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LIFE WITH THE INDIANS.

A Brother Tar Heel Tells of His Experience With Red Eagle, the Famous Chief of the Kootenays.
Correspondent of The Standard.

NELSON, B. C., June 27.—As I sit in my cabin this dark and rainy day, my memory is carried back to the spring of '81. It was on the 9th of May that as I sat by my window looking out over the broad moor that stretches out toward the south from Flat Bow, British Columbia, to Banners Ferry, Idaho, I had been at my little trading post six months and ten days, and nothing uncommon to a trader's life had occurred. On this particular day I felt depressed and out of spirits; I sat listlessly gazing out on the dreary landscape meditating on my native land. There seemed all of a sudden to spring up a gale of wind from the south and at the same time a dense fog, and there was a rumbling noise not like that of thunder but like the approach of a troop of cavalymen. I gave a more searching glance at the thick vapor and I saw the dim outlines of a horseman. It seemed that the horse was carried or held up by the fog. I looked with wonder on this strange phenomenon. At once the wind ceased blowing and the fog disappeared leaving an Indian warrior and his pony standing about fifty feet from my window. There the Indian stood motionless looking at me with keen and scrutinizing eyes, a carabobo skin was wrapped around his form and his long black hair hung over his shoulders in an entangled mass. He had quiver willed filled with arrows, also bow in hand. I do not know how long I sat looking at this savage between fear and doubt as to his regeneration. However I at last succeeded in taking my eyes off of him, when I looked again his countenance seemed to be lit up with more animation, there was not such a scowl upon his face. Suddenly he broke the silence; he addressed me in the Kootenay tongue: "Kas kinnie ninco larwom," which being interpreted is where did you come from Before I could reply he went on. "It has been fifty years since I left this country; in my time there were no pale faces in the broad valley. There was a time when my people were happy—they would defy the inclemency of the winters blast in the buck skin clothing, it was sport for them to torment the grizzlies with bow and arrow and they met their enemies without fear. I at that time was chief of the Kootenays. I was known by the tribes of the south as the Red Eagle of the north. For thirty years I led my people to victory first, against one tribe, then another. We held our beautiful valley against overwhelming forces. The Nez Percies and Flat Heads have time and again tried to take possession of this country. They succeeded at one time to get as far as Tobacco Plains where we met them. They outnumbered my tribe four to one but after three days of hard fighting we drove them back to their own country. The Crows, the Black Feet and Regans from the north; Spokanes, and Colyilles from the

west; the Nez Percies and Flat Heads from the south have all tried to get possession of of this valley, but we have withstood all their dauntardly attacks. It was just fifty years ago today that I met Taltamnee, the chief of the Crows. He had crossed the Rockies through the Crows' nest pass, and was encamped at the mouth of Bull River on the Kootenay, right in the heart of my country with four thousand warriors. I at once held a council and decided to attack him with my whole force containing two thousand. This was the hardest fought battle that the Kootenays ever engaged in. It was in that fight that I received my death wound from a spear in the hand of Taltamnee, (at this point in his narrative he exposed his breast) and I could see a broken spear still remaining in his chest.) Notwithstanding the odds against them, and the fall of their chief. My son at once took command and drove the crows back across the Rockies into their own country. My son, Temminesah, is still Chief. He is a brave and noble warrior."

At these words I at once found power of utterance. "Now, Old Red Eagle, you have been telling me a long yarn and no doubt some of it is the truth, but you lie whenou say y that Temminesah is brave and a noble warrior. I happen to be personally acquainted with him, and he is the worst coward I ever saw. He is mean and treacherous. He tried to bluff me into paying him one hundred dollars for an old cur dog of his that I shot for a timber wolf." At these words Old Red Eagle began to advance on me. I reached up for my rifle, intending to see what affect hot lead would have upon him, but there was no use for the gun. At this moment the wind began to moan and I looked and Red Eagle was again astride his horse and was being carried off to the South on the crest of a dense fog. As I followed him with my eyes I saw him gesticulating frantically and I saw the pony wave his tail seeming to say—fare you well!

BROTHER TAR HEEL.
TO BE CONTINUED.

