPHUR, THE NEW STATES
 COOL AND POPULAR HEALTH AND PLEASURE RESORT.

 Arrow Little Heart, 15 Year Old Chickasaw Maiden, Meets Dr. Ri-
 ley in National Park, Becomes Interested in the Old War Time He-
 ro and Writes of the Varied Adventures of Her White Friend.



Dr. J. S. Riley, Uncle of James Whitcomb Riley.

(By Arrow Littleheart.)

At Sulphur, Indian Territory in the Chickasaw Nation, is the most beautiful park in America and the most beautiful streams of clear running water. At the head of the streams are great springs of clear water bursting from the cliffs and others shooting up through the sand and gravel. Down in the shady groves of the great park are many mineral springs sparkling and bubbling with waters that cure quickly the ills of man and beast and the flocks of the air.

This beautiful park was for centuries the outing place of the red man. It is now government property, Platt National Park, and dedicated forever to the pleasures of the people. How long the Indians have known of these great springs and this charming climate nobody knows. But we know from legends handed down to us that the curative properties of these great waters were known to the Indians centuries ago, and that warring nations permitted their sick enemies to pass through the country unmolested and even assisted and escorted them to and from the springs. We Chickasaws believe that these great medicine waters which make old people young and sick people well were known to the Indians

soon after the birth of man on this continent. The following beautiful legend has been handed down through the ages to us Chickasaws: "And when tired warriors forced the chase to a halt, the warriors gathered the dried venison and ripe corn, and with their old and young trailed the footsteps of their ancestors to the peaceful valley of rippling waters, where the shade of many trees cooled the heat of the summer day and the surrounding hills admitted not the biting winds of winter, there to rest and fish and talk of conquests. Then it was that old men grew glad at heart again and fretful passions ceased their whining."

The white people learning of the springs came too, with their sick and their aged who drank and bathed and knew again the joys of health and youth. Now that the wonderful springs have fallen into the hands of the United States and great hotels have been built, more white people are coming than ever before, and there, too, like the Indians, rest and fish and talk of conquests. In coming centuries white men will trail the footsteps of their ancestors to "the peaceful valley of rippling waters," as the Indians have done in the centuries that are past.

There are gathered here this summer for rest and recreation a number of America's most aged citizens and most remarkable men. One of these is Dr. J. S. Riley, uncle of the Hoosier poet, James Whitcomb Riley. The doctor is a man of fine physique and commanding appearance, and is well preserved, though 82 years old. His heavy head of hair and his shaggy beard are only iron gray. There is no sign of approaching baldness even on the crown of his massive head. He has all his teeth, and he reads without glasses. His memory is good and his mind is as clear as a silver bell.

He goes with his friends on daily excursions into the National Park on horseback or on the back of one of the numerous burros provided by the scenic photographer. He takes an active interest in the events of the day. The doctor has been a democrat since the formation of the party. Like all old men he likes to talk of the past. He sheds new light on the assassination of Lincoln and the attempted assassination of Stanton and Seward.

Early Life Adventures.

Dr. Riley was born in Bedford county, Pennsylvania, and was raised in Indiana, near Indianapolis. Graduating in medicine and surgery just before the declaration of war with Mexico, he hurried to the border and joined General Taylor and became an army surgeon. At the close of the war with Mexico he organized a company of scientists and explored the highest peaks of Mexico and Darien and the great peaks of the Andes. While Dr. Riley and his company of scientists were shivering in the eternal snows upon the great peaks they could see Indians at the foot of the mountains fanning themselves with the leaves of trees and standing on green bows to protect themselves from the sweltering tropical heat and burning sands.

Returning to North America he explored the highest peaks of the Rockies and engaged in gold mining in California. In five years he accumulated a great fortune from his mining interests and from the practice of his profession.

Returning home by way of the Isthmus and New Orleans, he took a steamboat up the Mississippi. Col. J. K. Calico, a wealthy planter and large slave owner, and his daughter took the same boat out of New Orleans. The big planter and his beautiful daughter and Dr. Riley were thrown much together on the trip up the river.

