

# GENERAL MILES AND THE SIOUX

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GENERAL NELSON A. MILES



TWO STRIKE



WASHINGTON.—A lithograph that has survived the attacks of time shows Gen. Nelson A. Miles and Col. W. F. Cody mounted on spirited horses and overlooking from a bluff the last great camp of the Sioux Indians when coming in from the warpath. The Sioux surrendered to Gen. Miles in January, 1891, but they came very near, a few days after the surrender, to the point of breaking away once more. The story of it is this:

Gray dawn was breaking at the Pine Ridge agency when an Indian runner broke headlong into the village of the surrendered Sioux. He stopped at the tepees of the principal warriors long enough to shout a message, and then leaving the camp where its end rested against an abrupt hill, he made his way with a plainsman's stealth to the group of agency buildings, circling which and extending beyond, crowning ridge after ridge, were the white Sibley tents of the soldiers.

Breakfast was forgotten in the troubled camp of the Sioux. The chiefs and the greater braves rushed to quick council and the lesser warriors, the squaws and the children stood waiting with dogged patience in the village streets.

The council was over. An old chief shouted a word of command that was caught up and passed quickly to the farthest outlying tepee. An army might have learned a lesson from that which followed the short, sharp order. Mounted men shot out from the village and as fast as fleet-footed ponies, pressed to their utmost, could accomplish the distances every outlying ridge was topped with the figure of rider and horse, silhouetted against the morning sky.

Every sentinel warrior had his eyes on the camps of the white soldiery. Suddenly from the east of the agency, where lay the Sixth cavalry, there came a trumpet call that swelled and swelled and ended in one ringing note that sang in and out of the valleys and then, subdued to softness, floated on to be lost in the prairie wilderness beyond.

The motionless figure of one of the hilltop sentinels was moved to instant life. A signal ran from ridge to ridge, finally to be passed downward into the camp of the waiting Sioux, who sprang into action at its coming. The pony herds of the Sioux were grazing on the hills to the west, unrestrained of their freedom by lariat or herdsman. In number they nearly equaled the people of the village, a few ponies for emergency use only having been kept within the camp. Upon the ponies in the village jumped waiting warriors, who broke out of the shelter of the tepees for the hills where the herds were foraging on the snow-covered bunch grass. It seemed but a passing moment before every pony in that great grazing herd was headed for the village. The animals were as obedient to the word of command as is a brave to the word of his chief.

During the gathering of the ponies the women of the camp had slung their paposes to their backs, had collected the camp utensils and were standing ready to strike the tepees, while the braves, blanketed and with rifles in their hands, had thrown themselves between the village and the camps of the soldiers of Gen. Miles.

The Sioux, who had surrendered less than a week before, were preparing to stampede from the agency and to make necessary the repeating of a campaign that had lasted for months. The Indian runner had brought word that Great Chief Miles had ordered his soldiers to arms early in the morning and that the surrendered Sioux were to be massacred to the last man, woman and child.

The medicine men had told the Indians that this was to be their fate and the runner's word found ready belief. Miles sent a courier with a reassuring message to the chiefs, but they would not believe.

The braves prepared to kill before they were killed and everything was in readiness for the flight of the squaws and paposes, while the warriors, following, should fight the soldiers lusty for the Sioux blood.

Gen. Miles had planned a review of the forces in the field as a last act of the campaign, and it was the order for the gathering and the marching that had been taken as an order of massacre by the suspicious Sioux.



The soldiers passed on and the review began, but out on the hills the Indian sentinels still stood, and between the marching whites and the village were the long lines of braves still suspicious and still ready to give their lives for the women and children in the heart of the valley.

What a review was that on the snow-covered South Dakota plains that January morning 15 years ago! Gen. Miles on his great black horse watched the 5,000 soldiers pass, soldiers that had stood the burden of battle and the hardships of a winter's campaign and had checked one of the greatest Indian uprisings of history.

The First Infantry, led by Col. Shafter, who afterward was in command in front of Santiago, was there that day. Guy V. Henry, now lying in peaceful Arlington cemetery, rode at the head of his black troopers, the "buffalo soldiers" of the Sioux. Capt Allen W. Capron was there with the battery that afterward opened the battle at Santiago. The Seventh cavalry was there, two of its troops, B and K, having barely enough men left in the ranks to form a platoon.

