Chased by an Indian

How a Utah Boy Saved His Scalp, His Pony, and His Freight—Reminiscence of the Black Hawk War.

PLEASANT GROVE, Utah County,
February 1st, 1897.

To the Editor:

While at American Fork the other day, I found the stream of conversation ebbing and flowing between the territorial fight now on—and the battles and troubles with the Indians of the long ago, in the early days of the settlement of Utah; the latter subject was brought to memory, from the fact that the veterans of the Black Hawk war had held a reunion the night before.

"But father," said a young lady addressing a veteran in my hearing, "they did not have a real engagement, now did they?"

"Yes, my dear girl, we had all the engagements we cared for!" and the father continued. "Your ideas of an engagement are possibly swinging to and fro between the achievement of the ring on your finger and the illustrations you have seen of the bloody fields of Shiloh, Murfreesboro and Gettysburg! Oh no! No such engagements as those, my daughter, we were but few in those early days. We had an engagement at Gravelly Ford, and then the affair at Grass valley, in which one of our comrades was killed. Yes, we had many engagements, just of as great moment to us as to the vast numbers of men engaged in the struggles you have seen portrayed in the illustrations. All they had to give was their lives, and ours, like theirs were risked in the cause of the right.

"I well remember being called out by our commanding officer, to take a company of men, and go into the mouth of the canyon above our town, to recover the body of a young man, who had been slain by the Indians. Before going into the canyon I brought my men into line, to inspect their arms, and out of the twenty-one men, there were only three guns among them that were reliable and really fit for service. The balance were shot guns and out time worn muskets. After doing some scolding, I ordered my men to deploy as skirmishers and advance.

"We had not gone far when some turkey buzzards were observed flying in small circles above the bluffs on the other side of the canyon, to our right. We knew the rest, and there we found the mutilated body of the young man. Never shall I forget the sight or the smell of that poor body—scalped and disfigured beyond recognition. We bound the body upon one of our horses and carried it through the hot sun back to the sorrowing parents. The father would not gaze upon the lifeless form, saying, 'I know how he looked when he left me, I will not lose that memory of my boy.'

"Engagements," continued the father, "ask Mr.——— there, if he was not in one, when a small slight boy, that made him think thick and fast," and the father of the girl pointed to a man who stood by listening attentively.

The party addressed was a spare-built man, who would not weigh an ounce over one hundred and thirty pounds, and from appearance about fifty years of age. "O that affair," said he, "was more a happy stroke of wit on my part than an engagement, but at the same time, it was serious enough for me, a slight built boy of fifteen, to contend with an Indian all alone. But my adventure is of no consequence, in comparison to the deeds related last night."

"Never mind," returned the elderly man, "tell it to my daughter. In my opinion, while the numbers to make up an engagement of sufficient value to make a Gettysburg were not there, still as much cool bravery was manifested on the occasion as was shown in any part of the field on that terrible day. Tell it John."

"Well it is over thirty years back," said the younger man, "and I was working for old Steve Mott or some of the Chipmans, herding over on the west mountains; and of course I being the boy, had to pass back and forth from the herd to town here very often, for supplies, or with messages from the men, when they were working over there.

"On the occasion referred to, the camp was out of matches and tobacco, and I was sent to town late one summer evening on old Steve Mott's young race mare, with strict orders to come back early the next morning with the much needed articles. So the next morning found me on the back of the gray mare —proud as a peacock—as I passed the boys of my acquaintance, who, I knew, envied me in seeing me on the fastest mare of the north end of the country. In the height of my joy, I was all I could do, to restrain myself from giving a shout, and letting the mare out in a burst of speed. I controlled myself at last I could, little thinking at the race that was before me. But as I felt the movement of the muscles of the fine mare I rode, so supple and ready for the spring, I would only let her go, as my young blood went coursing through my veins, and I felt the force of the old saying, 'The outside of a horse is good for the inside of a man.'

"Passing on with my matches and tobacco in my hand, done up in a red cotton handkerchief, I soon passed through Lehi and its farming land to the west, and gently galloped my mare up the ascent towards the divide which separates the Cedar valley. As I was riding up out of the big hollow I came face to face with an Indian, mounted upon a pretty fair pony. I knew the Indian, and felt sure he was a very poor opinion of me, as he had once received a severe beating from one of the men of our camp for stealing, and I did not like him.

"We rode on side by side, and remained talking, I thinking he looked quite sullen and cross. I felt a little scared of him, and not without reason was. He knew I was going to the west, and among the little trouble in my head seemed to know what I had on. I felt him—and to satisfy him on that score, I took out a few new knife from my pocket, which I had just got on my wages, cut off a good sized chunk of tobacco, and gave it to him. He manifested for me to let him have my knife to cut off a chew. I let him have it, and after using it he put it, together with the tobacco, into the folds of his blanket, saying he would keep it me.