When the boat pulled into the old slaveholder's plantation landing the doctor received an invitation to land with the party and become their guest. He joined them and was charmed and fascinated with the fine manners of the south and with plantation life. He shortly afterward married the beautiful girl just before the war he moved with his family and a hundred slaves to Texas and commenced to improve a large plantation between Bryan and Caldwell.

Taken Prisoner at Vicksburg.

When war was declared between the north and the south Dr. Riley joined the southern army. He was captured at the fall of Vicksburg and was carried north and was confined in the federal prison at Alton, Ill. After nine months he escaped and visited his old home in Indiana. His mother introduced him as "John Schlick," a relative from Pennsylvania. Schlick was a family name, Dr. Riley's full name being John Schlick Riley. The neighbors did not suspect that he was a confederate, but James Whitcomb Riley, who was only a child, knew intuitively that he was his southern uncle. Young Whitcomb kept his brave secret and for months cherished it in his bosom in spite of his tender years and patriotic training. His own father being a captain in the northern army.

While at his old home Dr. Riley met Clement L. Vallandigham. Vallandigham was a prominent Ohio democratic politician who was bitterly opposed to the war. For incendiary utterances advocating that the war should be stopped and that the south should be constituted as a secede, he was arrested, tried and sentenced to imprisonment until the close of the war. Lincoln pardoned this subject in fulfillment of his oath.

Now being well situated by the Ohio Vallandigham went to Canada, later he returned to Ohio and was arrested in return, these months being.

Through Vallandigham, Dr. Riley learned of a bold plot being formed to liberate several hundred confederate officers the north had refused to exchange. They were in the prison on Johnson Island near Sandusky

and were guarded by a single war vessel.

Dr. Riley joined the expedition, which was headed by Captain John Y. Bell and financed by ex-Congressman Jake Thompson of Mississippi. Jake Thompson was the confederate agent in Canada, sent there to arouse the south's sympathizers in Ohio, Indiana, and Illinois. Thompson was supplied with plenty of funds in the form of British gold and English bank notes. He was expected to organize the south's sympathizers in the north and release the confederate prisoners on Johnson's Island, capture Fort Douglass and take Chicago.

Thompson with a bribe of thirty thousand dollars, arranged with the captain of the war ship to have his men drunk and the fires out. The expedition against the war ship consisted only of eighteen men. They took passage on the Philo Parsons with a large quantity of arms and ammunition in trunks. Soon after leaving the landing Capt. Bell gathered his men around him and armed them and assigned each to his duty. Dr. Riley was detailed to capture the engineer. The big German engineer refused to surrender and lured at the doctor, but a stroke on the head from the doctor's heavy revolver brought him to the floor in a heap and took all the fight out of him.

Coming on deck with the engineer Dr. Riley found the captain arguing with Capt. Bell and refusing to give up his ship. But the sight of the bleeding engineer and a motion from the doctor as if to advance and strike caused the captain to say quickly, "Gentlemen, I surrender; the ship is yours." While at a wooding station taking on fuel the Island Queen came up to wood. She was captured and scuttled.

When the expedition hove in sight of the warship and the prison they saw that steam was up and the vessel was being made ready for a chase and a fight. They found that one of their men was a Judas and had stolen away from the Philo Parsons at the wooding station and telegraphed the commander of the prison guard of the intended capture. The Philo Parsons was scuttled and the seventeen men escaped into the woods.

All the men but two, Capt. John Y. Bell and Lieutenant Bristow, found their way to Halifax. They shipped from there to Cuba, where they spent several weeks before they were able to get a ship out. They finally took passage on a schooner to Yucatan and thence to Galveston, where they arrived on Christmas day. The doctor, parting with his companions, went up to the plantation near Bryan. Before he had become rested from his long and tedious voyage the war closed.

John Y. Bell and Lieutenant Bristow distinguished themselves and went down into New York. Bell was captured, tried by court martial and sentenced to be hanged.

Tells of Lincoln's Death.

Capt. Bell was a schoolmate of Wilkes Booth. They were college chums and their comradeship was very strong. On leaving college they had pledged each other irrevocable friendship—that if one should get into trouble the other would rescue him at the risk of his own life. The great actor called on Lincoln and pleaded eloquently and dramatically for the life of his friend, Lincoln under the mesmeric pleadings of Booth promised that in case of conviction that he would use his pardoning power and that Capt. Bell should not hang.