THE ONLY True Blood Purifier prominently in the public eye today is Hood's Sarsaparilla. Therefore get Hood's and **ONLY HOOD'S.**

EXCURSION TO ASHEVILLE.

By the Ladies Aid Society of Forest Hill Methodist Church.

The train will leave here at 5 o'clock Saturday morning, July 10th and returning same day, leaving Asheville at about 5 o'clock in the afternoon. Fare for the round trip, \$2.00. Parties wishing to go on this train must leave their names at the store of the Odell Manufacturing Company not later than Saturday, July 3rd.

The Ideal Panacea

James L. Francis, Alderman, Chicago says: I regard Dr. King's New Discovery as an Ideal Panacea for Coughs, Colds and Lung Complaints, having used it in my family for the last five years, to the exclusion of physicians's prescriptions or other preparations. Rev. John Burgess, Keokuk, Iowa, writes: I have been a minister of the Methodist Episcopal church for 50 years or more, and have never found anything so beneficial, or that gave me such speedy relief as Dr. King's New Discovery. Try this Ideal Cough Remedy now. Trial Bottles free at Feszer's Drug Store.

PERSONAL POINTERS.

—Mr. George W Means has gone to Blacksburg, S. C.

—Hon. W G Means and daughter, Miss Belle, have returned from Cleveland Springs.

—Mrs. L D Coltrane and little son left this morning for Wilson, where they will visit relatives.

—Mrs. Rev. J D Aarnold has gone to Raleigh to attend the bedside of her mother, who is quite sick.

—H G Chatham, of the Chatham Manufacturing Company at Elkin, spent the morning in our city.

—Miss Jennie Brown has gone to High Point, where she will spend sometime with her sister, Mrs. W E Castor.

—Rev. Paul Barringer, of Mount Pleasant, passed through the city this morning on his way to Newton.

—Miss Lois McDowell arrived in the city last night and is a pleasing acquisition to Mrs. Lowe's house party.

—Mrs. J C Leslie and little child returned to their home in Charlotte today, after spending several days in the city.

—Mrs. Dr. D D Johnson and children have returned from Mt. Pleasant, where they spent several days with Mr. and Mrs. L J Foil.

—Miss Bessie Misenheimer who has been spending a week with her sister, Mrs. M L Buchanan, returned to Mt. Pleasant, her home, today.

—Miss Georgia Lowe and Messrs. Charles Lowe and Henry Rhyne, of Mt. Holly, have returned to their homes, after a visit to Mr. and Mrs. S J Lowe.

—Mr. James P Cook spent several days in the city this week. He left for Greenville, S. C., this morning and will attend the meeting of the South Carolina Teachers' Assembly, which will be held at Paris Mountain.

Fresh Deviled

Crabs,

Oysters

AND

Columbia River

Salmon

AT

Ervin & Smith's
GROCERS.

We wish to caution all users of the Simmons Liver Regulator on a subject of the deepest interest and importance to their health—perhaps their lives. The sole proprietors and makers of Simmons Liver Regulator learn that customers are often deceived by buying at a taking some medicine of a similar appearance or taste, believing it to be Simmons Liver Regulator. We warn you that unless the word Regulator is on the package or bottle, that it is not Simmons Liver Regulator. No one else makes, or ever has made Simmons Liver Regulator, or anything called Simmons Liver Regulator, but J. H. Zeilin & Co., and no medicine made by anyone else is the same. We alone can put it up, and we cannot be responsible, if other medicines represented as the same do not help you as you are led to expect they will. Bear this fact well in mind, if you have been in the habit of using a medicine which you supposed to be Simmons Liver Regulator, because the name was somewhat like it, and the package did not have the word Regulator on it, you have been imposed upon and have not been taking Simmons Liver Regulator at all. The Regulator has been favorably known for many years, and all who use it know how necessary it is for Fever and Ague, Bilious Fever, Constipation, Headache, Dyspepsia, and all disorders arising from a Diseased Liver. We ask you to look for yourselves, and see that Simmons Liver Regulator, which you can readily distinguish by the Red Z on wrapper, and by our name, is the only medicine called Simmons Liver Regulator.

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