A FIGHT WITH COLD TYPE

My acquaintance with the red men in the past has been of such a nature that I have had ample opportunities of observing his characteristics. This acquaintance, though extensive, has not been altogether pleasant on my part, and has often caused me to curse the paper with pungent of regret.

The noble red man supplies a great deal, very with other people's property in a very early age, and by individually cultivating this peculiarity as he grows older he soon looks upon all laws relating to the rights of property with haughty disdain and infinite disgust.

My first acquaintance with the Apaches came about in the usual unexpected manner, and at a time when I was totally prepared to receive such unpleasant impressions.

It was in the fall of 1884. I had been in Las Vegas, New Mexico, about two months, working in the job room of The Daily Optic, then leading daily in the territory. I had not seen a dead cowboy or a dead man, which the only pistol I had seen had been used to get back to the compositor, and the action to become the proprietor of a newspaper. It happened about that time that there was a big excitement broke out over the discovery of gold at Kingston, near Lake Valley. Then "Hon" Mosby, reporter for The Optic, came to me one night.

"Come to a dance opening for a paper down at Kingston. Why don't we go down there and cover one? It won't cost much, and will be a rising sensation."

I said that I was willing if I could see my way to get a pass and managerial to work with.

"That is easy enough," he answered. "There is an old 'Ten-spot' pass in the pock room of this office which they offer to sell to us cheap on the 'long time' plan, and if you are willing we'll go in together and give the thing a trial."

I readily snatched this offer, and hasty preparations were made to be sure on tiptoe to the new El Dorado.

We took the evening train on the morrow. To cool, and went to Nutt station, the train from Las Vegas to Kingston there we had to take our journey by wagon, a distance of forty miles. We hired a wagon and team at Nutt station, and loading in our press and other materials we set out for the new town with light hearts and bright expectations.

We meet full to with a half dozen other wagons on their way to the new mines, and though there had been some trouble with the Indians in this vicinity a short time before, we assumed that our camps would need not any attack, but in this we were deceived. I had never met any of the Apaches before, but it was a wild, picturesque place this reservation for our first meeting—for from the reputation of civilization and the United States army.

We had camped on a little knoll, on every side of which stretched the undulating monotony of the sage brush and the dark Mexican thistle. It was a grand night we witnessed the moon coming up when the sun was on the sea of prairie desert and unveiled the chief the peaks of the mighty Rockies looming through the gray wall of surliness.

Here, on the stars sang together, set up, in her first soft rapture of existence, "Some shell for place arise and from the mountains in eternal music."

But that was before my day, and I don't know what she does such, but suppose she turned the country over to the Apaches. If I had been there at the time I would have got mixed to throw shell for some more and take in a few of the Apaches. I should like to see a few Apaches "from into eternal music"—that is, I think I would, though I might not have my ear be the sight some. Yes, we saw each other.

But to return to the scene. It was a grand night that not our place that morning. But there was one thing that marred its loveliness and was a cause over the party. In the background, coming slowly toward our camp, was a gang of Apache Indians. This went a great way towards destroying the beauty of the wild, picturesque scene.

The Optic reporter, who had brought along an open glass, climbed upon a wagon and surveyed the advancing host. "Dry no quick surveying and climbed down from the wagon and commenced to put a bridle on our fastest horse.

"Boys," he said with the air of one who had come to a foregone conclusion, "I see a case of her needs. These Indians may be friendly and they may not be. If they are friendly I'll see you back in the station, and if not I'll get the details of the massacre in the daily papers."

Then he mounted the animal and was in the act of riding away when another gang of Apaches were discovered coming from the opposite direction from the first. This gave matters another aspect to the mind of the horse, and he turned about and dismounted. I could see that he was disappointed about something, though he said nothing.

I thought it strange at the time that two separate gangs of Apaches should happen to meet at that particular spot, but my acquaintance with them after has given me reason to believe that the meeting was not altogether accidental on their part. We held a hurried consultation to decide whether we should meet them as "friendly" or "hostile" Indians.

The Optic man remarked that if he had his way about it he would rather not meet them at all, but as we could not avoid it he was in favor of shaving light from the first.

Another member of the party said he was afraid that would look bad. They might be "friendly," and any attack on them in that case would result in our incurring the displeasure of the United States government.

