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VOL. LXVII.

EDGEFIELD, S. C., WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 6, 1902.

NO. 32.

A GRUESOME WAR DANCE.

A Deer-Hunting Experience Among the Pawnee Indians.

By Ernest A. Gerrard.

Our trouble all came from hiring the young Pawnee to carry in one of Arnold's deer.

We were camped in the thick willows on the Loup river between Timber Creek and the Cedar and had been out three days. There was already considerable snow on the ground, more had fallen during the night, so that the walking was very bad.

On the morning of that third day we sat at breakfast discussing means of bringing in the two deer which Arnold had killed the evening before. It was just then that this Indian came down the river and turned into our camp.

As soon as we had hired him to carry in one of the deer we all set out together. After a long search Arnold found one of his deer where he had tracked it in a snow-drift. The Indian promised to get into camp with it before dark. We went on for the other deer which we found and undertook to carry to camp, packing it turn about. The snow was so deep that long before we got in we were so tired that we could carry the deer but a few rods at a time. However, we did finally get to camp at dark and there found three Indians waiting for us. The other deer had not arrived.

While preparing supper we both threw our belts, knives and pistols up on the bed. After we had fed our visitors they told us that they were camped across the Cedar, on the Loup a very short distance. So after supper we decided to go with them and see if the Indian had gotten that far with our deer. We went without arms.

There was no moon; but the stars and the snow-covered ground made it quite light. The three Indians went ahead, breaking the trail, and we followed. They traveled very fast for some time; then they broke into a trot, which grew gradually faster and faster until we found it almost impossible to keep up with them. Finally we lost sight of them and began to suspect something was wrong. However, we concluded to follow on. They could not hide their trail in the deep snow, and we could always find our way back to camp.

After a while on Indian struck for the hills, making a large trail, seemingly to lead us after him. The other two went on up the river. We were sure their camp was not in the hills, so we followed the two up the river. Soon another trail, also large, led into the hills; but we followed the smaller one up the river.

After a short distance we were in the cold and the snow was falling over the hills came the shrill, wailing wail of a lone coyote; then all was silent.

What should we do? Evidently the Indians had not intended to take us to their camp. We were only in the more determined to find it. For we were now satisfied that the Indian had stolen our deer and had taken it to the Pawnee encampment.

We turned down to the river and went on the ice, where the walking was much better. The snow crunched under our stiff boots, cold wind signed past our ears, and the eddying flakes blew into our faces. The bright air was deliciously fresh, but on the snow-clad star-trail nothing appeared to break the stillly nothingness, to tell us which way we should turn our heads several miles, until we were well tired out, and were about to give up the search, when we heard a far-distant muffled sound. Turning a bend in the river, we saw two glowing tents lit up with great fires within.

The Indians were camped in the willows on the west side of the river. Between us was a large air rift in the river, kept upon by the swift current. We found a long log which we threw across the dangerous hole. Then balancing carefully we walked over. To have fallen meant a certain death under the ice. We found no trail save the one we had made, and we were pushed the willows apart and crowded through. In the clearing we found of them several other tents, most of them seemingly deserted. To one near shadows played on its side. Much talking and laughter came from it. We went to it, raised the flap and stepped in. The noise and talk stopped instantly.

The air was close and smelled of cooked meat. In the center a large fire roared. On it was a great boiling kettle of venison. We looked around. Each Indian had a rib of deer. A feast was on. We knew they were eating our deer.

After a time I asked, "Whose teeth is this?" A large fat Indian struck himself on the breast and said, "It is mine."

Arnold recognized him as Doctor Big Bear, and shook hands with him. The other Indians then resumed their feast. He gave us seats near himself, and we asked about our deer. Big Bear admitted that it was our deer, explaining that it was all right about the deer, that he and Arnold were just like brothers. I told him he should bring the part of the deer not cooked, the h.u.e. and a good blanket to our camp and it would be well. Otherwise we would go to the White Father (the Indian agent, who would send the thief and Big Bear to Omaha in irons).

