

THE STORY OF TWO INDIANS



THE following story, written by Frank in Wells Calkins, appeared in a recent issue of Youth's Companion. It gives us a picture of Indian life under conditions which prevailed before the advancing wave of white civilization, wholly different to that painted in the usual story of the pagan red man.

"Yes," admitted the old train-master of the Santa Fe trail, "there's been some interesting books written about life on the plains in the old days—some that are pretty fair history so far as they go; but the stories are always told from the white man's point of view.

"There was another side, and those of us who lived among the reds know that naturally there's just about as much of the savage in the one race as in the other. It was my good fortune—and in the light of after events I can say that honestly—to spend nearly a year, at first as prisoner, and then as adopted member of their tribe, among the Kiowas.

"I knew intimately Santanka, Satank, Big Tree, and Kicking Bird, the last of worst reputation among them all. There were many good and generous traits in all these men, and Kicking Bird in particular was much thought of in his family and clan, because of his loyalty, his truthfulness, and his just personal dealings.

"That this chief could be more than just, upon occasion, even to his enemies, I can testify from personal knowledge. Some years before I lived among them, the Kiowas were once camped on the Canadian river, on the common hunting ground of several hostile tribes.

"One day two of their lads, out fishing, following the banks of a small creek, strayed a long way from their village. They were 'jumped' and captured by a hunting party of Chiricahua Apaches. Cochise, the famous leader of their tribe, was with the band when his men ran down the young Kiowas and took them prisoners. The boys, though armed only with their fish-spears, and no more than fourteen and fifteen years of age, put up a valiant fight in defence.

"Expecting at once to be put to the torture, the lads begged in the sign-language that they might be given knives, and that each, pitted against a stout warrior, might be allowed to die fighting, while thus furnishing entertainment to their enemies.

"Cochise was so delighted with their gallant bearing and warlike spirit that he bore them unharmed to his village, a day's ride distant. There he feasted the lads, loaded them with presents, and sent them home with an escort, who bore a message to their tribesmen.

"Tell them," said Cochise, 'that somehow or other, probably because of intermarriage with captives, two youths worthy the name of Apache have been reared among them. And say that my only excuse in sending them home is that the boys still choose to live among dogs.'

"These lads were nephews of Kicking Bird—his sister's sons—and the Kiowa chief was so impressed with their return, and the manner of it, that he vowed he would never again lift his hand against the Apaches save in self-defence. This oath, I believe, he faithfully kept, though the Chiricahuas were the bitterest of hereditary enemies.

"During the first season that I was with them the Kiowas and some of their allies, the Comanches, were camped for a time on the Cimarron river.

"It chanced that Cochise and his band were hunting buffalo in the region—a fact of which our scouts soon made us aware. As a rule, there was, by common consent, an armistice observed by the hostiles when buffalo were plenty, and they were laying in supplies. For one thing, the annual supply of meat and robes was their one prime necessity, and for another, the Indians were too much overfed for exertion beyond the needs of hunting.

"Yet a party mixed of our own men and the Comanches ran plump upon a party of Apaches in riding over a sharp ridge. They met, in fact, face to face, and within arrow range. Fighting, under the circumstances, was inevitable, and the Apaches, being the smaller number, were whipped. One prisoner, a wizened old man, was taken by the Comanches.

"This old fellow the barbarous Comanches would have 'staked out' and burned by inches, but Kicking Bird no sooner heard of the capture made by our neighbors than he hurried over to their teepees and at once began negotiations for the purchase of the prisoner.

"Kicking Bird at this time was very wealthy, as wealth goes among Indians. He owned a large and fine herd of mustangs. The Comanches, who were preparing for a scalp-dance, at first refused to consider an offer for

their prisoner. They finally, however, named thirty riding ponies as their price, and to their immense surprise, Kicking Bird closed the bargain and took their man.

