

JUDGE NOT.

Judge not: the workings of his brain And of his heart these cases not see; What looks to thy dim eyes a stain In God's pure sight may only be A scar, brought from some well won field, Whom thou wouldst only faint and yield.

DICK HUYL.

The writer owes to Dick Huyl a debt, not exactly of gratitude, as the story will demonstrate, which she, by writing his biography, seeks to discharge. Dick Huyl's history will never be written by me, nor by any one else who knew him, to adorn a Sunday school library; he was not that kind of a boy. Dick was an Apache Indian, with all the characteristics of total depravity that the word Apache conveys or suggests.

In 1872, if I remember rightly, Gen. Crook had succeeded, after years of bloody war and the loss of hundreds of good men, in subduing most of the bands composing the Apache nation of New Mexico and Arizona. They had dwelt in the strongholds of mountain and desert, from which they frequently emerged to rob and murder all miners or emigrants that they could ambush, leaving nothing for the human mind to conceive of in the way of cruelty when a white man fell into their power.

At the reservation, although they were well fed and quite decently treated, it was necessary to watch them constantly, and large bodies of troops were detailed for that purpose. Nevertheless, scarcely a week passed but a small squad of Apaches, usually led by some attractive squaw, would slip quietly past the guards and escape through the darkness into their beloved cactus plains and mountain barrens. Roll call nearly every morning developed these absentees, and next day would come news of murder, rapine and horrors generally. A favorite Apache mode of disposing of the unsuspecting freighter, miner or emigrant whose camp they had succeeded in raiding, was to tie the victim by the four limbs to stakes, and then to build a fire on that portion of his body designated in the old fashioned almanacs as "virgo."

There seemed to be something particularly fascinating to the Apache temperament in this form of torture. Death being long in coming, it gave the squaws and papposes plenty of chance to invent small torments, on the side, as it were. The women and children emigrants—but enough. Suffice it to say that the absolute hatred entertained by these Indians for the whites was fully reciprocated, especially by the soldiers. It was no easy matter to track and successfully follow the runaways through the cactus and mesquit thickets, over the barren deserts and desolate mountains that make up the topography of Arizona. But in that parched country water is only to be found at certain springs and "water holes," between which days of travel often intervene, but which are equally well known to soldiers and to Indians.

So when the morning report showed to Gen. Crook that so many warriors, squaws and papposes were missing, the grim old warrior would make no sign of pursuit, but on the night following, or perhaps the next one, a squadron of mounted men would file silently out of the reservation bearing orders to move as rapidly as possible to the water hole of Palo Pinto, or to Agua Grande Spring, or to some other place where the presence of the precious fluid favored a camping place for the renegades. The troops were always positively instructed to bring back no prisoners, all matters of detail being left to the officers in command. One June morning there was reported missing eight Indians, eleven squaws and papposes, including Wahemo, than whom a more depraved and cruel Indian never existed, even in Arizona.

Two nights afterward a squad of the Twenty-third Infantry, Crook's own regiment, under Lieut. Huyl, a splendid young fellow, who has since left the service, was sent out on a scout with the usual orders. No trace of the renegades was found, but a burned ranch and stage station and a cremated cowboy gave sufficient evidence of Indians at large. The next night, or rather just at dawn, after a long and fatiguing march, the scouts reached a natural rock basin at the foot of one of the steepest and most inaccessible knobs to be found in desolate Arizona. This basin had often collected a supply of acid water, which, however, was drinkable enough in that country. A thin vapor of smoke from a nearby spent fire convinced the troopers that their night's march had not been in vain, and on creeping up as close as possible the hostiles were outlined against the rocks, fast asleep.

The little squadron silently deployed out so as to avoid missing a single shot, and at the word of command fired, killing nearly every one of the Indians. The others jumped up only to be cut down by the reserve fire. The only two unhurt were Wahemo and his 4-year-old pappose. Grasping the child, he sprang for the mountain side, scaling the rocks like a chamois, amid a shower of bullets, soon distancing his pursuers and getting out of range of their rifles. Halting on a shelf of rock, he set the child down and proceeded to indulge in every

exhibition of contempt and derision that his imagination could invent to aggravate the discomfited troopers, who gnashed their several sets of teeth in rage at the insults of the old heathen. They were relieved at last by the arrival of Lieut. Huyl, who bore in his hand a new target rifle, received only the day before the scouts started.

