

AN 1781 STORY.

Fierce Fight With Two Indians.

Boys, and, for that matter, men, best like stories of daring and danger told by those who are themselves the heroes of such stories.

They overlook the oft-times too-prominent egotism of the narrators and are carried away in admiration by the movement of the story, the sparkling eye, the eloquent gestures of him who tells it.

The old Indian fighters, unlettered though they were, had no lack of listeners to the tales they told of the wild warfare of the border.

It was said of Andrew Poe that the one story he took special delight in telling was, as far as its effect upon his hearers was concerned (and upon the teller as well), a more moving history than anything ever written by that eccentric genius and man of letters, Edgar Allen Poe.

These names are brought together not because there was any kinship between these two Poes, but merely for their handiness for use by way of comparison.

The story that Andrew Poe told in his old age to many a listening group was one that was afterward told by father to son until finally it found a place in print through the thrilling adventures of Indian warfare.

The scene of the story is laid in what is Washington County, Penn. Andrew Poe and his brother, Adam, lived twelve miles back from the Ohio river, at Harmon's Creek, a small settlement of white people.

This was in 1781. Andrew was then 39 years old; Adam 33 years old. It was the boast of Andrew many years afterward, when he had become bent, wrinkled and gray, "that no man ever took more satisfaction in hunting deer, bear, wolves and buffalo"—for buffalo had not then entirely disappeared from the Ohio valley—"than I have; but the greatest enjoyment I ever took was in hunting Indians."

In 1781 Andrew was the perfection of physical strength and endurance. His undoubted courage was recognized throughout the border settlements of Pennsylvania and Virginia.

In the spring of the year named Harmon Creek settlement had suffered from Indian attacks. While the Poe brothers and their nearest neighbor, Kennedy, were away on a scout, a party of Indians had visited Kennedy's cabin and murdered his wife and child.

In June of that year a band of seven Wyandots stole into the settlement at night and carried away from his cabin as a prisoner a man named William Jackson, 60 years old, who lived alone.

The men of the settlement were quickly called together to pursue the savages. The trail was taken up and twelve of the settlers on horseback rode toward the Ohio river. On the banks of the river they hitched their horses. The trail led down the stream and they pursued on foot.

They came upon a little creek that entered the Ohio. Its water was muddied, having evidently been recently disturbed.

The keen judgment of Andrew Poe told him the marauders were not far off. One of the footprints in the soil convinced him that the Indians were led by a savage named Big Foot, a celebrated chief of the Wyandots, a man of great stature, the largest man of his tribe.

While most of the pursuers followed the trail to the left, leading away from the stream, Andrew Poe turned to the right, keeping near to the stream. Looking through a thick cluster of willows he discovered about twelve feet below him, crouched under the river bank, two Indians.

Their guns were cocked and they were looking intently toward a spot from which they heard a noise. One of the savages was of a gigantic size. This was the famous "Big Foot."

The other red man, though, was smaller, fully the size of the white man who was looking at them through the willows.

Poe leveled his rifle at Big Foot and pulled the trigger. The powder flashed in the pan. The Indians then saw him and gave a yell of delight. Poe retreated farther into the bushes.

At that moment a number of shots were heard one hundred yards or more down stream. The other five Indians had been overtaken by their white pursuers. These shots for a moment turned the attention of Big Foot and his fellow from Poe. He had reprimed his rifle and again cocked the trigger. Again it missed fire.

One must do rapid thinking when fighting Indians. Flung his rifle from him, Poe, quick as a cat, jumped over the bank down upon the two red men as he fell he threw one arm around

Big Foot's neck, the other arm around the smaller Indian. The fall of his weight brought his foes to the ground. Big Foot lay on his back. Poe held him, his left arm around Big Foot's neck. With his other arm he had caught the smaller Indian in vice-like grip.

To save his life, Poe knew that he must kill one of these savages before disengaging either. He tried to get at his hunting knife. It was wedged closely between his body and that of Big Foot. He struggled to pull out the knife. Big Foot's hand was there to hold the blade in the scabbard.

The smaller Indian was squirming and twisting to free himself. Poe gave a mighty tug at the knife. It came out suddenly at the instant the smaller man had released himself from Poe's grip. But the knife slipped from Poe's fingers and went flying into the water.

At that moment Big Foot, partially released, wound his long arms about Poe's body and hugged him with all his strength. Poe made a mighty effort to release himself. The smaller Indian, who had recovered his gun, was afraid to shoot, fearing to hit his chief.

He ran to the canoe, which was nearby, and returning with a tomahawk, struck furiously at Poe's head. Poe braced himself, and though still held by the big chief, landed a strong kick with his right foot on the assaulting Indian's arm. The uplifted tomahawk flew from his grasp to join the hunting knife in the water.

