

# GENERAL MILES AND THE SIOUX

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WASHINGTON.—A lithograph that has survived the attacks of time shows Gen. Nelson A. Miles and Col. W. F. Cody mounted on spirited horses and overlooking from a bluff the last great camp of the Sioux Indians when coming in from the warpath. The Sioux surrendered to Gen. Miles in January, 1891, but they came very near, a few days after the surrender, to the point of breaking away once more. The story of it is this:

Gray dawn was breaking at the Pine Ridge agency when an Indian runner broke heading into the village of the surrendered Sioux. He stopped at the tepees of the principal warriors long enough to shout a message, and then leaving the camp where its end rested against an abrupt hill, he made his way with a plainsman's stealth to the group of agency buildings, circling which and extending beyond, crowning ridge after ridge, were the white Sibley tents of the soldiers.

Breakfast was forgotten in the troubled camp of the Sioux. The chiefs and the greater braves rushed to quick council and the lesser warriors, the squaws and the children stood waiting with dogged patience in the village streets.

The council was over. An old chief shouted a word of command that was caught up and passed quickly to the farthest outlying tepee. An army might have learned a lesson from that which followed the short, sharp order. Mounted and on foot, the warriors, pressed to their utmost, could accomplish the distances every outlying ridge was topped with the figure of rider and horse, silhouetted against the morning sky.

Every sentinel warrior had his eyes on the camps of the white soldiery. Suddenly from the east of the agency, where lay the Sixth cavalry, there came a trumpet call that swelled and ended in one ringing note that sang in and out of the valleys and then, subdued to softness, floated on to be lost in the prairie wilderness beyond.

The motionless figure of one of the hilltop sentinels was moved to instant life. A signal ran from ridge to ridge, finally to be passed downward into the camp of the waiting Sioux, who sprang into action at its coming. The pony herds of the Sioux were grazing on the hills to the west, untroubled of their freedom by liar or herdsman. In number they nearly equaled the people of the village, a few ponies for emergency use only having been kept within the camp. Upon the ponies in the village jumped waiting warriors, who broke out of the shelter of the tepees for the hills where the herds were foraging on the snow-covered bunch grass. It seemed but a passing moment before every pony in that great grazing herd was headed for the village. The animals were as obedient to the word of command as a brave to the word of his chief.

During the gathering of the ponies the women of the camp had slung their papposes to their backs, had collected the camp utensils and were standing ready to strike the tepees, while the braves, blanketed and with rifles in their hands, had thrown themselves between the village and the camps of the soldiers of Gen. Miles.



The soldiers passed on and the review began, but out on the hills the Indian sentinels still stood, and between the marching whites and the village were the long lines of braves still suspicious and still ready to give their lives for the women and children in the heart of the valley.

What a review was that on the snow-covered South Dakota plains that January morning 15 years ago! Gen. Miles on his great black horse watched the 5,000 soldiers pass, soldiers that had stood the burden of battle and the hardships of a winter's campaign and had checked one of the greatest Indian uprisings of history.

The First infantry, led by Col. Shafter, who afterward was in command in front of Santiago, was there that day. Guy V. Henry, now lying in peaceful Arlington cemetery, rode at the head of his black troopers, the "buffalo soldiers" of the Sioux. Capt. Allen W. Capron was there with the battery that afterward opened the battle at Santiago. The Seventh cavalry was there, two of its troops, B and K, having barely enough men left in the ranks to form a platoon.

These two troops had borne the brunt of the fighting at Wounded Knee a month before when 90 men of the Seventh fell killed or wounded before the bullets of the Sioux. When the two troops with their attenuated ranks rode by, the reviewing general removed his cap, an honor otherwise paid only to the colors of his country.

The column filed past, broke into regiments, then into troops and companies, and the word of dismissal was given. The Indian sentinels on the ridges, signaled the camp in the valley. In another minute there was a stampede, but it was only that of the thousands of Sioux ponies turned loose and eager to get back to their breakfast of bunch grass on the prairie.

