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BY SANDY G. V. GRISWOLD.

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that "one-half of the world does not know how the other half lives." How many people are there in this beautiful and thrifty city who have the faintest conception of life as it is lived on the northwestern borders of the state? How many of them are familiar with the problematical existence within the sterile barriers of the sandhills? How many of them are acquainted with the wild scenes of weird superstition and barbarle indulgence yet enacted within their confines almost daily? How many of them straggling sumachs; the mapple scolded from know of the enchanting scenery and strange but beautiful birds and animals to be encountered, I might say, at their very dooryard, yet outside of the pale of civilization, and still within the boundaries of this progressive and flourishing state? I'll warrant you that not one in one thousand has the faintest idea of all these things, and in-If not startled, must they be to read of them.

company with Judge E. S. Dundy, United States District Attorney Sawyer, scattered with low firs and cedars. Near United States Marshal Frank White and it was a broad, wild meadow, softened and Edward Eaton of Papillion, I spent the Fourth of July at Pine Ridge agency, just over the South Dakota border. We were the guests of Deputy United States Marshal Bill Liddiard, better known among the rough characters of the northwest border as "Rattlesnake Pete." He had invited us up to witness the Indian celebration of Independence Day, and an adequate and glorious host he proved to be. What Bill neglects in the way of comforts or necessities about a camp not worth thinking of. It matters little what your requirements may be, he furnishes everything on demand, from a safety-

pin to a stomach pump. But to begin at the beginning. We reached Rushville, which is today to the northwest border what Independence, Mo., used to be to the whole unexplored west, a sort of a common center from which everything and everybody started. And more, too, it is the home of Sol Pitcher of political renown, and home of Sol Pitcher of political renown, and boasted civilization. Do all the trophies won by this higher form of life, its treasures the enchanted realms of paintmost efficient hired hands. They met us at the depot, of course, and piloted us up street to the hotel, only stopping twice enroute to buy-once at Tommy Doud's and the other buy-once at Tommy Doud's and the other time at Tommy Doud's.

Rushville! Well, Rushville is all right in its scourging necessities, its malignant way, but it is a long way from Paris or rivalries; its treacherous smiles-real ability way, but it is a long way from Paris or Copenhagen; still they seem to like it out failing where grinning trickery succeeds; there and they ought to, for, an Bear poverty despised and gold adored; genius trampled beneath the hoors of pompous Tracks asserts, they never die there unless

nebody makes them. t is a very chipper little western city. with its churches, business houses, hotels, booze founderies, monte games, newspapers and other industrial institutions. It is advantageously located some 3,000 feet higher than we are here, and on a level elevation commanding a view of one of the grandest grazing and cattle countries in the world.

RATTLESNAKE JACK.

It is also the home of "Rattlesnake Jack." where honor is not measured by success mysterious and repulsive character who inhabits a suite of tumble-down rooms on inhabits a suite of tumple-nown rooms on the main street of the town. We called on him. He was in the back yard, toying with a big she gray wolf which he had trapped this spring and which he had chained to a stout post, driven in the trapped this spring chained to a stout post, driven in the ground. On one side of him sat his little daughter, Martha, with a huge bull snake coiled around her shapely but dirty neck, coiled around her shapely but dirty neck. But the insight, soften the heart, and purify, while they expand the soul. But the miles glided by, and Bill's Ogalalla they had pulled from a den on the Stinking Water the Sunday before. The girl was 3 years old and the boy 10, and these three, together with the wolf, the skunks, a couple of badgers and a trunk full of rattle and bull snakes, constituted the family circle Little is known about "Rattlesnake Jack. He floated into the village about a year ag. and has remained there ever since, trapping wolves, skunks and wildcats and catching and charming snakes. While Jack looks mountains." and acts more like a wild beast than a man, he is as gentle and affectionate where his children are concerned as parent could be. His clothes were an assemblage of rags and his matted and dirty hair fell on his shoulders in heavy masses. His form is that of an old man, but he is yet in the very prime of life. A beard, shaggy and tasted rust-colored, covers almost his entire face, while his claw-like hands are scaly with lichen. His eyes gleam like a wolf's from the midst of a pest house of brows; a couple of tusks are visible between his flabby lips and his nails are long and curved, like the claws of a turkey buzzard. His gait is a shambling stride and his feet make a clicking sound, like an interfering horse. We went into his miserable den to look at his snakes. He hauled out of a dark corner an old, dilapidated trunk, unlocked and threw it open. In an instant the sibulant warning from a score of huge ratiesnakes filled the room. The trunk was cerents half full of them, a hideous mass of gray mottles and slimy folds and whirring rattles. spectacle was too much for the venerjudge and with an "excuse me"

Full of truth, indeed, is the old saying, ing away to the limit of vision like oceans of emerald, all singing in the sweet and soothing melody of undulating blade and quivering leaf.

