

Caught How Old Indians General In Trap Harney Fooled the Sioux

In the days before railroads crossing the plains was a hazardous trip. Indians were always laying for the trains, and the trail was the scene of many bloody encounters.

"Along in 1855-56," said a veteran of the trail recently, "General William S. Harney was in command of the United States soldiers on the then frontier. His headquarters were at Fort Leavenworth. The wagon trail from Oregon and California led from Fort Leavenworth to Fort Kearney, Nebraska, then to Julesburg, in Colorado, from there to Fort Laramie, through old South pass to Badger and then to Salt Lake.

"Every now and then a band of Sioux would ride up to an ox train, kill if they felt like it and always drive away the stock. Soldiers would be sent out and have the pleasure of following the Indians' trail until the weather would make winter quarters necessary. Harney started from Leavenworth after one band, taking about 400 cavalrymen, or dragoons. The Indians left along ahead of him till they reached the mountain, and then Harney turned back. It was the old story, the Sioux said, and their scouts followed the soldiers until they were well into Kansas. Then the Sioux knew the country was clear for new operations.

"Harney stopped on the Blue river, in northern Kansas, near where Marys-



ville now stands. A wagon train reached there, from Leavenworth, and Harney had all the freight unloaded—simply seized the train. Then he put 400 soldiers into those wagons, and in two were mountain guns.

"The outfit was seventy miles on the way to Laramie when the big day came, and it came quick. Behind them on the trail the men on the outside saw a war party. Some say there were 500 Indians in it. Even if they hadn't been painted, the fact that they were without women or children would have told the story. The train made the usual preparations for an Indian attack, throwing the wagons into a circle, or more of an ellipse, and unhooking the five lead yokes to each wagon. A front wheel of each wagon touched a hind wheel of the one in front, and the tongues were turned to the outside. At the front end of the corral an opening about fifteen feet was left, but at the rear the opening into the corral was about fifty feet wide.

"Harney didn't have time to drive his oxen into the corral, or else he did not want to. Only the five yoke of leaders were unhitched, and they were then chained to the front wheel of their wagon. The space in the corral was all clear for the Indians, whose method of attacking a wagon train was to rush into the corral and do their shooting. They were a happy lot of braves this day. The war band started for the trail when the corral was forming. They spread out like a fan and then came together again and started for the big opening as hard as their war ponies could carry them. A whooping, variegated mob, with no more clothes than the paint gave, it fell into the corral, and then real fun began.

"Those soldiers, who had been sweating under canvas for a few weeks, wanted excitement and revenge. The tarantulas went up, and they shot down into that mass of braves as fast as they could load. The two mountain guns completed the surprise, and the braves hardly fired a shot before their backs were climbing over one another to get out the way they came. It was the only real Indian panic. When the last Sioux brave able to ride disappeared across the prairie, there was a big mess to clean up. I've heard all kinds of stories from men who said they were there giving Harney's big dead Indians as ranging from 100 to 400. Nobody seemed to know the exact number but it was enough to crush the eastern friends of the poor Indian to demand Marston's court martial. Think there was a court of inquiry. It was held that the method used and only one with results, but was destructive to the Sioux as well.

Hunting Centipeds A Thrilling Sport

Boys of southern California earn many a dime catching centipeds and tarantulas which abound in that region. Thousands of these creatures are captured every year and after being mounted are sold to naturalists and tourists.

The young hunter's outfit consists of a pair of homemade wooden pinchers about eighteen inches long and a five gallon oil can with the top thrown half open. Scraps of paper line the bottom of this can to a depth of six or eight inches, and into this rustling heap the worms are placed.

They are found under rocks and stones. Full grown California centipeds are from five to eight inches long and average forty-two legs and twenty-one segments. Each leg is terminated by a formidable brown thorn, and if the worm is angered he simultaneously thrusts every thorn into the flesh of his victim, who feels as if a red-hot iron were carving lines of pain upon his skin.

But the weapons that do the most mischief are placed just below the mouth and are formed from the second pair of feet, which are modified into a pair of strong claws. These claws are perforated and are traversed by a little canal leading from the poison gland. They come together under the flesh of their victim, with a hold so tenacious that the centipede sometimes has to be torn to pieces before he will loosen his hold.

Boys who gather the creatures are sometimes bitten, for on hot days the worms run like a streak of lightning, and unless the pinchers hold firm they glide up the sticks and under their tormentors' shirt sleeves, where they wreak vengeance and raise Cain generally. Sometimes a young hunter wildly clutches his pants leg and, accompanied by his own agonized howls, begins a remarkable dance. An application of ammonia or baking soda is usually efficacious in removing the poison.

Another magazine editor who is also a poet is Mr. Robert Bridges, who assists Mr. Burlingame in editing Scribner's. Mr. Bridges calls his book "Bramble Brae." Some of it comes very near being real poetry if it is not the genuine article, while some of it is pleasant verse which the author would undoubtedly admit was nothing more.

