

HEART LONGING.

Oh, come to me once more! for all and all... The flower, the summer fountain, to recall...

CAPTURE AND ESCAPE.

In June, 1867, while Gen. Custer, with his command, was at the forks of the Republican river, in western Kansas, and the Indian war had fairly begun, I was doing duty with several others, as a scout.

Custer was at this time hopeful of making peace with the redskins, and the camp at the forks would be permanent for at least a fortnight. It was with this understanding of the situation that I set out with Robinson, after he had had an all day's rest, to hunt up his stampeded companions and bring them in.

As there is another Indian war now on, and as the traits and characteristics of the red man are under discussion, I shall relate some particulars which might otherwise be suppressed. We had a cold bite for breakfast, and had scarcely mounted our horses when we caught sight of the carcass of a horse lying on the plains about a quarter of a mile away.

Had McHenry been killed or seriously wounded by the volley which killed his horse, his body would have been found lying beside the carcass. As it was not I reasoned that he had been captured unhurt and taken away a prisoner. The trail of the Indians led to the north, as if making for the south fork of the Platte river, and we followed it at a cautious pace.

Of the two who stampeded and got clear, one went to the northeast and the other to the northwest. Robinson had held the north and thus reached our camp, although he was not aware of its location. We took up the trail of the one going to the northeast, believing that he was in the greatest danger. He went at a wild pace for at least ten miles, never seeming to have looked back, and discovered that pursuit had been abandoned or to have turned to the right or the left, to throw the redskins off his route after darkness came.

but the Indian sometimes exhibits a queer vein of humor. They were not disappointed in thinking we would be surprised. It was fully two minutes before a chief rode forward and said "How-how," and extended his hand to me, and as he did so the whole body closed in. I am so unfortunate as to be marked on the left temple with that birthmark known as a wine stain, the spot being as large as a silver dollar.

While I had served as a scout only a few months I knew considerable of Indian character, and was not long in realizing that I had made a hit. While no violence was offered us we were disarmed, and our horses were led behind the ponies of the Indians as we moved off to the east. We traveled until about midnight before halting, and then reached an Indian village on Soldier creek. As we descended from our horses, Robinson was led off by two warriors, while I was conducted to the wigwam of Red Trail, a sub-chief in command during Pawnee-Killer's absence.

I had been busy planning during the ride, and had made up my mind to pretend to be without the power of speech. I found opportunity to whisper to Robinson to pursue the same policy, but unfortunately he had not the nerve to carry out the idea. The fact of his being captured broke him all up. The recollection of what McHenry must have suffered unstrung his nerves, and I heard him begging and entreating as we were carried away.

Red Trail closely examined the mark on my face, and was as much mystified as the others. I still had a power in reserve. Having served through the war in the navy it was but natural that I should carry a sailor's passport. On my left arm was a tattoo representing an anchor. This was seen as two warriors stripped my buckskin shirt off to look for further marks. Not an Indian in that camp had ever seen anything like the mark, and when the examination had been completed I felt sure that I was looked upon with awe and mystery, if not veneration. I was conducted to a tepee and motioned to turn in, and had every reason to congratulate myself on the plan I had pursued. I had made signs that I could not talk, and the information had been accepted.

Next morning Pawnee-Killer arrived in the village. He had agreed to surrender his tribe and go on a reservation, but it was bold faced lying on his part. His very first move was to order the village to pack up and move back about twenty miles. This consumed the entire day. As we were ready to start I received my horse to ride, and my hands and legs were left entirely free. I saw Robinson brought out, and he was loaded down with kettles and led by a rope. At no time during the day was he near enough to exchange a word, but on several occasions I saw him kicked and beaten by the squaws and boys.

It was 9 o'clock in the evening before I was taken into the presence of Pawnee-Killer. He seemed to have accepted the belief of the others, and in less than a quarter of an hour waded me out of his wigwam. I may state here what I learned two or three years after. It was the belief of the Indians that I had been struck by lightning as I slept, and that the fluid had left the two marks to prove that I was invulnerable. They further reasoned that I lost my speech at the same time, and was therefore an object of veneration. I was in no wise hampered or restricted, but I found shelter as soon as possible, and was soon asleep. I wanted to do something for poor Robinson, but just how to do it I could not figure. The treatment accorded him during the day did not anger well for the future.

