

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 confining 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 cool 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 feet-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 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 from ridge to ridge, finally to be passed down ward 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 lariot 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.

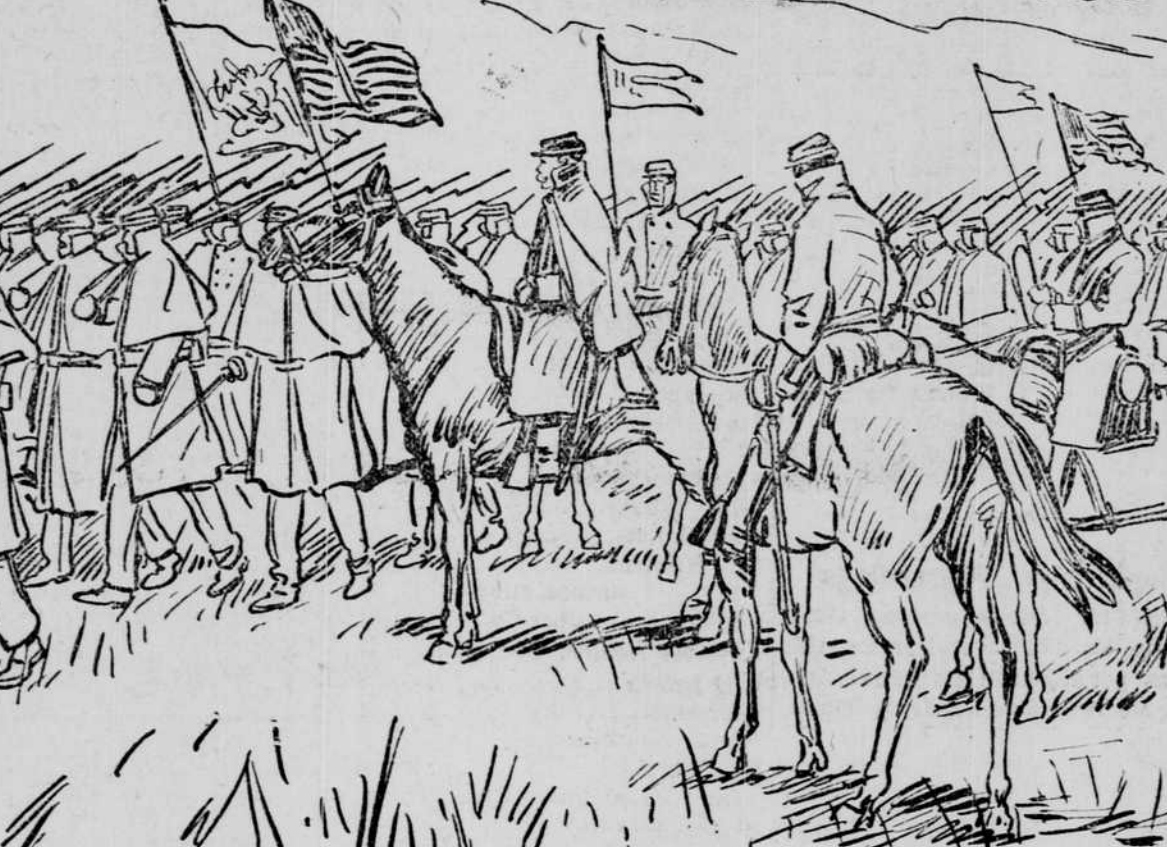
During the gathering of the ponies the women of the camp had slung their papposes to their backs, had collected the camp utensils and were standing ready to strike the tepees, while the braves, blanketed and with rifles in their hands, had thrown themselves between the village and the camps of the soldiers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

The 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 papposes, 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 OLD AGE TOOK THE STRENGTH FROM HIS ARM.

Trumpet and bugle calls 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 a 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 living 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.

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 shift. 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 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 encroachments of old age took the strength from his arm.

