

AN ARMY MAN'S CLOSE CALL BY BUFFALO BILL

FROM "TRUE TALES OF THE PLAINS"
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ONE of the most thrilling personal experiences that I ever heard was that of Lieutenant De Rudio, who was cut off from Reno's command at the Little Big Horn and spent two days and nights filled with such narrow escapes and blood curdling dangers as to make, under the conditions, the most callous man's hair stand on end.

In the fight he was guarding a pony crossing with eight men, when one of them said: "Lieutenant, get your horse—quick! Reno's retreating!" But as no trumpet had been sounded and no order had been given he hesitated and waited for the call. As the men had seen the others retreating, they unceremoniously left, and De Rudio, seeing the gulden left behind, rode back to get it, which he did, but saw thirty-five or forty Indians coming. He dashed off, and they fired a volley; but, leaning low on his horse, it went high over him. He rode into the thick underbrush, when they fired many shots into the woods, the bullets cutting the branches all around him. He crossed the creek, scrambling up the bank, when suddenly he saw hundreds of Indians in front of him, not fifty yards distant, shooting at the retreating soldiers, with their backs toward him. He instantly saw that he was entirely cut off. While thinking how desperate a run for it it would be, the thought of wife and children nerved him, and he was about to brave it when a young Indian about thirty yards distant on his right fired and killed his horse. The shot attracted the other Indians, and De Rudio jumped down the bank, hiding in an excavation, and several volleys were fired, so accurately seeming to the Indians that he must be killed.

A terrible yelling began among the Indians, and all at once the firing ceased. Peering out, he saw the cause. Captain Benten's column was coming over the hills and had attracted their attention. It aroused the hope that they would come near enough for him to join them, but in a few minutes they disappeared, and the Indians all started off in that direction. Reno's command had evidently rallied, and they all got together, so his only hope was to crawl around under the underbrush and get near Reno's command as he could, which he could plainly see. At the same time there was a movement on another hill on the right, and he thought he saw for a moment General Custer and some officers, and then they disappeared. While quietly going through the brush he heard a whispered "Lieutenant, Lieutenant!" Then he recognized Private O'Neill of G troop and Gerard, interpreter, and Scout Jackson. The two latter had horses, but O'Neill's had been killed.

Gerard and Jackson would not desert their horses, fearing they would neigh or be seen, as Indians were passing

still around the bushes and so set fire to the timber. The smoke and flames forced them out of their hiding place just as Jackson and Gerard joined them, having left their horses where they first met, stuffing grass in their nostrils to prevent them from attracting attention. Wrapping their blouses around their heads, they succeeded in escaping into the thick brush along the bank of the creek. From here they saw that McDougall had joined Reno with the pack train. At the finish of the firing in the direction where Custer was hundreds of Indians returned, and the fight on the hill was kept up all night. The two scouts got their horses and, with O'Neill and De Rudio holding the tails, decided to ford the river under darkness at the place where they had crossed in the morning. By making a detour round the Indians and as it was dark they passed close to three bands of red men without molestation, O'Neill and De Rudio on the occasions keeping alongside the horses and out of sight. The fourth party came along and shouted to them in Sioux, and Jackson and Gerard cut loose and the two afoot dropped and hid in the sagebrush.

The Indians pursued the horsemen a short distance, firing shots at them, but did not see the two men in the sagebrush, although they passed in single file within three or four feet of them.

O'Neill and he reached the ford and decided to secrete themselves and wait until daylight. The moon came out but dimly, and they saw a party that looked like American cavalry, as they were on American horses and dressed in the soldier's uniform, the leader riding a sorrel horse with four white legs. He was sure that it was Captain Tom Custer. Elated, he cried out, "Hello, captain!" The rider stopped, and although they could not see him, a fiendish yell and a volley of bullets told them they were Indians. They rushed through the brush, the Indians firing at the m'ing bushes volley after volley. Their escape was miraculous.

