

SOME STORIES OF INDIAN CRUELTY IN WARFARE

The following intensely interesting sketch of Indian adventures, written by Captain Henry Inman for the Kansas City Star, is so fascinating from a historical standpoint that the East Oregonian gives it to its readers in full. Captain Inman says in regard to Indian warfare and cruelty:

With the North American savage there appears to be some close affiliation between the departed and his hair. I have often asked many a blood-begrimed warrior why he should care for a dead man's hair, and invariably a number of reasons has been assigned.

It is an evidence to his people that he has triumphed over his enemy. The scalps are very prominent factors in the incantations of the "Medicine Lodge," a feature of religious rites. The savage believes there is a wonderfully inherent power in the scalp of an enemy; all the excellent qualities of the victim go with his hair the moment it is wrenched from his head. If the victim is a renowned warrior, so much greater is the anxiety to procure his scalp, for the fortunate possessor then inherits all the bravery and prowess of its original owner.

All Indian tribes with which I am acquainted scalp their enemies killed in battle. Of the origin of scalp-taking but little is known, and that vague and indefinite. Nearly every tribe has some wild, weird legend to account for the custom, but these traditions vary widely as to the cause. That "raising the hair" of an enemy is of great anxiety there is no doubt, for in the Bible it is related how the soldiers tore the skin from the heads of their vanquished foes.

I never knew of but one instance in all my experience among the Indians, covering a period of more than the third of a century, where a white man taken prisoner in battle, escaped scalping. It was a great many years ago; the party, a dear friend, still living, a grand old mountaineer, but the homeliest man on earth, probably. He was red-faced, wrinkled and pock-marked, with a mouth as large and full of teeth as a gorilla, and there was no more hair on his head than there is on a billiard ball.

He was captured in a prolonged fight and taken to the village of the tribe where the principal chief resided. That dignitary gave one disgusted look at the prisoner and said that he was "bad medicine," and if not the "Evil Spirit" himself, closely related to it. The chief ordered his subordinate to furnish him with provisions, provided him with a rifle and told him to go back to his people.

For reasons stated the Indian of the great plains and Rocky mountains would rather take one scalp of a famous scout or army officer who has successfully chastised them—for example, Custer, Sully, Miles or Crook—than a dozen scalps of ordinary white men.

There are many instances on record where men have been scalped and yet survived the terrible ordeal, but in every case the scalper supposed his victim dead, the latter taking good care that his foeman should not be disabused of the supposed fact.

In 1867 a party of Indians took up a rail on the Union Pacific railway and laid obstructions on the track. After dark a freight train ran into the trap and was wrecked. The engineer and fireman were instantly killed. The conductor and brakeman jumped off to find themselves beset by a band of yelling savages. They ran into the darkness and all escaped except one, who was pursued, shot and fell. The Indian who had fired dismounted from his pony, and straddling that unlucky man's body, scalped him, stripped him of all clothing but shirt and shoes and rode away.

Early in the morning another freight train was flagged by a hideous looking object, which turned out to be the brakeman who had been shot through the body and scalped! He had recovered his senses and knowing that the train was due, walked some distance down the track to save it from being wrecked. He was taken on board and the train moved up to the wreck, which, after plundering it, the Indians left, just as it was thrown over through their devilish act.

I saw the unfortunate man some months afterward. He was perfectly recovered, but with a horrible looking head. He stated that the bullet, although knocking him down, had not made his unconscious, and the greatest trial during that awful night was the necessity of shamming dead, he not daring even to groan while the Indian was sawing at his scalp with a very dull knife.

The other instance which has come under my own observation is that of Robert McGee. In 1864 McGee, a slender stripling of a lad, came to Leavenworth, Kan., seeking employment. That town was the base of government supplies for all the frontier military posts even as far away as Arizona. A freight caravan was at that time loading for Fort Union, N. M. The wagons and whole outfit were owned by a contractor named H. C. Barrett, but he would not take the chances of the long and perilous trip of more than 700 miles through the Indian infested plains unless the government leased the train outright or gave him an indemnifying bond and assurance against loss. The bond was given and Barrett proceeded to hire teamsters, a hard task on account of the danger attending the journey. Young McGee was among the number engaged, and the caravan started July 1, 1864.

It took the old Santa Fe trail, striking the Arkansas river at the great bend of that stream, near its confluence with the Walnut. The region was very rough and called the "dark and bloody ground," for some of the worst Indian massacres in the history of the plains were perpetrated there. Some insignificant skirmishes with the Indians had taken place, but nothing

to cause any serious alarm, and now, as the caravan was approaching the vicinity of Fort Larned, its proximity was believed to be sufficient protection from further possible danger.