"I asked him for the knife several times, but he refused me to give it me, and as I was on the point of riding him, he caught the mare's bridle, saying 'you go with me now.' I could see he meant mischief, and I felt you I thought thick and fast. I thought he was after the mare, the balance of my tobacco and the matches, and if I go with him in all probability he will kill me if he thinks it the best thing to do. Think! I should say I did, and as we looked into each other's eyes, I could see the devil in him only too easy, and my thoughts ran out to home, my mother, my fair young sweetheart at the head house, my stepmother, and for a plan to escape from the Indian's unhappy grasp.

"As quick as thought I said to him as I quietly untied the handkerchief, 'Let me have the knife to cut you off another piece of tobacco.' I held out my hand towards him. My coolness threw him off his guard. As he placed the knife in my hand, my heels struck the mare's flanks and I shouted 'Go!' She sprang forward. The Indian vainly threw out his disengaged arm to catch me, but the sudden spring of the mare pulled him from his pony, and he fell to the ground. In a minute he was on his pony's back in pursuit of me. He sent two arrows after me, the first passed to my right, seeming to thunder through the air, the second in front of me. The mare's rapid pace of the mare appeared to lessen the rapidity of its flight. The other fell harmless in my rear.

"I leaned down close to the mare's neck, urging her to her best pace, and as she responded to my voice we seemed to fly, and all fear of being overtaken was gone from my mind. Right before me was a big hollow, and the road led around its head, while there were trails that took down and across it. As I looked back I saw the Indian in the Indian plunge down one of the trails to cross the hollow, with the view of heading me off.

"Again I urged the mare to do her best, and away we went like the wind, my new knife clutched so tightly in my left hand that it was hurting me, but I did not notice it. I was in the motion of the living machine beneath me, as it shortened and stretched alternately, springing forward with light bounds and bounding on the ground. The mare passed the point where the Indian should have appeared; and presently looked back and saw him come on to the open road again, some three hundred yards behind me.

"I checked the mare's pace a little, and waved my straw hat to him with a spirit of triumph, which was manifested at heart that I was out of his power, and in twenty minutes more I was in camp, being scalped for letting that d——d Indian get away with so much of my tobacco.

"Although the experience I had not passed through was laughed at by the men as a joke; for all that, I shall always believe I came very near losing my life at the hands of that Indian; and that the owner of the mare would have lost her, had it not been for my nerve and, which also saved me my knife, and in all probability my scalp.

"The Indians who killed the stage drivers in Cedar Valley, a year or so after this, came and talked with us one day, my companion further while we were with our sheep, and soon after they had left us we heard the report of the guns that killed these men. Why did they not kill me? Why did they not kill all the settlers at Provo in 1850; were the bottom from the old Indian fort by our dugway was full of them? Why did they not kill our people when they swarmed into their camps while crossing the great plains in 1849, and for many years afterward? The same answer to any of these questions will apply to all. President Young's policy was—it was better for us of our small supplies to feed them, rather than fight them, and my offer of a second division of the tobacco was following on closely in that line. I have always thought it a good policy and possibly saved my life." Here the narrator stopped.

Mr. Bancroft, the history of Utah has been written. But there will be out with many of the Pioneer settlers here, incidents that will never be recorded, full of interest and sparkling with brave deeds. The veterans of the Black Hawk war, may not fill the romantic imaginings of a young girl's mind regarding an engagement, but at that was needed was for Captain Page's command, which held position for over a month between Richfield and Glenwood, in short country have been surrounded by a sufficient number of Indians and wiped out of existence, then in more and verse they would have received the attention we now give to Custer and his men. A monument to their memory would have been erected on the spot, where now the Indians of the hills pile they then dig are no more to be found. And yet these men did their duty well.

Let our Legislators think of this, and lose no time in appealing to Congress to discharge the debt the nation owes to those who still live and who did their duty to their country in those early days.

ALMON JOSES.

LETTER FROM STOCKHOLM.

King Oscar's Jubilee—Jerome's Latest —Sunday In London.

STOCKHOLM, Jan. 8.—(Special.) It is now believed that the money gift to be presented to king Oscar at his 25 years' jubilee in September will exceed several million crowns. Money is coming in rapidly, all the large firms and countries of the kingdom contributing with sums varying in amount from 1,000 to 100,000 crowns. Individuals also give freely, and several persons who want their names withheld have donated as much as 25,000 crowns each. As it is found to be impossible to spend the money it will be used in founding a hospital for consumptives.

The king does not seem entirely free from rheumatism, and has confined all the audiences he is giving during the celebration of his jubilee this year.

