

FAMOUS AMERICAN INDIANS

BY ALBERT PAYSON TERHUNE

Pushmataha

A Choctaw war party sprawled around their campfire after the battle. That day they had fought the Osage tribe from west of the Mississippi. Each brave was telling of his own deeds of heroism. Suddenly some one asked what had become of Pushmataha, a lad of twenty, who had marched with them. None had seen him all day.

Pushmataha was the laughing stock of his tribe. He was forever talking, and this jarred upon the silent natives. He was forever boasting, and he had done nothing thus far to warrant his boasts. Now, while his name was still banded about the campfire, with sneers at his cowardice in shirking the fight, the youth suddenly appeared. A howl of laughter and derision greeted him.

"Let him laugh who has slain more foes this day than I," retorted Pushmataha, tossing five scalps upon the ground.

A Deadly Enemy.

He had crept up on the Osages from the rear and, single-handed, had killed as many as had the boldest warrior. For thus making good his boast he received the rank of sub-chief and the title of "Eagle." This was in 1785. Not very long afterward Pushmataha went alone by night to a hostile Indian village in the Tonaqua district, slew seven men and burned part of the village to the ground.

But his reputation was destined to spread throughout the country; not merely as a killer of hostile Indians, but as the loyal friend of the United States. In the war of 1812 many of the Indian tribes joined the British and inflicted terrible damage on western pioneers and soldiers. Tecumseh had already tried to enlist the Choctaws in a league against the settlers, but had been balked by Pushmataha. The Choctaw "nation" met in a ten-day debate to determine what side to take in the war with England. They had just decided to remain neutral, helping neither country, when, at the close of the tenth day, Pushmataha rose and thus addressed the council:

"Our fathers grasped the hand of Washington. They vowed to be his people's friends. I cannot be false to their pledge. If our allies, the Creek nation, have sided with the British, we and they must henceforth follow different trails. I am prepared to

fight both British and Creeks. I and my own warriors go now to Tuscaloosa. When you next hear from us the Creek fort there will be in smouldering ruins."

Again did Pushmataha make good his boast. For he not only captured and burned the Creek fort at Tuscaloosa, but attacked the Seminole and Creek allies of the British with such fury as to win battle after battle from them. From the government troops he learned the science of military discipline. He applied this learning to his own lawless followers with so firm a hand that he soon had welded them into a splendid body of soldiers. He incidentally won from frontier officers the nickname of "The Indian General."

He led 500 Indians and was in active service throughout the whole war. Most of the time he was under Gen. Andrew Jackson's orders, and he took part in no less than twenty-four fights.

When it came to signing a notable treaty between his people and the government in 1820 he displayed a genius for statesmanship and a shrewd diplomatic wisdom that amazed the president's agents. Gen. Jackson, who himself was noted for sharp diplomacy, is said to have confessed then that in Pushmataha he had met his match at bargain-driving. He said later, "Pushmataha is the bravest, greatest Indian I have ever known."

Four years afterward another Choctaw treaty was negotiated. This time Pushmataha insisted on coming in person to Washington. He sent word to President Monroe:

"I desire to brighten the chains of peace between the Americans and the Choctaws."

A Visit of State.

So to Washington he came. There he was received with high honors by president and cabinet. He visited Gen. Lafayette, saw the sights of civilization and met with an ovation that would have turned the brain of a lesser man. Through it all the stately old Indian preserved his lofty dignity of manner. He allowed none of the bewildering new experiences to amaze or disturb him.

But the visit killed him. He fell ill in Washington, and on Dec. 24, 1824 died there.

Billy Caldwell

"The Sauganash" was his Indian title. He was better known to red and white men alike as "Capt. Billy Caldwell." He was half Pottawatomie, half white. His immediate nationality was even more mixed than his ancestry. On his mother's side he came of the bluest Pottawatomie Indian stock. His father was an Irish officer. He was brought up a Frenchman, received a captaincy from the British government, and was a civic official in the United States.

Caldwell was born in 1780 in Canada. As a child he fell under the wise, kindly influence of the Detroit Jesuits. From them he received an excellent education and became master of both the French and English languages in addition to his knowledge of many native Indian dialects. When only a lad he met the great Tecumseh and instantly enrolled himself as that Shawnee spellbinder's admirer and disciple. The two were dear friends until Tecumseh's death. But the Shawnee could never imbue Caldwell with his bitter hatred against the white men. Although Caldwell proclaimed himself a loyal Indian he could never wholly forget that he was half English. He fought for the British against the United States in the war of 1812. Rising rapidly in rank he became captain in Great Britain's "Indian department." Though he lived in the United States after the war was over, he never renounced his allegiance to the British crown.

The Chicago Massacre.

Caldwell is said by some historians to have been fiercest of the Indian assailants at the "Chicago massacre" in 1812. Others say he refused to take part in the conflict.

When the prisoners there who had escaped the hatchets and rifles of the attacking Indians were dragged to an open square for torture and death, Caldwell hurled himself between them and their bloodthirsty captors. By pleas, threats and cajolery he saved many of the helpless prisoners from the fate that usually overtook such unfortunates as fell into hostile Indian hands.

Henceforth, Caldwell was known as "the white man's friend." This fact made some of his Indian comrades hate him; and more than one plot was formed for his assassination. Yet, undisturbed by praise or hate, he continued to befriend the settlers and to administer wisely the affairs of his own people.

By 1820 Chicago had become a thriving settlement for what was then known as "the far west." And, leaving the wild life of his people, Caldwell went to Chicago to live as the white man did. This caused still further ill-feeling among the Pottawatomies and Ottawas. But the man's iron will dominated the situation. Even as he was half white and half Indian by birth, so he lived among the white townfolk and at the same time held his rank among the savages.