On the afternoon of July 18—it had been an excessively hot day—the caravan went into camp at an early hour. The escorting troops stacked arms about half a mile distant, but in full view of the train. The men should have kept a good lookout for surprises—probably did in a way—but there was a feeling of security in the knowledge that a regular attack by savages is rarely made until the early hours of the morning, when sleep is heaviest.

About 4 o'clock, however, a band of Brule Sioux, under the head of Little Turtle, descended from the sand hills in all the fury of a tornado, uttering their wild war-whoops, and of all the small army of men employed by the caravan young Robert McGee alone came out alive to tell the story of the massacre. Every individual was shot dead and scalped as he lay or sat at the mess table. The mules, of course, went to swell the herd of the savages, but the wagons were destroyed by fire, their canvas covers cut up into breech cloths and the flour with which the caravan was loaded emptied from its sacks on the prairie.

Young McGee was attacked by Little Turtle himself and knocked to the ground by one blow of his tomahawk. As he lay there, partially stunned and bleeding, Little Turtle fired two arrows into his body, pinning him to the earth. Then, in a transport of fierceness, he took Robert's own pistol and shot him, the bullet lodging in the backbone. Not quite satisfied that he had made a good job of it, he stooped over the prostrate boy's body and, running his knife around his head, lifted his scalp, trimming it off just back of the ears.

Believing his victim to be dead by this time, the chief abandoned him, but others in the band in passing hacked him with their knives and poked holes into him with their long lances. All the others in the train were long since dead, killed outright and their bodies mutilated.

After the savages had completed their work they roared, whooping and yelling, away, and the troops that had witnessed the whole affair from their vantage ground came upon the scene to investigate and learn whether the Sioux had been properly met or not by the ill-fated men of the caravan. The officer in command was very properly court-martialed and dismissed in disgrace from the service. He never gave any satisfactory reason for his outrageous and cowardly conduct.

The only part the troops took in the affair was to bury the dead. When they attempted to put young McGee under the ground they found a very lively corpse, despite the fact that he was scalped and had received 14 dis-

tinct wounds, any one of which would have terminated the life of the ordinary man.

After interring the dead the soldiers hastened to Fort Larned, 30 miles distant, where young McGee was placed under the care of the post surgeon. It was three months before he was able to be moved from there. During that time he had fair command of his mental faculties, and was sufficiently strong to tell all the incidents of the attacks.

Barrett, the owner of the caravan, who had remained in Leavenworth, on hearing what had befallen his property, put in a claim for big damages from the government and was awarded a sum which made him independent for life, but he persistently refused to do anything for the sole survivor.

McGee's claims were laid before the president, and in October, 1864, Mr. Lincoln sent him a letter and a pass by special envoy, directing him to come to Washington as soon as he was able to travel, and stating that he himself would see that McGee's wrongs were righted.

When McGee had recovered sufficiently to move about, his mind, which had been remarkably clear up to that time, began to cloud, and he became possessed of a mania to hunt Sioux to death. In one of his frenzied spells the pass and the letter from President Lincoln were stolen from him, and neither the president nor the army took any further notice of him.

For a dozen years after receiving his injuries McGee was a wanderer, and when it was discovered that Little Turtle had been wiped out, it was said that the biggest notch on McGee's gun barrel commemorated the full measure of his revenge, a long mark for the chief and nine shorter ones for the subordinate head men who had bitten the dust at the command of the unerring rifle that never failed to execute its mission when pointed at a Brule's breast.

After Little Turtle had been sent to the happy hunting grounds McGee's mind began to regain its normal equilibrium until at last he once more became perfectly sane.

INDIANS ON ROUND-UP.

Families Leave the Reservation for the Annual Wool Gathering Expedition to Eastern Oregon.

About 100 Umatilla Indians have started from the reservation to eastern Oregon on their annual wool-gathering expedition. Pack horses laden with sacks, provisions, camping outfits, bedding and other equipment for the trip have been taken in large numbers and several families have taken their spring wagons over the mountains.

They will be absent for two months, and will gather and scour enough wool during this time to make them good wages for the time. They visit the sheep ranges and camps, and take the hides from dead sheep and in many cases they buy hides from the sheep ranches. It is a regular industry and last year they sold several tons of wool to the Union Woolen mills at good prices, after having scoured it and delivered it in excellent condition. Many of the women also make the wool into mattresses, which are used at their homes, sold or traded as necessity requires.

ROMANTIC PERIOD OF OREGON HISTORY

Hancroft in his excellent history of the northwest coast, says the actual history of Oregon begins with the year 1824.