Trumpet and bugle calls of "boots and saddles" and "assembly" bled the air. The troopers and "doughboys" had fallen in, 5,000 strong. The column started west with flags and guidons fluttering. The head of the command, the greatest that had been gathered together up to that time since the days of the civil war, reached the bluff above the Sioux village. A shout would have started the stampede of the savages; a shot would have been the signal for a volley from the warriors lying between the white column and the village.

In one of Cooper's novels *Hard Heart*, a Pawnee, taunts a Sioux thus: "Since waters ran and trees grew, the Sioux has found the Pawnee on his warpath. The fight in which Two Strike was the leader of the Sioux was fought against the Pawnees on the banks of a little stream known as 'The Frenchman,' in Nebraska in the year 1874.

In the valley of the Platte river the buffalo were plenty, but the Pawnees had said that the Sioux should not hunt there and they defied them to come. "The Pawnee dogs called the Sioux women," said the story-teller and old Two Strike sneered.

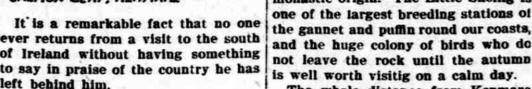
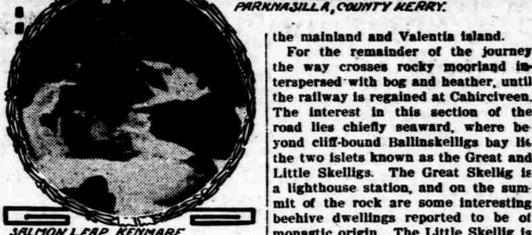
It was when the grass was at its best that the Sioux started for the country of the Pawnee. The teller of the tale made no secret of the intention of the Sioux to exterminate the Pawnees, sparing neither women nor children if the chance for their killing presented itself.

Two Strike and his Sioux reached the edge of the buffalo country and there they waited opportunity. They did not have to wait long. Runners told them that the Pawnees in full strength had started on a great hunting expedition led by Sky Chief, a noted warrior. When the name of Sky Chief fell from the lips of the interpreter old Two Strike smiled and closed his fist. The Sioux left their encampment and struck into the heart of the hunting country. There a scout told them that the enemy was encamped in a prairie gulch and that their women and children were with them to care for the hides and for the drying of the meat of the buffalo.

Two Strike led his men by "a way around," as the interpreter put it, coming finally to a point less than half a sun's distance from the camp in the valley. The Sioux struck a small herd of buffalo and they goaded the animals before them right up to the mouth of the gulch. When the buffalo were headed straight into the valley the Sioux pricked the hindmost with arrows and the herd went headlong toward the encampment of the Pawnees, who "were foolish men" and did not watch for an enemy.

# IRELAND for PLEASURE

MANY BEAUTIFUL SPOTS



It is a remarkable fact that no one ever returns from a visit to the south of Ireland without having something to say in praise of the country he has left behind him.

The south of Ireland on Saxon lips, generally means the Lakes of Killarney; but, as a matter of fact, there is hardly an acre of the kingdom of Kerry, especially of its coast-line, that is not exquisitely beautiful. Now that means of transit are both so rapid and reasonable, it is a pity that all this beauty is not better known. The best way to make its acquaintance is to go by rail to Kenmare, and then, following the coach road round the coast, lead up to Killarney. If desired, as final, from Kenmare the road runs close to the sea, though high above it, leaving Dromore castle to keep watch over the blue waters of Kenmare bay on the left, until the bridge is reached beneath which the river Blackwater (one of 17 Blackwaters in Great Britain and Ireland, by the way), rushes seaward down a fern-clad ravine. Thence the track descends through thickets of wind-gnarled oak and glistening arbutus, intersected by water-courses, half hidden beneath a luxuriant growth of the great *Osmunda* regalis, to Parknasilla.