The doctor smiled, then he said in Pawnee, "Whose deer is it? Did you killed it?" I told him that Arnold killed the deer, but that we were hunting together as one man.

SPOTTED HORSE LED US TO HIS TROOP.

and gave us seats with him on the raised part, which was covered with robes and blankets. I told him our trouble, and the cause of it. So he promised to bring us the deer and a good blanket the next day. We thanked him, shook hands, and started back to camp.

Throughout the Indian village all was dark and quiet, not an Indian in sight. We hurried on silently for a mile; then, feeling more secure, we began to talk over our narrow escape.

At our camp we found everything as we had left it. But we did not sleep much that night. Early the next morning we heard Spotted Horse call. We looked out and saw only an Indian pony some forty yards away. When we answered, the chief appeared from behind the pony. He unloaded the meat, cooked and uncooked, the deer's hide, and a very poor blanket. Then he jumped on his horse, yelled good-bye, and started back.

We laughingly cried after him, "Spot, oh, Spot! We said a good blanket!" He laughed, waived his hand, and galloped away. He knew we were glad enough to get off with even a poor blanket.

That day the Indians moved on up the river. We stayed several days longer and enjoyed our hunt without molestation.—Outing Magazine.

BRILLIANT FISH OF THE WEST INDIES.

Professor Bristol Describes Some Strange Species.

The clear, limpid waters that surround Bermuda and the West Indies have above coral reefs covered with plants and animals, many of which are brilliant in color as a rainbow. They look like glimpses of fairyland, and as your eye wanders from one wonder to another you catch yourself striving to peek just around some corner into a strange nook half hoping to see a boy of mermen and mermaids sporting and playing within the crannies. Here is a patch of pale green sea lettuce; there is a group of great purple sea fans; yonder some golden corals standing out like a shelf or branching like a tree; while among them all swim lovely fishes that take the place of the fabrics that should dwell in this magic land and fascinate you by their gorgeous colors and their graceful, wavy motions.

There is a great green "parrot fish," as brilliant in color as his namesake, the bird, showing himself boldly, and swimming along slowly, secure from any assault. His scales are green as the fresh grass of springtime, and each

him, and as the parrot passes over him he suddenly changes to bright scarlet, and as quickly resumes his former faint color. Had the parrot been looking for his dinner, and thought the bird would make a good first course, this sudden change of color might have scared him off, just as the sudden bristling of a cat makes a dog change his mind. When the bird is disturbed at night, he gives out flashes of light to startle the intruder, and send him away in a fright.—Prof. C. L. Bristol, in St. Nicholas.

QUAINT AND CURIOUS.

The eye of a fly is so constructed as to bring the entire horizon within his circle of observation—a fact which explains the extreme alertness of these insects in escaping attack.

Milan has a curiosity in a clock which is made entirely of bread. The maker is a native of India, and has devoted three years of his life to the construction of this curiosity. The clock is of a good size and goes well.

One of the most surprising performances during the recent Long Island endurance test was that of a five-horsepower American gasoline vehicle, which carried two passengers over the 100-mile course, without a stop, in 6 hours and 20 minutes, consuming but 3 gallons and 10 gills of gasoline.

Patrick William Carey and his four sons of San Jose, Cal., measure among them 31 feet 8 inches of stature, the tallest and shortest being two sons, who stand 6 feet 5 1/2 and 6 feet 2 1/2 inches, respectively. The father is 6 feet 4. Their combined weight is 1655 pounds, and all are stout and strong in proportion to their height.

As early as 1612 the French began to advertise in a paper called the Petites Affiches, and ten years later the first bona-fide attempt at printing a newspaper was made in London. Among the very earliest mercantile advertisements to appear in England was one advertising the sale of tea. It appeared in the Mercurius Politicus.

A professional burglar in Berlin found a row and original way of adding to the ordinary profits of his profession. After each burglary he sent a full account of it to one of the daily newspapers, and for this he received payment in the usual way. But he tried his plan once too often. The editor became suspicious and gave information to the police, who soon found how this amateur reporter was able to beat all rivals in the way of early information.

