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AN APACHE RAID.

How Indians are fought by the Soldiers in Arizona. One morning in Florence in the summer of 1877 some Pima Indians brought us intelligence that the general Apache had called on them the night before and relieved them of a large amount of surplus stock, women and other easily conveyed articles. The boys said: 'Let 'em raid; more fun and less injuns for one tribe or 't'other,' and went to breakfast. But when a Mexican came to town on a foaming pony and announced that a thousand Apaches were coming right up the valley, we thought something was up. Then dashed in a white man on a horse covered with sweat and dust, and yelled: 'Apaches right here; more'n five thousand of 'em, raising—; all hands and the cook turn out;—you!' So we turned out. From the Pimas we learned that there were not over a hundred Apaches, and of course, any ten of us young chaps thought we could make a hundred Apaches skip. Guns, ammunition, horses and saddles were bought or seized, no bono publico, and some government mules were ruthlessly pressed into service. We invited a baker to accompany us, but he eagerly declined the honor. Those who would have preferred to stay went because the rest did. The Mexicans did not volunteer very eagerly; but the church had many people praying in it. Every banner, dead-beat and old-fashioned, was anxious to die for his country, and most of the citizens of Florence were quite willing that they should enjoy the privilege.

THE SOLDIERS' HALL. By the time we reached the agency a crowd of men, variously armed and mounted, were on hand, and we met a small force of soldiers. The friendly Indians easily found the trail, and the Mexicans made first rate fellows to ride ahead and yell. We went near Superstition Mountain, and then the soldiers camped. Riding up to the officer-in command "Colorado Jack" asked, "What in — are you camped for?" With military haught the Colonel drew himself up and replied, "To wait for provisions, pack-mules and reinforcements, sir." "—It, do you expect the Apaches to wait for us? If you push on we could give 'em fire before morning." The officer explained that his men could not go on without rations, and he had to wait. The best mounted and most desperate of us prepared to go on, provisions or no provisions, and only a few remained with the troops. Cursing the U. S. Government, the officers, the army and the Indians, we went on. The officer called out, "When you are repulsed you can fall back on this command and you will be sustained; we will follow as quickly as possible."

A BLOODY TRAIL. All night we rode on, over the hills through canyons, and twisting in and out, constantly expecting to be attacked. Some men joined us from the Globe and Pinal districts, and about daylight we stopped to eat our scanty breakfast of bread, bacon, pickled beef and a little coffee. The trail began to grow hot; horses were found dead, or hamstringed, as well as many articles that the fleeing Apaches were forced to throw away to insure greater rapidity of movement. The Pima guides found a man of their tribe that the Apaches had captured. They had hanged him to a tree, disembowled him, scalped him and tore his tongue out. After that, we found on the path the body of a young girl mutilated. We continued a north-easterly course, going on both sides of every canyon for fear of an ambuscade.

Just as the Pimas were going down a canon ahead of us, and we were straggling along behind, they were fired on; then we were fired on from the hill above us, and as the men in front poured their fire, a young chap broke into a run pell-mell, every man for himself. The older men fell back a little way to a good position as to rocks and trees, where the Apaches were held in check. Jack and several others came after us, and back we went. Led on by him, with the help of the "old-wheel horses," we drove Indians back to their previous position, regaining the ground we had lost. After a brief rest, we were fired on from a hill, and a young man fell through the bushes, and down they went through the canon to their main body. Here, occupying a good position in a brushy gulch, they compelled us to keep well in order. From brush to rock they skipped, and we did the same; finally, under the able leadership of Colorado Jack we beat them back. The Apaches are good shots, and have brave men, and had they not been weary with a week's marching, we should have received a good dressing down at their hands.

A HAND TO HAND FIGHT. Every man was quite independent, and did not consider he was obliged to obey any other man. Most of us had Winchester rifles. Some had other kinds of rifles, and some had shotguns. An Irishman had a Winchester given him long before, and he clubbed it in several charges instead of firing it. Lying behind a rock with him, I asked him why he did not fire. "Oh," he replied, "you may take aim 'n' take aim until your eyes are blind, 'n' you don't get the red devil; but when I take aim with a club, begor, something cracks."

At one time five of us were behind a rock, and a fallen tree was held by an Indian, who kept us from the main fight below. Many shots were expended in the endeavor to get him. At last one fired, followed immediately by two shots, one on each side of the tree, resulting in one dead and consequently good Apache. When an Indian was killed or wounded, desperate efforts were made by the others to keep him out of our hands; and so generally were they successful that it was impossible to know how many Indians we killed. Every one of our party claimed to have killed one or more of the Indians; but as we greatly outnumbered them, it is not obvious how so many dead Indians were supplied. These Indians were armed with government needle guns, Winchester and Remington rifles. They fought almost or quite naked. One had a sword, and was said to be a chief of the remnants. The whites were as brutal as the Indians in many respects, such as scalping and mutilating the prisoners and the dead. Towards evening, while going

through a narrow pass, the Apaches sent a volley of well-directed shots at the advance column, killing one or more men and wounding several. Springing up an almost impassible trail, we reinforced the flankers, and drove the Apaches down to the next canon. Here we camped by a spring, and cooked our supper of horse meat. Several wounded were sent back by the Pimas and Mexicans, and three dead were buried.

