

The Hassayampa Massacre.



ALTHOUGH the deadly hostility of the Apaches to the settlement of Arizona has resulted, in the long run, disastrously to the former, they could boast of many temporary triumphs during the years preceding their final subjection, and it was seldom that their bloodthirsty bands, returning red-handed from the slaughter of the unprotected, were overtaken by immediate and adequate punishment. So swiftly would they swoop down on the unsuspecting settler, murder, burn, destroy and disappear, that pursuit was nearly always fruitless, and though, in time, punishment was meted out after a fashion to the whole tribe, the individual perpetrators almost invariably escaped identification and justice. When Gen. Crook subdued them and placed them on reservations, it was not by any pitched battle, but by hunting them relentlessly from their mountain fastnesses and keeping them constantly on the move until there was no longer a hiding place in all the land where they could be safe from pursuit. Then they sued for peace, which was granted them, but which they only observed when it was convenient to themselves.

In spite of Christian teachings the human mind still clings instinctively to the law of retaliation and refuses to be satisfied when those who have taken human life are left in possession of their own. It is consequently, says the St. Louis Globe-Democrat, a pleasure to recall one instance at least in which a brutal band of Apache murderers were overtaken by a swift and terrible retribution. The instance here related is history—heretofore unwritten, it is true; nor can all the particulars be found in the records of the war department, for it was not deemed advisable in those days to report the killing of many Indians for fear of raising a clamor among the Boston philanthropists, so called, a class in the east who could hear of the massacre of settlers and their wives and children unmoved, but who never failed to shudder and raise a wail at the death of a "poor Indian." The raid on the Hassayampa is only too well remembered by many residing in Arizona today, for it was one of the last Indian outrages committed in northern Arizona.

The few score of citizens of the little mining camp sprinkled along the Hassayampa river were commencing to breathe easier. It was nearly four months since Gen. Crook had gathered in the numerous bands of marauding Apaches and placed them under military control on the reservation, and it was now possible to lie down at night, or even to travel from place to place, without fear or trembling. Former horrors were forgotten and men were at their ease and off their guard. But the poor Indians were suffering from ennui. So one day a large band of them stole away from their reservation on the Verdi river and headed for the mining camps on the Hassayampa. They had some squaws with them, for they intended to take a good long holiday and the gentle squaws could not bear to forego the pleasure of torturing the white prisoners, of whom it was hoped there would be many. They belonged to that branch of the Apache nation known as the Apache-Mohave, and there were just 125 of them in all.

It was mid-afternoon on the 13th of May, 1873, when the snake-like procession wound down through a dark, narrow ravine to the deep canyon of the Hassayampa, and crossing quickly over the dry bed of the stream, disappeared noiselessly among the huge boulders that lined the opposite side and covered the abrupt slope of the overhanging mountains. Four miles below was Smith's mill, a ten-stamp quartz mill that had just been completed, and five miles above was Ed Lambley's ranch, where the water of the river came to the surface for a short distance before sinking again in the sandy channel. There was no one in sight as the Indians waited behind the boulders, but a wagon road passed up the canyon from Smith's mill to Lambley's ranch, and thence to the mining camp of Wickenburg, still farther above. Soon Gus Swain came driving his mules slowly along the sandy road, his rickety wagon filled with empty barrels. As he neared the group of boulders it is strange that his mules did not give him warning that death lurked behind them, for his off mule was noted for its intense dislike for Indians. Poor Swain's body was found the next day, mutilated in an unspeakable manner, lying in the sand beside his deserted wagon. But there was the wound of a big musket ball in his breast, and they breathed easier when they saw that proof that death had saved him from torture. The tracks showed how the Indians had swarmed around the wagon, and that they had led away one of the mules, but had butchered the other on the spot. Not a trace of the latter was left on the ground except the contents of its paunch and a few splashes of blood. Then, each carrying a share of the slaughtered animal, they climbed to the summit of the rough, boulder-strewn mountain, still in single file, and building a score of little fires that made no smoke to betray their presence from a distance, they rustled and feasted and made merry.

