

## The Chronicles of the Yellowstone.

An Accurate Description of the Country; its Indians; the Early Settlers; Their Struggles with the Aborigines, and Interesting Reminiscences Gathered from The Early Pioneers.

[The copyright for the "Chronicles of the Yellowstone" has been applied for and it will eventually appear in book form.]

### CHAPTER XIX.—CONTINUED.

On the morning of the 27th of July there were six soldiers from Fort Ellis at Benson's Landing. They were going to the Crow agency and with Dr. Hunters youngest son, Stonewall, and two civilians, were crossing the river in the same boat, hung on the same rotten wire, which breaking, had caused the death of Frank Williams a month before. When the boat was in the strongest current, the wire again broke and four soldiers, Stonewall and one of the civilians were drowned. As the boat filled, Seargent Frie (who had charge of the detachment) jumped out and started swimming for shore. When about half way to safety, he heard little Stonewall cry for help, and turning back saw the boy and taking him on his shoulders again turned to shore, but his strength gave out under this double burden and they sank and disappeared.

To appreciate this act of heroism the circumstances must be known. In high water, as it was then, the river runs at this place with a velocity of twelve miles an hour, with quick circling eddies that can hardly be breast by the best swimmers. When Frie first turned he was in comparatively smooth water, but his generous heart could not bear to hear the cry of a child in distress, and he went back—to die as heroes do.

Four men who were herding Martin & Myers' cattle, were camped on that fork of Shields river that heads near Flathead pass. When the news came to Bozeman of the killing of Hughes, and of the presence in the vicinity of a large Sioux war party, the herders might need help, so twelve men mounted and went to where they were camped. The boys were all right and had seen no Indians. The day after, W. F. Sloan, J. W. Grannis, Harry Roe and Richardson, mounted their horses and rode to a hill about one and a half miles away, to look for some cattle. As they came to the brow of the hill, they received a volley from about twenty Indians who were concealed behind it. The horse rode by Grannis bucked, and threw him off; he struck the ground in such a way as to break his arm near the wrist. Though faint with pain he jumped up and ran down the hill. Sloan, whose horse was shot through the shoulder, stopped when he had a short distance away from the Indians, and took Grannis behind him and the wounded horse took his double burden a mile and then gave up and died. The other two in the party had put the spurs to their horses and gone at full speed to camp. The Indians did not pursue them, but capturing the loose horse went their way.

Indians had showed themselves several times during the early summer around the agency at Stillwater, but owing to lack of opportunity had done no harm. In July a squad of men with ox-teams moved to a camp about eighteen miles down the Stillwater, to get out logs for the agency. About two weeks after their arrival here, a party of Indians came on to Mexican Joe, who was herding the cattle about a mile from the camp, and killed him. The dring was plainly heard by White Calce, who was in camp but he being alone, could do nothing but saddle his horse and save himself by going to the agency. The body of the herder was found the next day lying in the creek, through there it is supposed by the Indians.

A little later on in July, a band of Sioux made another raid on the stock at the Crow agency and captured or killed all of the work cattle, which were feeding about half a mile from the agency buildings. Two men who were herding them, fired at the Indians as they dashed in, and then spurred their horses towards the brush that lined the creek. The Sioux fled precipitately at the retreating herders, and one of the mules shot his hind legs in the arm and cut an artery. He rode about a hundred yards after being hit and becoming faint fell off of his horse and was soon killed by Indian arrows. The other herder arrived at the agency unharmed but badly demoralized.

The agency buildings were not completed during the early summer season. In cutting and hauling logs, but they could not be begun to go out after this, till Nelson Story came down with twelve men, when work went on as before. While Story's train was going down the Yellowstone bottom, and as it was crossing one of the Deer creeks, Captain Duro, at that time a young Sioux warrior, was hidden in the brush. Mr. Story, Mich Boyer and two others, gave chase to, but did not succeed in catching them, but in coming back from the chase they found and took the cache made by the Indian boys when they had stripped the fight. There was in it, two blankets, two saddles, several pairs of moccasins and a nice pipe.

### CHAPTER XX.

When the buildings at Fort Pease were all completed, the time dragged for its inmates; almost the only excitement was hunting and small parties were continually going out. One of these parties found a club-footed horse running loose and had driven him to the stockade. He was found to be mean and balky and a chain was fastened to one foot and he was allowed to run loose. His favorite feeding place was at about 500 yards away and in plain sight of the stockade. Several times during the fall the Indians tried to run him off, but only succeeded in making tracks of themselves for all of the rifles in the fort. Each war party as they came up tried this and not till two warriors were killed did they let old club-foot alone.

