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"DESERVING POOR."

Dress and I am crowded street
An aged beggar chanced to meet;
Divine pathos lit with mystic fires,
And said, in angle monotone down,
"I treat all cent with rule unswerving.
How can you know when they're deserving?"

"You're right," I cried, with nodding head
(I held for Dives for my bread),
But since the adept is known to lurk,
And savvily fellows hold in work,
I thought, "This world and many more
Starve through those words, 'Deserving poor.'"

And then, because I hadn't know
How Dives rich and virtuous grew,
I entered his thought: "Work careful alone,
Such alive, discriminating qualms,
Should be observed in rule unswerving
But by the rich who are deserving."

—George Horton in Century.

A REDHANDED PEACE.

THE CANBY TRAGEDY IN THE MODOC WAR.

Forced Into a Trying Situation, the Brave Soldier Ignored the Voice of Warning and Obeyed Orders at the Cost of His Life.

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HAD Gen. Canby been asked to charge to the very mouth of a cannon firing double canister he would not have shown greater bravery in responding than he did when he stepped out from the protection of the ranks of his military to the council tent between the Modocs, where Captain Jack and his bloodthirsty Modocs lay in waiting on the morning of April 11, 1873. Captain Jack had broken his pledge again and again within a few days preceding the "peace talk," which he made the cover of a most barbarous massacre.

Friendly Indians, who knew the Modocs' purpose, scouts, and above all a squaw, who had the privileges of Capt. Jack's tent, and learned by unerring signs that mischief was on foot, warned the army leaders and Indian commissioners not to trust themselves within reach of the Modocs. It was a singular state of affairs there at the Lava Beds of Tule lake, with an "army with banners" on one side and a handful of fugitives—outlawed savages—on the other. The troops numbered several hundred, the larger part being regulars, provided with the best implements of war, including howitzers. The Indian warriors numbered about two score, and had good small arms, but not much ammunition. The United States forces had been in the field for months upon an expedition to force the Modocs to go upon a reservation.

Several battles had been fought, and the Modocs, generally victorious, had secured ammunition from the dead soldiers. The position occupied by the Indians had given them the upper hand in many a desperate fight with great odds. It was in a barren region known as the Lava Beds, where volcanic upheavals have left a regular series of ridges, broken at the surface by deep crevices running both lengthwise and crosswise. The crevices formed hidden passages for the Indians to move about, and where it suited their purposes they blocked them against the traveling troops by rolling huge rocks down from above. The army officers reported that one man in the Lava Beds could keep twenty at a distance.

When matters reached a crisis, however, the army surrounded the place, and with its cannon and mounted troops was in a fair way to win at all points. But before this have come to settle the doom of the Modocs forever hostilities were suspended by orders from Washington at the request of the Indian bureau. Was the diplomatic world calls negotiation, but in the parlance of the plains is known as a "peace talk," was to be brought into use at a moment when the scalping knives of the Modocs were dripping with blood and their victims lay unburied and bleeding within sight of the council tent. Canby had reached the spot prepared to fight and finish the business. Not that he was a cruel Indian hater. On the contrary, he was a friend of the red man and had proved it scores of times, even as far back as the Seminole trouble. But he thought that patience had ceased to be a virtue and it was time to cease talking and go to shooting. The Modocs were not a new species. The soldiers knew them and the settlers as well. They had grievances, too, but had inflicted more of all the misery on the men because of treading over their grievances.

In the early days of California, 1847 to 1849, they destroyed many whites and were afterward whipped by Capt. Nathaniel Lyon's forces for their forays upon settlers. In 1852 the settlers organized, and after a terrible massacre invited the Modocs to a "peace talk" and killed 41 out of 46 warriors who responded. Naturally, savage tradition didn't allow that sort of negotiation to die out of remembrance. After years of war, in which they got the worst of it, of course, they ceded their lands and agreed to go on a reservation.

The band then went on the Klamath reservation, where they had no game to live on, were shocked out of their supplies, and tormented by their natural enemies, the Klamaths. Groups of them strayed back to their old home on Klamath lake, and those in 1870 were about forty familiies

CAPTAIN JACK'S SQUAW.

headed by Captain Jack and a son of the hereditary chief, Schonchin. Orders were sent by the Indian agent to the army to remove the Modocs to their reservation with or without force. Accordingly a detachment of cavalry made a night march, surprised Captain Jack's camp with the loss of and his warriors were in bed, shot down 8 or 9 and wounded others, and retired with a loss of "1 man killed and 2 wounded." The Modocs got away to the Lava Beds, maintaining silence along the route, and once more the war was on.

The soldiers, 400 strong, attacked the Lava Beds in January, 1873, with a loss of 40 killed and wounded. Then came Canby, commanding the department, took a hand, bringing his big experience with Indians to lose in half previously adopted that force be dispensed with, a new commission be set apart and the Modocs allowed time to move to it, and other measures to protect the Indians from treachery and settlers from annoyance. After the officer had been transferred the Indian bureau had set the army on the warpath with the result as above stated, of hunting the Modocs into the Lava Beds beyond the reach of force or diplomacy.

