DESERET EVENING NEWS: SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 17, 1900.



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(San Francisco Bulletin.).

How time files! It is now more than thirty-nine years ago-and yet it seems hardly ten-that I left my home in a prosperous town in the southwestern part of Indiana for a buffalo hunt on become a grim fact. Sumter had fallen, the tiger was loose, and the mad wayes of disloyalty swept up to our very doorsills. Kentucky, as a State, had not yet declared itself, although partisan soldiery was organizing in every county. "Old Glory" was nalled to the peak, and "Old Glory" was named to the peak, and it stayed there. Only the mile width of the Ohio river separated us from a seething hotbed of secessionism. South-ern Indiana was under constant men-nee of invasion. We were under mar-tial law, and business was paralyzed. It was on the 3rd of June, 1861, that I turned the key of my office from the outside and took the first West-bound steamboat for Kansas City, which was to be my stratting point for the plains.

be my starting point for the plains. There were then no radiroads west of the Missouri river. The advance of civilization was retarded by that irre-pressible conflict which culminated in the great tragedy of the next four years.

Before reaching Paducah, the captain of our boat received information that the secessionists had possession of the town and had planted a battery there town and had planted a battery there for the purpose of capturing everything that came along down the river. There were a large number of passengers on board. The ladies' cabin was filled with women and children. Paducah would be reached in the night, and the captain had a mind to run the blockade, creep-ing along close to the opposite shore, with all lights extinguished and only sufficient steam power employed to give the boat steerage-way. The scheme met summer steam power employed to give the boat steerage-way. The scheme met with general approval. But it was a clear proposition that the Confederates were apprised of our coming and would have a watch set for us. The chances of stealing by were very small, and as the ladies' cabin was as exposed to a raking fire from the battery as any oth-er part of the baat the cantain finally er part of the boat, the captain finally concluded to make a landing at Padu-cah, and take the chances of confiscacah, and take the chances of confisca-tion. We were received as we expected to be. The boat was tied up and the passengers were ordered to consider themselves prisoners of war, which we did with the able assistance of a guard in butternut uniform. I felt the import-ance of the occasion. It was something to be a prisoner of war. The honor came entirely unsolicited. Some men-are born great: others have greatness are born great; others have greatness thrust upon them. I was one of the others.

"others." There were too many of us to feed, and as nothing contraband of war was found on board, the captain was, through the intercession of influential citizens, allowed to proceed, after giv-ing a reprisal bond, maturing at the acknowledsment of the independence of the Confederate States,

ONE-EYED PACK HORSE.

At Cape Girardeau I picked up a young man for a companion, who had never been further away from civilization than St. Louis. As he is now the father of a numerous family, modest and unwilling to be pilloried before the world with the insignla of distinction, his name for the purposes of this story shall be "Bob." We arrived at Kansas City full of visions of sport ahead. Stories were rife of Indian hostilities; settlers were being driven in and we were regaled with bloodcurdling ac-counts of massacre and rapine. We had selected a route up the Smoky Hill selected a route up the Smoky Hill fork of the Kaw river. That and the Republican fork were considered extra hazardous, and we were strongly ad-vised to abandon the project. An il-literate fellow who was anxious to join us provided we would take some other us, provided we would take some other route, upon finding that we adhered to route, upon inding that we adhered to our original intention, threw up his hands and exclaimed: "Oh, the savage infeeste!" He resigned, but his quaint expression found a lodgment in Bob's memory, and from that time at every fresh sign of Indians, whether houtile or otherwise, he gave it an airing. In view of exciting possibilities, we took saddle horses and one to pack our stuff, instead of cumbering ourselves took saddle horses and one to pack our etuff, instead of cumbering ourselves with a wagon. Our pack animal was an Indian pony—a trained buffalo hunt-er—light of limb and fleet of foot, that had undergone the ordeal of having its right eye obliterated—a custom among the sayares done to enable them to the savages, done to enable them to ride close along by the left side of the huge game under full speed and plant an unerring arrow in its heart. Having

but one eye, our pack horse was ap but one eye, dur pack norse was ap-propriately christened "Polyphemus," We took up our line of march on the 10th of June, intending to strike the base of the Rockies at Bent's Fort, and from there make an excursion into the mountains. We were met with warnprosperous town in the prosperous town in the prosperous town in the plains. The dreaded Civil war had become a grim fact. Sumter had fallen,

Mass length we yielded to wise counsels and changed our course. Bearing off northwardly, we struck the Republican Fork a few miles above old Fort Sib-ley, then an abandoned post. We were now well away from the settlements. Following up the river we soon came to fresh signs and on the second day CAPTURED BY AN ARAPAHOE.

