

THE STOUT HEARTED MESSENGER
GENERAL O. HOWARD, U.S.A.

During the spring and summer of 1875 we had upon us in Oregon and Idaho a serious combination of Indians, mainly the Putes and Bannacks, in active warfare. But by various methods I had until October kept some 300 more from the mouth of the Columbia from going on the warpath.

I had hardly returned from the field, after the first Indian battle, when word was brought to me that an outbreak was being upon the north side of the great river, by the white inhabitants far and near, and that the people had been killed, particularly a Mr. and Mrs. Perkins, who were met on a road by some of the yet uncaptured warriors who had crossed the river above Umatilla, and they were robbed, slain and their bodies hidden in the brush. I had reports from "Father" Wilbur, the Indians' great friend on the Simcoe Reserve, near Yakima, and from alarmed settlers in the Ellensburg and Yakima country. The Yakima settlers said that war was coming; that a certain Indian, called by white men Moses, then in the prime of life, who had led in an early war, a man of great physical vigor, handsome and strong, an acknowledged chief, was at the head of the movement. They declared that he sympathized with the Bannacks and Putes; that he had received the murders of Perkins and his wife as a reward for his services, and that he would lead them to the mouth of the Columbia, where they would do all in his power to restrain the Indians, though they did not all yield obediently to his commands. He had, in fact, as far as I could all the old promises made by my predecessors about his land beyond Priests Rapids, and promised to do what I could for all the tribes with the Washington reservation. Together with those in council were going down the Columbia toward Priests Rapids. He then, to make himself sure, turned more eastward, and after awhile entered Johnston's Canyon. In the canyon, a dangerous defile, he suddenly had to face two of Moses' Indian scouts. They tried to stop him and said that he must not go that way. But he, showing who he was, pleasantly persisted. One of them turned back and became his companion. Shortly ten warriors met the two riders. These he could not bluff. They asked him to dismount. But he said:

"No, we can talk on our horses."

"There will be trouble; Indians have a bad heart. Councils now going on by the mouth of the Wenatchee, where it empties into the Columbia."

Quickly the scout mounted and galloped toward the Wenatchee Valley. The country houses on route were everywhere vacated. Ten miles out he met some more Indians. They seemed friendly, but said those in council were going down the Columbia toward Priests Rapids. He then, to make himself sure, turned more eastward, and after awhile entered Johnston's Canyon. In the canyon, a dangerous defile, he suddenly had to face two of Moses' Indian scouts. They tried to stop him and said that he must not go that way. But he, showing who he was, pleasantly persisted. One of them turned back and became his companion. Shortly ten warriors met the two riders. These he could not bluff. They asked him to dismount. But he said:

"No, we can talk on our horses."

He gave them his name and business and showed them that he must see Moses and the other chiefs. They thereupon demanded of him a message and declared that they would bear it for him.

"No," he answered, "it concerns all the Indians, and I must deliver it myself to the chief."

They forbade his going to camp, but he declared that he would go, even if he had to fight for it. "But mind me, if I am killed it will go hard with every Indian in this part of the country. At this, after a short parley, they sent him, on with two braves for escort. More Indians still were met, but the braves satisfied their objections, and they kept along the valleys until they came to the Columbia.

The little party went over in a canoe north of the mouth of the Columbia, and far above Priests Rapids. At the landing east of the river, for its course there is south, some 100 Indians met them. The two braves had become friendly and condescended to guard him further still into the main Indian camp. They did not have far to go when the site of the camp came into full view, and at first startled our brave scout. He saw a company of perhaps 100 Indians, in some way mounted on their horses, all pointed as for war. An Indian harder looking, if possible, than the rest, was riding around among them, and with gesticulations making a fiery speech. No women were at that place. All the men were in paint, some with their bodies tinted. Not far off from the mounted group was another crowd who were unceasingly beating drums and singing. There seemed to be 400 or 500 all together. It was a wild spectacle.

with feathers or wings of birds for ornaments as on dress occasions, some with knives; some with tomahawks; some with repeating rifles, muzzles toward the ceiling; with bright colored blankets, carrying where on shoulders or around their waists, or used as cushions—the grouping was picturesque indeed, enough to impress even the preoccupied stranger.