So readily did Caldwell take to the ways of his adopted people and so quickly did he demand the respect and trust of the western pioneers that in 1826 he was sworn in as a justice of peace. He sat in judgment on countless involved frontier cases where his shrewd common sense and ideas of right more than counterbalanced his partial ignorance of law.

The End of a Career.

So many clashes between settlers and Indians did he avert that the government decided to reward him. Accordingly, in 1828, the Indian department built for him the first frame house ever erected in Chicago. It was situated near the corner of Chicago avenue and North State street. There Caldwell lived until 1836. Then he went back to the Indians of his own tribes and settled with them at Council Bluffs, Ia. In the meantime the government had presented him with a 1,240-acre tract of land on the north branch of the Chicago river. He sold this for a trifling sum before he turned his back on civilization.

After a 16-year sojourn with white men, the old Sauganash found rough Indian life less to his taste than he had hoped. Yet he stayed with his tribesmen at Council Bluffs until his death on Sept. 28, 1841.

WAIL OF MODERN BENEDICT

Adaptation That Aims to Set Forth the Trials and Tribulations That Beset Life.

1. My wife is my boss, I shall not deny.
2. She maketh me lie down behind the bed when the swell company comes, and she leadeth me behind her up Main street.
3. She restoreth my pocketbook after she has spent all its contents on hobble skirts and theater tickets, and she leadeth me up the main aisle of church for her new hat's sake.
4. Yea, though I walk more than half the night through dark rooms with a crying baby, I will get no rest, for she is behind me; her broomstick and her hatpin they do everything else but comfort me.
5. She prepareth a cold snack for me, then maketh a bee-line for an aid society supper. She anointeth my head with the rolling pin occasionally. My arms runneth over with bundles before she is half done her shopping.
6. Surely her dressmaker's and millinery bills shall follow me all the days of my life and I will dwell in the house of my wife forever.—Exchange.

A LIVING IMAGE.



Mrs. Fondmar—There! Isn't baby the image of his father?
Oldchumme—Sure! Same lack of expression, same red nose, no teeth to speak of—and, by George! prematurely bald head, too!

A SERIOUS ERROR.

Many a case of kidney disease has proven fatal because the symptoms were not recognized. If you suffer with backache or bladder irregularities, follow the advice of Mrs. H. S. Woods, 619 11th St., Aurora, Nebr. Says Mrs. Woods: "I was in a critical condition. My feet and ankles were so swollen with dropsy, I could not wear my shoes. Fourteen weeks prior to taking Doan's Kidney Pills, I was confined to bed practically helpless. They made me feel like a new woman and soon I was doing my work the same as ever." "When Your Back Is Lame, Remember the Name—DOAN'S." 50c a box at all stores. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y.



Involuntary.

Photographer—Say! Pardon me! But that's the third time you've covered your face with your handkerchief just as I was ready.
Subject—I know, but I can't help it. I've been indicted a good deal lately, and I got the habit trying to dodge newspaper photographers.—Puck.

Important to Mothers

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A Cross-Reference.

Mistress—Have you a reference?
Bridget—Foine; Oi held the poker over her till I got it.—Harper's Bazar.

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The one way to help a worthless man along is to administer a swift kick in the proper place.

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More English Humor.

The first night Walter Kelly, known to vaudeville as the "Virginal Judge," walked up the Strand he complained to his English companion that the famous street in London was dark at nine o'clock. "Why," said he, "at this hour Broadway is as bright as day. There is one sign alone, 'The Chariot Race,' in which there are 50,000 electric lights." "But I say, old top," said his English friend, "wouldn't that be rather conspicuous."

Nearer.

"I see where some folks are going to the ocean to get gold from water." "The ocean? Why so far? Why not go to Wall street?"



Weak Heart

Many people suffer from weak hearts. They may experience shortness of breath on exertion, pain over the heart, or dizzy feelings, oppressed breathing after meals or their eyes become blurred, their heart is not sufficiently strong to pump blood to the extremities, and they have cold hands and feet, or poor appetite because of weakened blood supply to the stomach. A heart tonic and alterative should be taken which has no bad after-effect. Such is Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, which contains no dangerous narcotics nor alcohol.

The ingredients, as attested under oath, are Stone root (*Collinsonia Canadensis*), Bloodroot (*Sanguinaria Canadensis*), Golden Seal root (*Hydrastis Canadensis*), Queen's root (*Sillaria Sylvestris*), Black Cherrybark (*Prunus Virginiana*), Mandrake root (*Podophyllum Peltatum*), with triple refined glycerine, prepared in a scientific laboratory in a way that no druggist could imitate.

This tonic contains no alcohol to shrink up the red blood corpuscles; but, on the other hand, it increases their number and they become round and healthy. It helps the human system in the constant manufacture of rich, red blood. It helps the stomach to assimilate or take up the proper elements from the food, thereby helping digestion and curing dyspepsia, heart-burn and many uncomfortable symptoms, stops excessive tissue waste in convalescence from fevers; for the run-down, anemic, thin-blooded people, the "Discovery" is refreshing and vitalizing. Stick to this safe and sane remedy, and refuse all "just as good" medicines offered by the druggist who is looking for a larger profit. Nothing but Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery will do you half as much good.



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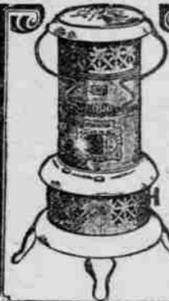
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