Big Foot was in a fury, and roared his commands to the unskillful one in the Wyandot tongue. The latter hastily procuring another tomahawk, again renewed the attack, keeping clear of Poe's foot. As he struck Poe received the descending blow on his right wrist and hand. He was cut to the bone, the cords of three fingers severed, and his hand was useless.

With a sudden movement he seized the tomahawk from the red man's hand and flung it into the water. Big Foot had relaxed his hold somewhat. Poe tore himself from that grasp of steel, snatched up a gun with his left hand and in a twinkling shot the smaller Indian through the body. Big Foot, who by this time was on his feet, seized Poe by the neck and leg and threw him toward the water.

As Poe started for the stream he caught Big Foot by the breech cloth. The two went into the Ohio together.

Here a terrific contest took place. The water was deep. Each of the contestants was an expert swimmer. Each was bent upon drowning the other.

Poe succeeded in getting an advantage. Twining his fingers in the scalp lock of the savage, he forced his head under the water. Big Foot ceased to struggle. Poe loosened his grasp, thinking the red man was drowned.

Big Foot was playing possum. As Poe relinquished his hold upon the scalp lock the savage turned and put the white man under the water. This time there was to be no shamming.

But Poe was not at the end of his resources. He pulled the Indian out into the current, where the latter had to swim for his life. Both were nearly exhausted. The chances, however, were with the savage.

There was yet one loaded rifle on the bank. Big Four beat Poe in the swim for the shore. He seized the loaded gun. Poe had swum upstream again, intending to dive when the savage should shoot.

But in cocking the gun the hammer broke. Big Foot threw down the weapon and ran to the canoe for ammunition to load the other gun, the gun that killed his companion.

At that moment Poe's brother, Adam, who had heard the firing, came running down the shore. Andrew shouted to him, "Kill the big Injun!" Adam Poe's gun was not loaded. It was then a race between Adam and Big Foot as to which should first have his rifle loaded. The chances were again in favor of the Indian, but another mishap befell the savage. His ramrod slipped from his hand and before he could recover it Adam had fired.

Big Foot, mortally wounded but determined to save his scalp lock, rolled into the river.

At that moment another white man appeared. He saw that Adam Poe had shot an Indian and he saw Andrew Poe's bloody face in the river, as the latter was swimming for the shore. He thought him another Indian and fired, wounding Andrew in the shoulder. Adam threw himself into the stream to save his brother, although the latter was shouting back to him to "Scalp the big Injun."

Adam refused, thinking more of Andrew's safety than of the bloody trophy. Big Foot's body meanwhile had drifted down stream. He had saved his scalp. Charles Dennis.

Very few people know the origin of the term "honeymoon," but it really is derived from the old Teutonic custom of drinking honey-wine (hydromel) for thirty days after marriage. It is said that Attila the Hun died from the effects of drinking "an enormous quantity of hydromel at his marriage feast."

Expect every man to do his duty—then expect to be disappointed.

World's Largest Cotton Mill.

Columbia, July 1.—W. B. Smith Whaley, the Charleston boy that was the mill promoter, designer and owner, of Boston and Columbia, is now to gain greater fame than his friends ever dreamed of. When he conceived the idea of building the greatest mill under one roof in the world—the peerless Olympia—declaring at the outset that a small city, thoroughly equipped, would be one of the features of the plant, people wondered.

When he went to work and financed his scheme successfully and built the great mill, and made the woods give way for a modern city, with its own waterworks, fire department, electric lights, department store, etc., the mill kings of this and other countries came to see and opened wide their eyes as they looked upon the splendid mill covering eleven acres of floor space. Some ventured the prediction that the mind that could plan and successfully carry out such a scheme was capable of even greater and more daring financial and industrial schemes. Even then in this man's mind a scheme, the immensity of which was such as to make it seem visionary, was being evolved and the details were forming.

Of this latest plan the newspaper men of Columbia have been aware for some time, but until the financial arrangements were virtually completed it was impossible to give the matter publication. The press dispatch from Kansas City, Mo., last night, printed to-day, however, gives a general idea of the great scheme which Mr. Whaley is resolved to carry through to success. Mr. Whaley is to undertake to build in the country about twenty miles from Kansas City, the greatest cotton mill the world has ever seen or is ever likely to see. The mill will be capitalized at \$11,000,000, \$10,000,000 more than is stated in the dispatch. The gentlemen out West, representing the packing and railroad interests, when Mr. Whaley first unfolded his plan agreed to take up the rest of the capital stock if Mr. Whaley would raise \$3,000,000 in the East. This he had no trouble in doing. Some time ago he went to Kansas City again to conclude the matter, having the security for the three million in his pocket. One great Eastern manufacturer did not lose five minutes in taking nearly a million dollars of the stock when the plan was laid before him. That the Western gentlemen have kept their part of the agreement is shown by the dispatch.

