

It is all right for you fellows to say that fighting Indians is child's play, but wait until you have had some experience in that line first," said an old scout of the Metropolitan police who was on duty the other night when the subject of the recent Chosetaw troubles out in the Indian Territory had been going the rounds of the Washington Times.

"You can bet we didn't lose time in getting ready to move into the Indian country. We were only a part of the three different columns that were coming at the Redskins from three directions—namely, Crook, Custer and Terry. We had as scouts Frank Gourdard, who I believe and know to be one of the greatest scouts that ever lived; Buffalo Bill and Charley White, otherwise known as 'Buffalo Chips,' a half-breed. Gourdard was a Hawaiian and when young he was a scout. He had moved out West, where he was killed by the Sioux. He was adopted by them and knew the language, I believe, of every tribe of Indians on the western plains, and as the boys used to say, he could 'sneak one a mile.'

"We picked our way cautiously along, seeing plenty of signs of Indians, but having no fights with them. One day a scout came in bringing the news of Custer's massacre, the news producing great excitement among the men and officers alike, for, although we had never served under him, everybody admired and respected him as a man. Gen. Crook, seeing that the condition of affairs was critical, began making forced marches and I tell you it kept us 'doughboys' on the go.

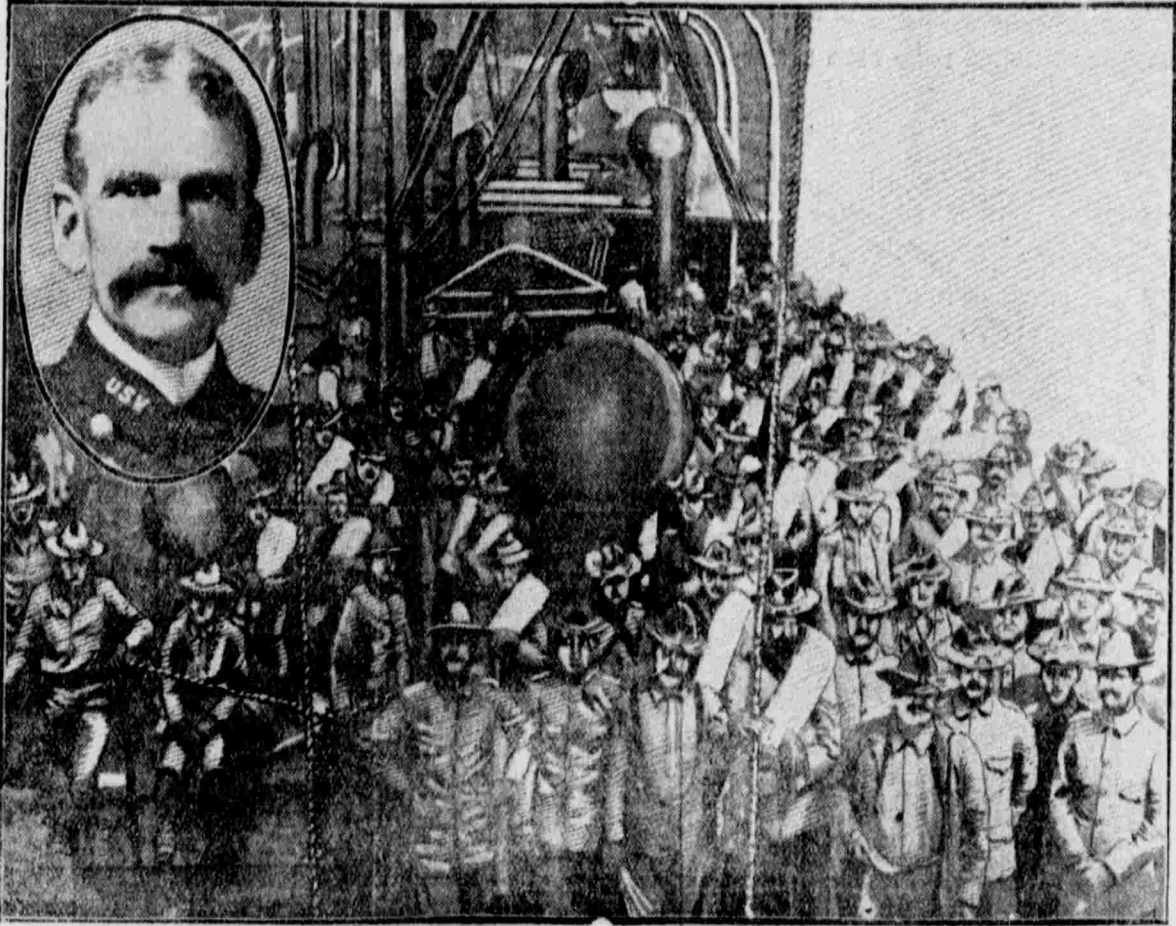
"While we were coming down Powder river, Gen. Terry was coming from the direction of the Yellowstone, and it was here that a funny thing occurred. Both columns had an advance guard composed of Indian scouts, ours being Crooks, and I believe Terry had some friendly Crooks. When our men saw Terry's column come into view they wheeled their noses, and, hearing them furiously with their rawhide thongs, came galloping back to us, crying 'Hean Sioux! Hean Sioux!' not stopping until they had reached the end of the column. In the meantime Terry's scouts had all given the alarm and his men were advancing rapidly.