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From the level plain, with its prairie dog metropolis, its ground owls and cattle, we enter the winding valley of the White Clay. and gallop down the romatic stream, spark. ling before us like a track of diamonds The speckled trout leaped into the yellow light like a flying thing; the kingfisher rose with a cackle and started before us, and the red-tailed hawk spread his wide nuils m gray crag. Sprinkles of red-winged black birds were filtering through the the tall elms; Bob White sounded his mel low whistle from every clump of hazel and the scream of the sickled-billed scream of the came quaveringly curlew from the All was exhilarating life ion. Once a gray cagle uplands and animation. swept lessening over the rolling surface of valley, alighting at length on a distant peak, like a mosquito on your finger, then e were attracted by a slinking coyote on bunch of whirring grouse. Presently we came to a beautiful head-

land of open trees and luxuriant scattered with low firs and cedars. It was a broad, with such a rural home-like smoothed over with such a rural home-like look that I almost bent my head to hearken, to the tinkle of the sheep-bell and searched for the barefoot boy, riding the farm horse in ratiling harness, to water. It was a beautiful spot, yet unpolluted by the hand of man. The wild poppey reared its speckled face in the openings along the tortuous road-side, while the lobelia and the iron weed tinged the green with vivid blue; the snake root with its pink and terra-cotta disk, and the scarlet sumach and waving Indian plume made a picture of floral beauty beyond I thought then of the vast expanse of this

sea-like wilderness of exuberant plain, luxuriant valley and shimmering peak and crag, almost unchanged since their creation. and of the wild freedom of that savage life called prizes; its galling conventionalities;

dullness; frank honesty, supplanted by wary villainy; right throttled by power; all these, the rank weeds that choke the hotbed of artificial existence. Such a scene as we there gazed on could not help but make one sick of the griefs and strifes and follies of the world. Thy wailing winds, oh earth, are but the echoes of human sighs, thy very throes the emblems of our agonies. Why did we not stay there in that fresh, free wilderness, that tranquil realm of content.

where pretension does not trample on merit; where genius is not a jest, goodness not tion and that meditation eloquent of the Creator. There would I fain live, listening But the miles glided by, and Bill's Ogalalla shout brought me back from sad but pleas ing reverie to the fact that I was only a common sporting editor, made out of dust and other cheap materials, and had no right to think, only to plod and work and drudge for my daily bread, and watermelon, ple "There's old Nick's," was Bill's announce-

"and right hone is the best trout fishing this side of the That settled it. It mattered not to m just then whether The Bee got its Indian story on time or not. Speckled trout, the king of the stream, and trout fishing! It would have required an ox team and a logchain to have dragged me away from spot with those intoxicating delights un-"Old Nick," that was Nicholas Lehman a middle-aged Swiss farmer, with a handsome frau and a flock of hearty and good-looking children around him, who has wrested, by dint of hard and judicious labor a paradise from out a jungle of wild cuumber and grape vines, rocks and sterile etuel. waste. He has a cozy, well furnished, cheer-ful, double log cabin, with the singing White Clay babbling on before his very door, and overlooking one of the garden spots of the They world. Fields of waving corn and smaller speech. and acres of melons, vegetables fruits and berries, with warm and substan tial stables, endless pasture lands, and herds of sleck kine, fat sheep and sturdy horses. That is what Nick Lehman is king of out in the wilds of the northwestern orderland. And that isn't all he has got. He has a good fat bank account, a splendid noodle on his shoulders, and a cellar full of old wines and a barrel of bock beer, at east he had the latter when we arrived there, but, alas, alackaday, if it had not been for that luscious smearkase, chopped shives sprinkled over it, he might have had it yet. have had it yet. But we partook, and of course the beer had to go, too. Nick is a Brule. lulu-bird and no mistake, a staunch republican and a gold man, a capital fellow all round, as genial as he is clever, and we will never forget the day we spent at his hospitable abode. Did we catch any trout? A nice question when I announced in the outset that Judge Dundy was in our party, and "Ajax" Saw-yer, and Frank White, and "Rattlesnake Pete," and "Bear' Tracks," all heroes of plain and mountain, to say nothing of your humble servant and the citizen from Papilrafty Blackfoot, with their malignant cowls, their painted naked bodies, banded crafty lion. We caught trout until you couldn't rest and Mrs. Lehman served them for us Navajo scarfs. n a style that would make John Chamber-DANCING SQUAWS AND RAIDING BUCKS. lain look like a sucker. A big plate of home-grown strawberries on the side, a dish of water cress, buttered toast, fried potatoes and onlons, and delicious hot coffee, wasn't that a banquet pretty nearly fit for the gods? Another hour of driving and we were at the agency, where we were graciously recelved by Major W. H. Clapp, the post agent, and the most competent and efficient one ever known at Pine Ridge.

THE OMAHA DAILY BEE: SUNDAY, JULY 12, 1896.

there, while to the south is a limitless sea of barren pasture land, and to the west the prairie rolling in larger and larger folds until the footbills are developed. It was once thought that rich minerals existed on this plateau, and it is quite certain that valuable timber and beds of free? did once thrive in vast quantities. Clapp has investigated into the sup posed bituminiferous sections, but has come to the conclusion that all coal to be found there now is but the thin strata left after the lapse of ages had consumed or swept away the real body and substance. The plateau is one great pasture land, but the southern and western portions generally are capable, with irrigation, of supplying nearly all the agricultural products native to the state, corn, rye, buckwheat, oats, peas, beans, turnips and polatoes. The soil, however, is especially adapted to grazing and should e maintained exclusively for this purpose There is but a small quantity of arable land and even this cannot be cultivated without irrigation, owing to its elevation and consequent low temperature early and late in the , car. Trees of the soft or evergreen kind prevail in the guiches and on the hills, while along the water courses are maple, ash, oak, elm and plum. The climate is always dry and healthful. There are no ranches on all this broad table land, but here and there, along the banks of the sluggish Wolf creek and off on the Stinking Water, are one or two clusters of rough habitations and an occasional trapper or

cowboy's shanty. The fall and spring tent of the sportsman alone, in addition, dots the boundless sweep of prairie verdure. Formerly all the wild animals of the northern latitude, the buffalo, elk, black and white-tail deer, bcar, wolf, wildcai, musk rai, mink, otter and coyote, word, musk rat, mink, otter and coyote, were here, and many of them still abound, but scatteringly. The buffalo and elk are long since gone, but not a year passes but what deer and wolves and the smaller animals are killed

here in considerable numbers. Eagles, hawks and owls are yet to be seen daily; ducks and geese and crane come into the valleys in season, while quail swarm in the low brush wood in the valleys coldest and most rapid streams. As else-where over the state, the chicken are a

lamentably scarce quantity.

