

PERILS OF THE PLAINS. Some Thrilling Adventures of a Government Scout.

The position of government scout and post rider in Fort Wallace in 1867 may be judged from the fact that no less than four attacks in force were made by the Cheyennes on that fort during the summer. The place was a small collection of small huts with nothing whatever in the shape of a fort, and for a distance of 200 miles the stage stations were wiped out, one after another, and the post thus isolated. In May, 1867, when the campaign opened, there were seven of us, says a writer in the New York Sun. When the first snow came in the fall I was the only one left. The other six had been wiped out in the line of duty. We were not only required to scout the country about Fort Wallace, but sometimes to take a ride of 200 miles to other towns or forts, and to keep open the line of communication between the temporary camps. The Indians were making their last fight and they were never so vigilant, cruel and cunning.

When the first attempt was made to re-establish the stage route a small body of soldiers was left at each station. Each station was provided with a dug-out, which was an excavation or pit, roofed over and provided with provisions and water. Port holes were left for firing, and four men ensconced in one of these pits, often proved too many for a hundred blood-thirsty red-skins. I had a route covering three of these stations for some weeks, and there was not an hour in the twenty-four, nor a mile of the route which did not have its own peril.

One afternoon about the first of June, about two hundred Indians appeared within a mile of the fort, indulged in extravagant demonstrations of defiance and contempt for the few soldiers guarding the post, and drew off just before dark. This was before the stage stations had been abandoned, and at dark I was posted off to warn the first two that the enemy was out in force. It was a calm, starlight night, with a crisp air and frost, and a horse and rider could be seen pistol-shot away. I believed the whole body of Indians to be between the fort and the first station, and the only precaution I could take was to bear away and make a quarter circle, hoping to flank them in that way. Six miles from the fort as I brought my horse down to a walk on reaching a stretch of broken ground, I rode right in among the Indians who were strung out across the stage route for half a mile on either side.

I came upon the line as it was debouching from a dry gulch, and so suddenly that I saw the horse close ahead of me before I caught the slightest sound of their near presence. Owing to the nature of the ground the line was very irregular and the ponies on the walk. For a long ten minutes I rode within fifteen feet of three Indians who were on the right of the line, and who had only to turn their head to discover that I did not belong to their party. They were smoking and talking and gave me no attention. When we came to a rise I checked my horse and let them pass out of sight, and then bearing off to the right, I made a detour and gained the trail ahead of them and pushed on.

A month later, when passing between stations, I had an escape which seemed to show the hand of providence. The stages had then ceased running, but the dugouts were then being held by the employes, and I was carrying orders and extra ammunition. We had seen no Indians during the afternoon, and the night came on dark and rainy. I had got away as soon as darkness had come and keeping to the left of the trail did not attempt to go beyond a walk. I had covered about half the distance when I heard the movement of the horses in front of me, and came to once to a halt. In about two minutes I was surrounded by Indian ponies, which had been turned out to graze on the scanty feed, and some of which were hobbled. Had it been a clear night, they would have moved away from me, but the dampness and darkness seemed to have taken all the spirit out of them. I at once dismounted, and had scarcely done so when the herd wedged me closer, and I heard the voice of an Indian on my left call out in Cheyenne dialect:

"Are you trying to drive them over me while I catch a little sleep?" "They move because they are hungry" replied a voice on the left of me.

These were the sentinels of the herd. The war party were no doubt in the basin ahead of me, and between me and the station. I stood there holding my horse fully ten minutes, and by that time I was quite alone, for the ponies had no sooner got my scent than they began to draw away. I passed to the right step by step and almost foot by foot, and when I had gone half a mile I got into a gully and followed it up until I felt that I must be beyond the party to whom the party to whom the ponies belonged. Such proved to be the case, as I reached the station without further incident. I found an adobe house and barn and a dugout and there were five employes of the stage company. Each had a Spencer carbine and two revolvers, and the ammunition I had brought put the men in good spirits. They hoped the Indians would make an attack as everything was now ready for them, and it was hardly sunrise when the hope was gratified. The red men could approach us within half a mile under cover of the gulches and washouts, they first tried trickery, as the Indian always does when he fails to surprise. A warrior advanced with a white handkerchief tied to a stick and his right arm held up. He came boldly forward within pistol shot, and I went out to meet him. He proved to be a sub-chief named Little Feather, and as we met he extended his hand and said in very good English:

"How, brother, how? Are you well?" "I am well and so are all my brothers back there," I replied, pointing to the station. "Does Little Feather wish to surrender to us?" He was disconcerted and embarrassed for a moment, but finally said he had come to offer us terms. We were but three, he said, and they were 600. It

would be foolish for us to resist. If we would surrender we would be sure of good treatment, and would probably be sent to the fort very soon. I turned the tables on him by saying that I was in their camp the night before, and had counted them and made less than 200. If the misguided brethren would surrender their arms and horses, we would let them depart on foot. If not, they must abide the consequences. He went away looking at me as if he thought me crazy, and ten minutes later we were encircled and the fight began. My horse was the only one at the station. I caused him to lie down, sheltered him as much as possible with the means at hand, and then retired to the dugout in company with the others. Each of us had a port-hole, but the Indians had fired more than 500 bullets before we fired our first. Then, inside of ten seconds we killed seven and wounded three. There were not 150 Indians in the party. As soon as their fire slackened we knew what to expect and we got ready for it. A hand as large as that would be certain to charge us before giving up the fight. This dugout was in the shape of an out-door cellar, having a bullet-proof door and the top was covered with two feet of earth. The door had two port-holes, and the only way the Indians could get us was to enclose themselves in the barn, thirty feet in front of us, and then keep up a fire until hunger and thirst drove us to surrender. In this case we were fixed for a week, but, of course, they knew nothing of our condition, and had wrongly judged our numbers. Had they divided their number their charge must have been successful, but the Indian always charges in a body or not at all.

The force had to approach over open ground, and at the first sign of a charge we sprang out of our dugout, ranged in line, and began blazing away. The mob was checked before it had covered half the distance, but before it could return to shelter, we had killed thirteen warriors and wounded three or four more. Ten minutes after the charge was made all the living were galloping off to the west, not even making an effort to recover the bodies of their dead. In after years I met a warrior who was there, and he explained that his band got the idea that forty or fifty soldiers were concealed in the dugout and stable and that he himself counted over twenty of us.

One cloudy afternoon I left a post of the Seventh cavalry on the South Platte to carry dispatches to headquarters. No Indians had been seen for four days, and, as the first fifteen miles of the route was full of washouts and gullies, I wanted daylight to make anything like progress. I had gone twelve miles and was riding at a walk along a sunken way, when an Indian on horseback crossed it on horseback not over 200 feet ahead of me. He had come out of another gully which intersected it. While I was going north he crossed from east to west. I halted as soon as I saw him and sat there on my horse while seventeen mounted warriors followed each other in single file across the gully, which was there fully fifteen feet wide. Any one of them had only to turn his head half way to the left to see me, and yet all passed and left me undiscovered. I ascertained the reason as I moved up to the crossing. They were following the trail of a cavalry horse which had escaped from the camp on the Platte a few days before, believing that he carried a rider.

In the latter part of the summer when the stage route had been partially re-established, I set out one night to carry orders to the officer at one of the stations. I was two miles off the trail and travelling parallel to it, and my horse was going at a lope when he suddenly came to a standstill. This was the signal that danger menaced, and as I sat quietly in the saddle and peered around me I heard a white man cough. I dismounted and crept forward, and found two white men wrapped in their blankets and asleep on the earth. I awoke them to learn that they were deserters from the Seventh. They had left camp three days before, got lost, and were so glad to see me that they shed tears. Each had his carbine and revolver and plenty of ammunition, but they had had nothing to eat for three days. They had seen Indians all around them that day and it was the greatest wonder in the world that they had not been discovered.

As the men were determined to go on with me, I had to proceed at a walk, and thus when daylight came we were still five miles from our point of destination. Luckily for us we were in broken ground, and as soon as the day had fully broken I left the men and my horse in a gully and ascended a ridge to look about me. To the left was the stage route. Two civilians named Arnold and Webber had left the station five miles away before daylight to push on to the fort. As day came they almost rode into an ambush of Indians a huge washout commanding the road. The accidental discharge of a gun in the hands of one of the concealed Indians discovered their presence and the citizens turned short to the left and broke across the country hoping to find cover and a place to make a stand. These men were only half a mile away away when I ascended the ridge, and a quarter of a mile behind them were twenty-three Indians, all on horseback. I called to the men, and it took but a word to place us in position.