It turned out afterward that these Indians by their firing spoiled a bit of stratagem they had arranged to deceive Reno by dressing in the clothes of dead soldiers of Custer's command, and, equipped with clinking sabers and on American horses, they expected to deceive him in the night by pretending to be men of Custer's party. This firing at De Rudio and giving the Indian yell put the Reno men on their guard. Proceeding on their way, two Indians came hunting for the fugitives, believing, of course, that it was only some wounded soldier. While hunting for them they approached within five yards, and, evidently having seen them, one jumped from his horse, when De Rudio fired and dropped him dead. O'Neill's carbine knocking the other one out of his saddle and killing him. The Indians in the hills saw the flash and puff and fired another volley in that direction, but the two desperate men hastily concealed themselves behind a big log which several bullets had struck. The bullets struck the ground within a few feet and even inches of them continuously.

Again the woods were fired at this point, but as it had been rainy in the evening the smoke was stronger than the flames and was thus their salvation, and they hid in a deep part of the creek with only their heads out of water, but with their cartridges and firearms on the bank ready for action. They remained there and in a little oasis of bushes that the fire had not touched, without moving or speaking, until 9 o'clock on the 26th of June. About 4 o'clock there were two signal pistol shots fired, the Indian vedette left his post at the ford and a loud voice was heard haranguing the Indians, and a band of three or four hundred passed closely and rode off. They could see them for miles down the river and heard them singing a peculiar chant. By 6:30 they had gone as far as they could see, and it was evident that something had caused them to move away, as it appeared to them that the troops must have also left the hill.

Hungry, exhausted and dispirited, their condition can be imagined—the command gone, and they a hundred miles from the Yellowstone river! However, when everything was quiet in the dark night they started in the direction of Reno's retreat, and after about five miles they came to a high hill, from which they saw a fire. At times the fire disappeared, and they concluded that there must be human beings passing around it, which hid it occasionally from sight. But what kind of human beings—Indians or white? There was the rub. They crawled on with great cautiousness, fearing the Indians would have to be crawled through even to reach Reno, if it was Reno, when their hearts were raised by the braying of a mule. Still, he might be a captured mule, so they crept along on their bellies cautiously until they got so near that they heard voices talking in English. They crawled within a hundred yards of the visible party and called out to the picket who they were, De Rudio and O'Neill. "For God's sake, don't shoot!" A cheer from the picket, and in a few

minutes the tired and famished survivors of many mental deaths were munching crackers and coffee with Captain Varnum.

De Rudio's reception by his comrades brings to mind the time when an army was drawn up in battle line to receive me.

I will refer to one of the press dispatches sent from Terry's command to give an account of this incident: "Our march now lay through a succession of abandoned Indian camps, showing that we were on the trail of the Sioux. The bleached bones of buffaloes and now and then the shaggy head of this monarch of the plains, testifying to the recent passage of Indian hunters, were met with from time to time scattered among the wickiups or temporary shelters made of saplings and tree branches, but so far no signs of the hostile Sioux were encountered. Our picturesque Crow and Cree allies had brought information of the near approach of the Sioux, and we were in hourly expectation that the savages would appear to dispute our progress. Plains scarred by deep canyons we passed which might con-



A single horseman advanced from the timber.

ceal an army from view and yet were invisible at a few hundred yards distant. Right and left ran continuous lines of bluffs on either hand, offering positions that, defended by resolute and well armed men, would be almost impregnable.

"Suddenly, while standing around a fire at a temporary stopping place, we were startled by a quick succession of unearthly yells, and soon after a band of Crows, painted hideously, burst into camp at full gallop. They reported 'heap Sioux' coming toward us, more Sioux than they had ever seen before. This our informant expressed clearly in sign language, showing us the Sioux mounted and coming to cut our throats. The interpreter soon after arrived and confirmed our interpretation of the Indian sign language. Soon we were startled by a simultaneous rush of the Cree scouts, who announced the Sioux. The troops immediately formed in line of battle, and the scene was an animated one. Two companies of the Seventh cavalry, under Captain French and Lieutenant De Rudio, were to support the scouts in case of attack, while the column was properly arranged as well as the difficult nature of the ground would permit.

