Albany Register.

A Thrilling Story.

TEN YEARS WITH THE SAVAGES OF THE FAR WEST—THE EXPERIENCE OF CAPT. HOBBS, THE FAMOUS RANGER—HOW HE WAS CAPTURED AND NEARLY SCALPED—HIS FINAL RELEASE AND RETURN TO THIS CITY.

Capt. John Hobbs, a famous ranger and Indian fighter of Sonora and Northern Mexico, is the guest of a well-known publisher in this city. He arrived in the Metropolis a few days ago direct from Fort Sedgwick. He has probably suffered greater hardships from and has gained a greater knowledge of the plain and frontier Indians than any other white man living in this country. His thrilling adventures and hand-to-hand conflicts with the Apaches during the past quarter of a century and captivity of ten years among the Comanches, would afford splendid material for a first-class romance. The exploits of this individual utterly overshadows the deeds of the renowned Kit Carson, with whom he was intimately acquainted, and completely surpasses the doings of "Buffalo Bill" and "California Joe," whose names in connection with Indian fighting has been before the public in various periodicals during the past seven years.

Recently a *Times's* representative enjoyed and hour's conversation with the grim old veteran, and learned from his own lips some particulars of an eventful career.

The Captain was found at the office of a stenographer who was busily employed in taking notes to be used in connection with a forth coming history of his life. He invited the reporter to be seated, and handed him a pipe of unique pattern, with a stem about four feet in length, which he lighted and indulged in a few whiffs as a starter. "That pipe," said he, "I captured from Algadamne, a Montezuma Chief, thirteen years ago, and I would not part with it for a thousand dollars." While smoking, the reporter surveyed the border-man; he is fully six feet in height, sparely built, is as straight as an arrow, has small, black, piercing eyes, long and coarse hair, as black as a coal, a swarthy countenance covered with scars, and a complexion in general that has been so tanned by exposure to the sun and wind that it resembles strongly that of an Indian. He wore a border-suit of buckskin, fantastically arranged, but his person was devoid of jewelry, which is such a characteristic weakness of frontier men. On a bureau at the right rested a large white sombrero, while in one corner of the room, near the stenographer's desk, were scalps and tomahawks and other relics of the forest, and of sanguinary conflicts with the savages. As he had been a captive such a great length of time among the Indians, it seemed a matter of surprise to the reporter that he could converse so fluently in his mother tongue. He explained this by stating that he had as a companion in captivity an American, and had frequent intercourse with trappers and herdsmen whom he had assisted in capturing. By this mode he had managed to retain his English perfectly. His knowledge of dates was also surprising when it is taken into consideration that he was carried off by the Comanches when but twenty years of age, and previous to that event had but little schooling.