The two men, who were riding for their lives, came straight at us, aiming to get over the cover of the gullies, and they went over the ridge and down into the gully almost upon my horse. They caught on in an instant, and before the pursuing Indians were upon us with their rifles. I heard but did not see them. Not a word was spoken as the Indians came sweeping up. They were spread out on a line about ten rods long and while the pace was fast it was not furious, they doubtless believing that a long chase was before them. The line was within 100 feet of us when we fired, and as we rose up we had to dodge the horses. The redskins were paralyzed with the suddenness of the attack, and three or four of their ponies fell and rolled into the gulch with their riders. Only two warriors fired a shot. Their only anxiety from the first was to get away. Five succeeded in this, although two of them were wounded. The others were killed inside of four or five minutes, and that without the least hazard of ourselves. We had them right before us in the gully, as in the excitement

they blocked up the only way out, and when came to investigate we could not find a wounded man in the heap. Out of eighteen ponies in the jam six were killed, and only five escaped being wounded. The affair was written up for some of the Eastern papers as "butchery," and there were demands that it be investigated. If it had been the investigators would have found the fresh scalps of seven white men attached to the girdles of those dead warriors. They would have further found stages ridged with bullets and spattered with blood—corpses shot full of arrows, settlers' homes destroyed, and women and children carried away—skeletons of soldiers and civilians bleaching along every mile of a route two hundred miles long. It was this blow which cleared the route of savages, and it was those which followed it the next season on a large scale that put an end to Indian warfare in the West forever.

The Chicago of South America.

Buenos Ayres letter in the New York Tribune: This is Chicago reduced to southern latitude. When one goes to the Boca and see the shipping jammed and wedged into the Riachuelo he is reminded of the Chicago river. When he returns by train along the water's edge and goes out to Belgrano, passing two riverside parks, he recalls again the metropolis of the west, with its railways, palatial residences, along the lake shore. The sun rises over a river so broad that it is like Lake Michigan. From that river base the city has shot out north, south, and west over a broad and level plain, doubling its population within a decade, and developing an immense volume of business. It is the most important railway center of South America. It is the outlet for the agricultural produce of continental reaches of wheat belt. It is the chief saladero, or slaughter-house, for the stock-raising pampas. It commands a fluvial system exceeding in volume the water shed of the Mississippi. Its commerce has expanded into enormous compass. The city is fairly pulsating with vitality, enterprise and ambition. It has absolute faith in its manifest destiny as one of the chief commercial centers of the world. Not to put too fine a point on it, Buenos Ayres is not particularly modest. In all these respects as well as an intensity of local pride, it strongly resembles the Chicago of the north.

The progress of Buenos Ayres is without precedent or parallel in the history of South America. The population was 78,500 in 1857; 177,800 in 1869; 295,000 in 1882, and it is at least 500,000 to-day. Rio de Janeiro has been distanced in the race for supremacy, and at the end of another ten or twenty years Buenos Ayres may be close behind Philadelphia and Chicago. The development of the commerce of the city has been remarkable as the growth of population. In 1850 the import and export trade of the country which mainly centers in this port, amounted to \$21,700,000; in 1876 the aggregate was \$81,450; and it is now \$288,524,031. The house valuations from \$37,000,000 in 1857 increased to \$246,000,000 in 1887, and in wealth and resources the city has rapidly risen from an inferior position to the foremost place in South America. This phenomenal progress has naturally had the effect of stimulating the imagination of the town. It has the largest possible ideas of its own importance and its manifest destiny. The traveler is abruptly informed that Buenos Ayres is the biggest handsomest and most prosperous city in the Southern Hemisphere, Melbourne, Sydney, Rio de Janeiro, Montevideo and Valparaiso having been outrivaled. As there is no city in North America that receives proportionately as many immigrants, she is warned that the position of New York as the largest center population on the American continent is insecure. Admission is reluctantly made that Melbourne, Sidney, and even despised Rio have each a greater volume of commerce than Buenos Ayres; but the fact is explained on the theory that the Argentine Republic is a country of undeveloped resources, and that twenty years of additional progress and immigration will make the city first in export trade, as it is already the first in population of the Southern Hemisphere.

The Odor of Old Books.