The pets of the little garrison were a grayhound, brought down by Maj. Pease and a raven that was taken from his nest in the spring and tamed. The former was very fleet and twice during the summer was sent after antelope that had come near the post, and each time she had caught and killed one. The raven was a great thief and nothing bright that was in its power to handle

the signs found two days afterward, when Topping and a small party from the post went back for their things, quite a large number was wounded. Just before sunrise down the firing ceased and when it became dark, the three whites slipped to the river and went down on the ice to Fort Pease, at which place they stayed the remainder of the winter.

On the morning of the 15th Orin Mason, Jeff Thompson and Billy Casto, left Baker's battle ground, for the Big Horn river, to take a part in the winter's five pack. They had their riding and working pack horses loaded with provisions, ammunition, etc. Their intention was to go to Topping's camp, but not knowing its exact location, they went too high up and came in sight of this river about ten miles above its mouth. As they came to the edge of its bottom, about a hundred Indians came dashing from coulees on each side and in front. They saw at once that all they had to hope for, was to save themselves, so they left their horses and ran to a little washout near by and from it fired at every Indian that showed his head. About fifteen minutes after the fight commenced, Orin Mason, while raising his head to take aim at an Indian was hit in the forehead by a bullet and instantly killed. The other boys fought for about three hours, when the Indians drew off, and the two survivors after burying Mason's body in a grave dug by knives and hands, took their weary way back up the river. Casto was untouched but Thompson had been hit in the finger by a small bullet, that had cut off the bone but had left the skin on either side.

### (NO BE CONTINUED.) WOMEN AT THE BAT.

A Novel Game of Base Ball Between Teams of Colored Girls.

From the Philadelphia Press.

If poor patient, melancholic Job could have seen the game of base ball played Friday afternoon at Lamokin, Pennsylvania, between the Dolly Vardens and the Captain Jinks Clubs, of South Chester, he would have laughed heartily. The two clubs were composed exclusively of young colored women. Some of them were dressed in ordinary female garb, but some were not. Three of the players in the Dolly Varden club wore salt-bag "Jerseys" over their petticoats with holes cut for the arms and legs. When they ran they looked like sugar-cured hams on stilts, and when they remained motionless and perpendicular they most resembled Doris's pictures of Beardsheeb. They ran like deer, threw the ball like a boy, with the right arm, and latted with lusty grace and freedom from restraint, that was to say the least, novel.

The grounds were decidedly rural. On one side was a scrap of woods, on another the railroad, on the third a muddy brook, and, fronting the field, on the remaining side, there ran a row of dilapidated wooden shanties, upon the roof of which, as well as on the adjacent fence, were perched as miscellaneous an assemblage of colored folks as ever the sun looked down upon. The Dolly Varden club was the first to arrive, headed by Ella Harris, the captain and catcher. The Captain Jinks club was two minutes and thirty seconds late by the brass watch of Jennie Pepper, the umpire, a lank, dusky man with hair sticking out of his stockings to match, button shoes minus the buttons, and an old sunbonnet that looked as if it had been lunched by the stuns of 7,000 copper penny. The Dolly Vardens shouted "Heads!" and, after a scramble, it was found in the long green grass, heads up. The first inning was comparatively uneventful. Fannie Wata, the catcher, nearly broke her back reaching for a sign, sag foot. Ella Harris batted a ball over into the woods. The center-fielder in climbing the fence, tore her shirt, and in rummaging among the underbrush for the missing ball, ran a thorn in the big toe of her right foot, whereas she sat down on a stump and wept and delayed the game fifteen minutes hunting for the thorn. The Dolly Vardens were retired with two runs. The Captain Jinks captain, Fannie Wata, went to the bat. She drove a high fly, away out past the left fielder, and ran around the bases twice before it was recovered. The Dolly Vardens stoutly maintained that only one run could be scored, but Fannie Wata slapped the scorer in the face, and made her put down two runs. There was a squabble.

Martha Mustard broke her bat banging it against the home-plate, and Anna Maria Jones sent a "grounder" skipping along the muddy grass to the pitcher, Ella Robertson. That industrious and agile young colored woman attempted to catch it in her apron, but it whistled through a hole that she did not know was there, and hit Philomena Morris, the short stop, on the nose.

