
Kaleidoscopic Lives

THE FINEST VIEW OF OLD FORT BERTHOLD.

[From the Morrow Collection, Taken in 1870.]

Indian Village--A Partial View of Mandan and Aricaree Quarter.

KALEIDOSCOPIC LIVES,

A

COMPANION BOOK TO

FRONTIER AND INDIAN LIFE.

BY

JOSEPH HENRY TAYLOR, 1845-

Author of "Frontier and Indian Life," Etc.

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PREFACE.

Although complete in itself, yet as its sub-title indicates, this little book is but a continuation of and companion to "Sketches of Frontier and Indian Life on the Upper Missouri and Great Plains" a collection of historical incidents, reminiscences and personal recollections of the free wild life in the regions named; a work put forth by the author many years ago, and now running to the close of its third edition. This companion volume of sketches though bordering romance in the manner of presentation of some of the characters and of their doings as herein chronicled, are—as were those of the preceding book—but a plain record of the actual.

The actors in the cast of these stirring dramas were of both the red and white race, from diverse tribes and nationalities. They were of those who make their own ideal as to character with more originality and less of the imitative which render companionable the greater mass of the human kind.

I write of scenes that cannot be re-enacted and will never be duplicated for the conditions do not now exist that brought them forth. I write of an individualism that could only have sprang from such conditions and surroundings, and with such disappearance, all have now passed or are passing on with time's eternal transit, leaving but imperfect records behind to mark their time and stage of action.

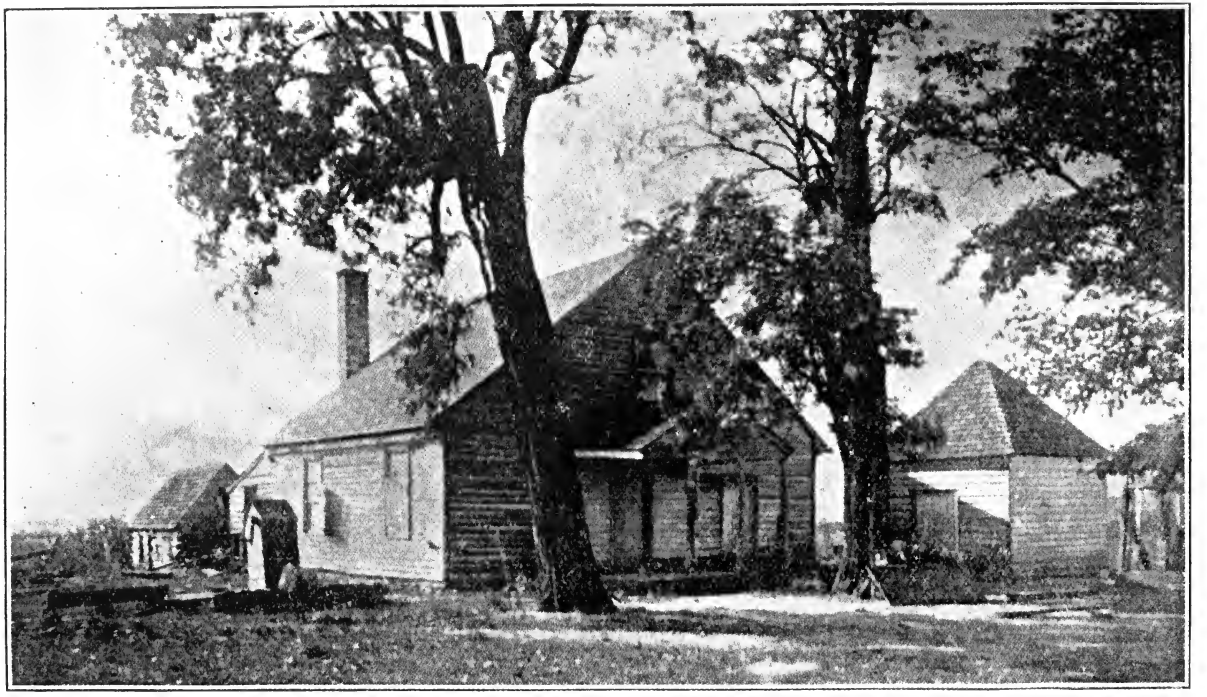
THE AUTHOR.

CONTENTS.

LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS.

NOTE.—In the summer of 1870, S. J. Morrow, a photographer from Yankton, S. D., ascended the Missouri river by steamboat,—taking along a 4x5 camera and made use of it by getting some fine, even though limited views of the Indian village at Fort Berthold and other historic places and scenes, also some excellent photos of prominent Indian chiefs and head men of that period. These were the first photographic views taken and secured of the last of those peculiar villages of this character that one time or another dotted the banks of the Upper Missouri river country.

On the photographer's return to his gallery he printed off a few pictures from his plates, when by some unforseen accident his negatives were destroyed. After a period of thirty years from this mishap, through the efforts of the writer and kindly assistance of L. W. Case, Isaac Waterbury, F. M. Zeibach and other good citizens of Yankton, who searched their book cases and shelved brick-a-brac with the result which now appears among the illustrations of this book and its companion "Frontier and Indian Life." It is fifteen years past since the village of Fort Berthold was abandoned and its inhabitants scattered about the neighboring plains, and not a trace of its existance save here and there an uneven surface now mark the site of this once noted Indian town. Photographers Barry, DeGraff and C. M. Diesen were drawn on for scenes and views of a later date than the Morrow collection.



Guiana Station, Virginia—Where Stonewall Jackson died and near where the Federal prisoners were huddled after the battle of Chancellorsville.

THE OPENING SKETCH.

ON the 5th day of May 1863, under a Virginia sun warm and sultry, some three hundred of us blue coats stood huddled in groups under the shifting shades of a clump of pine trees on the line of the Fredericksburg and Richmond road, and but a few miles south of the first named town. We were garnered trophies of the victorious southerners, and had yielded up our guns at the various stages of the conflict the past seven days around the Chancellorsville House, or down the pike about Salem church.

While most of the prisoners were from infantry regiments, a few artillerists and some cavalrymen were among these vanquished men of arms. Of the cavalrymen here,—perhaps a dozen in all—some were members of the Eighth Pennsylvania, once known as Chormann's Mounted Riflemen.

In the retrospect regimental, this body of men had been recruited with a partial promise of western service, but once organized and ready for business its organizer and promoter was quietly and effectually shelved and Colonel Gregg—a West Pointer entrusted with the command. The green stripes of the rifles gave way for the yellow, and

thus went forth this command winning fame for good service and hard work. First with McClellan on the Virginia Peninsula; taking the advance at Williamsburg; running the artillery gauntlet at Bottom's bridge on the Chickahominy; sustaining Couch and Casey at Fair Oaks, and taking active part in the culminating crisis of the seven days battles in front of the Confederate capital and the retreat to Harrison's landing and down the James. Then again with McClellan in the Maryland campaign, and after the Southerners' defeat at Antietam, under the lead of level-headed Pleasanton, the methodical Gregg and the dashing Keenan, supported and assisted by the 8th Illinois cavalry, and two squadrons of the 3rd Indiana horse, took up the pursuit of Lee's broken hosts from the reddened waters of Antietam creek, across Dam No. 4 on the swift flowing Potomac and over the mountain ridges and through Ashby's Gap, on down to the green dotted hills of the serpentine Rappahannock stream. Such was the regimental summary up to the events of Fredericksburg and Chancellorsville. After that came Gettysburg, but with new recruits and without its Keenan, the once noted regiment followed more restful lines.

Some of this cavalry group had been unhorsed in Major Keenan's charge down the Gordonsville plank road in which with scarcely more than three hundred cavalrymen made the mad charge against Jackson's flanking division numbering near twenty thousand veterans, in order to gain ten minutes precious time, which enabled Gen. Pleasanton's

battery of flying artillery to take position, unlimber their guns and thus rescue Hooker's army of over one hundred thousand men from panic and total rout, as was McDowell's legions at the first Bull Run. Facing Jackson's solid columns, Keenan and many of his men became a sacrifice and all would soon have been but for the timely "right about" of Major Hughey—second in command.

The desperate dash had accomplished all that was asked or expected—and much more—it had disconcerted Jackson's well conceived plans and which led directly to his death. While the Southerners slew a Patroclus the Unionists had bore down their girded Hector.

A part of the cavalry group— the writer among the number—after the charge on the plank road, had been ordered to recross the Rappahannock at Bank's Ford, move out toward Salem church as a diversion covering safety in Sedgwick's retreat to the north bank. The move was by moonlight—full faced with a cloudless sky. A foe in ambush with an inflading fire on the rear guard; a miss of the ford and the woods full of Georgians left but little choice between a well punctured Federal or in swelling the prisoners ranks along the Richmond road. Thus it was, a small rear guard of the black horse company became prisoners of war.

Over in front of our guarded cordon stood the little isolated Guinea Station, with its bleak and cheerless view, where were ranged a few hospital tents pitched among stumps and mud, and some

grey coated officers and soldiers loitering around in respectful silence, for beneath the station's decaying roof, and within its four dingy walls, Stonewall Jackson, the great southern chieftain lay dying.

Whether for good or whether for ill, the scribe of these pages as a member of, and the first enrolled soldier of the West Chester Rifles, it being among the all-ready companies quick to respond to President Lincoln's first call after Fort Sumter had fallen, and under plain Ben Sweeney as captain, were assigned to the Second Pennsylvania infantry, Col. Staumbaugh in command, was at the fight at Falling Waters near Martinsburg, in June, 1861, in which Jackson's brigade of Virginians faced the van guard of Patterson's army, and with the exception of his fight with Shields in the Shenandoah and the Harper's Ferry surrender; had been among the opposing forces to this famed warrior in every general encounter from the Martinsburg pike June 17th, 1861, to the rising of the moon above the scrub pines along the Gordonville plank road May 2nd, 1863. In other words—as to the American civil war—I was in Jackson's first fight and in Jackson's last battle.

And yet, within a few miles of our prison quarters but three days since, this strangely gifted and now dying soldier had won his most brilliant of his many military triumphs, the disasterous repulse to Hooker's magnificantly equipped army at the Chancellorsville House. But now on the pinnacle of his fame, and in the hour of his parti-

One of Keenan's Trooper's.

sans direst needs, he had been cut down by unguarded sentinels of his own Division, and what would seem more strange—by pickets of his own posting.

While on his bed of pain and in the shadow of death, we, victims of his prowess and prisoners of war, felt a common sorrow with our captors over the tragic end of this remarkable man.

Having contracted an illness after the past week's exposure, I applied to the officer of the guard for medical treatment, when a hospital steward of a Mississippi regiment— the 18th, I think it was—came up and gave the desired medicine. He was a tall, well formed, gentlemanly appearing kind of a man, about thirty years of age. He seemed of an inquiring nature, asking many questions about Hooker's army and of the North. As he turned to go to other duties, he raised a hand and pointing his index finger toward the Station, said hurriedly:

"If Stonewall dies over there, our luck's run down and I am going to get out of this."

The next morning the captain of our guard—61st Georgia regiment—bawled out facetiously:

Attention! Yanks! On to Richmond, forward march!"

And thus our weary foot journey to a Southern prison pen commenced. It ended at Castle Thunder, the Libby and Belle Isle; then a prisoner on parole, but to some of the party—Andersonville, starvation and death.

As we passed along through the sweltering

streets of Richmond, the proud capital was draped in deep mourning. The flags were lowered from their mastheads; the public buildings as well as private dwellings were lined with crape. They all bent in sorrow for the one man whose loss was of more moment to them than the destruction of one of their great armies; the fleeting years has told us that was even more disasterous to the combative Southern—the beginning of the end of the Confederacy itself.

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In the month of February, 1864, I was stopping at a Platte river ranch, in central Nebraska, nursing a pair of frozen feet, the result of exposure in my first experience in a blizzard on the plains.

Being casually informed one day by my kind and obliging hostess that a newcomer at a neighboring ranch down the trail was doing some wonders in the medical and healing art—a kind of a doctor, she heard her neighbors say—and advised my seeing him. Acting promptly on the information I hobbled down to the place, and after being admitted to the new doctor's presence, found to my surprise that the gentleman before me was no other than my quondam acquaintance, the hospital steward of Guinea Station, Virginia.

He gave my case attention, would have no renumeration, but in course of conversation, finding that I would soon pass up the trail through Columbus, on the Loup, asked as a special favor that I deliver a letter in person, and in case of her questioning, a guarded verbal message to a lady in

the village.

He would leave, he said, in a day or two by the Ben Halloday stage line on the overland route to Denver, Colorado, or might possibly go on to the City of the Saints. In any event, the letter or message was not to be delivered until previously notified that he was on his way to the mountains.

About the time agreed upon, I delivered the message as was pledged. But, beforetime, on inquiry among some of the gossipy denizens of the village, I found that the lady in question was something of a mystery to them. She was reticent, avoided social calls or visits, and seemed to shun publicity in any manner. But the ever prying and restless searchers after the sensational had located her previous residence at the Mormon capital on the Great Salt Lake, and that she was the wife of an officer of some rank in the Confederate army.

I found on presentation, that she was a fair appearing young woman of twenty-five or thereabout, with a mild mannered countenance of a somewhat saddened cast. I gave her the letter to read, and remained standing near the door, hat in hand. She read the missive without any preceptible change of countenance.

"Please describe the gentleman who gave you this?" she asked, rising from her chair and facing me calmly, with the missive in hand.

I did as requested, but with caution and no superfluous words, and I noticed a crimsom flow momentarily chase the pallor from her cheeks. After

a short silence, she said with something of a passing tremor in her voice:

"This letter tells me my husband is dead. Your description of the one who sent this, tells me he is living."

After a few more hurried questions and answers, I bowed myself from her presence and saw her no more.

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In August of that same year, while on an overland journey from Nebraska City, on the Missouri river by way of the Platte river, Pike's Peak and tributaries of the Upper Arkansas, to Fort Union, New Mexico, we made a noon camp on the plum-studded banks of the river Huerfano, and within the shade almost of the naked summits of the Spanish Peaks—those twin cloud-reachers that over-look the surrounding mountainous chain.

Here, again, in the predestined line, or by plain chance, my Doctor friend once more came to view. He was jogging along, with a work-my-passage air on the back of a little Mexican jack and clubbing two others ahead of him as packs; was clothed in a gaudy suit of fringed buckskin; a handsome display of armoral equipments, boots, spurs and a broand sombrero that did duty as hat, umbrella and in folicksome windstorms cut the antics of a kite. He said he had just came up from a re-provision trip on the Arkansas river at Boone's old trading post.

In reply to my further questioning, answered that he had turned prospector—or rather resumed

LAKE OF THE PAINTED WOODS.—From a Photo by C. M. Diesen.

that facinating calling—having some experience before the war, in Utah and Nevada, and thought now to develop his luck around the Peaks; the gulches of the Greenhorn, and possibly over the Fort Garland way. A recent trip in that direction, brought him some gold, with color enough for good prospects.

He, lately, he furthermore said, had some little trouble, hereabout in convincing the military authorities, and some civilians as well, that he was not surgeon-general in Reynold's army of Colorado insurgents, that had just been captured up the Arkansas above Canon City, by a part of Col. Chivington's command. But now as about all were dead who participated in that disasterous attempt to help the dying Confederacy at the expense of Colorado's peace, he had nothing further to fear save now and then a threatened raid from the red Kiowas and Comanches.

Our train rolled out of the valley to the sun-heated sands of the table lands, leaving the cheerful miner in solitary camp near the fording. He seemed busy over a camp fire with his culinary affairs, and the tired, hungry looking pack donkeys browsing by the hill side. That interview was the last as far as we were a party, for the Doctor and I never met again.

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One night in August, 1872, while at my then home at Painted Woods, northern Dakota, I was awakened from a sound sleep by a loud "hello" from the prairie. It was from the throat of a be-

wildered dispatch carrier, who, in coming from Camp Hancock on his way to Fort Stevenson, had missed the trail in the darkness, and was wandering aimlessly and hopelessly about yelling to the night gods for inspiration and guidance. After locating his distressful sounds, I answered him, when he begged me to relieve him of the military dispatch and take it to its destination. I had already taken a good nap; had a fresh, well fed pony at hand, and, as by contract, the message must be delivered to the commanding officer by sunrise, saddled, bridled and mounted, and pulled out for the long, lonesome, fifty mile ride.

At the break of day, I had reached the big hill, —the place where the town of Coal Harbor now crowns the apex—and in passing along the trail through the coulee beyond, my ears caught the sounds of clattering hoofs drawing down toward me. As the approaching phantom seemed ominous, and thinking perhaps it was a red man with a "bad heart," — an always possibility around there in those days—I cocked my rifle, and also heard a counter click at almost the same instant.

"White or red," I bellowed nervously.

"White," came the ready answer, and in an instant later a great burly, bushy-bearded fellow was by my side.

"Well you want my credentials I suppose," he said in a loud course voice, "and here you have it. I am Mountain Jim of Arizona. My habits are goosish—north in summer, south in winter. I have summered over on the British boundary and

am now bound for the Rio Grande. Now, pard for yours."

Well, as time was precious just then, I chipped my words, and the result was we rode up towards the frowning Fort together, as it danced before our bewildered optics in the glistening rays of an early autumn sunrise.

My mission ended and pony rested, and with Mountain Jim as traveling companion, returned to the Painted Woods. Here, at the little stockaded bastion, Jim found it agreeable to himself to rest and recruit like the geese he was trying to imitate, which were even then in noisy flocks in front of him on the mid-bars of the wide Missouri.

During our course of conversation, I found that he was well acquainted in Colorado, and New Mexico, and among other questions about parties there asked if he knew of a wandering prospector called the Doctor.

"Oh yes" he quickly replied, 'I knew of that poor fellow and of his wind-up too."

He then told the following story, the main particulars I can only repeat, from memory's records, prefacing it with a few words about the lay of the land.

One of the more important ranges of mountains diverging from the Rocky chain is the Ratoons of northeastern New Mexico. A well worn government trail formerly led across it at the Picketwire pass, it being in direct line between the freighting points on the Missouri river, via the middle Arkansas river route—so called—and Fort Union, for

many years the principal distributing point for military supplies in the southwestern territories.

The Ratoon has also its full share of ghosts and mysteries; the border lands between the Ute and the Comanchie—the eastern frontier of the dreaded Apache, and the blue lines of dread to the hunted Mexican shepherds, around the primitive towns of Las Vegas and El Moro.

Near the summit of the Ratoon on this trail surrounded by timbered gulches and canons is a large clear water spring with fine, though rather limited pasture grounds for stock. The writer well remembers that in that overland journey of 1864-5, that at this place were the bones of over seven hundred head of oxen, the victims of the severities of an October snow storm and short feed. The loss to the freighters was gain for the bears, which were numerous here, as well as the savage brindle wolves.

On one occassion, during the summer of 1868, a party of freighters and stockmen while on their way across the Ratoon range by way of Picketwire pass, encamped for the night on the summit near these springs, and awoke next morning to find a portion of their heard missing. In looking around they discovered a fresh running trail leading over the divide on the west side, and a party of eight men started upon it in a rapid and determined gait.

The course was a zigzag one, but finally passed over the rough hills north of Maxwell's noted ranch on the Cimmaron river. In a deep gulch along one of that river's little tributaries, they

came rather unexpectedly on a lone white man setting complacently by a small camp fire with a few rude dishes; a miner's pick and some other tools, and a canvass sack of supposed provisions. Near by were three Mexican burros browsing contentedly. But a little way beyond them the sharp eyes of part of the stockmen detected some other animals, which on closer inspection proved to be the stock they were seeking.

A short conversation among themselves, they proceeded to the place of the lone camper, and without a word other than an unaudible signal, the stranger was pounced upon and bound. He seemed helpless and dumbfounded at the sudden assault and the after accusation. He had been charged with the theft of his captors' stock, and they setting as judge, jury, witnesses, and the last court of earthly appeal, had condemned him to be strangled to death.

The condemned man protested vehemently. He was a miner not a thief. He claimed absolute innocence of the charge, but to no avail. Stolen horses were found in his possession, And possession under such circumstances as he was surrounded means guilt, and guilt would mean death.

He was therefore without further ado, and on his part without further struggle, taken by his merciless captor's to a scraggy tree and swung up by the neck and left to swing to and fro with the shifting winds.

While hardly through with their cruel work, some of the lynchers espied, a short distance away,

a man gliding along through a clump of bushes, as though in apparent hiding. A chase was at once commenced on this second stranger, and after a wild and exciting time, was run down, caught and securely pinoned. He proved to be a Mexican and when confronted with the charge, in his terror confessed to the stealing of his captors' stock, and begged piteously for mercy. He had stolen them unaided and alone. When questioned about the man just hanged, said that to him personally he was a stranger, though he knew of him as an occassional caller over at Fort Garland for supplies, being a wandering prospector, and was known there as the Doctor.

The truth now dawned on the conscience-stricken hangmen, that an innocent man had been foully strangled by their hands. They hurriedly returned to the body but it was cold. The lifeless form was cut from the suspending rope and with many self-reproaches, rolled up in his blankets, laid in a shallow grave with a note tacked upon an excuse for a headboard—"hanged by mistake," and by some strange caprice or an inward feeling of horror for what they had done the Mexican was set free.

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"How vain our most confident hopes, our brightest triumphs." So wrote Irving in summing up DeBalbo's unhappy end. How true also in this case. In the murdered prospector's camp was found rich ore recently mined, and as it was but a short time later the Cimarron mines were discov-

erd and opened, that brought wealth to many, we cannot doubt that the Doctor had been their first discoverer, and while quietly working away for a homestake the dark shadow of an ignominious death came upon him and closed his golden dreams forever.

ARICAREE VILLAGE NEAR REES OWN RIVER.—Drawn on the spot by Catlin in 1832.

ON DIVERGING LINES.

ON the south bank of the Missouri, nine miles north of where the Cannonball river joins that great Continental artery, terminate the range of isolated and uneven highlands now generally termed the Little Heart ridge. If the Gros Ventre Indians can bring forth plain truth from their legend of the summit of these upheaved crags, it was here one fifth of the remnant of that tribe rested and were saved from the destruction that overwhelmed so many of their people several hundred years ago, when the floodgates from the ice bound Arctic seas were unloosened and a deluge of waters poured down the Saskatchewan depression, and submerged all but the extreme high points of land, only decreasing in depth as the waters spread out on the wide southern plains on its destructive path to join the tepid stream in the Mexican gulf.

About one mile south of this ridge can be seen a few isolated bluffs for the most part bare of vegetation, and on their topmost peaks, round openings, that at the distance of the bluff's base, to an ordinary eye, seem portholes from a frowning fortress. In these cones, as early as the opening days of this century, the first intrepid explorers of the now dominent race, saw flying hither and thither from these apertures the proudest birds in all this land—the war eagle of the wild Indians.

Across the Missouri, and northeast of these described lands, but some miles away was a body of water known to the native Sioux as "Mde Hanska" or the Long Lake. Apart from its shape—long and narrow—the lake had no significance, except that its boggy shores sheltered broods of wild fowl, and its location a convenient camping place for hunters of the antelope.

In the order of marking time—being then the month of July, 1864,—part of the Sully expedition, a command of several thousand soldiers sent out by the government to punish and subdue certain hostile bands of the Sioux in the nortwest, had reached this vicinity, just described, when a detatchment of the 50th regiment of Wisconsin volunteers, acting under orders from the Washington war office, and who were encamped near the creek at the base of the cone hills, commenced to slash down the timber of neighboring groves, and tear up the virgin sod and manufacture adobe or sun dried brick,—so familiar in the construction of dwellings of the natives of New and old Mexico.

The building of a "soldier tepee" at that point was not relished by the wary Sioux. They could not understand the motive of the white soldiers in wanting to build a "big war house" among the cone hills that had long been sacred precincts of incubation of this bird of war; whose tail feathers transferred to their own heads were badges of a warrior's rank—marked in degree—one tail feather for each "coo" that would count for an

enemy slain. Thus in pride, not even in name would they associate these invading white soldiers with the home of the war eagle, or the miniature Mount Arrat of the Gros Ventres, but as long as the banner floated in the breeze, or a log rested upon the site of barrack or watch tower, that marked the historic ground of old Fort Rice, the Yankton Sioux and their allied bands persisted in calling that military post, "Mde Hanska Akecita Tepee" or as interpreted into plain English,—Long Lake Soldier house.

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Across the river from Fort Rice in these days of the military occupation, and a few miles down stream was a piece of low land known as the "lower hay bottom." It was here—except in very dry seasons—that the hay contractor could finish up his provender contract with the post quartermaster, but in these exceptional cases a further haul was made upon the matted hay lands of the Horsehead, a few miles further down stream. But it was the "lower hay bottom" that interested the writer and some traveling companions in the autumn of 1869, when a comrade who had done duty in the regimental band at the fort had told his story of an incident of the haying season, and pointed out a clump of oak as the spot made noted by a fortold death. Our musical comrade of the journey had joined us at Fort Sully, being on his return from a furlough east. Upon after inquiry among the soldiers of the garrison his story was confirmed, and one of these

soldiers and after scout—Gros Ventre Thompson —recounted this dream mystery, frequently, up to the day of his death—twenty eight years after.

Here is the record as related at the time:

In the haying season at the frontier military posts, especially when there was danger from hostile Indian raids, it was customary for post commanders to furnish the hay contractors' with a soldier escort both for the hay camp proper as well as the moving train of hay haulers. The camp detail was usually made for the week, commencing Monday mornings. At the opening of the haying season of 1868 at Fort Rice, the usual demand was made on the post commandant for escort for the lower haying camp, as small war parties of hostile Indians were known to be on the move. The detail was ordered and among the names of those, who. in the order of chance was placed upon the first sergeant's roll, was that of a young soldier named Vane. On hearing his name called for the detail, the soldier boy bursts into tears, and begged to be transferred to some other duty. When pressed for reasons—he related a strange dream of the previous night, in which he stood in the crotch of a low growing and scraggy oak tree. looking over a plain of waving grass, when he saw that he was shot and felt himself in the sensations of dying, and was thus in affright when the bugle sounded the morning revelle.

He was ridiculed by his companions, but he could not be comforted and even went to the post commander with his plea, but the result was he

Long Soldier,

Uncpapa Chief, whose band harrassed the Garrison at old Fort Rice in the Sixties.

joined the escort and went down to the hay field. As he came near the camp he pointed to the tree clump of his dream. Calmness reigned in air on water and within the troubled breast. The low muffled sounds of the mowing machines at work, alone reached the ears of the soldier escort as they lay curled in the tent shade watching lazily the hay pitchers sweltering under an August sun.

"Indians!"

"Oh, Indians be damned," yawned a soldier, "not a hostile scare crow within a long hundred miles."

The timid antelope feed quietly in sight upon the neighboring bluffs. The ravan croaks and caws unconcernedly in airial flight,—hovering between bluff and woodland. The little yellow flanked swifts, trot around windward of the camp fire, sniffing with unappeased hunger.

"Indians!"

"How scary those haymakers must be!" drawled a peevish escort, "to have us dragged down here to watch Indians for them. Bah!"

Some soldiers arise and whist the straws from their woolen cloths and walk here and there to pass slow time away. Some go over and talk to the haymakers; some to the river and two or three wander to the bluffs. The report of a gun now break the stillness. A bevy of chickens skurry through the air in affright. The ravans cease their cawing; the swifts had slunk away; the day orb casting its lengthing shadow across hill and

valley,—the big crimson ball seemingly lingering behind the darkened rear base of the long high peaks where once the Gros Ventres hoped and prayed. The rays waft back a stream of purple across the profile on Horshead hills, and the verest glimpse of receeding shadows of some horsemen in single file are noted ere they vanish.

The alarm is given and both soldiers and haymakers centre at the camp. Vane alone is missing. A search is ordered and a report reached.

"Did you find him?" asked the corporal commanding, of an Irish soldier who had lingered in the search.

"Yes sir!"

"Where was he?"

"In the oak clump."

"Asleep?"

"No, Dead. Bullet in his head. Scalp torn off. Stripped and mutilated."

"Saw no Indians?"

"None."

II

THERE are times in the matter of unimportant detail where memory refuses to "catch on" or help out, when a record of the event sought become misplaced. I wave positiveness in saying it was the steamer Big Horn, that brought General Hancock and party from Fort Stevenson to Fort Rice, on the 4th of July 1869, though personally fortunate to be—at least temporarily—of the party. But as this chronicle is a record of events and of

characters of which the Hancock party had nothing to do,—I beg pardon of of my readers for this opening digression. But upon this occasion while that distinguested officer was entertaining the commandant at Fort Rice and fellow officers with a flow of claret and champagne from the reception cabin on the steamer, the chronicler of these pages had hied himself up the gangway, and after a few hundred yards stroll found himself on a cracker box seat at Durfee & Peck's trading house and sutler store for the garrison.

Gala day had brought all the post characters there. Leaning against the counter with his legs crossed rested Frank Lafrombeau, the half breed Sioux interpreter, who seemed dreaming of the awaiting ferryman about to take him across the dark river. Beside him and watching the display of red and black blankets and bright caicoes, was the interpreter's Sioux brother-in-law—One Hundred, at that time the most noted Indian horse thief on the Upper Missouri. Some soldiers were joshing him and he was giving "back talk" in fair English. He had previously made a trip to St. Louis city; had picked up considerable roguery, and but little else, other than his language addition that was any real benefit,—rather the reverse.

Further along the counter, stood a tall black man examining some newly purchased articles in company with the partner of his bosom—a smiling Sioux matron. He rattled away in Sioux—now to his red painted wife—now to One Hundred—

now to some lounging Sioux scouts,—speaking to the white soldier or citizen, only when spoken to. Why should he do otherwise? Let the magician now wave a prophet's wand over this black man's head, and call down time for a year on what is to be. What do we see? A covering of cold earth for Lafrombeau—a post interpretor's garlands for this Africo-American. Again raise the wand of magic over this kinky head—call time's advance seven years, lacking nine days. What do we see? A vale containing hundreds of dead and mutilated soldiers. A vale containing thousands of excited Indians putting to torture a giant black. Ramrods are used to punch out his eyes; his feet and legs filled with shot and small balls.

"Why this fiendishness?" asked the writhing black. "Why this hypocrisy?" answered back his red tormentors, "and why assist these white dogs in spying us out and destroying your wife's people?" Thus had black Isaiah fallen—Fort Rice's second interpreter.

But away with the magicians spell, Away with the events of what was to be. Let Isaiah talk on with One Hundred—let the soldiers joke and josh in the Durfee & Peck trading house. It is all a part of the life drama that they are billed for. But another actor now appears at the doorway. A boyish face, and form tall and slim. Eyes, blue, and with a restless glance, scanning the faces to the right and left of him as he strides softly along.