Before that time the northwest coast had been the playground of all the nations which sent adventurers into this wild region. Before that time all the history of the northwest might be designated as the romantic period. But in that year and with the coming of the missionaries, Jason and David Lee, the form and symmetry of civilization began to arise from the chaos of the frontier.

Hancroft gives a brief resume of the condition of society in Oregon at the beginning of the year 1824, which reveals something of the fascinating and romantic condition of the early adventurers in the wilds of the northwest. He says:

There were other settlements in Oregon, aside from the Hudson Bay settlements! Thomas McKay, one of the race of Alexander McKay, of the Astor expedition, and one of that company's most celebrated leaders, occupied a farm on the Multnomah opposite the lower end of Wapato island. There were other farms also, from 50 to 100 miles south of Fort Vancouver, where McLoughlin reigned supreme.

The servants of the Hudson Bay company were hired for a term of years and were free at the end of the term. But as they did not always save their earnings, they were obliged to live close to the fort, where they remained the company's dependents, raising wheat, in exchange for which they received such indispensable articles as their condition in life demanded.

At the beginning of 1824 there were about a dozen families of these dependent French-Canadians, living in the beautiful Willamette valley, about 50 miles south of Vancouver. They lived in rough log houses, having enormous fireplaces, and were light-hearted and convivial. They had considerable land in cultivation, owned horses of the native stock, not noted for their beauty, but very tough and fleet, and they had the use of such cattle as the fur company chose to lend them.

Numerous half-breed children played about their doors; they had no cares of church or state; no aspirations beyond a comfortable subsistence was theirs; and being on good terms with their only neighbors, the native Indians, they passed their lives in peaceful monotony.

At the great falls of the Willamette were a number of rude log houses built by McLoughlin for his mill workers, and which were still occasionally occupied by workmen on his property there.

In addition to the French families were a number of restless and adven-

turous Americans, who had come across with Wyeth's first expedition, and who had settled on the east side of the Willamette near the French settlements. In all the vast territory west of the Blue mountains at this time were about 25 white men, living in wild freedom on the frontier, exploring, hunting, trapping and laying rough foundations for the civilization which was to come.

Coming of the Missionaries. Another element of frontier society was introduced in the year 1824. Since the fallen condition of the human race left no spot of earth untailed, it followed that missionaries are needed to look after the spiritual interests of the natives of this wild Eden.

These missionaries came in the persons of Jason and David Lee, sent out by the Methodists from the east. With them were a number of enthusiastic laymen who, after having been received with the usual cordial hospitality at Fort Vancouver, began the erection of a permanent mission a few miles south of the French settlement in the Willamette valley.

Beside the missionary family now located in the valley, were two gentlemen from the United States, Townsend the Nuttall naturalists, traveling in the interests of science, and after whom many of the native flowers and plants of Oregon are named. So it cannot be said of Oregon that her very earliest society was not good.

Two years previous David Douglas, a Scotch botanist, had visited Vancouver and had spent many months roaming through the virgin fields of the northwest, revelling in the wonderful luxuriance of flowers and plants new to science, and unknown to the world before.

At this time there were in that region east of the Blue mountain range and in and through the Rocky mountains, about 1200 wandering American trappers, hunters and adventurers, who lived a precarious mode of life among the savages, yet who comprised the total white population of that vast region at the time the actual history of Oregon begins.

This old history find the great wilderness which is now the wonderful northwest, at the beginning of the year 1824, at which period a semblance of organized government began to arise out of the turmoil and chaos of the frontier.

The straggling hunters, the isolated settlers, the occasional expedition seeking territory, gold, fresh fur fields or new passes over the great ranges, made up the life and activity of this territory which now supports millions of inhabitants and which presents a civilization no less splendid than that found in the oldest settled regions on the continent.

FRAZER THEATRE

ONE NIGHT ONLY
SATURDAY APRIL 21

Do you LIKE GOOD COME OUT "Hendricks"
SINGING? AND HEAR

The Northland Singer, ans see him in that Funny Comedy

OLE OLSON

IT HAS MADE MILLIONS LAUGH.
MAKES ONE LAUGH TO THINK OF IT.

At Every Performance Mr. Hendricks will sing the
Latest Hits

"FAIR LAND OF SWEDEN" "A SWAGGER SWEDISH SWELL"
"NORTHLAND LULLABY" "STRAWBERRIES"
"OPEN YOUR MOUTH AND SHUT YOUR EYES"

PRICES:—25c to \$1.00.

FRAZER OPERA HOUSE

One Week, Commencing Sunday, April 22.

The Peoples Theatre Company

Presenting the latest Metropolitan Successes, Together With High-Class Vaudeville.