"The shouts of the scouts created great excitement among the boys. The command of 'deploy skimmers' was obeyed in a hurry. The general, accompanied by Gourdard, rode rapidly ahead, Gourdard recognizing the approaching column through his glass as white men, and the fight was declared off. Upon the arrival of Terry, both he and Crook held a long conference, and the report of Custer's massacre was verified. I, being a new recruit, was naturally very anxious to hear something about the affair, and, seeing an old sergeant say, 'I've been in about it. From his statement of what he had learned of the affair it was a terrible battle, for where Custer's body was found near his horse over 150 empty cartridge shells were also found, and although the bodies of most of the men had been cut up in a horrible manner, not a hair on the head of the brave general had been touched.

"While we were camping at this place Maj. Reno, with the remnant of Custer's force, still being cut off, arrived. They were far from being in a good humor, some of them saying that if they had to re-enlist they would stay until they had

An Old Sergeant of the Metropolitan Police Graphically Relates to the Washington Times How His Regiment, Was Compelled to Leave Fort Douglas on Short Notice and Put Off for the Big Horn to do Battle With Marauding Red Skins.

CHAFFEE PREPARING TO EVACUATE.



General Chaffee, commander-in-chief of the American forces in China, is making active preparations to evacuate that country by the end of April. Only 125 men will be left behind to serve as a guard for the legation at Peking. The troops now in China consist of the Ninth Infantry, four troops of the Sixth cavalry and the light battery formerly commanded by Captain Kelly. They will proceed direct to the Philippines, where they will be placed in active service with General Chaffee in supreme command.

avenged the death of their dead leader. After a conference of the three commanders it was decided that owing to the breaking up of the Indians into small bands after the battle of the Little Horn it would be best for the three columns to separate and work their way among the Black Hills, the trails led by the Indians indicating that the larger bodies of them had gone in that direction.

"It was upon this expedition through the Black Hills that we marched over a far-stretching country, as level as Pennsylvania avenue and covered with sagebrush. It was then called the 'Cannon Ball' plain, and heavy rain was beating down upon us, we at first thought there would be no chance of making a cheerful fire that night or of eating either, for, you know, bacon uncooked, coffee unroasted and hardtack that required an axe would not make a very digestible dinner. Lieut. Bubb, our commissariat, then came to our rescue with a load of boxes which the hardtack had been shipped to us in, issuing one to each company.

"Owing to the dangerous country

through which we were then marching it became necessary to 'pitch camp' a mile or more outside of the lines upon the highest points possible, so that they could obtain a good view of the surrounding country. A sergeant and a squad of men were always told off to perform this, but known in those days as placing the picket, the men going some distance from the place where the picket was to be mounted and letting that poor unfortunate crawl to his post on his hands and knees to remain there for eight hours.

"The orders we received were not to challenge, but to fire at every thing we saw move, and I won't forget the night that I was first assigned to a post. It was a lonely vigil, and after the sergeant and squad had departed I was surprised to find that my teeth were chattering at the prospect of having to do so many hours away from the post. There was not a sound and not a sage brush moved. At last once a lonely coyote saw up a howl that only a Western man can appreciate, and I pierced me through and through. I felt the skin on the top of my head grow tight, and my hair stood up like porcupine quills.

