Thrilling Episode of Colonial Times in

ESCAPE WITH THEIR SCALPS

How a Vermont Boy Saved His Father and Himself from a Terrible Death-Story of Heroism.

General Burgoyne started from Canada for | crust is thick erough to bear it now. Then | ful mothers who are launching their debu-Albany, and his name was David Spafford. help me down, and we will make one He lived with his father and mother and desperate effort to get away." two little sisters on a farm away up in the Green mountains of Vermont, where the winters are long and the snow sometimes lies four feet deep for weeks at a time. I from the haymow, and did as he was bid.

WILD SLEIGH RIDE FOR LIFE every few minutes drinking again and again of the rum. One after another of the savages became so intoxicated as to fall down in the snow, and then they rolled over and over in the feathers, which stuck to their bodies, until finally every one of the band lay there, stupefied with liquor, unable to

All this time David and his father, hidden in the hay, scarcely dared to breathe, for fear of betraying themselves, but now had

come the moment for action. "We can't tell how many more of the savages may be coming along, and so we dare not kill these, although it would be an easy matter," said Mr. Spafford. "It's almost daylight, too, and we must be moving. Open the rear door, David, and push This boy was 15 years old in 1777, when the bobsled out on the snow-I guess the

The Slide to Safety.

The brave boy crawled noiselessly down for the cold was intense. Then he stepped that a messenger came to Mr. Spafford's push with one foot. The sleigh moved

Marriageable Men Who Rank Highest in the World of Fashion.

Most Promising of America's Matrimonial Markets-Youth, Beauty and Wealth, with a Sprinkling

of Graybeards. NEW YORK, Jan. 5 .- To wise and watchtante daughters in New York society this to the financial status of possible suitors, myself have known the weather to be so He placed a quantity of straw in the sleigh as all New York society mothers assuredly It was about the middle of August, 1777, in himself, as he did so giving a slight Vanderbilt and John Jacob Astor are no longer to be counted among the probable



A HORRIBLE YELL, AND THE INDIAN SEEMED TO LEAP OFF HIS BOARD INTO THE AIR.

farm and told how Burgoyne had been trav- | slowly, but soon gathered momentum, for big prizes of a season, still there is a eling southward from Canada with thou- back of the barn was a steep valley running flock of eligibles, ranging in age from 20 sands of British regulars and many hundreds of Indian allies who were wild with in all that sweep there was not a tree, or to \$10,000,000, sufficient in number to give portion almost intact to her only child. Add desire to kill, scalp and burn. The mes- a stump sticking up above the snow, for every debutante an excellent fighting chance, to this reckoning William C. Whitney's senger, added that one of the savages, a warrior so tall and heavy as to be a glant, and known as the Wyandet Panther, had a friend at Fort Edward.

After this act General Burgoyne had lost control of his Indians, and in small bands they were overrunning the country. Mr. Spafford must come at once and join a com-pany of Vermont farmers, who, under Col-onel Stark, were going to protect their homes and drive Indians and Hessians alike and was badly wounded at the battle of Bennington. After that he was taken home and stayed until winter came, when he insisted that his wife and daughters should go to make a long visit in a large town some twenty miles away.

Thus it happened that when New Year's day came David Spafford and his father were living alone in the farm house, taking care of the horses and cows, and hoping each morning word would be brought that peace had been declared.

One night while they were in bed they heard a man shouting and kicking at the door. David jumped up and let him in. He was a farmer who lived five or six miles further in the mountains. His clothing was torn, his face was covered with blood, and he had snowshoes on his feet.

"I can't stop!" he cried out. "I only came to let you know that Indians have burned my house and murdered all my family, and I am now fleeing for my life! They will soon be here and you must start at once!"

Devising Means of Escape. Then he turned and sped into the darkness again. For a moment David stood as if stunned. The awful news completely terrifled him: but no time was to be lost. He glanced up the mountainside, and the clouds away off glared with the reflection of the burning buildings. The lad knew it would be simply impossible for his father to escape on showshoes, for his wounds had left him so stiff in both legs that he could scarcely walk about the house. Yet something must be done at once.

