

NOTED INDIAN SCOUT.

MAJ. DRANNAN, THE CAPTOR OF CAPTAIN JACK.

A Veteran Plainsman Who Has Been a Fighter and Hunter for Fifty Years—Some of the Exploits in Which He Figured.

One of the most famous Indian scouts and the last of the great hunters and trappers common in the Rocky mountains fifty years ago is Major William F. Drannan, who still sees service among the Nez Percés of Idaho. He carries a knife with which he has scalped thirty-five Indians, after having killed them in fair fight.

It was Major Drannan who captured Captain Jack, the chief of the Modocs, in 1873, and put an end to the Modoc war. The conflict between the United States troops and the Modoc Indians broke out during one of Major Drannan's periodical attempts to "settle down" and farm. Couriers dashed up to his ranch, their horses covered with foam, and brought the news that Captain Jack and his Modocs had gone on the war path.

The whole settlement was soon in a state of great excitement. The Indians killed all the defenseless ranchers they could and then fled to the lava beds of Idaho and entrenched themselves in a cave. Somebody had to ride to Jacksonville, a hundred miles away, to warn the town and bring reinforcements to the regular troops. Nobody cared to undertake it. Major Drannan saddled Black Bess and started at sundown. All night long the sharp eyes of his pet mare picked out the trail as unerringly as a bloodhound. Before sunrise the Major rode into Jacksonville and told the sheriff to gather a strong posse, as Captain Jack was on the war path and murdering settlers by the score. General Wheaton, in command



MAJ. WILLIAM M. DRANNAN.

of the regular army forces stationed at Linkville, sent for Major Drannan and commissioned him to organize a scouting force. With this force he scouted a strip of country about forty miles long every day in front of where Captain Jack and his men were entrenched in the lava beds, because the officers feared an uprising of the Utes as well. Not an Indian showed his head. Their stronghold was nothing more than a big cave in the lava rock, but it was absolutely secure. There was only one place to get in, a narrow passage, but there were numerous rifle holes on the east and south sides.

General Wheaton determined one day on taking Captain Jack by storm and for three days the whole command, backed by howitzers, were turned loose on the Indians. The assault failed. General Wheaton lost sixty of his men, while the Indians did not appear to have been singled.

General Canby took command and tried to take Captain Jack by storm himself. He lost 100 men and failed.

A conference was arranged between General Canby, his chaplain, Colonel Thomas, two interpreters, and Captain Jack, all without arms. Before it was held Major Drannan went to Colonel Miller, Canby's aid, and said:

"Colonel, if the general ever goes to that council with Captain Jack he will never come out alive."

The Major repeated his warning again and again, but Captain Thomas said, "The Lord will protect us," and General Canby laughed at the idea of treachery.

The conference was held and General Canby, together with Colonel Thomas and George Meacham, interpreter, were traitorously shot down by the Indians.

Capture of Capt. Jack.
Major Drannan then had the cave surrounded by a double ring of guards, knowing very well that the supply of horse meat on which the Indians were living was about exhausted. Soon he found that Jack was sending the squaws and children away, to save food. Every Indian that attempted to escape was captured by Drannan and his men. They all said, "We heap hungry."

One night Drannan, scouting as usual, crossed the trail of three Indians. One track was quite large and long, a second smaller, and one quite small.

"Captain Jack, his squaw, and their little girl are running away," said Drannan to Black Bess. "They are starving, and they've started out to Clear creek to catch fish."

The Major had been in the saddle twenty-four hours, but he never hesitated. He took up the trail and followed it as rapidly as he could push ahead. Across miles and miles of gravel ridge there was nothing to go by except sometimes a bent twig or a pebble turned by the feet. Finally the Major looked down in the valley from the top of a high ridge, and caught sight of the three Indians. He tremblingly put his field glasses to his eyes, and, sure enough, it was Captain Jack, his squaw and little girl.

"Where are you going, Jack?" asked the Major, as he rode up to the big chief who had been causing all the trouble.

"Heap hungry," said Jack, dejectedly. "Guess go Clear creek catch fish."

A few hours later the old scout rode into camp with his three prisoners. The capture put an end to the Modoc war.

Drannan avenged the murder of the Davis family, which was a sensational horror of the plains thirty years ago. An inoffensive family of settlers was killed in cold blood by a party of Mexican greasers, who then made off with their cattle. The deed was laid to the Ute Indians.

"No," said Drannan, with his usual sagacity, "this is the work of greasers."