The Optic man replied that such might be the case, and while he was a good friend of the United States, and would do anything consistent, yet he would rather incur the displeasure of his best friend than to be robbed and burnt at the stake. That was the way he looked at it—he could do as he pleased—but he was unanimously in favor of opening the meeting with a Winchester chorus by the entire company. But he should be sadly disappointed. It is a hard matter to tell a "friendly" Indian from a hostile one. The only sure test is to wait and see how they act. If they come up without showing fight, and then come back in the night and steal your horses, they are friendly, but if they kill and scalp you they are "hostile."

This may seem like a severe test, but it is what the government requires, and everybody should obey the government.

The two lines of approaching Indians halted just out of rifle range, and a single warrior rode out from one of their lines and came in the direction of our camp.

He made a signal for himself as to come out from our wagons, and signing a reliver in my face big, I advanced to meet him.

"How!" he said, as I came up in speaking distance.

"I'm not feeling very well this morning," I answered. "I'm a little bilious, I guess. Pleasant weather we're having."

He ignored this speech, and came himself to his full height.

"My mighty chief, Geronimo," he explained, slapping himself on the breast.

I saw where to tell him that was good and he rode to the rear, where I supposed I might see his chief, but if I ever got back to civilization, so I pick.

"Glad to see you, Mr. Geronimo—have read so much in the St. Louis papers. Hope you are well."

"He want long to talk," he explained.

"All right," I answered. "Just come up to our camp and have breakfast ready presently."

As I turned and looked in the direction of our camp I saw that the other line of Apaches had reached up to our wagons while we parleyed, and had been fed by our chief. Redfoot our cook cooking. He signed his warriors to follow, and we were all soon back at our camp.

There was enough plenty of them, and they all stayed for breakfast, and was around enough provisions to have done our party two months. Then the chief wheel his mouth and said:

"Wah-ooo-hoo."

We had been told we needed not know and did not intend to give them up.

"Kill em they," he continued, drawing a long Little and throughout it to the air, and his squaws were listened by the other eighty-nine warriors.

We didn't want to be killed—that is, the majority of us didn't, and we told him so. He said the Indians had never killed any white man yet, and he was very much attached to our company. He was very much attached to us, and I know I was very much attached to him, for I had taken a liking to him from the first as I kept time. After they had helped themselves to our beans the chief approached us and said:

"Good—very good."

I gave him my stock without further parley. I didn't want to have them would "kill him" again if I could help it.

He next asked for our cow and a pair of red suspenders. I had one on him he could see everything he saw with which Geronimo was, and he wanted to be like him. It was very unusual to see so white he did, for he seemed to be out of everything that was necessary to make up his unique. After he had taken possession of the cow he could carry away he left around, and went through our house, smelling of the vinegar and the pepper sauce bottles, as he supposed it a beer.

This he valued his horse around one and rode away. When the Indians from a ten mile away Kinlee, at The Optic, called to us and said:

"Are these friendly Indians?"

"Yes," answered the man who had advised a peace policy, "they are as brilliantly friendly, and it is our duty to report their actions to the Indian agent."

Just then, before we could prevent it, Kinlee, who had crawled upon from one of the wagons, sent a bullet into the midst of the Apaches.

In a moment the silliest excitement prevailed, and with a terrible yell of savage yells they whipped up their ponies till six of them, and then wheeled about and began circling around us, yelling and firing as they rode.

It was fortunate for us that the most of our arms and ammunition, transported in the day in our wagons, had escaped being found by the Indians, or we would have been wholly at their mercy. There was nothing left for us to do but fight, and fight we did, as rapidly as possible. Our guns were every gun and pistol belonging to our party was brought forward and put into service, and a telling fire was poured into them as they swept past us.

Kinlee, armed with a double barreled shotgun, was perhaps cool, loading and shooting as fast as he could.

Amid and upon the Indians charged us, and each time from our breastworks he blind our wagons we poured a smoke fire into them, sending them back with one or more of their wounded and dead on the ground. The charges in our party were doing deadly work, but presently it was assumed that our supply of shot was exhausted.

Kinlee said nothing at this, but took a hatchet and broke open the box that contained our guns. This he did in a handful of "long primer" as Pendleton gave the shells, which the Indians charged in solid. They were greeted by a deal of lead from which caused to make a great impression on them. Again and again they charged, but each time we distributed a shower of cold power among them. For the second half hour the siege was kept up with long pelters, and as the supply of shot was exhausted we commenced to put "upper cuts" into them in a most generous and lavish manner. When these were all used up we commenced using metal charges of nuggets and mechanical pebbles. This caused the main section charge we gave them a show of which and Kinlee type, which we discovered them that it was plain to see that they had had enough.

