



The Old Empire. Ethan Allen and His Daughters. The damps of death are coming fast, My father, or my brow.

Give the Soldier His Just Due. James Rideout, Lieutenant, Company G, Fifteenth Maine, Highlands, N. C.

How States Were Named. Maine takes its name from the Province of Maine in France, and was so called as a compliment to the Queen of Charles I, who was its owner.

Rhode Island gets its name because of its fancied resemblance to the Island of Rhodes, in the Mediterranean.

Virginia got its name from Queen Elizabeth, the "Virgin Queen."

Missouri means "Muddy Water." Michigan is from an Indian word, meaning "Great Lake."

The Junction City, Kan., Republican says: "Troop I, Seventh Cavalry, can now say it has a captain who will look after its interest and will remain with it until death or promotion intervenes."

The Washington Post quotes Mr. J. Torrey of St. Louis, who has a nephew at the military academy, and visits it often, as saying: "There is no doubt that there have been many changes for the better at West Point since Col. Wilson was appointed superintendent."

Don't Forget the Widows. R. A. New, Rochester, Ind., says that his father, Jethro New, enlisted in Co. D, 29th Ind., in August 1861, and was taken prisoner at Mumfordsville, Ky., in October, 1861, and held three months.

A Belle of the War. I have in my possession the sword which I captured from Dr. Johnston when we made the raid at the "second Petersburg" fight and I was one of the men that was with the force that was going to liberate the Libby prisoners.

The Best of Monuments. A Grand Army post in Iowa, says the Chicago Herald, has adopted a resolution against putting into graveyard or other monumental pile the State's portion of the direct war tax, which it recommends should be invested in soldiers' homes, where their widows and orphans may be sheltered.

Congressman McKinney's Proposition. The proposition made by Representative McKinney of New Hampshire to provide for the continuance of pay during the disability, from accident in the line of duty, of any navy yard employee, will go far toward ensuring the retention of the best workmen in government shops, and Mr. McKinney might enlarge the scope of his intended bill to include the shops, not only of the Navy, but of the Army as well.

Custer's Last Rally.

LATEST AUTHENTIC STORY OF THE MASSACRE.

Several Misleading Impressions Corrected by an Officer of the Brave Soldier's Staff—The Fierce and Terrible Charge of the Indians.

Capt. Godfrey, of the Seventh Cavalry, United States Army, who formerly served under Gen. Custer, has an article in the Century Magazine for January that will attract widespread attention. He gives what is doubtless the true theory of Custer's last battle with the Indians, that terrible fight in which the gallant General and his



THE WAR-WHOOP.

brave men all went down before the furious attack of an overpowering hostile force. That battle was at once the most dramatic, the most pathetic and the most mysterious incident in our history.

As soon as Chief Gall had personally confirmed Iron Cedar's report he sent word to the warriors battling against Reno and to the people in the village. The greatest consternation prevailed among the families, and orders were given for them to leave at once.

Not long after the Indians began to show a strong force in Custer's front, Custer turned his column to the left and advanced in the direction of the village to a place now marked as a spring, halted at the junction of the ravines just below it and dismounted two troops, Keogh's and Calhoun's, to fight on foot.

When Keogh and Calhoun got to the knoll the other troops marched rapidly to the right: Smith's troops deployed as skirmishers, mounted and took position on a ridge, which, on Smith's left, ended in Keogh's position (now marked by Crittenden's monument), and, on Smith's right, ended at the hill on which Custer took position with Yates and Tom Custer's troops, now known as Custer's Hill, and marked by the monument erected to the command.

The line occupied by Custer's battalion was the first considerable ridge back from the river, the nearest point being about half a mile from it. His front was extended about three-fourths of a mile. The whole village was in full view. A few hundred yards from his line was another but lower ridge, the farther slope of which was not commanded by his line. It was here that the Indians, under Crazy Horse, from the lower part of the village, among whom were the Cheyennes, formed for the charge on Custer's hill.