Lieutenant Jackson detailed him a squad of men and he started in pursuit. He traveled all day and about 9 o'clock at night Black Bess sniffed the air curiously.

"Here's their camp," said Drannan, triumphantly. Sure enough, by the light of the dying embers the little posse could discern the forms of the greasers. The cattle feeding near were those taken from Davis' ranch.

"We'll give you five minutes to get ready," said the Major to the Mexicans, who pleaded abjectly, as they were surrounded. At the end of five minutes they were lined up and shot.

Drannan started on his remarkable career from St. Louis with Kit Carson in 1847 and when 15 years old killed his first Indian or rather two of them. Major Drannan is to-day lithe and agile and stands 6 feet 2 inches in his stocking feet. He still eats bear meat and sleeps on an elk-skin bed.

A SPELLING TEST.

Here Are a Few Common Words That Puzzle Many.

If you can spell every word correctly in the following rhymes—all legitimate expressions—you may consider yourself qualified to enter a spelling bee: Stand up, ye spellers, now, and spell—Spell phenakistoscope and knell; Or take some simple word as chilly, Or gauzer or the garden lily. To spell such words as syllolism, And lachrymose and synchronism, And Pentateuch and saccharine, Apocrypha and celadine, Japinic and homoeopathy, Paralysis and chloroform, Metempsychosis, gherkins, basqua, Is certainly no easy task; Kaleidoscope and Tennessee, Kamschatka and erysipelas, And etiquette and pyralism, Allopathy and rheumatism, And cataclysm and belaugner, Twelfth, eighteenth, rendezvous, In triguer, And hosts of other words all found On English and on classic ground. Thus, Behring Straits and Michaelmas, Thermopylae, Jalaj, Havana, Cinquefoil and Ipecacuanha, And Rappahannock, Shenandoah, And Schuykill and a thousand more Are words more prime good spellers miss

In dictionary lands like this. Nor need one think himself a scroyle If some of these his efforts foil, Nor deem himself undone forever To miss the name of either river, The Dnieper, Seine or Guadalquivir. —Louisville Courier-Journal.

The "Lady" Question in Germany.
Germany is having its "ladies" and "gentlemen" question. A controversy has arisen with regard to the style which should be adopted in addressing married women. There are, in the language of the fatherland, four names whereby that delightful class may be designated—gemahlin (consort), gattin (spouse), frau (lady), and welb (wife). To save the not infrequent disputes and heartburnings which arise from impertinence and ignorance in the use of any one of these terms, it is now proposed that one shall be officially allotted to each of the recognized gradations of the "scale social." In this manner, a general's wife shall be known as his "consort"; she of an official of the next lower grade shall be that happy person's "spouse"; the middle-class partner becomes her husband's "lady," and the workingman's helpmate is simply his "wife."—New Orleans Picayune.

Tobacco Raising.
Prior to 1859 Virginia was the greatest tobacco-producing State of America, the annual yield being 122,000,000 pounds. The present yield of Virginia is approximately only 50,000,000 pounds per annum. Since the civil war, Kentucky has taken first place in tobacco, yielding annually 225,000,000 pounds.

LONDON'S UNDERGROUND LAKE

Water Problem of the Great Metropolis Solved by the Discovery.

London has suddenly found itself in possession of a cheap and inexhaustible supply of pure water, the existence of which it had never suspected. Walter Mosely, the engineer of the London County Council, has informed that body that underneath London is an immense lake of pure cold water, in a chalk basin 2,500 square miles in extent and 100 feet below the surface of the ground.

The annual rainfall that sinks below to the lake is at least 280,000,000,000 gallons, which would give a daily yield of 7,095,000,000 gallons. It is believed that the discovery of this lake will forever put an end to the old vexed question of London's water supply. It is only necessary to sink a sufficient number of deep wells in order to obtain all the water necessary. An artesian well has already been sunk to this lake at Clapham, near London, and is producing a daily yield of 1,000,000 gallons. It seems strange that London should have existed for more than 2,000 years and not have discovered that there was a great lake beneath it.