"Day after day we trudged along, it now being warm weather, the men cursing and groaning over their misfortune to have come into the outfit. When we were in the vicinity of Slim Butte Gen. Crook, noticing the condition of the men, decided to procure provisions at all hazards. Accordingly, Lieut. Bubb with a picked body of men and horses, accompanied by Frank Gourdard, set out for Crook City. When they were supposed to be about sixty miles away from us, the detachment had not gone far, however, when Gourdard, who was always in advance, raised his hand to the men as a signal of danger, and came riding quickly back. He had seen Indians. Leaving his pony with the best of the outfit, he went in the direction of the Indian camp, to make a reconnaissance. He reached there, secured the name of the tribe, the number of warriors, who was their chief, and then had the nerve to steal two of their best ponies.

"Without waiting for the rest of the column to come up, Lieut. Bubb decided to attack them early the next morning, twenty men to charge the camp and the rest to deploy as flankers. Accordingly, at sunrise the command to begin firing was given, and with cool bravery the boys rode pell-mell at the tents of the braves, pouring in a fierce fire. It was too much for the bucks, who pointed their ponies and rode to the timber lands, but before many a pony lost its rider. The band was a party of Sioux, commanded by White American Horse, and a part of the Indians that had been engaged in the battle of the Little Horn.

"During the battle White American Horse, his squaws and about twenty warriors, took refuge in a cache, the mouth of which was thickly covered with wild cherry bushes. As soon as the Indians had departed the fellows began searching their camp to see what they could find in the way of tobacco and two of them wandered in the direction of the cache. Instantly there was a white puff of smoke emerging therefrom, and one of them fell, shot through the head. Confusion reigned and several of the boys started to run over toward the dead soldier and help his hunkie carry him to the rear, when Charley White, the scout, who had been watching that place for some time, shouted: 'Look out, boys! Indians in the cache!'

"While then started to make an investigation himself and crawled slowly up to the peak of the cache, where he was trying to peer through the bushes, and shot dead through the heart by White Horse. In the meantime a courier had been dispatched for the name of the cache, and soon the boys came into view, marching with that long, steady swing which has made the regular army famous.

"Seeing the condition of affairs, 'Old Gray Fox' ordered Frank Gourdard to walk out some distance toward the fatal spot and tell the Indians that if they would come out no harm would be done to them, they would simply be sent back on their reservation. Presently an old squaw appeared and asked to see the great chief, meaning Crook, and upon his appearance began to cover his hands with kisses and wailing a plaintive tune. The general told her through the interpreter who was standing by to go, and she went to the ravine, and presently out scrambled twenty big, stout bucks, four squaws and American Horse. They were placed under a guard, and it was discovered that the American Horse was badly wounded. He died in a few days.

"About sunset, just as we were mounting guard, the crack of rifles sounded upon all sides of us, for we were in a kind of valley, and there were two high hills on each side. We knew then that the battle of Slim Butte had opened, for the Indians who had seemed had brought back their warriors. Orders were issued that every man was to be a part of his body necessary in crawling through the grass, because before we could reach the Redskins we would have to make a dash of about 500 yards across an open prairie.

"We waited for the moon, and when it came with a wild yell, 'Remember Custer!' we started, the Indians plugging at us viciously from the top of the hill. When cover was reached we halted to rest, and in a few minutes, and then we did a little shooting on our own part. As we were advancing up the side of the hill it became necessary for the Indians to expose themselves in order to get a good head on us, and as fast as they would, so that we could be another 'good Indian.' The fire now fiercer, the boys evidently determined to recapture their camp, and for two long hours we blazed away at each other, until, they seeing that we were too much for them, retreated, leaving a dilatory firing from the adjacent trees and rocks. Our wounded and killed were then brought back to the camp and buried, the grave of each one being ridden over by a troop of cavalry after it had been ridden over on foot to destroy the marks of burial.

"The next morning we discovered that the band which we had been fighting numbered over 900 redmen and was a part of Sitting Bull's braves. The traces of their camp were then pulled down, and the boys were ordered to search for their buffalo robes and other effects on top of the rubbish was set on fire. We then started immediately for Crook City. In two days' time we reached that place, and a more tired and hungry lot of men you never saw. After having received a rest of about two weeks and being fed up to the limit we were just about to start on after another band when orders were received directing us to go to Fort Robinson.

THE B. Y. ACADEMY
EXPLORING EXPEDITION
Now Pushing Its Way Southward in the "Land of Desolation."