After the bloody failure of January, Canby reported to the war department that peace would not be possible until Captain Jack's band should be "subdued and punished." The president stopped at and turned the matter over to the peace men. Canby being told to keep his troops on the defensive. During February and March the peace commissioners tried their hands and reported failure. One request of Captain Jack was that the common camp, with six mounted men, meet the Tule Modoc band. Late in March, the secretary of the interior asked that Gen. Canby take sole charge of the negotiations and, acting under instructions from the interior department and army headquarters, he marched upon the Modoc lair, virtually holding the sword in one hand and the olive branch in the other. The Lava Beds were surrounded, the soldiery attempting to cut off the Indian supplies and to prevent their escape.

Three matters stood when Capt. Jack requested a "peace talk" at a spot three fourths of a mile outside the army lines on April 11. He specified that Gen. Canby and Col. Gillem, who was in immediate command of the troops, and the commissioners, Meacham, Dyer and Dr. Thomas, should meet Schonchin, Schonchin and two or three others. The mediators for this interview were two Modocs, Boston Charley and Bogus Charley, who entered Canby's camp on the 10th with the message from their chief, and Bogus Charley remained over night. Boston Charley passed the night in the Lava Beds and on the morning of the 11th returned to the army camp and said it was all right. Capt. Jack would be on hand to negotiate for a reservation.

In Canby's camp at the time there was a white interpreter name Riddle, whose wife was a Modoc loyal to her husband's friends. The squaw known as "Tobe" frequently visited the Lava Beds, and about the time that Captain Jack's attitude was apparently for peace she intimated that he was meditating treachery. On the night that Bogus Charley and Boston Charley came to with their proposal she became more earnest than before and begged the officers and commissioners to put no faith in the matter. On the morning of the conference she and her husband joined in their plea and declared that if the party would go they "washed their hands of the whole matter." When the hour arrived Gen. Canby, Meacham, Dyer, Dr. Thomas, with Riddle, "Tobe" and the two Modoc mediators went out through the picket lines, covered by the eyes of the army signal officer. Col. Gillem did not go. The camp was under arms, ready for an emergency.

The party had revolvers upon their persons, and on reaching the tent found Captain Jack with five others awaiting them. The Indians were pistols at their belts. A circle was formed and the "talk" began, Meacham speaking first of the kindness intentions of the government, Canby followed, reminding the Indians of his past kindnesses to the red men. Several speeches were offered to the whites by Captain Jack's followers, but he did not check them nor apologize. These incidents in connection with the pistols at the belts of the Modocs were taken as an evidence that "Tobe" had divined and told the truth.

THE SQUAW'S TIMELY WARNING.

and the "peace talk" was only a blind. Yet the stranger party were the ones to show forbearance and display confidence in dealing with the ignorant and misguided savages, and Canby permitted the talk to go on.

The Indians finally took the floor, and at that moment their crafty brethren back in the Lava Beds were attempting to draw the officers of Canby's outposts into a snare. Finding that they could not do so, they opened fire and wounded a lieutenant. The war soon from the signal station and was about to be communicated to Canby, when the "peace talk" party was seen to sudden ly disperse. In an instant firing began and the result was that all started in the same at double quick. But it was too late.

The talk had lasted two hours, when Schonchin took up the Modoc cause and Captain Jack retired from the circle. The next move was the appearance of two strange Modocs at a point near by with guns and full of rifles. This was a signal that the attack on the army outposts was under way. Captain Jack, coming up from behind, presented his pistol at Canby's back and fired upon him. Canby fell dead. All the whites took alarm and scattered, at the same time drawing their weapons. Captain Jack shot Canby but not fatally and he started to run, pursued by two Modocs. A second bullet brought him down and an Indian sprang upon him and plunged a knife into his neck. Dr. Thomas was instantly killed at the first fire.

The chief peace commissioner fell a victim to Schonchin, whose father had been butchered at the "peace talk" massacre eighteen years before. Meacham was pursued and fired upon until he fell. Meacham, Dyer and the interpreter Riddle had escaped, and the squaw "Tobe" lay senseless on the ground, killed by a blow on the head. As Meacham dropped into ground a Modoc ran toward him with a drawn scalping knife and was about to dispatch him when "Tobe" revived, and seeing that her worst fears had been realized screamed, "The soldiers are coming." At this cry, which was a ruse so far as the square was concerned, the savages fled.

From that hour Canby's soldiers gave the Modocs no peace until they were driven from the Lava Beds and captured. Captain Jack, Schonchin, Boston Charley and Black Jim expiated their wrongful deed upon the scaffold, and their people were given a new reservation, and Canby had an "ear" before the double duty of fighting and negotiation was forced upon him.

GEORGE L. KILMER.

When Turkeys Are Angry.

In countries where flocks of turkeys are raised one can hear them quite quickly from their gobblings when they have captured a hawk. If they next day standing side or trying down they hide — — —