

## TO WHOM IT MAY APPLY.

When Bill was a baby, a wonder was he,  
As cute and as smart as a baby can be;  
That he knew how to bellow I needn't tell  
you,

But one thing he did which few infants can  
do—

*Put his foot in his mouth,* (you will certainly  
know

By his foot I mean only, of course, his big toe.)  
We were proud of that feat—of that foot, I  
should say—

And boasted to all who to listen would stay;  
If we heard other parents their offspring  
exalt

We knew to speedily set them at fault:

"*Can your boy put his foot in his mouth?*" we  
would ask,

And they'd own that was quite an impossible  
task.

Now Bill is a man, he is powerful and great.  
He holds high position in Church and in  
State;

Above all he's an orator, satisfied never,  
Unless he can speak and keep speaking for-  
ever;

And yet he's a failure; for, try as he will  
His hearers all think that he'd better keep  
still;

When he opens his mouth to say something  
sublime

*He puts his foot in it every time.*

Is it our fault, I wonder? I fear it is. Oh!  
I wish we had kept down our Billy's big toe!  
For in matters of State there's no greater  
crime

Than to "*put your foot in it*" every time!

ELIZABETH E. EVANS.

A TRUE STORY OF AN EARLY IN-  
DIAN SCARE.

[Written for THE CONSERVATIVE, by Rufus  
D. Mason.]

The Sac and Fox Indians, under the  
leadership of the famous Blackhawk,  
were at one time the source of more  
trouble and danger to the early settlers  
of the West than any other tribe. In  
1842 they ceded their lands to the gov-  
ernment and were placed upon reserva-  
tions in Kansas. Many of them were  
not satisfied with this plan and in 1858  
about 300 returned to their old haunts  
along the Iowa river in Tama county,  
Iowa. The state of Iowa passed a law  
allowing them to remain as long as they  
were peaceful, but this arrangement  
was not satisfactory to the government,  
and it tried to induce them to return to  
their reservation by cutting off their  
annuities. This having no effect the  
authorities at Washington issued an or-  
der commanding them to return, but  
they flatly refused to obey. Seeing that  
they could not be coaxed or driven back  
without considerable trouble they were  
allowed to remain, and in 1867 were  
again allowed their annuities. This  
particular branch of the tribe were  
mostly Musquakies, and their return to  
Iowa was looked upon with a good deal  
of alarm by the early settlers, for  
while they were considered peaceful, it  
was well known that their savage nature  
might get the better of them and serious  
trouble ensue.

On the afternoon of May 24th, 1865,  
two boys whom we will call Bert and  
Frank, were hunting along the Iowa

river not far from the Indian village,  
and as might be supposed, their  
thoughts were about Indians rather than  
the game they were seeking.

"What if we should see an Indian?"  
said Bert.

"I'm not afraid of Indians," replied  
Frank, "we both have guns and can de-  
fend ourselves; besides, the Musqua-  
kies are a peaceful tribe and not likely  
to hurt anybody."

"I know that" said Bert, "but you  
can never trust an Indian, and I would  
not like to meet any of them out here  
in the woods."

"Oh, don't be a coward; we are  
hunting squirrels and not Indians."

Just then a large red squirrel was  
seen in a tall oak tree some distance in  
advance. As Frank had a better gun  
than Bert it was decided that he should  
try and bring down the much-coveted  
game; so resting his gun in the forks of  
a small tree, he took deliberate aim and  
pulled the trigger; both were delighted  
to see the squirrel come tumbling down  
through the boughs of the tree, but  
scarcely had the report of the gun died  
away before they saw two Indians  
standing upon the very spot where the  
squirrel had fallen; where they came  
from was more than the boys  
could tell, but there they were arrayed  
in all the gaudy trappings of the  
wildest savage; when the boys saw their  
hideously painted faces, red blankets  
and head dress of feathers they were  
terror-stricken.

"Let's go" whispered Frank. "Come  
on," replied Bert in a low tone; so,  
leaving their game, they hastily moved  
away. As they started to go they  
noticed that the Indians were coming  
toward them; this frightened them still  
more and they began to run; upon  
glancing back they were dismayed to  
see that their pursuers were running  
also, and that they were both armed  
with guns. Their fear caused them to  
put forth their best efforts and they ran  
with all the power they possessed. As  
they looked back the second time they  
could see that the Indians were gaining  
upon them and to their frightened im-  
agination they seemed to have increased  
in numbers until there were a dozen in-  
stead of two, and they were gesticulat-  
ing and talking loudly, the meaning of  
which the boys could not understand,  
and they expected every minute to hear  
the report of guns and feel the imprint  
of bullets in their backs, but no shots  
were fired. They now threw away  
their guns; their caps had long since  
disappeared.

Thinking to throw their pursuers off  
the trail, they made a short turn to the  
right while temporarily hid behind the  
brow of a small hill; this turn brought  
them squarely against an osage fence  
along which they ran for some distance  
before an opening could be found large  
enough for them to get through; finally

sa mall hole was found, scarcely half  
large enough and surrounded with a  
perfect thicket of thorns, but time was  
precious and thorns were to be preferred  
to savage Indians. Taking a last look  
behind them they could see no sign of  
the enemy, but, thinking that they had  
only thrown them off the track and that  
they were still coming, Bert plunged  
through the thorny opening and was  
quickly followed by Frank. Their  
clothing was nearly torn from their  
bodies and blood ran freely from  
scratches upon their hands and faces.  
They now found themselves upon a pub-  
lic road which they followed for a short  
distance when they came to a small  
farm house. Hastening to the door  
they found it locked and no one at  
home. Going to the stable they found a  
horse which they mounted and rode  
rapidly away.

As the shadows of evening were fall-  
ing, the little village of Toledo, four  
miles north of the Indian settlement,  
was startled by seeing two boys, both  
bareheaded and mounted upon one  
horse, with hands and faces streaked  
with blood and the clothing nearly torn  
from their bodies, ride wildly into town  
shouting: "Indians! Indians! the In-  
dians are coming; the whole tribe will  
soon be here." The story of the ex-  
cited boys, together with their dilapi-  
dated appearance and the foam-covered  
horse, caused great excitement. The  
news quickly spread and grew in mag-  
nitude until it was the general belief  
that several persons had already been  
murdered and many houses burned.

As it was well known that a short  
time previous to this the Sioux had  
actually killed several hundred persons  
in Minnesota and burned their houses,  
the story of an uprising was more  
easily believed. When it was also re-  
membered that nearly all the able-bodied  
men were in the army and that any de-  
fense made, must be made by old men  
and women, it seemed that the situation  
was indeed critical.

Although the writer was but four  
years old he remembers well the feel-  
ing of alarm and fear that prevailed  
as darkness settled down upon the lit-  
tle, unprotected town. The fiendish  
yell of the wild savage was momen-  
tarily expected, and many yet live who  
did not expect to see the light of another  
morning. The country was new and  
but thinly settled. The government  
was just emerging from the civil war  
leaving the Indians to do about as they  
saw fit, and their natural disposition to  
get into mischief when not watched,  
had caused several uprisings and mas-  
sacres among tribes generally consid-  
ered peaceful. There were few guns  
and but little ammunition in the town  
and a sad scarcity of able-bodied men  
to use what was at hand.

A hurried consultation was held and  
it was decided to put the women and