

A CROW VICTORY.

Story of India Little Told in Old Letter.

There has recently come into our hands a letter which possesses so much interest as a reminder of old times in the West that it seems worth re-printing for present day readers, less perhaps for those resident in the East than for those who live in the prosperous and growing State of Montana.

The letter was written to his younger brothers just out of college back in the East by a young man who was accompanying an exploring expedition as naturalist. While lacking in details it yet paints a picture of incidents that in those days happened in the West not very uncommonly. The Charley Reynolds spoken of in the letter is that celebrated scout and gentleman — sometimes known as Lonesome Charley — who for some years was chief of scouts at Fort Lincoln, Neb., and who less than a year after the date of this letter was killed by the Sioux and Cheyennes on the banks of the Little Big Horn River when Custer's command was wiped out of existence and Reno's suffered so severely.

At the time this letter was written Camp Baker and Fort Lewis were military posts, each garrisoned by a single company of soldiers. They are now the one a flourishing town on Big Trout Creek, a fork of the Judith River, and the other a military reservation about forty miles east of Helena, Mont.

The letter, dated at Camp Baker August 1, 1875, reads as follows:

"While you have been slaying the woodcock right and left and now while you are loading cartridges for the rail I have not been idle. I have had my first regular grouse shooting.

The young sharp-tailed grouse are about as large as banties, the young sage grouse as large as common hens and the young blue or dusky grouse about the size of partridges. All of them are delicious eating, and I have done what I could to keep the camp supplied with them. I suppose that in all I have killed between seventy-five and 100 of them, and of these not six have been shot on the ground. Of course I have missed a great deal, but on the whole with a properly loaded gun I think I can stop them three times out of five. I have not taken many birds as yet owing to lack of time. I have, however, managed to take two specimens of the rare Neogory's spraguei and two or three of Aegialitis asitica var. montanae. Coues. Almost all my grouse have been killed with cartridges loaded for small birds, and I can assure you it seems somewhat absurd to see a full grown sage grouse at twenty-five yards fall to a half ounce of dust. I killed my first dusky a week or so ago. Have only got three or four skins.

"The day before we got to Camp Lewis a small party of Sioux came to that post in the evening before sunset and tried to run off the herd. Now it so happened that there were camped near Lewis about 250 lodges of the Mountain Crows, a tribe friendly to the whites and bitterly hostile to the Sioux. As soon as they saw the hostiles they started after them. The Sioux ran and at dark the trail was lost and about three-quarters of the Crows—300 in number—returned to camp. The other 100 camped on a mountain side and sent out scouts on the highest hills to watch for the enemy. Next morning the scouts reported that the Sioux thinking all the Crows had gone back were returning to make another attempt on the post, and before long the main body of the Crows could see the enemy coming directly toward them. The unlucky Sioux came right up to where the Crows were ambushed and the latter fired and killed five, and then charging killed two more before they could get into the timber. The Crows lost one man, but he was a great chief; in fact, one of their principal war chiefs. He was named Long Horse. A Sioux shot him in the side just below the ribs, the ball passing just in front of the spine and coming out at the other side. Long Horse fell, but managed to raise up again and to shoot dead the Indian who had wounded him. Then he died.

"We had been about an hour in camp and Charley Reynolds and I were taking a bath in Trout Creek near the post, when we heard several shots and whoops, and as three men had been killed a few days before within a quarter of a mile where we were swimming, we crawled up the bank and looked about. We saw four Indians riding down the bluffs singing and yelping and occasionally firing a shot. Three of them were nicely dressed and had war bonnets trimmed with the tail feathers of the golden eagle; the fourth was naked and carried in one hand a pole, at the end of which dangled a bunch of long black hair. We had heard about the chase after the Sioux and saw that this must be the Crow party returning. We hurried into our clothes and soon saw the women and children coming out to meet the party. Pretty soon the procession came down the hill all dressed out in the finest war costume. They were all in black paint and some of them had splendid bonnets reaching from their head away down to their horses' flanks. Some of them had only shirts on and their naked legs looked rather absurd."