BURIAL AT SEA.

The largest funeral procession ever held here took place a few days ago when the late Dr. Alfred Nobel, multi-millionaire and inventor of dynamite, was laid to rest. Every leading house of business was represented by its employes. There were hundreds of carriages in the funeral procession and the hearse was followed closely by five open carriages which contained the wreaths and flowers they could hold. Artistic and beautiful indeed from all countries of Europe, the largest number having been received from Russia and France.

The wreath of the Nobel brothers is undoubtedly one of the most costly of the world, being estimated as high as 1,000 million crowns. The late Alfred leaves of their about 200 millions or, in American money over $50,000,000.

HORMON TAKEN TO TASK.

Prosecution of Mormon is being greatly taken to task by the Swedish and Norwegian press on account of some extraordinary steps so far as stating their belief that persecution is insane. Great though he has been as a great all parties agree that he is a dead failure as a politician.

NAY GUNS FOR A FORTRESS.

The Rev. Oscar Fredrikburg that demands the entrance to Stockholm from the Baltic will be strongly fortified. The cost is estimated at 15 million crowns, and the money will be used for the purchase of some big guns.

HANSEN AS A LECTURER.

Nansen's great lecture before the Geographical society of London was a tremendous success. The picture was delivered in the large Albert Hall. Thousands were unable to gain admission. The date for the reception of Nansen and his expedition at Christiania have been calculated. They amount to 70,000 crowns.

NORWAY'S GRAND DISPLAY.

Norway's exhibit at the Stockholm exhibition will be one of the features of the big fair. The number of Norwegian exhibitors who have registered up to date is 600. Besides these over 200 Norwegian artists exhibit in the art palace. The United States will be represented by at least twenty of its foremost artists.

POSTOFFICE, TELEGRAPH, ETC.

The postoffice which, as early as 1636, was made a government department of Sweden, annually transmits more than 120,000,000 letters and parcels. The postoffice numbered Jan. 1 of the present year 2,696.

Sweden has more than 6,000 miles of telegraph lines, those of the railways not being included. The length of the wires is about 15,000 miles. The telegraph office is open at every high state of the telegraph in Sweden—the number of telegrams not being fully 2,000,000 a year for a population of 5,000,000 inhabitants. But so much the more progress has the telephone made. Nineteen telephones, double wired and of the most excellent kind each year be had at the very cheap rate of twelve dollars a year, and for a telephone in your residence the annual fee is only $12. The total length of the connections is at present about 80,000 miles, and the number of apparatus over 50,000. The statistics given out Jan. 1 shows that in Stockholm there is one telephone for every nineteen inhabitant. No city in the world can show a companion picture to this.

The state owns over half the number of telephones used in Sweden, but connections with the state telephone and those of the private telephone companies and even railroads are made all over the kingdom. For such connections you are charged 6½ cents for each communication.

Among the private enterprises the Stockholm General Telephone company occupies the very foremost position. Its central station is the largest and best equipped in the world. The company had over 16,000 subscribers on Jan. 1 of this year.

When a woman finds trouble down upon her, she usually goes to weeping right and goes to bed or else her husband wakes up to a realization of his duties.

It seems are remarkable cavities of their health. They don't like to put out money for doubtful investments.

The majority of women have some disease. Probably it originates from a death or casualty noticed in a friend. There's a peculiar fascination about Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. Don't despair because other doctors have failed. Don't think that a medicine cannot be found to suit your case. Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is a powerful, yet harmless, invigorating cordial and restorative tonic. It is not recommended as a "cure-all" but as a most perfect remedy for all those chronic weaknesses and diseases peculiar to women. It is guaranteed to give satisfaction in every case, or money paid for it will be refunded. In all cases of imperfect digestion, bearing-down sensations, chronic weakness, prostration, nervousness, sick-headache, and kindred symptoms, it gives perfect satisfaction, or your money back. In the cure of leucorrhœa, excessive flowing, painful menstruation, and all female complaints, it is unequaled and invaluable. Sold by druggists, under our positive guarantee, or sent by mail on receipt of $1.00. For pamphlet, address World's Dispensary Medical Association, 663 Main Street, Buffalo, N. Y.

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EASTERN ARIZONA TOWNS.

Their Population Made up Largely of Former Utah People.

Some Discouraging Current Rumors of Recent Droughts—Reservoirs Being Built and a Good Future in Store.

St. Johns, Arizona, Feb. 3rd, 1897.