"How, Melbourne," spoke out some one from among the group of soldiers.

LA-TON-GA-SHA,

Chief of the Sans Arcs Sioux.

"How," tartly replied the young fellow spoken to, as he turned on his heels and walked out the doorway, and who was evidently searching for some one not within the store room.

"Melbourne seems restless since he received his bobtail," spoke up another soldier, as he looked toward the door.

"Make anybody restless under the circumstances," added still another soldier, "and almost hate one's own race and kind."

"Yes," chimed in a bystanding citizen, "it was a pretty tough case, as I understand it."

At that moment the steamer's whistle at the landing warned all its passengers that time had arrived to pull in the gang planks for a further journey down stream, and half an hour later Fort Rice and all its "pomp and circumstance of war," was—for the time being—receding from our view.

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After a rapid down stream run of twenty hours the steamer tied up at Cheyenne agency long enough to get ourselves and luggage ashore and say good bye to casual acquaintences. A week or more of observation among the Minneconjous, Sans Arcs and Etasapa Sioux, I crossed the big river, and made camp with some lumbermen at Little Bend. I here met some ex-soldiers who had seen service at Fort Rice. Enquiry was made about the mystery of the Melbourne case, and here were some of the facts elicited:

Melbourne was certainly under the lawful age when he enlisted as a soldier, though his height

carried him on the rolls. He had enlisted alone, and none among his new found comrades seem to know from whence he came. It was soon discovered he was a boy of artistic tastes; showed considerable book knowledge for one so young in years, and had a remarkable gift in imitative penmanship In his general make up, the boy had a docile, tractable disposition with modest demeanor and obliging ways.

Many of the older enlisted soldiers at the frontier posts, in those days, were confirmed topers, and some of them, at least could date their enlistment from an effort to break away from environs that held them in hopeless bondage. A small allowance of whiskey, within the scope of the army regulations, was habitually served from the sutler store of the garrison for such of these soldiers whose appetite for intoxicating drinks still had control of them. In certain emergencies the commander of the post was authorized by the war department to allow over his signature, the issuance of a certain amount of whiskey or brandy to the party holding the order. In apparent jest some of the older heads asked Melbourne to write out a whiskey order and sign the post commandment's name to it. The work was done so well that it was repeated again, until the commander wondered where the laxity came in that made a drunken mob which filled the guard house with so many of his soldiers, His wonderment grew more intense when shown the leak in commissary whiskey over his own signature, and com-

menced to fear that he had been "out of his head" at times, as his signed name was so apparently genuine he could not doubt the authorship.

The young soldier became fearful of exposure, and the consequences thereof, so when solicited by his comrades for a renewal of forged orders, he absolutely refused. In consequence of refusal these same soldiers reported to the post commander that the boy Melbourne was the author of the whiskey forgeries. As was to be expected the young fellow was thrown in the post guard house, and while saved from the penitentiary by the influence of an officer's wife--dishonorably discharged from the United States army.

During the closing days of August of that year 1869, the chronicler found himself employed as camp lookout or day guard for the two contractors, Dillon & McCartney's haying camp, having temporarily pitched our tent on the west side of the big river two miles north of the Grand River Agency. The shooting down of Cook a few days previous, without excuse or provocation, by a brother of the Uncpapa chief Long soldier, and his open boast that this herder would not be the last he would send to the "white man's happy hunting ground," with the lionizing he received in this big brother's camp, put us on our guard. My duty was to watch every movement indicating a grouping of Indians between their camps on Oak creek and the hay cutters at work. They had made many threats, and we were hourly in expec

tancy of trouble. Some distance above our camp was that of the cattle contractor's herd, with the two Mulls—Fadden and Herron in charge. The lands about here were full of historic interest to the Indian race, especially the persecuted Aricarees. Three miles away on the south—forcing its way through a semi-sterile line of tortuous bluffs from the west comes in the swift flowing, modern Grand, but named with two centuries of practice—in courtesy by the all conquering Sioux,—Pahdonee Towa Wakpah—or as interpreted into the English tongue—Rees Own River. Beyond its banks of alternate sand and clay and midway with Oak creek's parallel lines, the uneven ground mounds and depressions mark the site of the old village where the Aricaree chiefs scorned the profered whiskey tendered them by Lewis and Clark in 1804, with the sensible remark that "people who tried to make fools of us by taking away our wits, could not be our friends."

From my camp observatory—on the bench lands near by was another interesting site—and like the dreamer that I was, went down from my perch one pleasant afternoon to revel among the ruins. It was here thirty-six years before, that this little Aricaree town consisting of about one hundred and fifty lodges, poorly palisaded—yielded up as a sacrifice on the alter of helpless prejudice the warm blood of many of its mothers and its daughters—of sons and fathers. From my stony guard perch on yonder hill, had belched forth from big morter guns shot and shell on this hap-

less town many years before evacuation by its builders and owners and its final destruction by the all conquering Sioux. On the lowlands beyond had come the soldiers under Leavenworth; the frontiersmen under Ashley and the wild Sioux of the plain all bearing down on the fearless villagers and their well cultivated fields of ripened corn. This was on the ever fateful 10th day of August 1823. You can wonder as I had done, considering the great advantage in equipment and numerial superiority of their enemies how any of the Aricarees got away, but they did—though many of them were left among the lodges and on the plain as feed for coyotes and buzzards.

I could see the upper town as painted by Catlin a few years before its abandonment and destruction; could see its frail pickets behind which the happy villagers reveled in all the pleasures their free, wild life gave. In fancy, I could see the inmates scan from house top and lookout—objects whose sameness never seem to tire the eye. From youth to old age, the stone guard of the pinnacle is more familiar to the village inmate, than was a member of the family, inasmuch as time's eternal transit would leave no impress. I pass on to the last struggle and see hopelessness and dispair on the one side,—an anticipated carnival of blood on the other.—

"Hello there!"

My dream or conjuration vanished at the sound. Before me stood a tall, pale faced young fellow, of 17 or 18 years, with his blue orbs gazing stead-

ily in my face. I made a venture at recognition.

"Your name is Melbourne, I believe."

"That's what it is."

"Sit down then. I want to ask some questions."

He sat down quietly on a mound with an intense look of anxious inquiry pictured on his boyish looking face. He gave a look of surprise when questioned about his boyhood but his replies were so studiously evasive that I changed tack to Fort Rice, and of the trouble that led to his dismissel from the army. He made but little more admission than what has already been told. It was plain to be seen the subject was distasteful.

"Hello," said he suddenly looking up towards the hills, "there goes a crowd of Indians to the cow camp, and I must go—won't you come along?"

"Yes, I'll go long", I replied, "and see your outfit."

"I am going to ask some old Sioux patriarch all about that Ree village," said he, tossing back his arm as we jogged along.

After reaching the herd camp, we found about one dozen Indians of both sexes standing around. Norwithstanding my limited amount of Sioux, I undertook to draw some information about the old Aricaree village from a veteran Uncapapa, but the grey haired warrior referred to his chief the noted orator Running Antelope, as one of the few still living who participated in the destruction of that village.

My dialectic twists and imperfect rendition of the Sioux caught Melbourne's attention, and com-

ing up to where I was standing, said, "Oh! jude, let me talk," and surprised me with an exhibition of a masterful rendition of the Sioux tongue; going ftom one to another, male and female, conversing with perfect control of the gutteral stumbling blocks, to amateur linguists in the language of the Sioux. In surprise, I said:

"Where did you pick up such perfect Sioux."

"Where do I pick anything up," he replied "tell me and I'll tell you." Then after a moment of silence he resumed: "I suppose you think all I need is a blanket to make a good Indian—or a bad one!"

After bidding him good day and starting back to camp, he called out:

"You see this hooded Indian here. He's the fellow that plugged the arrows into Cook."

I had an occasion to reme mber Cook. With a rough wagon and a span of mules, I took him from the agency physician's care at Grand River, and in two days landed him in the surgeon's care at Fort Sully—distance without trail—120 miles. This, to prolong Cook's life.

In the autumn of 1883, a party of Minneconjous who had been absent from their agency for over two years returned and encamped near the mouth of Big Cheyenne river. They were what was termed at the agency, "hostiles" and were known to have been with Pawnee Killer and his band of Brules on the Platte river. Through some of the agency Indians it was learned that

they had been concerned in the massacre of the Buck surveying party in which Contractor Buck and his party, consisting of twelve men, in all, lost their lives by the hands of these hostiles. They claimed that the bloody work had been carefully planned and its execution intrusted to a young white man who had been with the party for some time, and known as the White Soldier. These murders took place in western Nebraska, near the country known as the Sand Hills. No details could be elicited further than whatever blame was attached or credit given—as viewed on diverse lines,—must be given to this white man. The Indians described him as but a tall boy, a good linguist in the Sioux tongue, dressy and vain. He painted in true Indian style, with pendants, hair ornaments and beaded blankets. After the massacre of the surveyors, he decked his head with many war eagle feathers as his right, thus an envy was created— and soon after through some fancied grievance from a jealous red, he was tomahawked to death, and with true savagery his body mutilated and left uncovered to rot upon the prairie.

The identity of the renegade soldier was not long a mystery. Among this band of Minneconjous, was a young fellow who had picked up some English around the old agency at Grand river. He was asked about the white renegade and if he knew him. He answered that he knew him well, as did his questioners. "Minneconjous call him White Soldier" said he, "but white soldiers called him Melbourne."

III.

I was sitting in the doorstep of the little fortfied homestead claim at the Woods, wondering as many another had done before and after that date—August, 1873—when, land values would take a jump and either let us out of the farm, or bring some encouragement to remain in posssession. The timber point in which I was domiciled, had been the first squatter land claim staked off along the Missouri north of the Northern Pacific railroad, and although the time had been but little over a year since the advent of the locomotive, the strain of expectancy had a disturbing effect on the nerves, notwithstanding the spice of existence was somtimes enlivened by the self introduction of some "character." Character study always interesting, sometimes assumes even a poetic glint, when the conditions of the mind harmonize with the poetry in nature. At no period in the revolving of the seasons does the poetic or the visionary take possession of the the soul within us, as on fine August days. Especially is this true to the denizens who live along the changing banks of the Upper Missouri river, which mighty stream save when bound by icy fetters, is ever presenting itself to the human eye, through the revolving lens of the kaleidoscope. Yet with all its shifting moods of anger or serenity there is no charm so entransing to the poetical dreamer, in solitare of the revery, as along the changing and falling banks and within hearing of

the muffled noises of the swirling waters of this strange old river, on tranquil autumn mornings.

Thus within hearing of the low roaring waters girdled with a heavy forest of great cottonwoods, that hide you in continuous shade,—what wonder that the mind becomes mellowed in revery. Characters—not mithical ones—but of the plain flesh and blood kind, pass in review. Here, at the gate of this stockade had appeared a war party whose only trophy of their prowess to show, had had been the crimson blotched scalp of a sixteen year old, Sioux girl. Characters had been here who had talked wisdom from an owl. Characters had been here who had seen phantom boats manned by phantom crews move noiselessly down stream. Less than a year before a young man of fine physical carriage had passed up the trail with no weapon but a hatchet, afoot and alone "looking for a team just a little ways ahead." Six months later he had reappeared. Frozen hands; frozen feet—frozen face. Clothed in tatters and bareheaded.

"Where have you been?" had asked a transient companion of mine, on the man's reappearance.

"Living with the deer."

That was all he had for answer—living with the deer. Show me Burleigh City's graveyard and I will show you this man's grave. No questions as to his name? No questions about where he was from? No inquiry about the young wife who had gone estray? For we will answer no questions here. But from his first arrival on the Slope, this

cloudy wanderer's one central thought was in looking for that team— "just a little ways ahead."

Out from this revery. Out from gazing on these shifting characters in transit across the Woods. They march along the boards like the stage actors in the Cassandria play. Reynolds—McCall the Miner—Bloody Knife—Guppy—Chiss Chippereen—Johnny of the Rose Buds—Diamond the Wolfer—Long Hair Mary. They all move across—noiseless phantoms drawn out in review to the unseen eye by the brain's conjuration.

While thus in silent rumination sounds of a walking horse was heard, and a moment later there appeared at the timber opening a tall man leading a scrub pony, coming toward the stockade, The man ambled forward in an ungainly way. A long tom rifle of the old style—days of our grandfather epoch— angled across his shoulder. A coon skin cap was pressed down over his massive head of matted hair. A long grease soiled buckskin shirt, with tangled fringes, hung loosely over his unshapely form. And over it all hung a huge old fashioned cow powder horn. A poor old pony—having the appearance of being an Indian's "turned out," with a fairly decent saddle, and across the seat were thrown a roll of blankets, while tied to the pummel was a gunny sack with a mess of flour, and two or three blackened peach cans that evidently did duty in the culinary.

I had seen such habiliments in which this stranger was attired, pictured in the old early Ohio books that told us all about Simon Girty, Lewis

Whetzel or old Daniel Boone. Could my eyes deceive me, or was this another Rip Van Winkle case; a ninety years sleep? At any rate my fad was gratified. I had a new character to solve.

"You are a hunter, I guess," I had ventured to say.

"That what I am" he retorted,

"Where have you been hunting?"

"Of late—down around Fort Rice."

"Get any game down that way?"

"I reckon I did. Elk, antelope, deer, bear and moose.'

"Moose?"

"That's what I said. Moose!"

"There is no moose on this river."

"I reckon there is moose on this river. I killed a young bull moose on the bottom this side of Fort Rice. I reckon I know what I'm talking about. I'm a moose hunter from Maine!

"A moose hunter from Maine?"

"That's what I am. A moose hunter from Maine."

"Well, unsaddle and bring your donnage in?"

That's what I'll do, for I'm going to stay a whole month with you."

"Baited with curiosity and springing my own trap,' said I softly.

On the following morning my unkempt guest said his desire was to use the stockade as a kind of headquarters. He would hunt a little; visit a little; with an occasional trip to the town by the railroad. This he did, but in his hunts he never

brought back any game; in his visits to distant woodyards he brought back no greeting and in his weekly visits to the town he brought no information from the outside world.

One day we concluded to visit the Burnt woods on the west side where Williams & Wheeler were getting out cordwood for the steamboats. Chris Weaver here told the story of his premonition at the Spanish Woodyard whereby the warning had saved his life. The moose hunter was greatly interested in its recital. On our road home in passing through the long bottom above the little fort we espied a traveling war party, and I suggested we keep out of sight until they passed. He complied with alacrity. But some of the red warriors had already seen us, and in our fancied security were treated to a surprise. They had us surrounded. They were Gros Ventres, however, and took in the moose hunter at a glance. After surveying his muzzle loading long tom, one warrior extending his open palm said in English:

"Caps!"

In a second the moose hunter handed him a full box of percussions, and the Gros Ventre clasped them and made off.

"Why, what a dough-god to give that Indian all your gun caps" I said chidingly.

"Oh, I've got another box," he replied, "and if I did'nt have, it would't be much loss," he added philosophically.

A few days later, the hunter said he would "take a ramble up to Forts Stevenson and Ber-

thold," which he did, but failed to return. A Fort Buford mail carrier had noted him as a "queer old bloke who had stopped at every Indian camp and wood yard that he came to."

The year following the steamer Nellie Peck tied up for the night at Mercer & Gray's yard at Painted Woods landing. Dr. Terry a St. Louis ex-physician was acting as clerk and purchasing furs for the Durfee & Peck company. Sitting in the boats cabin were a party relating incidents of happenings along the river. Among others the writer told of his experience with the moose hunter from Maine. At conclusion of the recital, Dr. Terry, volunteered the following addenda:

"I happen to know something about your moose hunter. You had seen him in a clever make-up. He is a good trailer. But he is better at hunting men than moose. He has a country-wide reputation as one of the shrewdest sleuths on the Pinkerton detective force."

IV

At the close of the month of April, 1869, two men sat astride log stools looking into the blazing fire in a little makeshift cabin at the lower bend of what was known in those days as "Out-a luck Point," being the second timber bend on the west side of the river Missouri above Fort Stevenson. Both were looking into the blaze in silent cogitation, but whither dreaming over the past or into the future the chronicler could not divine. With

each of these men past dreams were far from pleasant lingerings, and it was well for their peace of mind that their dreams of the future were in wide divergence from the actual. But as before stated their dreams were known only to themselves, but the coming of what was to be, as far as their earthly tenure was concerned, became a part of the records of their surviving contemporaries. Had the veil hiding actuality of the future been raised beyond the burning brands in which each of them were silently gazing, each could have beheld a thorny path in their few remaining years. One could have seen himself shot to death, his body placed in a shallow grave with a blanket both for shroud and coffin. The site that marked his grave now mark the path of swift flowing channel waters. His companion had lingered in life a few years later A gloomy forest shrouded him—alone and unseen by mortal man he died a maniac's death. Buzzards feasted upon his decayed flesh; badgers sported with his scattered bones.

"I seed the shadow of that Injun to night agin, and don't like it," said one of the men without withdrawing his gaze from the burning coals. He was the larger and older of the two.

"Kind a queer," answered his companion, "if he belonged up in the village and not come around here. Been poking about the bluffs for five or six days."

"Jist a week to night since I first seed him!"

"Did you cache the stock in a new place to night."

"Yes."

"We ought to rest easy then."

They did, but in going out to their stock cashe next morning their animals were missing. Two fine mules and two work ponies. The loss of stock forced the abandonment of the woodyard.

The mules were the property of Trader Malnori, of Fort Berthold. In about four weeks from date of disapearance of the animals the trader received the following note through a scout dispatch bearer. The language was in French with the following English interpretation:

FORT RICE, (no date.)

Mr. C. Malnori: Opanwinge says he found your mules. Send a man down with $200 and take them home. Yours with regards, F. LAFROMBOISE.

The man and money was sent to Fort Rice and mules and man came home.

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"I guess, I'll try wood-yarding a little nearer home," said Trader Malnori when his mules were brought to his stables at Fort Berthold. He had some wood cut opposite to the fort. The same mules were sent across the river to do the wood hauling and the same man sent with them who had had charge of their keeping at Point Out-a-luck. A man known as Jimmy Deer and two red matrons crossed over the river in a bull boat to pile the cord wood brought to bank. The trail of the hauler led through a line of willows for half a mile or more. For two or three days all went

well. But it was a dangerous neighborhood The driver from Out-a-luck had provided himself with a Colt's army and a double barreled shot gun heavily charged with buck shot. One fine morning the driver hitched up his mules as usual and trotted the team over the rough bottom road gaily to the crib pile. His pistol and shot gun were bouncing up and down in the wagon box as he hummed an old French song. At a point where the willows lined a sand ridge a naked Indian arose quickly, pointing a gun at the wagon box fired away. The driver, forgeting all about his buckshot gun and pistol, dropped his lines and springing from the wagon on the opposite side to the Indian dashed into the willows. The red man hopped into the wagon, gathered up the lines of the now excited mules drove out toward the bluffs as far as the wood trail led, unhitched and unharnessed the mules, gathered up the pistol and shot gun, jumped astride of one of the animals, and was off on fast time over the hills. Meantime the shot alarmed the corder and the two matrons who had made a rush for the boat and in the excitement of embarkation sunk it and nearly drowned all hands.

About one month later Trader Malnori received the following note through an Indian runner from Fort Rice, written as the former one, in French, with the following English interpretation:

FORT RICE, (no date)

Mr. C. Malnori.—Opanwinge has found your mules again. Send down a man with $200. Yours with regards, F. LAFROMBOISE.

There is no record of Malnori's answer, but Opanwinge kept the mules.

V

About the middle of July, 1871, while journeying down the Missouri with a single companion, in a precariously constructed bull boat, we hauled in at Fort Rice, and walked up to the trader's store for the purpose of making a few purchases Here and there we noted a few familiar faces of past visits to the post, but for the most part the loungers at the trading establishment were strangers. One young fellow with a dark skin was masquerading in boorish antics with some Indians. Inquiry solicited the information that he was a Mexican lad who had enlisted as a scout. Another conspicuous character—from his manner of speech— was a red headed, freckled faced young man, who was familiarly termed "Reddy" but was spoken of as Red Clark. Among a group of scouts gathered near the doorway was a small, fine featured Indian boy dressed in blue uniform of which he seemed quite proud. This boy was a Sioux, and recently distinguished himself in saving the post herd from a well planned raid by a war party of his hostile countrymen. The raiders suddenly swarmed out of a coulee on the apparently unprotected herd, but the boy Bad Bird instead of fleeing for his life as many another in his place would have done, counteracted the efforts of the hostile raiders from stampeding the cattle until help came from the fort. The baffled warriors fired a few shots after the boy, but luckily none taking effect. he rode back to the post the hero of the hour.

In the move of events from that date—some

two years or more—Red Clark and Bad Bird became intimate friends, as people saw them. They started out on a trip across the big river one night opposite to Fort Rice with jovial parting good by's to the ferryman. They entered the heavy brush beyond the ferryman's ken, together. Clark came back alone. The next day Bad Bird's corpse was found with a bullet mark through his head. Clark was tried and acquitted for this murder. He plead self defence; night had hid the crime and no one could prove to the contrary. Besides this the dead Indian boy was of one race, the judge, jury, witnesses and prisoner of another.

Five years passed by and Clark stood leaning against the counter of a dive in Butte, Montana. A stranger entered the place, called for a drink of whiskey and threw a silver dollar on the counter to the barkeeper for payment. Clark looked up to the man who would not stand treat, and clapping his open palm across the silver piece, said jocosely:

"That's mine."

"No," said the stranger, "That is not yours."

"That's mine," reiterated Clark with an attempt at gravity, and the next second a bullet went crashing though his skull.

A closing word about the Mexican lad and our curtain falls on these events of Fort Rice's early history. Santa, later, developed a penchant for wild Indian life and made the acquaintance of a Sioux hanger-on named Black Fox, and the two connived plan for a trip to the hostile Sioux, then in camp on Powder river. Santa Anna deserted

his command and quarters on a November evening taking his horse, gun and amunition with him. besides a well filled sack of provisions. Black Fox was also similarily equipped, lacking the provisions. Riding back on the highlands they made themselves conspicuous by facing about from the dome of a conical butte and surveying the beautiful tinted landscape. The trim post was as silent and inactive in its surroundings as a military fort could well be. The mellow rays from the setting sun shone in glittering splendor from the west end of the buildings. The long line of brown marked the course of ice conjested waters of the Missouri that the crisp air had wrought. Santa Anna had probably wondered why his known deser tion had caused so little stir down by the garrison. The soldier still paced his lonely beat in seemingly meditative mood; the sound of axes at the evening wood pile sounded loud and merrily. Loiterers continue walking to and fro in their usual gait, the tethered ponies nibbling at grass roots about the outshirts—or drooping lazily; even the shaggy wolf dogs were basking contentedly about the red faced scouts quarters oblivious to all the living world. Perhaps the thought came to the young Mexican how little he was to this globe and perhaps the same thought flitted across the brain of his sombre hued companion. A black, moonless night screened the last act in Santa's life play. No rehersal No need of that. A deadly blow—a mangled body and all was over. Black Fox strode into Grand River Agency next morning, riding the Mexican's steed and leading his own. Proud man of war. Within twelve hours he had captured a horse and won a feather.

A Pioneer Home.

A CHRONICLE OF DOG DEN RANGE.

I

"IT takes all kind of people to make a world," is a saying as old as the language with which it is spoken. In a lesser degree—lessened only in proportion as to its material numbers—every separate community of the human race is diversified by all manner and shade of character.

In the order of creation by the light given us we behold a great variety of life—quadrupeds of the earth's surface—birds of the air, and fishes in the sea. Though all around and about us, and breathing the air with us—warmed by the same sun of light—subject alike to soccora winds or frozen blasts—yet otherwise each and all of these diversified kinds of animal life live, apparently, in a sphere of their own. Though the strong prey upon the weak—the vicious upon the gentle, yet in all the generations that come and go the status of animal and bird life remain much the same. It is only through the agency of man or some great convulsion of the earth's surface or ravages of some special epidemic, when the equilbrium changes. With man as master the propagation or destruction of many of these animals, bird or fish kinds of creation are subject to his wishes and may survive or perish at his will. Entire species may at his pleasure or displeasure disappear in untimely death. But do they go forever?

Does death end all? Go ask the dark skinned millions of humans that spread themselves over the fertile plains of Hindoostan; along the populous vales of the cradle of civilized man, the rivers Euphrates, the Indus and the Ganges, or harken to the red Indian seers of the Americas.

Or to delve deeper with the subject in its profundity as such would deserve, ask the intellectual giants of our own race—formost among thinkers, or go seek the tombs of the sages of all nations in all ages, who by their works and by their acts will have told you that these birds of the air and the animals of the fields, woods and jungle, long since mouldering with the dust of other days, did not die—but that you, my reader friend, may be one of them—in the evolving changes in the transmigration of souls.

Thus in this human family of ours, we frequently mark the action and even the facial countenance of some animal of the four footed order. Here and there among our kind, we see the industrious beaver with architectural skill, tiding adverse element which, though he could forsee he could not hinder. He can build but cannot distroy. He will endure suffering but will not revenge himself by inflicting suffering upon others. Alas; that we have so few human beavers among us.

Then comes the human porcupine who never seeks to harm others until first assaulted. Then he strikes back with fury. He resolves himself into a catapult, and flings, at once, a shower of sharpened arrows upon his adversaries.

Then we see the crafty, pointed eared fox, who thrives on his wits---head work, with cold calculating points well in hand before he makes his deadly spring upon his bewildered victim. He relies as much for his success on the stupidity of his intended prey as upon the more subtle moves of his own cunning.

Then comes the cat kinds---born ingrates. Sly, soft in tread, gentle-voiced with moonish face, pleasant and purring in the presence of those they would destroy. Through creeping on velvet paws,---silent as a falling feather, the presence of the catman's sinister designs is often betrayed to those he would wrong by a softer, subtler, subconscious presence we call a presentiment,---a creeping something we can feel and yet cannot see.

Then the mycetes---howling monkey---can frequently be met with, having more energy in voice than in action. Then the sloth rotting in his laziness, waiting for choice vegetables to ripen---starving or sleeping life away in the meantime. Then we see the kakau in its reddish brown, basking in the tree shade---pestered by insects until its paws become by lapses of brain action almost perpetual in motion as though the swinging of arms and motions of its hands were the only relief from torment. Then the gazelle, soft-eyed, unsuspicious, innocent; then the antelope, by times watchful and wary—by times a victim of its own curiosity or short sightedness.

The animals above named are but a small group

of the four footed beasts typified in human souls. If not transanimation is it absorption of souls? If absorption is it entailed? And if entailed, is the subtle working of the human mind made clearer? Transmigration of soul is defined as the passage of soul on death of one body into another born at the same instant without reference to species, kind or kindred. Then wherefrom this manifold duplixity of character in one human breast. The human beaver of to-day transformed into the human wolf or lynx of to-morrow. Wherefrom, or why so, the promptings of these kaleidoscopic lives whose duplicity of moves mystify even their own minds by inconsistency of action?

II

On a January evening, blustry with driving snow, in the year 1894, a few lounging guests were in a talking mood in the setting room of the Merchants hotel Washburn, McLean's county capital, North Dakota. Matters religious, philosophical and speculative passed in review with the group, until the conversation narrowed down to events within county limits and to a historical desertation on its early settlement and organization.

"Do you remember G——— one of our first county officers?" queried one of the conversationists, who was---at the time---conducting the Washburn flouring mill.

"Oh, yes" responded another, "he's dead. Died several years ago."

"Not so," said the first speaker, "and I will tell you why I know."

Thus with the miller's introductory narrative on that winter evening, and the writer's after trailing, I herewith present places and characters personnel of this chronicle of Dog Den range.

III

It was in the year 1883, some months after its organization, that the county of McLean experienced what in popular parlance was termed a "boom," viz; a large number of new settlers had arrived and made themselves homes upon the various tracts of vacant lands that was spread out before them, to be had by occupation and a limited cultivation of the land. The little village of Washburn on the Missouri, previously spoken of was headquarters for both the land squatter and his more thrifty co-adjutor the speculator. South of that town in the summer of the year above referred to, a party of land hunters made camp in what was known as Mill coulee, a flouring mill being then in course of erection near its abrupt banks on the bench land facing the Missouri.

Of this party our chronicle has nothing to record except in a personal way, the discriptive outline in the appearance of one individual. He was about fifty years of age. erect in carriage, blue eyes, and hair streaked with silver. He had a restless manner and in conversation exhibited scholarly mind with a range of current information well in hand. After some conversation with the leaders of the county organization his suburb equipment in that line suggested him a proper person for the office of register of deeds and as

such his name appears on that county's records as its first register.

But in the selection of his homestead he had chosen a fertile tract around the shores of Lake Mandan, in another county, and as a consequence of the law's demand, Mr. G——— choose to resign his office rather than surrender his land.

IV

In the year 1884 the great ridge or "Hills of the Prairie" (if we make literal translation from the French name applied in early maps of the country) was as yet a vast tract of vacant land, as far as human habitation was concerned. In the early summer days of that year, an adventurous stockman moved his herds in the neighborhood of a heavy timbered coulee, a few miles north of the Dog Den buttes—the highest point of land on the range. The ranch location was picturesque. The timbered front faced a great grassy plain to the eastward terminating miles away in the tree green timber line of Mouse river and the high jagged hills beyond. The towering buttes of the Dog Den that had—once upon a time—stood a water belted island, lashed by an angry sea. When this ranch among the hills was completed, and the cured grasses stacked up for the snowy days, its Virgina proprietor placed a man in charge, while himself and residue of the party hied themselves to their rendezvous on the Missouri. The man in charge was the ex-register of deeds from Washburn, and he was now elected to lead a hermit's life. His only neighbors on

the range were a mysterious pair located immediately under the Dog Den butte, and had but recently located there. They had proved to be a pair of human falcons who watch their intended prey from perch, or in ariel flight, and dart swiftly on their victim. For this had they builded a nest in a heavy ravine on the seamed sides of these historic hills, and flew to other lands only when the melting snows uncovered,—for others to view—a grusome skeleton.

A rigorous winter of deep snow was the ex-register's initiation into a hermit ranchman's life. In the intervals between caring for his bovine herds and rustling up his fuel, he had but little to lighten the load that time was bearing upon him save fitful naps; trying to appease an unsatisfied appetite or dreaming away in lonesome reverie in front of the cheerful glare thrown out from the blaze on his hearthstone.