"You are right, Bishop, you are right, but when the Bishop comes to town a feller has to celebrate," was the reply.—Detroit Free Press.

dugled in when one of the captured ponies was driven by or when one of the captured guns was held up to view. One old fellow had saved the whole head of his Sioux and had spread it out and dried it so that it was as big as a dinner plate. As he rode along he slowly twirled his pole so that the long black waving hair and the bright red fleshy side alternately appeared and disappeared.

"After all the warriors had passed and quiet had settled down on the camp we heard from up the valley sounds of mourning, and soon saw a boy about fifteen years old leading a mule on which was the body of Long Horse wrapped in a green blanket. Behind him rode a squaw and behind her a buck, and they alternately sang dirges as they moved slowly along. When they reached the trading post both dismounted, and walking up to a wagon standing near each laid one finger on the wheel, and drawing out their butcher knives chopped them off and then remounting rode off. As they went off the squaw gashed her head with her knife again and again. Later in the day another relative chopped off two fingers at the trading post.—Forest and Stream.

AMERICAN MEN.

The Fury For Work Called a Disease—Young Men Uninteresting?

"The American masculine claim of absorption in his work does not in the least justify such a condition," says a writer in the Atlantic Monthly. "Frenchmen support their wives and still find time to go shopping with them, too! Englishmen do likewise and find energy left to place their sons in school, energy to watch keenly the love affairs of their daughters, unhesitatingly bidding this or that may be gone; moral courage and physical vitality left after the day's work to be in fact, as well as in fancy, 'the head of the house.'

"They have the wisdom to leave hours for play, for pure boyishness of living. And all this may be observed in the same middle class that with us turns the whole issue over to the wife, expecting of her all wisdom, though knowing her sheltered youth; and all vitality, to run unceasingly and unabated the whole machinery of the family.

"No wonder our women have nerves! No wonder they are becoming more and more restless (one of the first evidences of strain), more and more discontented as time passes. Masculine kindness to our women is sometimes so tangled up with selfishness that there need be no surprise that there is some confusion regarding them.

"Not that our men want the money after which they are striving for themselves. They are almost notoriously generous. Our rich men give, give, give; to their wives, their children, to colleges, to hospitals, to charities, until the whole world is amazed at their generosity.

"The habit and fury of work, unreasoning, illogical, quite unrelated to any need, is a masculine disease in this country, and the whole social system has for years paid the inevitable penalty. Here and there a man tries to stop in time, but finds himself obsessed by work so that he can no longer think of anything else. He is as much a slave to it as is any opium taker to his drug and drunkard to his potion. It is a grave danger not only to the individual, but to the whole American civilization.

"If the truth were told, most young American men are not especially interesting. They do not keep up their reading. They have a national obtundity when it comes to music, to art, to literature; nor do many of them take any of these things at all seriously.

"The young among them are not good conversationalists. Our cleverest men are monologists pure and simple. They lecture admirably. They are born orators along modified lines. They are inevitable story tellers. None of this is conversation; and women like conversation, like its courtesies, which at least pretend a little interest when their turn comes in the game."

Time to Celebrate.

Bishop Ethelbert Talbot, of central Pennsylvania, is a good story teller, and most of his yarns are on himself. One of his latest he has recounted at length in his new book, "My People of the Plains." It seems that the Bishop went into a certain town in his diocese and was seated at dinner at the "hotel." A man in the far corner of the room called out, "Bishop, come here and eat with a feller!" As the Bishop did not see exactly in that light and as the man had apparently been imbibing over freely he refused, whereupon his neighbor came over to him and said: "Well, then, Bishop, if you won't eat with me I'll eat with you." During the course of the meal he said:

"Bishop, are you going to talk to the boys here to-night?" Dr. Talbot told him that that was the object of his coming. "Well," he added, "I am very glad, for God knows, these fellers here need it. You see, Bishop, the trouble with the boys here is that they drink too much."

