# 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 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 lariat 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 from the agency 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 flight 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.

Trumpet and bugle calls of "boots and saddles" and "assembly" burdened 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.

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 or 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 enfeeblements 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 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.

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, drove his hand downward and then upward, and smiled.

# NAMING THE BABY

## By G. VERE TYLER



Characters — Mrs. Westmoreland, young mother; Mr. Westmoreland, young father; Edith Chamberlain, young sister; Robert Chamberlin, young brother; Baby herself; nurse. Scene—Parlor in Mr. Westmoreland's house; time, evening. Mr. Westmoreland, Edith and Robert seated around a table reading.

(Enter Mrs. Westmoreland.)

Mrs. W.—Upon my word, Frank, I can't stand this an hour longer! Here you all sit perfectly calm and composed and the baby no nearer being named than she was three months ago, when she came into the world! Our horses and dogs and even our cat has a name, and my poor little baby—

Mr. W. (seriously)—Now, see here, Carrie, I think we've had about enough of this! For three months there has not been a single subject discussed in this house but naming the baby. For my part, I've made up my mind to let it go at "Baby" and end the whole business.

Mrs. W.—And let it go at "Baby" when she is twenty, thirty, even fifty years of age, I suppose. How absurd!

Mr. W.—Well, it's your fault, my dear.

Mrs. W.—My fault! Of course, I knew you were going to say that! Positively you will drive me crazy! I don't sleep at night! I just lie there in the dark, while you snore away, and call over every name on earth, in the family and out of the family, and it is not that nothing suits me, but nothing suits her. You see she is such a different baby, so entirely different

"Let's Think of Some Fancy Ones."

from any child I ever saw, and she must have a name that fits her. The other day I positively decided upon Helen on account of grandma's mother—I thought it would please the old lady so—but when I called her by it she burst into tears, and so I just knew the poor little thing didn't like it at all.

Edith—Well, I certainly would decide upon a family name; it looks as if you didn't have a particle of blood, to go hunting around outside.

Mrs. W.—Family names! Did you ever hear one in your life that was not hideous? Elizabeth—Nancy—Margaret—Caroline! How you can persist in that "family name" idea I can't see. As for blood, we know she has it, and why should we care what others think? Besides, you know the baby is to be an artist, or writer, or singer, or something, and we must think how the name will look in print!

Robert—How do you know she will be any of those things, sis?

Mrs. W.—Why, of course, she has got to be! You don't think my baby an idiot, do you?

Robert—Certainly not, but I don't think you can tell much about babies' careers at three months old either.

Mrs. W.—Now, there you go as usual, changing the subject! Robert, you don't even try. You have never even suggested a name!

Robert (doggedly)—Yes I have. I said in the beginning, name the baby "Eliza," after mother; that's what you ought to name her!

Mrs. W.—Eliza! Oh, my godoness, I simply couldn't! Think of deliberately attaching something hideous—repulsive (I can't help it—mamma says herself it's horrible)—to my child for life.

Mr. W. (rising and putting his arm about his wife's shoulder)—Really, my dear, keeping yourself in such a constant state of excitement will end by making you ill. Surely, out of all the names in the world we can find one to suit. Since you don't like family names, let's think of some fancy ones. Flora—Lucette—Camille—

Mrs. W—Camille! And send my child out into the world in the very start without a character, and perhaps to die of consumption! Why, Frank, I'm ashamed of you!

Mr. W. (shrugging his shoulders and taking his seat)—Well, I'm sure I don't know what we are going to do.

Mrs. W.—I'll tell you what let's do: Let us not go to bed until we have decided upon something!

Robert—Good gracious, sis, I've got to go to work in the morning!

Mrs. W.—Of course, Mr. Selfish!

Edith (rising)—Suppose you let me make a suggestion? Let me go and bring the baby here—

Mrs. W. (indignantly)—Wake her up?