AMONG THE WILD BEDOUINS.

But let us go back to the Indians. Again say it was a thrilling sight which greeted There were Indian topess everywhere, long lines of them gleamed along the edge of he southern highlands, while unmethodical lusters specked the plain here, there and erywhere, and the high embankment of Wolf creek was fairly alive with them. There were over 500 of them by actual count and nearly or quite 5,000 Indians, Brule and Ogalalla, Sloux, Cheyennes and an occasional renegade Crow or Blackfoot. The bucks were all a-horseback, dashing and whooping aimlessly hither and to, racing or engaged in other sports known only to the untutored minds. The squaws were at their usual drudgery, chopping wood, stripping beef and dog meat, arranging jerking poles or occupied with the evening's culinary Any direction you gazed it uties. quaws. old and young, papooses, Indian snapping and snarling curs; the tall and stately Cheyenne to the dunipy but good looking Brule; old women and young babies; boys and girls, in painted and bedizened dress or no dress at all; old men, patriarchs of the long obliterated war trail, slouch hats and army blouses, or naked to crow's wing and breech clout, lounged in the shadows and with lazy yes watched the ceaseless movements the women. It is the old women who toll, not the young squaws. They are as independent as the youthful bucks, and an extraordinary feature of the grand spectacle is their remarkable comeliness, their trim and symmetrical forms, tidy little feet and hands. An ugly Sloux woman is a rarity, indeed. They are evidently much addicted to the foibles of their white sismuch ters, and spend much time in olling their shiny tresses, painting their rotund faces and shapely necks, and arranging gaudy color or bead work. But this is all lost upon the lordly bucks. They pay no more

time until sundown touring the encampment and were much impressed with what

preparing for the battle, the bucks sullen and quiet, the squaws vivacious and noisy, plaiting each other's hair and weaving the same with ribbons and feathers and beads; painting faces and bodies, caparisoning ponies and doming the fantastic togs of war. All were busy, from the lusty-lunged, round- gentle ripping up the back. His you faced infant peeping form its comfortless were not getting enough ponies, or good wrappers of wool and cowskin, as, suspended by rope or thong from lodge-post in their hunting prerogatives. Then pole, it swung in the passing breeze, to children of larger growth, who tumbled over each other in piles, the boys, even at this early age, making themselves distinguished for that peculiar domination faithful men. To one he recalled mighty service in their conflict with the adults and their squaws. Young bucks were curbing and bedecking the fractious steeds of their fathers, while here and there he dweit upon his provess as a runner. a truant young squaw could be seen looking on in admiration at their seeming fierce and impatient daring. Everything forbode some coming unusual event, and it re-quired but a little stretch of the imagination to fancy oneself facing stern reality. The old, withered and savage crones, with tains. cadaverous visages, bent forms and flying witch-like hair, clustered together in readiless to lend their discordant tongues to neiting their descendants to an exhibition of mimic rapine and murder, which their depraved tastes forever covet.

A BATTLE ON THE DESERT.

Soon all was ready and a general move ment made for the open plateau, where they were quickly drawn up in battle's stern array, the Brules and Cheyennes under Big Elk and the Ogalailas under Standing Bear. The men were lined up on their ponies according to their respective deeds and reputations. The old bucks who had heard the war cry when it meant life or death in earnest formed the first rank, while those of equivocal age and doubtful discretion came next, Big Elk's band was deployed along

the west side of the plain and Standing Bear's along the east, and as the naked scouts crept out from the respective lines of horsemen and began to crawl and crcep along over the shriveled grass toward each other, the old crones and younger squaws from their distant eries set up a chilly clamor that turned the place as into som

nholy arena, Red Cloud, the noted old sachem and crue and gory warrior of old, now the white man's apparently unswerving friend, was in the responsible position of judge. His once penetrating whoop has long been hushed into a scalle lament, and his strong arms and agile legs robbed of their elas ticity and power, and he no longer take

part in the frivolities of his children save as a looker-on. From the elevation on which he stood, backed by a number of old hags chanting in dolorous tones, he commanded a perfect view of the movements and filled again since he first came. and evolutions of both partles. A grim wagon train or ranchman's cabin. You could the white man as the Sioux is now. see by his look that his old eyes were glanc ing over a body of warriors upon whom he had more than once relied, and who had never deceived him; fiends of the Custer massacre and the heroes of a hundred other midnight scenes of terror and bloodshed. Now Big Elk with beribboned shield held

on high, and long lance shaken defiantly, his favorite pony, breaks from out his band and gallops recklessly and exultantly toward Standing Bear's forces.