He was obviously the last person to complain of that weakness on the part of his brethren, so the Bishop suggested: "Well, my friend, I am sorry to hear that, but, if you will pardon me, it seems to me that you are suffering from that same trouble yourself now."

"You are right, Bishop, you are right, but when the Bishop comes to town a feller has to celebrate," was the reply.—Detroit Free Press.

There are organizations in England to fight rats and sparrows.

HOUSEHOLD MATTERS.

Spinach Souffle.

Boil a measure of spinach in enough water to cover it, with a pinch of salt and another of soda. In ten minutes press the spinach through a strainer, then rub through a wire sieve. Add two well beaten eggs and a cup of milk, a dash of nutmeg and pepper and salt. Mix thoroughly and bake in buttered souffle dishes.—New York World.

Strawberry Souffle.

Steam and wash a quart or more of strawberries and put into a saucepan with the grated peel of half a lemon and a cupful of sugar. Let simmer on the back of the stove or in a double boiler until the sugar is entirely dissolved. Beat the yolks of four eggs in a pint of milk. Sweeten to taste and cook in a double boiler until thick. Line the sides of a glass dish with the strawberries, making a high wall of the fruit but leaving the centre hollow. When the custard is cold pour it into the centre and cover with a meringue made of the whites of the four eggs.—New York World.

Clear Soup.

Clear soup is made from a shin of beef or from beef and veal. Crack the bones and cut the meat into fine pieces, cover with cold water in the proportion of one quart water to one-half pound meat and bone. Bring to the simmering point and keep at that temperature for several hours. For to have good soup it must be kept even. Do not skim off the scum while cooking, because this is a needed part of the meat. Cool and skim off the fat. Reheat, adding flavorings, an onion, a small carrot cut fine, one teaspoonful celery seeds, one teaspoon pepper, two tablespoons salt, then serve.—Boston Star.

English Chow Chow.

For English chow chow take two large heads of cabbage, shaved very fine, three cauliflower broken in small sections, thirty cucumbers sliced, one-quarter peck of small white onions, one pint grated horseradish, one-half pound of white mustard seed, one ounce celery seed, one-half cup ground pepper and the same amount of cinnamon and turmeric powder. Pack all in a large stone jar over night, sprinkling a large cup of salt between the layers. In the morning pour off the brine and soak in vinegar and water for a day or two. Strain again and mix the spices with three pounds of sugar and six quarts of vinegar. Scald, then pour over the pickle while very hot. Repeat this operation two more mornings, then when quite cold add two boxes of French mustard mixed with one pint of pure olive oil.—New York Times.

French Pens.

If you have a fancy for the tiny French peas, canned, you may save money by doing them at home. They should be very fresh and young. If you buy them in the market you will have to take them "as they come." By getting a quantity you will be sure to find enough that are too large to pass for the French dainty morsel, and these may be cooked for immediate use.

Shell the peas and sift them through a colander with coarse or large holes. Use the small peas that will go through, for canning. Fill pint, or even half pint jars with the peas and stand in a cooker or steamer for forty minutes. Then put into each pint jar a half teaspoonful of salt, same of sugar and fill up with fresh boiled water. Steam again for twenty minutes, then seal up.—Indianapolis News.

Hints For the Housekeeper

To cut warm bread or cake always heat the knife.

A tablespoonful of coal oil in a quart of warm water is excellent to remove fly specks from brass.

If you want to keep coffee from boiling over add a lump of butter about the size of a small marble.

To prevent the contents of a juicy pie running over, wet the edges of the lower crust with white of egg or iced water.

In canning time remember to hold a jar under hot water before filling with the hot syrup. If the jar is set on a folded wet cloth while being filled, it will be less apt to break.

Olives, salted nuts, glace and crystallized fruits in small silver or cut glass dishes placed at regular intervals around the centrepiece add greatly to the decorative effect of the table.

