

GENERAL MILES AND THE SIOUX

COPYRIGHT, 1909 BY W. A. PATTERSON



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 headlong 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 men shot out from the village and as fast as fleet-footed ponies, 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 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, unrestrained of their freedom by lariar 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 is a brave to the word of his chief.

During the gathering of the ponies the women of the camp had slung their papooses 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 Sioux, who had surrendered less than a week before, were preparing to stampede to their backs, and to make necessary the repeating of a campaign that had lasted for months. The Indian runner had brought word that Great Chief Miles had ordered his soldiers to arms early in the morning and that the surrendered Sioux were to be massacred to the last man, woman and child.

The medicine men had told the Indians that this was to be their fate and the runner's word found ready belief. Miles sent a courier with a reassuring message to the chiefs, but they would not believe.

The braves prepared to kill before they were killed and everything was in readiness for the fight of the squaws and papooses, while the warriors, following, should fight the soldiers lusting for the Sioux blood.

Gen. Miles had planned a review of the forces in the field as a last act of the campaign, and it was the order for the gathering and the marching that had been taken as an order of massacre by the suspicious Sioux.



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 prairies.

Two Strike, the Sioux, watched the review that day. Old Two Strike was one of the warriors who went out with a following of braves on the warpath the month previous. Two Strike wore no ghost shirt. He was above such superstition, even though he took no pains to urge his comrades to follow his shirtless example.

Two Strike was glad of the craze that had brought war, for he hated the whites harder than he hated anything on earth except the Pawnees, the hereditary enemy of his people. Two Strike knew in his soul that the buffalo were not coming back as the medicine men had declared, and that no Messiah was to be raised to lead his people against the pale faces to wipe them from off the face of the continent. What he did know was that he was to have one more chance to strike at the encroachers on the lands of his people before the enfeeblments of old age took the strength from his arm.

Two Strike was a great warrior. He had fought on many a field and he had won his name from the overcoming of two warrior foes who had attacked him when he was alone on the prairie. Single handed he had fought and killed them and "Two Strike" he had been from that day. He was the leader in the last battle which took place between hostile bands of savages on the plains of America. For years without number the two nations, the Sioux and the Pawnees, had hated each other.

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 picked 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.

When the Pawnees saw the buffalo they mounted their ponies and followed them out through the far end of the valley to the level plain, leaving the women and children behind.

Then the Sioux went in to the slaughter, sparing neither infancy nor age, and they had almost ended the killing when the Pawnee braves returned.

Then followed the last great battle which has been fought on the plains between tribes of red men. The story-teller in the tepee at Pine Ridge did not say so, but it is known from the account of a white man, Adabel Ellis, who knew the circumstances, that the Pawnees fought that day as they had always fought, bravely and to the death.

Sky Chief, the Pawnee, rode out in front of his men, shook his hand and called out that Two Strike, the Dakota, was a coward. Then Two Strike called back that the Pawnee was a dog's whelp and he rode out, armed with his knife, which was the only weapon Sky Chief held.

The two leaders met and fought. They dismounted, turned their ponies loose and grappled. The story-teller lingered not on the details of the fight. He said simply, "the Pawnees heard Sky Chief's death cry."

The tale ended. Two Strike rose, bared his right arm, grove his hand downward and then upward, and smiled.

Practical Fashions

GIRLS' AND CHILD'S APRON.



Paris Pattern No. 2957. All Seams Allowed.—Made up in sheer white nainsook, batiste, thin cambric or Persian lawn, this is a charmingly simple little model. It is equally adaptable to linen, gingham, Indian-head cotton or duck. The full body portion is gathered to yoke-bands of embroidery insertion, the sleeves being made of wide edging to match; or, if preferred, the bands and sleeves may be of the material, prettily hand-embroidered. The pattern is in five sizes—three to eleven years. For a girl of seven years the apron, as in front view, requires 1½ yards of material 36 inches wide, with 1¼ yards of insertion and 1¼ yards of edging five inches wide; as in back view, it needs 2½ yards 24 inches wide or 1¼ yards 36 inches wide.

To procure this pattern send 10 cents to "Pattern Department," of this paper. Write name and address plainly, and be sure to give size and number of pattern.

NO 2957. SIZE.....
NAME.....
TOWN.....
STREET AND NO.....
STATE.....

LADIES' ONE-PIECE SLIP.