These two troops had borne the brunt of the fighting at Wounded Knee a month before when 90 men of the Seventh fell killed or wounded before the bullets of the Sioux. When the two troops with their attenuated ranks rode by, the reviewing general removed his cap, an honor otherwise paid only to the colors of his country.

The column filed past, broke into regiments, then into troops and companies, and the word of dismissal was given. The Indian sentinels on the ridges, signaled the camp in the valley. In another minute there was a stampede, but it was only that of the thousands of Sioux ponies turned loose and eager to get back to their breakfast of bunch grass on the prairies.

Two Strike, the Sioux, watched the review that day. Old Two Strike was one of the warriors who went out with a following of braves on the warpath the month previous. Two Strike wore no ghost shirt. He was above such superstition, even though he took no pains to urge his comrades to follow his shirtless example.

Two Strike was glad of the craze that had brought war, for he hated the whites harder than he hated anything on earth except the Pawnees, the hereditary enemy of his people. Two Strike knew in his soul that the buffalo were not coming back as the medicine men had declared, and that no Messiah was to be raised to lead his people against the pale faces to wipe them from off the face of the continent. What he did know was that he was to have one more chance to strike at the encroachers on the lands of his people before the enfeeblments of old age took the strength from his arm.

Two Strike was a great warrior. He had fought on many a field and he had won his name from the overcoming of two warrior foes who had attacked him when he was alone on the prairie. Single handed he had fought and killed them and "Two Strike" he had been from that day. He was the leader in the last battle which took place between hostile bands of savages on the plains of America. For years without number the two nations, the Sioux and the Pawnees, had hated each other.

In one of Cooper's novels *Hard Heart*, a Pawnee, taunts a Sioux thus: "Since waters ran and trees grew, the Sioux has found the Pawnee on his warpath." The fight in which Two Strike was the leader of the Sioux was fought against the Pawnees on the banks of a little stream known as "The Frenchman," in Nebraska in the year 1874.

In the valley of the Platte river the buffalo were plenty, but the Pawnees had said that the Sioux should not hunt there and they defied them to come. "The Pawnee dogs called the Sioux women," said the story-teller and old Two Strike sneered.

It was when the grass was at its best that the Sioux started for the country of the Pawnee. The teller of the tale made no secret of the intention of the Sioux to exterminate the Pawnees, sparing neither women nor children if the chance for their killing presented itself.

Two Strike and his Sioux reached the edge of the buffalo country and there they waited opportunity. They did not have to wait long. Runners told them that the Pawnees in full strength had started on a great hunting expedition led by Sky Chief, a noted warrior. When the name of Sky Chief fell from the lips of the interpreter old Two Strike smiled and closed his fist. The Sioux left their encampment and struck into the heart of the hunting country. There a scout told them that the enemy was encamped in a prairie gulch and that their women and children were with them to care for the hides and for the drying of the meat of the buffalo.

Two Strike led his men by "a way around," as the interpreter put it, coming finally to a point less than half a sun's distance from the camp in the valley. The Sioux struck a small herd of buffalo and they goaded the animals before them right up to the mouth of the gulch. When the buffalo were headed straight into the valley the Sioux pricked the hindmost with arrows and the herd went headlong toward the encampment of the Pawnees, who "were foolish men" and did not watch for an enemy.

When the Pawnees saw the buffalo they mounted their ponies and followed them out through the far end of the valley to the level plain, leaving the women and children behind.

Then the Sioux went in to the slaughter, sparing neither infancy nor age, and they had almost ended the killing when the Pawnee braves returned.

Then followed the last great battle which has been fought on the plains between tribes of red men. The story-teller in the tepee at Pine Ridge did not say so, but it is known from the account of a white man, Adabel Ellis, who knew the circumstances, that the Pawnees fought that day as they had always fought, bravely and to the death.

Sky Chief, the Pawnee, rode out in front of his men, shook his hand and called out that Two Strike, the Dakota, was a coward. Then Two Strike called back that the Pawnee was a dog's whelp and he rode out, armed with his knife, which was the only weapon Sky Chief held.

The two leaders met and fought. They dismounted, turned their ponies loose and grappled. The story-teller lingered not on the details of the fight. He said simply, "the Pawnees heard Sky Chief's death cry."

The tale ended. Two Strike rose, bared his right arm, drove his hand downward and then upward, and smiled.