The man was on foot, and as he came nearer they could see that he was a well-formed, handsome young fellow, over six feet in height, and that he carried an ivory-handled six-shooter slung to the cartridge belt that encircled his waist. No one knows exactly what happened next, but it is certain that he must have been started out of his presence of mind—perhaps by their diabolical yelling, or perhaps by an arrow whizzing past him—and failed to use his pistol. The tracks in the sand indicated that on coming opposite the ambush he started to run west across the canyon, and that fifty or more of the savages took after him, catching him under the cliffs on the opposite side. This would never have happened if he had pulled his pistol and faced them. They would have been compelled to shoot him dead, and thus he would have avoided the awful torture that followed.

George Taylor, the eighteen-year-old son of the superintendent of Smith's mill, had been dispatched to Lambley's ranch that morning to attend to some work on the flume which delivered water to the mill, and to turn on the water for the first mill run. P. W. Smith, the mill owner, had brought him as far as the ranch in his buggy and had gone on to Wickenburg, intending to call for him on his return that same evening. After completing his work on the flume George Taylor had decided not to wait for Smith but to return on foot, as there still remained several hours of daylight; though Lambley, who liked the boy, urged him strongly to spend the remainder of the afternoon and the night at the ranch. That was the last seen of him alive.

In due time Smith stopped at Lambley's in his buggy, and learning that the boy had gone allowed himself to be persuaded into spending the night. The next morning at Smith's mill, McDonald, one of the mill men, had to go to Wickenburg. He never came back. Death still lurked behind those fatal boulders, and as he passed opposite them on his big gray horse there was a whirl of arrows, and he was sent to meet Gus Swain and George Taylor. That must have been about seven o'clock in the morning, for at eight o'clock Smith came along in his buggy, and, discovering the two dead bodies, did not need to be told what was wrong, but turned his horse and hurried back to Lambley's. That he was unmolested was proof that the murderers had departed.

The next day a party started out to bury the bodies and to hunt for young Taylor or his remains; also to note which way the Indians had gone and whether they were still lurking in the vicinity. The party was a small one, for there were not many men in the settlement, but it was not their intention to attempt an engagement with so large a body as this was known to be. However, a swift courier had been dispatched at once to the military post at Date creek, forty miles from Wickenburg. The party on reaching the scene of the murders followed the well-worn trail leading to the mountain top, where the Indians had camped, and there, surrounded by the



WATCHED BEHIND THE BOULDERS.

clean-picked bones of the butchered mule, they found the body of the unfortunate boy, stripped and horribly mutilated.

Another day passed, and then a detachment of United States cavalry arrived from Date creek, supported by a company of Indian scouts, and took up the well-defined trail, which led upward over unexplored mountain ranges. They found where the renegades at their next halting place had killed and eaten the other of Swain's mules, and, as before, had consumed it entire, leaving nothing but the clean-picked bones; and the next day they fell in with a strong scouting party from Fort McDowell, who had heard from Camp Verde that some Indians had escaped from the reservation, and had been sent out to intercept them. The two parties so opportunely met joined forces forthwith, and late that afternoon the scouts brought in word that their quarry had gone into camp a short distance ahead of the column. It is probable that the marauding party had sent back spies for the first day or two, and thus learning that they were not being followed—for the troops did not take the trail until the third day after their departure—they had grown careless and relaxed their vigilance. By the waters of a crystal spring, in a deep, secluded valley, walled by high mountains, the murderers had chosen their resting place. They had butchered the large gray horse ridden by McDonald, their third victim, and were feasting and making merry in fancied security. The bucks were lying around at their ease, without their arms, while the squaws roasted great hunks of flesh at the camp fires and waited on their lords. Silently the stern-faced troops closed in around them, and at a signal volley after volley was poured into them from every side. There was no chance of escape. Panic-stricken, they rushed to and fro within the circle of belching flame and smoke. In a few minutes all was over. Their little pleasure trip was over—and their victims were avenged.

BRAVERY HALF THE BATTLE.

William Goat's Nimble Wit Proved Too Much for Leo.

There was once a wise old goat. One day he took refuge from a storm by running into the first cave he saw. It proved an excellent shelter, but it belonged to a lion; and soon the goat heard the lion coming home.