In such a time one's wits work quickly. and David Spafford had wits to spare. He suddenly remembered that he had a pair of snowshoes exactly like those worn by the man who had given the alarm. So he dressed rapidly and put on the snowshoes and ran back and forth between the house and the barn several times, making half a dozen tracks in the snow. Then he took the horses and cows out of the barn and laid the whip on them so vigorously that they ran out toward the road as fast as they could go. By this time Mr. Spafford had managed to dress himself. "Good!" he said to his son. "Now, do you

think you can carry me to the barn?" "I'll try," David replied, and taking his father on his back like a sack of flour, he ceeded in getting him into the barn and buried in the hay mow.

"It's growing colder," said Mr. Spafford, "and if the crust keeps hardening on the snow we have one chance of escape. Haul the bobsled across the barn floor until it in just in front of that door in the rear, en bring our guns here and hide yourand a big risk, but it is the only one, if we want to save our scalps!"

"I see your idea!" the boy cried, and he did as he was told. Father and son had lain there, buried in the hay, scarcely half an hour when, through a chink in the barn, they saw seven Indian warriors surrounding the house. The savages staggered and some of them fairly reeled, for they had swallowed so much rum as to be quite drunk. Several had bloody scalps dangling from their belts.
"I had scarcely hoped for it," Mr. Spafford

whispered, "but they are so drunk they can hardly follow the trail of the snowshoes, and maybe we will outwit them after

Orgy of the Savages.

After staggering around the house some of the Indians went inside, while others came toward the barn; but after glancing at the empty stalls they rejoined their fellows, who set up a loud shouting. Pretty soon two or three of them rolled out of the house a cask of New England rum, and knocked the head in and commenced to drink heavily. Then some more pulled two or three feather beds out into the moonlight, and ripping them open with their leave por snives, commenced to throw the feathers ap into the air, dancing and singing, and the Grant.

down for five miles to the frozen river; and sleigh seemed to leap forward like a deer, ened snow aroused some of the Indians, and with a flendish yell threw himself on i headlong, as a boy nowadays will throw himself on a sled. This huge, painted shricking savage came sliding down the hillside at amazing speed, but he could not catch up with the heavier sleigh. Still he was so near that Mr. Spafford dared to take no chances; and resting his musket on the seat of the sled, he aimed it and pulled the trigger. There was a puff of smoke, a loud report, and a horrible yell, and the Indian eemed to leap off his board into the air. half turning as he did so; and when he struck the snow again, rolling over and over until he came to a full stop, and lay there dead, his dark body outstretched on

the white crust. "Did you hit him, father?" asked David. He spoke with difficulty, for he was continually exerting his full strength in guiding the bounding sleigh and could not afford to look back for an instant.

"Yes, and he's done for, my son." Then both were silent. On and on sped he sleigh down the mountainside, and to David the snow had a curious appearance it seemed as if he were sitting still while the great white mass rushed by him uphill. But the cold, cutting wind in his face was so strong as to dispel this illusion. It almost took away his breath. One mile two miles, three, four, five, they went, until the river was reached; and then came the most dangerous place of all, for the sleigh leaped off the bank and fell a yard below to the ice. But it landed right side up, and by good luck there was a clear space of ice straight across where the wind had swept a broad path in the snow. In far less time than it takes to tell of it the sleigh had skimmed over to the opposite bank, and there its occupants met a party of farmer soldiers and lumbermen, who had heard of the raid from the messenger on snowshoes, and had started to rescue them But David and his father had rescued themselves, so they borrowed a horse to take their sleigh forward to the town, where Mrs Spafford and her little girls were staying. and the company of rangers hastened on

in pursuit of the Indians. A Narrow Escape.

Thankful words written by Mrs. Ada E. Hart of Groton, S. D.: "Was taken with a bad cold which settled on my lungs; cough set in and finally terminated in consumption. Four doctors gave me up, saying I could live but a short time. I gave myself up to my Savior, determined if I could not stay with my friends on earth I would meet absent ones above. My buswould not stay with my friends on earth I would meet absent ones above. My husband was advised to get Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, Coughs and Colds. I gave it a trial, took in all eight bottles. It has cured me, and, thank God. I am saved and now a well and healthy woman." Trial bottles free at Kuhn & Co.'s drug store. Regular size 50c and \$1.00, guaranteed or price refunded.

Murdered for His Property. Murdered for His Property.

BENICIA, Cai., Jan. 11.—After two years of mystery the authorities of Solano county believe they have captured the murderer of Daniel H. Wilson, an old rancher, who was assassinated on the night of October 9, 1896, at his own door. The officials have arrested J. W. Miller, the brother-in-law of Wilson, and have charged him with the crime. Three other arrests are to follow. A series of damaging facts have been collected against the accused man and his sister, her mother, Mrs. E. G. Dickinson, and H. W. McEwen. The murder is asserted to have been committed to secure possession of the ranch. mitted to secure possession of the ranch, which he threatened to deed to one of his

In millions of homes Dent's Toothache Gum is a welcome remedy. Druggists, 15c.