At last the grim Moses said: "Now, Frenchman, speak."

He answered promptly: "You know me by your friend. I have before been with you in times of trouble and of peace. I have come to see what is wrong with you and your people. My chief, Que-ta-quin, has sent me. He loves God and loves you."

Moses replied: "The Nez Perces have always been the friends of the whites. At the time of the Whitman massacre one white man ran to them for protection and got it."

"They gloried in never having killed a white man. General Howard fought the Nez Perces. I did not take a bad heart then; I did not go to war when the Bannacks and Putes fought him, but kept out of it all."

"A long time ago General Palmer told me and my people that we could always dwell about White Bluffs, Moses' Lake, Moses' Canyon, Grand Coulee and Wenatchee. We were then strong and there were few Boston (white settlers); they were poor and afraid of us. Now the Bostonians are strong and don't want the Indians to live. What shall we do? We look upon this land as upon the sun. It is our father and mother. I take a bad heart because they want our land, and my people say: 'To part with my land is like parting with my flesh.' It is two months since General Howard and I spoke together. Has he talked straight or has he talked crooked to me?"

"My people say, 'You are an old woman; you will never get an land. You have swallowed bad medicine. General Howard and all the Bostonians are laughing at you.' The white men all around us have taken bad heart because of the Indians. They are getting ready to come and kill my people. The Indians have no friend to talk strong to the great father at Washington. Does he know how we are to be pitied? Are not the white man's blood and the Indian's blood both red? Do not we all turn our faces to the sun? Frenchman

my heart is sick and heavy. Old men and old women cry to Moses! Mothers look for women to hide the little ones. Young women have lost their wits; they have become as wolves; they want to tear with their teeth the white man's flesh and drink his blood. Now, help me to talk strong to my people that they may take the right road."

There is my messenger's prompt reply: "Yes, Moses, you have many troubles, and your grievances are great. But you must keep the peace! By war you will lose everything and gain nothing." (He showed them in some detail the results of every Indian war against the Government since 1847.) "You love your wife and children, and you care for your old men and women. What in war will become of them? The settlers, some of whom will be slain, will kill many of your young men, and the rest will at last, like Joseph and his people, be carried into a far-off country. You ask the Government for a reservation. By beginning a war you make General Howard your enemy, and he must fight you. Now, I say before all these Indians that, if you do not follow my advice, you will not have land enough to stand upon."

Moses demurred: "I don't believe my people will consent to that."

THE NEW MINISTER
TO MEXICO.

SENATOR RANSOM OF NORTH CAROLINA IS GIVEN THE APPOINTMENT.

CONFIRMED BY THE SENATE.

SENATOR SHERMAN SPEAKS FAVORABLY OF THE NOMINEE'S FITNESS.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 23.—The President today nominated Hon. Matthew W. Ransom, Senator from North Carolina, for Minister to Mexico to succeed the late Hon. Isaac P. Gray. The nomination was received by the Senate at 10:25 o'clock. Few nominations have been sent to the Senate which have received greater favor, the entire Senate, with two or three exceptions, and those because of relations with the executive, joining in the recommendation of the appointment.

Mr. Ransom has been a member of the Senate continuously for the past twenty-three years, being first chosen in 1872. During the war he filled in succession the grades of lieutenant-colonel, colonel, brigadier-general and major-general. Senator Ransom is 69 years of age. He is a man of polished manners and of much tact, and his colleagues unite in the opinion that he will make an ideal diplomat.

The Senate went into executive session immediately after receiving the nomination and confirmed it by a unanimous vote. The confirmation was moved by Senator Sherman, who in making the motion addressed the Senate briefly as to the fitness of the nominee, of whom he spoke as in every way deserving and appropriate. When the vote was taken there was a general response in the affirmative. The executive session lasted only five minutes, but Senator Ransom made his escape to his committee room when the session adjourned, and was not present during the executive proceedings.

Senator Ransom said after his confirmation that he would not qualify until after March 4. After that time he would be prepared to proceed to Mexico as soon as the Secretary of State desired him to go.