"Aha!" remarked William Goat to himself, "this is a place where wit is of more use than sharp horns!" And when the lion came in, he calmly found the goat stroking his beard.

"How very lucky," exclaimed old William, just as the lion was about to spring upon him.

"Lucky?" said Leo, stopping half-way "for me, you mean?"

"Not at all," answered William; "I mean for myself. It is my business to hunt lions."

"I never heard of such a thing," answered the lion, laughing scornfully.

"Very likely not," replied the goat. "But then I'm not an ordinary goat. I am the lion-hunting kind. We are rare, but there are a few of us still left. I made a vow that I would kill ten lions this week, but they are scarce, and so far I have slain only five. You will be the sixth."

So saying he lowered his head and charged the lion with pretended ferocity. Not expecting the attack, the lion turned and ran out.

No sooner was William the goat sure that the lion was at a distance than he started off, too, but in another direction. Meanwhile Leo met a jackal, and told him about the story the goat had made up.

"What nonsense!" said the jackal, bursting into a roar of laughter. "Why, I know old William Goat well. He is no fiercer than any other goat. Come with me and we'll quickly make an end of him." So they turned back toward the cave, and soon finding the goat's tracks, they made after him at top speed.

William Goat luckily caught sight of them before they saw him.

"Now," said he to himself, "I must make believe harder than ever, or all is lost."

Thereupon he turned around and ran toward his pursuers at full speed. As soon as he was near enough to be plainly heard, he cried out in as angry a tone as he could put on:

"Why, jackal, how is this? I told you I needed five lions, and here you bring me only this little one!"

At this Leo was again overcome by fright, and he once more took to his heels toward the deepest part of the jungle. The jackal called after him in vain, and, being really a coward, did not dare to face old William Goat alone.

So William arrived safe at home, to the great joy of Nanny and the little kids.—Christopher Valentine, in St. Nicholas.

TEA GROWING IN JAPAN.

Valuable Plants Which Are Reared Under Covers of Matting.

In the twelfth century Kyoto was the center of life in Japan, and the district of Uji, between that city and Nara, has always kept its reputation for producing the finest tea. The most valuable leaves are those on the young spring shoots. Most of the shrubs grow in the open air without any protection, evergreen bushes from two to three feet high, and among them the women and children were at work. As they quitted by the plants filling their baskets very little of them was visible, but their big grass hats shone in the sun, looking like a crop of gigantic mushrooms. The Japanese "kasa" is made of various light materials—straw, split bamboo, rushes, or shavings of deal; it is used, like an umbrella tied to the head, as a protection against sun and rain; in the evening or on cloudy days it is laid aside, and the laborers wear only their cotton kerchiefs, spread out like a hood, or tied in a band round their brows. Though it can not be called the "vast hat of the Graces made," it is, nevertheless, very effective in the landscape, and the variations of its outline in different positions indicate happily the action of its wearer. The plants which produce the most expensive teas, costing from six to eight dollars a pound, are carefully protected by mats stretched on a framework of bamboo, so that the tender leaves may neither be scorched by the sun or torn by the heavy rains, and there are acres of them so inclosed. It was a curious thing to look down from a little hill-top on a sea of matting which filled the whole valley from one pine-clad hill to another, its surface only broken by the ends of the supporting poles and by the thatched roofs of the drying-houses which stuck up here and there like little islands. Underneath the mats women were picking, and in every wayside cottage those who were not in the fields were busily sorting and cleaning the leaves. There are no large factories or firing-houses; each family makes its own brand of tea, labelling it with some fanciful or poetic name.—Alfred Parsons, in Harper's Magazine.

RELIGIOUS MATTERS.

THE SABBATH.

"In the Spirit on the Lord's Day,"
For the tired world what raptures greet
Thou givest birth, sweet day of rest!
Baptized with dews of purer grace,
Earth wears with thee a heavenlier face.

No sounds so glad fall on my ear
As when thy pleasant chimes so dear
Ring out the week-day toll and din
And ring the happy Sabbath in.