There was no besitation in accepting the challenge on the part of the tall Ogalalia but with a sharp, quivering whoop he sinks his heels into the ribs of his horse and like a schirlwind dashes out to meet the trucu lent Brule. As they approach, each ages his fractious animal with a grace that no artificial accoutrements could ever sup ply, at times flinging themselves beneatl their very bellies, at others erect and shak-ing their tasseled lances in savage and haughty defiance, and ever and anon emit-ting the thrilling war cry of their respective

of the infernal remin, and turning the quiet summer morning into a bideous bediam. Another hour of this exercise, and once more they went back to the tepee for their morning beef and dog soup, and to make preparations for the great sharm battle which was to take place when the shadow of the picket-pin proclaimed the hour of 10. It was a great sight to see these wild and unsophisticated children of the plain preparing for the battle, the bucks sullen and quiet, the sources yivacious and noisy. gun by thanking the Great Father for the blessings bestowed upon his people, their health and generally favorable co tion. Then he spoke of the Father at Wash-ington and was guilty of giving Grover a verted to the part ever dear to the savage breast, and this is Red Cloud's stock trade as an eloquent elocutionist. He called out the names of his old, tried and the

so on and so forth, but they will keep and come good another time.

scars, his triumphs and defeats; with a third perfection of his horsemanship and his loyalty to his people, and a fourth was reminded of his valorous part in some fla-grant adventure which happened before the iron trail marked its way across the moun By these means the oily tommy häwker so far excited the assembly make them in fit humor for the war dance that followed. And it came immediately, to be?

An inner space was reserved for the older chiefs and a cluster of the oldest squaws, Johnny-A preacher, withered as age, exposure and the hardship of savage passions could make them, throug themselves into the inner circle back of the tom-tom beaters, impelled by that insatiable

lesire to participate in all the orgies of their people that would carry them back the haleyon days when they raised hair and broiled white men at the stake with a temerity that feared no check at hands of the blue-coated hordes of Uncle

Sam. Shortly all were in their places; cowled bucks about the big tom-toms; the old and the young in reserved seats; the dolorous, chanting squaws and the wild with a \$10,000 salary attached. bucks, stripped to breech clout and eagle's plume, who were to execute the evolutions of the war dance. They all seated them selves about the blazing log heap, with with sullen looks and clouded brows, as if it was

In earnest and not play. At last Taopicigala, or Little Wound, an old warrior who was in at the Custer mas-sacre, lighted a big red stone pipe and blew the smoke to the four quarters of the heavens. As soon as this propitiatory offering was made he tendered it to Oonomotoo, who took a whiff and passed it on to the dusky brother next in line. After the influence of this soothing weed had been courted by all those panoplied for the dance. Taopicizala arose and said:

"What my eyes have seen my tong: speaks no more. These are days the red man knows not of. In dreams he lives his only life. The hills have been standing no longer than he, the rivers have been empty Bul what Little Wound says, the young men and his little beadlike eyes glittered with as the wolf loves the black-tail's fawn, so much of the fire with which they used to the Sioux loved the pale face. Then the Sioux was as the buffaloes on the plain, and Now the white man is as the Sloux, and the Sloux as the white man then. Let my children ope their ears and listen. My words The Great Spirit has changed the are good. world, and it is good, or the world would be as it was. The Indian must it now for what it Wits. The past is a misty cloud, the day to come Dance the old dance, for a glory. brothers and ourselves, sing the songs of the ashing waters and the singing pines in

the hills. While this talk of the old scarlet hero was of a somewhat problematical and ambiguous nature, a deep gutteral exclamation of assent broke from the encircling warriors. beauty of his language that I may have up consciously repeated his very words. I will leave it to the audience to draw their own While we were considerably mystified by his metaphorical allusions, the Indians were all apparently gratified. Conomotoo, too, also Cardinal Gibbons for a counter explanation spoke, and though past the prime of life. was much younger than Little Wound, and made no response he paid his predecessor the homage making his remarks brief. As a finale he gave a quick, gurgling whoop, and the tom-

AROUND THE WAR FOLE.

ORCHARD LANDS OF LONG AGO. om beaters begen to ply their chamois

ous maze about the fire. But it was only for a few fleeting seconds, for with a rattling sound in his throat he fell forward on his face, dead. Then there was a wailing shrick from his bereft squaw, as a number of Lucks came forward, and while one led her away, the others gathered up the stiffening form of Jumonie and carried it out into the HOMEOPATHIC shadows, across the plain and down the little narrow street to the agency. I might continue on and tell you of some

of the legends of the poeple I heard, of the origin of the beautiful flower, the Indian **Endorsed by Press and Public** plume; the legend of the dismenthe great Sloux nation into tribal clana; he To-no-yn-to-nick held the lightning and con Convincing Statements from Persons who trolled the thunder; the burning of Osso non-a-co; Custer's fate and a burled and one other things, their life at home, their religion, superstition, hunting incidenta and

IMPLETIES

If You Are Sick Ask Your Nearest Druggist for a 25c-Cent Vini of Indianapolis Journal: "This must be a pretty religious town, judging from the Munyon's Remedies and number of churches it has," said the trav

"It ain't that, mister," exclaimed the town pessimist, "The people is so durn lazy that there had to be lots of churches says: "I was attacked by rhoumatism nearly a year ago, and, in spite of all that doctors could do, I grew worse, until finally I was obliged to go on crutches. About

set around handy like to get them to go." Cleveland Leader: The Minister-When you grow up, Johnny, what would you like

The Minister—Ah, I am glad to hear you say that, my little man. Now tell me why you think you would like to be a preacher. Johnny—Cause then the folks would al-ways git out the best things they had in the house to eat when they seen me comin'

Chicago Tribune: "I am a little late this morning, brethren," explained the Rev. Mr. Goodman, as he rose to begin the aervice, "on account of having overslept myself.

I was kept awake all of night before last by a toothache, and I slept so soundly jast night that I could not have been awakened this morning by a call from a city church We will

sing two stanzas of the bymn, beginning "Awake, my soul, stretch every nerve, And press with vigor on."