All Indians had now left Reno. Gall collected his warriors and moved up a ravine south of Keogh and Calhoun. As they were turning this flank they discovered the led horses without any other guard than the horse-holders. They opened fire on the horse-holders and used the usual devices to stampede the horses—that is, yelling, waving blankets, etc. In this they succeeded very soon and the horses were caught



NOTES MARKED THE RIDGE.

up by the squaws. In this disaster Keogh and Calhoun probably lost their reserve ammunition, which was carried in the saddle-bags. Gall's warriors now moved to the foot of the knoll held by Calhoun. A large force dismounted and advanced up the slope far enough to be able to see the soldiers when standing erect, but were protected when squatting or lying down. By jumping up and firing quickly they exposed themselves, only for an instant but drew the fire of the soldiers, causing a waste of ammunition.

In the meantime Gall was massing his mounted warriors under the protection of the slope. When everything was in readiness at a signal from Gall the dismounted warriors rose, fired, and

every Indian gave voice to the war-whoop; the mounted Indians put whip to their ponies, and the whole mass rushed upon and crushed Calhoun. The maddened mass of Indians was carried forward by its own momentum over Calhoun and Crittenden down into the depression where Keogh was, with about thirty men, and all was over on that part of the field.

In the meantime the same tactics were being pursued and executed around Custer's Hill. The warriors, under the leadership of Crow-King, Crazy Horse, White Bull, "Jump" and others, moved up the ravine west of Custer's hill and concentrated under the shelter of the ridges on his right flank and back of his position. Gall's bloody work was finished before annihilation of Custer was accomplished and his victorious warriors hurried forward to the hot encounter then going on and the frightful massacre was completed.

Smith's men had disappeared from the ridge, but not without leaving enough dead bodies to mark their line. About twenty-eight bodies of men belonging to this troop and other organizations were found in one ravine near the river. Many corpses were found scattered over the field between Custer's line of defense, the river, and in the direction of Reno's Hill. These, doubtless, were of men who had attempted to escape; some of them may have been sent as couriers by Custer.

One of the first bodies I recognized and one of the nearest to the ford was that of Sergeant Butler, of Tom Custer's troop. Sergeant Butler was a soldier of many years' experience and of known courage. The indications were that he had sold his life dearly, for near and under him were found many empty cartridge shells.

All the Indian accounts that I know of agree that there was no organized close-quarters fighting except on the two flanks; that with the annihilation at Custer's Hill the battle was virtually over. It does not appear that the attack from the direction of the river. They did have a defensive force along the river and in the ravines which destroyed those who left Custer's line.

CARRIED OFF THE TRAP.

A Couple of Pennsylvanians Display Remarkable Tact.

Not long ago a cow died in the vicinity of the Guinn ranch, near the head of Goose Creek, south of Wagon Wheel Gap, Pa. It soon became apparent to William Guinn, owner of the ranch, that the carcass of the cow was being visited by a bear of very large dimensions, and in company with Dell McClelland, Mr. Guinn endeavored to "sit up with" the bear and endeavor to get a good shot at it by night. This was done, but owing to darkness the bear was not killed by shots fired. As the next resort, a large trap, weighing about seventy-five pounds, was pre-



JOOING CONTINUEDLY ALONG.

pared and set near the dead "critter," and the trappers went to bed laughing at the trick they had played on the bear. The trap was chained to a pole eighteen feet long and eight inches through the large end.

In the morning an examination of the premises about the dead cow showed plainly that the bear and a cub had been there during the night. There was a large track, eighteen inches long and six or seven inches wide, and a small track, evidently made by a cub. The trap, however, was gone, and with it the eighteen-foot pole, and the disturbed condition of the ground showed conclusively that the bear had been caught in the trap. The trail, however, away from the scene, was only the trail of two bears—there was not a mark of dragging either trap or pole.

Mr. Guinn took up the trail, which he followed eight miles without coming upon the bears, trap or pole. At the camp of Mr. Tom Carey, seven miles away, that gentleman told him in the night he had been awakened by a sound as of something walking, with occasional pause and heavy fall on the ground, as though something had been dropping.