Booth had confidence in Lincoln and trusted him absolutely. He left the president's message, believing that his friend would shortly be free. But both Stanton and Seward had told that Bell should be hanged as an example and persuaded Lincoln to break his pledge to Booth. Booth had not the slightest suspicion that Lincoln would not keep faith with him or he would have resorted to other and more daring means to have saved the life of his friend.

Learning of the hanging of Capt. Bell and that Seward and Stanton had persuaded Lincoln to break his pledge, Booth fell into a great rage, and swore by all the oaths known to man that he would kill the president and that his two great secretaries would die with him.

Dr. Riley had not known Booth personally but learned much of him through their talk before the captain was hanged and through Lieutenant Bristow, whom he encountered at his dinner in Texas after the close of the war. Dr. Riley insists that history is all together wrong in its claim that Booth was a secessionist fanatic.

Booth Not a Fanatic.

He says that in no sense was Wilkes Booth a fanatic, but that he used the

fanaticism of others in his attempt to avenge the death of his friend on Stanton and Seward.

Dr. Riley was in Texas at the time that Booth wreaked his vengeance upon the president. He knew nothing of the plot at the time and was in no way connected with the assassination. He learned the facts from Lieutenant Bristow, his comrade in the civil war, and in his expedition against the warship guarding Johnson Island.

Soon after the war, his slaves being freed, the doctor sold his plantation and moved to Cook county, Texas, and improved a large ranch, which is still his home. His oldest child, Dr. J. C. Riley, was killed last spring by a cyclone at Henning, Texas. His remaining five children are living in Texas and the Indian Territory. Mrs. Jennie Shipley and her husband live at the old home-stand with Dr. and Mrs. Riley. Sam R. Riley is a Cook county ranchman. Mrs. Maggie Bigham and her husband are stock farmers near Marietta, Indian Territory. Mrs. Viola Riley Berry of Denton, Texas, is a winning fame as a poet and novelist. Rev. J. S. Riley, minister, lecturer and retired lawyer is pastor of the First Methodist church of this city.

Dr. Riley has been a great philanthropist. He has given much of his wealth to the poor and has raised a great many orphans. Never in his life has he met a man who could throw him in a wrestle or out run him in a foot race, and up to above seventy years of age he met all comers, professionals and amateurs.

The doctor is noted for physical prowess as well as great mental ability. He is as well preserved as any Chickasaw of his great age, and is as wise as the most sagacious chief of our tribe. His language is fluent, pure and rich. Dr. Riley is the most interesting white man who has yet come to this charming National Reserve to drink the medicine waters and to "rest and fish and talk of conquests."

MAROOED ON AN ICE BERG.

Wrecked Ship's Crew Spend Twenty-eight Hours in Cold Storage.

The crew of the Norwegian sailing vessel Prince Olaf recently arrived at Lerwick, Scotland, after a terrible experience in the Arctic regions.

Their vessel started for the sealing grounds carrying a crew of ten men. A lane was discovered in the ice through which a great many seals were observed. Captain Ejord took his ship into this break, but soon after entering this lane the ice closed together with great force, cutting the ship completely in half horizontally. The bottom of the vessel sank while the top was forced up on the surface of the ice.

The crew got out two boats and reached an iceberg, on which they remained for twenty-eight hours. At the end of that period the Norwegian sealer Guldli rescued them.

Defense of Osculation.

"Courtship without kisses is like a dinner without salt."

Dr. Ellen E. Miles of New York City is responsible for this epigram. And she holds this opinion in spite of a B. A., an M. A., a Ph. D., an M. D. and a few other degrees she has accumulated in the course of a busy intellectual and professional life. This must have been brightened by much red blood, if we may judge the lady by her statements.

Not content with making an epigram on the subject of kissing, Dr. Miles enlarged on the idea, saying: "A true lover's kiss is one of the most beautiful and sacred things in life. It seems to me that a kiss is the most natural means in the world for two healthy-minded, warm-blooded lovers to express their pure and deep affections for each other."