In a London safe deposit vault recently the center of a safe, anxious for the spiritual welfare of one of the janitors, said, while they were in the vault together, "Are you prepared to die?" For answer the janitor instantly plinned the questioner to the wall by throat. Assistance arrived, and the unfortunate reater was carried out, but "hrottled." Explanations ensued, and it was then discovered that an inquiry after his spiritual welfare had been construed by the janitor as the preliminary to a murderous attack.

FIRE, SMOKE AND LAVA.

A Few Timely Notes About Volcanic Eruptions.

Immediately before or at the commencement of eruptions the water in neighboring wells falls and the sea recedes, followed by a returning wave.

Though great volcanic activity may be noted at particular periods, yet sympathy between the eruptive energy at any two well separated vents has not been found with certainty to exist.

Antecedent to eruptions, earthquakes, earthquake shocks or earth tremors occur, especially and more violently previous to the opening of new vents, as at Jorullo and Monte Nuovo, and after long dormancy, as before the first historic eruption of Vesuvius.

Enormous flows of lava have occurred without explosive effects, and there are vast beds of lava rock that have not been when fluid associated with any volcanic cones, as in Antrim, Abyssinia and Idaho.

Steam is most abundant and sea-salt a prominent product of explosive eruptions, and all the elements of sea water are contained in the ejection of explosive volcanoes.

Active volcanoes, with few exceptions, are either in the sea (maritime or submarine) or on coasts either contiguous to or at but little distance from the sea.

Inland extinct volcanoes were near the sea or sea-like lakes at the period of their activity, as in Auvergne and Hungary.

The extinction of volcanic activity has followed the removal of the coast line to a very moderate distance, as in the Roman Campagna.

Volcanic action has gone on for long periods of time in many areas without causing any surface derangement, except the building up of cones or the rupture of very small areas.

The outputs of volcanic eruptions are individually infinitesimal, and their aggregate forms only a small part of even the visible surface of the earth.

Astronomical calculations, ocean tides and the general stability of land and sea during long periods demonstrate great rigidity of the solid exterior of the globe, and consequently a great thickness of solid rocky substructure.

All scientific investigation seems to demonstrate that active volcanoes are due to the sea, which, by giving its waters in sufficient volumes when lava is ascending, produces that explosive and rending force that opens a vent at the surface and adds a vol-

Twentieth-Century Automobiles.

WITH the achievements of the nineteenth century yet fresh in mind, only the extreme of perversity would be apt to declare that anything is impossible in the prospective achievements of the twentieth. It is not alone that the logically impracticable has been proved the actually feasible in resistance after instance within our recollection, but that the process of elaborating and perfecting an invention is, in these days, so rapid that public interest is given no time to flag, from the moment when the theory is first promulgated until the thing itself is an established fact. An illustration of this rapidity of development is furnished by the wireless telegraphic system of Signor Marconi, the progress of whose experiments has been so steady and so speedy that, from first to last, he has been almost continually in the public eye. At no stage of his proceedings have the scoffers been able to get fairly into print with their ridicule and hostility before his announcement of another proof of his theory's practicability, an additional experiment, or a further success.

In quite another field of modern science, however—that of auto-locomotion—it must have appeared to casual observers that, in this country at least, the inventors have recently come to a practical standstill, with their task but imperfectly done at best. There is, it may frankly be said, not a motor carriage in existence to-day which is not far from being a complete solution of the problem, nor has there been, during, say, the last two years, that advance in development which the possibilities of the time, as illustrated, in other directions, by the performances of Monsieur Santos-Dumont or Signor

swift and powerful machine, France herself proposes to make the interior of Africa as accessible as her own inland towns, by means of huge touring-carriages, built of aluminum, shaped like a submarine boat, water-tight, and able to navigate rivers as readily as to run on land. The calculations by which our French inventor arrives at the potential practicability of such a machine, for use, say, in the Sahara, are as ingenious as they are intricate, being based primarily on the weight of a camel and his burden combined, per pound to the square cent-