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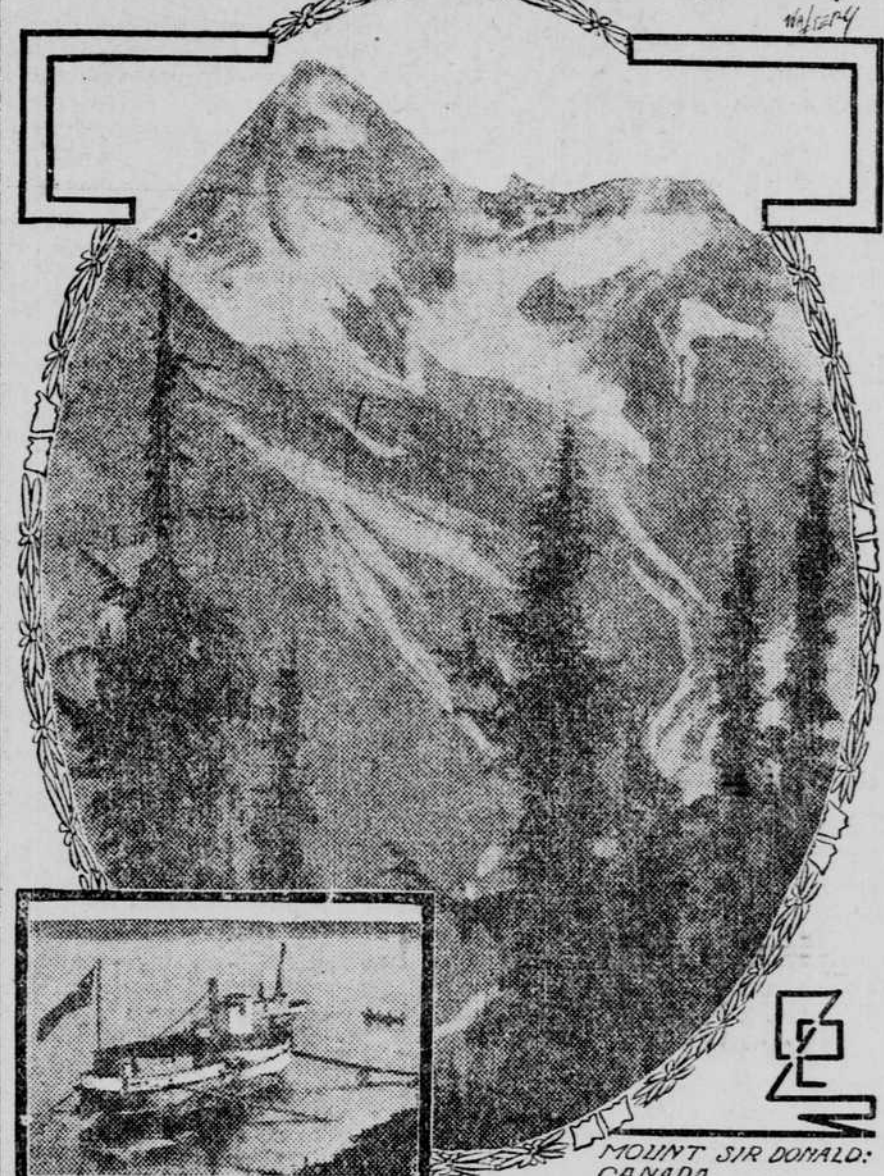
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TRIP TO NORTHERN CANADA

OPENING TRAILS IN SPRING



UNION OF THE MACKENZIE AND LIARD RIVERS

We pitched our first camp on February 15, 1909, and from then until we struck the Montreal river on March 16 we pitched camp 12 times. We started on February 14 and the first night found an old tent that had been up all winter. Being rather tired after our first day's journey, we decided to camp there rather than go to the bother of pitching our own tent. The tent was rather small and we were somewhat crowded in our close quarters. In turned bitter cold that night, and we had difficulty in keeping warm. The next morning, after breakfast, we packed our toboggans and moved about half a mile farther south and pitched the camp.

We had no dogs, and as our load was rather large and heavy, we were forced to split it and take part ahead and cache it and then take the remainder when we broke camp. The trails were very bad in places and then again there were no trails at all and we were forced to cut our own. This was rather slow traveling, and from February 14 to until March 15 we traveled about 25 miles, or about a mile a day.

During the winter it is a very common sight to see a prospector along the trails in Canada. The packs vary in weight from 25 to 100 pounds and the toboggans carry between 50 and 150 pounds, so, between the two, a man has a pretty good load. If the trails are good, the pack can be put on the sled, but if the trail is at all uneven the load is very apt to tip over and cause more inconvenience than if the pack were carried. The packs are usually carried well up on the shoulders and then supported by a tump line going over the forehead and sometimes balanced by two shoulder straps. In this way the man has free use of his arms.

