

Millheim on the L. C. S. C. R. R., has a population of 6-700, is a thriving business center, and controls the trade of an average radius of over eight miles, in which the Journal has a larger circulation than all other county papers combined.

AN INDIAN MASSACRE.

A Story of Female Heroism.

DETROIT, Jan. 28, 1877.

There lived in Detroit, Michigan, a woman so little known, even to the people on the block in which she lived, that the crape on the door was the first warning many of them had that she had been ill.

As the trial of John D. Lee brought back to public recollection the horrors of pioneer life in the West, the death of Mrs. Hutley may again uncover that page of history on which was written the Indian massacre of frontier settlers in Minnesota.

STORY OF THE MASSACRE.

When the frontier troubles began the two widows were wives and mothers, living in log cabins about a mile apart. These two cabins were the only ones for three or four miles either way, and when the conduct of the Indians became so suspicious that prudent counselled removal from the frontier the Ebberts family left their home and consolidated with the Hutleys for mutual defense.

Each family had two children, making eight persons in the cabin. The Indians had thus far molested no one, but there were fierce and surly looks, skulked about as if keeping watch on the settlers, and the pioneers were living in a state of excitement and apprehension. One day, when the women had occupied the same cabin for two weeks, Mr. Hutley started for a settlement seven miles distant to procure provisions, leaving Mr. Ebbert to guard the cabin.

AN UNHAPPY QUARREL.

The average woman can sever the ties of friendship, or rise superior to the perils of the hour to carry her point. Mr. Hutley had not been gone an hour when the children, rendered nervous and irritable by their close confinement engaged in a quarrel.

The eldest child was only five, so that no great physical damage could have been inflicted, but the quarrel angered the mothers; harsh words passed and Mrs. Ebberts declared that she would not remain in the Hutley cabin another hour.

THE CRACK OF THE RIFLE.

Just as she lost sight of them she heard the report of rifles and faint yells in the direction of the other cabin, and she instantly divined that the long expected blow had fallen. Forgetting everything but the fact that her neighbors were in peril, she took down the spare rifle which her husband had provided, and which she knew how to use, warned her children not to leave the cabin, and in two or three minutes she was running through the woods after Mrs. Ebberts.

BATTERING THE DOOR.

"As the night was wearing away they brought up a log and battered in the door. We had warning and were ready. As the Indians rushed into the opening we both fired. They came faster and thicker, but Mrs. Hutley went at them with the axe and I with a knife, and we drove them out. It was all over in a minute. I remember the shouts and yells; they got hold of me; I heard the axe chopping at them and then we were alone again."

AID AT LAST.

At daylight the Indians drew off, warned that aid for the women was at hand. Hutley never reached the settlement for which he started. Weeks afterward his dead body was found in the woods, while his scalp ornamented some warrior's dress.

killed. She heard the firing and whooping, and, while prudence warned her to retreat, her love forced her on to join her husband. The Indians had caught sight of her and opened fire when Mrs. Hutley came up.

FEMALE HEROISM.

History will never record a braver deed. Rendered desperate by the almost certain knowledge that her husband and one child had been murdered Mrs. Ebberts was like a tigress. She had her husband's rifle, and for a time the two lone women held that entire band of savages at bay. Nay, more than that, they killed three of the redskins and wounded two more, as the Indians afterward admitted.

A NEW HORROR.

A new horror awaited them as they entered the cabin. The demons had already been there. The oldest child was dead on the floor, its head almost severed from the body, and the youngest had been carried away. Two Indians were still in the house, making preparations to burn it. One made a safe escape, but the other was shot down by Mrs. Ebberts as he cleared the doostep.

There was no time to remember the scalped and mutilated bodies in the forest. The Indians were at the door almost before the dark body at the step had ceased quivering.

It was a stout cabin, having more strength than convenience. Logs and roof were not yet seasoned enough to burn, and the single window was protected by a heavy blind. The redskins knew that there were only two women in the house, and they dashed at it and swarmed around it as wolves would surround a helpless doe.

STORY OF THE SURVIVOR.

"Mrs. Hutley was as pale as death and her hand trembled as she loaded the rifle, but her eyes shone like fire and she lit her lips till the blood came. I suppose I was half crazed, for I wanted to open the door and fight the whole band."