V

Up to 1880 the Souris or Mouse river "ox bow" so called had known no human habitations other than the skin tepee of the native red men or the "shacks" of their half cast, half wild brothers. But with rumors of westward extension of continental lines a few pioneers with teams, wagons and household effects appeared and selected some choice locations between the Riviere des Lac and the big bend of the Mouse at the mouth of the shallow waters of Wintering river. Between these two points in its primitive days were several groves of hardy oaks following the

river's course, that, in summer days, looked sublimely beautiful. The dark green compact groves of oak mingled with groups of the lighter green of the ash or lowly willow. Shutting their eyes and closing their memories to the rigors of its wintry days, the valley of the upper Mouse river, would seem a veritable paradise to the summer time homesteader.

It was one of the summer days of 1883, that a canvass covered wagon with a stout team of horses in front, came slowly trailing over the prairies from the eastward and halted near one of these oak groves of the Souris. The horses were unhitched and picketed near by, and the occupants of the vehicle—three in number—meandered to the top of a nearby bluff to look about them. Far as their eyes could scan was a primival solitude. True, a bird of prey now and then darted from some leafy coverlet; a red deer here and there went trailing in the open to disappear into another clump as quickly as it had come, but these incidents alone gave diversity to a stillness as though it was a painted picture spread out on an artist's canvass.

We hear no converse now. We gaze upon,—not listening to this trio on the hill. In one we see a venerable looking man in the youth of old age. He stood out erect with face aglow, with sparkling eyes and arms in constant motion as though a battery indicator. His two companions were women—mother and daughter—if we judge by appearance, one a women of forty or more—the

other a girl of fifteen. They, too, had a happy look for it was decided among them to here build themselves a home.

Day by day work went on with this trio of the wilderness, until house and stables were finished. Then they looked about them to find they had been followed by other settlers who also made choice homes along the Mouse river valley. In the year that followed, habits of industry brought forth good work. Fields of grain, pasturing cattle, rooting hogs, bleating lambs, quaking ducks, crowing roosters and cackling hens made this late wilderness solitude seem homelike.

The venerable head of the trio just described was a minister of the Gospel, and rode out among his scattering neighbors preaching the good word when not busy cultivating his few acres of rich and respondent soil. To ride thus among the newcomers of the valley, he deemed a duty ordained. To radiate with the happy—to console the disconsolate—to lighten dark paths and to cheer and to guide the doubting, and lead them on a better way, were life lines in this good man's work. The familiar figure encased in black, with long streaming silvery hair; a pleasant nod and cheery word for every passer by, linger yet in kind memory with many of the first settlers of the Mouse river valley.

VI

One August day in the year 1885, there came moving down upon the plain from the ridges of the Dog Den range, a lone horseman. He was

riding about in zigzag trails, seeking depressions of land or "draws," as though searching for estrays from some herd. Such, indeed, his actions proved for the horseman was none other than the hermit ranchman from Winston's ranch on the prairie mountains. He had never visited the valley of the Mouse before, but now both curiosity and duty impelled him onward to the scattered and distant settlements, where here and there mark of improvements bordering the groves of timber had caught his scanning eyes. As he rode near the dwellings, the green potato tops—the creeping vines of melon and squash—the tasseled corn with its jutting ears of glossy silk were of more beauty and interest to this man from the Dog Den than was any other sight that could have greeted his vision. He thought of his larder at the ranch on the range, that he had left as bare—almost—as the one visited by Mother Hubbard in song and story. The memory of the hard dry dough-gods, jack rabbit soup and black coffee that had kept his spark of existence aflame all the long winters and variable summers, brought on a yearning now with all its restraint uncurbed.

Thus ruminating as he moved along, he espied ahead of him a neater and more homelike dwelling than any of the other homes that he had yet passed. In front of the house a much neater and thriftier patch of corn was noticed than any he had yet met with in the valley.

A woman with a well shaded sun bonnet, stood industriously hoeing among the corn, oblivious to

all surroundings. The man on horseback involuntarily paused, saying to himself:

"I've gone far enough. These roasting ears are tempting and I must have some. I shall beg or buy an armful from that woman." Thus without more adoo he rode up near where the woman was working and told of his desires. Something in the man's voice had startled her. She peered cautiously from her half closed bonnet at the unkept being before her. "Was it possible? No, it could not be." A crimson flush crossed her face, but the bonnet folds saved betrayal. At length the woman stammered aloud:

"Are you not Mr. T———."

"Possibly, possibly," replied the man with a startled look, "and you, and you are—"

"Mrs. H——— the minister's wife" she supplimented, "but you must get down and come to the house and see your child. Fourteen years is a very long, long time," she said in an absent way.

VII

The reverand head of the household was absent from home at this time. He was riding out on his accustomed circuit preaching faith hope and charity to his little world of followers and believers who were always ready to hear the faithful churchman expound the good word.

The ranchman and minister soon after met and formed an acquaintance with each other. The former became restless with his hermitage among the hills, and his journeys to and fro across the green stretch of plains to the shady banks of the

Mouse, were both frequent and regular. The minister on some of these visits was "at home" to his guest, who had explained his frequent appearance there with a gloomy worded retrospect of his bachelor life on the lonely mountains of the prairie.

In whatever way the door of friendship was left ajar; by what manner the screen of the boudoir was pulled aside we know not. We know only that the minister's wife, heretofore so devotedly attached to her frontier home became suddenly discontented. The joys of home became distastful, as here presented. A vision—vague and unreal at first, but with brighter colors and many fantastic shapes as it appeared again and again to this woman's wandering mind. To see and be seen by strange people in a crowded city; education for her growing daughter—ease for herself and a longing for change—all worked toward a blending or concentration of shifting ideals floating in an orbit. Strangely enough the hermit ranchman, also, saw the necessity of change. He, too, would leave the land of isolation and abide in a city by the Rocky Mountains. In its incipiency this subject of change of residence was kept from the head of the family, but as the time for action approached, he was gently apprised of it. The old gentleman consented to a change of home with great reluctance. He was contented and happy in his surroundings and did not want to tread hidden paths too far. Had no desires to change the known for the unknown. Why not

leave well enough alone? The tactful wife was equal to every emergency and smoothed down every objection from her devoted husband. She kindly planned a way to soften the proposed change. The good minister was advised, in as much as he had not visited among his relatives in the far east for many years the time was propitious to do so. During his absence the sale of property and the packing up and other incidents of a confusing period would be lifted from the careworn shoulders of the venerable man. When he came again he would find them in their cozy home in the Rocky Mountain city. The minister was speedily assisted to be off upon his eastern journey with many well wishes that the good angels protect him on his way.

VIII

In due time after much bustle and confusion the change of location by the minister's wife and her daughter came to pass. A handsome and nicely furnished house in the mountain city of Butte had been put in preparation for their coming. The now thoroughly interested hermit ranchman of the Dog Den had preceeded them many days and put things in order.

Time passed happily for the trio. The bracing autumn days glided smoothly with the newcomers and diversity from their former manner of life was hailed with the same delight that would effect the deliverance from distasteful task by broken shackels to some maltreated bondman.

But other changes must come now. The time

had arrived when the minister's visit to the far east should end by the limitation previously put upon it. A letter had been received by his wife with the number of train and date of day when he might be expected.

At the promised time the long jointed west bound train moved slowly up to the depot at Butte. Among the jostling passengers that came crowding down from a car platform was an elderly gentleman with a nervous manner, clad in a garment of sombre hue. He was recognized by two persons in waiting seats—the minister's wife and the hermit ranchmen of the Dog Den range, who arose to meet the minister—for it was he. But in the lady's greeting a wifely salution was wanting. She leaned upon the preacher's right arm while the politic ranchmen stood escort in waiting on his left, taking the wearied old gentleman's grip in one hand with feigned courtesy tendered his arm and the trio for a minute or more walked along the sidewalk in silence.

"I may as well tell you now," said the ex-ranchman from the Dog Den, addressing the minister, "this is my wife not yours." "But," he went on, "you can have a home with us, just as before; you can have a room; you will be welcome at our table—only remember she is my wife—not yours."

The sudden and entirely unexpected words fell with the force of a terrific blow upon the heart of the guileless old man. No lurid bolt of unchained lightening from lowering clouds could

have been more overwhelming—less immediately fatal. His trembling limbs grew weak—his palsied tongue refused to give forth words, and he could only turn and stare appealingly to his wife. The woman turned her face from the stricken husband as the tender hearted child will turn its head from the dying gasps of some dear pet of its childish hours. She would soothe but could not. She could relent but would not.

IX

Back on the Mouse river. Back to the old pioneer farm, the veteran minister had paced his way. Let us follow the old man as he stalks about the homestead of his creation like a spectre on the eve of twilight. Resting his weary head upon a stone underneath the leafless branches of an ancient oak, in unquieting trance of past events we will extract the story that is drawing his life away. Let us listen to his mumbling as he sleeps: Sixteen years ago a contented paster—a faithful flock—a happy home underneath stately sycamores,—by the side of a wide, swift flowing river. Back to that morning of sorrow when confiding members of his congregation whispered to him the startling details of a crime and the flight of the perpretrator; of an abandoned wife and new born child buffeting waves of reproach, neglect and poverty. Of his own thoughts as to his plain line of duty in the premises as a man of God, with a natural, sympathetic heart for distress in the unbidden calamities of the unfortunate. Come one, two, three, four, five or yet six years,

and no word from recreant husband and father save an uncontradicted word that he was dead.

Meantime the minister's interest in the forsaken woman drifted beyond the sympathetic and had glided into the tangled and inexplicable bonds of love. The forlorn one reciprocated with gratitude for effection—attention given for kindness bestowed. There is no love without affection, but is there not affection without love? You who are wise in the heart's secrets, make answer.

X

It might have been a year or more after the closing events just narrated, when an old man was noticed boarding the eastern bound midnight express on the Great Northern, at the first station beyond the Souris. The lighted train glides rapidly across the dark prairies—the grating of wheels—the bumping of coaches over the uneven bed—the screaching of the locomotive whistle at wayside stations or danger signals at dubious crossings, all tend to "make a night of it" for the lonesome passenger. After slowing up in crossing over the great arches of the Mississippi bridge the conductor of the train found this passenger's compartment vacated. A part of a crumpled letter with a late postmark,—and evidently penned by a feminine hand, in which the following scraps rejointed, tells its own story:

DEAR MR. H———: I take my pen to ask may we come to you again. I direct this letter to M——— in which neighborhood I hope you now are.

* * * * *

Ed. is dead. He followed his trade as bricklayer after you went away. One month ago yesterday, he went to work as usual. In mounting a ladder to the scaffolding, he had nearly reached the top, when a fellow workman heard him say "I'm going blind," and immediately fell backward and downward—and was picked up from the ground a mangled corpse.

Myra sends her love to you. I do hope you will forgive if you cannot forget. Please write at once. From your heartbroken and sorrowing————.

"Cheated himself by shortening a paid ride," said the train's conductor, carelessly, as he threw down the crumpled bits of writing, on the non reappearance of the apparently absent-minded passenger.

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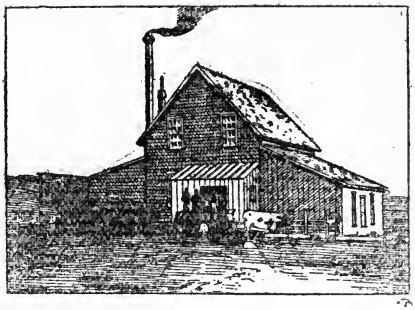
Out in the blackness of night for a pathless walk where anywhere lead to everywhere. Out, and on, heartstricken one,—the mantle of darkness envelope and environ you. Though you may have hidden your drossy covering of clay, by forest of tamarack; in a bottomless swamp or an un-traversed plain, the sleepless special will find and uncover you at the finality, and black newspaper headlines make record of another "eccentric and lonely old man found dead."



Old Washburn Mill.

ISSUING RATIONS TO THE FORT BERTHOLD INDIANS.

[From a Photo by Morrow in 1870.]

BLAZING A BACKWARD TRAIL.

SOME months after the Sioux Indian outbreak in Minnesota on that fateful 18th of August, 1862, measures were taken by the State government of Iowa looking to a better protection of their northwestern border from incursions of detached war parties from the main camps of the hostiles. Gettysburg and Vicksburg had not yet been fought in the Southern war, the federal government was loth to spare troops from the front, and the States within the bounds of the Indian insurrection were enjoined to raise troops for their own protection, beyond some skeleton regiments officered by commanders who had previously experienced some service in Indian campaigns on the far western plains. In addition to two regiments of Iowa volunteer cavalry already mustered in the United States service, Col. James Sawyer, of Sioux city raised a mounted batallion of bordermen for defence along the northwestern part of that State, Though originally raised for local defense only, in September, 1863 the command was re organized and placed upon the same status as other volunteer cavalry—and to do duty out of the State as well as within its borders when called upon. A line of double bastioned posts were constructed beginning at the Fort Dodge & Sioux City stage crossing of the West

Fork of Little Sioux river and extending in fortified chain to Esterville on the Minnesota State line. Beginning with the one at West Fork which was within twenty miles of Sioux City, one was established at Correctionville on the Little Sioux river proper—one at Cherokee thirty miles further up stream; one at Peterson twenty miles further along, and one at the Spirit Lake.

Upon the reorganization of the battallion the writer found himself in transfer from an eastern command and was stationed at the Correctionville post—called Fort White in honor of its company commander. The soldier duties were divided between detail for scouting service, construction and hay making parties. The water was good, climatic conditions fine and the exercise exhilerating and healthful.

On one of the closing days of September, when haying was well finished, a group of the soldiers led forth some of their spry and well groomed chargers for a trial of speed upon the race course, east of the fort. While engaged in this sport, a small sized man mounted upon a venerable ill-shaped pony rode up to the excitable group of money changers. Besides his rediculous looking mount, the man wore an ill fitting suit of clothes, topped off with an old slouch hat— points well down—and for all the world looked the mounted dummy about to close a circus performance. Everybody greeted him with a laugh in which he seemed to heartily join. He bet his money freely upon the racers, and, as happened in most cases, lost.

The orderly sergeant of the company—a man of middle age and rotund physique—was an inveterate gamester and prided himself on his keen wit. He jokingly offered to run on, foot against the steed of the stranger for a five dollar greenback provided the stranger done his own jockying. As all hands wanted to see the race on, the stranger cheerfully covered the orderly sergeant's five with a new treasury issue. Much to the surprise of all the pony and its rider won by a bare scratch.

The victor then rode up to the company officer's quarters, asked to have his name put upon the company's rolls. He gave in his name as Smith, but whether the prefix was John, James or William we no longer remember. On account of his under size—having a somewhat diminative appearance, or for his little pony, had already been jughandled by the boys and was known as Pony Smith.

Pony, being a round shouldered, bow legged, burlesque specimen of humanity, with clownish ways was quite a favorite with many, though some were victims of his boorish practical jokes. The writer though somewhat chummy with Pony was one of his victims—and a long suffering one—had vowed to pick a big black crow with him if ever they came together again in this broad old world. The orderly sergeant, however, never forgave this recruit from the day of the pony-foot race, and after many passes of ill-tempered repartee, poor Pony Smith was banished over to the West Fork, the Botany Bay of the State company chain. Here he remained like Napoleon on Helena's isle

until after the mustering out of the batallion.

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After an absence of over thirty long years, the writer crossed over the iron bridge across Big Sioux river from the west in retrospect. The little town of Sioux City—that was—which clustered around the old steamboat landing stood out a magnificent city spread back upon the hills Great buildings of brick and marble had supplanted the log and frame structures of the days of the Sioux outbreak. Electric lights and trolly cars had run out the street lamp and the omnibus.

While standing in wonderment where the old Hagy House had stood, I saw a long funeral train slowly passing up the street. A pioneer judge was being taken to his last resting place. Close following the hearse—bowed down in medatative thought rode a cluster of old white headed men, the Bogues, the Hedges, the Hagys'. of long ago,—comb gatherers and makers of this human hive. In remembering their vigorous physical frames and mental push of thirty years before, and now gazing upon the listless eyes and furrowed cheeks of these broken men following one of their own group to the grave—each as silent as the enshrouded occupant of the hearse, I could almost fancy their bloodless lips were repeating:

"We are passing away,
We are passing away
To that great judgment day."

I had looked in vain for one face in that group

—Col. Jim Sawyer—and setting myself down on a seat under the varanda of a comfortable holstry its venerable proprietor—himself a pioneer—chequed off time incidents concerning members of our old frontier soldier organization that I attentively listened to, after an absence in person and lack of all information concerning their whereabouts for over a quarter of a century.

Col. Jim Sawyer had played hit and miss with business many years after the close of the civil war until his worldly possessions were wrapped up in the proprietorship of a ferry boat. This would have been all right had the boat stayed above water, which, unfortunately for the Colonel did not: He had stood upon the levee and watched his boat go down beneath the muddy waves of the Missouri, and himself reduced to poverty—the boat being so rickety no company would insure. Though the waters had swallowed up the remnants of his fortune it had left him his grit. His age at that time was about sixty years—a time of life when the ordinary man drops out from active life and sits down; a time of life for some people thus stricken in misfortune who would have staggered and wilted under the strain,—crawled in their bunks and called loudly on the old man with the scythe to hit hard a lick for keeps. Not so with Colonel Sawyer. By hook and by crook he raised a little means and hied himself off to the mining regions of Arizonia. Ten years later he had been heard from through

some financial institution. His rating was away up then,—climing close to that of a millionare. Our old captain, after whom Fort White was named had died a bankrupt in New Orleans. One of our lieutenants was a prominent citizen of the neighboring town of Onawa. Corporal Ordway, was living happily with his wife and their daughters out on Maple river. The orderly sergeant had died in a Minnesota town of two much "woman on the brain." His tormentor, Pony Smith, was living somewhere along the Sioux valley,—informant did not know just where but thought I might meet him in my travels. Of the Comstock brothers, two were dead and one insane. Pioneer Perry lived a batchelor hermit on the lower Sioux Many others were dead or moved away and never where heard from.—and so the list ran.

A bright and warm July day after a few days of wonder seeing in this big Iowa town, I drove out alone in a buckboard rig trying to recognize something familiar along the old Fort Dodge stage trail. The Floyd stream was passed after which a vain look for recognition was had of the old Hunkerford place,—once the outward farm of the environed settlement. Twenty-nine years before I had followed this trail for forty miles with but one sheltered house between, and with the exception of those at the West Fork crossing not a tree or a bush even, to be seen. Nought but immovable billows to view in a great prairie sea. But on this view retrospect, fine farm houses and beautiful groves of green trees were to met with

or noted wherever our greeting eyes turned—the pony's and mine. Over on the West Fork, the very personation of loneliness in frontier days, is a garden now and beautiful to behold. A mile or two down from the old State company stockade, now placidly sits the town of Moville with long trains of loaded cars passing and repassing, signalling their presence in a wreath of smoke or in the loud screech of the steam whistle.

A few miles north eastward of the West Fork, the abrupt ridges mark a near approach to the Little Sioux valley, proper. Every change from the primitive days of the borderman was noted and every innovation interesting. The sheep flocks, the hog droves the herds of cattle that were feeding upon the hills and vales were once we had roamed in quest of the herd remnants of the elk and the antelope.

A fine, sleeking looking drove of hogs drew my attention. The old fellows of the bunch appeared languid from fat carrying and the little chubby porkers' tails seemed to curl over their backs more proudly than those previously seen along the route, so on noting their care taker had a self satisfied air, I opened up the conversation:

"Well my friend you have a large, healthy looking drove of porkers here."

"Big drove of hogs you say mister," replied the swine herder, "why you ought to see Moon's piggery above Correctionville!"

Passing further up the deep cut roads I noted

a particularly neat farm house with a suitable adjunct of outbuildings with an inticeing looking water trough to a very dry pony. The farmer came out from a nearby building on my approach, and finding him in a talkative mood, I plied him with some questions:

"Your neighbors all look prosperous here," I said, "they must have good bank accounts."

"O, no," replied the farmer, "not many—a few of our people have some money in bank. There is Mr. Moon above Correctionville—he usually has a good many thousands deposited with the banks—but then he is an exception."

A further drive of a half hour or more and I sit rigidly from my seat in the buckboard—and for a moment scanned up and down the valley of the Little Sioux—a stranger to a familiar land. Two lines of railway strung out from a compact town where Fort White had stood. Green trees yet fringed the river and nestled up in the sheltered pockets of the uplands. I made inquiry concerning the farms and was pointed out a magnificant appearing place and fortunately found its proprietor taking his ease in a rocker on the poarch.

I introduced my subject bluntly:

"They tell me you own two thousand acres of land here—and two thousand acres covers a great deal of soil."

"Well, yes," replied the land owner "two thousand acres is all right as far as it goes, but there is Moon above Correctionville, — he has seven thousand acres of land, and all in one body."

Bidding the land owner adieu, I followed along the valley road some distance in parallel lines with the railway grade, then crossing the track and over the iron structure that spanned the Little Sioux river facing Correctionville from the south. As the dull sounds from the pony's hoofs intermingled in the stillness of the air with the gurgling waters, past memories rose unbidden to distress the mind and grate upon the restful heart. Memories with all its fitful shadows of gaiety and gloom—hope and dispair that had marked the day dreams of thirty-three and thirty years before, now again brought vividly to mind at the familiar sight of the stony bed river, the basswood groves and sweet songs of musical birds. Almost unconsciously I had halted on the further arch of the long high bridge and gazed backward and across on the opposite shore as though to catch one more glimpse of the pink-garbed, pale-faced maid, who had once in fancy stood with bared feet upon the marginal waters by rock and brush to reveal some warning events yet to come. This, though but the record of a dream of thirty years gone, its revelation had been faithfully perfect in all detail.

Up the road and on a rise of ground where Fort White had stood. What do we see? No stockade—no turreted bastons—nor a log or a stone even, marked the spot where the frontier fort had stood. Instead, around and about the environed plain nestled a town of 2000 people.

At one of the large hotels I met an only reminder of my closing experience in early Correctionville. An old and tottering inebriate, whose faltering, self betrayel in our presence, reminded us of the old saw "that a guilty conscience need no accuser." Further in that man's case silence is charity.

Through the handsome burg and out along the Cherokee trail we noted great changes and at a bend in the river met a couple of husky boys with a small drove of apparently unmanageable steers.

"Boys," I ventured to remark, "You have a very unruly herd to manage."

"Herd h——," tartly replied one of the lads, "go on up and see Moon's big bunch if you want to see a herd.

Passing along through ravines and across culvereted roads I drew reins in front of Mr. Moon's house, to which I had been directed by his neighbors, and after a critical survey of the Sioux valley magnate of so many leading parts, made myself known to him, received a generous welcome and was his guest for a couple of days. Taking a walk with the proud proprietor to view over his vast and unincumbered land possessions and to see his herds of shorthorns and long longhorns—Percherons and Clydesdales—Poland-China's and Chester Whites,— and in a daze of admiration for all I had seen,—with a burst of inquisitive inquiry after all I had known,—patted Mr. Moon with old time familarity on his hard round shoulders, in a bandying way, blurted out:—

"Pony—old boy—when did you hook on to this name of Moon?"

Out upon the road again—now over hills and in sight of thrifty towns—now down in the valley of the almost Indian trail of State company days. The only habitable dwelling in those days in the valley between Correctionville and Cherokee—distance thirty miles—was the Parry homestead. The soldiers were under many obligations to the hospitable pair who had here built themselves a home. Answers to inquiry told me the old gentleman had been resing under green sods for many a long day, but the old lady then passing seventy years survived and was near by, so called for the last time to pay my respects to her, and on behalf of my soldier comrades thank her for the kindness she had ever shown toward us.

Then loomed up the town of Cherokee with its three thousand people. Thirty years before, on my last adieu to this town less than half dozen families comprised its inhabitants, but it was then as now a county capital. In those days of the sixties, besides the soldier garrison were many young men, but only two girls of marriageable age in the town. One a modest little maid, daughter of the hotel proprietor kept noboddy's company but her mamma's. The other young lady was delighted with attention from many earnest wooers. She had engaged herself to be married to the corporal commanding the post, and while he was absent purchasing a trosseau for the nuptial event, she met the advances of another soldier and married him before the return of affianced

husband that was to have been. It was a case of inexcusable deception on the girl's part as we had rendered judgment then, and much sympathy felt for the young commander for his misplaced confidence. I now inquired of some old timers of the after days of this coquettish woman, and learned she had made a miserable life for herself by her misadventure. A few years of unhappy married life she had been left to shift for herself, with a lot of children to raise and care for.

As author and publisher of two little books one which I was introducing into public and private libraries; had been told by a newspaper editor there, that a banker's wife was treasurer and general manger of Cherokee's public library, and advised my calling on the lady, as perfatory thereto.

Accordingly, acting on the suggestion, I sauntered wonderingly along a shade-lined boulevard, until coming in front of a beautiful and costly residence that looked the ideal banker's home, and sent up my card to the mistress of this mansion.

"So your book has something to say about early Cherokee history" the lady said, after I had introduced the object of my call, "what is it facts or romance?"

"A little of both, perhaps" I answered.

"I will get your book for the library," she rejoined, "but I guess I was living here in this town before you ever you saw it!"

Then dawned light. Bidding the lady adieu, I passed out under the silver maples, drawing on a nearly forgotten memory of past events, "I have it now" I murmered, softly "I have been talking to this town's first hotel keeper's daughter—to 'mamma's girl' of early Cherokee."

THE SLUGGISH WATERS OF DOUGLASS RIVER.—See page 81.

OF TWO GRAVES IN THE BLACK HILLS.

DURING the winter of 1869-70, while passing that notably inclement season among the woodchoppers and adventurers assembled at Toughtimber Point, now the site of Hancock, N. D.,—I made accquaintance with a light-limbed Texan cowboy. While born and brought up on the plains of Texas, the young man had put in some time time among vineyards of California, and also a few years on the stock ranges of eastern Oregon. Then an adventurous trip across the mountain ranges of Montana to the headwaters of the Missouri river, with a short sojourn and an inkling of life with the professional wolfers of Milk river valley country. Later on he had drifted down the Missouri and became a transient in one of Iowa's famed towns.

While in that town by the watery border, chance lot threw him in the society of a budding maid, the daughter of respected parentage—which in a short time ripened into an effection that ended in marriage. The girl was a native Iowan, blooming into womanhood early, and at the time of her wedding was scarcely more than fourteen years old.

The young husband had but little of this world's goods, and after a short honymoon, in considering his circumstances, accepted a flattering offer from a venturesome firm, and hired out as cook for the

season nine hundred miles from the starting point in the then inhospitable and vaugely known land, the Painted Woods country of the Upper Missouri, and in the order of distribution was sent up to the lonely woodyard at Toughtimber.

At the yard in the assignment of quarters, lot threw the young Texan and the writer together as room mates and while sitting in front of the even-fire in the cook room, he gradually unfolded his life story and told how his wife was won and dwelt on the ever to him interesting subject, long and fondly. He anxiously counted the days that would elapse before the great river in front of our stockade would loosen its frozen fetters, and pleasantly anticipated the time when from the hurricane deck of a returning steamer he might get welcome sight of the city that contained—as he tenderly expressed it—"the finest little woman in the world."

Like many others born and raised beyond the line of school houses on the Texan frontier border, this young man could neither read nor write in the simplest English. Now, of all times, he felt the needs of chirographic communication most. There were hundred of miles of frozen plains between him and his wife, it was true, yet as isolated as our woodyard was, eastern mail reached our door only one week old. The delicate duty, therefore, of reading and writing answers to confiding letters between husband and wife fell to my lot as the sequence of the Texans's neglected education.

As the sun grew higher in the heavens in its daily evolutionary course of planet movemen ts, and glad spring was being welcomed by the faithful little harbinger of warmer days—the soft-chirping chickadee of the woodland, a new theme occupied a large space in the young wife's letters to her husband. She was about to become a mother and her hopes and fears for the event give pathos to its wording, and in angelic tenderness begged that her husband might be with her in the supreme hour. Thus closed the correspondance as far as the third party was concerned but the recollection of those tender epistles from the girl wife to her absent husband remain as fresh in mind as a memory of yesterday.

The summer following, the writer of these lines chased up and down the great valley in the vicinity of the Fort Buford country, bracing up with the exhilerating and pleasurable excitement of the almost daily send off in Indian scares with the astute Sitting Bull and sardonic Long Dog as the dread faced Jack-in-the-boxes that spring themselves out from the clumps of sage brush or grease wood that mark the wallows and washouts of the plains surrounding that showy frontier fort which bore the honored name of a New Jersey cavalry leader of the civil war.

At the beginning of Autumn, some nine of a party started out in an open boat from Fort Buford in charge of a deputy marshal as witnesses in a

United States court case at Yankton, the then capital of the Territory—over a thousands miles by the river's course. As we drifted along on our lengthy trip we touched at woodyard, post and Indian camp, until the familiar fort was reached that sat so handsomely on the yellow plain below the sluggish waters of Douglass river. Down toward the boat landing we slowly drifted along the cut bar, thence to the tie-up.

Among the first acquaintances that came down from the fort to greet us was the young Texan. He was a happy man. His wife and babe was with him at the post—he told us—and he had the post commander's permission to run an eating restaraunt in connection with the post trader's store.

"You must come up and see us" he said cheerly to the writer. "She knows you now; I told her all about the letters."

We then started up to the fort by the "water road," crossing the Garrison creek bridge to the new restaurant west of the officers quarters. On our way along a painful item of news was imparted to the Texan. A subpoene was served on him to appear with the rest of us at Yankton. He rallied, but with a sad attempt at gaiety presented us to his wife. She was a very beautiful blonde, and with a neatly dressed. romping child in her arms, heightened the color of a pretty picture. The shade that was thrown across it happily for us, was reserved for our departure. The parting scene between this young couple, we did not see.—Neither did we wish to see. In being left with

her tender babe behind,—she would have neither father or mother husband or brother to protect her now. Here was a libertine's opportunity,—and also a coward's. There is but little more to say. A tongue of deceit—a subtle drug—a trumpted up situation—and darkness and despair for this child wife.

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A personal friend of the chronicler of these pages had occasion to pass some years of his life in the Black Hills immediately after the in-rush of miners and adventurers succeeding the Custer expedition of 1874. Among the incidents of the early days of Deadwood, the chief town there, this friend related the closing account of a life wreck. The story pitiful as it was, might have passed my mind as many another of its like had done, but some personal recollections of an earlier day—and to the poor victim a purer and surely a happier one, gives painful interest in telling this plain truthful story that I here narrate, curtailed somewhat in order of abrievіation from the verbal to writing.

The verbal narrator told how, one wintry day he had received information while walking along Deadwood's primitive thoroughfare, that a young woman, with scant means was either dead or dying in a lowly miner's cabin near the outskirts of the town. Thinking over the circumstances of her past life—for he, too, had known her long and well—induced him to go search that he might find her, and if not already dead contribute something for comfort in her dying hour.

She was not dead but her last hour had come. On a regulation miner's "bunk" with a few tattered quilts, within a close room scant of furnishings lay the young woman, with the pallor of death fast spreading over her emaciated features.