One of the assistants of the British Museum tells that visitors to that institution frequently have a hard time getting "acclimated" to the place. An hour spent in the rooms invariably gives the visitor (for the first time) a headache. Sometimes it is only after repeated visits that one is able to indulge in his researches without carrying away a headache with him. Women seem to be particularly sensitive to this curious malady, which is said to arise from the peculiar odor created by the storage of old books. You can get some idea of what this odor is by going to your own bookcase, that has been closed for two or three hours, and opening one of the doors and immediately your olfactories will be greeted by the mustiest smell imaginable. Bibliomanics profess to love this odor, and many declare that they cannot value a book unless it has about it that unmistakable and ineradicable smell which infects a volume when it once has crossed the sea in the hold of a vessel.

A Prince who was a Man.

The Duke of Aosta is probably more widely and sincerely mourned than were any of those who preceded him. He was immensely popular in Italy, and especially in his native city of Turin. He was an exceedingly stately and elegant-looking, but in spite of the princeliness of his bearing he practiced none of the haughty exclusiveness of the German royalties, delighting in taking long walks through the streets of Turin, accompanied only by one or the other of his eldest sons. I once saw him when he was enjoying one of these promenades, and I was struck by the blended affection and reverence testified towards him by every one that he met. There was a great deal of genuine manhood in this son of a kingly race. He would have been remarked anywhere for what for lack of a better term, I must call stylishness of his aspect. He was not handsome, but he looked the prince and gentleman in every line of his figure and features.

Bismark and Andrassy.

People knew that at the congress of Berlin Andrassy was the greatest among all the diplomatists outside of Germany, and that he was the chief, the only real confidant of Prince Bismark. He was also the man who excelled at Berlin the greatest curiosity, because it was known in a general way that there existed between him and the great German Chancellor a kind of common action which could not remain unnoticed, but of which the final object was not suspected. When the question of Bosnia and Herzegovina was brought up no one was surprised to see that Prince Bismark, by a kind of diplomatic artifice, and no doubt in conformity with a plan agreed to with Count Andrassy, was ready to concede Bosnia and Herzegovina. Prince Bismark even seemed to compel Austria-Hungary to acquiesce in this concession.

In fact, from that period the alliance of Germany and Austria-Hungary had already been concluded. In that alliance the part of Austria-Hungary was found in the Balkan Peninsula, while the concession of Bosnia and Herzegovina formed the earnest given by the future ally to the defeated of Sadowa. The purpose contemplated, it is true, was not realized till later, but during the congress of Berlin, Prince Bismark said: "After the victory over Austria every one pressed me to take territory, but I obstinately refused. I wanted to act so that if ten or twelve years afterward I should go to Austria I should not only be received, but received with acclamation." And in fact, scarcely ten years had elapsed after the battle of Sadowa when Bismark entered Vienna and was received with acclamation. The Austro-German alliance was the result of this visit. The alliance it clearly appears, was virtually concluded at the congress of Berlin between Prince Bismark and Count Andrassy and if here and elsewhere the death of the latter produces a deep impression, it is because his retirement which took place immediately after the alliance was realized which he had concluded by the treaty of Berlin, seemed inexplicable. "The solution of the question of Bosnia and Herzegovina," Count Andrassy said at the Berlin congress, lies entirely in the Agrarian difficulty. When we have solved it we shall have removed all sources of trouble, and we shall have in our hands peace and for the provinces, the prosperity of which will react upon the whole empire."

He Made the Shot After All.

Doc Baldwin was in St. Paul yesterday, says the Pioneer Press. In Nebraska he is quite a local character in the central portion of the state. The first time I ever saw him was in the winter of 1875-8. He was playing billiards with a deputy sheriff in the barroom of the hotel in Lone Tree. The sheriff was eating peanuts by the bar, and the prosecuting attorney of the judicial district was playing saucio pedro with the county clerk. Suddenly the proprietor of the hotel mounted a step-ladder, fumbled around among some pasteboard boxes on the top shelf behind the bar, found an old .32-caliber revolver, took it down, brushed off the dust and shot at Baldwin. The latter was just squinting for a difficult carrom, and when the hotel man fired and missed, Baldwin lowered his cue without making the shot, leaned against the billiard table and asked nonchalantly:

"What'd you do that fer?" "You think Ed Parker will make the rifle for representative from this county don't you?" "Yes, sir, that's what I think," said Baldwin. "Then I'm going to shoot again!" "Shoot and be d—d," was Baldwin's reply. The sheriff continued to eat peanuts, the deputy sheriff got to one side, the prosecuting attorney and the county clerk not being in range, continued the game. It was, altogether, a novel sight. But the hotel man finally concluded to refrain from shooting and turning away, threw the pistol into the cash drawer. Baldwin and the deputy sheriff continued their game, and Baldwin made the difficult cushion-carrom which he was planning before he was interrupted. Nothing followed this event in a legal way.