EXTRA COMPENSATION PROVIDED.
Employees of the House and Senate Liberally Rewarded.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 23.—The features of today's proceedings in the House was the fight on the proposition to pay an extra month's salary to all the employees of the House and Senate. It carried in the committee of the whole by a vote of 93 to 61, with an amendment to include an extra month's compensation for the individual clerks of members. Notice has been given that a record-making vote will be declared when this amendment is reported to the House.

The reading of the deficiency bill was completed with the exception of a few amendments temporarily passed over. The principal one of which is the appropriation of \$435,000 to pay the Bering Sea awards. After some brief routine morning business the House went into a committee of the whole and resumed consideration of the deficiency bill. While the series of amendments to give extra compensation to various employees of the House was being adopted, Dingley of Maine protested against such prodigal liberality. In a brief speech he warned the Democrats of the House that the appropriations were mounting up dangerously near the billion limit, and unless a halt was called they would exceed those of the Fifty-first Congress.

Grosvenor of Ohio taunted the Democrats with being obliged to sell bonds at a ruinous rate of interest to pay the current expenses of the departments. "Did not Secretary Sherman sell 4 per cent bonds at par which were afterward worth \$1.29?" asked a Springer. "Twelve years after a springer," replied Grosvenor, "Secretary Sherman sold bonds payable in coin to resume specie payments. But the contract he made with the syndicate provided that before the bonds should be taken they should be open to popular subscription for thirty days. The credit of the Government subsequently became so high these bonds afterward commanded a premium of 30. But look at the transaction we criticize and see the contrast. Now, thirty years after the war, without giving the public an opportunity to subscribe, bonds are sold bearing 4 per cent interest by a secret contract which netted the syndicate \$10,000,000 twenty-four hours after the bonds were placed on the market."

Wolcott were involved in a sharp personal criticism as a result of their differences on the pooling bill. In the course of the discussion many Senators warned the friends of the bill that it was useless to take it up, as it would be systematically "talked to death."

The Indian appropriation bill was passed after having been before the Senate five days. The first business was the offering of a resolution to correct an error in the recent Chicago public building contract, by which the old building was to be sold to the "lowest bidder" instead of the "highest."

Jones of Arkansas offered an amendment authorizing the Muskogee or Creek nation to sell the indebtedness of \$600,000 to that nation with interest due from the United States, the same having been appropriated in 1889 to enable them to make a per capita payment to the Creek company and to liquidate the Creek nation's indebtedness.

Morgan offered an additional amendment providing that a portion of the seigniorage in the treasury shall be coined into half dollars to pay the debt. An amendment by Aldrich to the Morgan amendment adding these words "or in such other lawful money of the United States as the Creek nation shall desire" was adopted, and then the Morgan amendment as amended was adopted without division.

Butler moved to lay aside informally the Indian bill and to take up the pooling bill. The roll was called on Butler's motion, which was defeated—ayes 24, noes 42. Butler claimed that the bill was directly in favor of the people and expressed his indignation that the bill should be side-tracked.

Peffer said the bill could not pass for twenty days, claiming there were at least twelve Senators prepared to debate it indefinitely and that he himself would expect to be heard for at least a day. Butler said that Peffer was franker than other Senators in confessing a determination on the part of himself and eleven other Senators to filibuster the bill to death, and added that he would only like to have an opportunity to give them a chance to filibuster. Peffer disclaimed any desire to filibuster. Gorman then arose to reply to what he characterized as Butler's assault on him.

Gorman said many of the best friends he had were among the great railway magnates of the country, and he then told how he had been impelled by them in the interest of the bill.

Chandler deprecated the disposition among the Senators to impute motives of each other in their conduct with any measure. He then discussed the bill on its merits, asserting the railway managers had demanded that the bill should be passed just as it came from the House. He took especial exception to the first and predicted it would never be passed by the present or any Congress.

Butler resented Chandler's reflections upon the integrity of the railroad men of the country. Chandler, he said, proceeded upon the assumption that every man connected with the roads is a thief. He denounced that view as a slander. After the conclusion of Butler's remarks, the Senate went on with the consideration of the Indian bill.