Preparing Transports for Mantle. NEW YORK, Jan. 11.—The transport Mobile arrived here today to fit out for conveying troops to Manila. The Mohawk is also being prepared for the same puprose. Each will carry 1,800 men. The names of these transports will be changed before they leave port again. The Mobile is to be known as the Sherman and the Mohawk as the Grant.

years previous. Within half a minute the there can be counted not less than one society this winter, is one of the heirs of murdered the beautiful daughter of a Scotch and then it shot down the mountainside with the big colleges; and the most promising clergyman, Jenny McCrea, who was visiting the speed of an express train. The noise feature about this condition is, that this made by the whirring runners on the hard- generation of beaux shows a marked inhastening through the barn they saw the nellus Vanderbilt, jr., out of college than Two of the savages fired their he found his mate; young Livermore but a muskets at David, who was standing up in year graduated from Yale promptly took to the sleigh and steering it, but they were so himself a wife last month and, moreover, drunk that their bullets went wide of the a preference is shown for selecting brides mark. A third seized a long board and in their native city and among their pretty

In the mind of the thoughtful chaperone

Of course there are bright particular stars shining out in each of these three grades sition his uncle George held for so long. Vanderbilt Heirs.

William Vanderbilt's boy will not have so

the society men who deserve the title of partis are easily classified. They come under three heads, those who are admired essentially for wit, grace and good looks; next, bachelors and widowers who are getting along, have weathered many seasons of lovely girls whose fortunes are as big as their hearts, and who are always worth hoping and trying for. Add to these the Croesuses under 28 and you have the mar-

and among the special parties of the winter are the fresh-faced Vanderbuilt boys. They are the sons of the brothers, Cornelius and William K., and are just out of college. Alfred, Cornelius, sr.'s son, is a fine fellow recently turned into his twenties. He made his debut under his mother's wing at Newport last summer. He is undeniably his father's hope and favorite, while he pleases his mother by taking to society as a duck does to water. Like all the Vanderbilts he is perfectly generous, with an excellent head for business, and there is not a shadow of a doubt in any chaperone's mind that before Easter this \$10,000,000 prize will have selected his wife. It is the habit of the men of his family to marry young and with perfect independence of the usual considerations in smart society, so in a measure Alfred is regarded as the successor in the po-

dozen young follows just graduated from his enormously rich uncle, is a sharer in the clination for matrimony. Hardly was Cor-

ket just as it looks to any belie.

curling brown hair, is athletic and very and most exclusive society. much fonder of his outdoor sports than ball THE ELIGIBLE LIST rooms and opera boes. Perhaps in the eyes of the little debutante he is none the less to the Rhinelander family, than which there self to be propelled through the door, and his heart is said to be very obstinately fixed possesses beautiful White Lodge at Newport on a pretty maid in Baltimore, whom he splendid jewels and pictures, is cultivated rather sheepishly, and I asked the conductor met at a college commencement and who is in mind, is tall and fair like an English-confidentially how he dared take such still too young to be out. The gossips don't man and his fortune is variously estimated, hesitate to say that when she is old enough but always well up in the millions. Like

undergraduate days. Perhaps of the young set, among those in New York City and is, therefore, about whose names rank next in the dowager's winter a more promising matrimonial mar- Yale, heir to the famous villa Vinland at ket was never open. That is, if they are Newport, that was built by his cousin, Miss ambitious parents socially and have an eye Catherine Wolf, and of a fortune from his father of a million. Great as is the influence of wealth and social position, young cold there that ice formed in the river more and wrapped his father up in a buffalo robe. have. It is perfectly true, of course, that Lorillard would be sure to flutter the estates such as are possessed by George hearts in debutante-dom because of his decidedly romantic beauty. Hunting and books are rather more absorbing interests to this eligible than frivolity, and it is well known that whoever his wife is, she will enjoy the wearing of some of the most gor-

geous of the Wolf jewels. More of a distinct favorite than any of the dancing girls is Reggie Brooks, par excellence the smart society youth. Without boasting tremendous intellectual force or overpowering good looks, what he says and does is carefully repeated everywhere, and the mothers regard him as the brightest fish in matrimonial waters. He is simply a capable, wholesome, kindly youngster, whose dot, so to speak, is a round million. He leads the younger generation at the Knickerbocker club, is admittedly the best dressed man in New York and is frankly fond of dencing and fleeting flirtations.