On May 6 we were at Smoothwater lake. Although that late in the season, the river froze at night and left about a quarter of an inch of ice. We were there about a week after the spring breakup started and at this time the ice was all out of the river; but in the lakes the ice had not started to go. Furthermore, it had not disappeared until about two weeks later. Several times in May we took our canoe on the river and then had to use snowshoes in the woods in order to get around.

The rapids in the Montreal river at Latchford were not frozen over on February 8, yet the temperature was 14 degrees below zero. The rapids never freeze during the coldest weather. The railroad bridge crosses the river at this point.

There was a bad fire in Gowganda on May 26. The fire was started by sparks from a campfire used for outside cooking. First it took a tent and all its contents and then jumped to a log cabin and in half an hour there was nothing left but a pile of charred logs. A strong north wind was blowing away from the town; had it been in the other direction there would have been no city to tell the tale.

A greater sight which we saw was

THE LAW'S DELAY.



Hix—What's the best way to never settle a question?
Dix—Go to law about it.

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." Water Drug & Chem. Corp., Sole Props., Boston.

Praises American Woman. Alfred East says that American women, like American machines, need but little man power. The American woman, he says, is the most chaste, the most charming, our excellent educational system, he thinks, is responsible for the fact that American women are such "good fellows."

With a smooth iron and Defiance Starch, you can launder your shirt-waist just as well at home as the steam laundry can; it will have the proper stiffness and finish, there will be less wear and tear of the goods, and it will be a positive pleasure to use a Starch that does not stick to the iron.

Among Women. "Why worry about the children?" "I can't help it." "But, my dear, you are hurting your game of bridge."

See that it 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.

Faith. Faith makes us and not we it; and faith makes its own forms.—Emerson.

Lewis' Single Binder made of extra quality tobacco, costs more than other 5c cigars. Tell the dealer you want them.

Too often when the heart is willing the purse is weak.



INVALUABLE FOR Summer Complaints

Dysentery, Diarrhea, Cholera Morbus, Cholera Infantum, Colic and Cramps. Also Stomach, Vomiting, Sea Sickness, and Hystrics and Nervousness due to bowel affections.

DR. D. JAYNE'S Carminative Balsam

stops pain immediately and almost invariably brings about speedy recovery. This medicine is just as safe as it is effective. Get a bottle at your druggist's, and keep it always in the house. For the children's sake, don't go away for the Summer without taking a supply along.

Per Bottle, 25c

Dr. D. Jayne's Expectant is a reliable remedy for croup and whooping cough, croup and cold.

Nebraska Directory

KODAK FINISHING. Mail orders given special attention. All supplies for the Amateur strictly fresh. Send for catalogue and finishing prices. THE ROBERT DEMPSTER CO., Box 1197, Omaha, Neb.

THE PAXTON Hotel

European Plan
Rooms from \$1.00 up single, 75 cents up double.
CAFE PRICES REASONABLE

MARSEILLES GRAIN ELEVATORS

are the best; insist on having them. Ask your local dealer or JOHN DEERE PLOW CO., OMAHA

TYPEWRITERS ALL MAKES

at 1/2 price. Cash or time payment. Repaired, rent applied. We buy any where for free examination. No deposit. Write for catalogue and prices. R. F. Wessman Co., 127 W. 12th St., Omaha.

M. Spiesberger & Son Co. Wholesale Millinery

The Best in the West OMAHA, NEB.

Woodward's Fine Candies

Sold by the Best Dealers. We will send to pupils and teachers on receipt of 15 cents in stamps, a 15-cent, hard maple, brass colored tin. JOHN B. WOODWARD & CO., "The Candy Men" Council Bluffs, Ia.

Last of a Vanished Race

"Strongback," Once King of Detroit Dockwalkers, Exponent of a Type That Has Gone.

In his earlier days "Strongback" performed several feats, once saving a life by plunging into the river, and again preventing a disastrous conflagration in the D. & C. warehouses. Although only a shadow of his former self, he still retains much of his strength, and few would care to mix things with him.—Detroit Free Press

Origin of Football.

Football is a game whose origin dates back to the Danish invasion of England. In the year 982 the citizens of Chester captured a Dane and after beholding him kicked his head about the city for sport, which proved so attractive that it was repeated when ever the head of an enemy could be got. In after times, as it was not possible always to obtain a man's head for the purpose of entertainment, the shoemakers of the city were bound by their charter to provide "a ball of leather called a football, of the value of four shillings."

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."

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 not 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 hundred miles. The first cataract is at Assouan, 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.

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