For the past few months the plans for this great mill have been on the tables in Mr. Whaley's offices. They have been very nearly completed. The plans call for a mill exactly five times the size of the Olympia, sitting side by side, thus affording plenty of air and light. Across the front end of each building will run hallways connecting each of the sections with the other and presenting a magnificent general front. The mill will be equipped with such electrical machinery as is contained in the Olympia plant, modern and up-to-date in every respect.

The general plans also call for a cleaning off of the country where the mill will be located and the establishment of a city of modern houses about the size of the city of Columbia. The idea is to erect first-class residences for operatives and their families, put in water-works, electric light systems, electric fire alarm system, and in fact, everything needed in a city of 25,000 people. The city will be the property of the great mill company and everything will be managed by the company.

The idea seems almost Utopian, but the success of such a plan is shown here in the Olympia town, which contains more than six hundred two-story residences.

Now some will wonder why this great mill is to be put up near Kansas City. The purpose is to manufacture the immense quantities of cotton cloth coverings for cured meats needed by the great packing houses in that part of the world. Perhaps other goods will also be made, but this will be the principal business of the big plant and there is demand for the product.

Why they Shave Mules in the South. Martha McCullough-Williams in the course of the narrative of "Next to the Ground" (McClure, Phillips & Co.) explains many customs and superstitions peculiar to the negroes.

Not the least interesting of these is the reason given for the shearing of mules.

"When it came to shearing mules," Mrs. Williams writes, "Dan was an artist. He had spent two hours or more at it the day before. Manes were trimmed to half-inch upstanding fringes, tails banded to the periest tasseled tip, even the ears had been shorn of their long inner hairs. 'Dan had a firm faith in witches. Now a witch, it is well known, cannot ride down a horse or mule unless there are hairs long enough to twist into a stirrup. Dan had not left a single long one—hence he was satisfied the team would not be and stand up to their work, not to name being ever so much more diabolical since witches, working unhindered put the devil into the best broken of them."

Lakes in the Desert.

Just as irrigable and irrigated lands will produce better and more certain crops than lands which depend upon rainfall for moisture, so ponds or lakes made in arid lands are the best duck ponds in the world. Never on any Northern body of water are wild fowls packed together as on these artificial sheets, says the New York Sun. The reason is simple. They are the only waters within many square miles of territory and ducks and geese go to them because there is nowhere else to go.

Within nine miles of the city of San Antonio, Texas, is a lake or pond of this character called Mitchell's Lake. It was made by damming up the lower end of a natural rainfall, and this dam resulted in a pond a mile long by a half mile wide and shoulder deep in the center.

It soon became rich in duck grass and edible weeds, and some wild rice was planted in it. Then ducks visited it in tens of thousands.

They were confined in so narrow a space that killing them was no trouble at all. If driven away by repeated gunfire, they flew some miles to the south or west, and finding no other water, returned. Thus on shooting days at Mitchell's Lake there was a constant egress and ingress of wild fowls and the gunners shot until their heads ached.

The lake depended upon rainfall, and in dry seasons there was sometimes not more than two inches of water in its center and much of its bottom was dry. In those seasons jackknives preferred it and settled upon its flat in swarms.

Many times a hundred mallards have been killed by a single gun at Mitchell's Lake between daylight and late breakfast, and the snipe have been taken off it by the gross. The pond lies 150 miles above the Gulf coast, and is a stopping place for birds which make the salt water their winter home.

Nine miles south of San Antonio, near the old Spanish mission and not far from the San Antonio River, some men have purchased 300 acres, and will make a pond similar to Mitchell's Lake. It is intended solely for a private shooting association. Among the members are Rolla Heikes, a professional trap-shot, and E. Hough, a sportsman and novelist.

These ponds are now being built in many places through the West and Southwest. The land in those regions is cheap, and much of it is not fit for anything save to be put under water.

Where the course of a dry creek can be found, a creek draining a good bit of territory when there is anything to drain, the construction of a shooting lake of this kind is not costly. The dirt may be had, as low as \$3 an acre, and building a dam amounts to little.

However small a lake of this kind may be, and however far in the desert, the wild fowls find it as soon as it has water and duck feed. They do this though it be 500 miles off the regular

air lines which they travel in going south or coming north, the two routes being distinct and widely separated. Always, too, round these ponds there is a great increase of wild life and vegetation seems to spring up to shelter it. Quails, blue and brown, seek the waters, as do wild turkeys and doves. Jacksnipe find it as readily as do the ducks, geese and swans. Small birds fly to it from no one knows where and nest by it.

Occasionally, far out on the brown table-lands, a duck appears which is rarely seen away from salt water, such as the alewife, or south-southerly of Chesapeake Bay, though why and how they get there is one of the many unexplained mysteries about fowl flights.

