

# The Daily Astorian.

(1)

Vol. XVIII.

Astoria, Oregon, Wednesday Morning, November 8, 1882

No. 33.

## KENTON'S LEAGUE WITH THE SUN.

Simon Kenton was one of the most noted of the early heroes of Kentucky, a man of much intelligence, wonderful courage and almost matchless muscular capacity. He died near Bellefontaine, Ohio, in 1836, at the advanced age of eighty-one years. The annals of the borders abound in accounts of his thrilling adventures; but one incident in his life I have never seen in print, and therefore will repeat it as it has been told to me by old hunters and Indian-fighters, who knew him personally and heard it from his own lips. In my telling, however, it will lack much of Kenton's graphic way of putting things.

He was a great smoker, the most important supplies, next to his weapons, being his pipe, pouch and tobacco. Food and clothing he could capture with his gun, but not so tobacco; and hence his zeal to lay in a stock of his luxury before setting out on any expedition. But fire to light his pipe was not so readily obtainable, it being no little trouble to ignite tobacco by flint and steel. It will be remembered that friction matches were not in common use until years after Kenton's day.

At one time when a prisoner in the hands of the British at Detroit, he was particularly admired by English officers on account of his great strength and courage, and the many remarkable exploits for which he was famous; and one of these officers, observing his fondness for tobacco and the difficulty in lighting his pipe, presented Kenton with a powerful pocket burning-glass or lens, by which he could easily focus the rays of the sun on the tobacco and set it on fire. This thing worked charmingly, and for many years, wherever he went, held its place in the pouch with his pipe and tobacco.

It is an incident in which the sun-glass acted a significant part, which I have resolved to relate.

A summer or two after he became possessor of the glass, he was again taken captive by a party of Indians, who, recognizing him at once, resolved to torture him to death immediately, so as to rid themselves of so formidable an enemy before he should have time or chance to escape. A stake was driven into the ground and a quantity of dry leaves and wood piled about it, and then the chief spoke, in broken English:

"White chief hungry; eat fire, he feel better!"

Kenton asked the privilege of smoking his pipe before burning. Now the Indians of certain tribes were always singularly generous in response to such requests, especially as toward pipe and tobacco they entertained a sort of religious deference. Of these they never robbed prisoners nor despoiled the bodies of the slain; and among the few sacred objects buried with the dead, pipes were always included. It was on account of this superstitious sanctity that the pipe bore such an important part in the ceremonies of council, and between tribes entertaining treaty together. They never denied a captive's request for a smoke, and therefore Kenton was immediately gratified by a grant of assent.

After securing his feet more firmly with leathern thongs—for they knew too well his daring and prowess to give him any advantage—they unbound him that he might fill and light his pipe and enjoy his last earthly smoke. Deliberately he proceeded to crumble up the tobacco and pack it into the pipe bowl. This done he placed the long wooden stem in his mouth, and seemed ready for flint, steel and tinder with which to light the luxury. With another grant a red man passed him the customary implements; but, to his great surprise, Kenton refused them.

Then, with a dramatic gesture, he extended his right hand toward the sun in mid-heaven, it being about noon, and holding it thus

with the burning-glass clasped between the thumb and fore-finger, he dextrously brought it to a focus on the contents of his pipe, which in this way was quickly ignited, and in a moment he was puffing clouds of smoke from his mouth.

This was beyond the wits of the savages. The lens being of glass and transparent, they had not observed it, and believed that he had lighted his pipe by simply letting the sunlight pass through the circle formed by his thumb and first finger. All unconcerned he puffed away, while they gathered in an excited group a few yards distant and discussed the wonder in grunts and mutterings.

In a few minutes he had exhausted the contents of the pipe-bowl and proceeded to refill it. At this the red-men became silent, and watched him as if he were a supernatural being.

While crumpling the tobacco the glass lay unseen at his side, and when he was ready to light up again, with another still more dramatic gesture, he seized the lens and held it towards the sun, and, with three or four cries of mysterious and startling import to the Indians, began whiffing the bluish smoke as coolly as before.

By this time the superstition of the savages was in full operation, and they were ripe for almost any display of Kenton's supposed supernatural power. Probably no people on the whole globe were ever more sensitive to such influence than the native tribes of North America. What they could not comprehend they dreaded with craven fear, especially if it emanated from the sun or clouds. Seeing his advantage, Kenton stretched forth his hand again, holding the glass so as to kindle the leaves near him. Then with a wild cry, he swung his arms above his head, adroitly shifting the lens to his left hand, and then quickly started a smudge in another place.

Next, struggling to his feet, tied though they were, he gave an almost superhuman leap—jumping being Kenton's special forte—and brought himself to the heap of fagots that had been gathered for his particular entertainment, and seating himself near them, went through a panorama more weird than before, whereupon a flame blazed up through the stake, as if the victim were already fastened to it and ready for the torture.

His next performance was to beckon to the chief to come and unbind his ankles. The mystified Indian hesitated, but finally ventured curiously forward, as if not daring to disobey such a man, and began with nervous fingers to fumble at the deerskin door.

While thus engaged, Kenton lifted one hand, and instantly a lurid, blistering point of fire fell on the red man's wrist. With an "Ugh!" he jerked his hand away, only to feel the burning focus on his head.

This was too much for even an Indian's nerves; and with a cry of terror the old chief sprang away and ran to the nearest tree, behind which he took shelter. The rest of the savages imitated their leader, leaping behind adjacent trees; and while with wondering eyes they stared at Kenton, he proceeded leisurely to unbind his own ankles.