"You see," remarked Kinlee quietly, "the press exerts a great influence in the world. Its power among the Apaches. I don't believe they will come again."

His words proved true, for they soon left us, taking their dead and wounded along. Two of our party had been slightly wounded, but none was killed. That night we walked back to Nutt station, and the next day purchased some horses, and in company with several citizens returned for our wagons to find that they had been burned by the Indians in our absence.

We did not consider the press worth moving after it had passed through the fire, and left it there, where it was to serve to the sun, half buried in the sage brush by the road side, eighteen miles from Nutt station on the old Kingston road.—Drake's Magazine.

A Valuable Cab.

Columbus encountered a hurricane near the Azores when returning home from his first voyage to America. "I had to throw my cargo in left. Fearing that his full cash would not outlive the violence of the storm, he wrote a memoir of his discovery on a piece of parchment, which was placed within a cask and inscribed overboard. This precious autograph document has never yet to an appearance.—Chambers' Journal.

The Rainbow Rainbow.

An English traveler relates that he was once on the road with a company of native fakirs, when there came on a shower. As the rain ceased a brilliant rainbow appeared. At this all the servants around their months with their hats to escape the poisonous vapors which, as they declared, are always given forth by rainbows.

The Englishman, as a matter of course, laughed at their foolishness, and kept his hat on his head.

The curious feature of the adventure was that when he had gone only a few hundred yards he was by a severe fever, from which with a sudden fit of sneezing.

He received no sympathy, and without doubt the misfortune will long be cited in that neighborhood as the proof of the rainbow's baneful influence.

Consolation.

"By Jove! I've spent that $5 gold piece for a song!"

"How, pleasant of you."

"Why, well, it's not so bad; I got the money with it, all of it—which is more than I would have got if I hadn't spent it. My wife takes all my gold."—Epoch.

A Cruel School.

Old Lady—Do you are going away to school. What school are you going to?

Young Lady—I don't know yet, but I wish I could go to the school of experience. I hear that is the highest grand sem.—Good News.

Scrofula

In the most virulent and most general of all diseases, Scrofula is easily the most powerful, while humanity everywhere are its unfortunate victims. Hood's Sarsaparilla has for years been recognized as the great blood purifier, and its wonderful cures of scrofula, even serious and painful running sores, swellings in the neck or gland, tumor in the eyes, caverns partial or total blindness, could be the powerful effects of this medicine.

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"My son was afflicted with the worst type of scrofula, and on the recommendation of my druggist I gave him Hood's Sarsaparilla. Today he is completely well, and entirely free from scrofula. We have not seen a sign of it for two years, and we can only attribute his cure to Hood's Sarsaparilla." J. CHRISTIAN, Hygiene, N. Y. No more to get

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Sold by all druggists. $1; six for $5. Prepared only by C. I. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass.

100 Doses One Dollar

Graefenberg PILLS.

They cure Headache, Biliousness, Liver Complaint and Indigestion. No griping or nausea. These

PILLS

Tone up the system and restore health to those suffering from general debility and nervousness. Sold by all druggists. 25c. per box.

Best for Women.

GRAEFENBERG CATHOLICON

Cures all forms of Female complaints, weakness, nervousness and general debility. Sold by all druggists.

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MADE BY THE

UNION HORSE NAIL CO.,

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FOR SALE BY Z. C. M. I. AND BRANCH HOUSES.

A Warning

To Horse-Owners.

The Bull Nail in the Shoe seriously injured the horse from which it was removed by taken to Worcester, Mass. One point of the nail must not be, the point of horse for clinching, and so injured the blacksmith who shod the horse. The other point must be the direction shown in the illustration, leaving the broad part of the foot outside the "quick," from which the horse never made sound for the nearly two weeks.

DANGEROUS

The Putnam Nail

CANNOT SPLIT, SLIVER OR BREAK.

It is the only Hot-Pressed and Hammer-Pointed Horse-Shoe Nail on the World made by machinery in precisely the same manner as the old fashioned hand-made nail.

The United States Government contracts the process of this manufacture through patents, and other firms who make or advertise a Hot-Pressed Nail are infringers, and guilty of infringement, and prosecuting the Judgment.

AS YOU VALUE YOUR HORSE

Insist on your Blacksmith using the PUTNAM. It is absolutely safe.

For sale by all dealers in Horseshoe Nails. Inquire from your dealer, and take no other.

Putnam Nail Co., Nonquset, Boston, Mass.

NOTICE.