Having no gun Mr. Carey sat up in his tent the balance of the night, and endeavored to keep warm by poking wood into a sheet iron stove. The trail was followed a mile or so further and then lost. In one place the bears had passed through a heavy quaking aspen thicket and had literally mowed a swath through the saplings, showing that the trap and pole were being taken along. The natural inference is that the bear was caught in the trap and had picked up the same, with the pole, and started for the hills. The bear is an old offender in these parts and Mr. Guinn hopes to find it yet.

Later—a man just in from the head of the San Juan reports that he passed the bears on the Pagosa road, beyond Summitville, jogging contentedly along, each carrying one end of the pole, while the old bear was caught in the trap by the right front foot.

Farmer Genesee Burke of Roscommon Iowa, has a peep in his farm which he vows won't get into a peck measure. Of all the apple records this seems the greatest to date.

Pack of Hungry Wolves

ATTACK A LONE MONTANA FRONTIERSMAN.

They Swam Around Him by the Wholesale and Tear Him From His Horse—He is Finally Saved by a Bucking Buffalo.

I lived in the West and "roughed it" long enough to become accustomed to those treacherous, mean and contemptible creatures called wolves, and for a long time I put them about on a par with coyotes, but I did them an injustice. Hunger and numbers will make them sufficiently dangerous to satisfy the most exacting. I had an experience with a few of them one winter up in Montana, the recollection of which makes me shudder even to-day. I had



BY HORSE FELL HEAD-LOW.

been for some months engaged in doing the work of a special messenger or courier for a syndicate looking for mineral up there, and one day found I would have to go across from where we were, near Fort Logan, to Lewistown, about 100 miles northeast.

Just as I was starting a worthless old Indian, who generally hung around the fort, said in his characteristic way, "Wolves heap hungry," and, though appearing to pay no attention to his remark, I got me an additional revolver and a box of cartridges. I expected to reach the ranch of a friend that night and did so, staying with him and starting out bright and early the next morning for Lewistown. Not a wolf had I seen the preceding day, but by 9 o'clock on the second day their barking began, and in an hour there was a pack quietly forming behind me and coming along in the swinging lope and keeping about the same distance from me all the time.

Presently they came within range and I killed one. The rest ate him up before I could tell it, almost, and were back again, when I shot another one, and the same process was repeated. This was kept up for about an hour, when they grew so bold and there were so many of them that I felt it best to save my ammunition until it was necessary to act in self-defense. I was not particularly uneasy, for although I knew it had been a hard winter and the beasts were ravenous, I was out in the open country at noonday and they still kept a few feet back. This did not continue long, however. They soon began running up and snapping at my horse's heels, and now for the first time I began to grow apprehensive.

I first thought I would shoot whenever they came close enough, but I found that would not do. Then I decided to shoot only when they came up and actually tried to exercise their teeth. But even this kept me busy. Presently one of them fastened his teeth in my horse's leg and hung there till I shot him. Soon another one did the same and in a short while I had all I could do to keep them off at all. My horse became almost unmanageable and finally, stumbling over two that were hanging to him in front, fell headlong. As we were going in a gallop, and I was looking at a couple springing at him from behind, and had just shot one, I was, of course, totally unprepared for this fall, and went, it seemed to me, twenty-five feet over his head.

A pack of the gray devils were on me in an instant, but I at once arose and, killing two or three, became freed from them. My horse also arose and shook himself free from them and, to my utter dismay, went flying out over the prairie. What I thought was my ruin, however, was my salvation. As the horse started off the wolves followed him, and every one joined in the chase, leaving me entirely alone. I had no time to spare and, making up my mind instantly, struck out ahead.

If I could reach a small ranch some ten miles ahead I knew I would be all right, and, of course, it would be folly to try to go back, so I settled down to a walk, which I hoped to keep up for hours. A glance to the left showed me that my horse was trying to make his way back over the road we had come.



WITH HIS FACE TO THE FOX.