Paris Pattern No. 2954. All Seams Allowed.—This useful garment, which is made to wear under the thin summer waist, may be developed in any of the thin washable materials as well as China, surah or taffeta silks. It is cut without any under-arm seams and may be made with or without the penguin. The rather tight sleeves are finished over the hands in deep points and the slip closes in the center-back. The pattern is in seven sizes—32 to 44 inches bust measure. For 36 bust the slip requires 3¼ yards of material 20 inches wide, 2¾ yards 24 inches wide, 2½ yards 27 inches wide, 1¾ yards 36 inches wide, or 1¼ yards 42 inches wide.

To procure this pattern send 10 cents to "Pattern Department," of this paper. Write name and address plainly, and be sure to give size and number of pattern.

NO 2954. SIZE.....
NAME.....
TOWN.....
STREET AND NO.....
STATE.....

Explaining It.

"I have reached a ripe old age and death has never come even near to me."
"Death loves a shining mark."—Houston Post.

A Modest Hope.

"Do you take this woman for better or worse?"
"I do, fudge, I do. But I hope we kin kinder strike an average."

In the game of love, when hearts are trumps, a fellow is expected to lead a diamond.

AS STRAIGHT MEN SEE HIM.

The Dead-Beat is Probably the Most Despised Creature That Walks the Earth.

No man is wholly free from sin, but so many lesser evils are tolerated that a man should hesitate long before becoming a dead-beat. Criminals are despised and abhorred, but to the dead-beat all that is coming, as well as the contempt of his fellow men. There is something at once so mean and so little in taking advantage of the confidence which comes with friendship that the hand of every man is turned against a dead-beat as soon as his reputation is well established. The dead-beat may fondly imagine he is living easy and making money without work, and, of course, he takes no account of the confidence he violates and the hardships he inflicts on others. But, that aside, he really has a harder time than the man who is honest and fair. He is compelled to move a good deal, and peace of mind he knows not. Like other types of crooks, he doesn't prosper, and his finish is more unpleasant than the beginning.—Atchison Globe.

CHILD HAD SIXTY BOILS.

And Suffered Annually with a Red Scald-Like Humor on Her Head.

Troubles Cured by Cuticura.

"When my little Vivian was about six months old her head broke out in boils. She had about sixty in all and I used Cuticura Soap and Cuticura Ointment which cured her entirely. Some time later a humor broke out behind her ears and spread up on to her head until it was nearly half covered. The humor looked like a scald, very red with a sticky, clear fluid coming from it. This occurred every spring. I always used Cuticura Soap and Ointment which never failed to heal it up. The last time it broke out it became so bad that I was discouraged. But I continued the use of Cuticura Soap, Ointment and Resolvent until she was well and has never been troubled in the last two years. Mrs. M. A. Schwerin, 674 Spring Wells Ave., Detroit, Mich., Feb. 24, 1908."

Potter Drug & Chem. Corp., Sole Props., Boston.

Almost Any Mother.

The mother of a large family fell ill and died and the attending physician reported that she died of starvation. It was incredible, but he proved it: The woman had to get the dinner and then spend the next two hours in waiting on the family and getting the children to the table. It was never on record that she got all of them there at the same time and they came straggling in all the way from potatoes to pie. By the time she had wiped the last face, her own hunger had left her and she had no desire to eat. Chickens, the doctor said, come running at feed time, but children don't. A hen has a better chance to eat than a mother.—Atchison Globe.

Starch, like everything else, is being constantly improved, the patent Starches put on the market 25 years ago are very different and inferior to those of the present day. In the latest discovery—Defiance Starch—all injurious chemicals are omitted, while the addition of another ingredient, invented by us, gives to the Starch a strength and smoothness never approached by other brands.

Tea Possibilities.

"I have just had an invitation to an electrical tea to be given by a woman doctor," said the bachelor girl. "I'm looking forward to it and wondering what is going to happen to us—whether she will give us a little battery and let us entertain ourselves, make the tea on an electric stove, or just electrocute the bunch of us."

Important to Mothers.

Examine carefully every bottle of CASTORIA, a safe and sure remedy for infants and children, and see that it bears the

Signature of *Dr. J. C. Williams* In Use For Over 30 Years. The Kind You Have Always Bought.

Couldn't Blame the Boy.

"Young man," said the stern parent, "when I was your age I had to work for a living."

"Well, sir," answered the frivolously inclined youth, "I'm not to blame for that. I have always disapproved of my grandfather's attitude in the matter."

Then He Moved On.

"Hello!" said the bore, leaning over the office railing, "what's new this morning?"

"That paint you're leaning against," gleefully replied the busy man.—Caledonian.

Sore throat is no trifling ailment. It will sometimes carry infection to the entire system through the food that is eaten. Hamlin's Wizard Oil is a sure, quick cure.

When you hear a girl speak of a young man as being a bear—well, you can draw your own conclusions.