When morning came again I had a hearty breakfast, and then two old men, armed with only bows and arrows, took me down the creek about a mile and then sat down on the grass. It was an hour or two before I could make out the significance of the move, but then I heard sounds from the direction of the camp which satisfied me that Robinson was being put to the torture. One of my guards soon left for the village, and an hour later the other suddenly rose, and without a word suddenly walked away in the same direction. Unable to make up my mind what to do, I remained where I was during the entire day. In later years I learned from one of the warriors of the fate of Robinson. His tortures lasted nine long hours. He first ran the gantlet. Then he was tied to a stake, and every form of mutilation which the fiends could invent was practiced on his poor body. It was with great animation that my informant related how the poor fellow begged and cried and entreated—what wonderful vitality he had—how he could have preserved an hour or two longer had not every body grown tired of the sport. It was Pawnee-Killer himself, fresh from signing a treaty of peace, who exhibited the most fiendish spirit.

I had a much closer call than I knew. The two old men who took me out doubted that I was what the others took me for. They had some arrows made on purpose to kill witches and keep off bad spirits, and they were to take me off and see if these arrows would kill me. In going down the creek one of them came near stepping on a rattlesnake, and this was taken as a sign that they must not shoot. When they returned to the village and reported it was hoped that I would go away, and therefore no one came near me. As night fell I started off to the west, expecting every moment to be overhauled, putting in a good twenty miles before daylight. I was picked up by a scouting party of cavalry just before noon. It was about three months after my escape before the Indians learned that I was a government scout, and that they had been duped. Red Trail and Pawnee-Killer then offered five ponies each to the warrior who should bring in my scalp, and for the next year perhaps I was "wanted" more than any other man on the plains. It was a curious turn of affairs that, while Red Trail had no less than five of his best warriors out on an expedition after me, I crept into his camp one night and secured his own scalp lock, rifle and pony and got away.—New York Sun.

TO THOSE WHO FAIL.

Comrade, brave heart; nor in thy purpose falter; Go on and win the fight at any cost. Though sick and weary after heavy conflict, Rejoice to know the battle is not lost.

The field is open still to those brave spirits Who nobly struggle till the strife is done. Through sun and storm with courage all undimmed, Working and waiting till the battle's won.

The fairest pearls are found in deepest waters, The brightest jewels in the darkest mine; And through the very blackest hour of midnight The star of Hope doth ever brightly shine.

Press on! press on! the path is steep and rugged, And storm clouds almost hide Hope's light from view; But you can pass where other feet have trodden A few more steps may bring you safely through.

The battle o'er, a victor crowned with honors; By patient toil each difficulty past, You then may see these days of bitter fatigue But spurred you on to greater deeds at last.—Nellie Barlow in Chamber's Journal.

Helping a Witness.

One of the most important characteristics of Mr. Thomas Hughes (Tom Brown) is his kindness to anybody in difficulty. A short time ago a Stockport tradesman wrote to him requesting advice on a matter of business. The judge sent a kindly and exhaustive reply, covering several sheets of foolscap. In his county court duties he is often manifestly sympathetic with the working classes. In the Ashton-under-Lyne county court a few years back—to take one example out of many—a laborer brought an action under the employers' liability act for the loss of a limb.

When the plaintiff entered the witness box the opposing barrister subjected him to a merciless badgering. Over and over again the poor fellow had to explain how the accident in dispute happened; every time the barrister "could not understand," though to everybody else in court the thing was clear enough. At length the judge, seeing how matters stood, said to the plaintiff:

"You had better address your answer to me." "But, your honor," said the man, "I can't make him understand." "That's an impossibility," said Judge Hughes, laughingly; "you may make me understand, but you won't make him." The barrister sat down.

A Gold Weapon.

The brass knuckle ring is the newest delight of the delightful young man who feels that he must go armed, you know, but cannot condescend to anything quite so low as a pistol or a knife. It is a gold band, fully an inch deep and appropriately thick, meant to be worn instead of a "knuckle" on the little finger of the striking hand and deep set with several more or less precious stones to give it an innocent and ornamental appearance. This weapon is quite effective when well laid on, and its beveled edges and corrugated surface are calculated to leave scars.—New York World.

A Mammoth Competition.

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Early every man who is a fool has a faint suspicion of it, but in trying to prove that he is not a fool he gets in danger.

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