

Kettle, Tall Bull, Yellow Hand and numbers of great Indian chiefs received stinging defeats and were sent to the boy hunting grounds themselves, the pages of frontier history teem with sanguinary successes which will show that the red man did not al hays "get It in the neck." One of these successful red warriors who for years was known as the "Terror of the Plains" well earned that title, and that is my present Indian friend, Red Cloud, now living at Pine Ridge agency, over eighty years old. Among his many feats was the wily cunning with



which he engineered what is known

as the Fort Phil Kearny massacre. of the Ogalalla Sloux and ignored the 3,000 warriors for this purpose, all boldly denounced the white man's invasion, sprang up from the council. called on the discontented to follow him and went on the warpath. From that time that section became a veritable burying ground wherever the wily chief could succeed in finding subjects for his vengeance. Red Cloud kept the fort in constant agitation, even making it dangerous to collect wood on the surrounding hillsides. In the rapidity equaling the best Winchester first six months there were 154 persons killed and a great number wound-Ad, besides hundreds of animals, cattle and mules stolen. One of these attacks is famed because of the fall of Colonel Fetterman, and his men were practically victims of gallantry and indiscretion. Colonel Fetterman was a man with a splendid record. Although he had several experiences, in one of which Lieutenant Bingham was killed, together with several soldiers, and only the timely arrival of General Carrington himself saved them, yet he still expressed himself that with "a hundred men he could ride through the Sioux nation." On the fatal occasion the wood train had been sent out to secure wood and bring timber to finish building the hospital for the fort. Soon information was brought from one of the outposts on the hill to General Carrington that the train was in peril. Colonel Fetterman was put in command of about a hundred men and started to form a junction with the wood train. He made a detour, hoping to take the Indians in the rear.

The Indian scouts on seeing his advance from the other side of the hill left a few to occupy the attention of the wood train and concentrated on Fetterman. The wood train broke corral and went off seven miles northeast of the fort to the Piney. The Indians massed in overwhelming numbers and notwithstanding the bravery of the little command, simply wiped them out of existence and then retired to celebrate their victory. In one spot was found a pile of about forty-nine men, stripped of clothing and mutilated. Colonels Fetterman and Brown were found lying side by side, some believing that at the last moment, rather than be captured, they died by each other's hands. The news was received all over the country with great horror, while from one end of the plains to the other among the red men rang peans of praise for the great young Red Cloud, and his achievements gave him a power in the Sloux councils

that he held through many long years Red Cloud's continued success drew to his ranks ambitious braves from every section until he had such a formidable organization that, if it were understood that these tribes were of as many nations as distinct in a way as among the white races, one-half of his followers would be entitled to the name and devilish recklessness of the most famed "foreign legions." To say that he kept the vast theater of con-

THILE Roman Nose, Black test in hot water, a continuous stew or made the plains as active as a picnic party or a hornet's nest is not exaggeration. He kept Fort Phil Kearny practically invested for a year, and with predatory bands, sent here and there and destruction to the most unexpected quarters, possessing as he did an organization that, conditions permitting, made his force as effective as light horse cavalry. However, the inventive genius and commercial spirit of the white man in shop and factory was actively engaged in producing firearms so improved that, like the needle gun in the Prussians' hands in the European wars of 1866 to 1872, they created in his simple mind an astonishment that he could not believe or dream of until he suffered from a fearful demonstration of the fact. Myself and others, of course, kept up our personal "pull" by adopting every improvement from the old muzzle loader to the breechloading Springfield and the repeaters-Henry, Remington and Winchester-which gave us often the necessary protective advantage. This improvement in arms was destined a little over a year after the Fetterman massacre to give Red Cloud and "Mr. Injun" the surprise of their lives and something to think of as "bad medi-

Savage as we have called him, the

Indian in his primitive state was most loyal in his belief and appeal under all circumstances and conditions to the Supreme Being, always appealing for guidance, assistance and success to the Great Spirit. Whether it was in following the chase for subsistence, success in war, for rapine, murder, plunder or horse stealing, for abundance in crops and grasses or in conquests in love, he was strikingly imbued with the necessity of the Great Ruler's friendly assistance, or "Good Medicine." Failure in all these pursuits he attributed to the preponderating influence of the "Evil Spirit," or "Bad Medicine." So, after several campaigns of continued success, the reader can imagine the surprise, not to say consternation and depression, that resulted from his audacious attempt to Red Cloud was then a young, ambi- at last annihilate the garrison at Fort tious and a most powerful rising chief | Phil/ Kearny. He assembled nearly actions of the older Indian chiefs. In | well equipped with carbines and muzfort had been supplied with the new Allen modification of the Springfield breechloading rifle. Besides the rifles, carbines, etc., the Indians were mighty well equipped for close-in fighting with the bow and arrow With the latter in time of war and ir a close fight with the whites an expert archer could keep up a stream of these death dealing missiles with a of today and limited only to the number of arrows, a hundred or more, that his quivers held. In the scheme of battle that Red Cloud had designed on this occasion he had intended to overwhelm, even at great loss, the ability of a muzzle loading enemy to withstand his attack, backed with the arrow experts, whose work would be far superior to that of the revolver. This had been done in minor engagements successfully, but had never been tried on as complete a scale as "Red" intended it on this occasion, though the idea just simply happened a little too late. Suddenly investing the fort, he found the wood train, as he thought, in exactly the same condition as it had been under Fetterman, but experience had taught the troops, who, armed magnificently and under the capable lead of Captain James W. Powell and Lieutenant Jenness, had been long preparing for defense in case of surprise. In hauling the timber and wood for