San Bartolome, Chiapas, Mexico, March 1, 1901.—Our senders at Rio de Janeiro were pleased with our report to take a photograph of them and their instrument, and promised to come down to camp early next morning for that purpose. We therefore, in the morning, enjoyed another tune or two, and then left camp under the inspiring strains of music.

The two miles our road wound up the side of the mountain, on the top of which we found ourselves on a beautiful plateau. Half way up we came upon a projecting ledge from which water dripped and where we obtained a drink. The ledge was almost covered with its underside with beautiful ferns. We counted six different varieties of ferns, and the water was so pure that we drank it. Some of the ferns were up like a cone though no more than a few inches high. Some of the ferns were covered with water, and the water was so pure that we drank it. Some of the ferns were up like a cone though no more than a few inches high. Some of the ferns were covered with water, and the water was so pure that we drank it.

SEPARATION.
As per arrangements four of us, namely, Bro. Magley, Klenke, Henning and myself, with Brother Fairbanks, who accompanied us to San Bartolome, bade our companions good-bye Sunday evening at sundown, and with staff in hand, started on our tramp to the ruins of Palenque. The trip, though carried out in the circumstances would permit, consisting chiefly of a change of linen, a blanket, a piece of our way to show us the road. It was moonlight. The air was cool and pleasant, the road plain, except where heavy trees completely shaded it. We were fresh and anxious for the trip. At 8 o'clock we came to the river, but stopped for the night on this side at the Rancho Santa Tomas. The surprise of the people was only equalled by their lack of food and accommodations. They had absolutely nothing to eat, but brother Fairbanks could be furnished us and feed for our trip. We were plentiful, but we begged to be permitted to sleep on the porch, as a Mexican house is not always free from fleas. After eating our tortillas, therefore, we made our bed down some of the porch, some in the front yard, and others in an abandoned canoe, and when we were not scratching or hunting wood ticks we slept soundly. But next morning Palenque seemed further off than ever, we were sore and stiff, not so much from our walk as from our want of rest, but at day break we were on the road, having first purchased some tortillas for breakfast from a woman who had risen early that they might be hot for us. A league or so across a very rich river border brought us to the banks of the Chiapa. The ferry man went with us from the ranch, we all enjoyed a bath, especially in a river where the water was so pure. We rode from the river and down into it, and three of us, Bros. Fairbanks, Klenke and I, scoring the assistance of the ferryman's canoe, except to carry our clothes over, swam the river.

A KIND RECEPTION.
Three leagues further brought us to a ranch called El Carmen. As we were

still off the main traveled road, not a little surprise and wonderment was caused among the Indians, as well as in the household of the Mexican owner, Mr. Santiago. But we received a kind reception, and every thing in the line of vegetables were placed at our disposal. The dueno in accordance with the custom of the country, brought out a large bottle of agave, strong enough to burn our lips out, and was not only surprised but astonished and even offended when we thanked him and refused to drink. But an explanation by Brother Henning to the effect that we were going on a long journey, that we would pass through countries containing much fever and sickness, and that it was not wisdom for us to drink liquor at all, entirely restored his former kindness.

A two hours' rest did not rest us, and the afternoon was hot and sultry, but we continued, and at 7 o'clock, under the light of a full moon, reached the town of San Bartolome. The climb, though the town is situated on a hill, was the hardest, and when we reached the top all were willing to rest on the steps of a little church close by. Everywhere were campers. There was to be a grand fiesta on the 10th in honor of the patron saint of the town, and from every quarter, for fifteen or twenty, or even fifty miles around people were coming in or had arrived for the feast. We met more than three hundred along the road, most of them were foot, some on donkeys, others had mules or horses; everyone had his load to take for the principal thing to do at a fiesta is to sell something. Everywhere were camp fires, for hundreds of these people, mostly Indians, had already arrived.

IN NEED OF FOOD.
We hardly knew where to go to find accommodations. There were no hotels, no livery stables. We needed food for ourselves and feed for our animals, and were too tired to go around town and find it. But soon the problem was solved. A man on horseback came up, and asking if we did not want a pasture for our mules, he told us that he had one to rent. Our reply was to the effect that not only the mule, but we ourselves needed accommodations. "I have a house you are welcome to," he replied, "but the town at present does not furnish much accommodation. There is plenty to eat in the market, however." And so the accommodations found us. A half mile further, just at the edge of town, was the house for us, and the pasture for our animals, and across the street we could get tortillas and fruit.