Edith—Yes, certainly, anything! She never cries when she wakes up, and she can go to sleep again. Listen, now! Suppose I bring her here and we all sit and stare at her until the name comes.

Robert—But suppose it never comes?

Mrs. W.—Oh Robert! are you bound to be pessimistic?

Mr. W. (doggedly)—Yes, do go, Edith, and let's try it, anyway. (Exit Edith, running.)

Robert—I will always say the first baby in the family ought to be named for mother.

Mrs. W.—Robert, do you want to kill me?

Mr. W.—Don't say anything, Robert. Can't you see that your sister is almost ill?

(Enter Edith, followed by nurse with the baby.)

Mrs. W. (taking the baby)—Oh, my precious darling, did they wake you up—mother's little one? How could they be so cruel? Let mudder feel its itle hands—is it told? There now! (Seats herself and arranges baby in her lap.) Now, Frank, draw your chair up there! Edith, you sit here, and Robert (I know you are going to break the spell), you sit over there, not too close, and just shut Eliza out of your mind!

(Seat themselves and stare in silence at the baby.)

Mrs. W. (springing to her feet in great excitement and placing baby in the nurse's arms)—I have it—I have it! It has all come like a flash of lightning, just as I thought it would. (Jerks the baby from the nurse and kisses it.) My poor little one, you are no longer a wretched little waif on the face of the earth, you are now somebody with a name! (Returns baby and jumps up and down, clapping her hands, and then embraces Edith.) You dear girl, I shall never cease to adore you, your plan acted like a charm!

Chorus—For heaven's sake, tell us what is the name?

Mrs. W. (blankly)—Why—what—what is it? I—

Chorus—You haven't forgotten it!

Mrs. W. (tearfully)—I have, I have! You all excited me so! Oh! this is too cruel! It was Bob; he simply leaped into the air! (Bursts into tears. Excitedly): Oh! but I have it, I have it, after all! It's Eliza, Eliza backwards!

Chorus—Eliza Backwards!

Robert—Backwards! Greatheavens! where did you get that? It's awful!

Mr. W. (emphatically)—It is!

Edith—Why—

Mrs. W.—Do stop, all of you. Can't you see there is a point. Spell it!

Chorus (they spell—E-l-i-z-a (B-a-c-k-w-o-o-d-s.)

Mrs. W.—Not woods—wards! Oh! are you all insane? I said spell Eliza Backwards.

Edith—But, Carrie—

Mr. W. (tenderly)—My dear, you must compose yourself. This thing has preyed upon you until your mind is unstrung.

Mrs. W.—Oh, but you don't understand or you won't! Spell Eliza backkards, and it is Azile! The greatest writer in the world would not be ashamed of such a name!

(Chorus of laughter.)

Bob—By Jove, that is good! Sis, you've got a great head. Eliza Backwards, it is. Come, here, you rascal! (Takes baby and jumps it.) Eliza Backwards!

Mrs. W. (aghast)—But you won't call her that?

Bob—Certainly!

Mrs. W.—But her name is Azile!

Bob—Well, isn't that Eliza Backwards?

(Mrs. W. nearly faints; is borne from the room by her husband, and Edith and Bob drop exhausted in chairs.)

### Why a Cat Lights on Its Feet.

Why cats when dropped from a height light on their feet nine times out of ten is one of the smaller problems that from time to time attract the attention of a certain type of scientists. Some years ago learned men in Paris gravely studied the phenomena, even had a lot of films taken of a cat falling from a great height. These showed that as soon as puss began to fall a curious turning movement of the hind-quarters began, and just before she touched ground she was right side up.

A German professor went his fellow-scientists one better and proved a cat in falling changed its center of gravity by rotary twists of the tail. The professor further observed that these twists were the reverse of those of the rest of the body. So convinced was he of this fact that he fixed a movable tail to operate by clockwork on a dummy cat and lo, behold, the dummy cat when wound up and set in motion fell on its feet every time like a sure enough cat. Aeroplanist, consider the cat's tail and perhaps save your life.