"One battalion of the Seventh cavalry, under Captain Weir, formed a mounted skirmishing line at full gallop, aided by the Second cavalry, drawn up in column on their flank under General Grisbin and Lieutenant Low's battery of three guns. The trains were closed up, and the companies of the Fifth infantry, under General Miles; the Sixty-sixth, under Colonel Moore, and the Twenty-second, under Colonel Otis, were extended along the flanks and moved in the rear as supports. For a few minutes all was expectation and anxiety.

"A single horseman advanced from the timber, and there was a muttered exclamation from many mouths, 'There they come!' As we strained our ears for the report of the first gun the horseman advanced toward the skirmishers, making signs of friendship. It proved to be Bill Cody, the scout, better known as 'Buffalo Bill,' dressed in the magnificence of the border fashion. He announced that we were in front of General Crook's command and said we might put off all bloody thoughts for that day. Such a reception probably no man ever received, as warm in its greeting as would have been the warmth of the reception of the hostile Sioux."

NEXT WEEK:—"HOW I KILLED CHIEF YELLOW HAND"

Sore Throat or Mouth.

When the mouth or throat is irritated or diseased you have the common ailment of Sore Mouth or Sore Throat. If not quickly cured, you are in danger of contracting more serious or even fatal maladies such as Grop, Quinsy, Tonsillitis or Diphtheria. No other remedy will cure Sore Throat or Sore Mouth so quickly, so surely as TONSILINE because TONSILINE is the one remedy especially made for that purpose. You'll need TONSILINE one of these days, or some night when the drug store is closed—better have a bottle ready at home when you need it most. 25 and 50 cents. The Tonsiline Co., Canton, Ohio.

WHERE WOMEN PROPOSE.

And the Man's Reason Says Yes or No Without Consulting Him.

Shall women propose is a question which does not bother the Hopi Indian maiden, who not only invites her chosen one to matrimony, but if necessary drags him to the altar, or its Hopi substitute, by main force.

When a girl has selected her victim—this ungallant way of putting it is that of a writer in the Travel Magazine—she simply calls upon his mother and talks business. If the old lady lends a willing ear the matter is settled forthwith, and the young man has no course left open excepting to bow to the inevitable. At times, it is said, violence has been resorted to to drag an unwilling youth to the altar.

Once the matter has been settled to the satisfaction of the women concerned the girl goes to work to grind meal for her prospective mother-in-law for a period of thirty days, while the man in the case is set to work to weave his future bride's wedding garments. At the expiration of the thirty day period the ceremony takes place.

Whenever a Hopi maiden feels that the time has arrived when she should begin to think seriously of choosing a husband she does up her hair in two gigantic whorls, one over each ear. These are danger signals, warning the young men of the community that she is gunning for a husband. Sometimes it happens that half a dozen or more young men will take to the tall timber on learning that the whorls have appeared upon the head of a young woman. Flight is their only hope, as the mothers are so jealous of the prerogative of their sex that they rarely interpose on behalf of an unwilling son, and the fathers are not consulted.

A SAFETY BACK COMB.

Removable Plate When Fastened Holds It In The Hair.

There is no longer any reason for women losing their back combs. A comb has been devised that "stays put" and will not come out unless the hair comes off, so women with detachable puffs must anchor it securely



STAYS ON IF HAIR DOES.

This comb is made in two parts, one of which is a plain comb with apertures at the top and the other a plate, on which is the carving, the gold or silver mounting or whatever there is of ornamentation. This plate has projections on it that fit into the apertures in the top of the comb proper, and by catching a few strands of hair between the parts before they are joined the whole will be kept in place. Many a valuable comb, jewel studded or otherwise costly, has been lost through working its way out of the hair and falling to the ground or floor unnoticed. With this new device in use there will be no danger of such misfortune, and my lady may wear the most costly hair ornament without fear.