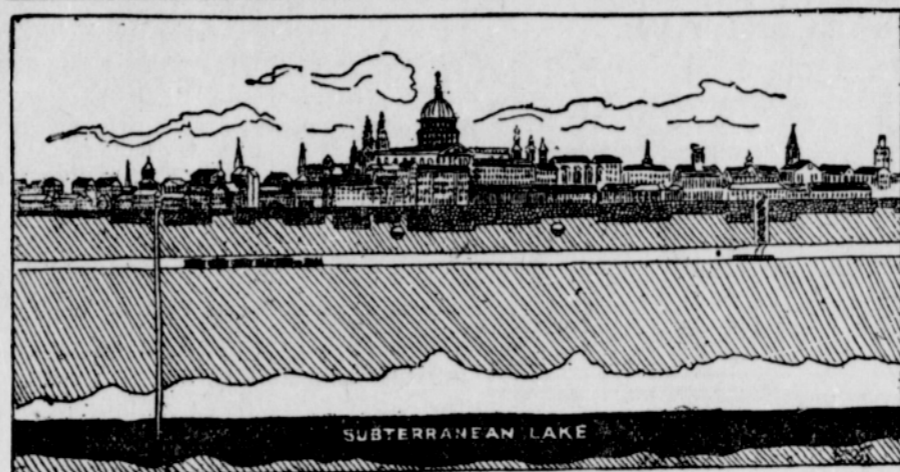
The discovery of this lake brings a solution to a question which has been distressing London terribly of late. The greatest city in the world has a very inadequate water supply. It is furnished by certain private companies, conspicuous among which is the

raff. One-half of an inch of steel was penetrated at the point of contact, but the shell did not stop. It then struck the deck and bored through that until it reached a heavy deck beam, which it cracked through and through. The contact with this deck beam deflected the shell so that it came out through the wooden deck, tore its way through the steel combing of the engine room skylight, again overcoming the resistance of one-half of an inch of steel. Now, on coming through the deck it turned sideways, ranged forward, and bumped into the recoil cylinder of the port six-inch gun on the quarter deck, disabling the carriage. Following the curve of this shield (it could not pass through it) the shell came out on the forward side of the carriage, traveled in a direction directly opposite to that which it had come, reached the starboard side of the ship again, struck a steel ventilator and stopped. In all its journey it did not strike a human being, but after entering the vessel did the mischief that wounded eight men. It struck and exploded two three-inch shells.

DANGER IN ELECTRIC LAMPS.

Deaths Caused by Careless Placing of Fixtures on Gas Tubes.

Dr. H. E. Keyes and his wife were found dead recently in a room at the Ardsley Casino, at Ardsley-on-the-Hudson, N. Y. They had been accidentally asphyxiated by gas, which it



LONDON'S UNDERGROUND LAKE.

New River Company, which was organized in the reign of James I., about 300 years ago. These companies charge exorbitant rates and give a very poor supply. A fourth of a share in the New River Company is worth about \$20,000. The water companies have hitherto exerted tremendous influence through their shareholders in Parliament, but the new and democratic county council has put a wholesome fear into them. It now seems that their last hour has come.

Last year the vast East End of London suffered from a water famine, and in consequence there was a danger of an outbreak of all kinds of dreadful diseases. Only good luck averted that catastrophe. The County Council then decided that it would have to settle the water question once and for all. It planned to carry the water supply to London from the hills on the border of Wales, about 200 miles away. This would have been the greatest engineering undertaking of its kind in the world and would have cost more than \$100,000,000. Now comes the announcement that an inexhaustible reservoir has been found but 100 feet beneath London. The County Council will soon sink its wells and there will be little expense in the undertaking.

AN HISTORIC SHELL.

It Danced a Fandango on the Deck of the Cruiser Baltimore.

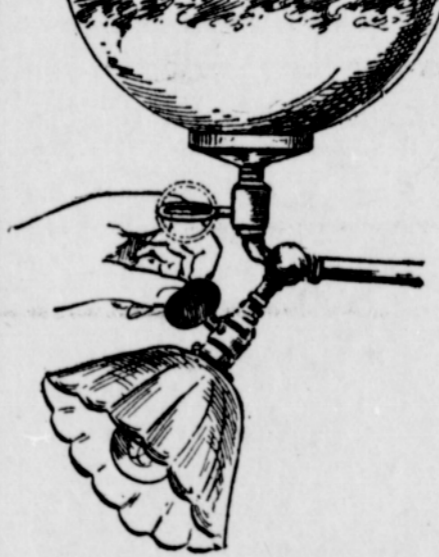
Admiral Dewey found two remarkable qualities in Spanish shells at his first battle of Manila—they rarely succeed in hitting anything, and when they did hit they were comparatively harmless. The experience which the Baltimore enjoyed with one of these shells is one of the most remarkable recorded in the history of gunnery. If what happened was not vouched for by so excellent an authority as Joseph L. Stickney, who was acting officer under Admiral Dewey at this battle, it would be hard to believe.