to irresh signs and on the second day passed the remains of several buffaloes that had been killed within the past forty-eight hours. The next day was Sunday. A strong head wind made traveling unpleasant, and we proposed make only a short stage and then o make only a short stage and then est for the day. Six miles brought us o what would have been a lovely amping place but for the presence of palf a dozen carcasses that were still eaming with the warmth of recen They also gave token that In dians had been there that morning and brought from Bob the warning of our Kansas City friend "The savage in-

Day faded out and when the night, wi began its inquiry, "Who-who-who--o" we folded out tent, like the Arab and as stlently stole away, with only the stars for our guide. The river carved to the south like a great ox ow but, confident that we would strike again, we kept on a direct course for bout six miles, when the near hoot f an owl, the croaking of the "water canory" and the rustle of swaying tree boughs told us that we were near water. Relieving our animals of their in-cumbrances, we simply spread the tent under us for a couch, crept under blankets and slept the sleep of the just,

FRIENDLY INDIANS.

Two or three days later we made our camp for the night under a low bluff facing the river, and near a village of Indians, supposed to be friendly. The bucks visited us in crowds, menopolized our tent, helped themselves freely to our coded provisions and were conour tent, helped themselves freely to our cooked provisions and were con-stant and importune in their cravings for whisky. Happily we had none—a thing to them incredible, and they probed and poked into every possible hiding place for the priceless treasure. It was late when they left us. We re-solved to avoid all tearful parting scenes in the morning by taking a cenes in the morning by taking a rench leave of our dusky neighbors. The village was on a bluff and we were under it out of sight. Our horses were under it out of sight. Our horses were ploketed in good grass close by. At midnight the croning chant of the In-dian sentinel died away and the night was hushed in silence, save when the whirling waters of the Platte gurgled in their bed of quicksands. Bob slept while I watched the passing hour and searched for new worlds among the stars

At 1:30 I awoke Bob and said: "Let us be going." Our departure was accom-plished unobserved, and after a rapid march of nearly two hours we were again in camp for a good rest, with the tent spread between us and the damp grass. We made a late start next morn-ing, and, being on the Denver trail, we he officer said, and I agreed with

You Look Comical That's a fact, you certainly do. That little knot of hair on the back of your head! Don't you wish it were larger? Wouldn't you like to have long, rich, heavy hair? Don't forget this song of fifty years, "One thing is certain, Ayer's Hair Vigor makes the hair grow." And it always restores color. If you do not obtain the benefit you desire from use of the Vigor, write the Doctor about it. He will tell you just the right thing to do. Address, Dr. J. C. AYEB, Lowell, Mass.

ound both on . covered with dry bunch grass about half a mile south of the trail. I threw myself on the ground and gave my horse the length of his 40-foot lariat for a grazing spel

The ground far and near was honey-ombed with burrows of the prairie dog -a species of marmot that live in large communities and in co-tenancy with the prairie owl and rattlesnake. The "dogs"

surrow down to water and the owls and snakes avail themselves of the accommodations thus afforded which include an appetizing menu of young prairie dogs. They are called "dogs" because some idiot fancied that their powers of speech were like those of young pup-ples. A line of timber half a mile west ples. A line of timber half a mile west of the mound, at its nearest point, de-noted the channel of a creek, dry, of course, at that season of the year. In looking about my attention was arrest-

d by some dark specks on the oppoed by some dark specks on the oppo-site slope two miles away. Buffalo? No, we were beyond their range. Presently a dark object emerged from the east side of the timber and appeared to be moving toward me. Un-suspicious of an embarrassing visit. I watched, until occasional flashes in the sunlight created the surmise that it might be a soldier from some military subsiding the end of the subsidier of the subsidier from some military camp in the vicinity. A nearer ap-proach enabled me to discern a horse-man coming at full speed, and a few moments later revealed an Indian armed with bow and arrows and decked in his study was transformed by the second

in his gaudy war trappings. He was evi-dently a chief; paint and eagle feathers. buckskin fringes and glittering gew-gaws told of rank. The flashes I had observed came from a string of small. round mirrors hanging from each side of his head dress, almost to his knees. I got into my saddle and awaited his ap-proach. My attempt to retreat would have been useless, for he was well mounted and had the advantage of be-ing armed, besides I was not yet alto-gether certain of his character.

He might be a friendly Arapahoe. He dashed up to within six yards of me, and brought his horse to a sudden stop. We looked at each other for a few mo-ments in silence, then extending my hand, I offered the usual friendly salu-tation "How!"