A Point for Smokers.

"Lots of advice has been given to smokers, but I'll tell you something that has never been written up, and ought to be known." This was told a reporter in the Grand Pacific last evening by one of the biggest tobacco dealers in New York. "Come into the cigar store," he went on, "and you will notice that two out of three men will cough while lighting cigars." The first person who set fire to a cigar coughed violently. "Didn't I tell you so?" exclaimed the lecturer. "Two out of three will do that." "It's caused by the smoke." "Never. When you are about to smoke cut off the mouth end of the cigar, put the smoke end in the mouth, and then blow. This expels all the fine particles of tobacco and dust inside the cigar. When you have done this reverse the 'torch,' and you won't cough when lighting it. Those little bits of tobacco get down your throat and are injurious. More people have been injured by swallowing those little specks than you have any idea of, yet they think they were hurt by inhaling the smoke."

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria. When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria. When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria. When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

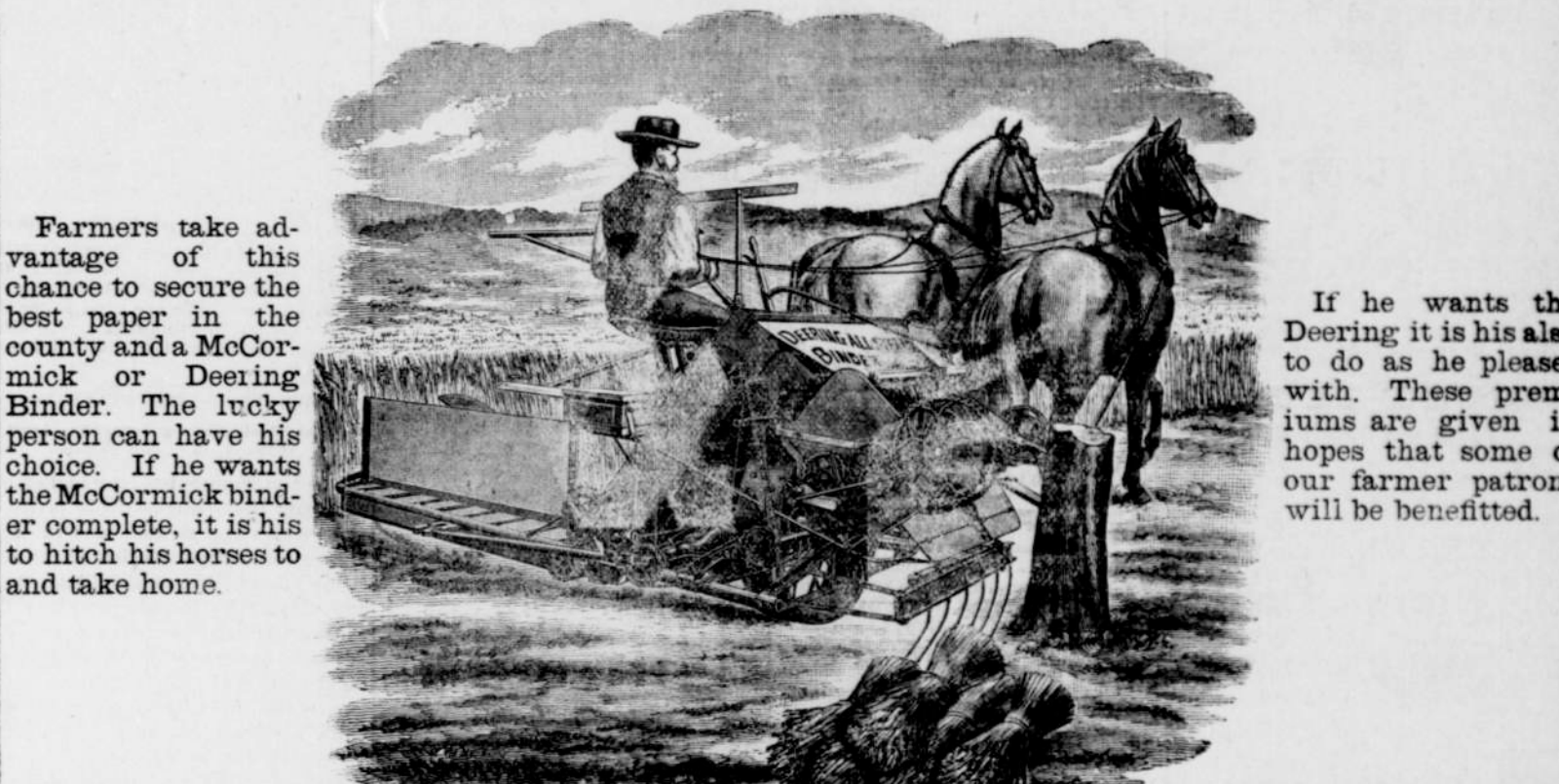
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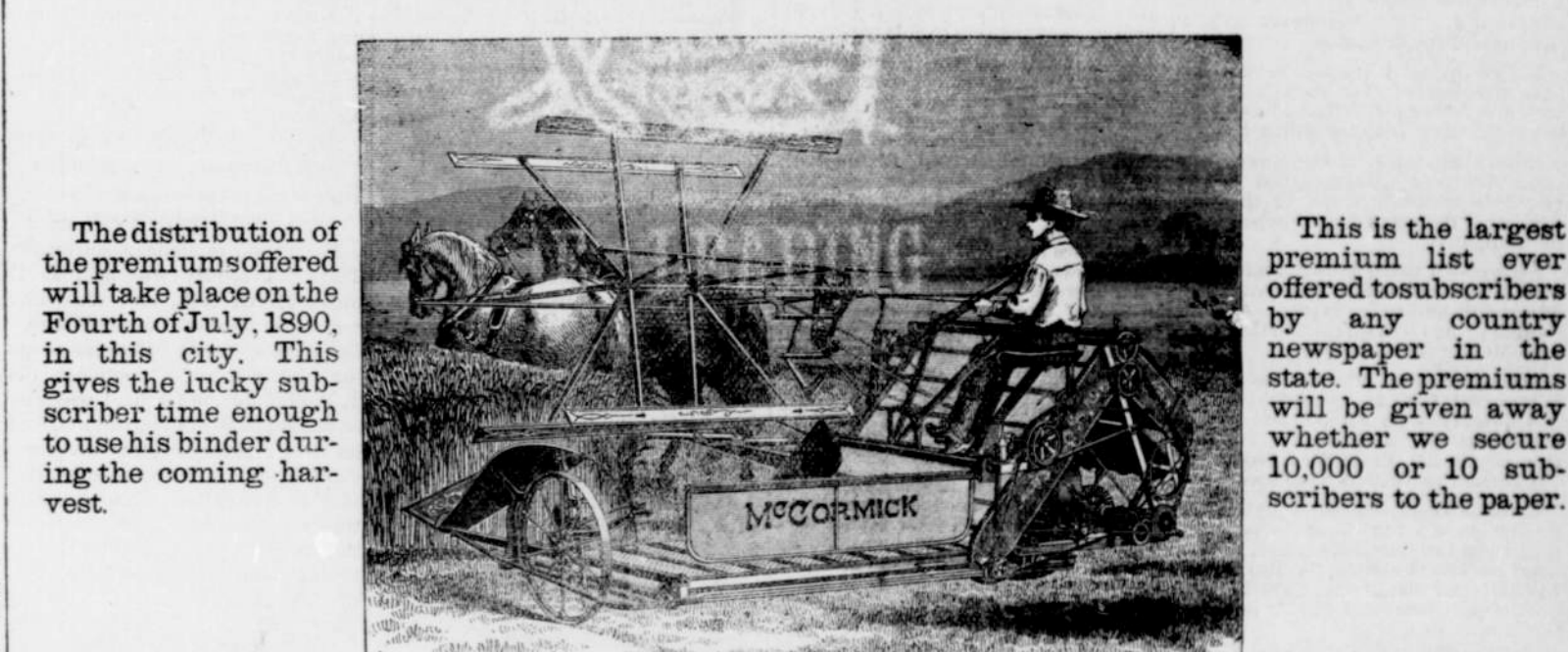
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