Parknasilla is an ideal spot for anyone in search of warmth and sunshine. On the north and east it is sheltered from harsh winds by high mountains, and the breeze that blows in from the Atlantic brings with it a balmy temperature of the gulf stream. In this sheltered spot palms and aloes will winter safely out of doors, and the huge growth attained by delicate, semi-tropical evergreens testifies to the equableness of the climate. Those who can afford to travel in the leisurely manner such surroundings demand should loiter a day or two at Parknasilla at the Great Southern hotel, once a bishop's palace, whose beautiful wooded grounds stretch to the water's edge. Close at hand is the lovely Garinish island, where sandy, sunny coves form an ideal resting place for a summer afternoon.

Winding up from Parknasilla through groves of oak and beech, the road leads at last into the wilder beauty of the hills, which rise on the right hand into the precipitous heights of Crohan mountain. Once upon a time this district was populous with miners and smelters, for the mountains are rich in copper; but there are no signs of human habitation there now. Another interesting relic of the past, close by, is Cahirdaniel, the site of an old Danish fort, eloquent of stormy times. The sea appears once more at Derrynane, where a ruined abbey stands on a rocky peninsula, while the erstwhile home of Daniel O'Connell, "the Liberator," stands within a stone's throw.

From Derrynane the scenery is a succession of mountain passes until the road descends to Waterville, lying midway between the sea on one hand and Curraun lake on the other. Waterville affords ideal headquarters for the fisherman. The loach is well stocked with brown trout, which give good sport throughout the season, and the white trout come up from the sea annually to spawn. The sea angler will appreciate the pollack, a fish which will put up a good fight on a reel with light tackle and prove equally good eating when landed. The archaeologist also will find Waterville worth a prolonged stay, and the prehistoric remains of Staigue fort, within easy distance, are reported to be at least 2,000 years old. Other points of interest are the cable stations both on

the mainland and Valentia Island. For the remainder of the journey the way crosses rocky moorland interspersed with bog and heather, until the railway is regained at Cahirciveen. The interest in this section of the road lies chiefly seaward, where beyond cliff-bound Ballinskelligs lay the two islets known as the Great and Little Skelligs. The Great Skellig is a lighthouse station, and on the summit of the rock are some interesting beehive dwellings reported to be of monastic origin. The Little Skellig is one of the largest breeding stations of the gannet and puffin round our coasts, and the huge colony of birds who do not leave the rock until the autumn is well worth visiting on a calm day.

The whole distance from Kenmare to Cahirciveen is 50 miles, and there is not a mile of it that is not worth seeing, both for its beauty and its associations; but a shorter route more suitable for cyclists or those who do not care for a long coach journey lies over the mountain pass of Ballaghobers. By this route the traveler follows the main road from Kenmare as far as the Blackwater bridge and then, turning aside, follows the stream up into the mountain which divides its watershed from that of the Caragh river. Following this river he comes down to Caragh lake, where the railway appears again. The salmon and trout fishing, both in the lake and the surrounding rivers, are excellent, and should he desire to try them he cannot do better than stay at the New Southern hotel. The Caragh river is reserved for the guests here, as are 25,000 acres of shooting. Indeed, a winter visit to Caragh in search of snipe and cock will well repay the trouble of a channel crossing. Bathing and boating are perfect, and there is a golf course close at hand.

# AN EASY WAY. How to Cure Kidney Troubles Easily and Quickly.

It is needless to suffer the tortures of an aching back, the misery of back-aches, rheumatic pains, urinary disorders, or risk the danger of diabetes or Bright's disease. The cure is easy. Treat the cause—the kidneys—with Doan's Kidney Pills. H. Mayne, Market St., Paris, Tenn., says: "Weak kidneys made my back stiff and lame. The urine was cloudy and irregular and I had to get up many times at night. I lost energy, became weak and could not work. Doan's Kidney Pills removed all the trouble and restored my health and strength." Remember the name—Doan's. Sold by all dealers. 50 cents a box. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y.

A Sunday Sermon. One must accept life as it is. It gives us great happiness if we are wise enough to see it, and it balances the scales by sending great sorrows, too. But that is life. If you would make the world brighter try to forget your hurts, dry your eyes and turn to help those who need the pressure of a friendly hand and the encouragement of a smiling look. Sorrows and troubles of all kinds should teach one a great lesson—the lesson of universal kindness.—New York Times.