A MESSAGE FROM THE SOLDIERS. An Indian runner came with a letter from the officer in command of the soldiers before mentioned, stating that he could not follow any further, but was camped at a place designated, where he would wait three days for us to come back. We decided to go ahead, if not whipped, and sent runners for more ammunition and provisions, firmly believing that to-morrow we would "overhastily" clean up the Apaches. All night across the canyon the guards exchanged shots whenever one fired or a noise was made. So close were we that if a person on either side did not step very carefully, shots were dropped all around him.

Early in the morning we poured over the hill and canyon, only to find the main body of Indians had fled, leaving only a few to hold us back through the night. Many were weary, all hungry and dirty, and not a few thirsty. If we had not caught up with the main body of Apaches by noon, we should have been fighting each other. As it was, many turned back, and only the most determined, not over 75 in number, kept on. The most exciting incident of the day was a hand-to-hand fight, lasting about five minutes, between Jack and about ten men, with a chief and probably twenty Indians, resulting in the chief's death. This was followed by a desperate fight for his body and to kill Jack, who was scalping him. A wild and whooping crowd of us then dashed down the hill, most of us on horseback to the relief of Jack and his party. My pony was shot in the neck, and on jumping off his back, I found myself in the thickest of the fight. My rifle was wrested out of my hand by a hit and strong young buck, but before he had time to clench, Jack stabbed him in the side with one hand, and dragged me out with the other, holding the scalp of the chief in his mouth. The boys having the body of the chief had to drop it, and slipping into a gully, we kept off the infuriated Apaches until all the fellows could come together and "give 'em a rifle."

"INDIAN MAD." With us was a peculiar character named Potter, who was said to be "Indian mad." He would fight the Apaches at every opportunity in revenge for the having some years previously killed his family and outraged his wife before his eyes, he only escaping by good luck from a death as cruel as they could invent. He would dash right on to a crowd of them, and was never badly hurt. Being a good shot, he made himself a terror to the band of Indians whom we were fighting. Sometimes, after prospecting or working in a mine for several months, he would go off by himself after the Apaches.

At night we only camped for a few hours and then endeavored to pass the Indians and take them in front and rear. We came in on the flank of most of them and fought until daylight, with but little damage to either side. At this time he had reached the vicinity of Salt river, some distance above Tonto creek and not far from the Globe mining district. The country was wild and rocky, the hills steep, and the brush thick. We could use horses but little and fought mostly on foot. The Indians fought shyly, moving here and there, but not falling back in any general direction, as they had been doing. At one time, when plunging down a canon after a few Indians who had collected together, my pony stumbled and threw me on an old warrior just dying, but who had by a strong kick, strike at me with his broken rifle barrel. We escaped unhurt, though badly frightened, and the Indian was soon killed twenty times over.

IN THE INDIAN VILLAGE. An old Maricopa of our party said that the Apaches must be trying to keep us from their camp, and that about three miles over the mountains was a deep canyon where there used to be a village of them. Guided by him over a long disused trail, we soon had hard fighting with a large number. From bank to bank we went, and at last could see where there was a canyon here, behind a rocky ridge, our opponents made their last stand, and a most desperate one it was. As they gave way I left, with about twenty-five others, for the lower part of the canyon, thinking they might endeavor to drive off their stolen stock that way. Slipping down a gulch with our horses, we followed down the bottom of the canyon in the direction indicated by fresh horse tracks. Above us, where the canon widened a little, there was a field of corn, and we could hear cries and yells from the Indians, as our boys drove back their warriors above them. Making a sudden turn we struck several Indians driving a large herd of horses down the canon. As they fled through the bushes we secured the horses. Driving them into the canon and leaving some of our number to watch them, we rode to the now burning village to see if our aid was needed. Everything had been carried off or fired by the retreating wretches, and only three men, two boys and a young squaw were our prisoners. Many of our men followed after the retreating Indians, but as they were tired and hungry they soon returned. Feeding our horses on the green corn and ourselves on horse meat, we remained there till morning.

Our men acted very brutally to the Indian women, but the Indians themselves could never have acted worse to our women short of killing them. It was horrible. One of the old men was killed by some of our men during the night, and it was all Jack could do to prevent them from killing the remaining prisoners. The next day we started on our return by a shorter trail than we used coming, but having several wounded and a large number of horses we could not travel fast. I was very thirsty, and evening we were camped by a little spring, and eating our half-cooked horse meat and a little parched corn from the burned village, we passed a wretched

night. The poetry of Indian fighting was not apparent, and besides was unremunerative. I therefore concluded never to turn out of my way again to fight Indians, and that ten-cent novels on the subject were decidedly "thin."