Thus says the survivor, whose story of the terrible affair is as clear as the page of a book. The excitement was too great for the women to plan a defence, but both understood that the Indians must be beaten off. There were two loopholes in the door and others in the walls. While the savages were massing against the door two of them were badly wounded from within, and soon thereafter one was killed from a loophole in the wall. Discovering that they had perilous work on hand the Indians drew off and took cover behind logs, stumps and trees, and for an hour they fired at the loopholes, hoping that a chance shot might kill or wound. Their bullets were simply thrown away, and the effort to fire the roof was time spent for nothing.

A FEARFUL DAY AND NIGHT.

All day long the siege was maintained, and when darkness fell the women realized that it was to be the longest night of their lives. A child dead in the cabin, another carried away, a husband and two children dead in the woods, and the little clearing was alive with human devils seeking the blood of the two desperate defenders. Says Mrs. Ebberts: "My nerves were strung up till I felt every minute as if I must toss up my arms and scream out to relieve the agony of my heart, and Mrs. Hutley was suffering just as badly. At one time she would be wailing and sobbing over the poor dead body on the floor, and then again she would stand at one of the loopholes, her face so white that I could see it through the darkness. It was as still as death outside until about ten o'clock. We were not off our guard at all, but were beginning to hope that the savages had left, when we heard them on the roof. At the same moment they plugged up all the loopholes with sticks cut for the purpose. I drove these plugs out with the axe, while Mrs. Hutley watched the roof. She fired as the Indians made an opening, and we heard a scream of pain. There were no further demonstrations until an hour before daylight, though we heard the wretches creeping around the cabin."

THE LOCK HAVEN DEMOCRAT SAYS.

John Bell, on Upper Jerry's Run, Cameron county, where he has a log camp, has in his possession eight live deer, one a fine buck, which he captured alive by running them down. He captured four inside of three hours and a half. The snow is so deep that deer cannot run, and Mr. Bell caught them by using snow shoes in the chase. He had a severe struggle with the buck which showed fight. By means of a noose thrown over his head, and through skill and main strength, he got the buck choked and down and after tying him to a tree, got his legs tied, and then got him on a brush and hauled his game into camp. When he captured the four he had to go back to camp for help to bring in the animals.

YOUTH HELDS NO SOCIETY WITH GRIEF.

The Lock Haven Democrat says, John Bell, on Upper Jerry's Run, Cameron county, where he has a log camp, has in his possession eight live deer, one a fine buck, which he captured alive by running them down.

The heroines were rendered childless and widowed in one day, for the child carried away has never been heard of, and while one received a slash across the face in the terrible fight to clear the cabin the other was wounded by a bullet at the same moment.

They came to Detroit years ago to be near friends, but long ago Mrs. Hutley became crazed with her grief, and for years Mrs. Ebberts has been a nervous wreck, starting up in alarm at the slightest sound and unable to sleep for more than a few minutes at a time. During the last five years of her life Mrs. Hutley wandered up and down searching for her child and stopping pedestrians to ask for her husband, and tears came to the eyes of strangers as they saw the poor wreck at the gate and heard her call:—"Come back, Mrs. Ebberts! Come back and I'll ask your forgiveness!"

A SCHOOLBOY'S REVENGE.

Judge Pittman's boy Bill acquired learning in a log schoolhouse. At one place the plaster between the logs is broken away, and through this aperture Bill endeavored to escape feet foremost during school hours one day last summer. Unfortunately, he stuck fast when half way through, and he could neither run nor retreat. When the attention of Mr. Simes, the teacher, was directed to the culprit, Mr. Simes proceeded to the exterior of the edifice, and embraced the opportunity afforded by William's position to hammer him with a shingle. Then young Mr. Pittman was pulled out and plunged into suns in vulgar fractions.

Near the schoolhouse there is a millrace, at the end of which there is a sluice-gate. Immediately below the gate there is a huge deep tank, which carries the water to the under-shot wheel. The inside of the tank is green and slimy, and when the water is drawn carefully out of it a great many fish can often be found lying on the bottom. The tank is fifteen feet deep. A few days after the flogging Bill happened to pass the tank and looked in. He saw Mr. Simes at the bottom, picking up fish and putting them into a bag. William felt that the hour of vengeance had struck. He turned the handle of the sluice-gate, and in less than a minute that jolly old pedagogue was floundering in six feet of water, trying in vain to clamber up the slimy sides of the tank.