On a chair at the bedside of the dying girl sat an attendent—a female of another race,—who although faults they may have—yet for unselfish ministrations to the sick and unfortunate, the Aunt Sally's and Aunt Dinah's of the colored race occupy a distinction gratefully acknowledged by the unprejudiced everywhere.

Among the scant trappings surrounding the sick woman lay a letter which she had evidently received from some one in answer to her asking for financial aid. The short answer had told of its failure:—"Your brother says he has no sister."

On a shelf with some half emptied bottles of medicine, lay a well thummed copy of "McLeod of Dare," and a page marker toward the last of the book, which place the faithful nurse told my informant, that her patient had been frequently reading before she had become so weakened by sickness as to be unable to hold the little book in her hands. The marker rested on the closing death scene of Black's hero and evidently reflected the state of her mind at the time:

"King Death was a rare old fellow,
He sat where no sun could shine;
And he lifted his hand so yellow,
And poured out his coal-black wine!

There came to him many a maiden,
Whose eyes had forgot to shine,
And widows with grief o'er laden,
For draught of his sleepy wine!
Hurrah! hurrah! hurrah! for the coal-black wine!

* * * * * * * * *

All came to the rare old fellow,
Who laughed till his eyes dropped brine,
As he gave them his hand so yellow,
And pledged them, in Death's black wine!
Hurrah! hurrah! hurrah! for the coal-black wine!"

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ONE day toward the latter part of May, 1883, while working on a piece of government land near Painted Woods, N. D., endeavoring to secure private title by following the intent of the law as to the planting and cultivation of young trees, my attention was called to the approach of a man coming from the river, making directly for the place where I was at work. It proved to be Sunda, (or at least that is what we will call him in this chronicle,) a hunter, trapper, scout and Indian fighter of more than passing repute in a country where the the lens of the revolving kaleidescope are ever turning over in the jumble of the crescents, some act of heroism or mark that bring sudden and sometimes bewildering fame to the border adventurer.

The man before me was an old acquaintance and our recognition was mutual, although nine years had passed since as camp partners on the trap line we had parted on White Earth river, and only once

after, sixteen months later at Scott's woodyard below the Yellowstone's mouth, I had bid him a last adieu until this meet at the tree claim.

It was at Scott's yard shortly after our interview there that Sunda made his reputation as a very quick and dead shot in shooting a sneaking hostile who was drawing bead on unsuspecting Deacon Hemmingway while the latter was chopping cord-wood for Scott in a grove near the prairie. The crack of the hunter's rifle and the falling of a red painted Indian from behind a tree was the first intimation the startled Deacon had of his danger.

The next I heard of the hunter was a year later on Yellowstone river where a shot from his rifle had penetrated the supposed invulnerable body of a hostile Sioux medicine man. The warrior was making a "holy show" of himself with an idea, evidently, of encouraging his more timid companions to openly attack the crew of a steamboat while the vessel was "hugging the shore."

Still later I had heard that this quandam partner of mine had visited Bismarck, and after equipping for the northern buffalo grounds; hired a boy, and secured a young woman from "across the track," for campkeeper, and when all was made ready had taken the train west for Glendive, and through a newspaper clipping from that point, I learned that this strangely selected party of hide hunters were in among the last of the northern buffalo herd and that Sunda had brought down 7000 buffalo hides as the result of the first winter's shoot the product, mostly, of his own rifle.

Upon the occasion of this meet at the tree claim, after first greeting, we walked back to the old log stockade where as two of a party of three we had had made winter camp during cold days of the months of January and February 1874. Of course after so long an absence on different lines we had mutual queries to ask, but it was not until after the red sun had sunk behind the high ridges of Oliver county that the hunter guest began to tell of the events at Redwater preceeding the extermination of the last of that magnificant band of buffalo denominated the northern herd.

Time and place have much to do with the impress of a story. A cabin surrounded with giant cottonwoods just putting forth their pea green leaves; songs in various notes and cadence from the throats of a thousand happy birds celebrating safe arrival in their summer nesting grounds; air laden with the fragrance of bursting buds and a light breeze wafting from the river sounds of the waters' rush by sand bar and sawyer. A propitious hour, surely. for song or story.

Sunda said he would tell all about the girl he had taken west from Bismarck if I had patience to give attention. In answer said I was but too glad to hear all he choose to tell. Introducing his subject, said, the young woman had come up from Kansas City on a river steamer. As a native of Jackson county Missouri, the hiding place and headquarters of several desperate gangs of bushwackers during civil war times, and with such sur-

roundings and invironment, and while yet a little girl, she had witnessed the cruel, inexcusible and violent death of her father from their hands and knew that she had lost a brother also through their bloody work. Following this she met with betrayal from one who should have been her protector; had found deceit where true affection should have reigned, and being inexperienced in the ways of this selfish world had fallen by the wayside.

My friend the hunter was a fine specimen of the physical man. His age at this time was twenty five years. To his question would she go with him to the buffalo grounds, her answer "I will go with you any where" told of her true nature hoping for the best. For two years she shared every discomfort with her consort on the open range. The howling blizzards, the lurking war party the veering of stampeding buffalo herds brought no wavering of her loyalty—no word of complaint. She was with the man she loved and if he choose to be there in savage squalor, it was her place also. Twice only he had seen her in tears. The boy who had formed the trio accidently shot himself and she tore strips from her dress to staunch the flow of blood from the dying boy. When the lad was dead she sat down and cried as if her heart would break. She would take the place of the absent mother,—she said, as far as in her power, and do the best that could be done for the dead in that wintry wilderness.

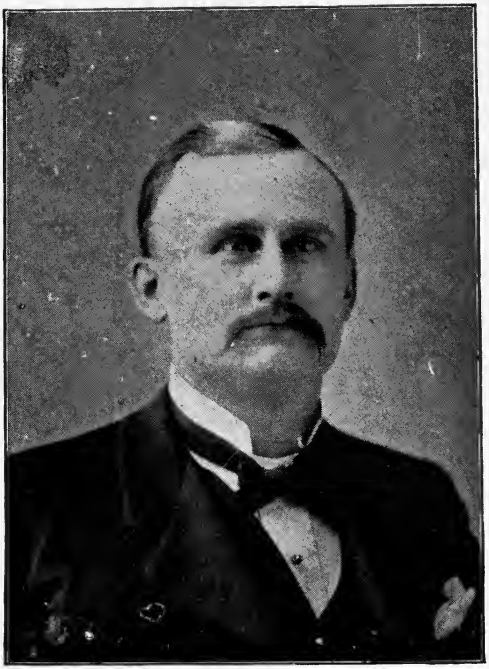
But the last of the buffalo were shot down cold. Sunda alone had killed 10,000. His thoughts took a restless turn. His mind wandered to the broad Chesapeake the home of his boyhood. He became irritable in camp though his brave partner must have noticed the change her poor, palpitating heart refused to yield. Every rebuff was met by pleading eyes. But the hunter finally brought his courage to bear and he told her the state of his mind. As her share for the indurance of two years hardship he tendered the twice betrayed girl $1000 and at the same time frankly told this loyal consort the time had now come for them to part forever.

"Sunda, I love the ground you walk on," she replied "but if you don't want me I'll not follow you—I am too proud for that." Then holding up the roll of money, she continued;—"When this is gone I am gone.". With these words and a burst of tears she was away.

Some months after this Sunda, received at letter from a friend in Deadwood describing the tragic end of a girl in a public dance hall. It was at the close of a quadrille amidst the dying strains of music, a richly dressed girl rushed out to the centre of the hall, drew a pistol and fired a bullet through her heart before she could be reached. A newspaper slip gave after particulars. In the paragraph mention was made of the rich dress and glittering jewels that adorned the person of the suicide but that no money was found about her. From the description of some mementoes found among her belongings, Sunda knew the dead girl and his consort of the Redwater was one and the same. It

was now too late to make amends and too slow to realize that henceforth his heart was buried to the world and would linger only for the memory of one who had given up her life that she might forget the ingratitude of her heart's chosen one.

Sunda had been setting in the cabin door while reciting his story—and at its close the beams of the sitting moon falling full in his face disclosed tears like glistening beads chasing each other down this strong man's cheeks. Oppressive silence followed within and without. The lively birds had hours before ceased their chirping and twittering among the trees about us and the branches that had rubbed and swayed with the breeze of the day were calm and at rest. Without further words the hunter rolled up in his blankets and soon after his troubled conscience and aching heart was soothed in refreshing slumber—if not in pleasant dreams.



DAN. WILLIAMS,
First Warden Bismarck Penitentiary.

THE BISMARCK PENITENTIARY.

SOMETIME during the winter of 1886, the writer of these sketches accepted an invitation for a few days visit to the North Dakota Penitentiary. The institution is located within a mile of Bismarck, the State capital, and directly along the main line of the Northern Pacific Railway. The invitation had come from Dan Williams first warden of the institution and who gave seven years creditable service as its first officer. And thus was I urshered within these grim walls of rock and iron.

Penitentaries have but little interest to the living world except as places to keep away from, and only the morbidly curious or those interested in some relative or friend behind the iron gates are to be found among the registered list of visitors, and as a consequence there is no ban to intrusion when not in interferance with the strict decipline which must never be relaxed or lost sight of about a penal institution.

The Bismarck penitentiary was built in the year 1885, and consequently at the time of my visit everything about the premises was neat and clean with an air of freshness prevading thereabout. It is said a preceptible feeling of incomprehensible gloom prevade the mind within the walls of an

aged prison—a reflex as it were of the brooding minds and aching hearts whose impress were left within the sunless walls that had environed them. As old nurses or attendants at asylums for the insane are known to frequently become maniacs themselves through some strange transmission or contagion, so too, attendants and keepers of prisons by some mysterious influence loose mental balance and in after time are controlled by criminal instincts strangely at variance with their former action and which frequently ends in a suicide's grave or a felon's cell.

A life sentence within penitentiary walls is but a life burial to the unhappy mortal whose transgression or misfortune forced it. Old acquaintances fall away and forget or class him with the dead and in his isolation, has no chance to form new ones. He seldom sees the sun moon and stars. No pure fresh air; no green grass; no leafy foliage; no beautiful flowers save those oderless ones upon the casements about the naked prison walls.

Some months before my visit to the Bismarck institution there had been a young attorney from a neighboring State, incarcerated and serving time in the Sioux Falls penitentiary,— and had been placed there through the instrumentality of his wife,—a heartless and extravagant woman who had sought this means of ridding herself of her husband for another she had already selected. The laws of the State gave her the right of divorce

through the courts, and chance,—opportunity and inherent depravity and subversion of her better self—did the rest.

During my short stay at the Bismarck penitentiary a case just the opposite of the above came under my observation which offset the discredit brought on the sex, and wifely loyalty by the Sioux Falls woman. A young man convicted of homicide and sentenced to four years hard labor within its uninviting walls. He had some time before his trouble married a most estimable young and beautiful girl, the petted daughter of wealthy parents and of high social position in the Hawkeye state. From the hour of the beginning of her husband's misfortune, she devoted her whole time and a large portion of her wealth to save her youthful husband from conviction in the court and failing, hung about the cage of her imprisoned mate as would a bluebird or robin red breast, ever ready to minister to his wants and prove her unselfish devotion save when the cold hand of discipline and the stern and rigid rules of the prison forbade. Through her husband's good behavior and her own persistent efforts in his behalf she was rewarded at last. A change in public opinion gave opportunity for the acting governor to extend his clemency, so a full pardon was heartily approved, and the now happy young lady led forth her husband, past barred windows and iron doors, a free man. The glad wish of all who were witnesses to the closing act of this drama went to the young people, and the hope of those whose

hearts were enlisted, that this young husband would never again give occasion to so try the devotion of his faithful wife.

There is seldom a conviction of a criminal but what entails suffering more or less upon his or her innocent family or friends. It is the thought of this—even under dire distress or great provocation—that often stay the arm of the passionate or revengefully disposed But, then again, there are those blinded to all consequences—the blow was struck—the deed was done, and scenes like the following that came under my observation during this visit, is too often in line with the aftermath:

A young man from the eastern part of the State had been convicted for manslaughter and sentenced to twelve years hard labor in the the penitentiary. His uncle was the head of one of the most widely known of Minnesota business houses and his father, too was a wealthy and influential man. His social position was also of high order. Famous and high priced lawyers had been retained at great expense, yet thanks to an honest jury and an upright judge, justice in this particular case was not altogether thwarted. He was now in convict's garb, and the venerable careworn old father had come to bid him good-bye. It was Sunday, and services were going on,—the prison choir commenced to sing, accompanied by the solemn toned organ,—

"Do they miss me at home—do they miss me
'T would be an assurance most dear.

To know that this moment some loved one,
Were saying I wish he were here?
To feel that the group at the fireside,
Were thinking of me as I roam.
Oh, yes 'twould be joy beyond measure,
To know that they miss at me home.

When twilight approaches, the season
That ever is sacred to song,
Does some one repeat my name over,
And sigh that I tarry so long?
And is there a chord in the music,
That's missed when my voice is away.
And a chord in each heart that awaketh
Regret at my wearisome stay?

* * * * * *

Do they miss me at home—do they miss me
At morning, at noon, or at night?
And lingers one gloomy shade round them,
That only my presence can light?
Are joys less invitingly welcome,
And pleasures less hale than before,
Because one is missed from the circle,
Because I am with them no more?

The sad tones of the organ seemed to go to the father's heart, for after casting his eye upon the troubled features of his boy he turned his face to the wall and burst into a flood of tears. "Oh, am I crazy,—oh, am I crazy," he said as he rocked his body to and fro in mental anguish. I could stand it no longer and passed out of the room.

Early one morning a letter came up for the warden's inspection from the cell room. It was from a convict who said in substance that this was

his second term in prison, that his father had died in jail, that his mother was now serving at Joliet, and that his only brother was also serving a long term at Fort Madison, Iowa.

"I am bred and born a thief," he went on, and if free to-morrow I could not help stealing. As I am no use and all harm in the world, I may as well die, and to that end have pounded up and swallowed nearly a pint of glass There is no help for me now. If there is a hell and I go there it will make but little difference if I go sooner than I might. If there is a heaven and I go there, the sooner I go the better. And if there is neither heaven nor hell, it will make no difference anyhow."

The warden instantly telephoned for the prison physician, and with a deputy warden hastened down to the cell with a quart of oil, pried open the jaws of the would be suicide, and poured the contents down his throat. By a miricle his life was saved, though he had to be closely watched from making another attempt when an opportunity presented. In searching the prisoner's cell nothing particular was found. The last two verses of Cowper's "Castaway" were pinned on the wall. The Castaway, it will be remembered, was the last production during the last lucid interval of that unfortunate poet. We quote the two verses:

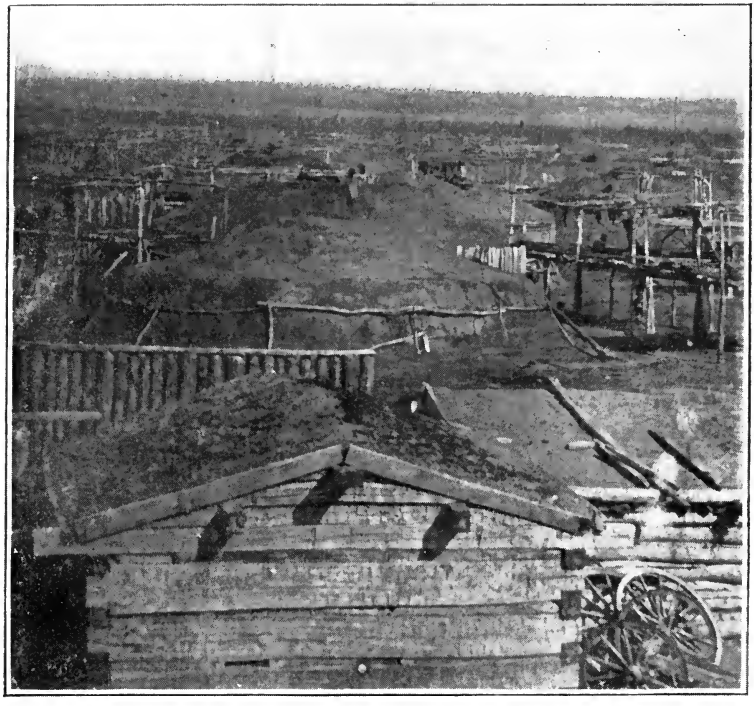
"I therefore purpose not or dream,
Discanting on his fate,
To give the melancholy theme

A more enduring date;
But misery still delights to trace
Its semblance in another's case.
"No voice divine the storm allay'd,
No light propitious shone,
When, snatch'd from all effectual aid,
We perish'd, each alone;
But I beneath a rougher sea,
And whelmed in deeper gulfs than he."

Among the outside of gate or trusty prisoners was one Mike Finnegan, with a face of Hibernian cast. Michael's acquintance was not difficult to acquire, nor was he backward in exploiting on the misadventure that caused him to "do time" in the penitentiary. He had been "put over the road," he said by way of apology or explanation, for "unloosning Teddy Roosevelt's skiff." He explained further that himself and partner had made a miscalculation and supposed the nervy New Yorker was an ordinary eastern tenderfoot, and if he missed his nicely painted blue boat on a stormy day, would wait for the weather to clear up before the drifts were examined down stream.

"But that's where our miscalculation come in," went on the verboose Finnegan, "You see we wanted to trap and shoot beaver while the Little Missouri was in flood, and didn't have much of a boat, so concluded to swap sight-unseen with this Medora ranchman. Of course it was night and we couldn't see—and the owner was in his dreams. Well the worst storm I ever got caught out in rounded us in at the mouth of Cherry, and we

went into camp. My! how it snowed and the wind howled 'We're all right here Bully Boy, said my pard, and I thought the same thing—without talking. Supprised you might say—wasn't we though— when that d———d New Yorker covered us with his guns for a hands up. What could we do with our flukes wet and full of mud, our clothes ringing wet and minds preoccupied. What would you have done? The New Yorker got the best of us—and here I am."



A part of Old Fort Berthold, Viewed from Malnorie's Trading Store,—Taken by Morrow in 1870.

Indian Village--Mandan and Gros Ventre Quarter.

FROM WEST TO EAST.

AFTER having watched from the galleries of the hall of Representatives, the proceedings of the North Dakota constitutional convention from the opening to the closing day, in July, 1889, I prepared for a long projected trip to the Atlantic's coast lands after an absence of twenty-two years, nearly the whole of which time had been passed in isolation on the plains or woodlands of the Dakotas. It was, therefore with a strange, half forsaken feeling, when I took a seat in an eastern bound passenger train at the Bismarck depot at the hour of midnight, and passed swiftly from the sleeping city, and through long stretches of silent, sparcely settled prairies. Jamestown at the crossing of the historic old Riviere Jaques, is passed at sunrise, then Sanborn, next Valley City and later on the broad expanse of the Red River Valley, the greatest wheat growing district in the world. On eastward the train surges and thumps until the beautiful Detroit Lake is seen—the dividing line between the timber and prairie lands. Brainard on the Mississippi is reached; cars and directions are changed, and the train glides like a section serpent through the dark forests of pine and tamarack that mark the country bordering Lake Superior the greatest of

our inland lakes. A few isolated lumbermen; some railroad employes scattered at intervals along the route, and here and there the brush lodge of a forlorn group of the red Chippeways gave the scenes a variable turn as we were hurled along until sighting the vast watery expanse, and the life and bustle of the "Zenith city of the unsalted seas."

Another day, and as passenger on the fine steamer China, we were plowing the pine tinted bosom of the largest chain of fresh water lakes in the world. Familiar, as I had been as a seeker of information concerning this region—had delighted in tracing the details of early explorations and the varied careers of its first explorers, my imaginative ideal of the country as dreamed over fell far short of the real as actually observed. Eleven hundred miles by fast steamer—traveling night and day, sometimes out of sight of land, and even then stopped short of the terminal of the lakes' chain. The hottest days of July and August never change the temperture of the deep waters of Lake Superior —always ice cold. Heavy pine forests line its shores, and as we skirted the American side some lurid conflagrations were in sight and dense clouds of black smoke enveloped us as we moved swiftly along. Mackanaw, old St. Mary's and other places of historic interest were carefully scanned, and the changes from early historic times noted.

As the boat meandered through the narrow bed of the St. Clair river highly cultivated farms were seen on either bank; but more beautiful to me

than stately mansions or rows of tasseled corn were the little low limbed broad leafed apple trees the sight of one I had not witnessed in twenty-two years. Passing Port Huron; passing British Sarnia; passing historic old Detroit, and the boisterous waters of Lake Erie is reached. On sped the China signaling passing vessels by night and by day. Erie city is reached and passed; Cleveland is passed, and on the seventh day the port of Buffalo city is entered; the steamer abandoned, and an enjoyable trip ended—and the only regretable incidents while in the good steamer's care were the blackmailing insolence of its porters.

Another ride in the cars and a stop for a day's recreation around the shores of Canandiaguai, one of the most picturesque of the many beautiful lakes in western New York. Then, again riding behind the screeching locomotive, passing the lights of queenly Elmira at the midnight hour thence down the deep cut valleys of the forest-lined Susquehanna until Pennsylvania's capitol came in sight—thence through the rich farm lands of the "Pennsylvania Dutch," the thriftiest of America's farmers and people as a class who love the comforts of home life as glimpses from the car window reveals the plain and unpretentious though roomy dwellings, large barns, numerous outbuildings and cleanly cultivated fields and gardens. Through Lancaster and across the stagnant Conestoga, the swift Octorara, the stony bedded, bubble-chasing Brandywine, when West Chester, the Athens of the Keystone State is reached. Here, twenty-

eight and thirty years before, the writer, as a hopeful typo labored on the old Chester County Times, long since among the grand array of newspaper "has beens." The town then as now the county capital—but in those days a model little town of 3,000 people now numbering 15,000. Then the town had four modest weekly papers—now three ambitious dailies, and some half dozen weeklies to prod them along. On the morning of my arrival in West Chester, a reporter noting a contractor's crew on the construction works of a railroad entering the town, after explaining in his paper that in nativity most of the crew were either Italians or Hungarians asked in wonderment, "Where are the Irish? Twenty years ago the railroad construction crews were Irish, now you seldom see one on the works." I could not answer then, I was a strange there. But I could have answered a little later on after having made a few trips across the county, where the railroading Irish were. They were in possession of some of the best of the Quakers' farms.

Across the county by easy rambles presents new scenes and recalls almost forgotten events of an earlier day. Passing along roads lined and shaded with cherry, apple, peach, pear and the tall chestnut; beautiful gardens and conservatories filled with ferns and flowers, and fields of tasseled corn and sweet smelling "second" clover entice the strolling reviewer in tireless walks. Passing gloomy Longwood and its associations; passing Bayard Taylor's Cedercroft mansion—silent now,

almost as a churchyard. Down along Toughkenamon hills, in whose primitive groves the writer in boyhood days "played Indian" by camping out amid leafy boughs or fishing around the old stone bridge. How changed in thirty years! Two railroads intersecting here—two towns, marble, stone, lime and kaolen quarries. On down over the hills of New London where the old brick academy stands as unadorned as in the earlier days of our disciplined, student career there.

Down among the laurel crowned hills of the Elk creeks that send their clarified waters into the broad, briny, Chesapeake bay. Among these hills and vales, we rest. Here, memory, kind or unkind, in shifting moods, bid us linger. Changes in forty years! The hills and valleys, creeks and rivulets remain much the same; but in places hills shorn of their timber cover; old homesteads either remodeled, or been blotted out altogether and succeeded in many cases by more pretentious edifices and strange designs that mark the wealth of some new owner; but more often the case, smaller and less pretensious dwellings dotted about here and there that record the subdivided farms. The chubby faced school boy and his dimple faced, rosy cheeked companion, have reached the time of wrinkles and grey hairs, while their places at the scholars desk or under the swinging vine is occupied as of yore, and laughter, tears and song are heard on the school's play ground with the same hilarity or pathos, as forty years before. But save now and then a whitened head,

the man and matron of middle life of our boyhood days, have passed to the narrow enclosure that mark the silent city of the sepulchered dead.

Though a prosaic land and prosaic people, the robed chameleon of romance, here as elsewhere, tinge the lives of those who have became drawn into the charmed vortex of its mysteries. Over on the Maryland side of the State line lived an old couple. Being childless, they were solicited by members of an orphans' aid society to undertake the care of two little waifs that had been abandoned to the world's mercy and rescued as foundlings in the streets of the great city by the river Delaware. The charitable kind hearted old folks accepted the trust, and the children though at first when thrown in each others company were strangers, learned to be inseparable in their friendship. The foster parents were kind, the children grateful. Work around the farm was light in their more tender years and they had the advantages of regularly attending an excellent neighborhood school. As the children grew up together they not only learned to respect and love their foster parents but to adore each other, At the time of the writer's visit the boy and girl now man and woman grown, still cling to the old homestead, which they had beautified and adorned. They had been dutiful children loyal in devotion to the unselfish benefactors, and when life's evening closed calmly around the good foster parents; they gave the youthful pair their blessing, had enjoined them to wedlock and willed them the farm

On the Pennsylvania side of the state line and within less than a mile of the homestead we have described, lived another kindly pair, well up in years, and childless, also. This farm, too, was beautifully located on the foggy lined banks of the Little Elk creek. The farm house surroundings were shaded with orchards of apple, cherry, peach and pear trees. Groves of walnut, chestnut, stately populars and spotted barked butternuts side the creek boundaries. In summer days the garden walks lined with flowers which out from their sweet fragrant bulbs and the white clover lawn, gave joy to the industrious honey bees that were domiciled in a circle of hives on benches within the garden enclosure.

An orphan's aid society, here too visited as a promising field, and had prevailed upon this good couple to take to their home a little girl waif,—a tiny drift as it were, from the great human stream pouring out from the "city of brotherly love." Never could a homeless child have fallen in gentler hands than this blue eyed delicate babe, when it came to the home of the guileless, tender hearted farmer and wife. A pretty face, a sunny temper, she brought joy and sunshine with her entry into the home of her "new papa and mamma," as in exhuberance of childish glee she named her loving guardians.

In quiet and peace the early years sped on in this orphan girl's home on the Elk farm. No child of fortune could have been more petted, though to others the gorgeous show of wealth

might have been lavished with more prodigal hands. Such was the little maid's life until she reached her fifteenth year, She grew up a fragile, delicate blond, "a shy, demure appearing little Quakeress,"—her neighbors said,—when they told me the story.

Across the creek, less than a mile away from the little girl's home lived another neighbor—good kind old souls that the writer remembers intimately from his earliest day. The man, his wife and their family of children owned and cultivated a little farm the right and title to which they had earned by economy and hard work. One of the two boys of the family was employed by the neighbors whom we have just discribed, and it was in this way and during trips to school in which both traveled the same beaten path across lots, that a friendly intimacy sprang up between the rugged lad and the little blond maid from over the way. Thoughtful, kind acts; lugging her dinner pail or books, won its way by degrees until she regarded his presence a pleasure either in public gathering or in the quiet duties of the farm. Attentions begun in this way so often follow along the line of natural law, that drifts into the inexplicable depths of the very soul of being, beyond the rescue of, and where the power of mind avail not.

The fragile, gentle minded girl, lonely from absence of childish companionship, in the nature of the sympathetic heart, would entwine with a tightening coil the object of her girlish adoration. The brawny, roistering boy with the inexperience

of youth, ignorant of the subtlery of the world's manifold ways, could not have given much heed, but the girl, unaware perhaps, or unable to stay the promptings of a tender heart had centered her affection on the farmer lad, and in the trancience of mesmeric swiftness, had passed out of her reach or recall. An uncontrollable yearning for the lad's presence, the subtle undefinable gratings in her breast, and every fanciful slight from her boy lover, threw her in morbid repinings, and all the kindness and care of her foster parents could not rescue her from a lethergic state of mind into which she had drifted. The bright lustre of the eyes, the hectic, flushed cheeks, spells of melancholy that marked the girl's condition hastens our story to its end.

The parents of the young man, (for time was passing,) had intervened. He was sent out in a western state and asked to live and forget, while it is said the girl was frankly told that her unknown parentage was the abrupt and unscalable barrier that must end forever her hopes of becoming "John's wife." It was even said that John, himself, long before, had unguardedly told her the same, and this was the dead secret eating her life away, though she had striven so hard to forget it.

The young man was obedient to his parents; forgot all, and married in the west But this information was kept from the stricken and deserted girl. Her time on earth was short now. To every greeting by kind neighbors she would perface her remarks: "Has John come," or

"Why don't he come to me, I am so lonely?" Evasive replies fell heedless. She was hoping against hope. In her sick room when unable from weakness to arise from her bed she asked to have her pillows so arranged that she could look out of the window to "see John a coming." Out of the window she peered day after day across the woodland strip that divided the farms. One by one, the yellow, seared leaves dropped from the intervening trees; the neighboring house came in view through the naked branches, but no familiar figure was seen, or no familiar footsteps heard along this pathway, and weary with watching and tired out with ceaseless waiting the drooping girl sank exhausted in her last, long sleep.

Bad Lands Near Old Fort Berthold.

LITTLE BEAR WOMAN.

SUCH of our readers who may have perused a copy of FONTIER AND INDIAN LIFE, will remember in a passage in the sketch,—The Letter in Cipher,—some account of the murder of Carlos Reider, but more familiarly known among his English speaking acquaintances as Charley Reeder, a German woodyard proprietor in the lower Painted Woods of the Upper Missouri Valley. The tragedy happened at Reeder's stockaded cabin near the river's east bank, opposite to the present site of Mercer's ranch, on the morning of the 11th day of June, 1870.

At the time of his death, Reeder was married —in the Indian way—to an Aricaree-Mandan dame, from which union a girl babe came forth to draw their mutual love, and at the time of her father's death the child was about four years old. The Aricaree name given to the little girl—Pahnonee Talka, or as interpreted into the English tongue—Prairie White Rose,—but in the order of abbreviation, she was called plain Rosa by her fond father.

In memory of the air castles in which Reeder had enthroned his child in his moments of good cheer and happy day dreams in that cabin among the painted trees—and before cruel fate and evil

passions sent him to realms of the unknown— the writer of these lines felt himself interested enough in the child's welfare to try and have her parent consent to starting the little one off with the first batch of red children sent to the Indian schools at Carlisle and Hampton Roads. But the mother —through lack of confidence in the outcome— was prejudiced and obstinate and thus the matter ended.