This wonderful gun, was guaranteed to carry—I forget—1,100 yards with accuracy, and the lieutenant, who was one of the best fellows in the world in garrison, but quite cold hearted and blood-thirsty where Apaches were concerned, announced that while he was doubtful of his gun carrying near the Indian, yet he was going to try. The Apache, feeling secure against their carbines, continued his taunts until Huyl, taking deliberate aim, with sights raised for 1,500 yards, fired. His aim was true, and the gun all that it was boasted. The old savage plunged face forward over the ledge, and crashed down the rocky mountain side at the very feet of his slayer.

The attention of the soldiers was now directed to the pappose—the subject of this sketch. That interesting infant still calmly occupied the ledge and was evidently turning the situation over in his mind. The troopers, with Lieut. Huyl at their head, slowly and painfully clambered up the rocks and finally approached the orphan, who, instead of squalling as a civilized Christian child would have done, commenced throwing stones at his pursuers, hitting Lieut. Huyl squarely on the nose with a half pound rock and drawing blood copiously. He followed this success by other good throws, causing as nearly a panic as possible. At last, by flanking him, our Apache was knocked down by a blow from a saber and stunned. His capture was now easy, but the lieutenant's orders were to return no prisoners.

"What shall we do with the little devil?" asked one of the men. "Shoot him or throw him over the cliff after his father!" The "little devil" had regained consciousness by this time, and deliberately set his teeth into the calf of the soldier's leg. Lieut. Huyl wiped his bloody nose and replied: "A baby who fights this way ought not to be killed in cold blood. By George, I'll take him back to San Carlos if it costs me my commission!"

A gag was put into the young one's mouth to prevent any more biting, and with a soldier holding each hand he was landed on the plain below. There he was placed on horseback, a lariat tied to one foot, passed under the horse and tied to the other, and thus the troopers returned to the reservation.

Lieut. Huyl was a great favorite with Gen. Crook, but he had disobeyed orders and confidently expected to be put under arrest. But the general had already heard something of the stone throwing affair, and had enjoyed a hearty laugh over Huyl's broken nose. When the lieutenant in making his report reached the point where Wahemo was killed the general interrupted with, "By the way, I think you had better not let me know officially any more of this scout than you have already told." Then glancing at the swollen nose he burst into a roar of laughter, in which all the other officers joined.

The young Indian was confined in the armory until his first fright was overcome. The soldiers of Company A named him Dick Huyl, and fitting him out with a uniform fashioned from the lieutenant's old clothes regularly adapted him into the service.

In less than a month the small recruit learned to express himself tolerably in English, and in a very short time had accumulated all the accomplishments of tobacco chewing and profanity possessed by the soldiers. He also picked up a wonderful knowledge of bugle calls and evolutions, always turning out at roll calls and taking his place at the extreme left of the company when in line.

When I first knew him he had been under the refining influences of the United States service two years. If that Indian had improved in that time I am very glad I did not know him before. He was not beautiful according to classic standards.

The Apaches flatten the heads of their babies between boards, and this, as much as anything else, served to render Dick unattractive to us children. Then he had such a predilection for carrying snakes in his pocket. The soldiers spoiled him, of course, and upheld him in every villainy he chose to perpetrate. When he shot the mules in an ambulance filled with women and children, causing a runaway and a smashup, one soldier thrust him with a barrel stove, and a dozen more gave him five cent pieces to comfort him. They alternately pounded and petted, but it was all one to him. He seldom laughed and never cried; he was an Apache.

I said he never cried. I will note an exception. Every Saturday afternoon the men took him out behind the quarters and gave him a bath. This process was very simple. They stripped off his clothing and turned the hose on him. On these occasions the shrieks of the little savage could be heard all over the post.

I have not seen Dick since I was 9 years old, but I like to think that he grew up and regularly enlisted in the old regiment and is now an honor to the service.—"Spunkerrive" in New York Tribune.

Prospects Good.

"Florry, dear," faltered the Washington youth. "I—I couldn't summon courage to tell you what was in my heart and I wrote it. You got my letter, didn't you?"

"Yes, George, I got it." "And you read it, didn't you?" "Yes, I read it. In fact, I—I read it over twice."

"And now, Florry," he said, growing bolder, "I have come to learn my fate." "The best I can promise you, George," said the blushing congressman, withdrawing her hand from the ardent clasp of the infatuated young man, "is that I will advance your letter to a third reading to-morrow."—Chicago Tribune.

HOW DEEP TO PLANT POTATOES.

Answers Gained by Some Very Interesting Experiments.