When he saw young Pittman he shrieked for help. But Bill, with a fiendish coolness, said, "No, sir; you've got to tread water till you promise never to lick me again." Then Simes solemnly pledged himself never to strike another blow at him, and Bill let the water from the tank, and helped Simes out. The night when Bill got home he found Simes there conversing with the judge, and five minutes later the judge was fondling William with a trunk strap, while Simes sat by and smiled. William has since expressed the opinion confidentially that Simes is a perfidious scoundrel.

DIDN'T STAND THE TEST.

A young man read in a paper a few days ago that if you wanted to find out if the woman you had selected for your future spouse had a good temper you ought to take occasion to step on her dress, or snap the sticks of her fan, or in some way annoy or discompose her. "If," said the great authority who presides over the column of advice, "if she betrays no sign of ill-temper, she will prove a model wife." Accordingly the young man seized an opportunity when his sweetheart was rigged in her most killing array to step on her trail and pull out about three yards of gathers, with a rip like a peal of thunder, exposing about three quarters of the frame work that makes her dress stick out behind. But instead of meeting the accident with perfect equanimity, she turned round and jabbed her parasol in his eye, called him a long haired rascal, and asked him why he didn't wear his feet sideways. He expressed himself thankful that he didn't marry the girl before finding out what sort of a temper she had; but the doctor doesn't think his eye will grow out again.

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Vegetine

Is now prescribed in cases of Scrofula and other diseases of the blood, by many of the best physicians, owing to its great success in curing all diseases of this nature.

Vegetine

Does not deceive invalids into false hopes by purging and creating a hollow appetite, but assists nature in clearing and purifying the whole system, leading the patient gradually to perfect health.

Vegetine

Was looked upon as an experiment for some time by some of our best physicians, but those most incredulous in regard to its merit are now its most ardent friends and supporters.

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Says a Boston physician, "has no equal as a blood purifier. Hearing of its many wonderful cures, after all other remedies had failed, I visited the laboratory and convinced myself of its genuine merit. It is prepared from bark, roots and herbs, each of which is highly effective, and they are compounded in such a manner as to produce astonishing results."

Vegetine

Is acknowledged and recommended by physicians and apothecaries to be the best purifier and cleanser of the blood yet discovered, and thousands of its praises who have been restored to health.

PROOF.

WHAT IS NEEDED.

BOSTON, Feb. 13, 1871.

Dear Sir—About one year since I found myself in a feeble condition from general debility. VEGETINE was strongly recommended to me by a friend who had been much benefited by its use. I procured the article, and after using several bottles, was restored to health and discontinued its use. I feel quite confident there is no medicine superior to it for those complaints for which it is especially prepared, and would cheerfully recommend it to my friends, if I felt that they need something to restore them to perfect health. Respectfully yours, L. F. FULLER, Firm of S. M. Pettibone & Co., 10 State St., Boston.

CINCINNATI, Nov. 25, 1872.

Dear Sir—The two bottles of VEGETINE furnished me by your agent, my wife has used with great benefit. For a long time she has been troubled with dizziness and costiveness; these troubles are now entirely removed by the use of VEGETINE. She was also troubled with Dyspepsia and General Debility, and has been greatly benefited. Respectfully yours, G. W. GILMAN, 229 1/2 Walnut Street.

FEEL MYSELF A NEW MAN.

NATICK, Mass., June 1, 1872.

Dear Sir—Through the advice and earnest persuasion of Rev. E. S. Best, of this place, I have been taking VEGETINE for Dyspepsia, of which I have suffered for years. I have used only two bottles and already feel myself a new man. Respectfully yours, DR. J. W. CARTER.

Report from a Practical Chemist and Apothecary.

BOSTON, Jan. 1, 1874.

Dear Sir—This is to certify that I have sold retail since August 1873 (two bottles) of your VEGETINE since April 12, 1870, and can truly say that it has given the best satisfaction of any remedy for the complaints for which it is recommended that I ever sold. Scarcely a day passes without some of my customers testifying to its merits on themselves or their friends. I am perfectly cognizant of several cases of Scrofulous Tumors being cured by VEGETINE alone in this vicinity. Very respectfully yours, G. W. GILMAN, 42 Broadway.

Prepared by H. R. Stevens, Boston, Mass.

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