Pettigrew offered a resolution providing that out of respect to the memory of the late Frederick Douglass, his remains be permitted to lie in state in the Capitol rotunda to-morrow. Pettigrew asked for the immediate consideration of the resolution, but objection was made by Mr. Gorman and it went over. In accordance with a special order the Senate then listened to eulogies on the death of the late Representative George B. Shaw of Wisconsin.

from Ripley, and as they were about to enter this ravine their attention was attracted by loud groans. They paused, supposing some one was hurt, but could see nothing. They resumed their journey in the direction of Griffith's house, but had gone but a few steps when to their right on a steep hillside the figure of a man dragging a heavy chain came tearing down the incline.

Griffith says he had often heard of this apparition, but attributed it to the imagination of his neighbors. They had reached the open space again when the baying of dogs greeted their ears, and down the hillside and up the other side went a pack of fowchounds in hot pursuit of game. Presently they also vanished from view and the party continued their journey.

In 1878 a fox drive was advertised, and a circuit of five miles made. At 1 o'clock in the afternoon the army was centering, and in the circuit were ten or fifteen foxes. Joe Woods, a surly, revengeful character, came up with ten large hounds. The dogs made several attempts to break the ring. Seeing his dogs fall Joe kicked up a battle with the captain, and a fight followed. When the lines broke the dogs rushed through and gave chase to the foxes, breaking the circle, and neither foxes nor dogs were ever seen again. The foxes made the hunters so angry that they took Woods to a large stump, secured a big log chain and fastened him. He was then left to get away the best he could. That night Woods escaped and was never seen again.—Toledo special to Chicago Record.

Scotch Fishermen.
Ashore he is the laziest of operatives, lolling about the wharves and harbor corners with his hands invariably deep down in his "breeks" pockets, his women folk meanwhile doing most of the work, and toiling about bent nearly double under their heavy loads of fish. Well does Jenny, Oldbuck's serving wench, put it, "As sure as the keel of the coble touches the sand dail a bit mair will the lazy fisherlions work; but the wives maun kit their coats and wade into the surf to tak the fish ashore." Their method of being the lines with a multitude of hooks is very neat and pretty to watch, the

The Laplander's Hell.
The orthodox believers among the Laplanders insist that hell is a place of perpetual frost. Their ideal of extreme physical suffering is to forever freeze. To attempt to hold up the prospect of eternal fire to them as a deterrent from further transgression is to make them go and sin some more. We offer this as a mere preface to the thought that this particular semi-Southern latitude has been learning something of late about hellish weather from a Laplander's point of view.—Cincinnati Times-Star.

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9 x 12-6.....	16.20	10.00

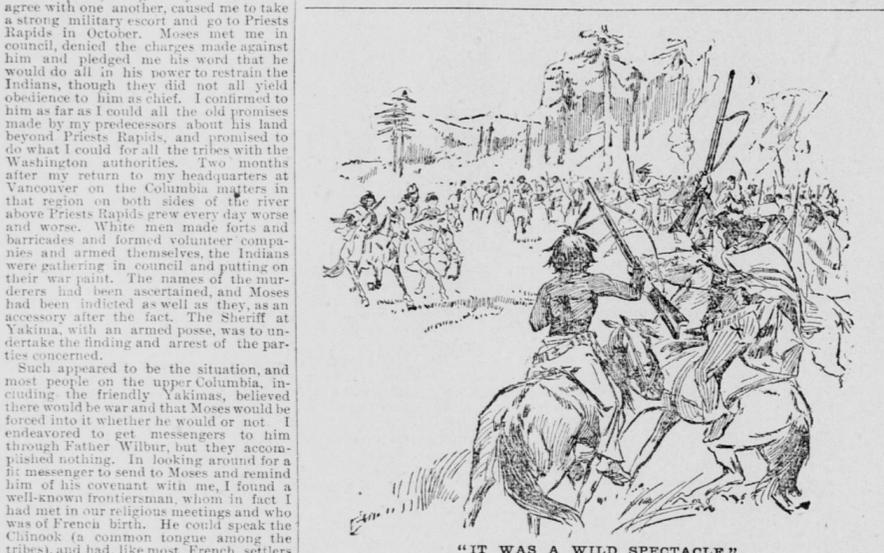
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