There was an amusing episode at the com encement exercises of the Georgetown uni-

versity on June 23, writes a Washington correspondent. Archbishop Hyan of correspondent. Archbishop Hyan of Philadelphia delivered an eloquent address on "Civil and Religious Liberty." conclusion Cardinal Gibbons was asked to say a few words. The cardinal expresses the pleasure with which he had listened to the archbishop, and then recailed the famo will of Daniel Girard, the Philadelphia phil anthropist, who, in bequeathing the money for the Girard institute, stipulated expressly that no religious instruction should be even

included in the curriculum. He then passed on to Daniel Webster's great speech on that will, and added that never since that speech had he heard the subject treated in so mas terly a manner as it had been handled today the distinguished archbishop of Phila delphia. Indeed, it was a striking coincidence that, not only did the two speakers agree on many thoughts, but that in many

instances the reverend sneaker today had made eloquent use of identical language of his great predecessor. The audience smiled audibly, and looked at Archbishop Ryan. The latter arose when Cardinal Gibbons had concluded. "I feel that the words of Cardinal Globons call for some little explanation on my part," he said, " can only say that while I am proud to have agreed with Daniel Webster, I did it unwit which the cardinal refers. But 1 drew my in-

and breaks up a cold in a few hours. Price, Munyon's Cough Cure stops coughs, night tweats, allays soreness, and speedily heals the lungs. Price, 25c, Munyon's Kidney Cure speedily cures pains n the back, loins or groins and all forms of kidvey disease. Price, 25c. Munyon's Hendache Cure stops headache in

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pains left me completely. I improved stead-ily and soon was able to throw away my crutches. Now I can walk as well as ever

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made a complete cure."

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tbree minutes. Price, 25c. Munyon's Pile Ointment positively cures all forms of piles. Price, 25c. Munyon's Blood Cure eradicates all im-

purifies of the blood. Price, 25c. Munyon's Female Remedies are a boon to

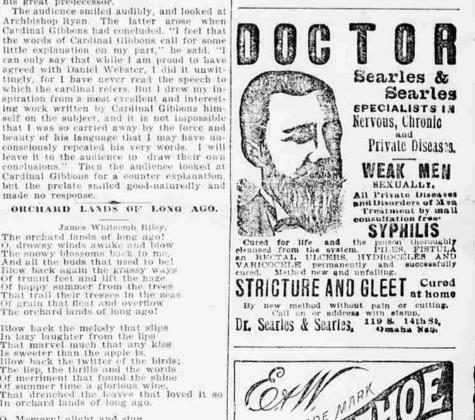
11 women, Munyon's Asthma Remedies relieve in 3 ninutes and cure permanently. Price, \$1. Munyon's Catarrh Remedies never

The Catarrh Cure-price 25c-eradicates the disease from the system, and the Catarrh Tablets-price 25c-cleanse and heal the parts.

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Munyon's Vitallzer restores lost vigor. Price, \$1. A separate cure for each disease. At all

iruggists, mostly 25c a vial. Personal letters to Prof. Munyon, 1505 Arch street, Philadelphia, Pa., answered with free medical advice for any disease.



his way hastily from the place. "Now, don't tech er speak ter me," ad-monished the grizzied nondescript. "I can't take my eyes off'n these 'er rattlers when

I'm performin' with them." We held our breath as he slowly thrust his bared arm and hand into the mass of working monsters. First, up came a big four-foot bull snake, which he carelessly handed to Martha, and which with the one she already had she coile" about her neck. Another and another he handed to the child, until she was almost completely hidden within their chilly folds, then he turned to Albert, carefully and softly caressing an ugly big rattlesnake, and said:

"'Er', sonny, git a good holt of Daisy's neek, 'er', an' I'll show the gentlemens her fangs.

Albert did as directed, grasping the serpent firmly just back of its diamond-shaped head, while his father, with the broad blade of his hunting knife, which dangled from a chain attached to his belt, he open its mouth, and getting the blade under the hook-shaped fangs, pulled them forth so all could plainly see the greenishpoison exuding from their needle-like points upon the steel blade, to prove that his tets had not been dectored. Then Jack lifted up the tail of the reptile and invited us to feel of the articulated horny buttons with which it vibrates the air and produces that ratiling sound of warning. It didn't take us long to get a sufficiency of Rattlemake Jack, and after dropping a coin in his shriveled paim we broke pell-mell for the open air like a lot of victims of the im-jams. Of course, a lot more could be written of this strange and repulsive charjim-jams. acter, but there are more pleasing things on which to dwell. He told me that his name was Alexander McIntyre and that he came to this courts that he came to this country thirty years ago from Scotland. He settled and married in Michigan and has spent his whole life trapping. Snakes he catches for pastime. Last winter he caught and killed 300 north of Sheridan, Wyo., and this spring four big gray fellows, twenty-two coyotes Wyo., and this spring and a number of wildcats, in the country roundabout Rushville.

ON THE ROAD TO THE AGENCY.

By 9 o'clock we were enroute for the agency, with Rattlesuake Pete handling the ribbons in our wagon, and "Hear Tracks" in the Judge's. A drive of twenty-five miles lay before us. And what a giorious drive it was, across the rolling prairie, grand and picturesque in its very monotony and geneousnous; down the White Clay valley, unsurpassed in its matchless Creek valley. loveliness and varied attractions, from the slivery sinucsities of the dashing stream, flashing from out oak and elm bower here and shimmering across a sandy stretch there, to the sun-bathed summits of the distant buttes and the far off shadows of the Black Hills. The whole country is one be anything else. Plowshare should never be allowed to break that virgin soil, for agriculture, save only in favored spais, is out of the question, but grazing in abundance perennial. Cattlemen say the coun-try never looked better and that their prosposts are brighter than they have been in many a year. No lean or scraggy stock is Fourth to be encountered; all are fat and slick, as thrither

THE CAMP ON WOLF CREEK.