## Keystone State Jots

### STATE CAPITAL CULLINGS.

Realizing the chances that the state police have to apprehend criminals, the authorities of many of the counties are constantly asking the state police department to aid in the arrest of escaped criminals. When a description is furnished it is sent to all places where the state police are located and during the past year many criminals have been rounded up by the police.

State Treasurer Sheatz saved the commonwealth the sum of \$1,395.56 by buying in \$40,700 worth of Pennsylvania 4s. These bonds were not due until 1912. Forty thousand dollars' worth of the bonds were bought in from one source and the other \$700 worth came from another person. Recently Mr. Sheatz bought in \$5,000 worth of the bonds at a saving of nearly \$200.

Clearfield.—In a series of tests on the Clearfield division to determine the tractive power of certain New York Central locomotives, 105 loaded cars of 110,000 pounds capacity, with 5,775 tons on an average capacity of 55 tons a car, were hauled by a single engine. This is 211 tons more than the record recently made on the Pennsylvania's middle division. In each case the grades were about the same.

The state police department has established sub-stations in seven locations in the eastern part of the state and stationed members of Troop B at them. The men sent out from the barracks at Wyoming are as follows: One sergeant and three privates at Tunkhannock, one sergeant and three men at Portland, three men each at Peckville, Shickshinny and Hughesville, and two men each at Harvey's Lake and Dingman's Ferry.

Dairy and Food Commissioner Foust ordered four suits against oleo sellers in Pittsburgh and one suit against a milkman who sold cream deficient in fat. He ordered the instigation of 11 prosecutions in Allegheny county against the violators of the pure food laws. Six of these cases are against hotel and restaurant keepers who have been selling oleo as butter. Two were against ice cream manufacturers, one for selling vinegar and two for selling sausages which were not pure.

The thirteenth annual convention of the State and National Dairy and Food divisions will be held on August 24 at Denver. Dairy and Food Commissioner Foust of this State is the treasurer of the association, and also a member of the committee of seven which last November at Washington, D. C., drew up the model food law. The law then drafted is practically the Murphy law which is in force here. The idea of the association is to have every state in the union and the federal government work in harmony in the matter of a pure food and dairy law. E. L. Ladd, chairman of the committee, has granted the various trades a hearing and the day prior to the opening of the convention each trade will be permitted to have its representative talk ten minutes before the committee.

The total production of coal in Pennsylvania in 1908, as reported by the United States Geological Survey, was 200,488,281 short tons, having a spot value of \$276,995,152. This included 74,347,102 long tons (equivalent to 83,268,754 short tons) of anthracite, with a spot value of \$158,178,849, and 117,179,527 short tons of bituminous, with a spot value of \$118,816,303. The aggregate production of both kinds in 1908 showed a decrease of 35,299,208 short tons or 14.97 per cent. in quantity and of \$42,252,930 or 13.24 per cent in value from that of 1907. The decrease in the production of bituminous coal in Pennsylvania from 1907 to 1908 was 32,963,650 short tons or 21.95 per cent in quantity and \$36,847,723 or 23.67 per cent in value. The number of men employed in the coal mines of Pennsylvania in 1908 showed an increase of 9,606 over 1907, the number reported in 1908 being 340,135. Of this number 174,174 were in the anthracite mines, against 167,234 in 1907, and the bituminous mine workers increased from 163,295 to 165,961. The daily average per man in 1908 was 2.13 long tons (2.39 short tons) of anthracite and 3.51 short tons of bituminous coal. In 1907 the average production per man was 2.08 long tons (2.33 short tons) of anthracite and 3.61 short tons of bituminous coal. M. R. Campbell of the United States Geological Survey places the amount of coal originally in the anthracite fields of Pennsylvania at 21,000,000,000 short tons and in the bituminous fields at 112,574,000,000 short tons.

The effect of the dry weather that has prevailed for the past two months is showing on the trees in capital park. Although the grass is watered daily, the leaves of the trees are drying up and falling to the ground.

Superintendent Rambo of the board of public grounds and buildings, is having erected for the state museum an aquarium which will be 6 by 6 feet in dimensions and about 1 foot deep. In this will be placed the soft shell turtles which have recently been received at the museum.



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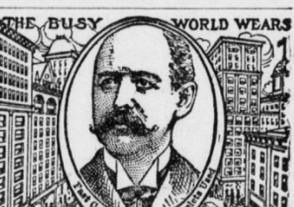
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