He was born in a small frontier village on the Big Blue River, in the northern portion of Jackson county, in the State of Missouri, in the year 1829, but does not remember the month. When but a mere lad he gained a great reputation among the hardy backwoodsmen and trappers of that section as a wonderful shot, as he had been known to bring down a deer at four hundred yards. At eighteen he was a successful trapper, and knew every elk path and otter pond for miles through the wilderness. His shrewdness attracted the attention of Bent, the great St. Louis fur trader, who secured his services when nineteen. It is to this incident that his subsequent misfortunes and ten years' captivity and sufferings among the Comanches may be attributed. Shortly after entering the services of the fur company, as the Captain related, he and a companion, James Battles, a French Canadian, were sent to the Cimerone Springs, near the head waters of the Arkansas river. At that date the whole country was was almost a howling wilderness, with but few settlers scattered here and there, and was swarming with hostile Apaches, Pawnees, and the scourge of Northern Mexico, the blood-thirsty Comanches. On the 17th of September, 1847, as their luck had been bad, Battles proposed to Hobbs to start further south, where game was supposed to be in abundance; the latter acquiesced. During the evening of the first days' trip Hobbs trailed a buffalo. His capture is given in his own vernacular. "Putting spurs to my mare," said the Captain, "I soon overhauled the varmint, which proved to be a cow, which I killed. Battles soon joined me, and after we cut off all of the meat we wanted we built a fire and bunked in for the night. The following morning, while preparing our grub, a war party of twenty Comanche braves, with eight or ten Pawnee scalps, and a drove of stolen ponies appeared on the scene. The leader of the band advanced toward me with outstretched hands, and growled out "How?" I answered him in a friendly way, still keeping an eye on my shooting-irons. All of a sudden one of the most demoniac yells that ever greeted a mortal's ears was given, and before we could move the whole pack of hell-hounds were upon us two poor devils. They killed poor Battles before my eyes, scalped him, took off his moccasins, secured his rifle and ammunition, and then made for me. But the Chief somehow took a fancy to me and drawed off the pack after they had almost finished me and had the knife to my scalp. "Look here," so saying the Captain parted the thick black hair on the side of his head and a long white scar was revealed. "That's the commencin' place," he resumed, "and in two minutes' time longer I expect they would have raised my top-not, for certain. Do you see this?" Here he pointed to a deep scar just above his mustache, at the right of the nose. "That's another mark they gave me with a tomahawk on that occasion. Well, to make a long story short, they carried me with them up to the mountains. They danced around me, sang and played on the tomtoms nearly all night, and to wind up they cut off my hair and commenced to cut up my face, or to what you may call it, to tattoo me. I objected so strongly that they stopped it, but they managed to put a brass ring through my nose. This I wore during my ten years' captivity. I was made a warrior, and went out with them on all their war and marauding expeditions across the Mexican border, and several times came near losing my life while fighting the Apaches and Pawnees. All told, my body bears seventeen bullet and arrow wounds." Removing his boots, the Captain exhibited to the reporter five buck-shot "indentures" in the right leg, and three or four gunshot and arrow wounds in his left limb. "I remained with the red-skins two years before I was made a warrior. About six months after this event, while hunting alone in the mountains of Lower Sonora, I heard the breaking of a twig not far from where I was standing. I cocked my rifle, thinking it might be a cinnamon bear. I did not hear the sound again, but instead saw a big Pawnee warrior who stood partly concealed in a clump of chaparral about 200 yards distant. We looked at each other fully five minutes without drawing a bead; suddenly he raised his gun and fired at me without taking aim. I jumped to the right and escaped, still keeping my eye on the Pawnee; he dodged around, but I soon let him have it square in the head and scalped him. When nearing the lodges I got two ash poles and stuck the ends of each into the ears of the scalp—it's the style of the Comanches to take ears and all—and marched into camp.

Five minutes later seven hundred warriors, headed by Old Wolf, whom the United States soldiers and Mexicans well know to their sorrow, surrounded me, and such shaking of hands and hugging I never experienced before. The chief the next morning gave me his third daughter as a bride. By our marriage I have seven children." "Where are they now?" queried the reporter. "Oh, they're running wild on the plains," replied the Captain, laughingly. He said that in the Fall of 1847, after numerous fights with the United States soldiers, during which he tried to escape, (rather dubious,) the Comanches concluded to sell him and another white prisoner named Kirker. Thus, after ten years of captivity, he was taken to Fort Bent, and was sold to Col. Sumner, of the Sixth Cavalry. The Captain was ransomed for six yards of red flannel, one pound of tobacco, and a string of beads. Kirker was sold for eight yards of curtain calico and a pound of common Missouri tobacco. After being ransomed, the Captain sought the home of his youth; but all of his relatives had removed, and, heartbroken, he retraced his steps and made his way into Mexico, where he joined Placida La Vega in his war against the Church Party. At the conclusion he made his way to Chihualua, and was employed by Gov. Anglestres to fight the Apaches at the rate of $50 per scalp. With thirty Mexicans, during six months, they raised ninety scalps. Becoming disgusted with the Mexicans, he again cast his fortunes with Old Wolf and the Comanches. He continued fighting with them two or three years against other tribes, and when the French invaded Mexico he repaired to Chihualua and was made a Lieutenant in the Liberal army by Benito Juarez, and participated in the battles of Los Membres, Mazatalan, Zipick, Santiago, Esquantito, Siera Aleger and various others, down to Queretaro, when Maximilian surrendered. At the close of the war he again visited his Indian home, and, growing tired of that species of existence, determined to live in the future among civilized people. His faith, however, in humanity has been terribly shaken since he has been in Gotham, as he lost $150 in greenbacks at a place of public amusement a few evenings since, he has changed his mind considerably. He speaks fluently the dialects of seven different tribes—Castillian and half Montezuma, the language of Northern and New Mexico and Sonora. He is probably the only white man that can aid the historian in translating them.