To the Editor:

In almost every town of Eastern Arizona there is a large number of people who are from Utah. Many of the settlers have returned to Utah discouraged and ready to give Arizona a bad name so that "Arizona" is a name which strikes terror in the breasts of many Utonians. Eastern Arizona in connection with all the southwest has suffered from drought of late years, and the colonists have had a hard time. The cause of the discouragement lay, originally, in the settlers not adapting themselves to the country. In Arizona the highest mountains are not very precipitous, so the snow melts quickly in the spring, and leaves the streams dry or nearly so, in June and July. The people of Utah have "living" streams, and the settlers of Arizona failed to grasp the changed conditions there. Cree after crop was lost and the chill find of experience has driven them to see their needs. Consequently reservoirs have been and are being built to hold the big streams of spring time and the floods of the rainy season or the summer use. When the rains begin early these reservoirs will not be needed, but no permanent prosperity will come until the water supply is sure.

NAVAJO SPRINGS.

This is a desolate little wayside station of the Atlantic and Pacific railroad noted as being the first seat of territorial government in Arizona.

HOLBROOK OR NAVAJO.

This is another railroad station being more important than Navajo Springs because it is the shipping point for Fort Apache. It is also the county seat of the new county of Navajo. Twenty-eight miles away and we are

AT SNOWFLAKE.

Snowflake is a town of five hundred people. It will never be much larger unless other than agricultural interests make it so. Snowflake looks more like a Utah town because it has many orchards, and a great number of brick residences. It you want to locate any town or city the quickest way is to kill its orchards and sound trees, for they add more to the beauty of a town than good houses. At present Snowflake is the most prosperous town in this part of Arizona.

CONCHO OR ERASTUS.

A town with two names looks like rather a tendency to overdo the thing. The Mormon settlers have usually retained the towns where the Mexicans were the original settlers, and where Mexican names would have given a pleasing variety. So the ecclesiastical board here is named Erastus. The post office president and postal name is Concho. To be acquainted the very name signifies "turkey trot." But, Concho has suffered less from the recent droughts and crop-failures than many neighboring towns. On the road from Concho to Springerville a deserted cattle ranch is passed. The ranch was once the "home ranch" of fifteen thousands cattle and could not have been bought for $50,000 but the country is now left to the owners of sheep and the once valuable ranches are for sale at a very low price.

SPRINGERVILLE

has suffered materially from the drought of past years, and many people are to be met in all parts of Utah who have been residents of the place. It is naturally a good place for farming, for raising sheep and cattle in the whole of Arizona. But the original settlers were slow to develop the country. Reservoirs were not thought of by the settlers who came, the people lived on what they had. The money from the sheep and cattle did not reach the hands of the real settlers but was owned by big holders whose homes were to the east or other places. They invested no money in developing the country because it took years to get returns, and so they have gone earnestly to work. A nine hundred foot dam across the little Colorado holds water over six hundred acres of land in the Silver valley. But a better use for a reservoir is just below. A dam can be tunneled and fifty feet across and forty-five feet high to the now tunneled and forty feet thick will hold the water over seventeen hundred acres of land and irrigate an estimated area of fifteen thousand acres. But the better land of St. Johns is not now under cultivation. On the branch south and east of town for twenty thousand acres of sandy land, while in the lower valley there is now cultivated the land is heavy clay. A ditch from the mouth of the intended reservoir running with a moderate fall would cover seventeen thousand acres. This, with the sheep and cattle interests that center in St. Johns, would make the town capable of supporting a population of five thousand people. The drawback of good culinary water has made St. Johns a poor place of residence. There is a spring of water four miles away which the town bought for $1,000, that could be brought to town at a cost of $3,000, not counting separating pipes. So the future of St. Johns never appeared better than now. The people are ready to build the new dam and canal and with them an abundance of non-mineral water will be supplied to the irrigating land and St. Johns will quickly double its population.

GEORGE H. CROSBY, Jr.

A Fight In the Trenstraal.

The stories of fighting between Boers and English in South Africa have a strong resemblance to those of Indian fighting in the old days in New England. Bullets are exchanged between armies at unseen enemies hidden behind stones and bushes, and each bullet has, under such circumstances, an immense value.

The Cape Mercury says that Mr. Sampson, one of the Johannesburg "reformers," is the proud owner of a famous rooibat with old Botha, a Boer fighter of renown. In the Boer war of 1881 Sampson and Botha found themselves behind stones on a level plain, shooting at each other. Sampson finally made sure that he had hit Botha and raised the head a little, when a bullet plowed his neck.

"My man is dead," exclaimed Botha, and expired himself. At the same instant a bullet from Sampson's rifle struck him.

"This time I've got him!" shouted Sampson, and raised himself up, but a bullet grazed his side and he dropped. Botha now found out exactly that he had ended his antagonists, and jumped up on his feet, only to be again laid low.

Though the men were now past fighting, with two bad wounds apiece, both recovered, and when Sampson settled on the Transvaal they became great friends and often chaffed each other about this encounter.

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