With the closing out of a trapper's life the necessity of the writer's frequent visits to the Aricaree Indian camp at old Fort Berthold had ended, and it was only occassionally after that date I could hear from mother and child. Had learned that at the age of thirteen or fourteen, the girl married a young Aricaree, whose principal characteristics, as I remember him, was of the dudish order and who seemed to give more thought to the niceties of personal appearance than the practical affairs of everyday life, and as a sequence, although taking a "land in severaly" claim on the bench land facing the coulee of Four Bears and builded himself a house—its construction followed in discriptive-text the home of the Arkansas traveler. As a consequence an early winter storm caught them unprepared to withstand its Arctic fury, and as sequel to all, the child wife was found in the throes of childbirth, in isolation and with bitter cold to indure. Rosa's mother had but recently been buried, and none but a decrepit old grandmother was with the child matron to see a little duaghter born and the young mother die.

Here my information about the mishaps of the Reeder family had closed. But after returning to North Dakota in the spring of 1892, from an eastern tour of some years duration, I made a trip to the new Indian Agency at Elbowoods. On the return early in May, was caught in a furious snow storm, and in blindness, myself and pony half famished bumped up against an Indian house near the bluff opening at the Coulee of Four Bears. The domicile was occupied by Medicine Shield, an hospitable Aricaree and his venerable helpmate who prided herself in being a sister of John Grass. a leader among his people and Chief Justice of the Sioux nation. This woman had native intelligence of a high degree and an extraordinary memory for details, some of which have already appeared in various items of historic interest, in preceeding pages of this work for its reader's edification.

During my comfortable stay there, shielded from adverse elements without, I gleaned much passing information of some local happenings during my many years absence from the Aricarees. Among other particulars the story of the Reeder family was brought out in detail, and was told that if I would sometime call at the large school building at Elbowoods, Reeder's granddaughter could be seen there. On my next visit to that place, through courtesy of Superintendent Gates of the Agency boarding school, I was shown a pleasant, olive faced little girl, known to that institute as Lottie Styles, and in a later visit

the Superintendent supplemented his interest in the writer's curiousity, by having the young Miss brush up her hair and stand upon the green for a glance at the camera.

While watching this blithesome little maid upon the prairie sward, dressed so nattily,—all smiles and all sunshine,—my mind went back to the spring snow storm of five years before, when Medicine Shield's wife had told me for the first time the early child life of Little Bear Woman, and remembering it well, felt pleased now to bear witness to the evolving contrast.

In her story of these intervening days, the Medicine Shield woman said at that time among the Aricarees, deaths were both frequent and numerous, and that the sudden passing away of Mrs. Reeder and her daughter Rosa, was almost unnoticed among members of their tribe. The shriveled and nearly sightless great grandmother to Rosa's child—herself neglected by her kindred in her old age and decrepitude, and apparently forsaken by all the living world— took her precious charge wrapped in bits of blankets to an abandoned and almost uninhabitable dirt covered lodge situated among the fast disappearing group of decaying habitations that marked the site of the last village connecting the Mandans, Gros Ventres and Aricarees with the associations of their dreamy past.

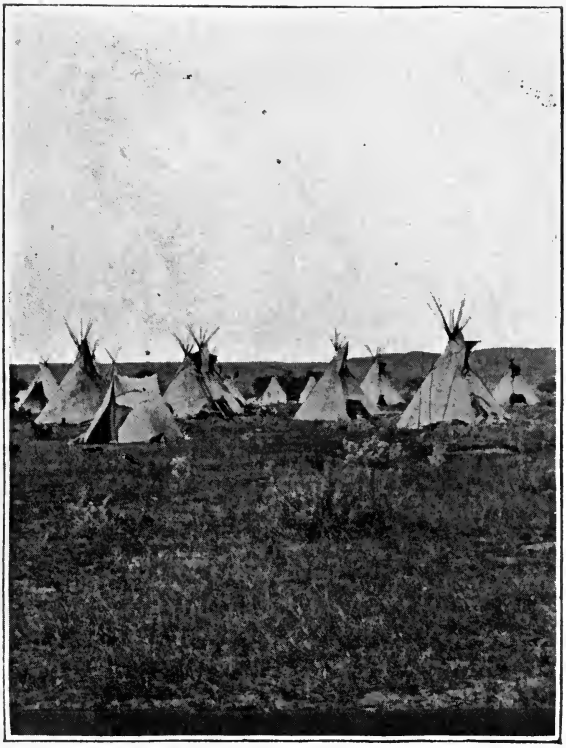
Cooped in her dark corner, as the days passed one upon another, this broken belldame with the precious mite of inheritance bundled in her lap—

Little Bear Woman.

sat in silence save now and then a plaintive native ditty that came from lips of parfleshe, to quiet the restless babe. Her palsied arms swaying to and fro served as cradle, rocking baby to sleep in its fitfull periods of unrest, and anon her fleshless and withered hands smoothed the fevered infant's cheeks in sickness, or caliced and bony fingers stroked down its temples in the glow of health. The tattered couch of discarded rags that could no longer be used by the young and the proud, had been idly tossed to her for such comfort as could be made of them for herself and the little pinched faced elf, that she hugged so tenderly to her cold bosom. From her nest of gloom and shabby poverty the old woman's mind often wandered to other scenes of her own young girl life at old Fort Clark, or along the banks of Rees Own River. Through the cracks and crevices of her mouldy lodge roof, she beheld the great firmanent and found a name for the nestling babe—Plenty of Stars,—although the unkempt hair and dirty face that greeted the child's first toddling into the presence of gamins of adjoining lodges, earned for itself from her teasers the sobriquet—Little Bear Woman.

As time sped slowly on giving strength to the young and bringing weakness to the aged, in this lowly home of the Aricaree quarter, there came a day when out from cold and clammy arms a healthy, though tear-stained little brunette maid was lifted up and away by interested though tardy helpers, for the chastened spirit of the good old

soul that had watched over Little Bear Woman so lovingly and so tenderly, had gone forth to join the happy villagers in shadowy lands where hunger, neglect and distress are unknown, and age not counted.



Sioux Village on the Yellowstone.

THE TWO STRANGERS.

ONE evening about the 20th of June, 1868, a group of guests including the writer, sat in the office of the old hotel with its varying names of Ash, International and the Merchants, then hostel headquarters of Yankton, Dakota's territorial capital. Supper was over, and the loungers were taking their ease. About this time, a young man sprang nimbly in the doorway, and asked for the proprietor. He seemed about twenty-four or twenty-five years of age, of medium size, dark grey eyes, smooth shaven face and dark head of hair enclined to curl. His round full face had a clerical cast, and the cut of his clothes—if they had not such a seedy, threadbare look—would have solified this impression. On the landlord's appearance the stranger asked for supper, breakfast and lodging. With a swift glance the host asked his guest for his baggage, and on being informed that he was not incumbered, the landlord told him it was his rule in such cases to ask for his pay in advance. This, after much rumaging in his pockets, and some confusion in his manner, was placed in the landlord's hands, after which the stranger was shown in the dining room. With the new arrival's exit from the office some disparaging remarks were indulged in by the lounger's at the expense of the personal appearance of the

travel-stained stranger. One remarked that his shirt bosom had not seen soap suds for a month, while another, espied the stranger's bell crowned beaver hanging upon the hat rack, said that "such a tile should be made to uniform with the rest of his duds," and proceeded to smash in its crown with his fists.*

In the meantime the bossee of the hotel with instructions from the proprietor, went out and locked the stables securely, saying after having done so.

"Yes sir-ee, we have a horse thief with us to night, and we'll have to watch things?"

It is needless to add that the stranger was shadowed until retiring to his room for the nights rest. Morning found everything safe about the hotel, and the young man under suspicion's ban politely announced that he was seeking employment, and would be glad to obtain it. The usual spring rush of young men from the east had filled up the vacant places, and the only job in sight offered was a line of post holes to be dug at the edge of town and although in the full heat of summer days he cheerfully accepted the task, and with coat off and bared head he tugged and perspired at his work the long days through, and although doubtlessly

*This act was done by a burly brute named Dugan, who through a court technecality had just been released from custody for the cowardly murder of a twelve year old boy at or near Cheyenne, Wyoming. A year later he reached the end of a vigilante's rope for the murder of an old man near Denver, Colorado.

well fagged when the sun hid itself behind the low range of hills overlooking this little frontier capital, he did not complain of it. The idlers on the veranda of the hotel who were vainly waiting Dame Fortune's deferred visit, with broad grins on their faces and "cutting" remarks with their tongues, as they watched the weary toiler take off his heavy plug and sit it on the ground beside himself while at work.

The writer of these lines was employed at this time on a printer's case in the old Dakotain office on Territorial book work, and after meals at the hotel it was customary before going to my case in the office to take a few minutes stroll to the river front in recreative exercise. I noted, also at this time that the stranger had the same habit and we sometimes met there. One morning after breakfast an incident of this kind occurred. The opening of the day was beautiful,—a heavy fog just raising above the sand bars in our front, while the big rising sun seemed in crimson blush, now and again obscured by the passing of the fog veil, To our right under the chalky bluffs, Presho's woods—now but a memory—its forest of dew bathed leaves glinted and danced in the rays of the sun beams. In the high willows facing the timber, fifteen or twenty lodges of the red Santees were serenely poising, and now and again a wreath of blue smoke curling high in air. A few of the swarthy occupants were sauntering upon the sands or fileing along the narrow foot trail toward's "Shad-owa-towa" or "Charley Pecotte's

town" as the native red people thereabout persisted in calling the ambitious capital city to the distraction of some of its good people.

The stranger stood for some moments with a gloomy face as he peered out upon the river, and the living panorama spread before him. Whatever his thoughts were I could not conjure. Was he gazing beyond the rising mist, if so what did he see? Suddenly the lines of his smooth round face lost its care worn look, his grey eyes heretofore shaded or hid in their sockets by pertruding brows, now seemed beaming in playfull mood, and assuming an elocutionary attitude and waving his hand in the direction of the tepees in the willows, with real eloquent pathos declaimed Pope's beautiful lines beginning with:—

"Lo the poor Indian, whose untutoredmind
Sees God in the clouds, and hears him in the wind,
His soul proud science never taught to stray
Far as the solar walk or milky way;
Yet simple nature to his hopes has given,
Behind the cloud-topped hill, a humbler heaven;
Some safer world in depth of moods embraced,
Some happier island in the watery waste,
Where slaves once more their native land behold,
No fiends tormants, no Christian thirst for gold."

After a few compliments on his declamatory style, we dropped into a discourse, and in concluding said that he supposed, in his present plight, it would be hard work to convince the people of Yankton that he was the brother of a doctor; the son of a doctor; a graduate of Ann Arbor Uni-

versity; a practitioner physician himself with a graduating course finished and a diploma to show for it. In reply I freely admitted such a declaration would be in the nature of a surprise to the people there; that there was room for another physician in the Territory; that I would issue the initial number of the DAKOTA DEMOCRAT in a few days, and as an earnest of my faith in his ascending star would publish his card in the first issue without any charge to himself--thus was a surprise sprung on that line, in the first issue of the DEMOCRAT, July 8th, 1868.

About two weeks or more after the paper had appeared, this doctor or "quack" as the loungers persisted in calling him—invited me to his room at our hotel. He was in good spirits and said things were going right with him. On his table a brimming bucket of beer had been placed, fresh on tap from Russtacher's frontier brewery. We were not alone. Sitting on a chair and reclining against the wall was the face of a stranger. He arose and was introduced as "Mr. Stevenson, of Iowa, tragedian and dramatic reader." The man was young, tall, rather sandy complexioned, with a gruff, hearty, self-assuring manner. Had just took a run up there from Sioux City, he said, to see a link in his destiny. The link though a lately welded one he added, was none the less well forged, and of good material.

After some pleasant repartee, in which I joined they mutually told the story of their first meeting at Missouri Valley Junction, some weeks before

They were both financially stranded, confided their troubles to each other, and mutually agreed to "raise the wind." They footed it over to Magnolia, twenty miles or more, rented a hall on promises, "stood off" the printer and billed the town for Shakesperian readings and comicalities. After two or three nights,—printer's bill paid, they came up the grade and landed with three dollars and seventy-five cents wrapped up in the company exchequer. A division of sentiment as to business prospects in that town demanded a division of company property, and stranger Number One crossed the Big Sioux bridge with one dollar and thirty-five cents to meet his star of destiny in the land of the Dakotas. It was in this manner they had told their story. After the departure of the next Iowa bound stage, the face of stranger Number Two, was missing at the International.

Many years later—being in a reminiscent mood while resting at a ranch—I told this story. Comrade Mercer, who had been listening, thought he could help me a little further along with stranger Number Two, and begged pardon for the interruption. Here is what he said:

"I was down working in a brick yard in Sioux City, Iowa, in the autumn of 1868. One night in early September, I saw a large crowd gathering in front of the balcony of the leading hotel. Upon enquiry, I was told it was an open air political meeting,—so elbowed my way along the street, following up the crowd. I could hear the speaker making his sallies, and see the clouds of hats go

up, and hear the thunders of applause that greeted his eloquent passages of approving words.

"Who is that citizen making all that uproar up yonder," I asked of an old citizen as I passed along.

"Oh, that is Orator Stevenson," replied old citizen.

"Who is Orator Stevenson?" I ventured to ask for I was an Eastern tenderfoot then.

"Oh, I don't know," replied the old citizen tersely, "the Republican State Central Committee have engaged him to even up the State ticket majorities with Grant and Colfax and I guess he can do it--if any talker can."

And it came to pass that the judgement of the Central Committee was correct. The State ticket evened well up with the National.

About the horse thief suspect of the International—Yankton's quack saw bones—or Stranger Number One—the reader might kindly enquire—what had become of him. We can answer, referring to the old adage about sometime deception on first appearance, that it will hold good in this case. Stranger Number One had a large compass to go on, but in our concluding here, his later movements will be curtly told. Sometime after the events I have related in these opening pages, he courted and married a daughter of the leading Dakotian—called in those early days the Father of the Territory. He also like Stranger Number Two, became a party leader and an able, eloquent public speaker. And medical quack—well—for over twenty years thereafter—or until his death—he stood Territorial Dakota's formost physician.

CHIEF OF THE STRANGLERS.

THE following entry taken from the diary of Joseph Deitrich, woodchopper, dotted down November, 1869, while at the stockaded wood-yard at Toughtimber, will serve as introductory to this chronicle;

"Nov 19 Friday—Weather splendid all day. Went out hunting in the afternoon with Bill. He shot a big buck deer."

The fortunate slayer of the antlered buck above mentioned was a verdant appearing fellow called by his comrades Big Bill, from his oversize, being but a beardless youth of twenty winters. It was probably Bill's first trophy in the deer killing line and it was the first fresh meat brought into the cook room since the camp was organized, the big chap from Arkansas was the hero of the evening following this event. He exploited the deeds of his sire as one of Quantrel's men, and intimated that notwithstanding his own youthful appearance he too had followed that bold guerilla chief on his Kansas raid that ended in the sacking of Lawrence. Then he recounted some previous experience as a wood chopper, and explained a kind of an artistic move with the axe blade, which he termed "flopping." Bill's story and the droll native Arkansas twang in its recitation, put his group of listeners in gladsome mood, and Johnny Deitrich suggested that as the Indian method of bestowing proper names was the right thing, he

JOSEPH DIETRICH.
One of the pioneers of the Missouri Slope Country.

suggested that William the slayer of the antlered buck be duly annointed and christianed "Flopping Bill," which motion was acclaimed by all present, and thus was the appellation confirmed.

Toward springtime dissatisfaction ran rampant in the wood camp and a general breaking away followed among the choppers. Bill with some of the others sought employment at Fort Berthold Indian agency, but drifted down to the Painted Woods after the ice break up and was one of the court witnesses in the Reeder murder case putting in some time at Yankton during that trial. Then taking part in the land rush at the Northern Pacific crossing of the Missouri he located upon a land claim adjoining the prospective city of Burleigh, and near the site of Fort Lincoln—the modern. Discouraged at his prospects financial, the big Arkansan sold out his farm for a few dollars and worked his way up to Fort Peck, about which country the hostile Uncapapas, Santees and upper Yanktoney held sway. The old time traders' diet of buffalo hump and pemmican was in vogue at that establishment of the Durfee & Peck company and together with the stern nature of company's resident agent, made life well nigh unindurable to Mr. Cantrell, but he was in a country were grumbling ceased to be a palliative, and the novice to toughness must stand up under all that was given him—or take to the river for clearance.

One day in company with Billy Benware, a Sioux half breed, Bill was detailed to water a few head of cattle belonging to the post, and by some

miscalculation, drove one of the bunch in a mire hole at the waters edge, and the united assistance of the two drivers were required to set the animal on its feet. Cantrell carried his gun as was the usual habit of all the trader's employees about Peck, but through some negligence Benware had left his rifle at the fort. In going to the mired bovine's assistance, Cantrell had lain his gun down on a tuft of grass some twenty yards from the mire hole. All this time, as it afterward appeared, five Sioux warriors had the willows on the two herdsmen, and at a given signal jumped out from the bush with the idea of cutting off the escape of their expected prey. Benware, by nature and training ever elert, saw the Indians emerge from cover, and without warning or outcry, ran up the bank and seized Cantrell's gun and with the agility for which he was noted, made off with it and successfully ran the gauntlet to the fort. The reds somewhat baffled at Benware's escape turned their attention to Cantrell, who, himself unarmed, ran into a bunch of willows and lay down to await such disposition as circumstances would bring. Before reaching his covert, however. a bullet from one of the Indian's guns entered his groin, which seemed a mortal wound to him, and he even feared his own heart throbs, would betray his hiding place to the blood hunters. The Indians were not sure that their trapped foe was gunless, therefore went about encompassing his destruction in a gingerly way. Their natural fear for an enemy with the "brush" on them was life for Cantrell,

for after a few circumlocutions, with desultory shots at the spot where the now badly wounded man was supposed to be, they yelled a few choice epithets in broken English, made off in time to avoid a conflict with a party of rescuers coming from the fort.

For several months after his mishap, Cantrell lay in the surgeon's care at the Fort Buford military hospital His case was a critical one, but a robust physique pulled him through. Some months later he again appeared in the Fort Peck country and turned up as a woodyard proprietor in one of the Missouri's timber points in that section. Matrimonially inclined he had "spliced up" with a fair daughter of the Assinaboine tribe, and with a good team of ponies, and ready wood sales to passing steamers, the Cantrell establishment seemed in a prosperous way. But like all lands where the methods of the Bedoun prevail, peace and sunshine to the couple were of the short shift order. "Nosey" and a few other disreputable characters had been driven away from the Whoop Up country by the Canadian mounted police took refuge on the Missouri in some points below the mouth of Musselshell river, but were to steeped in their manner of life to heed the lesson of its mishaps—and figure out the risk of continuance. After having stolen or swindled through bad rum, all the ponies they could from both the northern and southern Assinnaboines, they "let themselves loose" on the herds of Granville Stuart—a British subject—partly in revenge for their discomfort at

and around Whoop Up, and partly for the revenue that come with good horses. A regular line was established along the Missouri as far south as Bismarck and the run made full handed both ways. This band was not numerous but active. They established themselves at some woodyards by either buying out, or running out the owner,—if they could not trust him. One of the first that was tabooed by these gentry was Flopping Bill. He was "set-a-foot" early one summer's morning and he was compelled to take trip to the fort for the purchase of another team—at the loss of considerable time and expense. Again he was visited by the marauders and again was his wood banking team missing. Thinking the horses had only strayed, this time, he made a hunt for them but on his return was dismayed to find that his South Assinnaboine bride did not come to greet him as was her usual way. She too, had been stolen or coaxed away. Bill had heard of the proverb, that "Bad luck like crows never come singly." The imprint of strange horse hoofs sign was unmistakable and boot tracks of others had obliterated his own. Strong man that he was William Cantrell could only seat himself down on his deserted door step and cry. And yet—short as the time was—while he had sit down a Dr. Jekyll, he arose a Mr. Hyde.

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In the early summer of 1885 in one of the contiguous points near where the waters of the Muscelshell river empties into the Missouri—a lonely

cabin could be seen by passing rivermen, and admired both for its apparent coziness and the neatness of its surroundings. It had but one inmate, an old man of perhaps sixty years of age. While courteous and kind to strangers and wayfarers, he was not affable, and was what might be termed a recluse—as the world judges. He was a native of some southeastern State, probably Kentucky or West Virginia, and in ordinary affairs his manner betokened the well-bred man. In his trim bachelor quarters he kept a few choice books on miscellaneous subjects in which he was found perusing much of his spare time. A few pine knots for the passing steamers was his only visable means of support, but undoubedly there was a "strong box" hid some where about his cabin that had come up with him from the southland. But he was guarded in his purchases, and it was not until he had made many trips to Clendennin's old trading post on foot for his grocery supply, did the thought occur to him to purchase a pony, which he did one day from some presumedly cow boys lounging about the post. He had come up from a country where no brands were used and the few herogliphics that he found upon the flank of his new purchase, was all Greek to him as far as he could know.

One warm summer afternoon, however, as this hermit of the Musselshell was enjoying the cool of his shady verandah—with pipe and book, a party of cowboys—perhaps fifteen in all, came trooping along the river trail, raising a cloud of dust that swept across the prairie. To the old

man there was nothing remarkable in this save the number, which was unusual to him since his residence there. It was not until after a halt had been made opposite his picketed pony that was contentedly feeding on a fresh grass patch several yards from the trail. Two of the horsemen rode out from the group toward the busy pony with the evident idea of inspecting or looking him over. Then one of them motioned the others to come up when the entire party grouped around the picketed animal. After some consultation, four men of the group started toward the cabin, while the balance of them proceeded to a clump of trees facing the cabin from the river bank. The old man now became somewhat interested. He had laid aside his book and stood in his doorway, leaning negligently against the casing as the horsemen approached him. He had no word of welcome for his visitors nor did they seem to wish for any. Two of them dismounted and walked up to the old gentleman and each grabbed an arm and asked him to take a walk. Strange, indeed, but he offered no resistance—not even expostulation. As they walked down the recluse's familiar water path to the river, they witnessed some of the group throwing a rope over the limb of a tree, and when the trio from the cabin arrived under this canopy of green leaves—a giant with the authority of a leader, said curtly:

"Rope him!"

A moment later the coil of a rope was placed about the old man's neck.

Again the leader of the band spoke: "Old man if you have anything to say—why,say it now. We have found you holding a horse with the Granville Stuart brand. Produce your bill of sale."

"I have no bill of sale," replied the prisoner. "I know nothing about your brands. I bought that animal from a party such as you. They got my money and left me the pony. That is all."

"That won't do, old man. Make ready men."

The rope was adjusted about the prisoner's neck in silence and his arms stoutly pinioned.

"A short shift—old man. Have you any thing to say."

Thus spoke the leader as last appeal.

The sun made blood red by a veil of blue smoke was slowly dropping behind the Judith mountains to the westward. Sounds of the even flow of fast moving waters was wafted from the nearby Missouri, and nature could not have seemed more beautiful and entrancing to the condemned man than in those few moments of silence as his eyes followed the declining sun until its last rays were hid behind the jagged peaks of the sumbre mountains. His thoughts were his own. He was now an actor in a play. Was it a farce or tragedy? Was it jest or earnest. No matter. Life to him may have been sweet or it may have been bitter, It was for him to know—not for others to care. He had never been a suppliant or a begger. He would not be now—even with life in forfeit. But though silent so long in watching the sinking sun, he had not forgotten to answer his captor's ques-

tion, and with a look of firmness as he gazed in the face of the scrowling crowd, he said bluntly:

"I have nothing to say!"

"String him up," came as a command from the leader of the stranglers, and with a dozen cowboys pulling the rope taut on the choking man until he hung by the neck limp and still, and thus perished the first of thirty-two people put to death by Flopping Bill and his paid hirelings sent out by two or three rich stock owners to avenge themselves of the losses sustained from the depredations of the Nosey gang of professional stock thieves.

"If that old fellow is a horse thief he's a queer one," said one of the stranglers as they rode from the man whom no mercy had been shown, and the recluse who had probably fled his home from disappointment or family trouble would not try to save his own life even though its price was at the expense of an undeserved stigma.

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Some days after the scene above described, the steamer Helena put into shore at one of the yards at Long Point, to wood-up for the Fort Benton run. The prow of the boat had hardly touched the bank, and the gang plank still in the hands of the placing crew, when a wild looking young woman with a babe in her arms, came bounding out from a clump of bushes and leaped upon the projecting plank before the astonished rousters could unbraid her for her daring and dangerous feat. But she seemed speechless and terror sticken for several minutes and could only point toward the

cabin beyond the wood pile before she collapsed into hysterics on the steamer's deck.

The crew soon discovered the cause. In the rear of the cabin stretched the body of a man from the limb of a tree. He was hanging by the neck from a rope's end, and although quite dead his body was warm, and from the woman's story, he was strangled but a short time before the arrival of the steamer. He was taken from his work by a band of horseman, whose leader—a giant—was deaf to all entreaty, and unmindful of the real situation to which the facts upon investigation would warrant.

About these times, also, the cordon of the stranglers drew about Nosey and his half-dozen ruffians, who were the primary cause of all these disturbances along the Upper Missouri. For the most part the members of this gang of thieves had made headquartes at an old hunting camp at Long Point, but shifted about to other isolated cabins and camps between Fort Peck and the mouth of Arrow creek. Honest woodyardmen, or the lowly wolfer and trapper were bound to be compromised in some manner with this gang if they would live in that region. At best they must remain passive to their lawlessness, otherwise would meet the same list of mishaps that had befallen Flopping Bill in his woodyard experience which we have chronicled. They had no fear of the law abiding, but they did fear the lawless. The law could not protect them in their isolation but the

robbers could harm and harrass them as they had Cantrell and others who were not to their liking.

While these bands of hangmen sent out by the Montana stock association may have committed grevious error in the murder of some innocent people, the killing of Nosey and several of his band near the prairies' edge at Long Point did much toward compensation for their misdirected zeal in the outset. Notwithstanding the boastful swagger and gall of these outlaws, the old adage held good that there is "no fight in a horse thief" and that his reputation like that of the cottontail rabbit rests on the use of his legs. While a few rifle shots were fired by them as a semblance of defense, yet with the exception of two or three who escaped down the Missouri in a skiff, the Nosey gang was exterminated without the loss of a man, or a scratch even, to a member of the Flopping Bill party. That the lesson of this raid of death was a needed one, few conversant with the situation can gainsay, but the work of irresponsible mobs or gatherings of men drawn together by impulse or excitement too often commit a greater error than that which they would remedy.*

*One evening in the latter part of March 1883, two travelers called at the writer's hermitage at the Painted Woods, and asked for permission for a camp and recuperation for themselves and ponies. One of these was a young man named O'Neal, known in early day Bismarck as an employee about Scott's pioneer livery stable, and for all the scribe had known to the contrary, had borne a fair reputation. The day following came on a blizzard, and O'Neal

William Cantrell. [Flopping Bill.]

said he was glad, to make a lay-over as that gave him the opportunity he had purposely sought. He had known of me as a professional trapper and wolfer, and that I was well acquainted in the upper White Earth country. With limited experience in the calling, and with but a steamboat rouster's circumscribed views as to the region, they would be thankful for such information as I would give. Such knowledge was given unstinted, and without the selfish fear of rivalry that might govern one in the calling—for attraction to that manner of life had passed me by.

I had heard of the arrival of these amateur wolfers in the White Earth region, and of the meagre revenue that usually attend the efforts of the novice. Had learned that the Jim Smith gang of outlaws and horse thieves were making headquarters about Grinnell's place, and knew they had no time for a camper about there who was liable to see too much, and Grinnell, himself who kept an open bar, could note more profit from the pockets of successful horse thieves, than the usually hard-up wolfer, found an easy conscience in helping "freeze them out." O'Neal was particularly obnoxious to them, so after being harrassed in various ways for some months, he finally concluded to get out of harm's way and return down the trail to Bismarck.

Now behold the irony of fate!

The Jim Smith gang had been down operating among the new settlers of McLean county and had stolen many of their work horses at a critical time, and naturally the farmers were in a ferment. Knowing this, soon after O'Neal's departure, some of the Smith gang by way of a practical joke, wrote a note to some Fort Berthold and Hancock parties that there was a horse thief coming down the river trail, and to look out for him. At Berthold, O'Neal was joined by a home-sick youth who had unloaded himself from an up-bound steamer. The two, tired out with the day's journey went into camp along the highway. Their arrival was made known, and long before the midnight hour, were awakened from sweet slumber by a dozen or more excited men who bound and hurried them over to the stage road and telegraph line and halted at a coulee near the

old Reifsnider place and within two miles of Weller station. The boy had plead his case so clear that he was released, but O'Neal was not so fortunate. He did not deny coming down from Grinnell's, from whence that mysterious message had come But he knew, he said, that he neither stole horses or dealt in stolen horses, and if given any time at all—could prove it. But again came up that mysterious word from Grinnell's, and the cry went up "hang him, hang him'" and all pleading for life was ended. The dawn of day that followed revealed a tragedy—as the preceeding darkness had covered a grievous wrong—and that it must stand as such for ever and ever.

WHERE THE SPOTTED OTTER PLAY.

ONE of the most noticeable landmarks along the Upper Missouri river are the Square Buttes, a group of high, square topped hills located on the west bank, and about fifteen miles above the confluence of Heart river with the main stream. These buttes are on a level with the highest ridges of the prairie thereabout, but a strata of stone near the surface had been protection to any change in formation in the thousands of years that they have stood as a kind of gateway in the passage of this mighty artery in its surge and flow to the sea.

To a passenger in a boat following the river in its winding, or to a land traveler moving on either side of these hills, the peculiar grouping is such, that they have all the peculiarity of the moving picture in its numerous and novel transformations that present themselves to the observer in the various changes of his position.

On the west and south side of these hills a small creek twists and curves—now among jutted bluffs and cut banks—now on meadow and plain. The stream is fed by numerous springs gushing down from the timber lined seams among the buttes—icy cold in summer but in winter days the temperature of the springs were such that ice could not form, and snow melted as it fell. Here it was that the frog found its natural haven, came and multiplied, as well as the feeders upon its flesh.

All animated kind thrive best where conditions to their thrift is best. Thus it was the little creek whose waters laved the Square Buttes had in the long ago been known to the primitive red hunter as the place "where the spotted otter play." Excepting only the eagle, the horse, the dog or the buffalo, the otter was an animal that entered more largely into the life of the wild Indian than any other not above named. It was not its flesh for food—for that was too rancid even for the stomach of a meat eater—nor yet the otter's glossy fur; neither was it for its service as a robe or covering that laid claim to the Indian's adoration, but the virtue its fur-lined skin possessed as "medicine" in his prayer for good fortune, and as a weapon to ward off the machinations of the evil one.

As with the white buffalo to the Indian, a freak, in animal color always played deeply upon his superstition, and as an ordinary otter skin was regarded as supernal in its power, what must have been his veneration for the strangly gifted otter, robed in its parti-colored fur suit of black and white?