"There was no little curiosity among the wild fellows to know what Kicking Bird proposed to do with the Apache, a little dried-up old warrior of near threescore and ten. The Kiowa kept his counsel, and some time after midnight slipped out of the village, mounted himself and his man, and rode away in search of the Apache camp.

"It was his purpose to return the man to his friends, as his nephews had been returned by the captive's tribesmen years before. He dared not trust the Apache with any escort but himself.

"Had the Apaches not been stirred up like a nest of yellow-jackets at the defeat of their hunting party, or had he been able to gain the confidence of the little old warrior, the chief's task would not have been particularly dangerous.

"As soon as he had the Apache out on the plain in broad daylight, Kicking Bird opened communication with him in the sign language. The Kiowa told the old fellow that he had paid ponies for his ransom, and was about to return him to his own people; that he, Kicking Bird, wished to go with him to prove to his tribesmen that a Kiowa had a memory and could be just. He desired the Apache to show the way to his village.

"The old man regarded him in stolid disbelief. He could not imagine an enemy so soft-hearted as to set him free. He believed that a vainglorious Kiowa wished to take him in refinement of savagery, having given him the hope of liberty, the chief, trusting to his swift horse to escape, would kill him within view of his friends. Such things had been done, and doubtless would be done again.

"In vain Kicking Bird cut the thongs which bound the man, and set him in the lead. The old Apache pretended to point out the way, and he grinned sardonically when after nearly a day of travel, no teepees were in sight. At night Kicking Bird tied him fast and camped, till daylight. He again expostulated with the Apache, endeavoring to impress him with the story of the return of his own captured relatives.

"But the wizened warrior either could not or would not understand his sign-talk. Though highly exasperated, Kicking Bird again loosed

the Apache's bonds, and rode with him over the prairies, himself seeking for signs of the hostile camp.

"It was near to midday when a hunting party of ten or a dozen horsemen were sighted, riding swiftly along the flat lands of a valley. Kicking Bird and his charge were at the time passing over an old trail leading along the base of a ledge which skirted or capped the bluffs of a creek valley.

"The Kiowa now turned to the Apache and urged him to make the peace sign, to show to his tribesmen—for they were easily recognizable—that no harm had been intended to himself. The hunters before had now sighted the two, and had halted to take observation. Though he sat his horse free to act, and the Kiowa urged him to make a demonstration, the old man still refused to credit friendly intentions; and evidently expected to be killed instantly. He refused to lift his hand in a sign, and eyed Kicking Bird with hostile and fishy suspicion.

"Fool! Don't you see that I would kill you at once if I wished to do so?" shouted Kicking Bird, forgetting the man's ignorance of his tongue. As the enemy were now coming towards him, the Kiowa saw that he must flee if he would escape a speedy attack.

"He looked for an outlet among the rocks above, but there was none to be seen, and suddenly he realized that he was trapped by a continuous terrace of rocks which stretched along the rim of the bluff. He shot ahead, leaving the old Apache, and spurred his horse on at its utmost speed. Though his pony was the swiftest of his herd, the angle of the ledge cut him off from successful retreat.

"He saw the enemy stringing along below, and quickly noted that several of the foremost would surely cut him off from rounding the nearest point ahead. He cast an eye down the slope, wheeled his horse, and dashed down toward where the line of the attacking party was weakest.

"Two of the Apaches were near enough to cast themselves in front of him, where they sat their horses and affixed arrows to their bows. Kicking Bird, almost upon them, let out a yell of defiance, raised himself in his stirrups, and bent his bow to launch an arrow, when his pony, going headlong down a rough steep, stumbled and flung him rolling under the hoofs of the enemy's horses.

"When he came to himself, his hands were bound, and a dozen grinning Apaches were prodding him to life with their lances. The

old man whom he had taken such pains to deliver was most vicious in the jeers and insults which were heaped upon him.

"With teeth set and in dogged silence the Kiowa bore with the kicks, prods, and insults of his captors, who finally, in no gentle fashion, put him up on his horse and set out for their village.