THE SOLDIERS' MODEST DEMAND. At this spot several of our men left us, to return to their homes, and when, on the next day, we reached the soldiers' camp, there was not so many of us as when we had left it some days before. The officers kindly offered to take charge of the captured stock, but we didn't see it in that light. Then it was delicately intimated that without the stock no provisions would be issued, and claimed that the horses properly belonged to the United States army. At the intimation that no provisions would be issued, the men flared up and vowed they would have grub, or something red and hot, too. Hungry men can fight like demons; but we got our provisions. Around roaring fires that night, while in the hot coffee, bacon and hard tack, to which not a few added whisky. Abuse of the government, and brags of exploits in the recent fights, were the staples of conversation. The army officers despise the citizens as to their fighting qualities, and believe that but for the military the Indians would take the whole territory. The citizens, on the other hand, believe that if the army would leave the citizens would lick every redskin, from Sonora to Colorado.

Remarkable a gigantic cavalryman: "You fellows must be anxious to fight! Why don't you stay at home and eat, live and grow fat, just like we do? Why should we want to fight for thirteen dollars a month? We hain't here to fight; we're here to eat up rations, to get rid of the surplus provisions in the United States. If it wa'n't for the U. S. army lots of grub in this country would rot." His views accord with those of a German U. S. soldier I subsequently met at Fort Clark, Texas. "You say dot we don't get much fight. We not like fight; we hold der posts, and get our moneys and feed the emigrants. I gones from St. Louis for thirteen dollar a month for five years—not fight der Indians; den I goes pack to Sherman."

Other reasons for the disinclination of soldiers to fight in Arizona may be found in the fact that their clothing and equipments are totally unadapted to the climate and circumstances of that (or probably any other) territory. Great lumbering delicate horses are used, where only tough ponies would be of any service. Wooden pants, fit only for the Arctic regions, and a cap that protects neither from cold nor heat, are not invigorating at 120 deg. in the shade.

AROUND THE CAMP FIRE. "I tell you what, boys," said a rough Missourian around the soldiers' camp fire, "the way to settle the Indians is 'ter get about a thousand barrels of whiskey and a thousand cases of knives, put 'em together in a big valley, and invite all the Indians to a pow-wow. Then leave 'em alone for a week; then go back with shovels and bury the last of 'em, for they will be all dead as salt herrings."

"Bettes way would be," said a philanthropic Yankee, "to give 'em two years to get to Indian Territory, one year to get settled, and then if they can't earn their own livin', let them starve. If they steal, shoot 'em down." "Might as well shoot 'em at first," added a wiry Illinoisian. "Oh, no!" sarcastically rejoined a Webfoot; "pet 'em, feed 'em, give 'em arms, let 'em steal all they want, and feed 'em while they cut every-body's throat. Poor Indians!" Then spoke a Californian: "Tie every Apache by the heels to a Chinaman and pitch 'em in the sea."

So the conversation continued to a late hour of the night. Somehow very little philanthropy for the Indian is to be found among the people who see most of them.

We soon reached Florence. Many of the horses thus recovered were owned by people in the valley; the remainder were sold. For my services I got \$30 as the proceeds of a horse which I claimed, and a good rifle which I found beside a dead Indian.

KNOCK ABOUT. CEDAR FALLS HAS A HUMANE SOCIETY. A man named Anderson, seventy-two years of age, committed suicide at Cedar Falls on the 11th inst.

Iowa has ten millionaires. They live in Davenport, Burlington, Des Moines, Dubuque and Iowa City. The laying of the corner stone of the State Normal school building at Cedar Falls will take place August 29. Governor Sherman will deliver an address.

Fires were kept up in the passenger cars of the Chicago & Northwestern railway while passing through Iowa last Thursday the 10th inst., so cold was the temperature. The brewers of the state propose a meeting at Davenport August 23, for the purpose of determining what is necessary to be done in view of the passage of the constitutional amendment.

W. H. Phelps of Jefferson took the first prize at the recent Chicago annual shooting tournament, killing fifteen birds without a miss. The prize consisted of \$67.50 in cash, and a silver service valued at \$150.

Bad material has been put in the foundation of the new court house at Oskaloosa, and it has got to come out, which will cost some one a couple of thousand dollars. The point now seems to be who must lose the money. Francis Sanger, a Keokuk tailor, committed suicide by putting a bullet through his brain. Years of trouble, which have weighed heavily upon him, was the cause. His wife has been in the insane asylum for some eight years and one of his daughters is deaf and dumb.

There will be a competitive drill at Dubuque on the 29th inst., under the auspices of the state fair association, and The Times says the affair is hoped to excel in attraction the state fair itself. The best military men in the United States will compete, and Gen. Grant, Sheridan and Crook will be the judges.

Debilitated persons, and sufferers wasting diseases such as consumption, scrofula, kidney affections, will be greatly benefited by using Brown's Iron Bitters.

To the Consumers of Carriages & Buggies

I have a complete stock of all the Latest Styles of Carriages, Phaetons and Open and Top Buggies, Consisting of The Celebrated Brewster Side Bar, The Hamlin Side Bar, The Whitney Side Bar, and The Mullhalland Spring.

The Dexter Queen Buggy and Phaeton also the Old Reliable Elliptic Spring Buggies and Phaetons. They are all made of the best materials, and under my own supervision.

I should be pleased to have those desirous of purchasing to call and examine my stock. I will guarantee satisfaction and warrant all work.

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