As the birds visit the new lakes preparatory fauna follow them, and hide in the mesquite and catclaw which is sparse at first—foxes, bobtailed cats, coonlets, skunks and so on. Soon after which twelve months before were but a part of a dusty waste, untenanted save by the tarantula and centipede, show every form of wild life of which the West is capable.

Another Reason for Baldness. The difference is this. Men wear their hats for protection, women wear theirs for ornament. Consequently a woman's hat never interferes with the circulation of the blood to her scalp. A man's almost always does so. Men wear hats tightly clasped about the head; women's hats rarely touch the head at all. The only contact is where the hairpin fastens the millinery connection to the coiffure.

Well, what has all this to do with luxuriant hair? It has much to do with it. The temporal arteries that supply the scalp with blood run up the side of the temples. Constriction of the articles and veins that supply the blood and the pressure of the hat upon these blood vessels cut off in part the circulation to the scalp. This makes the hair unhealthy and inclined to drop out.

So the man who wishes to preserve his hair past the time when it usually falls out will see to it that his hat is so constructed that it presses lightly—if at all—on the temples.

Soft Harness EUREKA Harness Oil. You can make your harness as soft as a glove and as tough as wire by using EUREKA Harness Oil. You can lengthen its life—make it last twice as long as its ordinary oil.

McCORMICK VERTICAL LIFT MOWERS. The only Mower for rough and stumpy ground. THE devices for raising and lowering the Cutter Bar, and for throwing the Machine in and out of gear are very ingenious, but simple in construction and operation.

Sullivan Hardware Co. Why Not Give Your House a Coat of MASTIC PAINT? DOUBLE DAILY SERVICE BETWEEN CHARLESTON AND GREENVILLE.

Five or Six Dollars! SOLD BY Orr-Gray & Co.

VANDIVER BROS., MERCHANTS, ANDERSON, S. C., APRIL 9, 1902. BIG LINE SAMPLE SHOES JUST IN AT GREAT BARGAINS. STAPLE LINE DRY GOODS AT RIGHT PRICES. We can make you the CHEAPEST price in this section on—Flour, Bacon, Molasses, Lard, Rice, Coffee and Tobacco.

People's Friend! Who?—The Dollar! DON'T fail to see the grand Axel Machine that W. M. Wallace has purchased to save people money on their Buggies, Carriages, &c. This is the greatest Machine that has ever been invented in this country.

OUR NEW TIRE SETTER. CAN tighten your Tires while they are cold without taking them off wheels or taking out bolts. Leave the wheels in perfect shape and dish just right.

Notice Final Settlement. THE undersigned, Executor of the Estate of A. C. Jackson and Elvira T. Jackson, deceased, hereby gives notice that he will on Friday, July 25th, 1902, apply to the Judge of Probate for Anderson County for a Final Settlement of said Estates, and a discharge from his office as Executor.

Notice of Final Settlement. THE undersigned, Administrator of the Estate of John A. Jackson, deceased, hereby gives notice that he will on Friday, 25th day of July, 1902, apply to the Judge of Probate for Anderson County, S. C., for a Final Settlement of said Estate, and a discharge from his office as Administrator.

Notice of Final Settlement. THE undersigned, Administrator of the Estates of J. H. Simpson and Miss Ada Simpson, deceased, hereby gives notice that he will on the 31st day of July, 1902, apply to the Judge of Probate for Anderson County, S. C., for a Final Settlement of said Estates, and a discharge from his office as Administrator.

Blue Ridge Railroad. EASTBOUND. STATIONS. No. 10, No. 11, No. 12, No. 13, No. 14, No. 15, No. 16, No. 17, No. 18, No. 19, No. 20.

Atlantic Coast Line. CONDENSED SCHEDULE. GOING WEST. No. 52. GOING EAST. No. 53.

Bank of Anderson. J. A. BROOK, President. JOS. N. BROWN, Vice President. B. F. MAULDIN, Cashier. THE largest, strongest Bank in the County. Interest Paid on Deposits.

Best Breed Chickens. A SPECIALTY! Barred Plymouth Rock, White Plymouth Rock, Silver Wyandottes, Brown Leghorns, Purity guaranteed. Eggs for sale. Carefully packed for shipping.

Banner Salve. the most healing salve in the world. CHARLESTON AND WESTERN CAROLINA RAILWAY AUGUSTA AND GREENSBORO LINES In effect Apr. 13th, 1902.

Blue Ridge Railroad. EASTBOUND. STATIONS. No. 5, No. 6, No. 7, No. 8, No. 9, No. 10, No. 11, No. 12, No. 13, No. 14, No. 15, No. 16, No. 17, No. 18, No. 19, No. 20.

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