After a brief rest and light refreshments ur party moved on through the straggling little hamlet out onto the prairie and down into the valley of Wolf creek, where we itched our camp. Judge Dundy and Marshal White, however, did not accompany us; they, with Attorney Sawyer, had been invited to remain with Major Clapp at his quarters, but the United States barrister was game to the core, and he preferred to remain close to the heart of nature, with the rest of us hardy scouts, so he came along and went into camp with us. Everything in ship shape about the bivouac, we in charge of Sam, the cook, and went out broad plateau east of the agency.

where the Indians had struck their temporary metropolis. And what a panorama greeted our de-

lighted senses! The sun was dropping close down to the rim of the distant foothills, hot and flery. There was not a cloud to mar the clearness of the great arch of the sky. The air was redolent of the almost suffocating scents of the burnt prairie, but a balmy breeze, like the perfumed breath of a maiden, purled gently over the almost livid plain and made tolerable.

Pine Ridge agency consists of the govern nent quarters, residences, barracks and of distant buttes and the far off shadows of the Black Hills. The whole country is one measureless pasture-land, and can never be auything else. Plowshare should never the silowed to break that virgin soil, for East of this little hamlet is a plateau

of miles and miles in extent, and upon this were pitched the tepees of the Indians who had assembled from all over this and adjacent reservations to commemorate the Fourth. It was a natural stage for the to be encountered; all are fat and slick, as if corn-fed in the heart of the best and richest grain country in the world. The scone was indeed a superb one. The plains, with their mottes of timber, stretch. thridling action so soon to take place there.

There was the tall Chevenne. tribes

with lithe and graceful figure, in scanty apparel and wild accoutrements, splendid ecimens of the native warrior Thei imbs are clean and well shaped, their waists small and chests deep and broad. Their hair, which is long, black and wiry, is worn hanging down over their shoulders, held with a single thong, in which is stuck three or four variegated quills of the hawk's or eagle's wing. They are austere in counte nance, keen-eyed, and as quick and furtive as cats. They are great horsemen and were terrors on the plains in the days of early emigration. The Brule Sloux are also a majestic lot, big and powerful, but stolid low browed and naturally bloodthirsty and They made a wild picture, indeed, as shrick of rage which meant that actual busi they galloped by in bands of four or five, in their barbarie holiday attire of wolf-skins, ness must commence. And it did. As Sunkihito's little buckskin skirrled away straight for the black barrier of Ogalallas bulls' horns, feathers and scarlet robes. are sullen and covert in act and like a big, rapacious vulture, which, having wheeled on poised wings for the time necessuperstitious and suspicious the rearest approach to the poor Mr. Lo in his original savagery than any of the northsary to insure its victim, makes the final swoop upon its prey, the whole wild mob western tribes. And they look just what they are, rancorous and bloodthirsty, and ollowed like a feathered and painted avalanche, screaming in their uncontrollabl greed for blood as if fearful of being to were it not for the overshadowing fear of Uncle Sam's minions they would go back to the old game with tomahawk, lance late to reap their measure of the sanguinary torch and scalping knife too quick. They deasure. A responsive yell of savage anger arose tate a white man today with all the bitter from the now moving Ogalallas, and in a moment more the two bands were together intensity of forty years ago. Contact with the soldiery and the white settler has had but little ameliorating effect. Under the and fighting for seeming extermination in a blinding maeistrom of smoke and dust. Notwithstanding the knowledge of the mimic character of the whole affair it was paint they are the same evil-minded, plotting murderous devils they were in the years gone by. The whooping and yelping sufficient to make one's blood run like ice Ogallala is but little better than his brother water through his veins, so real did the whole thing appear. As I aptly said in my He is not quite so sullen and moros and a better and more open warrior. Still he hates the Caucasian covertly as enthusitelegram on the day, it was a literal cataciasm of painted and shricking warriors astically as ever, but he has a better mode of concealing the sentiments within his red breast than the myrmidons of Waucouta and bedaubed and snorting ponies; writhing, struggling, twisting and convoluting in and Spotted Tail. The Ogallala is fond of and out, around and among one another, like snakes in deadly coil entwined. The sharp fanciful trappings and is always interesting on account of his grotesque paraphernalia and picturesque bearing, and contrasts strongly with the dark featured Crow and report of the Winchester, the twang of th how and fierce, horrid cries of exultation and pain, make a dln as terrible as it was deafening. The squaws, too, were now all

wrists and ankles, beads, feathers and

Major Clapp had issued peremptory orders

that there should be no war dancing until devils of the lower region upon that fair on the Fourth, and the evening in question plain. A thousand wild voices were raised terpsichorean pleasures. After supper we were early on the ground, and watched a squaw dance among the Brules. There were no lights save those furnished by an flickering illumination the suggestiveness data and the second the secon tickering illumination the suggestiveness of the scene can well be imagined.

A dozen bucks, cowled in either heavy black or ghostly white robes, enfolded com-pletely from head to foot, gather in a tight tircle around a huge tom-tom or bass drum. position, plying their doein an erect skinned sticks with varied energy the white, and emitting a guttural jingling jabber, to which the squaws time their stiff-legged maneuvers. Wrapped in their gaudy blank-ets, they stand close together in a circle around the chanting bucks, and sing and circle with an indescribable perpendicular vement, until a signal is given for momentary rest. This is a short, sharp "yip yip" from some old chief, and when it is once sounded the tom-tom beaters lay down their sticks, and the half mournful, half jubilating binotonous cries of the weaving

squaws grow fainter and fainter, in lingering cadence of chill and lugubrious sound, like the wail of a los soul And this is the song they sang: "Tokeya lese, tokeya lese, tehani kte! "Tahah ilo lece tie wa kici wa!