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less time than a camel requires for a single day's journey. Indeed, the camels and the borders of civilization alike will soon be things of the past, if all this is possible. And we are told not only that it is possible, but that it is imminent, and these are no days in which to doubt assertions of the kind which to doubt assertions of the kind

So long ago as the French Automobile Show of 1900 there was exhibited in the Grand Palais des Champs Elysees, an enormous touring-car, with a dinner table completely set for eight persons. At the time it seemed a fan-

AS FATHER MADE IT.
He was a rich man's daughter,
He was a poor man's son;
He wasn't a "catch," but Love made the match,
And they married, as others have done.
And now when he eats her pastry
He can only sit and sigh;
He has nothing to say of the grand old way
In which "mother made a pie."
For this is her answer always:
"Like your mother I will take it,
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—New York Press.

HUMOROUS.
"This parting gives me pain," murmured the man in the chair, as the dentist separated him from one of his teeth.
The Lawyer—Do you know him well? The Doctor—I've never known him any other way. He was never sick in his life.
Ida—Did he say you were worth your weight in gold? Belle—Even more, dear. He said I was worth my weight in beefsteak.
Wigg—Bjones says he is finally convinced that there is such a thing as perpetual motion. Wagg—Worse than that! He is even addicted to the endless chain habit.
"Do you think he died happy?" "I guess so. Nearly everybody in town breathed easier when the clods began to rattle down on him."
"She's a clever girl. She can read a man like a book." "That may be, but I'll bet she'd say 'this is so sudden' if one were to propose to her."
Lady—You say you were a doctor and lost your practice owing to the automobile. What kind of a doctor were you? Tramp—A horse doctor, ma'am.
Muggins—I understand that friend of yours is a millionaire. Is he one of the open-handed, extravagant kind? Buggins—Yes, indeed. Why, he even pays his taxes.
"I'd have you know that I've turned away thousands," stormed the heavy tragedian. "Naturally," sneered the comedian; "your acting would turn away anybody."
Blobs—With all his faults, Close-fist is a true friend. Blobs—He never helps a fellow out when he's in a hole. Blobs—No; nor does he overburden you with advice.
Teacher—Yes, "revive" means to "come to." Now make a sentence containing that word.