Mr. Robert W. Chambers, author of "Cardigan," was looking through the Harper composing rooms the other day. He stopped beside a monotype machine and noticed that the operator was at work on one of his own manuscripts. Without revealing his identity he remarked:

"That's pretty good manuscript you're working on."
"No; it's darned bad," replied the unconscious printer, not pausing in his labors. "The handwriting's all right," he added.

"Oh," said Mr. Chambers, "you mean the man writes poor stuff?"
"No; his stuff is pretty good."
"Well, what is the trouble with the manuscript?" persisted the now curious author.

"Why, the man don't know how to punctuate!" said the printer, with scorn.

Apropos of Mr. John Kendrick Bangs' new book, "Olympian Nights," it is in these dogs,

which are a cross between Newfoundland and other large breeds, are trained to save men from drowning.

In Zurich the other day a life saving competition for these dogs took place. Sacks full of sand, equal in weight to that of a boy fourteen years of age, were thrown into the water, and also some boys, who of course knew how to swim, sprang into the water and imitated the actions of a drowning man.

At a given signal the dogs were let loose and promptly brought both sacks and boys to land, the animal that accomplished his task in the shortest time receiving the prize. According to a correspondent, the dogs even succeeded by diving in bringing to the surface the sacks which had sunk in water of some considerable depth.

Rare and Peculiar Disease
In Baltimore a short time ago Frank P. Farmer died of a blood disease so rare that only five cases previously had been known in the United States. The young man, robust, apparently in perfect health, died from hemorrhages under the skin. This bleeding first became apparent in small spots under the skin. Gradually they increased until some of them were as big as ten-cent pieces. They increased in numbers and size until finally the brain was attacked, and paralysis from the pressure of the blood on the brain finally killed him.

What Killed Louis Richter?
What killed Louis B. Richter, a farm or living near Massachusetts, Ill.? Six months ago some grapes crushed near the Richter farm, and one of the worms "bit" his hand. "You will die in a week," said the doctor. "You will die in a month," she said. More than five of these months had passed when one morning Richter's wife noticed that he was breathing heavily. Before she could get up and apply a stimulus her husband was dead. Richter had been money as in the morning. Was he very frightened?

Richard Tupper

LITERARY FOLKS.

Some Bits of Personal Gossip About Their Ways.

[Special Correspondence.]

New York, June 17.—It is probably pleasantly assuring for magazine readers to learn that the editors of their favorite publications, those unseen autocrats who hide behind sanctum doors and select the dainties for the monthly repast, are real men of flesh and blood and brains who not only know literature when they see it in manuscript form, but can themselves occasionally produce it. All this is pertinent to the fact that two assistant editors of leading magazines have each published this season a volume of poems.

The latest of these to see the light is a dainty little book of verse by Mr. Robert Underwood Johnson, who, with Mr. Gilder, directs the destinies of the Century Magazine. There is about Mr. Johnson's poems a distinct literary flavor. You recognize at once that this is the product of a trained pen wielded by a man of fine fancy and deep thought. The poems are gemmed with rare and exquisitely colored metaphors, such as

Along the mountain's altar crest
The russet deepens in the west.
Or this in a quatrain entitled "For Tears":

Some birches, from the winter snow un-bend,
And some lie prone the happy summer long.
Is grief but weakness? May it be, blithely,
The heavier burden stays but on the strong?

There is a strong human note in these verses, a quality which makes them worth reading and remembering.

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WELL, WHAT IS THE TROUBLE? interesting to learn that Mr. Bangs himself sold the first copy. It seems that a book agent called upon the author and tried to sell him a five dollar copy of a volume of sermons by a famous divine. Mr. Bangs, feeling no immediate need of the sermons, made repeated efforts to rid himself of the agent, but in vain. Finding that rebuffs were unavailing, he tried persuasion. That, too, failed.

Then a bright thought occurred to him, and he offered to take the book agent's subscription for a copy of "Olympian Nights." To his surprise the offer was accepted, the money paid, and the agent after gaily consuming another half hour of Mr. Bangs' valuable time departed with no further reference to the sermons.

"Evidently," said Mr. Bangs in recounting the incident, "he concluded I was beyond the reach of religious instruction."

Hanna Gerland is camping in Illinois in a picturesque region known as Eagle's Nest, so named by Margaret Fuller many years ago.

GEMS IN VERSE.

A Song.
A wild rose drank of the morning dew,
A wild rose smiled in the morning sun,
A wild rose dreamed the long day through,
A wild rose died when the day was done,
And ever the rose was fair, was sweet,
And ever the rose was shy,
But a rose's life, like a dream, is fleet,
And a rose in a day may die.