There were no other interesting episodes until the final inning, the fifteenth. The Dolly Vardens had sixty-three runs and the Captain Jinks sixty-two. The excitement was great. Fannie Wata knocked the ball into the water can, filling it with grease, and dirt and grass. Jennie Pepper allowed Anna Maria Jones to hit at her balls because the former declared the first ball was a foul, although she hadn't hit it at all. As the query was another squabble. Philomena Morris ripped the ball on a high fly that went down the chimney of one of the houses. Hannah Kates knocked the first base mistress down and tore her collar-bone. Rose Peely hit the umpire in the head with the bat for calling her out on a foul. Maria Thompson ran around the course with the ball in the pocket to keep from being put out, and dared anybody to lay their hands on her. Susie Corbett tripped and fell and ploughed up the ground with her dusky nose, filling her ears with grass. Martha Mustard ran away with the ball and has not since been found, and the game was declared a draw, with sixty-seven runs scored on both sides. The match broke up in a free fight. Both clubs walked back to Chester lively as hornets, a melancholy array of disjointed knuckles, ragged dresses, torn salt-bag "Jerseys" and bruised faces, dusty, exhausted and looking like a band of "Jubilee Singers" on an off night.

Human calculation cannot limit the influence of one atom of wholesome knowledge, patiently acquired, modestly possessed and faithfully used.

De heart that is born good is allers good, and de heart that is born bad cannot be changed. De bad heart may make an show of goodness, but de truly good heart can'ters see through de kiver ob deceit.

## THE BAD BOY.

LOOKS UP LIFE SIZE FOR THE AMUSEMENT OF ALL.

Doctors His Pa and Saves that Worthy from a Breaker's Grave.

From Peck's Sun.

"Come in," said the grocery man to the bad boy, as the youth stood on the steps in an uncertain sort of way, as though he did not know whether he would be welcome or not. "I tell you, boy, I pity you. I understand your pa has got to drinking again. It is too bad. I can't think of anything that humiliates a boy, and makes him so ashamed, as to have a father that is in the habit of hoisting in too much benzine. A boy feels as though everybody was down on him, and I don't wonder that such boys often turn out bad. What started your pa to drinking again?"

"O, ma thinks it was losing money on de Chicago race. You see pa is great on points. He don't usually bet unless he has got a sure thing, but when he gets that sure thing, that is, somebody tells him a certain horse is sure to win, because the other horses are to be pulled back, he thinks a job has been put up, and if he thinks he is inside the ring he will bet. He says it does not do any hurt to bet, if you win, and he argues that a man had some lots of money can do a great deal of good with it. But he had to walk home from the Chicago races all the same, and he has been steaming ever since. Pa can't stand adversity. But I guess we have got him all right now. He is the scariest man you ever saw," and the boy took a can opener and began to cut the zinc under the stove, just as if he would work as well on zinc as on tin.

"What you haven't been dissecting him again, have you?" said the grocery man, as he pulled a stool up beside the boy to hear the news. "How did you bring him to his senses?"

"Well, ma tried having the ministers talk to pa, but pa talked Bible, about taking a little wine for the stomach's sake, and gave illustrations about Noah getting full, so the minister couldn't brace him up, and he talked to him, but he broke them all up by talking about what an appetite they had for champagne punch when they were out in camp last summer, and they couldn't have any effect on him, and so ma said she guessed I would have to exercise my ingenuity on pa again. Ma has just said that I have got to do it, and as I had, my pa and my chum would scare pa so he would swear off. She said she would, and we went to work. First I took pa's spectacles down to an optician, Saturday night, and had the glasses taken out and a pair put in their place that would magnify, and I took them home and put them in pa's pocket case. Then I got a tin of snuff, about half the size of pa's clothes, my chum's uncle is a very small man, and pa is corpulent. I got a slug that three sizes smaller than pa's hat, and took the name out of pa's hat and put it in the small hat. I got a shirt about half big enough for pa, and put it in his pocket for four weeks. We wanted to keep the line clear by using his horses, but it finally caught in the logs and snapped. As the rope parted, the boat trembled on the surface of the water for an instant, as if in dread of the terrible fate that awaited it, and then swung around and started for Niagara Falls at a terrific pace. The scow, being destined for canal navigation, had no small boat or anchor.

Appreciating in an instant their awful danger, the men on the scow yelled to the man on the raft to get a boat quick. One of their number sprang ashore and ran for Chippewa, shouting as he ran: "Help! a boat, quick, men going over the falls!"

On reaching it we were horrified to see that the scow had already got to the edge of the falls. The man on the raft kept the line clear by using his horses, but it finally caught in the logs and snapped. As the rope parted, the boat trembled on the surface of the water for an instant, as if in dread of the terrible fate that awaited it, and then swung around and started for Niagara Falls at a terrific pace. The scow, being destined for canal navigation, had no small boat or anchor.