"On kte ka tehan lese, wa ki wa! "To keya nesa kte li ci ti wa!" Transcribed into United States it runs: Where are you going?

Where are you going? You are going far away to leave me "Who shall be with me when you leav nei

"Shake hands with me, for you are going The next morning we were jostled out o

our dreams by a thunder of wild shrieks and exploding Winchesters, and harrying from the tent witnessed another scene of thrilling interest. The bucks were all out, and, on their little rats of ponies, were

The squaws were now in an ecstasy of es

began the war songs of their nation. citement and their shrill wailings and othe solemn rites increased in fervor as the sought to stimulate their husbands, brother

and sons to deeds of valor. With them the unreal was real so far as appearances went while there was little less deception on the part of the warriors. Suddenly Sunkihito, or Blue Horse, an ole

circling 'round and 'round among them-selves in a perfect delirium of insane ferocity, shrieking in that wild way that

makes it impossible to determine which sentiment is swaying them, exultation or

lamentation. It seemed for a brief moment

as if the mighty shock had evoked all th

fearful import, with that continual hoarse

murmur that results from the commingling of many voices in loud and confused clamor.

Now it was Big Elk's ringing cry, now

Standing Bear's, or the counterfelt scream of death from some helpless follower, that

rose above the general roar and carried far

over the sunny plain its story of triumph.

But the scene of carnage was at last over. In a heavy cloud the smoke and dust rolled

off to the east, leaving a clear view of the

battlefield. And well those dusky soldiers had played their part; it was a sham of

riot and murder the white man could not imitate. The dead and dying were scattered in all directions and riderless ponies were

frightful sounds.

revenge or despair.

There came a grand conjunction of sounds. Shouts and screams of

ningling

ip-yip! Hi, hi, oh wa, ho wa, ho ko, awa, he, fo and ferocious warrior, whom tradition says ran down a full-grown gray wolf on the Laramie plains twenty years ago, and who

moi no, hi, yi, hi-yi he! Yip-yip-yip-yip!" There you are. The perfect thing. The can yet today follow a man's track acros war song of the Sloux as I took it with mental camera on the spot. the naked plain at a full gallop with the un erring precision of a bloodhound, broke from out the line of impatient Brules with As the last yip-yip-yip rang out upon the

ay yah.

evening air the whole crowd of bucks sprang to their feet as one man in a delirium of excitement and the dance was on. Th squaws set up their discordant while, the dancers their gutteral songs, and with the jingling of bells and clang of brass, and the muffled roar of the tom-toms, the scene was a thrillingly spectacular one. Buck after buck, bedecked and bedaubed, with horse tails and coyote skins for scalp locks, with bulls' horns projecting from their heads, and big bone rings in their noses, fell into the whirling and tangled multitude, until the

entire male portion of the assemblage was numbered in its dizzy and indescribable nazes. In the weird firelight the sight was mazes. creepy and gruesome enough, but a remo from the genuine article, a scene of wild terror, the fiendish and gleaming coun-

tenances of those seemingly maddened be ings receiving additional ferocity from the appalling discord in which they mingled their unearthly volces. Easy was it to imagine the terrors of the hostile days, as the fagots grew brighter and fiercer, and threw shadows of those half naked brutes in fantastic and hideous shapes, far over the black prairie, and it wasn't just exactly a sense of perfect security that took pos session of the lookers on.

All night long, or until way after mid-night, was this unseemly revely maintained, and not until the small hours in the morning, did the doleful chant of the squaws, and the muffied trumming of the tom-toms give way to the lonely bark of cur, the whinney of pony and the distant cry of the amazed coyote, as the tinge of the opal began to creep into the eastern sky.

THE DEATH OF JUMOMIE.

And such was the Indians' celebration of the Fourth of July, 1896, at the historical agency on Pine Ridge. Its like may never be known on earth again. Old residents are of that opinion. They say there will never be another commemoration on such an elaborate and extensive scale. The Sioux is in his last days. Their glory will soon de-part forever. Only in tradition, song and part forever. Only in tradition, song and story will they continue to exist. They can never be civilized and made self-support-ing. They will always be wards and pro-O Lord/

ing. They will always be wards and pen-sioners of the government. Like the buffalo, they must go by sheer crowding out. The wild conditions necessary to their existence are disappearing and the last remnants o this great aboriginal nation must follow fast Of course I have not told a thousandth

part of what we heard and saw. That would keep my dull brains taxed and pencil moving for days to come. I have not told of the tragic death of the young warrior. Jumomie, who was stricken with quick con sumption days before and breathed his last within the welrd arena where the war dance was being performed, and the mournful chant and droning of the squaws and the stirring thunder of the tom-toms filled his ears. It was a picture that will live long in the memory of those who beheld it. Out-stretched upon an old robe of tattered cow and wolf skins, with a single speechless and immobile squaw standing by his side, we watched with feelings akin to supersti-415 months.