It fell on a day that love once grew
In the loam of the heart like a rose;
Like a rose it smiled in the morning dew;
Like a rose it died at the sweet day's close.

And ever the love was fair, was sweet,
And ever the love was shy,
For the life of a love, like a rose, is fleet,
And love in a day may die.
—Rochester Post-Express.

The Now.
The charm of a love is its telling, the telling that goes with the giving;
The charm of a deed is its doing; the charm of a life is its living;
The soul of the thing is the thought; the charm of the act is the actor;
The soul of the fact is its truth, and the Now is its principal factor.

The world loves the Now and its Nowist and tests all assumptions with rigor; it looks not behind it to failing, but forward to arduous and vigor;
It cares not for heroes who faltered, for martyrs who hushed and recanted, for pictures that never were painted, for harvests that never were planted.

The world does not care for a fragrance that never is lost in perfuming; the world does not care for a blossom that withers away before blooming; the world does not care for the chimera remaining unring by the finger; the world does not care for the songs un-sung in the soul of the singer.

What use to mankind is a purpose that never shone forth in a deed? What use has the world for a loving that never has winner nor weaver? The motives, the hopes and the schemes that have ended in idle conclusions are buried along with the failures that came in a life of illusion.

Away with the flimsy idea that life with a past is attended;
There's Now—only Now—and no Past—there's never a Past; it has ended.
Away with its obsolete story and all of its yesterday sorrow;
There's only today, almost gone, and in front of today stands tomorrow.

And hopes that are quenchless are brought us like loans from a generous lender, enriching us all in our efforts, yet making no poorer the lender;
Lightening all of our labors and thrilling us ever and ever
With the ecstasy of success and the raptures of present endeavor.
—Eugene F. Ware.

A White Night in Sleepy Hollow.
The old Dutch church that Irving loved
Shows all its windows thick with frost,
Deep are the snows upon its roof;
Its ancient groves in drifts are lost;
The icy pond and ruined mill
Lie in the moonlight white and still.

The bridge beyond the willows where
The headless horseman rode by night
Is built of carved marble now;
The winding road is smoothly white;
The bushes sheeted specters pale
In Sleepy Hollow's haunted vale.

But in the woodland's snowy heart
A little brook I cannot see
Among the stiffly frozen reeds
Bill keeps it merry spirit free,
And with a steatid faith sublime
Sings of the joys of summer time.
—Minna Irving in Era.

The Farmer's Lament.
I'm gittin' weary, Molly, of our visit here
in town,
Though daughter's done her very best to
keep homeliness down,
With sixty years spent on the farm, the
town don't seem to be,
For all its gayety an' sich, the fittest
place for me.

It's true the girls is married an' the
boys is gone away,
An' home is sorter like ourselves—a bit
run down an' gray—
But still I want to git back there whar
life flows slow an' sweet,
With bee hums in the meadows an' the
partridge in the wheat.

I've read the volumes, Molly, my daughter's
had me read;
I've gone about the city twice, an' all its
sights I've seen,
But—will you believe it, lookin' down
there on the cold an' slush,
There comes a flood of memories an' a
sort of silent hush.

I see the children rompin' round the
premises once more
An' sproutin' jonquils in the yard an'
roses by the door,
An' then I somehow hear, 'twixt me an'
noises of the street.

The bee hums in the meadows an' the
partridge in the wheat.
—Will T. Hark in New York Times.

Butterflies.
Out in the churchyard the grass grew
deep,
Where the peaceful dead were lying:
Over their quiet and holy sleep
The butterflies white were flying.

And one little child was playing there
In the churchyard, sunny and still;
He'd wandered away, in his innocent play,
From the little white house on the hill.
"Butterflies, butterflies!" cried the child,
As he played on the grassy sod,
"You're the souls of the little dead children
drest here,
Fluttering up to God!"

Out in the churchyard a place new made
Wait for the innocent dead;
Bill, for the dear little sleeper, there
Waited his quiet bed,
And a long farewell they say over him,
With kisses on lip and brow,
And, with flowers sweet at head and feet,
His grave from his mother's eye.

Butterflies flutter above her head,
As she kneels on the grassy sod,
And the little white soul of her precious
one
Flutters away to God.

A-Sailing.
We leave the dusty city; afar the rivers
shin;
The waves are on the wiggle, and the dais
is on the line,
What care we for the splendors and all
the joys of town,
With a ripple on the river where the cork
is going down!

The breeze is blowing blossoms in show-
ers pink and white,
And all the world around you is a revel of
delight,
Away with care and sighing; no fortunes
all can crown,
Where the fishing rod is nodding and the
cork is going down!

After the rolling farmer dreams of the
harvest's pluck,
Where the water's cure is waving its green
blades over the field,
But what care we for sailing? We've left
the dirty town
For the clarity of the sea where the cork
is going down!

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