IN SAN BARTOLOME.
San Bartolome, as may be seen from the map, is located in the northeastern part of the valley of Cusatequeque, which extends southwesterly for twenty-five leagues. The town is built on the side of a hill or mountain where springs furnish ample water for garden and household uses. San Bartolome contains about four thousand inhabitants, mostly Indians who speak the Spanish language, though I am told that many in their homes speak their original language. These, and in fact, the inhabitants of the whole valley are known locally as the San Bartolome Indians. The streets of the town are well paved with flat stones, and are neat and clean. The houses are well built, mostly of stone. Two large churches, one of which, however, is in ruins, and three or four chapels furnish places for worship. On the whole it is as picturesque as any town we have yet visited. The gardens furnish plenty of fruit and vegetables, and present the market is supplied with melons, tomatoes, green peas, radishes, cabbage, papayas and many fruits not known in the north.

From the mountains a good view of

the valley is obtained, though south-east no mountains are seen. On the northwest and south are three distinct ranges extending above the valley from the mountains to the sea. The valley is not level, but rolling, and in places broken. The inequalities are from fifty to two hundred and fifty feet high. In one place a sharp mountain abruptly two thousand feet and at another a cone as perfect almost as the hand of man could form rises one thousand feet. The whole valley is covered with grass and trees. The trees are large along the rivers and streams, and are going on a long journey, that we would pass through countries containing much fever and sickness, and that it was not wisdom for us to drink liquor at all, entirely restored his former kindness.

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LIFE AND DEATH IN A SMALLPOX HOSPITAL.

An ex-patient of Belvidere hospital, Glasgow, Scotland, in which city there is now raging an epidemic of genuine smallpox, from which hundreds are dying, thus describes life in an institution specially set apart for the treatment of such cases:

Do those of our fellow-citizens who remain deaf to the cry for re-vaccination truly realize the great dangers to which they are exposing themselves?

Moan, moan, moan! Tossed on a sick bed. The passing of white-robed nurses, the sound of a doctor's tread; Hoarse whispers, mingled with breathless, heavy and labored and sad. From the world without not an echo, to make the weary glad. Moan, moan, moan! Frail form on its sick bed. The beating heart of the living, next the cold, spent heart of the Dead.

THE "BLUE MARIA."
The drive eastward in a jolting, rattling "Blue Maria"—as the hospital cabs may well be called—and the clank of the closing gates, are the first suggestion to the patient that the old life is shut out and a new experience about to begin. He is driven rapidly to his appointed ward, where all is bustle and excitement. It is past noon, dinner is being served; now patients are accumulating in the bath-room; the house doctor is on his daily rounds. The mind retains only a very confused impression of the rows of low brick, built buildings of the rush of busy nurses, the subdued laughter of light-hearted convalescents, and the answer preliminary questions. The after-glow of a warm plunge bath is soothing, and the newcomer may look in comfort from his narrow bed upon the sick ward in which he has been lodged. The room is large and cheerful, well lighted from large windows on either side; but, despite excellent ventilation, the air is heavy with a nauseous odor. A cheering fire at the top end, and an abundance of the choicest

sometimes as many as four of the sickly medicines. Each is clad in a long, white-looking waterproof coat, reaching to the heels, while a skull-cap of similar material fits closely on the head. The procession of doctors, headed by the senior nurse, bearing their stethoscopes, passing up and down the dim-lit chamber, in and out by every bedstead, is a sight long to be remembered. Stimulants and narcotics are variously prescribed, and afterwards administered by the nurses. The ward sinks back to its troubled dream; but the slumber of night is a restless, fitful sequence of conscious and unconscious moments.

THE DAWN.
By 6 a. m. the vigil is over, and lights are turned up. Screens are drawn close around one bed, and with difficulty nurses dress a pus-covered body, for there is one sufferer less at break of day; one more white-clad body is gently borne to the mortuary. Then beds are made, the ward is cleaned out, patients have their morning wash, and by 8 o'clock everything is ready for the start of the day nurses, for the serving of breakfast, and the repetition of the hospital.

