

WHITE SQUAW'S MYSTERY

(By J. Marvin Nichols.)

Seventy long years have gone by since Cynthia Ann Parker was lost to civilization. In the days when old Fort Parker was destroyed this great State of Texas had a population of only 30,000. They were harassed by over 8,000 hostile redskins, chief of whom were the Comanches and Apaches. Over 8,000 semi-civilized Indians roamed the prairies, the most friendly being the Cheyennes and Chickasaws. Most of our frontier history is rapidly passing away as the old pioneers one by one cross the great divide. Like the lost mines of the adventurous Spaniards, vast historical treasures of the Texas heroes. It was lately my fortune to know and talk with one of the veterans who was with the white squaw that captured Quannah Parker. From him I got the story of the white squaw and her long life as a member of the Comanche tribes.



In the fall of 1832 the Parker family moved from Cole county, Illinois, to Texas. The elder Parker was a Virginian by birth. He lived for a while in Georgia, but raised his family in the hills of old Bedford county, Tennessee. It was from this country in 1818 that he moved to Illinois—then a country far west. To speak of Texas, even in the '30's, was but to mention the land toward the setting sun. It had a far, far away sound. But the elder Parker and his sons dreamed of the distant lands on the frontier, and they came to build their altars in a howling wilderness. And what is more strange, they came to be massacred by the Comanches, whose savage braves were destined to be ruled over by the blood of the very family they sought to wipe out in that terrible raid.

These pioneers built Parker's Fort on the headwaters of the Navasota and about sixty miles west of the settlements. It was a blockhouse, built about a mile west of the river and about two and one-half miles northwest of the mouth of Groesbeck. The fort was established in 1834. At the time the Indians made their deadly raid, May 19, 1836, following were in the fort: The Parkers, Plummers, Nikols, Kelloggs, Frosts, Drights and the Paulingburgs. Mrs. Duty, Silas Bates and Abram Anglin, representing twenty-two adults and some fifteen or more children. They were all in the fort on the night of the 18th, the night before the raid.

It was 9 o'clock on the morning of May 19, 1836, that tragic day, like so many others that have made Texas a soil reddened by her martyrs' blood. What would our minds be if we did not for these bloody chapters of the fall of forts and capture of the heroes on such fields as Goliad and San Jacinto? To tell the story of these battles and our Alamo around our fireplaces is to teach our sons that they're born of Spartan blood.

James V. Parker, Nixon, the two Paulingburgs, Bates and Anglin were off to the fields some distance in the morning. Suddenly, as if rising from the very dust, hundreds of Indians were seen riding toward the fort. They came with 300 yards and, having halted, raised a white flag. Benjamin Parker went out to treat with them. He came back and said that he believed the Indians intended to fight, but that he would treat with them again. He went, but he never returned. Pandemonium set in. Amid screams and shrieks and blood-chilling war whoops the whole band charged the fort.

now defended only by two men. Execution was speedy and horrible. It was the coup de grace of an Indian massacre. From this and rehearsal let us turn away to follow the fortunes of those few who lived to be even led into captivity. For there was a mother who was compelled to lift her 10-year-old daughter Cynthia Ann and her little boy joined up behind a warrior. The Indian turned his pony's head to the far away Comanche land. As he faded from view Cynthia Ann was torn from her mother's arms only some days to rock on her own bosom a baby born to rule the warriors that stole his mother from the whites in the years of the long ago.

Mrs. Kellogg was taken captive and fell into the hands of the Keechis. Six months thereafter, some Delaware brought her from these Indians for \$150. They carried her to Naogoches, where General Sam Houston paid them a ransom of \$150—all they paid and all they asked. One of the most revolting crimes at the fall of the fort was the murder of the elder Parker. Having surrounded him with his own family, they stripped, tomahawked and scalped him before their eyes. Mrs. Kellogg's rescuers, eight or ten, disabled a skulking Indian. She instantly recognized him as the father of the elder Parker. Without caring for the ruin of the redskin was given quick passage to his happy hunting grounds.

This, it's the story of love's conquest over the heart of an American pioneer schooled in the savage discipline of the Kiowas and Comanches—the Arabs of the north.

At the fall of Fort Parker on the morning of May 19, 1836, Mrs. Parker was forced to lift her little nine-year-old girl, Cynthia Ann, up behind a heartless savage. He rode away to the hunting grounds of the wild Comanches. Twenty-four long years and seven months rolled by until she was recaptured December 18, 1860. In other words Cynthia Ann was 34 years old when seen again. No word was had from her in this awful lapse of a quarter of a century. Long before her recovery she was given up as one dead. But we must know some details that strangely brought about the purely accidental discovery of Cynthia Ann by which she was once more restored to a civilization from which she was long since weaned.

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and six months of captivity she was given a royal reception. In a short time Mr. Donohoe and his good wife carried her to her brother-in-law, a Mr. Nixon, of Independence, Mo. In 1838 Mr. Nixon took Mrs. Plummer to her father's house. Twenty-one months of captivity had been served by Cynthia Ann. She was born of the most respected citizens in Anderson County. This leaves Cynthia Ann and John Parker, who were held in captivity by different tribes—the girl by Comanches, the boy probably by the Kiowas. John Parker reached manhood and became a campaigner before the police of their raid John captured a beautiful black-eyed beauty, and made her his wife. While yet a captive she fell madly in love, as only a Spanish maiden can. Some authority opines that in a few months she became a fine and accomplished woman. On a swift pony she carried her war-rior-lover. Not counting drudgery and distance, she escaped and fled to his side. He got well and in perfect dis-quit quit his tribe to make his home with the people of his faithful captives. In all the romance of our country's history there is no page so beautiful as

LAWN SLEEVES IN THE LORDS.