In the Probate Court, in and for the Salt Lake County, Territory of Utah.

In the matter of the Estate of Samuel Sessions, deceased.

ACCORDING TO LAW, SAMUEL BRING, Peter and William Fassett, executors of the estate of Samuel Sessions, deceased, having filed in this court a petition for the appointment of three disinterested persons to make a partition of the residue of said estate to the parties entitled thereto, and that said be so entitled thereto, it is ordered, that the hearing of said petition be fixed at the Probate Court House in said county, in Salt Lake City, on the 10th day of March, A. D. 1891, at the hour of 10 o'clock a.m. in the Forenoon, when and place for the hearing of said petition, when and where all persons interested in said estate may appear and contest the same if they see proper.

Given in open court this 9th day of February, A. D. 1891.

W. H. LEARNED,

Probate Judge for said county.

TERRITORY OF UTAH, } ss.
County of Salt Lake, }

I, E. Allen, Clerk of the Probate Court in and for the County of Salt Lake, in the Territory of Utah, hereby certify that the foregoing is a true and correct copy of order for appointment of three disinterested persons to partition the estate of Samuel Sessions, deceased, as appears of record in my office.

In witness whereof I have hereunto set my hand and affixed the seal of said Court, this 9th day of February, A. D. 1891.

(SEAL.) E. ALLEN,

Clerk of the Probate Court.

By C. S. Allen, Deputy Clerk. 7-14

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Thomson & Taylor Spice Co.,

Importers and Manufacturers of the

FINEST SPICES

AND

FLAVORING EXTRACTS

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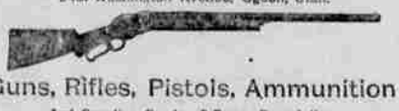

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We have a Carload of SAFETY BICYCLES. All Sizes. We offer a Boys Safety 24 inch for $25.00; Large Boys' 27 inch for $35.00; Ladies' and Men's 30 inch, $45.00.

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—TO ANSWER—

THE FEDERAL GRAND JURY!

Released under Writ of Habeas Corpus

Appeals to Supreme Court.

RECENT CHICAGO AND OTHER EASTERN PAPERS convey the information that some dealers and several general freight agents of prominent railways have been adjudged guilty of violations of the Inter-state Act. In some cases a heavy fine was imposed; others were placed in custody. Every effort is being made to protect the shipper whether his consignments are a full car-load or a full train, illegitimate competition of dealers is in this manner avoided. The Chamber of Commerce are also endeavoring to secure Lower Rates for Utah Territory, this city in particular, but up to this writing they have failed. The low tariff which prevailed in December, 1890, has just been advanced by the railway companies, February 7th.

We are pleased to inform the public that a full train of THIRTY-EIGHT CARS, worth nearly $200,000, was shipped from the East to this city. It left the manufacturers in December, BEFORE RATES ADVANCED, and contained a full line of

DEERE & CO. STEEL PLOWS,
OLIVER CHILLED PLOWS,
BAIN & MITCHELL WAGONS,
KAIN HARROWS,
WALTER A. WOOD MACHINES AND BINDING TWINE,
STAVER CARTS,
DAVIS BUGGIES,
GLIDDEN BARBED WIRE,
RUSSELL ENGINES, FROM 6 TO 30 HORSE POWER
RUSSELL SAW MILLS,
RACINE SPRING WAGONS and BUGGIES,
SWEET'S COMMON-SENSE SLEDS,
MEYER'S HAYING TOOLS AND PUMPS.

In fact it contained a little of everything that the Leading Implement House of the West could think of buying, with a view of filling the wants of a growing Territory and the demands of her intelligent citizens.

This immense train load consignment having been bought right, shipped right, the machinery must work right, and coming BEFORE THE ADVANCE IN RATES, enables us to

DEFY COMPETITON AND OFFER THE LOWEST PRICES!

Quality of goods considered. Our terms are elastic, providing reference is satisfactory. We will in extreme cases sell for cash. Respectfully your friends,

Co-operative Wagon and Machine Co.

Feb. 15, 1891. Leading Implement Dealers.

GENERAL OFFICE: SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH.

BRANCHES: OGDEN, Utah. LOGAN, " EAGLE ROCK, Idaho. MONTPELIER, "

We make a specialty of Car-lot orders, either from this city or manufacturers.

WE GUARANTEE FREIGHT RATES.

This suggests the advisability of dealers writing for prices and of farmers in one township joining hands to purchase a car lot and

SAVE MONEY!