winter use the wagon beds were not used, the wood and timber being carried upon the running gears, and the wagon beds were used to form an oblong corral, with openings at each end so that in emergency they could be closed by wagons which had the beds on them. The wagon beds were used to store all the camp equipage, clothing, commissaries, etc., while re-enforced with sandbags and anything that would stop a bullet, and, if I remember correctly, they were lined with boiler iron, with rifle loopholes. As preliminary to the attack on the fort, Red Cloud thought to repeat the Fetterman result and sent about 500 picked men to surround the little corral, to which Powell and the woodmen had retreated, numbering thirty-two in all. Wagon sheets were thrown over the tops of the wagon beds to screen the defenders from observation and save them perhaps from the ill effects of the arrow fire at close quarters. There was plenty of ammunition and plenty of rifles. Every man had at least three and some no fewer than eight. Some men who were not considered deadly shots were told off to keep cleaning up for the others. There was a quartet of old frontiersmen, led by one renowned as a dead shot, Joe Meriville, and others whose names at the present time I sincerely regret that I cannot remember, who averaged eight or ten weapons apiece. Powell himself took one end of the corral and Jenness the other, and everything was prepared to give the baughty Sloux a

lesson in the range, power and wonderful rapidity of fire which the new rifle permitted. At the same time, the Indians had really surprised them and appeared in such numbers that the little garrison, from commander down, on hasty consultation decided that it was a forlorn hope to think of escape, though all were determined to fight to

the last breath. The Indians spread out and gallantly charged, while the main body of Indians between them and the fort looked on exultantly, fully prepared to take advantage of any opening. Powell had commanded not a shot to be fired until his orders, and, inspiring his men with his own coolness, it was reserved until the yelling horde came within 150, then 100, then 50 yards from them, when "Fire, boys, fire!" was shouted, and a perfect sheet of flame burst forth. Horses and riders tumbled, and a driving sleet of bullets struck the charging over the plains, he carried devastation mass. To the Indians' astonishment the fire did not stop at one volley, as usual, but continued to belch forth uninterruptedly. Then the foe circled around at a mad gallop; but, like the blazing spark from a fireworks pin wheel, the corral responded with death dealing effect, which at last the survivors hurriedly escaped from. The result to the defenders was encouraging, as a mass of horses, with dead and wounded Indians, lay in all directions, as a forest of trees falls by the striking of a tornado. The corral lost the gallant Lieutenant Jenness with a bullet through his head, one soldier was killed, and two were severely wounded, leaving twenty-eight at the post. To the Indians the whole affair was a terrible puzzle, and they actually believed that the corral held ten times the number of men, for they now adopted a new method by preparing to surround the corral with skirmishers, the bow and arrow men creeping forward ahead of those with rifles, taking advantage of every depression in the ground until within range, then to overcome the besieged with gun and arrow fire when the main attack would be made by the entire body of wirriors. This was wonderfully skillful in execution, but the defense was almost impregnable, and the defenders were silent under the fusillade that tore into the wagons and the arrows that pierced through the sheets. So terrific was do its best work if the bowels are conthe fire that it sounded like crackling stipated. Ask your doctor if he knows thunder, and the strategic silence that anything better than Ayer's Pills for corensued caused the Indians to think recting this sluggishness of the liver. that it had been effective, although actually not a defender was burt in this

Under a heavy fire from the skirmishers a thousand Indians broke into a charge, encouraged by the silence. when again rang out the merciless fire, led by Powell's own rifle. On they pressed until almost to the wagon beds, suffering from a slaughter almost unheard of, when back they again rode. A few feet more and it would have been all over in a hand to hand conflict. But so close had they come that some of the men threw missiles in their faces.

This was repeated for six times, the sixth being the final charge and repulse, which, if it had been followed



dians.

by another, would have been successful, as many of the rifles had become overheated, others useless, and the ammunition was nearly exhausted. Then, to add to the general joy, the distant sound of a howitzer was heard, and Major Smith, from the fort, with 100 men, was seen in the distance, and a shell burst in the midst of the indians as another puzzle in the use of arms: The principal effort the Indians made then was to carry off their wounded, which they eventually succeeded in doing after making a stand for awhile against Smith's command. when, disheartened and dismayed. they sullenly retreated. Captain Powell in his report says that another attack would have been successful, owing to the exhausted condition of arms, ammunition and men. The Indians had a splendid opportunity in open to check Smith's command. but, believing in the Great Spirit's anger and that there was "Bad Medicine" in the neighborhood, they thought it best to retire from the influence of the "Evil Spirit," The Indians lost 1,137 men.

NEXT WEEK-: CUSTER'S FIGHT AND FORSYTH'S SIEGE.

Deserted Prohibition for Older Party.

After years of affiliation with the Prohibition party, John G. Wooley, of Omaha, Neb., its candidate for the presidency in 1900, has announced that he is no longer connected with the Prohibition party and will work for the Prohibition cause in one of the old parties. Mr

"I believe that the party has accom-plished all the good it can and from now on the most effective work can be carried on outside its lines. The party reached its purpose in bringing the iquor question to a national issue and its usefulness ended there. Having passed its usefulness there is no further ecessity in its being kept alive.

During the campaign of 1900 he made a speech in Bellefonte which was very favorably commented upon.

George Stevenson, head driller for Keystone Drilling company, while bor-ing for water on the premises of W. S. Robinson, in Port Matilda, struck oil, which was pronounced by John Reese, who operated for some time in the oil field in Venango county, as a pumping well which would pay if properly worked. The finding of oil in Port Matilda has caused some talk in favor of forming a company to prospect for oil up Reese hollow.

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