DAILY ROUTINE.
Smallpox, like some other infectious diseases, is not treated by medicine. Unlike enteric fever, however, patients are not confined to liquid food, but are fed and liberally fed upon solids. Exception, of course, must be made of those who are in a very serious or critical stage of the disease, when stimulative and liquid nourishment is administered. Naturally, the feeding of smallpox patients becomes a matter of primary importance. At 8 a. m. breakfast is served, and consists of porridge and milk, tea, bread and butter. At noon a three-course dinner of soup, porridge, or steak and potatoes, and pudding. Throughout the day, tea, bread and butter, and a boiled egg at 3 p. m.; and porridge and milk at 5 o'clock. The relatives of patients are permitted to supplement this generous fare by sending in fruit to the sick, and these are generally received by the nurses during the daily call hours at 11 a. m. and 6 p. m. Nature and good, healthy food are the elements most relied upon to sustain the patient during

A WEIRD NIGHT VIGIL.
Not till lights are lowered, at 9 p. m., does the true significance of hospital life come home to the patient. On the night air without, the inkling of soft bells announces that the "Blue Maria" still bears in the sick. Within, beds are moved up and down across the polished floor to make room for the new comers; nurses are still passing in and out, occasionally heading over some moaning form; stranger murmurs and cries punctuate the fitful slumbers of the sick. There is a pathetic blending of the humorous and tragic as patient after patient wrestles in the throes of delirium vainly exercising some imaginary evil spirit. Across the ward the lowered gas jets cast a flickering light upon two wasted faces, almost purple in their disfigurement. These are hemlock cases. The eyes are glaring, the flesh coloring to a dirty purple, the breathing coarse heavy and labored, and poor humanity, rapidly passing beyond the science of medicine and the art of nursing, lies in the most exhausted condition of unconsciousness. It is the saddest sight in this sad scene.

"THE PROFESSOR."
Suddenly the word goes round: "The Professor!" and the visiting doctor, or two, accompanied by two, three, or

at will throughout the grounds. In an ordinary attack he may be passed for examination by the professor on the twenty-eighth day, counting from the day he sickened. This examination of each patient over every part of the body is made by the professor, and in some cases the patient is detained; more generally he is reported ready for dismissal; and two days afterwards, having undergone his final plunge bath of warm water and a strong disinfectant, he receives his own clothing, and is conducted to the gate by the chief nurse of his ward. In ordinary mild cases the patient may thus be in hospital for three weeks; but many are detained for a longer period. However long or short the detention, however, the gruesome scenes he has lived amongst and left behind him are not readily forgotten. But as a set-off he may recall the recollection of many acts of self-sacrifice and kindness, and the devotion of doctors and nurses under every trying and exhausting circumstances.

VACCINATION TALK.
A crowded, public meeting assembled in the City Hall saloon last night to hear a lecture by Councilor J. T. Blags, of Leicester, on "How Leicester Deals with Smallpox."

Mr. Blags said that Glasgow was looked upon with envy by almost all other municipalities, because it was one of the most go-ahead and enterprising corporations in the world. But, said he, the reputation of being the most cleanly city in the world, if he were a member of the Town Council he should certainly feel it incumbent on him to raise the question of these reputations, and how they were maintained. Glasgow was vaccinated, according to the blue books, to at least 98 per cent of the population, which was the highest figure that could possibly be reached under any law of compulsory vaccination. How came it, then, that in a vaccinated city like Glasgow there should be any epidemic at all? The method by which the lecturer's corporation dealt with smallpox cases was by vaccination. For Leicester, he said, was practically unvaccinated town—but by isolation of patients, encouraging them at the same time to take plenty of fresh air exercise, and by the strictest attention to sanitation. Mr. Blags drew on the screen a series of diagrams, the effect of which was, generally speaking, to demonstrate that the decrease in smallpox in Leicester was coincident with the decrease of vaccination, and the growth of sanitary improvement, and vice versa.

At the close of the lecture a resolution was passed commending the Leicester method to the corporation.

QUAINT CUSTOM IN ENGLAND.
The only part of the United Kingdom in which the old style of reckoning time is adhered to, says the London daily Mail, is the archipelago of Shetland, and there Sunday, January 12, was New Year's day. But Sunday being with the natives a strict day not for business or pleasure, the next day was observed for the high links in the "guiness" These included processions of "guisers," or mummers, and the drinking of various strange toasts, such as "Shells to man and death to grayhairs," and "The health of the twelve apostles." Next day the remnants of the old Norse language were to such a degree that the dialect is almost a sealed book, even to Scotsmen. The last specimen of the great auk, whose eggs are now valued at something like £100 a piece, was done to death there, but the little auk still retains a precarious footing on the lonely islets of Foula.