In all directions and riderless ponies were galloping aimlessly about or standing faith-fully by the side of their fallen masters. Of course we had no way of telling who had won the day and had I been refereeing the affair I would have been eminently justified in calling it a draw. Not so with old Red Cloud. It was with proud mien and jealous cyc he had watched the work of his kith and kin the Organias. and when something like kin, the Ogalalias, and when something like tion and awe, his waning seconds. He ap-peared to have closed his accounts with the world and to await merely for the final win, the organization and when something like order had settled once more over the sur-roundiags, he strode forth and presented the haughty but sadly disheveled Standing Bear with a beaded sack of gold. summons to quit it. It had been at his own request that he was carried to die amidst RED CLOUD AND LITTLE WOUND. these wild scenes he loved so well, and it was his wife who stood beside him. With melancholy solicitude she watched the flick The rest of the day was occupied with horse and foot racing and kindred games, but in the evening came the crowning feature, at least 10 me, of the whole wild ering variations of his swarthy, yet pallif countenance, as if she would read the work-ing of his soul in those shrinking lineaments ration, and that was Red Cloud's speech and the war dance. Days before the Fourth the Indians had During the whole of that solemn and anxious eriod each individual of the tribe kept his blace in the most self-restrained patience. built an arena on the plain by dragging pine trees from the distant canyons and planting The wild dance never wavered. The expir-ing Jumomie occasionally opened his them in a circle, enclosing an era of possibly a quarter of an acre. Here the senile and patriarchal old chieftain made his oration ing Jumomie occasionally opened his sunken eyes and seemed to fix his gaze on

James Whiteemb Biley, The orchard lands of long ago! O drowsy winds awake and blow The snowy blossoms back to me, And all the buds that used to be! covered sticks and in low but musical tones And an the buds that used to be Blow back again the grassy ways of trunnt feet and lift the haze of happy summer from the trees That trail their treeses in the sea Of grain that float and overflow The orchard lands of long ago! "Ip pole, ola, ola, ay ga ay yah, aye yah Ip pore, ola , ola, ola, ola ay yah, ay yah. Oh, aha, oh hi-yi, hi-yi, yip-yip-yip, he!

Ho-ho-ho, ah ma, na, na, ho-ho, ha, yi Blow back the melody that slips In lazy laughter from the lips That marvel much that any kiss Is sweeter than the apple is. Ilow back the twitter of the birds; The lisp, the thrills and the words Of merriment that found the shine Of summer time a glorious wine. That drenched the leaves that loved i In orchard lands of long ago.

O. Memory! alight and sing Where rosy-belied pippins cling, And golden russets glint and gleam As in the old Arabian dream— The fruits of that enchanted tree The glad Ahadin robbed for me! And drowsy winds, awake and fan My blood as when it overran, A beart rine as the angles rrow. A heart ripe as the apples grow, In orchard lands of long ago!

SOME OLD TIMERS.

Mrs. Mary Cassell, the oldest person in Jacksonville, Fla., died last Monday, aged 98 years. She left children to the fifth generation Mrs. Mary Dean Chickering of Norwood. Mass, near Boston, has just celebrated her 99th birthday. She was married seventy-

five years ago, and has been a member of the Congregational church for eighty years. Mr. Blackmore, the English novelist, has just celebrated his 71st birthday. George Macdonald is his senior, being 72. Mr. Meredith and Mrs. Oliphant are each 68. Miss Braddon is 59. Sir Walter Besant 58. Ouida 56 and Mr. William Black 55. Dr. Thomas Hua of Albany, N. Y., wh

died recently, was born in 1802. He was for many years dean of the Albany Medical college, and was president of the Albany County Medical society in 1844-45. In 1863, in company with Dr. Mason F. Cogswell, he visited the western hospitals for the chari-ties commissioners. He also attended the University of Pennsylvania, and completed his medical studies by a long stay Paris.

Miss Fanny Crosby, the hymn writer, h now more than 70 years of age. Though she has been blind almost from birth she is always happy and cheerful. For thirty we years she has been in the employ of a firm in New York. Among the hymni-which she has written are: "Safe in the Arms of Jesus," "Resoue the Perishing," "Jesus, Keep Mc Near the Cross," "Com-tes the Sarlor" and "Keep Theorem Ms. We hymm in the to the Savior" and "Keep Thou My Way

The most remarkable instance of longevity in the history of the Nutmeg state, per-haps, is noted in the Kimball family of the town of Preston, one member of it, Mrz Abby S. Cook, who is passing the closing years of her life in the home of her daugh corn. Mrs. William H. Cook, at Norwich Conn. having celebrated the nineticth anniversary of her birthday last month. Mrs Cook is the widow of the late Isaac H. Cool

of Presion. A large number of her rel-atives, friends and neighbors called at her home on her anniversary day and congrutu-lated her, and the venerable lady, who is still hale and active and of a cheerful spirit, entertained them. Mrs. Cook is a member of a family of eight children, sons and daughters of Elisha and Lucy Lathrop Kimball, all of whom are allye and in yigorous health, with the exception of Sybil A. Branch, the eldest, who died tw years ago at Roxbury, Mass., aged 50 years

A NERO OF THE WAR.

During the attack upon Fort S he carly days of the rebellion, attle was raging at its flercest, uttering, fell within ten feet of a square

f men. Bpellbound with horror, not a man move u expecting instant death. One lut II expecting instant death. One little rishman, however, jump d quickly from the roup, grasped the fuse in his hands and ubbed it out. And then went back to work. That which might have laid a hundred gen cold in death was now a harniless bit f iron.

of Iron. Disease, like a sputtering fuse, may often be nigoed in the nick of time. Just so Dr. Hobbs Sparagus Kidney Pills have saved thousands of lives by their timely action, and they stand foday as great a tero in the fight against disease and death as was the little frishman within the walls of Fort Sumter.



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