Somewhat older than these products of Yale and Harvard training, are a couple of interesting and good looking men who belong to very rich Catholic families. They are Nathaniel Reynal and Tom Kelly. The first is a mighty cross-country rider, with a cool million in his pocket and the second is a slender fellow with beautiful Irish blue eyes, a couple of million as his fortune and a marked devotion to music. He lives in luxurious bachelor quarters, and hires Melba, Edouard de Reszke and Theresa to sing or play at his sumptuous musicales given under his sister's or his mother's chaperonage.

Some of the Bluebloods.

Quite equal in wealth to any of these is Marshall Kernochan, related on all sides to the bluest blood in New York City, the only heir to his mother's and his aunt's millions, and a clever planist. The dowagers all look on him graciously, for he is exceedingly social in his taste, as are the blonde and athletic young Burdens, I. Townsend, jr., and William, who will be able to support wives on their respective \$50,000 each year. While to swell the list of eligible beaux must be added the only son of Chauncey Depew. Chauncey, jr., has fallen heir to all his father's gifts and graces, and ultimately will come not only into the paternal fortune, but as well that of his mother, who to 50 years, and in fortunes from \$250,000 died some years ago, leaving her marriage a stump sticking up above the snow, for every debutante an excellent fighting chance. to this reckoning William C. Whitney's all had been burned off in a great forest fire Among the eligibles mentioned above second son, Payne, who has come into



TRYING TO CATCH HIS TUNE.

great estate his mother left, and you have got the cream of the younger beaux. If a girl who is pretty, clever and bent on placing herself well, fails to carry off prize from this group, she need never say die so long as the older bachelors are left. These are the men, after all, whose attentions give a woman an enviable sort of social placing, for to be taken out at a dance arge a fortune as his cousin, for Alfred is by Lispenard Stewart, Woodbury Kane or



heritance to put him second on the list of George Ronald's gorgeous Tuxedo cottage, young millionaire hopes and he is classed is to establish a woman at once as a belle. among the handsome men in society. He To marry any one of these men is to attain has a well modeled head covered with crisp, at a bound a leading place in the wealthiest

Some Old Benux. Lispenard Stewart, for example, belongs admired for his shyness and for the fact that is none more aristocratic in America. He he will go a-courting the sweetheart of his the Astors, his income flows in from some of the most valuable real estate holdings differently. One of the first things you've

> as solid as a fortune can be. In closest comparison with this amiable Croesus is Robert Hargous, who is dark and rather foreign looking and is the brother of beautiful Mrs. George de Forest. One of his favorite possessions and resorts is a magnificent apartment in the Venetian palace where Desdemona lived. He spends a generous portion of his large income in collecting bric-a-brac, as does Mr. Walters the son of the famous art lover of Balti



THE GILDED FOOL.

more. Mr. Walters inherited his father's great fortune and collection and his love of art, and is considered one of the mos cultured men in New York society. Wealthiest undoubtedly of all these older unmarried men is J. J. Van Alen, a widower and son-in-law of Mrs. Astor. His estate is conservatively reckoned at \$3,000,000, his Elizabethan cottage is one of the most sumptuous in that city of little palaces, and like Robert Hargous, he spends half of every year in his equally beautiful home in Eng-

The chaperone who knows her hunting grounds well, itemizes Barton Willing, Mrs. John Jacob Astor's Philadelphia brother, and the two sons of Potter Palmer in the list of worthy quarry. Tom Thorn, who has \$50,000 a year and is the composer of two operas, "The Maid of Plymouth and Leonardo;" the two Cutting boys, John Berwin, the widower, with a million; Chauncey Depew, sr., and young Roger Winthrop are all distinctly in her good book, possibly in her

prayers. She looks somewhat askance, however, at he Beau Brummel of New York, Winthrop Rutherford, who has, by his extraordinary good looks, his grace as a dancer, his supreme skill in all the fine social arts, the ower of turning the heads of the most mercenary debutante. He is not a marrying man, so say the wiseacres; he is not in the least a millionaire and the sharpest cossips have never had it against him that he hunted fortunes. His name alone signifies that he has the right of way to all that is best in New York society, but for all that the matron who has a daughter to steer into the smooth waters of a successful matrimonial alliance have him down in their books with danger signals, since it is very well known that there is many a pretty girl who would gladly sacrifice her hopes of a princely fortune had this interesting personage any taste for that doubtful venture, love in a cottage.

Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup for throat irritation is invaluable in the home. 25 cts. HOT LITTLE MAN.

Called Down by a Small Conductor

with a Large Nerve. "I was on a chair car in Texas a few nights ago 'tother side of San Antonio," said a New Orleans business man to a Times reporter, "when a typical frontier tough got aboard. He was a little chap, but powerfully built, and about half drunk. As soon as he came in he drew a revolver that looked as big as a stovepipe and bawled out: 'I'm the hottest man this side of Et Paso. I can lick any galoot on the train. There were some ladies at the far end of the car, and a goodlooking man, who was with them, half rose as if to put a stop to the disturbance. He reconsidered the enterprise however, and sent for the conductor instead. Meanwhile the wandering eyes of the stranger lit on the head-rests of the chairs, which were rounded, padded disks about a foot across. Naturally they were suggestive of targets, and he proceeded to draw a bead on several. The occupants promptly sought seclusion under the seats, greatly to the edification of the bad man with the gun. 'Wow! wow!' he roared, 'I'm the hottest gent in Texas. Watch me plug that feller in the heel!" The passenger referred to crawled hastily into the wood box, and, to tell the truth, we were all in a state of pitiable funk. Just then the conductor came walking briskly in. He, too, was a little fellow, but he had a voice like a megaphone. 'Where's that bad man?' he boomed. We held our breaths and looked for a tragedy instanter. 'Here I am,' yelled the other chap. 'Yow! I'm the hottest-' 'Yes I heard about

# 

It's here again! The doctors say it mostly attacks the weak, the thin, those with poor blood and nerves all unstrung. Escape is easy, simply by taking

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The oil is the very best food for making rich blood and producing force and energy. The hypophosphites give stability and strength to the nerves. The germs of La Grippe cannot af-fect a body thus fortified.

> 50c. and \$1.00, all druggists. eeeeeeeeeeeeeee

NEW YORK'S CREAT BEAUX apt, beside his \$10,000,000, to inherit, as his Robert Hargous, to accept theater parties from Perry Belmont, to drive on J. J. Van to him, 'gimme that gun.' To my amaze-still, young Willie has enough of an in- Alen's coach, or to be one of the guests at without the least resistance. 'Now, look here,' the conductor went on, 'you're too warm for this car. We've got a stove here, and you make it unpleasant. So you get right out on that platform, blast your eyes, and stay there until you lose some of your heat.' The hot man meekly allowed himstayed on the platform all the rest of the trip. The men inside looked at each other confidentially how he dared take such chances. 'Oh! there wasn't any risk,' he said. 'I had the fellow sized up. If he had been somebody else I might have acted got to learn in this business is how to tell a bluffer."

> Convention of Commission Men. NEW ORLEANS, Jan. 11.—The seventh annual convention of the National League of Commission Merchants of the United States was called to order by President F. H. Bowen, over 400 delegates being present.

Pleasant, Palatable, Potent, Taste Good, Do CURE CONSTIPATION. ... 10-TO-BAC Bold and guaranteed by all drug

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IS LIKE A GOOD TEMPER, "IT SHEDS A BRIGHTNESS EVERYWHERE.

#### WINE OF CARDUI





KNOXVILLE, TENN., Sept. 24. McEiree's Wine of Cardui has done my wife a great deal of good. She was not able to do her work, and lost flesh, and could not eat hardly anything. She had great misery in her back. She used three bottles of the Wine, and so was end is as well as she ever was, and is gaining strength and flesh.

### Wine of Cardui

Pains in the back are something dreadful. You feel like you can't stand them any longer. It seems as though something would break and you would go down on the floor in a heap. No use treating the back alone. The trouble isn't there. It is in the delicate and intricate womanly organism. The pains in the back are symptoms of weakness in those organs. The pains mean that nature is crying out for help. The help which is needed is Wine of Cardui. It corrects and cures all "female troubles". It soothes inflammation, stops the "whites", restores the womb to its proper position when displaced, cures headache and backache, and steadies the nerves. For smoothing the way

to easy childbirth it is beyond compare. At the "Change of Life" it is almost indispensable. Wine of Cardui makes sick women well.

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