CINDERELLA.

BY ESTHER SERLE KENNETH.

Why her papa had married Mrs. Granville, Maurice Lacy never could tell. She was not even an old country woman, she was a sharp, driving, sour Yankee, so Maurice said.

The Lacy's were Irish. Maurice herself had been born in Dublin, but coming to America when only a year old, and being well educated both by the instruction of her father and by private teachers, she was Irish only by parentage and the character of her blooming beauty. At seventeen she was very pretty, with loose brown hair curling about her white neck, star bright eyes, a wild rose glow upon her cheeks and a most charming, highbred air.

Her mamma had died when she was fifteen, and from that time Maurice, who had domestic tastes, became housekeeper at Oglethorpe. For two years there was much comfort, and then, to Maurice's unspeakable dismay, her father married Mrs. Granville a, woman whom she had never heard of.

Mrs. Granville arrived with her two daughters, Madge and Gloria, dashing girls of twenty and twenty-five. The reason which Mr. Lacy assigned to Maurice for taking a wife was that she was growing staid beyond her years; that Mrs. Granville was a good housekeeper, and the companionship of the two girls would be an advantage.

Maurice was petite and gentle, and Gloria and Madge looked on her as nothing but a child, whom it was not worth their while to notice, and as for their mother, she made a feint of assuming the housekeeping—took charge of the keys for a week—but left the burden of the care with Maurice. Indeed, she made matters much harder for her, saying that a family of four women did not need two servants, and thereupon dismissed the faithful old maid, Cathy, who had been Maurice's stay and refuge in the time of trouble. The girls should help, she said, but Madge and Gloria promptly turned up their noses at this idea, and spent their mornings in bed.

Maurice soon began to grow thin and pale under this new dispensation, and found no help, for a long threatened complaint of her father's now became chronic, and confined him to his room.

She was making the parlor fire one morning, when Gloria and Madge came into the adjacent library, animatedly talking.

"O, the house is beautiful and the grounds are lovely," said Madge, "and Malbourne, the owner, is as handsome as a fairy prince."

"And how old is this Prince Malbourne?" asked Gloria.

"About thirty; just the right age for a man. The house has been shut up for about three years while the master has been abroad, but now he has returned, and is going to give this party as a sort of housewarming. And they do say that he has announced his intention of marrying now and settling down, so he is on the lookout for a wife, probably."

"The invitations request the guests to appear in fancy dress?"

"Yes; won't that be beautiful? I shall go as a sultana."

"And I as a Cleopatra;"

Maurice's young heart beat hard against her calico dress. A fancy dress party was her delight; she had a passion for costume. She knew the mansion where the party was to be given, a charming place, called "The Aspens;" and the owner was a dark, handsome Englishman, whom she had occasionally seen in conversation with Prince Malbourne, the title which her step sisters had given him, suited him well. There was something regal in his appearance. Her heart came chokingly up into her throat as she thought that Prince Malbourne and everybody else seemed to have forgotten her existence.

The next evening Madge and Gloria spent two hours in dressing for the ball. Maurice was even called up to arrange the sultana's ebon tresses, and when the work was completed she stole away with a few natural tears.

She was crying most heartily at the kitchen fire, when the door opened and in came a little bent woman in a cloak.

"O, good old Cathy," she cried, "how glad I am to see you!"

It was the old servant who had served the family in her mother's time.

"And what is my child crying by the kitchen fire for?" asked Cathy.

"I want to go to the party to-night, and I've no invitation and no dress," said Maurice wiping her eyes.