Physiology and the germ of theory are forgotten by this learned woman of science in her defense of the time-honored kiss. She brushes away the prattlings of scientists and hem-kissing women with one healthy swoop. Romance is not overshadowed by her years of work in bacteriological laboratories.

Our great-great-grandmothers and grandfathers never worried their hands and hearts over an unchaste osculation, also continues. "Fading and frequent were the good old-fashioned kisses they bestowed in an old-fashioned room with high-backed armchairs and they were a cleaner room than we go today."

Thenceforth for Dr. Miles! We are joyed by our food and kisses in our courtesies—Nashville, Tennessee.

When a woman has red hair it's a sign she thinks blue garters are becoming to her.

DEEL HOTEL.

J. W. Breedlove, Dougherty, I. T.; G. W. McCooler, Dallas, Tex.; W. J. Wicker, Coolwater, W. J. Burns, Creek, W. T. Zarnier, Muskogee, Geo. Henley, Shawnee, J. B. Blackman, Shawnee, Mrs. Pakerson, Dauter, Muskogee, T. M. Ford, McAlester, C. P. Meyers and wife, Ada, M. McKelly and wife, Memphis, Tenn.; Thos. H. Potts, Toppen, Dr. McCoy, White, Wright, Tex.; J. L. Lee, Ardmore, C. W. Holdery, Crusher, Mr. Thompson, San Angelo, A. W. Johnson and wife, Geary, W. D. Turner, Davis, R. B. Parker, Holdenville, Professor Payton, Geary, Foster Ery, Davis, Buster Litle, Davis, Hon. H. East, Muskogee, Dr. Henry, Sulphur, Mr. Harveson and wife, Byars, W. D. Turner, Davis, Dr. Wood, Memphis, Tenn.; Mrs. McKelly, Memphis, Tenn.

THE CENTRAL HOTEL.

J. H. Moore and wife, Miss Myrtle Moore, Alton, Mr. and Mrs. A. C. Pendley, Cleburne, Tex.; Arthur, Paken, Laska, W. B. McElch, Dougherty, Mr. and Mrs. A. C. Johnson, Atoka, J. T. Roberts, Colina, Tex.; Mike Adams, Francis, D. H. Bryan, A. C. Johnson, Stonewall, Clarence Rogers, J. W. Butler, W. B. Frazier, Hamsville, J. S. Shubert, Asher, W. F.



E. M. ELKIN'S GENERAL INSURANCE OFFICE.

E. M. Elkin's office is one of the best if not the best, equipped office in the southern part of the new state. It is situated on the first floor in the First National bank building at the rear of the First National bank.

The door opens to the left in which makes it very convenient for those Mr. Elkin's methods of insurance doing their banking are put to no inconvenience in seeing after their insurance. The picture opens into the bank which are most up to date and he can always please his patrons as he has policies especially designed for them.

Springer, Ardmore, Will Bryant, Oklahoma City, P. R. Trille, Fort Worth, Wm. Baker, Denison, Willie Apolina, Providence, Ar. and Mrs. J. W. Hudgins, Miss Virgie Hudgins, Cleburne, Tex.; Mrs. Hudson, Cleburne, J. T. Roberts, Colina, Tex.; Miss Edna Woods, Alton, J. M. Robinson, Dallas.

SUMMIT HOTEL.

Mr. Hugh Miller and wife, Oklahoma City, J. H. Sherburne and wife, Denison, Tex.; R. E. Thomas and wife, P. L. Dale, St. Joseph, Mo.; Geo. McSpadden and son, Denton, Tex.; Mrs. M. D. Rommore, Ft. Worth, Tex.; F. T. Trille, Ft. Worth, Tex.; P. P. Raib, Lone Oak, Tex.; S. B. Bland, Oklahoma City, W. Fishback, Ada, E. S. Emert, Muskogee, Geo. Hughes.

6-30

DeWitt's Kidney and Bladder Pills are best for backache and weak kidneys. Sold by Hoffman Drug Co.



Mouth of Rock Creek, Whose Source is in the Platt National Park.

REV. J. S. RILEY.