While no one depth can be named as best in all soils, it is a fact that the old method of rather shallow planting and hilling up around the growing plants has, by many potato growers, been superseded by deep planting and comparatively level culture. In 1888, on The Rural New Yorker's experiment grounds, three out of five rows of a small plot were by high culture and fertilizing made to produce at the rate of 1,076, 653 and 605 bushels to the acre, respectively. The seed was planted in trenches 8 inches deep and 12 inches wide. No one has experimented more on the subject of deep or shallow planting than Mr. Carman, who conducted these experiments. The following are given as the average results for three seasons' trial on The Rural grounds on a different soil.

At 2 inches deep, 245 bushels per acre. At 4 inches deep, 239 bushels per acre. At 6 inches deep, 233 bushels per acre. At 8 inches deep, 357 bushels per acre. At 10 inches deep, 240 bushels per acre.

The soil was naturally poor and thin and had never received any manure. For the three trials mentioned Mapes' potato fertilizer was used each year at the rate of 1,000 pounds to the acre. As seen above, the fourteen inch trenches give the largest yield as the average of three years' experiments on this kind of land. As reported by The American Agriculturalist, the late Alfred Rose, of Penn Yan, N. Y., raised in 1889 1,039 bushels as a single season's crop from two separate plantings on the same acre. Trenches eight inches deep were graded to an even depth of six inches. The seed was dropped in the bottom of these trenches and covered with two inches of soil. As the plants grow the soil is gradually filled in. Other experiments with large results from similar modes of culture, including the great crop of Mr. C. B. Coy of 738 bushels from a single planting, on one acre, might be mentioned.

Lime as a Fertilizer and Insecticide. In a paper read before the Society for the Promotion of Agricultural Science J. B. Smith had the following to say about lime:

Lime is in general use as a fertilizer, and to a limited extent also as an insecticide. Testimony as to its value is conflicting, and this I am convinced is due to the condition when applied. Lime used as an insecticide ought to be in the form of a dry hydrate. To shell or stone lime just enough water is to be added to slake; then sift through a moderately fine sieve, and dust on the insects when they are wet. Only soft bodied insects can be reached by this substance, and the application must be so made that the caustic properties of the lime may have a chance. The larvae of the potato beetle and asparagus beetle are good subjects, and testimony of its effectiveness on the cabbage worm is not wanting.

Renewing Seed.

There is no question about the wisdom of renewing seed, and especially small grains, from a distance. Grain that has been repeatedly sown in the same vicinity will "run out"—that is, have a gradually weaker vitality, and to resist these adverse conditions we must renew the life of the seed. Renewals from the same county or the same parallel of latitude are not sufficient, but the new seed should be brought from a locality that has essentially different climatic conditions. The general principle, according to Field and Farm, is that we should work from the north toward the south in these renewals, but this rule, of course, has its limitations from natural causes. With wheat and oats the same seed should not be used for more than three successive seasons.

Killing Hogs.

It is not altogether easy to describe the process known as sticking a hog, but with the assistance of a cut Prairie Farmer manages to make it understood. To begin right get the hog securely in a pen that will just hold him. Stun him by a blow sharply given in the forehead, with a pole ax or similar weapon, half way between the eyes and top of the head, or shoot him in the forehead with a revolver. Then before the animal begins to struggle turn him square on his back, place a foot on each side of the head, facing the animal, hold the head



STICKING A HOG.

down to the ground by placing the left hand on the snout. Now place the point of the knife—a seven-inch blade is long enough for any hog—on the animal's throat, at the same time looking over the carcass, and push the knife in a straight line in the direction of the root of the tail, as shown. Withdraw the knife quickly, and a gushing stream will follow it out.

The idea is to cut the aorta, the great artery rising from the left ventricle of the heart. If you do not stick just right the first one you will see why when the hog is opened. A little observation, however, will soon enable you to become expert.

Multipolar Low Speed Motors.

The principal elevator builders in New York are adopting the multipolar low speed motor for the operation of the pumps of hydraulic elevators. Some of these low speed machines are being connected direct to the screw shaft of passenger elevators, while some are belted to power elevators in the ordinary manner. The motors are equipped with self oiling bearings and with self feeding carbon brushes, by which all the trouble sometimes experienced by attendants unfamiliar with motors is obviated.—New York Commercial Advertiser.

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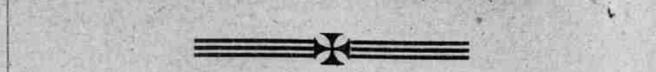
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