Just as all hope had been abandoned, apparently by people on land and the men on the scow, a voice cried from the upper end of the crowd, "here comes a boat." In an instant every eye was turned in the direction of Chippewa Creek, and there most of them recognized the tall and athletic form of a barge-man named Smith, in an ordinary clinker boat, boldly pulling into the river.

As he forged out into the stream he made a hasty survey of the situation and then plied the white ash with redoubled energy. As he sped along, the boat almost leaping from the water at each stroke, a cheer arose from the people on the shore that fairly rent the air. The moment Smith appeared the attention of the men on the scow was riveted upon him and his frail craft. On and on he shot, each stroke narrowing the distance between him and the scow, but the latter was getting alarmingly close to the rapids, to enter which was certain destruction to all on board.

Those of us on shore could not help admiring and applauding the heroism of young Smith, but we could only feel that the result of his daring would be to add another to the list of the lost. As he neared the scow he turned his head and shouted to the men: "Scatter along the side of the boat and jump in as I pass by!" The command was promptly obeyed and in an instant the little craft was alongside. One after another the men sprang in, until the four were safely in the bottom.

Now came a moment of painful anxiety. "What will he do?" was the query that came to every mind. Smith had this plan of action and never hesitated a moment. At a point some distance from the Canadian shore the current divided at the head of the rapids, part of the stream flowing around an island in the vicinity of the burnt spring. In reaching the current leading around the island lay the only hope of escape. Taking a diagonal course across and down the stream Smith bent every effort to reach the Canadian divide. It was a desperate struggle for the life of five men between the scolding, boiling waters and the muscle and endurance of young Smith, with the odds seemingly against him. But the divide was finally gained with not a boat's length to spare, and the frail craft shot down between the island and the mainland like a rocket. At the foot of the island the channel widened materially, the current slackened and the water became more shallow, and here young Smith landed his boat, having performed one of the most heroic and daring feats ever performed by mortal man.

Bishop Williams, of Connecticut, is reported as saying that the Pilgrim Fathers first aboriginized their knees and then upon the aborigines.

Mr. Marion Crawford is a Roman Catholic; he is also a fine linguist, having been born and brought up abroad. He is intends now to live in Boston for a while.

## WEBB'S LAST SWIM.

THE HERO OF THE WATERS LOST IN NIAGARA'S WHIRLPOOL.

Engulfed in a Frightful Vortex—Fatal Ending of the Plucky Englishman's Attempt to Conquer the Mad Rapids—Life Lost.

BUFALO, New York, July 24.—Captain Matthew Webb, the noted English swimmer, was last seen in the Niagara whirlpool rapids this afternoon. It had been advertised for several weeks that he would attempt to go over the course which the Maid of the Mist ran in her trip to escape an attachment many years ago. No craft but this one ever survived the perils of that terrible channel, and no human being save her crew ever passed alive through the rapids.

Captain Webb and his business manager, Fred Kyle, of Boston, left Buffalo this morning, and spent most of the day at the hotels and about the falls, taking but cursory survey of the rapids. At one o'clock the press representatives and others immediately interested were informed that Captain Webb would attempt the river at 4 o'clock. The number of spectators was small, there being not more than 500 scattered along the banks to witness the hazardous undertaking. The failure of the railroad companies and hotels to co-operate with him rendered the enterprise a failure financially.

It was precisely two minutes past four when Webb sprang from his boat about a mile and a half above the railroad bridge and close to the old Maid of the Mist landing. He was entirely nude, save a land worn around his body for the protection of his stomach. The daring and accomplished swimmer gave himself no artificial assistance whatever. His leap from the boat was greeted with prolonged cheering. He struck boldly into the middle of the river and buoyed himself gracefully upon the surface of the water as the mighty current carried him toward the deadly whirlpool nearly a mile and a half below. It was a thrilling spectacle and a brilliant performance. The struggle in the rapids lasted thirteen minutes by which time Captain Webb had reached the whirlpool. His object was to hug the American side of the river, although many contended that his chances would have been better on the Canadian side. By the curious formation of the channel at this point, with its curves and ridges of rock, the water is dashed upward a distance of forty or fifty feet, resembling the billows of an angry sea. Then it whirls and seethes as if flashed by a thousand demons. It is a stick of timber, an animal or a human being is carried under, and in some cases will remain for days before escaping into the lake below.

As the intrepid navigator came to the whirlpool he was seen to throw up one of his arms. Whether this was intended as a signal of danger, or of danger or a human being is carried under, and in some cases will remain for days before escaping into the lake below.

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