The Canacao battery was one of the shore defenses of Manila used vigorously

is believed Dr. Keyes inadvertently turned on just before retiring. The unfortunate couple had been attending a dance at the residence of General Griffin, first vice president of the General Electric Company, who lives at Dobbs Ferry. Dr. and Mrs. Keyes had arranged to stay over night at the Casino. From the accompanying sketch it will be readily understood how it was that Dr. Keyes caused the accident which resulted in the death of himself and his wife. The Casino is equipped with

both electric and gas light, the electric current having been in use on the evening in question. In turning off the key in the lamp socket it is probable that Dr. Keyes' thumb or fingers struck the gas key, which must have been quite loose, and accidentally turned it about three-fourths around. The result was that sufficient gas escaped to kill the two occupants of the room.

The proper design for the combination of electric and gas-light fixtures is a subject of vital importance, and the location of the two respective keys should be as far apart as practicable.



A DANGEROUS FIXTURE.



COURSE OF THE SHELL THAT STRUCK THE BALTIMORE.

ly by the Spaniards on the morning of May 1, 1898, when Dewey, Gridley, and the rest of them came down the bay. Shortly after the engagement opened a 50-pound armor-piercing shell was fired from this battery at the Baltimore. This shell started on a journey so eccentric in its deviations from all natural life, that the naval authorities at Washington have made a diagram of its course. The shell came from the battery on a straight line to the Baltimore, which it struck on the starboard side, about two feet above the upper deck.

The point of contact with the Baltimore was between the after six-inch gun and the three-pounder mounted on

It seems to the Electrical Review that the designer of a fixture of the sort here sketched comes pretty near being guilty of criminal negligence.—Electrical Review.

Little Tompkins—That fellow Brown tried to stuff me up with some of his travelers' tales the other day. Talked about his trip to Italy, and the waving fields of macaroni, but he didn't catch me, you know. They don't wave!"—Punch.

Glial—Mr. and Mrs. Barkham are to give a house-warming at their new flat to-night. Glanders—That is much better than depending upon the janitor for the heat.—Town Topics.

Way Up in It.

The fair young girl looked at the gilded clock on the mantel.

"I don't want to hurry you, Mr. Slowgo," she sweetly explained, as she met his questioning look, "but the fact is it is almost time for me to come home from the club. And I just want to say this: If ma says, 'I move we adjourn,' don't you attempt to lay it on the table, or to raise a point of order, or anything else that's foolish, because you might as well understand, right here and now, that ma's simply a howling Jim-dandy when it comes to rules of parliamentary procedure, and don't you hesitate to recollect it!"—Cleveland Plaindealer.

Summer and Winter Clouds.

Many must have noticed that in winter time the sky seems to lack the roominess and lofty arching of summer. It appears only cloudy, or partially cloudy, days to be nearer the earth than is the case on similar days during the summer months. That this appearance is no figment of the imagination is shown by recent investigations made at the Upsala observatory on the elevation of clouds. It is found that all varieties of clouds float at a much greater altitude in summer than in winter. The months of great elevation, at least in Sweden, are June and July.—Youth's Companion.

Little Courtesies.

There is something luminous about a child's definition. Every American will agree with the little lad in a board school in England, who, in an examination on Scripture subjects, gave an original answer to the question: "What can you tell me about Moses?"

"Please, sir, he was a gentleman," replied the little fellow.

"A gentleman?" repeated the inspector, "what do you mean by that?"

"Please, sir, when the daughters of Jethro went to the well to draw water, the shepherds came and drove them away, and Moses helped the daughters of Jethro, and said to the shepherds, 'Ladies first, please, gentlemen.'"

The inhabitants of the Andaman islands are said to be the smallest race of people in the world. The average height of a full-grown Andaman is less than four feet, and the anthropological experts who recently visited them found but few that weighed over 75 pounds.

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Female fish of all species are considerably more numerous than males, with two exceptions—the angler and the catfish.

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Judging the Man.

"They say Jobson has inherited \$10,000."

"That must be a mistake."

"What makes you think so?"

"I saw him less than an hour ago and he was perfectly sober."—Chicago Evening News.

In Doubt.

Ethel—Did Will seem to be nervous when he proposed to you?

Frances—I don't know. The janitor had let the steam go down, and I couldn't tell whether he was nervous or merely shivering because it had got so cold.—Chicago Evening News.



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