"What for do you want an invitation, when your mother was the gentleman's life-long friend?" asked Cathy. "The devil fly away wid that stepmother's o' yers, that has given out word that yer dead, likely! An' as for the dress, there's a chist o' old country clothe's in the garritt—gowns o' silk and satin, that was worn by royal ladies in Ireland? They belonged to your mother. Away wid ye, an' suit yourself to a fit among them."

Hope brightened the girls eyes. Away she flew, and in less than half an hour returned to the kitchen so transformed that her old friend hardly knew her. Her curls were tied up with a silken snood; wide, embroidered sleeves fell from her snowy arms; her figure was clad in a white silken petticoat, over which was trailing open robe of green satin with an ermine border. A ruby necklace was clasped about her snowy throat, and her beautiful face was radiant with delight.

At the party nobody knew her, but everybody was delighted with her. Her step sisters, however, she gave a wide birth. Especially when Prince Malbourne came and asked her to dance, for their eyes were fixed greedily upon his every movement. He was puzzled to know who Maurice was, his four years' absence had so changed many people that he had encountered many refused identities during the evening. But he was sure that hers was the loveliest face he had seen since his return to America.

Maurice had heard the clock strike twelve, and taking alarm for fear her sisters had gone, and should find the house locked against her, she fled from The Aspens and sped homeward. She had barely time to strip off her quaint costume and return it to the old chest, before Gloria called in no gentle tones and commanded her to comb out her hair. One was sulky, while the other scolded because Prince Malbourne had paid them so little attention.

But the next day there was a great flutter among the ill-humored doves. They no longer pecked each other, but went lovingly down to the dress-room. Prince Malbourne had called. He was most charming, regretted that Mr. Lacy was too ill to receive visitors, hoped that Mrs. Lacy was well and that the young ladies enjoyed the previous evening, and finally produced a little satin slipper, which he said he had found upon the floor of the ball room after the guests had departed. He wished to know if it belonged to Miss Madge. Madge could not have got two of her toes in it, and Gloria's feet were larger than her sister's. But the name Lacy was embroidered among the silken roses of the shoe.

"Are there any other Lacys in the neighborhood? Let me ask Maurice," said Madge, and not seeing her mother's frown she called Maurice, who was sweeping the stairs.

Maurice blushed and trembled, but the moment Prince Malbourne saw the face he sprang toward her.

"My dear little Maurice! My old friend's daughter!" he cried.

"Does she know anything about the shoe?" snapped Gloria.

"Yes," said Maurice. "I lost it last night, but I did not know it until after I got home, and then I thought it must have come off in the fields."

The three women looked like three thunder clouds just ready to burst and appall everybody with hail and lightning, but Prince Malbourne took no notice. He kept fast hold of Maurice's little hand until she promised to let him visit her upon the coming evening. He had something of importance to say to her.

He went away at last, and Maurice kept out of her furious relatives' way until evening.

Then she went down into the drawing room to see him alone, and he read to her a letter sent to him in Europe from the dying hand of her dear mamma, expressing the wish that he would marry the little orphan daughter. And to Maurice's delight, Prince Malbourne put his arm around her and added:

"And I love you, my child; will you be my wife?"

And so she married the Prince and went to live in his castle.

The Louisville *Ledger*, gives the following specimen of a Kentucky conversation: "Hello, dar, what you ax for dat old blind mule, hey?" "Well, I dunno; guess I mout take thirty-five dollars!" "I'll give you five." "Well, you may have 'im; I won't stand on thirty dollars—in a mule trade."

As a fashionably dressed young lady passed some gentlemen, the other day, one of them raised his hat, whereupon another, struck by the fine appearence of the lady, made some inquiries concerning her, and was answered thus: "She makes a pretty ornament in her father's house, but otherwise is of no use."

While recently engaged in splitting wood Jones struck a false blow, causing the stick to fly up. It struck him on the jaw, and knocked out a front tooth. "Ay," said Bill, meeting him soon after, "you've had a dental operation performed, I see." "Yes," replied the sufferer, "ax-i-dental."

"Why is the earth like a blackboard?" Because the children of men multiply upon the face of it.