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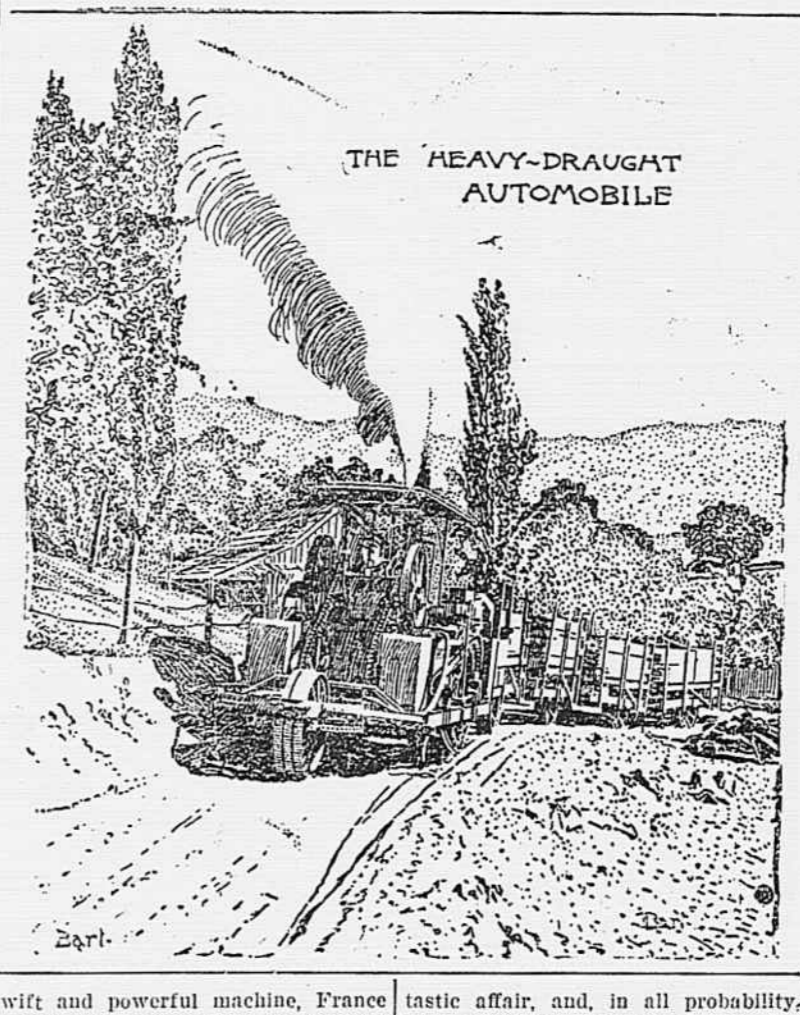
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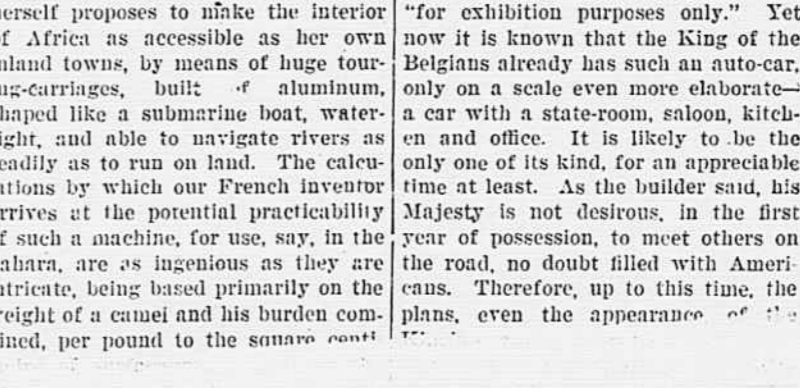
HUMOROUS.
"This parting gives me pain," murmured the man in the chair, as the dentist separated him from one of his teeth.
The Lawyer—Do you know him well? The Doctor—I've never known him any other way. He was never sick in his life.
Ida—Did he say you were worth your weight in gold? Belle—Even more, dear. He said I was worth my weight in beefsteak.
Wigg—Bjones says he is finally convinced that there is such a thing as perpetual motion. Wagg—Worse than that! He is even addicted to the endless chain habit.
"Do you think he died happy?" "I guess so. Nearly everybody in town breathed easier when the clods began to rattle down on him."
"She's a clever girl. She can read a man like a book." "That may be, but I'll bet she'd say 'this is so sudden' if one were to propose to her."
Lady—You say you were a doctor and lost your practice owing to the automobile. What kind of a doctor were you? Tramp—A horse doctor, ma'am.
Muggins—I understand that friend of yours is a millionaire. Is he one of the open-handed, extravagant kind? Buggins—Yes, indeed. Why, he even pays his taxes.
"I'd have you know that I've turned away thousands," stormed the heavy tragedian. "Naturally," sneered the comedian; "your acting would turn away anybody."
Blobs—With all his faults, Close-fist is a true friend. Blobs—He never helps a fellow out when he's in a hole. Blobs—No; nor does he overburden you with advice.
Teacher—Yes, "revive" means to "come to." Now make a sentence containing that word.

He was a rich man's daughter,
He was a poor man's son;
He wasn't a "catch," but Love made the match,
And they married, as others have done.
And now when he eats her pastry
He can only sit and sigh;
He has nothing to say of the grand old way
In which "mother made a pie."
For this is her answer always:
"Like your mother I will take it,
If you will go and make the 'dough'
As my father used to make it."
—New York Press.