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On the writer's advent as a fur trapper on the Upper Missouri—with previous experience among the Pawnees of Loup river as a starter—otter trapping became a specialty and continued as such during the time spent following that avocation. About that time Jefferson Smith the veteran trader among the Gros Ventres, who had put many years of his younger days in the service of Sub-

lette and Captain Bonneville, with a later career on the Yellowstone as a free trapper, which made the advice and information given by this patriarch on trapping valuable when in good faith. On inquiry as to grounds the veteran trapper advised a trip to the Square Buttes and find the place where "the spotted otter play" and make fortune and a reputation there as he had done once upon a time. Indians—especially Aricarees, were also advising as to the necessity of a trip there from which some thing unusual must come.

With this purpose in view, and after many feints —with pony in pack I passed over the Square Buttes from the north side on a March day 1875, but on account of the depth of snow retrograded to Otter creek and went into camp. The Missouri was in an ugly break-up, the timber points were all flooded, and as if to put things in climax to a lone camper, a blizzard suddenly arose at mid day and the tent with pots and kettles went swirling through the snow-laden air like a dirrigible balloon, but had presence of mind enough to grab a few blankets and a few pounds of corn meal tied up in a sack, in which were also a tin cup and a few draws of tea. Thus laden, I went swirling down under the northern base of the largest butte and was stranded in a mountain of snow, but by a miracle of good fortune found a leaning dead tree, and another twirl of fortune—for failure meant death by freezing—after repeated attempts with moist matches and almost the last one gone, I succeeded in starting a fire against

the tree. Following this the body of the tree took fire, and for six nights and as many days I lay in the warm ash bed following the receding flame until the outward branches alone remained. This blizzard raged between the 1st and 7th of April, 1875, and for duration and violence I have always believed that it eclipsed anything in the blizzard line during near forty years residence in the Dakotas, although this might be qualified as viewing it from an outside experience.

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Once more the warm sun came forth and once more the snow disappeared and once again the writer took up his line of march for the place "where the spotted otter play." Six hours thereafter I stood facing the Square Buttes creek in a great flood from melting snow. Large ice cakes and drift wood were hurrying down to deposit their mite in the great moving mass on the Missouri, some six miles away. To some it would have been a desolate scene—but to my eyes it was a grand panorama, none the less beautiful, because of the sense of loneliness in which it was environed. A few timid deer were feeding in a coulee hard by, and a flock of wild geese coming up from the southland, after descrying a circle, alighted a few hundred yards away. The pony under his pack, walked about, nibbling at bunches of grass here and there, while I was surveying the Missouri bottom for a wreathe of smoke for I had half suspected that Vic Smith the hunter was somewhere about, having made covert boast that

he "would be on spotted otter's play ground before the trapper from Painted Woods could get a move on"—thereby forcing an alternative of camp partnership or division of the trapping grounds.

The surmise took shape as a curl of smoke was noted issuing from a willow patch about two miles down stream, and about the same time an alarm from the geese turned my attention in their direction, and noticed beyond them and on the opposite side of the swollen stream, a man gesticulating with his arms in a somewhat excited manner. Thinking it was Smith or some other hunter endeavoring to attract my attention to the geese, did not heed him further until he arrived directly opposite my position, when he yelled:

"Who are you?"

"A trapper from the Painted Woods," I quietly answered.

"Are you———"

"The same" I again retorted.

"Oh, I guess I am all right then," he said in a lower voice as if meant for himself, then again yelling across:

"Throw me over some grub, I am very hungry," and sat down on the bank to await my compliance.

Taking some crackers and a small hunk of bacon from the commissary side of the pack, I used David's sling method in transporting it across the stream, and even that fell short, and the stranger was obliged to wade waist deep to rescue the lunch from a covering of mud and ice. He then asked that I kindle a fire, which was done, and

after a hasty feed, he found a large dry stick with which he plunged into the stream in defiance to danger from floating ice, and in a short time thereafter, was dripping over a roaring blaze that had been prepared for his coming.

He said he had no secrets to keep, and was wholly at my mercy. That he was the wagon boss whom General Custer had arrested in connection with the loss of some forage in the quartermaster's department at Fort Abraham Lincoln, and which he claimed he was unjustly accused, even though the circumstances of the case were somewhat against him. He was held for the action of every man in his train—be that man's reputation good or bad. He had been a prisoner for some time in the military guard house in company with a young Sioux Indian named Rain-in-the-Face, whom Captain Tom Custer with a squadron of cavalry had arrested and brought up from Grand River agency several months before for the killing of the sutler and doctor in the military expedition to the Yellowstone, 1873.

The two prisoners broke jail at midnight, each taking his own way under a heavy fire from the guards. The wagon boss did not know the fate of his Indian companion, but for himself he was followed to the Heart river by the reserve guards at which stream, though at the height of its spring break-up, he jumped astride of a moving cake of ice, which, however, gave him the slip when he was precipitated in mid stream, and about the same time came a last volley from the guards, who in

peering through the darkness after this last mishap must have concluded that he was done for, as they made no attempt to follow him further.

But old Father Time did not reach out his long scythe for the wagon boss, and he floated to the opposite shore, his clothes thoroughly soaked and dripping, with no chance for a change or a match to light a fire. Luckly for him the night was not a freezing one; the heat from his body gradually warmed his clothes, and in this situation he had made his way to Square Buttes creek.

After some time spent before the fire I told the wagon boss that hunter Smith's camp was in sight, judging from a smoke, and that we had better look it up. The surmise proved correct, and when we reached the willows found Smith and three or four companions encamped there.

The wagon boss was known to Smith and his predicament guessed at. The hunted man was given a good night's rest but was advised for his own safety to get out of the country as soon as possible. The next afternoon I made a sign-up for otter along the creek, and at farthest point out discovered two horsemen whose motions were those of Indians, and on my return to camp notified the party what I had seen, and the concensus of opinion in camp was, that either hostile Indians or Custer's scouts were locating us, and Smith again urged the wagon boss to move on, but without success, his late experience evidently being too much for him—in other words,—had lost his grit.

But the climax would come. At early dawn

the following morning, being the first to awaken, I arose to replenish the fire, when the shadows of a hundred horsemen stood in motionless silhoute against the steep bluff in our front. Every man in camp was on his feet at the first alarm, and the wagon boss drawled out pitifully:

"I am gone—here is Tom Custer and all his cavalry command!"

An optical survey brought confirmation. Captain Custer and Interpreter Girard stood in front of a hundred cavalrymen with carbines at rest.

"Is that the man" said Custer, pointing toward the wagon boss.

"That is the man," replied Girard.

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It was impossible to keep my eyes or thoughts at rest or heart at ease during the few minutes that followed, as the wagon boss was lashed upon a horse and the bugle sounded, and the order of trot march given to the command by its chief. Elation seemed written on every countenance among the blue coated soldiers for the work they had successfully done. It was they who had captured the Indian Rain-in-the-Face to begin with, and now they had the man who had undone the lesson of chastisement in returning him as a flame of fire among his people and a further menace to the peace of the border.

It was the look of hopelessness, dispair and shame which saddened the prisoner's face, that enlisted my sympathy as they moved away from the foothills of the Square Buttes. Within two

Bone Monument at Custer's Last Stand,
Battle of Little Big Horn.

months he had discredited an honorable calling, brought reproach and a cloud on the lives of his young wife and her two babes, and all of these things I felt, as though reading his mind, were casting him in the abyss of despair, as he turned to look backward and across the big river to the neighboring town within whose precincts huddled in their mortification the very essence of his life. His was a verified dread. Within two months from that hour he was serving a two years term in the penitentiary; within six months his wife had secured a divorce and had married another.

Now take a whirl with the kaleidoscope and and behold the transformation in this life picture!

Within eighteen months from the morning that the captive wagon boss was borne from the spotted otter's play ground, Captain Tom Custer and all his command—men and horses—were dead; their unburied bones contributing to the first monument at Little Big Horn in commemoration of that field of death.

Of the despised prisoners at the Fort Lincoln guard house, the Indian arose a hero among his people, and it is said in his savage frenzy he had torn the bleeding heart from Captain Custer's lifeless form when the day of Little Big Horn's carnage was over. And the wagon boss. Twenty years later a letter was received from him by an old friend dated at an Arizona mining camp in which he made some inquiry about his family. "Tell my children," he wrote, "I have been prosperous here and have money and property for us all."

BLOODY KNIFE AND GALL.

TWO of the most picturesque and interesting Indian characters along the Upper Missouri valley during the military occupation, was Bloody Knife a half blood Sioux and Aricarree and the Uncapapa Sioux chief Gall. The lives of both were of the spectacular order from their first entry to a warrior's estate until their death—and during all the years of activity each regarded the other as his most inveterate and unforgiving foe. Gall stood in his moccasins near six feet tall, a frame of bone, with the full breast of a gladiator and bearing of one born to command. No senator of old Rome ever draped his toga with a more becoming grace to the dignity of his position in the Forum, than did Gall in his chief's robe at an Indian council. General Custer's widow who had followed her husband in most of his Indian campaigns, and had seen many different tribal representatives of the red man at his best, declares in her book, "Boots and Saddles" that Gall was the finest specimen of the physical Indian that she had ever met with. Bloody Knife, too had a dramatic pose and was more of a real actor than Gall but lacked the natural and dignified bearing of the Sioux chieftain. Gall easily held his position as chief, and from his own little band of six lodges in 1866, his following numbered sixty lodges in 1876

Chief Gall

Leader of the Northern Sioux at the Battle on Little Big Horn River, June 25th, 1876.

not to mention his prominence as war chief and commander of the northern Sioux division at the battle on the Little Big Horn, and shared the chief command with the redoubtible Crazy Horse, the red Stonewall Jackson of the confederated Sioux.

Bloody Knife was no chief, neither did he have the gift of command. He was an excellent guide, a brave warrior and a true blue scout. No officer of the army with whom he served, ever charged him with disloyalty whatever the provocation, nor in shirking any duty however hazardous. It was this reputation that brought him to General Custer on that dashing officer's first advent in the Dakotas, and remained with him to the end. The General admired the noted red scout for his good qualities, but put the curb on his bad ones. One of his weaknesses, was an inborn cruelty, and Custer recited an instance of this in his expedition to the Black Hills, 1874. In making a detour to behold a cave with promised wonders, they found a lonely old Sioux, and took him prisoner. Bloody Knife demanded his right to kill and scalp his old enemy—as he called him—in his own way. The General demurred, and the scout in angry mood took the sulks and refused to be comforted. He dropped to the rear and rode alone the balance of the day, in dramatic humility and disgust.

An anecdote which antedates the Black Hills incident many years, reveals Bloody Knife with his passions uncontrolled and at full play. This was August 10, 1869, near Fort Buford, after the

killing of four men on their way to the hayfield by a mixed band of hostiles, but principally Uncapapa Sioux. In this unequal combat to the death, a ventursome Sioux boy was shot in the thigh but for some reason had been left on the north bank of the Missouri by his comrades, as they retired across the old buffalo ford nearly opposite the place of encounter. The nearness of the fort and fear of pursuit had made their retirement a hurried one, and the boy left behind to shift for himself. While watching his comrades pass over and away from the opposite side, he turned in dismay only to be confronted with sudden fear. The willows parted—vengeance seeking Bloody Knife was upon him—his right hand firmly gripping the dreaded scalping knife. The boy seemed to have known him, and as the knife blade went circling around his scalp lock he said despairingly, as interpreted from his native Sioux.

"Bloody Knife have pity. I am only a boy as you may see—and this was my first trip to war."

"Bloody Knife will take care that you will not make a mistake again," replied the merciless scout as he tore off the scalp and reached down and clasped the boy's hand, and with his keen knife blade circled the victim's wrist, at the same time breaking down the bone joints.

"You will kill me, Bloody Knife" again plead the boy.

"Bloody Knife prepares his enemy for the happy hunting ground before starting him on his long journey," said the scout, with unfeeling sarcasm,

as he reached for the boy's other hand and treated it in the same manner. By this time, from pain and loss of blood, the Sioux boy was indifferent to, further mutilation.

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In the early spring of 1868, Yellowstone Kelly, then carrying the military mail between Forts Stevenson and Buford, claimed that he was attacked by two Sioux near the mouth of upper or Little Knife river and had killed them both. While the Indians had the advantage of numbers and position, the mail carrier overeached them in the matter of "shooting irons," he having a sixteen shot Henry rifle while his adversaries had but one muzzle loading fluke and a couple of bows and arrows. After his victory the mail carrier put back to Fort Berthold and reported his adventure, whereupon the irrepressible Bloody Knife immediately sallied out and took up the trail to the place indicated by the mail carrier, found the two dead Sioux as represented; tore off their frozen scalps, and gathered up other trophies of the affray and returned down to the village where the allied warriors joined in high carnival and a scalp dance, in which the honors were evenly divided between the man that did the slaughtering and the man who "counted his coo."

Late in the spring of 1868, in connection with an Aricaree known among the traders as Red Legs, Bloody Knife was accused of the murder of an old trapper named LaFranc, for his peltries. The trapper was found by a party of Gros Ventres on

a creek near the mouth of Little Missouri. He was lying dead, face downward, with a bullet hole through the back of his head. An unsprung trap was lying by his side, and was evidently a clear case of a trapper trapped.

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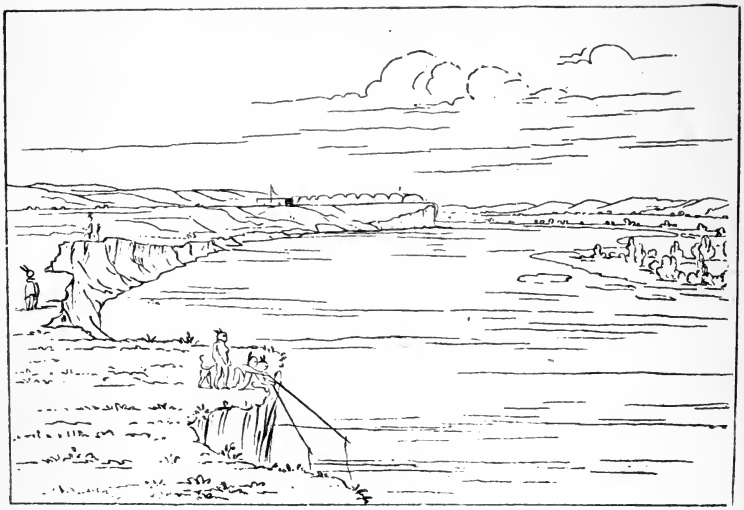
One afternoon in the summer of 1873, while at the door of the stockade at Point Preparation, Bloody Knife, heading a small party of Aricarees, came dashing up to the gates, the ponies they were riding all covered with lather and perspiration dripping from their bodies:

"You man that talk Pawnee" said the excited and ruffled leader in the Aricaree tongue, "my heart is strong. I have fought a steamboat this day."

"I hope you had better luck than the Spaniard Don Quixote when he fought the windmill," I ventured in reply.

"Don't talk back—my heart is very bad," said Bloody Knife again at the same time cocking his gun, but in an instant later he was surrounded and calmed down by his more pacific comrades. The Indians then gave an explanation of their conduct. They had just been discharged from a six months enlistment in the military scouting service at Fort Lincoln, and to celebrate the event Bloody Knife had, somehow or other, procured a jug of whiskey with which he freely imbibed before leaving the fort. In crossing the Missouri river ferry he got in an alteration with the boat crew in which they were joined by an orderly sargeant who attempted



OLD FORT CLARK,

As Drawn by Catlin in 1832.

to shoot Bloody Knife as principal disturber, but failed to put him out of action. Upon reaching shore with their ponies they mounted at once and headed homeward, but Bloody Knife's dander was up and he refused to follow. As his comrades scampered away he turned back and fired several shots into the steamer's hull in wild bravado, and in return compliment from the boat, a number of bullets whistled close about the red warrior's ears, and the whole affair being merely confirmatory of the oft quoted saying "that for every man killed in battle his weight in lead is expended."

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Late in the autumn of 1875, the writer dropped into the Aricaree quarter of the Indian village at Fort Berthold from the White Earth country where I had spent some months on a hunting and trapping expedition. Among others to greet my arrival was Bloody Knife, who said instanter, that he had a proposition to make. That I had a hunting rig complete—was on a vacation—and could listen. He wanted to form a hunting partnership. at once. A hunting party of Aricarees had just returned from a trip to old Fort Clark loaded down with deer and elk meat, and reported a band of forty elk in the bottom lands south of Lake Mandan, and not yet disturbed.

Such a proposition was readily accepted; not that the writer was anxious to turn into an elk slayer, but that the route selected was but the continuation of his journey to the Painted Woods

country where he had expected to go into winter quarters. There was also another reason—more of moment—and of an opportunity long sought. Bloody Knife was a plain spoken linguist in both Sioux and Aricaree; in fact for clearly defined expression of tongue, and of conveying ideas which could be readily understood by an amateur linguist, I never met his superior among any Indians of whatsoever tribe or nation during my many years experience with these people. And in the sign language he was simply perfect. For some information often sought and as often baffled in the seeking—the opportunity was now within reach. Whatever his faults Bloody Knife was no liar and if he talked at all—would talk straight.—For this I would go in partnership with Bloody Knife. He had sought the trapper's companionship for his thorough equipment for winter service, so after all, although with reasons diverse, converging of interests started us down the frozen bed of the Missouri as two of a company.

The second night out we found camp at the Red Springs timber point, when after supper, and when my companion had his smoke over, I said to him: "For a number of years the white traders at Fort Berthold have been telling of the troubles between yourself and the Sioux chief Gall. Will you tell me the origin of that trouble?"

"Bloody Knife has a hated foe in Gall and does not want to speak about him. Better talk of the elk we are to kill at Lake Mandan," said my red comrade with an uncanny frown.

After some minutes of studied silence save the sound from puffing at his pipe Bloody Knife again spoke out:

"Who among the traders was telling you of these things?

"Girard, old Jeff Smith, Malnori and old man Buchaump," I made answer.

"And Packinéau," quickly chimed in the smoker with some show of attention.

"And Packineau," I reiterated.

"Well, go on now and tell what they say. I can listen," said my companion in a more communicative mood.

"They say that Bloody Knife's mother is an Aricaree while his father was an Uncpapa Sioux. That he was born and brought up in a Sioux camp but early learned to hate his boy companions because of affronts and by being almost continually taunted about his mother being of Aricaree blood."

"That may all be true," interrupted my companpanion, "It was a long time ago."

"Then," I continued, "The mother finding life unindurable for her boy as well as for herself, forsook husband and his people and made her way back to her girlhood home."

"Meantime Bloody Knife grew up to be about twenty years old, when one day he had a longing to visit the camp of his father then at the mouth of Rosebud river. He must make the trip alone and if caught out from camp on the prairies could expect no mercy from a tribal enemy. He had reached the Sioux camp—and in good faith could

claim protection and fellowship. This would have been accorded him but for a boyhood enemy who was at the time a member of the soldier band and of growing influence over the braves of the camp. That by an order from the head soldier and the active assistance of young Gall and others of his kind—Bloody Knife was stripped and beaten with ramrods and coo sticks until blood coursed in streams down his back, and was then told to begone—otherwise speedy death would overtake the loiterer.

"How! how!" answered the exhausted smoker, putting away his pipe.

"That in the autumn of 1862, two younger brothers of Bloody Knife were caught out on a hunting trip by a war party of Sioux and both killed, scalped, quartered and left to rot upon the open plain. Gall was the reputed leader of this war party."

"How! how!" again ejaculated my red comrade.

"In the early winter of 1865," I resumed "the Gall, then chief of but four lodges of Uncpapa Sioux, came into Fort Berthold and encamped in the willows south of the fort. Their mission was a peaceable one—if appearances was an indication. A company of soldiers with its quota of officers were encamped near the fur company fort. The commander's general instructions were to defend and not persecute. To maintain peace with all the tribes if possible. This was the desire of the government. The Uncpapa Sioux were then making friendly overtures to the Mandans, Gros

Ventres and Aricarees, and desired an alliance. As these confederated bands had all the trouble they could stand under with the lower Yanktoney, Blackfoot and allied tribes, they were glad of any diversion in their own favor."

"This was the situation when Chief Gall's family of women scraped away the debris at the edge of the red willow bar to make clean a place to put their lodge. But around them hove a spirit of evil."

"Bloody Knife—restless being that he is—came upon the stage of action. He had been watching every move in his surroundings from a corn scaffold—and was ready. He started for the officers quarters at once and thus addressed the ranking officer:"

"Do you want the bad Sioux who has been killing these white men found dead and scalped in lonely places along this river."

"'I do,'" replied the officer, no doubt having in mind the notorious outlaw chief, Long Dog and his renegade band of mixed bloods."

"'If you do want him—and want him bad" said the foxy scout, "bring along your soldiers —you will want all of them. The scoundrel is now down in yon willows," at the same time raising his unblanketed arm in the direction of the lower corn gardens south west of the village."

"Did Packineau tell you that?" again interrupted my now thoroughly interested companion.

"Yes; and Girard, and Malnori, and Buchaump and old Jeff Smith," I answered.

"Go on," said my hunting partner gruffly.

The officer commanding immediately directed the call to arms and a lieutenant with a platoon of of soldiers with instructions to follow Bloody Knife as guide, find the Indian pointed out and kill him or any others that may resist or make trouble. The guide led the officer and his soldiers to the Sioux camp; a surround was made of the Gall's lodge and as the surprised chief emerged from the door flap, he was shot, knocked down and pinned to the earth by one of the soldiers ramming his bayonet through the Gall's stout breast. Blood streamed up from the gaping bayonet wound, his mouth and nostrels. The officer walking up to and bending over the motionless form pronounced him "done for."

"Not yet—but I'll make him dead," said Bloody Knife, who also came quickly to survey the prostrate form of his fallen enemy, and suiting action to his word, rammed his buckshot loaded gun near the Gall's blood smeared face, and discharged both barrells with a loud report."

But the officer with a hand more deft and a mind more active than the vengeful scout, had tipped the barrells aslant and the discharged gun tore a hole in the ground a few inches to the left of the Sioux chiefs head."

"Bloody Knife went off in high dudgeon at the officer's interferance and endeavored to create a wrathful commotion in the Aricaree quarter but was checkmated by wiser heads."

"Had that white chief let Bloody Knife alone," said my partner in interruption, "his brother officer

would not have been dragged by the neck to his death back of the Sentinel Buttes and the eyes of the black man put out by heated iron ramrods as was done in Gall's camp on the headwaters of Heart river. But go on with your talk. What next?"

"The next is information I would like to know from Bloody Knife himself" I replied, "not even Packineau could or would tell me of this. How did Gall arise as one from the dead after all of those bayonets had been thrust through his breast —after all that loss of blood—for they say he bled near a gallon on the spot where he fell?'

"That was no secret with me then or is it a mystery now," said Bloody Knife thoughtfully in Sioux—for it was it was in that language we were conversing. "In Gall's camp was an old medicine woman known for her great success in the curing and healing of gun shot wounds. Into her hands the body of Gall was placed by his favorite wife, and resusitation began on a fast moving travioux. It was near this point—secluded in the willows—that the medicine woman put him safely with the living. Now let us go to sleep and dream of blood,—that good fortune may attend us among the elk herds of Lake Mandan."

The next morning we sledded down to a point of young cottonwoods where we found our old friend DeWitt Clinton and his two Indian women nicely domiciled in a log shack, and getting out wood for the next season's run of boats. Here we loitered for a day, and my comrade, was pro-

fuse in his meat promises to the mesdames when he returned from the hunting ground of Lake Mandan.

After our departure and while under way I said: "Bloody Knife you made good hunting promises to the Rabbit," referring to his conversation with one of the Indian women.

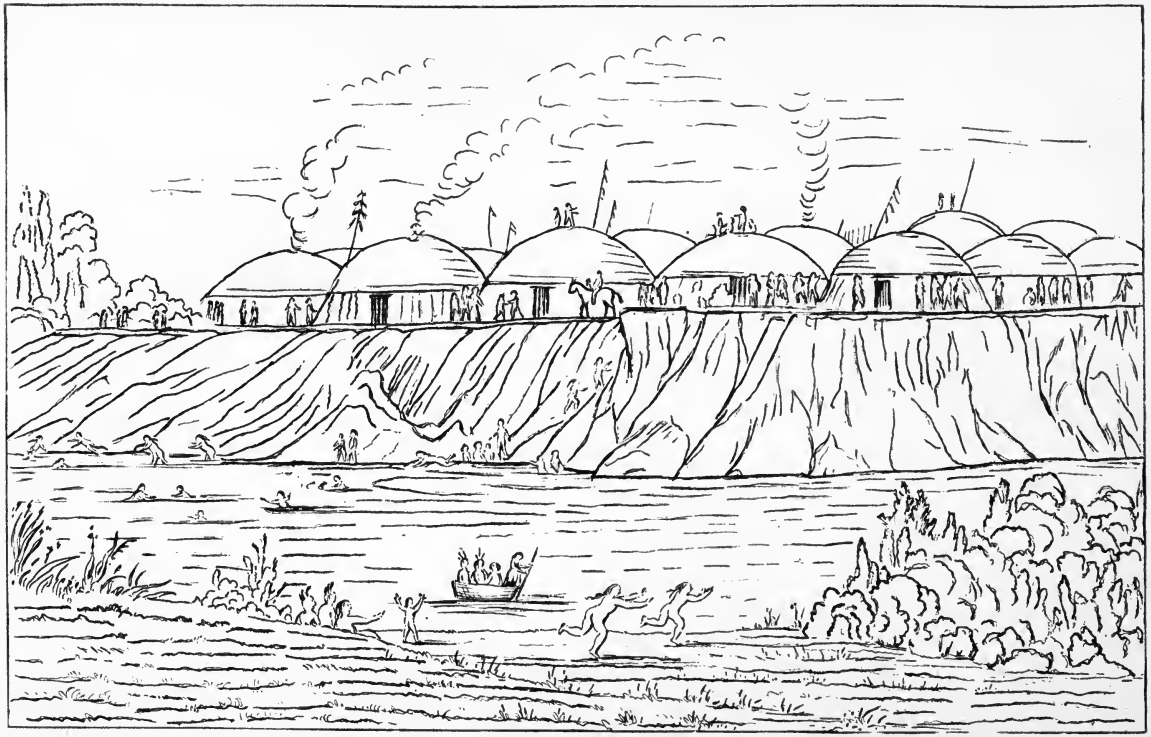
"I had to," retorted my comrade, "to have her make good luck for us. I want to return from Lake Mandan loaded down with meat. That old woman is medicine."

"In that case she may have read your thoughts and thwart your plans. She may be more than medicine—a witch." I said.

"That may be," replied Bloody Knife softly, but accompanied his words by a nervous and uneasy look.

That same evening we reached the head of Elm Point, and expected to go into quarters in the abandoned McCall shacks for the night but were surprised to find Carahoof and Dan Knapp—two Bismarck hunters—in full possession of the premises. We were heartily welcomed, however,—and piled our donnage in one of the abandoned rooms and picketed the ponies on a grass knoll.

At this point a high ridge faces Knife river with a most picturesque view of the surrounding country for many miles on either side of the Missouri. From the highest point of the ridge here, the place had long been noted as the rendezvous of the Indian eagle trapper--and with them it was held as hallowed ground. Every coulee or bluff,



GROS VENTRE VILLAGE AT MOUTH OF KNIFE RIVER.—Drawn by Catlin in 1832.

hereabout, had a legend or modern data to tell of some romantic escapade or tragedy. On the west bank of the Missouri, opposite, the Gros Ventres had lived in their dirt lodges, killed buffalo and planted and tended their corn in the early days of the past century and when the dreaded war whoop would echo from the bluffs and varable scenes be re-enacted, in the violent death or deaths to the unwary or over confident. Less than a mile above this point of bluffs that loomed up back of our quarters of the night, a British fort was built and a British flag floated in the breeze many years before the American explorers Lewis and Clark had floated the stars and stripes from their winter quarters at Fort Mandan---located at the extreme lower end of this same point.

The last tragic occurrence, and one most fruitful of conversation at McCall's shacks on the night here mentioned, was an event of the preceding autumn. A party of fifteen Gros Ventres had come down from their village for an elk hunt and among the party was a young Uncpapa Sioux who had been living with the Gros Ventres for for some time. The party spread out for a drive in the upper end of the point. When the drive was over the young Sioux did not return. A Gros Ventre boy said he had shot at something red and was too frightened or excited to examine as to the result of his shot. Rumor had it that the Sioux youngster was entirely too gay with the Gros Ventre girls to suit the beaus of that tribe, and a projected elk hunt was one of the ways

taken to put him to a quietus.*

The Bismarck hunters communicated to us the finding of a keg full of something marked "port wine." They had found it on the cut bank of a frozen sand bar of the Missouri and far out in mid stream, and had evidently floated down from the steamer that was snagged and sunk at Dauphin's Rapids many years before. The steamer's cargo was principally wines and whiskies and this was not the first find credited to that ill-fated steamer. Bloody Knife whose taste for firewater had not waned, was willing to test it, the hunters not having the courage. It might be poisoned. The test was eminently satisfactory to my hunting partner.

Early the next morning I had our ponies and sleds ready before the door, and reminded my red partner that the elk were awaiting us down the river. Bloody Knife looked up to the two hunters faces—as though to read them, then a wistful look at the keg under their bunk, when, with an emphatic gesture, spoke out loudly:

"Right here I stay!"

Thus it was dissolution and divergence came, with the hunting partnership, and with it, a further lease of life for the elk herds south of Lake Mandan.

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The final act to the drama in which these two

*Fifteen years after the killing of the Sioux, his bones were found by Peter Gradin who lived near this point. A Winchester rifle lay by his side, and there is no doubt as to his identity.

LITTLE BIG HORN RIVER,

Ford where Gen. Custer attempted to cross to attack Indian Village.

actors entered as leading stars was on the now historic field of Little Big Horn, June 25, 1896. Bloody Knife entered the erena as a mere scout, but one whom his commander had the utmost confidence. Surviving scouts say that he seemed of have a premonition of disaster and did not show that spirit of reckless bravado in danger's face that had formerly given him so much notoriety. On that fateful morning when the cavalry command separated into wings for the compression and destruction of the Sioux village, Reynolds, Bloody Knife, Bob Tail Bull and Girard—the four most noted and valuable scouts in Terry's command were assigned with Major Reno. Almost the first to fall at the commencement of the action between Reno's detachment and the opposing Sioux was Bloody Knife. A ball went crashing through his head as he rode by Major Reno's side and his brains were scattered over the uniform of that officer, which circumstance his detractors say threw Reno into panic, and not pushing his advantage at a critical time lost the battle and left Custer and his immediate command to their fate.