Always keep a jar of bread crumbs on hand. They will come in so nicely for croquettes or pudding should company arrive unexpectedly. It is well, too, to have a supply of browned flour for gravy.

Prunes, to be eaten with meat, should not be sweetened. Soak a pound of carefully washed prunes in cold water over night. Put them into a stew-pan with a quart of fresh water, and two lemons that have been cut into thin slices, from which the seeds have been removed. Let them simmer gently for three hours. Serve cold. They are to be eaten with pork, veal or duck, in place of the sour apple sauce usually served.

There are organizations in England to fight rats and sparrows.

With the Funny Fellows

People Are Queer.

The people people work with best are often very queer. The people people own by blood quite shock your first idea. The people people choose for friends your common sense appall. But the people people marry are the queerest folks of all.

Playwright—"Yes, but the real difficulty about getting an audience comes later."—Boston Transcript.

Where the Rub Comes.

Friend—"I suppose it's difficult to get an audience with a manager for ones' first play."

A Parting in High Life.

"What were the terms of the divorce?"

"She keeps the poodle."—Birmingham (Ala.) Age-Herald.

One of the Rare Ones.

Scott—"Is Jones married?" Mott—"I guess not. I never heard him blame his wife for anything."—Boston Transcript.

At the Library.

"Good morning, Miss Readwell; what is the best book for an old man about to get married?"

"A bank book."—Illustrated Bits.

The Personal Consideration.

"Father," said little Rollo, "what is a plutocrat?"

"A plutocrat, my son, is a man who is vastly wealthy, but declines to endow any project in which you are immediately interested."—Washington Star.

A Bad Marksman.



Teacher—"When that boy threw stones at you, why didn't you come and tell me, instead of throwing them back?"

Small Boy—"Tell you? Why, you couldn't hit the side of a barn."—New York Mail.

Kept Him on a String.

"I kept my husband on a string five years before I consented to marry him."

"Why so long?"

"Well, you see, I waited until I could see his way clear financially."—Lippincott's.

On the Contrary.

"The apparel does not make the man," said the ready-made philosopher.

"No," answered the man who was signing checks for five-hundred-dollar gowns; "but it may go a long way toward breaking him."—Washington Star.

Intuition.

"The worst has happened, John!" painted Mrs. Jipes, sinking feebly into a chair.

"Why so long?"

"Well, you see, I waited until I could see his way clear financially."—Lippincott's.

What Reduction?

"That price includes stateroom and meals, I suppose?" said the prospective ocean tourist to the steamship agent.

"Yes, sir."

"Then what reduction do you make to a man who is seasick all the way across?"—New York Journal.

Getting Back.

"Captain, what time does that boat start?"

"It starts, madam, when I give the word."

"Then I've always had the wrong idea. I thought it started when the engineer pulled a lever, or did something. Thank you ever so much."—Chicago Tribune.

A Crnel Test.

"Mike," said Plodding Pete, "dere's wuss t'ngs dan gold bricks."

"What's happened?"

"De lady up de road said dat if I'd chop an armful of wood sh'd gimme a cake."

"Didn't she keep her word?"

"Yep. She handed me a cake o' soap."—Washington Star.

Woman's Realm

Miss Addams President.

Miss Jane Addams, of Hull House, Chicago, has been elected president of the national conference of charities and correction for 1910. This is the first time in the thirty-six years of the organization that a woman has been elected to fill its highest office. Miss Addams' election was unanimous.—New York Sun.

Tent Woman Saves Lives.

But for the presence of mind of Mrs. Jennie Llewellyn, an aged woman, who flagged a west-bound Wabash passenger train near Missouri City, Mo., a head-on collision with a freight train which occurred at that point at night doubtless would have resulted in many fatalities.

As It Was

As it was one man was killed, one woman badly injured and ten persons slightly injured. Through the warning given by the woman, who lives in a tent near the railroad, the engineer was able to lessen the speed of his train before the crash came.

Probation Officer.