There seems a spirit in the air
Which loves God's presence to declare,
And draws the heart with tender chords
To heed the Father's loving words.

O would that we had ears to hear,
To-day, that Voice rise sweet and clear;
That reassured each soul might be,
His spirit is, O God, with Thee.

With Thee in worship, here to find
The revelations of Thy mind:
For on this day, the rest above,
God sets His signet-ring of love.

Woe to the sacrilegious hand
That would efface it from the land,
To leave life one unbroken chain
Of days of toil for sorrow-gain.

—Rowland Brown, in Christain Work.

THE SIN OF FRETTING.

Evil Growing Out of This Disease—Why We Should Cultivate the Opposite Quality.

"Fret not thyself," says the psalmist. Mankind has a propensity to be discontent with their condition. The millionaire would offer his possessions for the health of the poor laborer and the happiness of his humble home; while that same poor laborer would deem but a fraction of the millionaire's wealth the richest earthly gift that Heaven could bestow. Man is discontented with his condition whatever it may be. Fretting may be classed as a disease—a disease of the soul. At first it may be only acute or spasmodic; and then, from the force of habit, it becomes chronic, and fretting, like drunkenness and other sins, becomes habitual.

All of charity and love is crushed out of our lives, and with nothing to make smooth the path of life, we fret at the prosperity of our neighbor, or what seems to us his prosperity, and by our fretting unfit ourselves for that same prosperity or its enjoyment. The fretful spirit frets at the providence of God, altogether forgetful that "all things work together for good to them that love God;" that God may be dealing with them in mercy, and not in judgment. The parents who are called to lay away the child with whom they feel "it is well," may fret at this dispensation of God's providence, and bitterness may fill their hearts; but may it not have been in mercy that God has been dealing with them? Perhaps God has more bitter sorrow of seeing that same child in a felon's cell, or a drunkard's grave, or branded with the brand of a Magdalen.

It has been well said that "the calamities that are going to happen have caused more misery than those that have happened." A fretful spirit never sees the silver-lining of a cloud, but only the blackness of despair and the dire and dreaded calamities that will result. Fretters become to themselves prophets; never prophesying good, but always evil; telling about things that never have happened and are not likely to happen, and by this fretting unfit themselves for the enjoyment of the blessings by which they are surrounded. They make themselves miserable, and not only themselves, but those around them. Not only does a fretful spirit do no good; it also does harm, in that it unfit man for the duties of life, and from the enjoyment which comes from the performance of those duties. Fretting is a sin, and sin brings its punishment. Israel murmured against God in the wilderness, and was punished, all falling in the wilderness save those two just men, Joshua and Caleb. Are the sins of the present less punishable than those committed in the wilderness?

If along the pathway of life we meet none save those selfish, fretful persons, life would be a bitter walk, indeed; but there is a bright side to the picture. Along the path are persons who, like Paul, have learned in whatsoever state they are, therewith to be content; persons who by their cheerfulness are dispensers of sunshine wherever they go. They look not at the blackest cloud, but beyond at the silver lining. Such persons have been described by one as—

The sunny soul that is full of hope,
And whose beautiful trust ne'er falteth;
The grass is green and the flowers are bright,
Though the winter storm prevaileth.

Such persons seem to be the ministering angels of God, sent to dispense the sunlight of love along the pathway of life. They can go into the homes of misery, want and woe, and without being intrusive or obtrusive, minister to their wants and leave a ray of sunshine that makes those homes better for their having been there. They can go into the home of sorrow and bereavement, and there, weeping with those that weep, they minister such consolation and comfort to those sorrowing hearts, as give hope that the sun will shine again for them. In the communities where such persons live, they are universally loved by the young, the middle-aged and the old; and when death claims them they are truly mourned and missed. Oh! that life might have more such persons along its pathway, giving and taking pleasure from the blessings by which God has surrounded them!

There are some reasons why we should try to be numbered with these persons. God has surrounded us by many things for our comfort and enjoyment; and it is a duty we owe ourselves to fit ourselves to enjoy the blessings God has given us. It is a duty we owe our fellowman to shed sunlight and love along his path, and make his life one of sweet enjoyment. But there is a higher duty, our duty to God. It was God who said, "Fret not thyself," and it is our duty to obey, and with humble trust submit to His will.