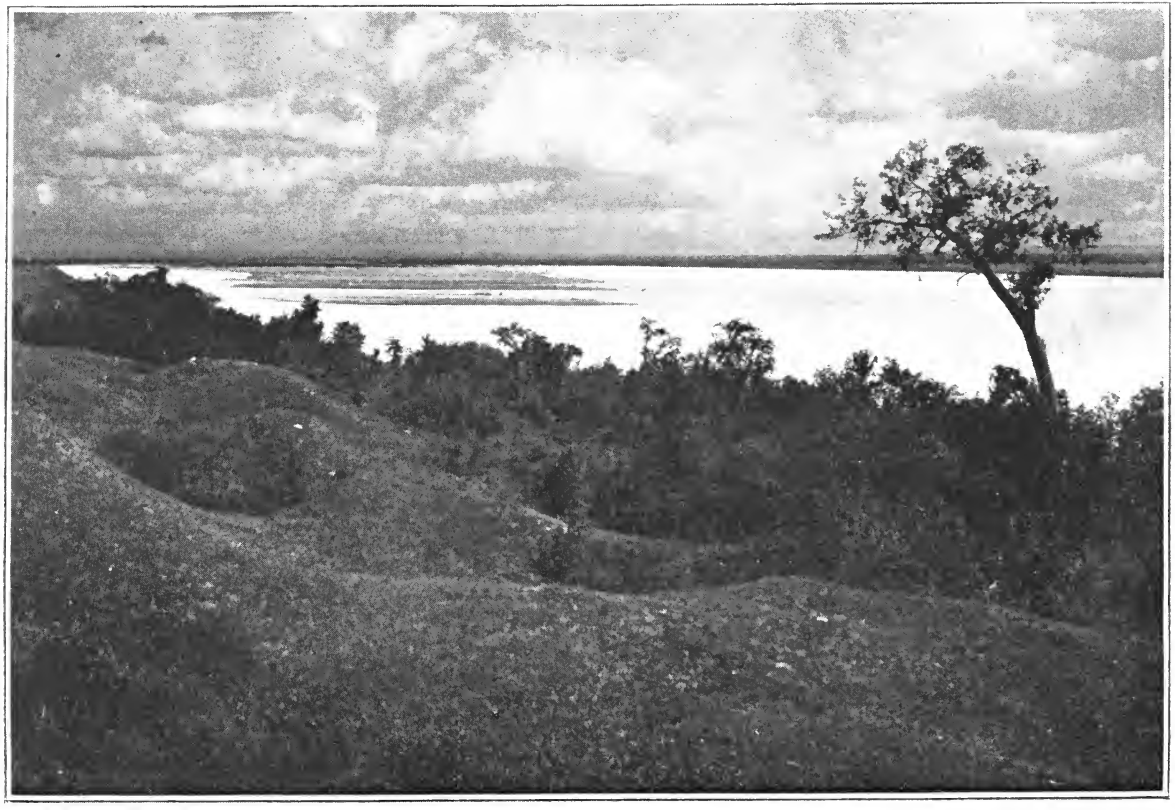
In the order of distribution with the Indian army, the forces under chief Gall was within call near the centre of the great village and it was at this point that General Custer directed his force to the ford of the Little Big Horn river and made an attempt to cross the stream with the evident intention of charging through the village at that point. But Gall had his Sioux force so well dis-

tributed that he compelled a retreat of his foe in a short time thereafter, but not until several cavalrymen had fallen from their saddles into the water, and with the Ogallalla chief Crazy Horse and the Cheyenne Two Moons, Gall as the centre of the trio must receive—as he does—full credit from friend or foe for his active and commanding leadership from the firing of the first to the last gun in that desperate race conflict among the ravines, brush and bluffs of the Little Big Horn.

The wild orgies of the savage victors the night following the annihilation of Custer and his men was of such a weird and terror inspiring nature that it remains among the incidents ever present in the memory of the surviving command under Reno and Benteen entrenched on the hill nearby, and much more so to Lieutenent DeRudio, Interpreter Girard and the two Jackson boys, cut off, and surrounded as they were, and as one of them expresses it, "playing beaver" among the drift piles of the Little Big Horn stream. Dante's Inferno was a mild representation in comparison to the fanatical ravings of the exhultant Cheyenne victors that was being enacted within two hundred yards of their desperate place of hiding.

Chief Gall—stoic that he was—had remained impassive to the scenes about him after the day's work of blood was over—and he might have continued so throughout the night had not the severed head of Bloody Knife been brought before him. A broad smile crossed over his face as he spoke out joyously as interpreted from his Sioux:

"Now that my vilest enemy is dead I can join you in the dance."



SCENE OF THE ENCOUNTER BETWEEN SIOUX AND ARICAREES, MAY 22, 1869,

[Present Location of Washburn, N. D.,--From a Photo by Diesen.]

A ROMANTIC ENCOUNTER.

OTHER than of a legendary character among the two peoples which is much at variance and without data, the cause of or stated time as to the beginning of hostilities between the Sioux and the Aricaree branch of the Pawnee nation is unknown to the historian, but probably had its commencement with the northern march of the Pawnees from the plains of southern Kansas and northern Texas which must have taken place at the beginning of the sixteenth century.

The first authentic records we have of the Aricarees proper, date from the Lewis and Clark exploring expedition up the Missouri river, 1804, Some account was made as to their earlier history by these explorers and of the situation in which they found them. They made note of the refusal of the Aricarees to accept whiskey from their hands and of their words of rebuke to the officers in proffering them a substance that would take away their wits. The explorers represented the Aricarees at this time as serving a kind of vassel-age under the Sioux owing to an open war with northern tribes, and of having to depend on the good offices of the Sioux for their supply of guns powder and balls through their intermediary with the American fur company traders located in the heart of the Sioux country.

In general characteristics the Aricarees were regarded by the early fur traders and voyagers akin to the Ismaelites of old, and something of the order of the fierce Stataans, that at one time inhabited the branches along the headwaters of the Platte river, before their extermination by the neighboring tribes.

When Lewis and Clark visited the Aricarees, they were in two large villages located on the north side of Grand river where they remained until after the troubles with the fur traders which culminated in the military expedition under Col. Leavenworth to these Indian towns during the summer of 1823. At this time the Aricaree warriors were reputed to muster about six hundred warriors while the opposing force of soldiers, frontiersmen and Sioux numbered eleven hundred fighters—all told. The allied hosts appeared before the lower village on the 9th of August and the overconfident Sioux made a rush for the defenders of the first town, and although inflicting a much greater loss on the besieged than they themselves suffered, yet the Aricarees at nightfall were left masters of the situation.

On the morning of the 10th, Col. Leavenworth brought up his artillery and began a bombardment of the hapless town. The first shot from the big guns killed the Aricaree chief Gray Eyes, an Indian of great resolution and rare gift of command. His death threw the besieged in a panic that would have been fatal, had the Sioux supported the soldiers at that critical time in a gen-

SON-OF-THE-STAR,

Aricaree Chief.

eral assault on the frail defensive works of their enemies. But the impatient Sioux were not in a pleasant mood from the tardy action of their allies the day previous, so instead of helping the white soldiers with their bloody work contented themselves with pillaging the Aricaree cornfields.

About the time of these happenings a child was born in the Aricaree camp that was destined to be the Moses of the tribe in its equally perilious days and years that would come after. This child was brought forth by the wife of Star Robe a warrior of much reputation. The child became known as Son-of–the-Stars and in his own good time became chief councillor and head soldier to his tribe.

One of the Yanktoney Sioux sub-chiefs who had distinguished himself in this fight before the Aricaree towns, returned home to find that he too had a son born to him about this time. This child also grew up to man's estate, and passed through without flinching, that terrible ordeal of the mystic sun dance through which he must pass before he could hope to take his place among the warriors of his tribe. He early earned a proud name by his activity in the chase, his ability in the council house and prowess in war. He was called Matto Nompa or the Two Bears. The chief's animosity was usually directed against the Aricarees but he found a foeman chief not to be despised in the person of the Aricaree chieftain who like himself was foremost to brook an insult or fight a battle.

While the Aricarees were forced to give up their homes on the Grand or Rees Own river, yet

theirs were of spirits unsubdued—be the calamity ever so crushing or the hope of better days a maddening dream. They were forced to bury the tomahawk with the Mandans and Gros Ventres and enter into an alliance with them for self preservation from the encroaching and all powerful Sioux. The Aricarees suffered with their allies from the small pox epidemic of 1837, and its recurring visitation eleven years later, but were never so decimated in number but what they could meet every attack from their enemies by a counter move of the same kind.

While the allied tribes had first settled near each other as neighbors, about the year 1862 the three peoples made convergence at the Gros Ventre camp afterwards more particularly known as Fort Berthold. While the village or town as a whole was in common, each tribe had its distinctive quarter. In their war raids against the common enemy each tribe conducted its own rule of conduct especially in the down river raids by bull boats. The Aricaree chief had early made himself a special terror to the Yanktoney under Two Bear's leadership as well as the non descript Two Kettle band located still further down the Missouri.

In the summer of 1868, Son-of-the Star made ready for a long promised trip to his relatives—the Wolf Pawnees of Nebraska. These Pawnees were then residing on the Loup Fork of Platte river. He took passage on a steamer returning to St. Louis from a season trip to Fort Benton the navigation terminus of the Upper Missouri. In his

Fort Benton in 1870.

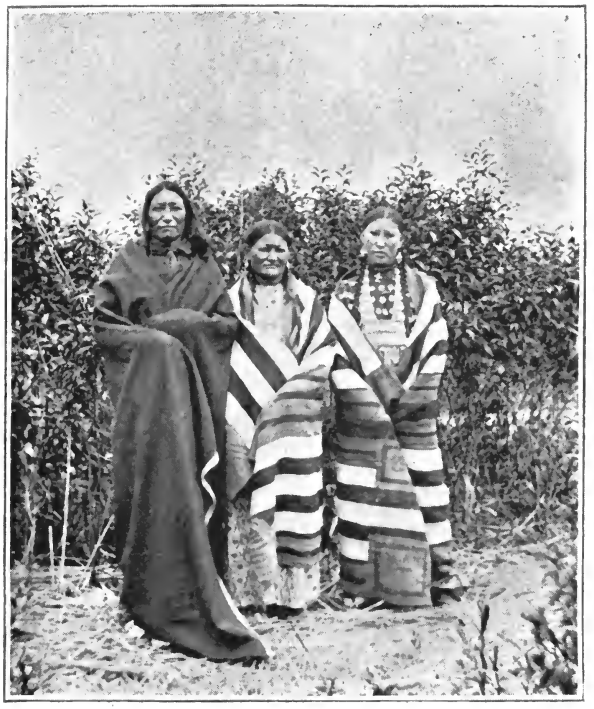
passage through the Sioux agencies he was compelled to keep in his cabin and be content with peeking, unobserved through the windows, to note the smiles and frowns of his enemies as they gathered—all unconscious of his presence—at the agency landings. This was particularly his situation at Grand River agency almost at the very spot, where forty-five years before, his own people had demanded from Ensign Prior the person of the Mandan chief, Big White, then on his return from Washington. The Government had pledged the Mandan's safe return to his tribe, to which task the ensign accompanied by an escort of soldiers had been been detailed to accomplish. Yet notwithstanding the fact of their reinforcement by General Ashly and a considerable body of trappers and frontiersmen, the refusal to deliver over their hostage on demand, was a signal for an assault by the Arricarees, and who succeeded in driving the boatmen and their vessels back and down the river to their starting point.

With Son-of-the-Star, while the case was somewhat analogous the situation varied. He could see and not be seen by his enemies and while the knowledge of his presence on the boat may have led to commotion if not to a hostile demonstration on the part of the Sioux, but the boat's captain pilot and crew were in position to "move on" with but little danger of bodily harm to their charge.

At the new agency site at Whetstone creek for the upper Brule Sioux, the Aricaree chief came upon the forward deck togged out in his robes

as becomes an important chief. He had passed in safety the gauntlet of personal enemies and had only the tribal ones to fear. The agency was being selected with a view of bringing the Platte river Sioux over to become permanent residents of the Missouri river country, and but few of them had as yet put in their appearance there when the steamer bearing the Aricaree chief was passing down stream. But on the bank facing the Aricaree stood a tall manly form—more haughty than he—and effected the same stoical indifference to the others presence. This man on the bank was the noted Indian orator, Spotted Tail, chief of the Brule Sioux. His wife and daughter ter stood by his side and looked out on the boat and its crew with same supreme indifference as did the head of the house, and formost representative of the Sioux nation. Spotted Tail was an ideal leader and a strong, great brained one. But his after fate followed along the lines from King Philip of Pokoket, Logan, and Pontiac of other days to Crazy Horse and Sitting Bull of recent date —namely, jealousy or fear, followed by treachery assassination and death. Spotted Tail was slain from ambush by a jealous sub-chief of his own band. This tragic event happened about three years after the scene above described.

Before starting on his long journey through his enemies to the Pawnees the Aricaree chief had thoughtfully named as his representative and possible successor his favorite son—Swift Runner—an ambitious young man anxious to follow in the



SPOTTED TAIL,

One of the most Renouned of the Sioux Chieftians,
With Wife and Daughter.

footsteps of his father who was almost worshiped by his tribe. The young man had as yet seen but little practical service in the field of war and this fact spurred him on to quickly attempt something as a leader that would bring credit to himself and wholesome respect from the enemies of his people. Dispite the attempts of the more peaceably disposed in the tribes to make formal peace, the hotheads and malcontents had their way and the strife continued. Son-of-the-Star had hardly got a good start upon his journey to the Pawnees befor a war party of the Two Kettle band from the Crow Creek agency appeared in the bad lands east of Fort Berthold, and for want of a more substantial catch counted their "coos" on a party of agency haymakers. During the cold winter of 1868-9 the terror inspired by lurking bands of hostile Sioux was so great that gaunt famine stalked in almost every lodge among the allied bands at Fort Berthold. And at the opening of spring the food situation had not improved much. Village hunters became the hunted and both the ponies and the game they packed became the property of the persevering and crafty Sioux.

What must be done? That was the question asked among the wise heads every night at the counsel house. The venerable White Shields set in his place wrapped in a pictured robe that told of deeds that had brought him both honor and fame. But he was a broken reed now with the aches and pains that follow the hardships of near seventy years in the Upper Missouri country.

Others must come forward now. He was done. This was Swift Runners opportunity and he embraced it. He would lead. Who would follow?

He would strike his enemies and strike them hard. Better to die at war than sit looking in an empty soup kittle. Who would go with him?—The ice was out of the river and the snow had melted from the hills. It was time to go. Such was the harangue Swift Runner gave. To his appeal twenty young and courageous men gave answer. They would follow the bold youth whom their tried leader had chosen to carry the pipe.

About the middle of April 1869—at the hour of midnight—seven well manned bull boats floated out from under the shadows of the Indian village at Fort Berthold and drifted down with the swift current of the channel. The venerable Medicine Lance the high priest of the Aricarees sat on the bank and smoked his pipe alone in the darkness long after the muffled sound of the voyagers had passed away. The flower of the Aricaree youths were in those boats and he made offering to the spirits of the rolling deep and asked them to be kind to those that he had just consigned to their charge.

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In the dark days of the allied tribes at Fort Berthold there was a beacon of light and hope to which the eyes of these hunted beings were ever turning. This was the good offices of Medicine Bear, chief of the Upper Yanktoney. He was wise and just, bold and true. His mother as a

child was one of the few that were saved from cruel death in the destruction of the upper Mandan village on Apple creek by the confederated bands of northern Sioux which occurred sometime after the middle of the eighteenth century. The Mandans of this village were loth to leave their home though they were importuned to do so by their more alert and observing brethren who had fled to the banks of the Missouri some years before that they might be better able to cope with a foe so numercially strong as the roving Sioux of the plains. The heedless and tardy remained in their old homes until the Sioux needed scalps for the dance when the heads of Mandans would be obtained from the Apple creek village for the occasion.

Medicine Bear was more of an ideal jurist than the average composition of which a chief was made. He arose as the leader of his tribe more from his wisdom in diplomacy than his courage or skill in the arts of cruel war. That his young men would steal out from his camp by twos, fours, sixes or more, to make predatory foray on some neighboring tribe or wood camp was what might be expected from the laxity or loose form of governmental control of a chief with the mild mannered ways of Medicine Bear. As a tribe Medicine Bear's camp was at peace with the world, but as individuals—save the chief alone—they were at war with almost every tribe or clan on the northern buffalo range.

In contra to his bringing up and environments,

Medicine Bear was at heart a Mandan. "Blood will tell" saith the proverb, and it so proved in Medicine Bear's case. Of Mandan blood he loved that people even though chief of an alien tribe. Every year with a chosen band he left his main camp on the Popular river for a friendly visit with the Mandans, Gros Ventres and Aricarees of Ft. Berthold. He would bring them buffalo meat in abundance and would return home with his ponies well laden with dried squashes and corn. His welcome home would be hearty albeat he carried no trophy poles with fresh, bleeding scalps hanging therefrom.

Through the avenue we here have shown, parties of Sioux announcing their arrival from Medicine Bear's camp was sure of a generous welcome from the Mandans and their allies. The stay of the visitors might run its length into days, weeks and even months, yet the burden of hospitality never grew too heavy for the entertainers.

Thus was the situation when a party of eight Sioux warriors with two women entered the winter quarters of the Aricarees from the north early in April 1869. They had come down from Medicine Bear's camp on the Poplar—and had left the old man well. Two or three of the Sioux faces were familiar to the Aricarees but most of the new guests seemed as strangers. But placed on their tenure of hospitality they would make no especial enquiry. They had come from a friend's camp and that was enough. Thus philosophized the Aricaree entertainers.

The personality in one of the Sioux visitors was noticeable. This one was the youngest of the two women. She was vivacious and comely—with restless and inquiring ways. She matched in age Cleopatria, the Egyptian queen, when that brown beauty beguiled the heart of Mark Antony in their moonlit tete-a-tetes on the Nile. But while the Egyptian coquette cast her spell on but one at a time, this native hypnotist from Medicine Bear's camp had seemingly bewiched the Aricaree tribe as a whole. When the band moved down from winter quarters to the village proper, the visitors followed, and the actions of this Sioux woman was marked in many ways. She was ever visiting from one lodge to the other and from tribe to tribe, loquacious in speech and with prying eyes. She durst not enter the medicine lodge but could see who did enter there. On the night of the departure of the Aricaree war party, the long absence of the Medicine Lance who had went to see them safely started, not having returned to his home as early as was expected, his two brothers Sharp Horn and Painted Man were notified and, who, being high up in medicine lodge council, had knowledge of the point of bull boat debarkation. The place was in front of where the old saw mill had stood on the bottom and near by a pile of logs. About two months before, among these very logs a war party of Sioux had hidden themselves as support of a small band of assassins sent up through the village under cover of darkness to hunt out and steathily slay their vic-

tims. But on the occasion referred to, through the blunder of a premature shot by a Sioux, but one Aricaree scalp was secured by this well planned scheme of midnight assasination.

While in quest of their brother, Sharp Horn and Painted Man passed the log pile with their memories brought to mind of the Sioux war party in hiding, when to their mystification some one arose from the opposite side of the pile and glided away in the gloom. They seemed sure the object was a woman and one very light of tread. At the water's edge Medicine Lance was found sitting in revere smoking away at his pipe in the darkness. He was accosted and all three went up the hill to the Aricaree quarter, when, with a mutual "good night" each took seperate ways for his own lodge.

On entering his domicile, Painted Man was treated to a surprise. The Sioux woman afore mentioned stood at his door. It was in his house she had been quartered since coming down from the winter village, and seemed to be without wifely fealty to any one in particular—hence her whereabouts was not made note of and her absence unquestioned. When the light fell full in her face there was no confusion or betrayal by emotion—though her moccasins and leggins gave evidence from their moppled and bedraggled condition, of her having been beyond the village environments. She went to the crib assigned as her sleeping apartment but was up and about in time to hear the village crier make his morning call

from the house top of the medicine lodge. It did not occur to the Aricarrees to make quiet roll call of their Sioux visitors after the departure of the war party under Swift Runner. Had they done so there would have had one marked "absent and unaccounted for." Also on the departure of the guests which came to pass three days later, the party headed down stream and not up river as was to have been expected. It was plain to all who would see that it was the camp of Two Bears and his lower Yanktoneys and not that of Medicine Bear, of Poplar, they would seek.

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The camp of the Sioux chief Two Bears was frequently on the move much of the early spring and summer of 1869. During the major part of April they shifted camp along the river bends between the valley of the Hermorphidite on the south and Beaver creek on the north. Two Bears had earned a reputation for success in warfare—but he was getting old and although his wise and safe counsels would be consulted as of yore yet younger men must lead in the hardships and trials of active war. Who would be the partizan of his band and carry the pipe on the war trail?

The answer came readily. His eldest son was ambitious to lead. The young man had followed his father through every danger since he was big enough to carry a bow or a gun or old enough to ride a horse. By close companionship he knew his father's method of war, and had profited by his wisdom in the council lodge. The sub chiefs

waived all right of precedence and would cheerfully lend such aid to the young leader when the need for help would present itself.

The call for aid came quick enough. A runner bearing word from their enemies, reigned up his tired out pony before the lodge of Two Bears and told of a decending war party of Aricarees in bull boats whose purpose was to strike the Yanktoney camp. All were in excitement and tribulation now that the enemy was actually on the water and not far from above their camp which at the time numbered thirty-seven teepes. Forty mounted warriors were started off at once under young Two Bears with instructions from the old chief to scan the river and timber points carefully until the Aricarees were met with and then to destroy them if possible—or at any cost to themselves—kill all they could.

Runners were started across to Fort Rice with with instructions to the Sioux scouts located there to scan the river carefully at that point and report to young Two Bears at once when the bull boats were sighted. The Sioux moved slowly up the east bank of the river until near the mouth of Apple creek when two or three bull boats were found afloat in the water but upon inspection were without occupants. A few miles further along a cache of these boats was found in a line of willows. There was here presented an enigma for the Sioux to solve. Had the Aricarees abandoned for a strike by land or were they in full retreat? The floating bull boats made the latter theory

OKOOS-TERICKS AND FRIENDS,

Four of the Bravest of the Aricaree Warriors in their Wars Against the Sioux from 1864 to 1876.

seem the most probable. The sight of the boats even as "empties" would give warning to the enemy, and who when aroused could fill every timber point with a war party on short notice—for when common danger threatened, all the Sioux bands between Fort Rice and the Cheyenne river would stand as one. And a bull boat adrift between the points named was a signal of danger to all of Sioux blood, be they man, women or child.

The visiting party from Medicine Bear's camp reached Fort Stevenson on the evening of the same day that they had ridden away from the Aricaree quarter of the allied village at Fort Berthold. They made camp near the scouts new building west of the garrison and were treated as guests by chief Big John and his red soldiers in their regulation blue. Of the two Sioux women with the visiting party, more interest was shown to the older of the two—reversing their reception in the Aricaree camp. This came about through a remark from Red Dog—a half cast Sioux and Aricaree scout—and one who had seen much and not given to idle talk. He had asked some of his fellow scouts to note some peculiar painting on that woman's face and mark her silent cogitation. She was as repellent to attention as her companion had courted it, and kept her face hooded with her blanket from the eyes of the inquisitive or over curious. Intimates she had none, but had now and then a few words aside with her joyous and mesmeric companion. There was also a very

noticeable contrast in the dress of the two women. While the younger was attired in blue cheviot bodice with red leggings and a three point scarlet blanket hung "squaw fashion" over her shapely form. Her small feet were encased in mocassins fancifully decorated in colored bead work. On the other hand the senior matron was plainly attired in an old fashioned skin dress of the Indians' more primitive days. Her only attempt at dress ornamentation was a wide body belt studded with brass headed tacks and a breast plate of elk molars. Plain and unostentatious as was her personal appearance, Red Dog's remark that she was "medicine" drew attention to her every movement by her entertainers and their friends until after the entire party of visiting Sioux had passed Garrison creek, beyond the fort, in the early morning following.

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In the comparatively quiet and peaceful days to the antelope that ranged the broken bluffs between Turtle and Buffalo Paunch creeks, which covered the two decades from 1860 to 1880, the particular play ground and watering place for these beautiful animals was in the immediate vicinity of what is known in these more modern days as Casselmann's landing. Its immediate location is about one mile below where the Buffalo Paunch makes its small contribution to the waters of the Missouri. The river at this point makes an angle and laves its waters against a low line of bluffs usually called the "second bench" lands,

and forms, by its hard, rocky soil a strong barrier to the caprices of the ever changing banks of the river in its windings through the bottom or made lands where the forests of willows, cottonwoods and kindred vegitation find healthy sustainance and vigorous life.

Antelope, besides being fleet of foot, have good ear drums and eyes quick at sight and with a range equal to the human optic as most hunters who have knowledge of these animals can testify. This fording place below the mouth of Buffalo Paunch creek had been long known not only as a frequent watering place but one of the principal fording places of the migratory bands of antelope in their search for greener pastures and in trying to evade a too close fellowship with the wolves and coyotes that hovered about them in lambing time. The wolf would—as a rule—rather give up his prey than take a swim to secure it.

It is with a band of perhaps fifty in number of these observing animals that we will merge our personality for a few hours, and see only with an antelope's eyes and hear only through an antelope's ears. This band had just come down from the breaks about Fort Clark on the west side and were bound for the east bank of the Missouri, although the air was chilly and the water ice cold. But their purpose was a fixed one, so, following their old leaders who had buffed the wild waters in many similar expeditions, plunged to their icy bath, and with heads quartering up stream, sawed the stiff current with their nimble legs, until reach-

ing the edies along the opposite shore. With a gay bound they sherried up the bank jumping and frisking over the bench land until reaching a high point where they halted and turned in circles, as they climbed each projecting point.

As the antelope ascended the highest bluffs they made cursory survey of their environments as is usual with their kind. The wind was blowing hard and raw from the southeast—a rift of dull grey clouds were passing rapidly overhead and tiny flecks of half hail, half snow, was falling from them. The keen scent of the antelope detected a something to the south of them and curiosity—the great weakness of these animals in early summer—impelled them forward until the object or objects making this scent could be detected with the eye. Keeping the ridge with a resolute old buck in advance, the band of curiosity seekers marched nearly one mile before they came to a full stop. Away down the bench-land near the breaks of Turtle creek an enemy, more destructive to their kind than the ferocious wolves, was sighted. This was a party of the human kind—perhaps twenty in all—following each other as does their own kind on the march—in single file. These oncomers were easily recognized as to specie by the antelope and beheld their appearance with much tribulation. They were of the Indian race—on foot—and with guns, pikes and bows swinging across their backs and walking along at the foot of the main ridge in a wearysome sort of way. They had evidently came

without rest for some distance as was shown in their motions. The old buck on the hill must have divined something of this kind for he stood with his head and prong horns erect—fully exposed to the view of his oncoming enemies, yet gave no signal of alarm to his own followers who stood like a bunch of sand hill cranes watching unguarded lines. Beyond changing his position in half circles the guardian of his flock did not loose his interest in the intruders, and when within a mile of his lookout seemed satisfied when—after crossing a coulee at the base of the high ridge facing the river saw one after the other as they arrived at this point lay flat upon the ground except one who remained in a sitting position.

About this time another line of people mounted upon fleet horses came up from a deep coulee near the breaks of Turtle creek. They appeared to be traveling at a more rapid rate and were in greater numbers than the footmen who had preceeded them. The presence of the mounted people threw the watchful antelope into consternation and some minutes later a regular panic by the reports of guns as the horsemen reached the point near where the resting footmen lay. The animals then bunched and scampered northward to the next projecting point where another surprise was awaiting them. Near the river bank opposite to them was still another party—much smaller than the others and all mounted, with two traveauxs in trailing. A mounted figure in scarlet led the advance and all were traveling at a rapid gait south-

ward. A red waving blanket was no enticement to the antelope now—only adding terror to their hearts and with the fleetness of a soaring bird they passed from the sight and sound of the commingling clans.

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From the antelopes' first view of what proved to be a romantic encounter, the narrator now seeks the plain statement of Two Bulls and other survivors of a drama in which the only audience were the fifty antelope—and they stampeded at the raising of the curtain in the first act.

The party of footmen that had first appeared to the antelope was the war party of twenty Aricarees under Swift Runner. They had been traveling all night—and were without food or blankets. The little stock of parched corn and dried buffalo meat that they had started from home with was exhausted. It was nearing the noon hour when the advance came to a small circle of unburned prairie across the coulee—a little north of west of the present site of Washburn, McLean's capital. Having no blankets these tufts presented the one opportunity for a nap though thoroughly moistened by a constant falling of sleet and snow.

In ten minutes after their arrival nearly every warrior was in slumber save the sentinel who faced their backward trail. He too, was almost asleep when his heavy eyes caught sight of something raising from a coulee a mile away, when he yelled in alarm: "Sonona—Sonona" (Sioux—Sioux) and a moment later thirty Sioux warriors all mounted on fleet horses with uncovered guns in their hands

moved down upon the startled—half dazed sleepers, yelling like demons. The Aricarees followed down the coulee shooting as they ran until the little group of hills formed by an old land slide was reached. Here another party of Sioux fired from ambush and a Sioux woman urged her warriors "to be strong." She was killed and scalped and another war woman in scarlet pulled from her horse and scalped alive. Young Two Bears the Sioux leader being superbly mounted, Fighting Bear an Aricaree brave from his position in the slide, shot and killed him while leading a flanking party trying to intercept his enemy before they could reach the timber. Bear Robe supporting Fighting Bear, rushed forward and secured the Sioux chief's horse amid a shower of arrows, buckshot and bullets but came forward with his booty, unscratched. The Aricarees being fought in front and flank by twice their number retreated to the west or upper end of the dunes or hills thence to the river bank. Here, Swift Runner, oblivious to his own personal safety, standing on the edge seeing that his men were all safe, drew attention from a Sioux marksman and fell over the bank mortally wounded. He was helped to the captured horse and tied on the saddle. The Aricarees finding their young leader shot became so wrought up that they climbed the high point from the river only to find the Sioux in full retreat bearing their dead upon traveauxs.

