

ditions of the Cherokee Strip and "No Man's Land" it covers an area of at least 200 by 200 miles—fully 20,000,000 acres of land. The lands ceded to the government by the Indian tribes are as follows:

April 22, 1889, the Outlet, belonging to the Seminoles and Creeks, containing over one and a half million acres of land. This was the first settlement and commencement of Oklahoma.

Since then and on the 22nd of Sept., 1891, the Iowa, Sac and Fox, Pottawatomie and Shawnee, called the Pott country, came in.

Early in 1892 the Cheyene's and Arapahoes furnished a large piece.

And this fall, Sept. 16, the Cherokee Strip of 6,000,000 acres, and "no man's land" of half that amount have been added, making in all 20,000,000 acres at least.

The remaining tribes which have not come in are the five civilized—the Cherokees, Chickasaws, Choctaws, Creeks and Seminoles; the semi-civilized Osages and the Ka sa tribes, the Poncas, Otoes, Missouris, Kiowas, Comanches, Apaches, and some small factions in the northeast corner of the Cherokee country, the Senecas, Wyandottes, Ottawas, Peorias and Quapaws. The present Oklahoma is situated south of Kansas, north of the remaining Kiowas, Comanches and Apaches' reservation, the Chickasaw nation and a piece of unassigned land down in the corner by Texas and the Panhandle of Texas, on the west by the Panhandle and on the east by the remaining unallotted Indian territory. A strong pull is being made to get all in and make one great Democratic state.

The settlers of this new territory have come from all parts of the country, more especially from Kansas, Arkansas, Texas, Missouri and the neighboring states—a very good class of citizens. Considering the progress they have made and the indebtedness they have incurred, they must be of the "progressive American" type, possessed of a great deal of the "western push."

Arkansas city is called out; we now have crossed the line into the state of Kansas, where the writer will end his narrative until he is heard from at his old Indian home, at Manard, Indian Territory.

ANDREW KIMBALL.

Written for this Paper.

BOLD APACHE THIEVES.

COLONIA SACHEGO, Chihuahua, Mexico, Dec. 16, 1893.—Among the many incidents common to pioneer life we have our quota of the dramatic. On Tuesday morning last Bishop Jesse N. Smith Jr., of this place, E. L. Taylor and Elmore Cardon of Juarez started to hunt cattle on the Rio Garilan, expecting to return this (Saturday) evening. Learning this morning that they had returned late last night I went up and found them at breakfast when the following conversation took place:

"Well, Bishop, what success in your cattle drive?"

"Pretty good."

"I didn't expect you home before tonight."

"That was our program, but the presence of some unknown parties in our camp during our absence made it desirable for us to come sooner."

"How, why, what was the matter?"

"The first and second day we rode the North Creek range some fifteen miles west; Thursday night moved our stock and camp three miles south to Father Naegle's corral on the Garilan; Friday morning we separated into two parties—one to return to camp at noon and herd the cattle already gathered. The boys returned after about four hours' ride and found our entire outfit had been stolen during our absence and we were left without bedding and provisions."

"Indeed, and what were your losses?"

"Four saddle-horses (you see we each had a fresh mount), eight quilts, two pairs of blankets, a pillow, two coats, a new overcoat, a new oilcloth slicker, provisions, cooking utensils, packing outfit, horse-shoeing tools, etc."

"Did you ascertain who were the thieves?"

"We found not a single track in the camp, the indications being that the thieves had walked about upon the bedding while they gathered up the plunder. Some two hundred yards from camp we found a single track which we supposed to be a muffled horse-track. This would indicate that the thieves were Apache Indians who have a custom of shoeing their horses with rawhide moccasins, which serve the double purpose of preserving the horse's feet from the rocks and his rider from pursuit, as so shod he makes no track except on soft and dusty ground."

"How are they secured?"

"You see the Indians live in great part on beef and game, the hides of which they cut into pieces of convenient size and shape and place them on the horses' feet while yet green (or water soaked and fasten the edges about the ankle with a draw string, where they are left to dry upon the horses' feet when they are removed for future use; I should say that a handful of grass is placed under the horses' feet to prevent the hide from shrinking to the exact size and shape of the foot and to more effectually muffle the tracks. The indications were that our horses as soon as caught were unhobbled and muffled and our efforts to follow the track were unavailing. A party of our boys accidentally coming upon a deserted Indian camp the past summer found a great number of these cast off rawhide shoes lying around."

"Do you then suppose that it was in fact Apache Indians?"

"Since the massacre of the Thompson family a year ago the 19th of last September the notorious 'Kid' and his band have been at large and I believe they have spent much of that time in the fastnesses of these mountains. You will remember they made an attack last June upon a prospecting party only twenty-five miles from here and bore away seven burros laden with provisions, ammunition, clothing and seventy-five dollars in cash; also in September last when potatoes, squashes and corn were unharvested, they actually came into our field and carried off a winter supply. At one of their deserted camps as much as a wagon box full of corn cobs were found where they had apparently cut off and dried the green corn. There, too, was found an old quilt sup-

posed to be one stolen from the Thompson family. Yes, we believe it was Apache Indians and are glad they were satisfied without our scalps, as they must have shadowed us for days, and might have easily surprised or ambushed us."

"What then do you consider to be our condition here as to safety?"

"They are but a small band of perhaps from five to seven and would not likely undertake an attack on our settlements so long as we maintain proper precautionary measures. In fact, I can see no object they could have in doing so, in view of the consequent risk to themselves as long as they are well provided with clothing, bedding and beef on the ranges. Indeed, this last incident would indicate that if their wants could be supplied they would not recklessly take life nor risk their own lives."

You may perhaps have heard of the recent skirmish between some of our brethren and a band of revolutionists in which our brethren were marvelously preserved. Aside from some temporary excitement, little came of it. The governor of the state of Chihuahua wrote the president of the principality in which we live, eulogizing in highest terms the valuable services of our people.

The Saints assembled as usual at their quarterly conference and had a most enjoyable time, winding up on Monday evening with an old-time social party—dancing, speeches, songs and goodfellowship.

Crops the last season were reasonably good for this country. Some losses of wheat and potatoes through excessive rains. Breadstuffs for the coming season are quite an important item with us. No snow has yet fallen here this winter. We are having frosty nights but delightful days. HENRY LUNT.

Written for this Paper.

CATSKILLS TO WASATCH.

I write you today from my distant eastern home according to my promise which was made during my pleasant call at your office a month ago today (November 28).

But now a grave question arises: How am I to write anything concerning my western trip that will at all interest the many readers of your paper? It seems a formidable task, and were it not that I regard my promises not like piecrust—made to be broken—I should indeed give it up.

October 23rd dawned dark and rainy. As I looked from my window on the distant Catskill mountains, a fog deep and full met my gaze—not a very pleasant outlook for the day in which to start to Chicago and the World's Fair. Notwithstanding, early in the afternoon I was on my way passing through the old Empire state of New York with Buffalo at the western point where I was to change cars for Niagara Falls and suspension bridge, which every tourist should stop and see.

Of Niagara Falls so many descriptions have been written and rewritten by far abler pens than mine, and have been read and sung at nearly every fireside in the land, that I pass it by with just this thought: It seemed to me, as I looked on the gigantic cataract of Niagara, that if I all my life