The New Gesture.

Those who are interested in characteristics are quite gleeful over the funny gestures that women make in motor cars. One of the experts on grace suggests that there should be a school to teach them how to thrust out their hands from motor cars to hold up traffic.

This fashion of stopping vehicles behind one has been adopted by women in general. When a motor car suddenly stops the occupant holds up her hand like a policeman to give warning to the vehicles at the back. This is an excellent precaution in crowded thoroughfares.

The trouble of it is that a woman has not yet learned to do it as one having authority. There is nothing of the careless power as shown by a policeman's hand when it goes up to stop traffic. The women who try it flop the hands, saw the air, separate the fingers and make five signposts to the hind hand.

The graceful woman who can hold her hand up and out of the motor with unconscious ease and power has gone far.

Ivory Toned Celluloid Sets.

Ivory and its imitations are the modes of the moment for toilet articles. Silver has taken second place. If one must buy a new set this is comforting news, for the ivory surfaces clean so well they save days of labor in one year.

Few people, however, can afford real ivory. So the factories have brought out a new celluloid in the exact creamy ivory tone. Eleven pieces for the toilet set at a little more than a dollar apiece in this ware.

Many of the shops that deal in it will put a monogram on each piece free of cost. This is engraved and not of silver. The latter is exceedingly pretty, but rather costly.

Grange Meeting at College.

The Executive Committee of the State Grange has arranged to hold the annual meeting of the State Grange in the auditorium of the Pennsylvania State College, December 27 to 24, inclusive. This date, one week later than usual, was arranged to come during the college vacation, when the absence of students will make possible the entertainment of 2000 delegates and visitors.

The State Grange meets at the college to enable its members to become better acquainted with the work of the college, and the Executive Committee expressed a strong desire that increased facilities be given this college by the State. It holds, with Pennsylvania's Chief Executive, that inducements to country living should be made greater, and believes that agricultural education is a means to that end. The committee inspected the college, and expressed the opinion that a horticultural building should be provided without delay, and that the present Legislature should not adjourn without having made provisions for such a building.

The Thundering Legion.

In the year A. D. 174 a Roman legion made up wholly or in part of Christians fought under Marcus Antoninus against the Marcomanni. The Roman army were shut up in a defile and ready to perish from thirst when a severe thunderstorm, with heavy rain, relieved them of their distress and at the same time so terrified their enemies that a great victory was gained. The Christians attributed their deliverance to the prayers they had just presented and considered it miraculous, and the term "thundering legion" was applied to the soldiers.—New York American.

The fellow who would rather be right than president generally has his desire gratified.

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Ask your doctor to name some of the results of constipation. His long list will begin with sick-headache, biliousness, dyspepsia, thin blood, bad skin. Then ask him if he would recommend your using Ayer's Pills. —Made by the J. C. Ayer Co., Lowell, Mass.—

Hay's Hair-Health

Never Fails to Restore Gray Hair to its Natural Color and Beauty. Stops its falling out, and positively removes Dandruff. Refuse all substitutes. \$1.00 and 50c. Bottles, at Druggists. Is Not a Dye. Send 2c for free book "The Care of the Hair." Publish Hay Spec. Co., Newark, N. J.

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They hid in a deep part of the creek.

Back and forth, attracted by heavy firing on the village, which must have been the Custer fight. As they refused to leave the horses, he started with O'Neill afoot on their own hook.

At one time an Indian rode within a few feet of them, cut a switch and went on. They were then at the edge of a clearing, which they dared not cross until dark, and they hid themselves between some driftwood in a hole, placing their cartridges all around handy and ready for the expected attack.

Two shots were fired in close proximity, and they thought they were gone. Peering out, they saw that it was Indian women who were muffled the bodies of some dead soldiers. Searching around the ground, they came so near that they were tempted to fire at them.

The Indians seemed to be, although occupied, suspicious that some were