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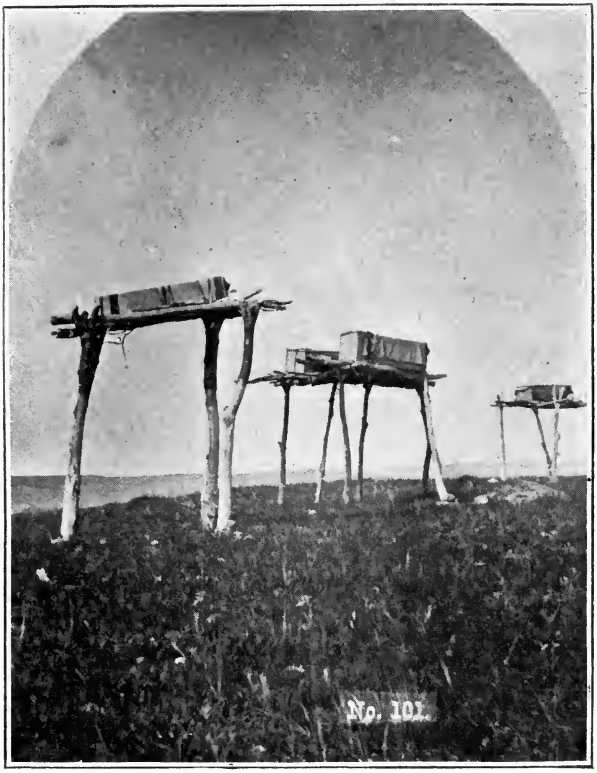
In the early morning of May 24, 1869, the choni-

cler of the events herein narrated, was moving about the Aricaree quarter of the Indian village at Berthold when cries and lamentations issuing from Son of the Stars lodge attracted attention, and I entered its spacious room to find a hundred or more Indian women crying, cutting off fingers and otherwise mutilating themselves. On a couch lay a form breathing heavily surrounded by the medicine men and chief councillors of the tribe. This scene witnessed the closing moments of Swift Runner's life—the end of his father's hopes and his own ambitions.

Again good memory recalls a scene of the early seventies, being also sequel to this romantic combat. Posing on a scaffold, and wrapped in scarlet cloths, resting on an ancient burying ground near the south shore of Painted Woods lake could be seen--seasons in and seasons out---from the spring of 1869 to that of 1873, a lone bier containing all that was mortal of the young Sioux chieftain, who prior to that fatal encounter in the sand dunes—had hopes and dreams for his life planned for a far different setting.

The body of the brave priestess of fate—the war woman--was given scant courtesy and hidden away without ritual. Her mission was fullfiled. Time, the great leveler of all things had done its work swiftly here—and adjusted the lines of justice and of equality disregarded at the burial place—honors to the one, neglect or scant courtesy to the other. The finale followed the great ice gorge on the upper Missouri river in the early spring of 1873. since when the bier of the chief and the cached bones of the mystic woman from Medicine Bear's camp have alike disappeared from mortal ken.



An Indian Burial Ground on Upper Missouri River.
From a photo by Morrow in 1870.

THE CLOSING STORY.

DATING from the consolidation of the principal fur interests of the Northwest into what was styled the American Fur Company, which event came to pass about the year 1830—the wild inhabitants of the Upper Missouri country were on the threshold of a great change. A change to be dreaded and feared by these unsophisticated peoples—and well they may have feared.

In the thousands of years of their existance on these high treeless plains—life succeeding life—death succeeding death, with no more preceptible change to them in the face of time's passage than that which came and went with the life of the buffalo, from whose flesh these nomads fed. The millions upon millions of small round circles of stones that everywhere make plastic sign in the upper Missouri river country, is the plain and indelible record of the thousands of years of non-progressive, unchangable Indian life.

The introduction of the fur and hide hunter working under corporate control as paid hirelings in the Indian country was a change—but a sad one for all existing animal life in an arcadia peculiarly and fittingly these animals own. The red inhabitants who had claimed their very beginning had sprung from the stones of the prairie must now

make welcome to a people bearing a white heat that would melt away these decendents of the rocks. The change would be rapid. The caldron of seething genii enveloped in fumes would spread its contaminating effects to everything with life in it. Its mission was to destroy—to supplant—to make over or make new.

It was the expected that came in this instance. Within the compass of seventy years animated nature in that region had wholly changed. The vast areas that had supported and kept fat the buffalo, elk, deer, antelope, beaver and the numerous species of its native bird kinds, which had roamed and swarmed in countless myriads there, had for the most part disappeared, and some of the species leaving barely a trace of their being, when the new kinds had came in the fullness of possession. This may be in the order of evolution. It may mean a survival of the fittest—but some of us cannot be made to think so.

The territory embraced within the lands of of this great fur company consolidation contained the homes and hunting grounds of many strong, self-reliant Indian nations or tribes who were expected to be under control of their new masters, and who aimed to assume practical guardianship of all these Indian peoples who then dwelt within their cordon, and absolute control of the lives and property of the thousands who lived along the entire twelve hundred miles beginning with the Sioux country on the south and ending in the Blackfoot territory on the north, was in the keeping

of Pierre Choteau and other controlling spirits of that great aggregation. The wildest dreams of Burr and Blenerhasset was being literally carried to fulfilment in the northwestern corner of their once projected empire--but so unostentatious in manner and so practical in method were these masters of traffic and trade in the then little known Upper Missouri and tributary country with its resources of wealth and area, it was suffered to pass without question--without interest even by the authorities at the Federal seat of government.

While the reign of the autocrats of the fur companies was not a long one, probably of fifty years, and toward its close the Government at Washington gradually contracted the territory of the former until only the extreme northern portion remained as the play ground of the fur traders, and even within that territory they suffered restriction and to a considerable extent were shorn of that absolutism in the management of the native Indian tribes to which they had first arrogantly claimed assumption to power of overlordship only by reason of the occupation of certain desirable sites in the Indian country, and their given rights to trade within.

In those days of the American Fur Company's regime, Indian agents though usually appointed from Washington, received their recommendation from and were mere agents of the fur company lords and were held responsible to them as a corporation and not to the United States, for their official acts during the said agents tenure of office.

With but few honorable exceptions this was the condition of affairs dating from the arrival of Indian agent Sanford in the Indian country in the American Fur company boat Yellowstone in 1833, to the closing days of the Durfee & Peck company in 1874.

The advent of the military in what was afterward known as the Division of Dakota made some changes in a local way, but the mediumship of post settlers and their influence with the appointing power at Washington, the Durfee & Peck company continued in the lines of the old fur companies as masters of the situation in the Upper Missouri region and contiguous country. Indeed many minor officers at some of the military posts seemed entirely too willing to assist the great corporation against possible rivalry from the small trading houses that had found encouragement from some of the Indian tribes.

It had ever been the policy not only of the Indian traders but military also, stationed at interior posts in the Indian country to discourage the coming of the van of adventurous spirits seeking life of congeniality in the interior wilderness. It had been the practice of the fur companies in their latter days to discourage the advent of any one or the stay of any one not in their employ, about their own zone of action. Indian agents, also, discouraged the curiosity seeker, the traveler or the plain citizen "looking for a job." To assist along the same lines, General Stanley from his headquarters at Fort Sully, in August 1869,—

issued his famous order No. 12 which was expected to make clearance of the free citizen population by fair means or foul.* Woodyards were specifically numbered as to the Sioux country, in line with the treaty of 1868 with these people, and soldiers discharged from the military posts were given transportation and hustled out of the country without delay, and with no preference as

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*An unpleasant situation in which the chronicler of these sketches found himself a short time after General Stanley had issued his order No. 12 will show its workings when a military understrapper with little nerve and less sense is clothed with its execution. During the haying season of 1869, I was employed by Contractor Dillon at Grand River agency as general guard owing to the hostile attitude of many of the Sioux bands encamped there. One day the last week in August a brother of the Uncpapa chief Long Soldier armed himself with bow and arrows rode out to the agency cattle herd on Oak creek and seeking out the herder—a young man named Cook—commenced to shoot arrows into him without any apparent provocation. The herder was unarmed, and no means of defence except a "bull" whip which he applied vigorously to the Indians face, who became disconcerted thereat and allowed the herder to make his escape on his fleet pony to the agency. He barely reached there before fainting, as three arrows had entered his breast and were embedded firmly. It was found advisable to have the wounded man taken to Fort Sully and placed in the surgeon's care there, and I was selected to take him down. The distance was over a hundred miles and for the most part without trail, and with the exception of the Little Cheyenne crossing—no wood on the route. Knowing this I laid in a supply of fuel at the Cheyenne and carried it thirty miles beyond to a lot of sink holes called Rock creek—where—before making a continuation

to their remaining even though offered employment or were given a chance opening for business.

The order applied to all Indian reservations north of the Poncas and Yanktons and south from Fort Buford, which practically took in all the country on both sides of the Missouri between

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of the journey "cashed" the balance for the return trip from the fort. A few miles beyond the creek we came through a swail where we noted a fresh, heavy trail which we had supposed to be buffalo, and so reported on our arrival at the fort. But we here learned that the garrison herd had stampeded the previous night, and then rightly guessed these were the tracks we had seen. A sargeant came to us for precise information as to locality which was cheerfully and correctly given and then I supposed the incident was closed. Leaving my patient for whose recovery the surgeon there had grave doubt, I made preparations for the homeward journey. Owing to the lateness in starting it was after dark when reaching sight of my expected camp—I found a surprise. A cheerful camp fire was burning, but my wood cache was feeding the flame. Acting on the information thus given, a lieutenant with a squad of men went out there—found the cattle first, the wood later on and set up camp at my expense. This would have been cheerfully given but that was not enough. The gallant (?) lieutenant, whose name as I remember it—was Hooton—was not only refused the use of my own wood to cook supper but placed a guard over my wagon whose instructions from the officer was, "shoot that man or his dog if they stir from under the wagon." The dog was a faithful shepherd belonging to my employer and who was well fagged from his 70 miles per day journey. To save the faithful animal from possible harm I used my pocket handkerchief for a dog collar. The officer made no explanation or apology for his misconduct, and surrounded thus by his soldiers and being a stranger to them all—was in no position to demand it.

THE SNAKE—A Ponca Warrior.

the points named. Being a navigable stream the Missouri river had been passed upon by the district court as a public highway and the right of passage and matters in connection therewith could not be legally interfeared with by any order eminating from a post commander or the commander of a military division or department. While the military authorities had the unquestioned right to put their foot down hard on the violators and disturbers of the peace within their own jurisdiction, order No. 12 went beyond this in many cases and after much acrimonious discussion on the subject—this unwarranted military edict was revoked.

The section of territory known then, as now, as Painted Woods—familiar to most of the readers of these sketches—was called neutral grounds or no men's lands—although both the Sioux and Aricarees laid claim by conquest or inheritance—and had been a bone of contention between these belligerent people for many decades. Through rival yards the subject was brought to their attenwith white partisans on either side. The number of woodyards or camps in the Sioux country was limited to fourteen and in the order of assignment, the most northernmost yard was established at Sibley Island with Frank LeFromboise, the interpreter, as grantee of the same. This was in the Sioux treaty of 1868, and made an express condition. A branch yard was established at the Painted Woods with Baker & Morris in charge. Some weeks previous to this Messers Reider &

Gluck had moved down from Fort Berthold and took up their quarters in the Woods under permit of and on behalf of the Aricarees who claimed they had never relinguished their rights to the premises nor were they asked to do so. The two rival yards employed sixteen choppers in all.

About the 1st of November 1869, by mutual re-arrangement—leaving Reider out of the deal—Gluck joined with Morris in establishing a new woodyard south of the Fort Stevenson military reservation, using Gluck's Aricaree permit in securing the timber for this purpose. This point of varied fortune and misfortune—good for some—evil for others, and which as a point was aptly termed "medicine" by the Indians or a "hoodoo" by their pale face successors.

The working force at this yard numbered nine men—young, intelligent and vigorous—who had started in life with a head full of romantic ideas, now in process of practical fulfilment. Wood chopping was the only employment offered and this was accepted as an entering wedge to a future foothold with more promise. The buildings, two in number, were pallisaded with a view of Indian defense. The rooms were commodious and every evening after supper a general discussion was had in relation to the situation along the Missouri river, especially that relating to General Stanley's order No. 12; the attitude of the Durfee & Peck company; the Reil rebellion; Sioux and Aricaree war and many other subjects of local prominence in those days.

As the evening discussions became more acrimonious and it may be said more interesting, a resolution was offered and passed by this motley gathering to organize in due form and for the distinct purpose of bettering the condition and offering assistance in unity to such citizens within our reach who needed and deserved it. The form of organization was after the manner of the Indian tribes and its government conducted in much the same fashion.* One chief and two chief councillors formed the supreme head. A soldier band under a head soldier and a "keeper of the records" finished the simplicity of its organization. Like Mahomet's first converts in the caves about Medina, the members of this primative organization took clairvoyant view of the future and saw sign of the fruition of their action that reached beyond the group of woodhawks dressed out with fringed buckskin, edifying each other with bits of wisdom which had generated in their respective craniums. It was resolved that each member of the order should become proficient in at least one Indian language even though it became necessary to utilize the services of a "sleeping dictionary" to further the end sought. In the selection of offi-

*Some account is given of this bantling organization in the sketch "A War Woman" in pages 92-3-4 of Frontier and Indian Life, also some reference in this work in the sketch "Chief of the Stranglers." This statement as above discribed is an addition, not a repitition of the afore mentioned sketches.

cers for the order the claim for Mr. Morris, the woodyard proprietor, was passed by, and a young man named Wheeler chosen chief of the organization instead. Mr. Morris was offended thereat. He made frequent trips to Fort Stevenson—and being a Jew and a shrewd one, he ingratiated himself with the officers of the garrison; was in full fellowship and had to keep up his end in gab at official entertainments by day or by night—in parlour or officers' club.

Morris was resourceful. While he had belittled the "chemerical ideas" as he styled the efforts of the new order at the woodyard—to the officers at the garrison he put an entirely different face to it. To them he imparted the organization as an order of mystery with its day meetings over big camp fires when they should all be chopping his wood. He told them that the society was known as the Medicine Lodge; that its chief had thousands of rounds of fixed amunition and a "cache" of many guns of an improved pattern. That he had first known the chief of this new society when he was hanging out about Douphan's Rapids in the company of some others who were in the business of gathering pine knots to supply passing steamers. Morris, himself, at this time was proprietor of a wolfing camp above the mouth of Milk river. This in 1867—two years previous.

Morris further notified the officers that his whole chopping crowd were making ready to go over the line to assist General Riel in his efforts to create an inland republic out of the Saskatchewan

basin. He surprised them still more when he informed his startled listeners that their innocent looking post interpreter who went poking quietly about the garrison was not the verdant Jake that he appeared to but a full fledged officer with a commission in his pocket bearing a captain's rank in General Riel's army.

Information of this character created a big crop of "bug bears" among the officers which the deplomatic little Jew thoroughly enjoyed. Had these officers done a little investigating for themselves instead of taking everything for granted from soap bubblers of the Morris stripe, the scarecrow produced by the finding of that letter in cipher among Reider's affects after his death by violence June 11th, 1870,* or the sensational dispatch sent over the wires from Fort Sully and undoubtedly eminating from th e same cotiere of influence that had caused General Stanley to make his mistake as a division commander in issuing order No. 12. The dispatch had its basis on the sudden death of Major Galpin at Grand River agency sometime in 1870. The Major was an old Indian trader of long service—of independent notions and fair character and run a trading house on his own hook and independent of the Durfee and Peck company and other than with the writer of this sketch who had a personal regard for him, was unknown to any members of the Medicine Lodge debating club—for that was all the organ-

*See sketch, "Letter in Cipher," page 131—Frontier and Indian Life.

ization amounted to. The Major's death was sudden but attributed to natural causes by the agency physician who had attended him. But nevertheless these facts in Galpin's case did not prevent the sending over the wires to Washington and to the associated press the above mentioned dispatch—which read in part as follows:

"Two hundred miles above this point is a place called Painted Woods where a band of outlaws are cutting and destroying government timber there. The death of the Major (Galpin) is attributed to mysterious influences from this source and whose evil ramifications extends throughout all the Northwestern Indian tribes."

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One raw morning in June 1855 a band of South Assinaboines were encamped in a protected gulch on the south side of Woody mountain near the international boundary line. The Indians, men, woman and children numbered about forty altogather. They seemed scant of apparel, had few horses and the migratory herds of buffalo had sheered to the westward and were then moving well out toward the Milk river tributaries and the old men had advised the party to break camp and follow in the wake of the moving bisons, otherwise they would stay where they were only to starve.

This camp of wretched beings were just issuing from a whiskey debauch of several days duration, the effect being visible on the countenance of those who partook of the drugged potion as well as those who did not partake but were compelled

to witness the horrors incident to frenzied savages, even worse than senseless, stupid beings, were their brothers and fathers, and in some cases, sisters and mothers. Even the hardened and villianous venders in these compounds* have put themselves on record as saying there were none of the northwestern tribes so easy a prey, and none on whom the accursed stuff left a more baneful train, than in the camps of the south Assinaboines.

The resolution to move camp to the southwest was agreed upon and the stricken and ill-equipped cavalcade set forth upon their journey of chance and hope. Owing to the drain that the whiskey traders had made on their horse herd, many of the party, especially the females were compelled to walk and lead their ponies in pack. Among these, sorefooted and weary from her first days' tramp was a little ten year old girl, who always vivacious and lively, came into camp completely tired out. So unusual was her demeanor from other days, that on the second day of the march a yearling colt was secured and the girl tied on its back. They had encamped on a high point overlooking a creek, and a deep-cut, angling defile, must be crossed on the resumption of the march. In this coulee a war party of Stoneys or Crees had secreted themselves during the night and were awaiting the coming of their old enemies. The surprise was a complete one to the Asssinaboines and five of the party were killed,among them the parents of the young female Mezeppa. The colt

*Larpenteur's Journal.

was unruly and not disposed to pack its fair burden with much complacency, and the girl's mother was leading the animal when she fell as one of the victims of the war party in ambush. The colt finding its halter slackened and terrified by the din and yells of battle, charged madly over the prairie bearing the tethered girl upon its back. In the jumping and jolting the thongs became unloosened and she was pitched forward upon a pile of rocks, where she lay apparently unconscious for several hours, at the end of which time she was found by some of her people and taken to their improvised camp and placed in the care of the medicine man. Her injuries were found to be serious though not fatal. The young girl's bright gaiety seemed to depart and brooding austerity settle upon her once laughing and happy face. Fate decreed that henceforth she was to be known as the Hunchback. She would be derided and abused; a subject of contempt and ridicule by her fellow beings—and why? Oh! the enigma of humanity.

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The winter of 1865-6 in the Upper Missouri country, while not made note of in those days as an extremely long one by its inhabitants, was well remembered for its snow fall and the severity of its storms. In many cases even the buffalo met their death by the extreme cold and exposure to the drifting snow that beat against them by a sixty mile an hour wind. In this manner—curious as it may seem to some—large numbers of buffalos were destroyed from the herds, that had drifted

IRON BULL—Chief of the Crow Nation.

about the mouth of the Big Muddy stream that comes down from the Woody Mountain country. The most severe of these storms was about the opening of the new year, and when its fury was spent, in addition to the distruction wrought among the buffalo and horse herds two families of Assinaboines were found frozen in their skin tepees in the willows near old Fort Union. The dead numbered six but in some way a little baby girl was saved—and as no especial interest was taken in the child by its surviving relatives it was given over to the care of the Hunchback woman, then living alone. This deformed woman had served a medicine man with an uncanny reputation—and whose lodge keeper she had been. In time the child also shared with its good protector the ostracism meeted out to her for that which fate alone was responsible, and obloquy whose avoidance they never dared to hope for except in the seclusion of their lodge, hid from observation of the living world---only now and again a curl of smoke that arose above the willow bar and marked the whereabouts of the lone lodge and its quiet inmates. As a timid antelope wounded to its death in the midst of its kind by some cruel hunter will leave its companions to suffer alone in some secluded retreat—as though to bring no distress on those who could not relieve its pain or staunch the gaping wound riven by the wicked, but bear its wretched misfortune in uncomplaining solitude and await the death that its slayer must also face---so did they.

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With the wear and tear of passing time—the old fur company fort opposite the mouth of Yellowstone river had served the purpose of its construction—filled its ordained mission—and when the summer's sun of 1870 cast its beams on that place, once so active within its little sphere of human existence, nothing was left of its departed activity except the one tepee of the Hunchback that posed in its loneliness in the sun beams of a quiet morning, like a death lodge over the remains of a Sioux, Cheyenne or Arrapahoe brave. And other than the rompings of some stray gopher or the whirr of the grasshopper, no greeting came to the curious or casual caller within the yarded precinct of the fort's fast crumbling adobe walls.

Few of the old fur campany posts in the northwest had passed through more varied scenes in the play of human life than did Fort Union during the forty years of its existence as headquarters of the American Fur Company. It had been the scene of peace councils as well as hostile combats between the neighboring Indian tribes. It was here that Audubon had rested and Catlin found turning point in his journey along the Upper Missouri. It was here Maxmilian Prince of Wied found some of his most interesting subjects for his pen and pencil. It was here the lowly Larpenteur, first a clerk, then trader in charge, conceived the idea that no place was too obscure to lack interest and no story so dull that it would not have hearers. His faith in himself was not

without its reward but it was not his to enjoy nor could he expect it. The fate of resident traders was uniform; distress and povery in their old age and Larpenteur but followed in the wake of those of that avocation who had gone before and moreover was borne down by recollections that to him would have brought joy in their oblivion.

The change in Fort Union from the commercial headquarters to its total abandonment was first brought about by the arrival of a military force under Col. Randall of the 31st regiment and the survey of a site for a one company post near where old Fort William had once reared its frowning bastions in opposition to the American Fur Company fort for commercial supremacy in the northern Indian country, under the leadership of Robert Campbell, William Sublette and others. Failure followed the opposition and the place became a rendezvous for free trappers and their Indian families, but disappeared in smoke after the killing of Mother Deschamps and her stalwart sons there on June 27, 1836.

Military domination forced a change of ownership with the trading establishment and thus it was the old fur company was murged with or sold out to a new formation thereafter known as the Durfee & Peck Company. The principal business of old Union was transferred to the Indian trading post then being built several miles below the mouth of Milk river and known as Fort Peck. The residue of stores and buildings were moved down to Fort Buford the new military post, and

under the new management became the sutler store for the garrison. And in this way had the great change from autocratic civil to autocratic military government taken form at the mouth of the Yellowstone river.

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One late day in June, 1870, a young man in the wood contractor's employ at Fort Buford generated an idea in his head for an evening stroll. It was Sunday and a beautiful day it had been. A trusty rifle was carried at rest on his shoulder and his eyes turned alternately right and left for sight of the curious and unusual. It was times of danger thereabout from the Sioux bands under Sitting Bull, Long Dog and the Standing Buffalo who made that military post especial tournament grounds for counting their "coos." Over twenty-five men had been killed within the environs of the military reservation since the building of the fort in 1866. The young man with the gun knew the places of these tragic scenes and in some of them had a personal experience. In his outing on that particular day he would pass along among the scenes of other day happenings with which he had nothing to do. He started for a three mile walk and would visit the ruins of old Fort Union on his way. He would pass by the place where in the first summer of Fort Buford's varied history an old citizen was found with his throat cut, the work of two confessed soldiers, who had killed him for his money—which was only twelve dollars. At the first hue and cry suspicion had been directed

Long Dog,

Sioux–Aricaree Bandit Chief who ranged along the upper Missouri during the Seventies.

to the inmates of a South Assinaboine lodge. As he neared the gateway of the old fort he was reminded of another tragedy—and the last one to speak of before its abandonment—namely, the killing of two Mexicans in the employ of the fur company by Bill Smith one of the citizen mail carriers of the Fort Totten route. The lodge of the Hunchback had been the inception but not the scene of the trouble. Smith was an adventurer of the fighting class as were the Mexicans. It was a question of direct aim and quick shooting and Smith won out in both.*

On his return trip the pedestrian from Buford noted a lone and well smoked tepee to the right of the trail and curiosity prompted him to visit it. This was the home of the Hunchback who came to the door with a frown for the intruder, but on sight of the stranger's face her austerity was gone and she bid him welcome. She bid her charge hasten the gathering of some dry branches while a kettle was put to boiling point over the fire place. Meantime she opened a parfleshe covered sack and exhibited to her guest, beaded neckties, knife scabbords and mocassins fancifully decorated with painted quills of the "fretful porcupine."

From another sack of parfleshe the hostess drew forth clean cups and plates and her guest was bidden to partake of tea, broiled buffalo and fresh and

*Another of Smith's many adventures is made note of in "Frontier and Indian Life" page 269. He was afterwards among the first settlers to locate in the Black Hills and died there in March, 1902.

luscious fruit just plucked from medicine berry stems. She opened a little buckskin sack filled with condiment of some sort and sprinkled over her fruit. Her guest had a good appetite, for his tramp had been a long one. Their conversation was conducted in primitive sign talk yet no conveyance in its meaning was lost. His repast over and purchasing a few articles and a trifling present to the child the white stranger departed for the garrison. It was the first time the little Indian girl had ever received kindly attention from any one, other than her guardian, and it bore response quickly:

"Mother" said the child shortly after the departure of the stranger, "Mother, will that white man come again."

"Yes, dear little one" replied the Hunchback, "that white man will come again."

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In the autumn of 1872, a skiff containing three occupants—a white man, an Indian woman and a little girl—reached the site of the abandoned wood yard of Morris & Gluck and went into camp. The man had come to refresh his memory and to dream over the scenes and incidents he had witnessed there during the winter of 1869-70. His friends and companions of that day were now scattered with the four winds but his memory of them was ever active. He had been commanded by the order of which he had been honored as its chief to choose his Indian tribe, learn its language and give fealty to the medicine men thereof. For tribe

and language he had chosen the South Assinaboine,and as to his fealty to things mysterious he had coquetted with and married a priestess or a witch of the tribe. He had went farther than any of his brothers of his order. He would nurse an idea rather than abandon it without a trial. He had put the theories of the Medicine Lodge to practical test and its results would come with the future. His own manner of life as he saw its reflection was that of a savage pure and simple. He hunted wild game and moved from place to place in the sheer delight of change. His nature was animal and in this way could feed its desires.

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During the five years that came after he followed the vocation of a woodyard man, and located be times in some of the principal cottonwood points on the Missouri between Fort Stevenson and the Square Buttes covering a range of eighty miles. The trio put in their first winter at the Burnt Woods where deer were abundant and fat, and summered under the domes of the picturesque Square Buttes, enjoying their recreation when the air was sweet and balmy and all nature thereabout decked out in its summer finery. Two years of their unit lives was passed at Pretty Point—a misnomer now, as the few jagged and gnarled tree trunks that front Oliver's county capital are a burlesque of the magnificent grove of young cottonwoods that once stood in line along the rivers's front there. But the axeman could see no beauty in nature's best display with his heart

and his soul calloused by greed. That beautiful grove has long since passed away but who among its despoilers could speak thus: "Those trees that I destroyed were of lasting financial benefit to me."

Truth will compel him to say instead:

"Those fine young trees that I wantonly chopped away seem to have brought a curse on me and mine."

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As time sped on a change came to the chief of the Medicine Lodge and his family. There had been no discordancy or family jars to disturb the home circle heretofore but the time had arrived for this innovation. The adopted daughter was approaching womanhood and the eye of the master was upon her—and she would be helpless as was her foster mother in combatting his designs. They were in a land of strangers and strange people, and between themselves and their far northern home a tribal enemy lay between who would not discriminate as to sex or age when a fresh scalp lock was sought for.

While the comparison might be termed odious on account of the great disparity of station, yet this lowly and unfortunate red woman had much in sympathy with Josephine the discarded wife of the first Napoleon. While the desires of the Corsican giant like our humble chief of the lodge were in kindred thought—namely the perpetuation of their strain—yet the discarded in each case bowed to the inevitable only when the inevitable came. While Josephine represented the highest

attainment of her sex—beautiful and accomplished and the head of the female social world, the forsaken Haunchback of Pretty Point could not as much as say: "I have a friend in need." But the outcome was in parallel. Each suffered the buffitings of reproach they could not hinder; a fall in pride they could not relieve; a flow of silent tears they could not stay. The French empress could forgive if she could not forget. The betrayed Hunchback was an Indian—and from instillation of her free wild blood could do neither one or the other. But there was something she could do—put on the dissembler's mask. On final severance from her accustomed place as mistress of the domestic lodge she was in a mood to court well that plastic art.

The Hunchback had one request to make. She loved her adopted daughter and desired to remain in the lodge with her, and upon the intercession of the young wife the request was granted by the master of the lodge.

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In the autumn of 1876 the chief of the Medicine Lodge with his child wife and the Hunchback returned to the Fort Buford country and thence up the Yellowstone river, where adventurous spirits found a congenial haven after breaking the cordon of the Sioux who had so long held exclusive right to the valley by force of arms. The surrender of Crazy Horse and his warrior band to the general Government and the retreat of Sitting Bull and Gall with their immediate command across

the British line left the Yellowstone and tributary streams, other than the straggling bands under the Sioux chief Lame Deer, the whole valley was comparatively clear from hostile clans. While the whites rushed in from the Missouri to find advantageous sites for peaceful pursuits, the mountain Crows under their chief Iron Horn moved down the valley from the rugged Big Horn range in pursuit of the last of the buffalo herds that had once darkened the plain there, and cropped its sweet grasses for hundreds upon hundreds of years.

The chief of the Medicine Lodge followed his accustomed vocation as woodhawk until slack of business on the Yellowstone compelled a withdrawal of the boats. He traded for robes until wild buffalo were no more. He then went to trading with the Northern Cheyennes on Rosebud river until their extreme poverty compelled a discontinuance. He then tried ranching and with the help of his growing family made some success at it. The Hunchback sat in her accustomed place as doorkeeper of the lodge and when not fondling her adopted daughter's children was busy with her sacks of mystery and medicine. In this way the family had passed twenty years of their lives—1876 to 1896—along the valley of the Yellowstone river.

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One dreary autumn day in 1897, while in a reminiscent mood and thinking of the Medicine Lodge and its scattered brethren, particularly of

A Cheyenne Indian Village on Rosebud River.

its chief, and as record keeper of the order looked up his whereabouts on the Yellowstone and sent to his address a marked copy of the Washburn Leader containing some personal recollections of the military epoch on the river that might be of interest to him. In due time came a short answer from the now venerable and careworn chief with the following opening sentence: "I have just buried my oldest daughter who had been going to the mission (Rosebud) school. As you may remember, she was near a young woman grown, and I am heartbroken at our loss—though we should be thankful that we have six children left to us yet."

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Five years later an ex-partner of the chief in the days when the Burnt Woods was headquarters to a line of woodyards for steamboat traffic, in response to a supposed telepathic call, wrote a letter asking about himself and family and how the world was using him; received in part the following pathetic response:

* * * * * * *

"I have but little of life left in me now for the ordeal I have passed through would most kill any one. My wife is dead. All my daughters but the youngest child are dead—but Aunty [The Hunchback] is still with us."

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