SUNDAY NIGHT

"THE POWER OF THE CROSS"

SPECIALTIES BY

MACK and TATE. CLIFFORD and LANE.

AND
BABY VIRGINIA

Seats Now on Sale at Pendleton Drug Company.

PRICES:—10c, 20c, 30c.

Money to Loan on Monthly Installments
Long Time Loans
Real Estate in Any Part of the City for Sale
Frank B. Clopton & Co.
112 East Court Street

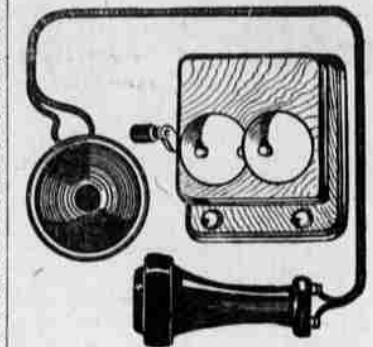
Before Investing Your Money
It will pay you to come to ONTARIO, the COMING CITY of EASTERN OREGON and look over the ALFALFA LANDS which
will pay you large returns on your money. We have several hundred acres of the best irrigated Alfalfa Land in the west, which yields from seven to twelve tons per acre. For further particulars write
BURBRIDGE & CAREL, Ontario, Oregon.

To the Brides and Grooms of June
It's a great mistake to wait until the last minute before selecting your furniture, draperies, rugs and carpets. While we have a wonderfully large assemblage of all the articles that have a part in making the home attractive, we would impress upon your minds the advantage of early buying.
Today we probably have the very Buffet, Brass Bed, Library Table, Chiffonier, Davenport, or Rug that you admire above all. Others are looking and buying and others may take what you wouldn't miss for the world. So come at your earliest convenience and pick from the cream of our stock.
We'll reserve whatever you may fancy, for future delivery. And then again, it's so much more satisfactory to buy leisurely than hurriedly. We'll suggest many pretty ideas that you would never think of. Furnishing homes is our study, you know.

BAKER & FOLSOM
FURNITURE AND CARPETS—OPPOSITE POSTOFFICE.

New Through Service
Over the Northern Pacific-Burlington Railways, East
To Omaha, Kansas City,
St. Louis, St. Joseph and Lincoln.
In addition to the present through Northern Pacific-Burlington transcontinental passenger service, a second train has been added, thus providing two daily trains between Oregon, Washington and Idaho and the Missouri river cities and St. Louis. All trains carry through Pullman standard and tourist sleeping cars, chair cars and dining cars.
For full information call upon or write to
WALTER ADAMS S. B. CALDERHEAD
Agent W. & C. R. Ry. G. P. A., W. & C. R. Ry.
Pendleton Oregon. Walla Walla, Wn.
A. D. CHARLTON
A. G. P. A., N. P. Ry.
Portland, Oregon.

The East Oregonian is eastern Oregon's representative paper. It leads and the people appreciate it and show it by their liberal patronage. It is the advertising medium of this section.



PRI TE TELEPHONES.
You could save yourself and your employes much time and money by equipping your
"love or Factory."
with private telephones. We furnish instruments and all accessories, and install them at very moderate charges. It will pay you to look over our stock of Electrical Supplies of all kinds.

J. L. VAUGHAN
ELECTRICIAN.
122 W. Court St. Phone Main 132.

Wood and Coal to Burn
and that will burn; try a phone order and be convinced that I handle the good kind only.

Dutch Henry
Office, Pendleton Ice & Cold Storage Company. Phone Main 178.
Also at Henneman's cigar store, opposite Great Eastern store. Phone main 4.



DON'T LOOK A GIFT HORSE IN THE MOUTH.
We don't pretend to give away our elegant stock of p-to-date vehicles. But we do say that we will sell you the most stylish and well-made trap, buggy, runabout, phaeton, surrey or buckboard at lower prices, qual v considered, than you can buy at any place in Pendleton.
We sell Winona Wagons, Hacks and Buggies. Easy running and made from bone-dry material. Guaranteed to give satisfaction in this climate.
See us about Gasoline Engines. We are agents for the Fairbanks-Morse Gasoline Engines for irrigating and mining machinery. Estimates given on irrigating plants. Call and get our prices.

Neagle Bros.
the Backsmiths
Chop, Barley, Stock Food and Poultry Supplies
C. F. COLESWORTH
127 and 129 East Alta.

HEAVY TRANSFERRING TRUCKING AND Furniture Moving
Laatz Brothers
Phone Main 5.

Walters' Flouring Mills
Capacity, 150 barrels a day. Flour exchanged for wheat. Flour, Mill Feed, Chopped Feed, etc., always on hand.