Then as a duty we owe ourselves, our fellowman, and above all our God, let us all carefully cultivate cheerfulness of heart and mind, and prayerfully try to lay aside all discontent and fretting.—United Presbyterian.

A JAPAN LEGEND.

Simple but Very Important Truth Illustrated by a Beautiful Story.

There is a beautiful legend that comes to us from the somewhat unlikely source, Japan, of the founder of bells, who was ordered by the emperor to cast a bell which should make the most varied and ravishing music, and should be heard at the distance of one hundred miles. From the coffers of the emperor, gold and silver and brass were supplied, in any quantity required, so that all the metals, blended together, might give all the notes that a bell could produce. But after several attempts to cast a bell with many metals, and repeated failure, the emperor lost patience with the founder, and said that if he failed again he should die. And then his daughter, a young and beautiful girl, thought that she would go to the oracle and learn how the casting might be made; and the oracle replied that only the blood of a virgin could make the metal mingle and secure the casting of the bell. Her resolution was at once formed, and going into her father's foundry when the metals were in the chaldron, she put her cloak around her head and plunged into the chaldron; and when the bell was cast, the music rang out, and could be heard, varied and beautiful, at the distance of one hundred miles, nay, as some find to-night, at the distance of half the globe. For the simple truth lay there, that the music of the human soul is never beaten out, and never sounds clear and sweet, penetrating, and satisfying, until sacrifice has occurred, and soul has perished in the making of the music.—Boston Watchman.

THE GUIDE BOOK.

If Prayfully Consulted It Will Point Out the Right and Safe Course.

The righteous cry, and the Lord heareth, and delivereth them out of all their troubles.—Ps. xxxiv. 17.

The Bible makes it as clear as anything in language could, that God wants His children to understand that they can depend upon Him under all circumstances. What wonder there must be among the angels in Heaven if they can look down upon us and see all this. God promising to be all things to us, and to do for us more than we will ask or think, and yet we remain so full of doubt and fear that we will not trust. When dangers begin to threaten us, we lose our faith, and courage, and peace, and instead of asking God to lead and help, we disregard all of His precious promises, and become dependent and unhappy because we forget that we still have a Friend who is mighty to help. The safest thing to do under any and all circumstances is to make the Bible our guide-book through this life. If prayfully consulted it will always point out to us the course that is right and safe, and that course will always have for its starting point: "Trust in God." "Trust in the Lord with all thine heart; and lean not unto thine own understanding," is the keynote of the whole book. Trust Him for counsel, help and strength. Trust Him to lead, direct and keep. Trust Him to sustain in trouble and to comfort in grief. Trust Him in the morning, at noon and at night. Trust Him moment by moment, day by day, and week by week. Make trust in God the corner-stone of your plan for life.—Ram's Horn.

Some Bright Bits of Truth Taken From the Ram's Horn.

The devil is always polite upon first acquaintance.

We are sure to lose what we try to keep God from having.

There is no more dangerous deception than self-deception.

When we get in the wrong place our right place is empty.

The devil has his hand over the eyes of the man who does not give.

The golden calf men worship never becomes a cow that gives milk.

If you get into the place God wants you to have you will have a good one.

The devil has to work hard to get a finger on the man who loves his Bible.

No man who claims to be doing business for God has any right to use a short yardstick.

A good man on his knees weighs more than the biggest giant in the devil's army.

The devil is not so much concerned about our profession as he is about our practice.

A poor man's all weighs as much on the scales they use in Heaven as a rich man's millions.

On the day when we have not done a little good we have done a great deal of mischief.

There are some preachers who only appear to work at their trade only one day in the week.

There is a bad flaw in our religion if we never praise the Lord except when we feel like it.

There is not much Christ in the religion that does not make its possessor more benevolent.

Church members who never smile will some day find out that God has somewhat against them.

There are people who do not want to call the devil by his right name, for fear they will offend a friend.

People who try to serve the Lord only for gain would prefer to work for the devil at the same salary.