The phrase lawn sleeve has long familiar usage become identified with the Bishop of the House of Lords. The apparel of the lords spiritual consists of two separate habits. The first is the rochet, a long, loose garment of fine white lawn, over which a black silk robe, also full length, is worn. The white lawn is called the lawn sleeve of the under garment.

But as the country grew more settled the elk were killed off. To-day, in a land where one could see bands of thousands of elk ten years ago, one can travel for weeks without seeing one of the noblest animals of the Rocky Mountain game country. The elk are practically exterminated as far as Colorado is concerned, and it is only a question of a few years until they are exterminated in Jackson's Hole, Wyo., their last stand.

Fortunately, however, Mr. Littlefield had begun to work out a scheme for a large elk preserve. From a small beginning fourteen years ago his elk herd has increased until he has a magnificent herd. The animals thrive here as they will not thrive in a city park, because they are in their natural surroundings. The Littlefield elk range is in the heart of their old feeding ground. Part of it is in creek bottoms thickly covered with the delicate ferns that grow in such places, and part of it is in mountainous. Here the elk wander over hill and dale, getting the food they like best and being molested very little by man. In the background are the snow-capped peaks of the Sierra Nevada range which cannot be seen when the elk preserve without getting some pictures of surpassing beauty when it is seen from the preserve.

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SHIPS' COMPASSES.

Period of Swing Much Greater Than Formerly Was.

M. Holden gives a summary of the guiding principles underlying the construction of the modern mariner's compass. It is now generally recognized that the effective way of avoiding the disturbing influence of the compass needle is to increase the period of swing. The old normal compass of the different navies has a period of 18 seconds, while the new standard universal Kelvin pattern has a period of 30 seconds.

It is known as No Man's Land, as it belongs to no country, Norway and Sweden being unable to agree as to its location. Last year about half a million dollars worth of oil, furs and other goods were obtained from the island. Some authority opines that in a few months she became a fine and accomplished woman. On a swift pony she carried her war-rior-lover. Not counting drudgery and distance, she escaped and fled to his side. He got well and in perfect dis-quit quit his tribe to make his home with the people of his faithful captives. In all the romance of our country's history there is no page so beautiful as

Colorado Elk Ranch. Man Who Started It Says Elk Are as Easy to Handle as Cattle or Horses. 'CO' Dick, Coy Digger. As the luscious lugged Colorado rancher sends the cry echoing up from the quaking asp bottoms there is a sudden crashing in the underbrush. A tinkling bell draws nearer, and soon there dashes into the open glade a magnificent cow elk. About his neck is a bell, but otherwise there is nothing to hint that he has not sprung from the wilds. The cracking of the underbrush grows louder and soon some more elk break through into the open and stand staring at the human intruders. They make a magnificent picture against the green bushes of the creek bottom, says the Denver Republican. It is not for the fact that in the hiding with their young there would be in the creek bottom or watching proceedings from the opposite bluff, for this is the great Littlefield elk ranch of northwestern Colorado—the most magnificent elk preserve in the world.

Fourteen years ago Barrett Littlefield, a veteran settler on the Little Snake River, saw that elk in the Rocky Mountains would soon be exterminated unless some steps were taken to preserve them. Mr. Littlefield's ranch is an ideal mountain retreat at the headwaters of the Little Snake. Here was the natural home of the elk years ago. There were few ranches in that part of Colorado at that time, and great bands of elk would come down from the mountains to winter, to forage at lower levels where the grass was not so deep. They caused losses among the ranchmen owing to the fact that the hungry animals would break through fences to get at the stacks of hay.

NEW YORK IN 1833. Information from the Pages of an Old Business Directory. A pictorial directory of New York city published on the occasion of the world's fair in 1853, contains much information in text and illustration relating to the smaller metropolises of fifty-eight years ago. The publication is a professional life of the city included 900 physicians, 500 brokers, 1,300 lawyers, and more than 4,300 grocers. The directory contains scores of advertisements of business firms that have long passed out of existence. Old hotels like the Clinton House in Coleman street, the Irving House at Chambers street and Broadway and the Mansion House in Broadway, are described and their services and menus are properly praised. A wood cut shows the Trinity Building of that period, with the church and the church to the south and the importing house of Freeman & Bright to the north at 113 Broadway.

NO MAN'S LAND. Unwashed Spitzbergen Peopled Only by a Thousand Dutch. The name of Spitzbergen has been spoken often during the last few months for many a long year. The fact that the Wellman shipwreck has been discovered, leaving little a house-boat, is a reminder of the heroic deeds of our country's history. The most remarkable of these establishments was at Amsterdam Island, where on a broad plain grew up the astonishing village of Smeerenberg. Here, within ten degrees of the North Pole, 79 degrees 50 minutes north, for a score of years prevailed an amount of comfort and prosperity that can scarcely be credited by the visitor of to-day. Several hundred ships, with more than 10,000 men, visited it annually. These consisted not alone of the whalers and land laborers, but of the camp followers who always frequent centres of great and rapid productivity.

Lightning Speed. A Munich firm has just run a locomotive and train weighing 285 tons from Munich to Augsburg at an average speed of 81 miles an hour. There isn't a whole lot of difference between being misunderstood and being unintelligible.

The Old Bank. There was a kind of public record office attached to the palace and temple at Nineveh, in which it was customary to deposit important legal and other documents, such as contracts for agreements for the purchase and sale of property, marriage settlements, wills, etc. Among these were discovered official state papers as to the history house of Eglia at Nineveh.

Ballon Business is Good. A visit to the balloon factory of Mr. Stevens the other day was rather surprising. No less than eleven balloons were found, either completed or in course of construction. One of 80,000 cubic feet capacity is for the United States Government.