# OWES HER LIFE TO

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound  
Vienna, W. Va.—"I feel that I owe the last ten years of my life to Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. Eleven years ago I was a walking shadow. I had been under the doctor's care for a long time. My husband persuaded me to try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and it worked like a charm. It relieved all my pains and misery. I advise all suffering women to take Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound."—Mrs. EMMA WHEATON, Vienna, W. Va. Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, made from native roots and herbs, contains no narcotics or harmful drugs, and to-day holds the record for the largest number of actual cures of female diseases of any similar medicine in the country, and thousands of voluntary testimonials are on file in the Pinkham laboratory at Lynn, Mass., from women who have been cured from almost every form of female complaints, inflammation, ulceration, displacements, fibroid tumors, irregularities, periodic pains, backache, indigestion and nervous prostration. Every such suffering woman owes it to herself to give Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound a trial. If you would like special advice about your case write a confidential letter to Mrs. Pinkham, at Lynn, Mass. Her advice is free, and always helpful.

# Libby's Food Products

Libby's Cooked Corned Beef  
There's a marked distinction between Libby's Cooked Corned Beef and even the best that's sold in bulk.  
Evenly and mildly cured and scientifically cooked in Libby's Great White Kitchen, all the natural flavor of the fresh, prime beef is retained. It is pure wholesome, delicious and ready to serve at meal time. Saves work and worry in summer.  
Other Libby "Healthful" Meal-Time-Hints, all ready to serve, are:  
Peerless Dried Beef  
Vienna Sausage  
Veal Loaf  
Evaporated Milk  
Baked Beans  
Oxow Oxtail  
Mixed Pickles  
"Furty goes hand in hand with Products of the Libby brand."  
Write for free Booklet,—"How to make Good Things to Eat."  
Insist on Libby's at your grocers.  
Libby, McNeill & Libby Chicago

# LITTLE TRAFFIC ON THE NILE

Not Much Use Made of Water Transportation in Egypt.  
It is a curious fact that the Nile and most of the canals in Egypt run north and south. The wind blows nearly all the year from the north, and thus furnishes the cheapest propelling power for boats going south. When the boats return north the rapid current of the Nile is the motive power. The regularity of the wind and the steadiness of the current are two reasons why boats propelled by any other power are so little used. Time is not so important an element in business in Egypt as in some other countries, and it does not matter, therefore, that boats propelled by wind or current are slow. But so much use is made of water transportation in Egypt as one might think, in view of the possibilities offered by the Nile and the many canals throughout the Delta. The Nile is navigable for many hundreds of miles. The first cataract is at Assuan, but there is no interruption of traffic until Wadi Halfa is reached, 800 miles from Cairo. The primary object of the canals is to distribute water for irrigation, but they are really broad and deep water courses, easily navigable by sailing boats and small steam tugs. With Egypt's awakening the value of these canals will soon be realized.

Following instructions. She was a little girl and very polite. 'Twas the first time she had been on a visit alone, and she had been told how to behave. "Now, Ethel, should they ask you to stay and dine, you must say: 'No, thank you; I have already dined.'" It turned out just as papa had anticipated. "Come along, Ethel," said the host, "you must have a bite with us." "No, thank you," said the dignified little girl. "I have already bitten."

# Are Held Back by Poverty

Your editorial on "The Endowing of Individuals" expresses a prevailing but mistaken view that wealth and leisure handicap, while pressure and need produce achievement. Success comes in spite of these burdens, not by their aid, but the discoverer of the world has lost, with the accompanying conditions, to humanity, through the benediction of 90 per cent of its population is too great to venture an estimate upon. Civilization began in warm, fertile lands, where food was easily produced before the accumulation of wealth and knowledge enabled mankind to overcome obstacles in severer climates. The calmer and milder manifestations of nature in Greece brought forth science, while nature's work in India, great rivers and floods, tremendous mountain ranges and vast valleys caused a riot of the imagination resulting in much superstition and little science. Learning began among the priesthood, who were removed from any hardship or danger of starvation. In