This done, he waved his arms toward the sun as if giving thanks or invoking further aid; and then went to a powder-horn, dropped by one of the Indians, and withdrawing the stopper, placed it as he wanted it, fixed his sun-glass so that the focus would enter the horn, and stepping toward the Indians gesticulated fiercely at them. Instantly there was a vivid flash and a roar, the powder-horn disappeared, and the frightened savages fled as if the "Great Spirit" had suddenly come to destroy them.

At this, Kenton considered himself master of the field, and, in less time than it takes to tell it,

flung upon the fire whatever the Indians had left behind them, seized his own property that they had taken from him, gun and garments, and made haste from the scene.

A few years later, when peace had been restored between Americans and English, and the Indians were on pacific terms with the "Hunters of Kentucky," Kenton had the pleasure of meeting at a "pow-wow" with some of the warriors who had composed the party so singularly worsted by a sun-glass. They knew him at once, and showed an ungovernable fear as he came forward to shake hands. During the "pow-wow" he often detected them gazing at him with furtive glances, and as he still had the first opportunity to call down fire from the sun to light his pipe again, accompanying it with strange gestures.

Afterward he learned that they believed him in league with the "Great Spirit," and able, if he wished, to summon the sun to battle for him.—Wide Awake.

## The Way It Is Done.

At the rate wheat is quoted in Liverpool, and the price for tonnage in Portland to-day, wheat ought, and would be worth here at least ninety cents. Why, then, will it bring only seventy-five cents? Because a majority of the wheat is stored in warehouses belonging to the wheat ring in Portland. One man, representing the Portland wheat-buyers, built warehouses from Airle to Lebanon, and from Portland to Lebanon; and they now have the farmers' wheat in their houses, to be used as needed. They are sure of getting it when needed, and therefore there is no rivalry between them.

Heretofore, when wheat was stored in the warehouses of a dozen different merchants, there was a rivalry, and very often they would bid up amongst themselves, and force the Portland merchants to raise the price; or, when they stored it in the farmers' warehouse, they were sure the wheat was there until the money was paid; but now there is no merchant to force the market, as the wheat is in the warehouses of the Portland ring.

There is no use denying it, an agreement exists between them not to run against each other; but rather, in case one firm needs wheat badly, the others will loan it to them from the combination warehouses. If anybody doubts it, let them go to Portland and try to sell wheat. The offer of one is the offer of all. There is a combination, and they own the warehouses, all denials to the contrary notwithstanding.—Polk County Itemizer.

Too many men appear to be only skirmishing around during the present life without any of the real enjoyments which this world offers to every one who will gather them. In the first place, if he does not marry a good wife—and there are plenty of them running around loose—the fatal mistake is made which can never be remedied. If a man intends to be settled, and through some channel of industry enjoy all the comforts and pleasures of life, he should surround himself and family with as many of the conveniences of life as his means and industry can command. He should keep in mind that in his home with his family is the best place for contentment and happiness. And the best way to be happy is to make his family happy and his home pleasant. Every hour needlessly spent away from the home of domestic happiness is just so much lost in the great sum of life's comforts. One life—one home—one wife—one aim—and one end to all of life's struggles and hopes. Without happiness all work is a burthen, and life a failure. Among the many things conducive to happiness a subscription to THE ASTORIAN—two dollars a year in advance—will be found foremost in the list of curing comfort.



## THE GREAT GERMAN REMEDY.

**RHEUMATISM,**  
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**A. VOGELER & CO.,**  
Baltimore, Md., U. S. A.

Quartz discoveries have made in the Potlach country, about twenty miles above Lewiston, which makes considerable stir among the residents of that country.

Philip Ritz has entered into a contract with the Northern Pacific to plant forest trees at the stations between Ainsworth and Ritzville. The most of those planted last year made a thrifty growth.

At the close of a long interview with Aristides Welch, Esq., of Erdenheim Stock Farm, near Chestnut Hill, Penn., that gentleman, who bred Iroquois and Parole, said: "I want my groom to continue the use of St. Jacobs Oil, for it is an excellent thing for horses." Prominent horsemen all use it.

In transporting the eggs of salmon and trout it is of the utmost importance that the crates of eggs should not be allowed to have too high a temperature. This is destruction to salmon eggs in transit, no matter how they are packed.

## A LETTER FROM GERMANY.

Very esteemed sirs: The praise your Liver Pills have called forth here is wonderful. After taking one and a half boxes of your genuine DR. C. McLANE'S LIVER PILLS, I have entirely recovered from my four years' suffering. All who know me wonder how I, who for so many years, had no appetite, and could not sleep for backache, sitich in my side, and general stomach complaints, could have recovered.

An old lady in our city, who has suffered for many years from kidney disease, and the doctors had given her up, took two of your PILLS, and got more relief than she has from all the doctors. Yours truly, J. VON DER BERG.

## BEWARE OF IMITATIONS.

The genuine are never sign-posted. Every box has a red wax seal on the lid, with the impression: McLANE'S LIVER PILL.

The genuine McLANE'S LIVER PILLS bear the signature of C. McLANE and Fleming Bros. on the wrapper. Just upon having the genuine DR. C. McLANE'S LIVER PILLS, prepared by Fleming Bros., of Pittsburgh, Pa. the market being full of imitations of the name McLANE, spelled differently, but of same pronunciation.

If your storekeeper does not have the genuine DR. C. McLANE'S CELEBRATED LIVER PILLS, send us 25 cents, and we will send you a box by mail, and a set of our advertising cards.

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