The Indian shook his head and, ad-vancing, wheeled close alongside of me, having seen that I was unarmed, hooked his finger in my bridle ring and started with me in tow toward his camp. The situation now flashed upon my mind. A band of hostiles had come up from the was their prisoner. All I could do was to retard his progress as much as pos-

vainly endeavored to urge my

sible, without appearing to do so, in the forlorn hope that, being near the trait, succor might come before they could get away with me. We were at cross pur-poses; I was anxious to keep within halling distance of the trail, while my

the officer said, and I agreed with him. On the way I was surprised at meet-ing our little train. They had changed their minds and concluded to follow me. We put ourselves on a war footing, and made a noon halt at the spot where the Indians were when they sent me a pressing invitation to go with them. They had left their hiding place and were moving off in a body to the south, but when they saw our little party they turned and came at full speed. There were but eight of us against about forty Indians, but our weapons were more effective than theirs at long rage. Falling into line every man se-lected his target, but anxious to avoid a conflict, if possible, we held at an "alm" to use what effect it would have on them. They had only the bow and arrow, and seeing that they were out-clussed in weapons, they went off in disgust. What their intentions were, we could only conjecture from their outputs. we could only conjecture from their actions.

We camped that night at Fort Arapahoe and in the evening of the following day reached Denver, which was then in its infancy.

After resting a few days Bob and I went into the mountains, crossing the divide by way of South park to the tributaries of Grand river. Circum-stances compelled us to limit our stay in the mountains to three weeks, and we found excitations. we found excitement enough to make the time pass too rapidly. A battle between the Utes and Arapahoes was an intersting event. The latter raided a Ute village and carried off a beauti-ful young girl. We asked them by signs what they would do with her, and they made us understand that they in-tended to retaliate on the Utes by burn-ing her at the stake. The two tribes were engaged in a war of extermina-tion. Anxious to save the poor oreafound excitement enough to make Anxious to save the poor crea-from such a dreadful fate, we of tion. fered to purchase her with horses and money, but they declined all of our overtures, and left for their domain. A strong band of Ute warriors started in strong band of Ute warriors started in pursuit, and expecting to witness an-other battle at the foot of the moun-tains. Bob and I hurried forward on their trail, but necessary delays made us too late. We earnestly hoped that the girl had been rescued, but later we were informed that she suffered the fate that her captors had promsed her. Whether it was a fact or not, we never knew. knew

Leaving the mountans, we turned our faces toward the rising sun, and in less than four weeks crossed the Missouri river to Omaha. A direct course through Iowa brought us to Davenport, on the Mississippi, where we took a boat for our respective homes, after an absence of three months. It was my last buffalo hunt.

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Never try to coax a cold or cough,



fell in company of a train of three wacaptor ions bound for Pike's peak mines. Our progress was not uneventful until ve reached what is known as "Beaver Cutoff"-a new military trail that af-forded a direct route to Denver by way of Fort Arapahoe. The Arapahoe In-dians and their allies the Cheyennes, were friendly after the affair of Ash Hollow and we had nothing to fear from them. We made our first came in the them. We made our first camp in the Cutoff Saturday night and proposed to remain there over Sunday. During the night I determined to go forward alone and mark the good halting places for the benefit of the little company when the benefit of the little company when they came along. It was only two days' journey to Denver, with Fort Arapahoe midway on the route. Sabbath morning broke upon us bright and warm, and I prepared for an early start. No refine-ment of eloquence, no poetic hyperbole can do justice to the potentialities la-tent in a cup of strong coffee, when body and mind are weary with the jour-neyings and watchings.

captor vainly endeavored to urge my horse into a gallop in the direction of his camp. Presentiy a small cloud of dust rose over the crest of the distant hill on the west side of the creek, and a moment afterward a black speck ap-peared moving down the slope. My kind friend eyed it anxiously, and re-newed his efforts to accelerate our progress. The Indian's herd, which had at first attracted my attention, disap-peared as if by magic. A second cloud of dust and a second descending speck increased my captor's anxiety and increased my captor's anxiety and mine; two military ambulances, under an escort of soldiers, emerged from our side of the fringe of timber. They saw my signal of distress and a small de-tachment galloped toward me. My captor retreated. I had no occasion to. ARRIVAL OF THE SOLDIERS.

"What does that fellow want with you?" the officer in command asked, as soon as they were within speaking dis-

body and mind are weary with the jour-neyings and watchings. I drank off a pint of the nectar and putting a few biscuits in my pocket, got into the saddle and set out, without a weapon of any kind, leaving even my inseparable field glasses with Bob, at his solicitation. A ride of ten miles brought suggestions of rest for my ani-mal and relaxation for two achieves tance. "That's just what I've been a little curious to know myself," I replied. I explained the situation and they congratulated me on my timely deliv-erance. It proved to be a company from the post, on their way to establish a station on the new trail. "You had better go back with us," mal and relaxation for my aching

quers both. BALLIARD'S HORE-HOUND SYRUP is the great specific for all throat and lung troubles. Price, 50 cents. Z. C. M. L. Drug Dept.

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