In about an hour or more I approached one of the few ravines that one sees in that country, along the side of which the road ran, and heard a short distance ahead that sharp, snapping snarl that wolves give when they are worrying some animal. I could not avoid them,

and as there appeared to be only two or three I drew my revolver and walked right ahead.

Turning the corner suddenly I came upon a sight which I do not believe I can ever forget. About a dozen wolves had surrounded and were now holding at bay and trying to worry to death a splendid specimen of an old Buffalo bull. The skin hung in shreds on his legs and he was bleeding and standing in a pool of blood. The vicious hungry beasts had lost about half their number on the horns or under the hoofs of the old fellow, but they had actually torn out his eyes in the struggle, and he stood there with the small bluff behind him and with his face to the foe, stamping them when he could, though stone blind. As I turned the corner a large wolf had sprung upon him, and I at once shot him.

At the sound of my pistol the old bull started and trembled violently, but, feeling his enemy fall at his feet, he jumped upon him with incredible fury and stamped him out of all shape. The next one I shot the bull seemed to realize that it was a friend rather than an enemy who had arrived, for he felt for the wolf as it fell, and stamped it as before, but did not seem as frightened at my pistol shot. The long, dismal howls which I had been hearing in every direction, kept coming nearer all the time, and I was fully five miles from the ranch of a Mr. Lewis I had hoped to reach. It would be sure death to try to reach Lewis, so I decided I would stay and take my chances with the buffalo bull. I would at least have the advantage of the ravine.

The wolves increased in number far faster than I could thin them out, and in a short while we were surrounded by the snapping fiends. Slowly, but constantly the space between me and the old bull lessened. He became so convinced that I was a friend that he made no effort to guard the side toward me at all, but devoted his entire energies to the opposite side and in front. I had all I could do to protect myself and keep the scoundrels off, but could not resist occasionally turning and killing one for the old bull, which he seemed to appreciate, judging from the vigor with which he demolished each one I shot.

But, slowly, though surely, the wolves became bolder and more numerous. It was simply a question of time, and I was beginning to give up, when I heard a rifle shot in the distance. I answered it with two quick shots and then waited. It seemed like hours, but was only a minute or two, till I heard the rifle shot again, this time much closer. In a very short while I was saved. My host of the evening before had lost some cattle, and while looking them up with several of his hands had come across my horse while the wolves were devouring him. As no signs appeared of my being injured he felt satisfied I was somewhere within a few miles and needing assistance. As a consequence he had dropped everything else to look for me, and had found me.

We examined thoroughly to see if the bull was beyond hope, and found that he was, so I asked my friends to put him out of his misery—I could not bear to do it myself—and so they did.

I have had some little experience with wolves once or twice since then, but that was the closest call, I think, I ever had.

Adventure With a Bear.

Ever see a grizzly? I guess I did. In the spring of '55 I left Coloma after nightfall, bound for Frisco. I had completed fully three-fourths of the journey. In passing out from under a live-oak, where the trail led through a



I SPRAWLED FOR IT.

grove, I found my path disputed by a huge animal, that, with a horrible roar, rose on his forelegs a few paces in front. The sight and sound fairly paralyzed me, but as soon as I could move I wheeled and made for the tree. Catching sight of a limb outlined against the sky, I threw away my gun and sprang for it. To my utter astonishment I reached my mark and lost no time in getting among the branches. There was nothing for it but to wait till morning, when I hoped to be able to fish up my gun and settle with the mountaineer. I found a tolerably comfortable position and—woke up on the ground. Day had broken. I scrambled to my feet, and, entertaining a notion that I wanted to get up a tree, I dashed for a young pecan close at hand. In the act of climbing I glanced over my shoulder, and about fifty yards off I discovered the familiar form of an old wind-broken mule that had been turned out to die. The joke was immense. I gratefully sought my gun and leveled it at the brute's head. His innocent gaze disconcerted me. After a moment's reflection I threw the gun on my shoulder and went my way. Yes, I once saw a grizzly. Two hunters killed him up in the mountains near Lake Tahoe. I saw his body on a wagon at Coloma.

Velvet is used in connection with fur to trim winter gowns. Bodies are variously decorated with it.