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THE HEAVY-DRAUGHT AUTOMOBILE



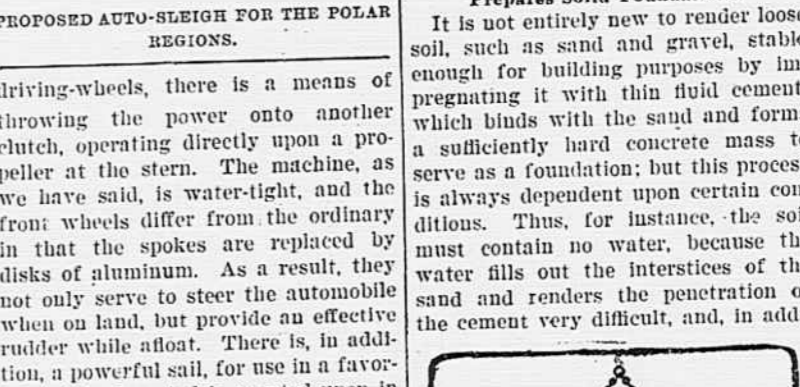
TOURING-CARRIAGE FOR USE IN AFRICA.



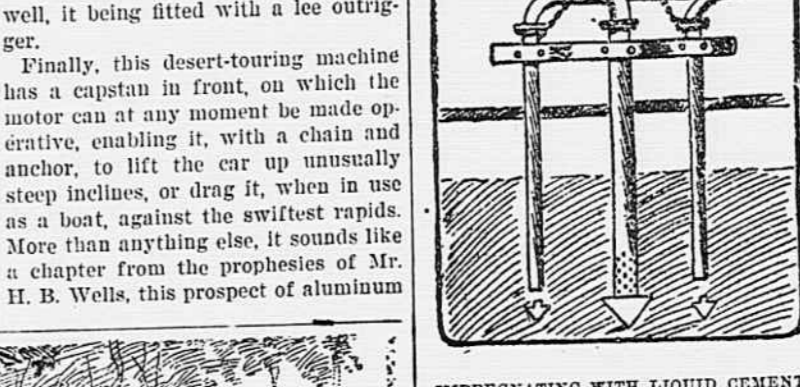
PROPOSED AUTO-SLEIGH FOR THE POLAR REGIONS.



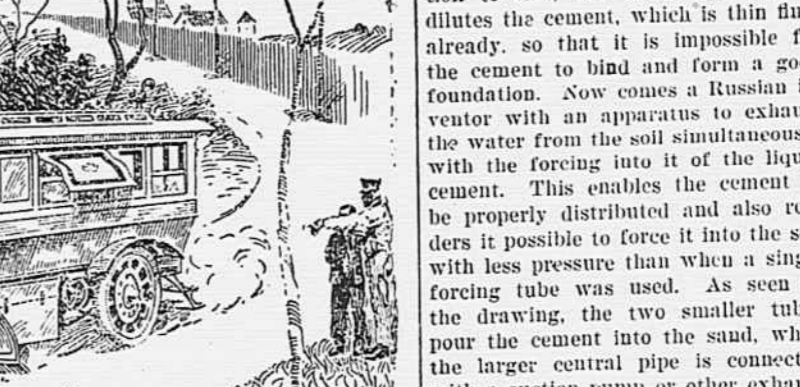
DRIVING-WHEELS.



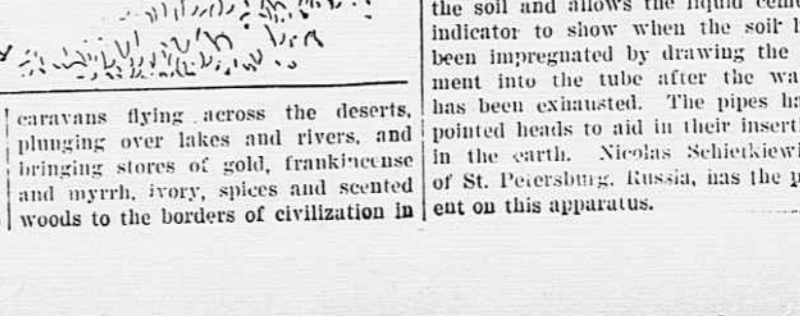
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DRIVING-WHEELS.



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