"Kicking Bird, having no knowledge of the Apache tongue, and repudiated as an enemy by the man he had saved, had no hope of survival. He expected to be put to the torture, and he was steeling himself for endurance.

"His arrival at the hunters' camp had been heralded by a runner, and a crowd of the villagers had gathered to feast their eyes, and to yell their triumph. Among them, however, a woman stood looking earnestly and with kindness on the prisoner. At a second glance Kicking Bird recognized in her a former member of his tribe who had been taken by the Apaches some six or seven years before.

"He spoke to her, calling her by name, and the woman came forward eagerly, having recognized him, and they began a colloquy, to which those round listened curiously, ceasing for the moment to revile the prisoner. Kicking Bird told the woman his story, and she repeated it in Apache, sentence by sentence, to the onlookers.

"Before the tale was completed, Cochise himself appeared among the bystanders. All was repeated for his benefit, and he at once called up the old warrior whom the Kiowa had ransomed, and questioned him closely.

"In the end the big chief severed the thongs which bound Kicking Bird's hands.

"Give this man his weapons," he commanded those who had captured the Kiowa.

"Now," he said, through the interpreter, 'you must exonerate us for seeming rude. We did not understand. I wonder at your judgment in giving so many ponies to ransom an old fool who is of so little account. Since you have done so, and the man has returned you evil, you may here and now put him to the knife, take his scalp, and go home unmolested.'

"Kicking Bird laughed and reached a hand, which Cochise grasped heartily. 'In peace for today,' he said.

"I do not want the scalp of your old man," said Kicking Bird, 'and I will now go back to my village.'

"When we meet again," called Cochise, 'I trust it will be face to face and with the lance.' "Good!" shouted the Kiowa, 'I shall be glad to raise your scalp on a high pole.'

Louis Frechette, the Poet



LOUIS HONORE FRECHETTE, the French-Canadian poet, who died on the first day of this month, was all his life an exile from the groves and high places of European culture. There were times when the thought: "If I had only been born in France!" touched his mood with an emotion of regretfulness, and then he would shake his head, and complain that posterity would never make allowance for his provincial birth and life-long inability to free himself altogether from the centrifugal influences of Quebec. Nobody could deceive him on this point; he would not deceive himself. The crowning by the French academy of an early work, "Les Fleurs Boreales" (1880), and many other honors—he was a Chevalier of the Legion of Honor, a Commander of the Order of St. Michael and St. George, vice-president of the Royal Society of Canada—and the praise of two generations of French critics did not suffice to convince him that he was a poet of the centre, or self-immortalized. In his heart he knew that the unanimity of appreciation on either side of the Atlantic was a tribute to his people rather than to his poetry, and was essentially a kind of good-natured patronage. Only Longfellow's word of praise, "a path-finder of song," seemed to him sincere in meaning and intention. For there can be no denying that, excepting the unhappy Cremazie, who was a maker of epigrams in the minor key of penitence, he was the first to find a way out of the dreary ambuscades of the prosaic French of Quebec—a language of the marketplace without form or probity—into the wide, open meadows, thronged with star-like flowers and set under a lofty sky full of flower-like stars, of the poetical French of Paris. In these latter days other authentic poets of Quebec—Lozeau and Nelligan among them—have travelled further afield by the pathway he discovered.

In some respects the man was more interesting than the poet. He was never one of the cloistered singers, of which Mr. Swinburne is the living type. All his life he was as keenly interested in men and affairs as, shall we say, the Browning of tea-parties and after-dinner talk. Indeed, it was doubtful at one time whether Frechette would choose politics or poetry as the pursuit of his ripening years. At the age of seven he was a "rebel," a passionate champion of Papineau; it was not until his eighth year that he made up his mind to be a great poet, though his father—a shrewd, common-place citizen of Lévis—warned him that fortunes are not won by those engaged in that trade. Eventually he took up the study of law, putting aside childish ambitions for what seemed to his relations—descendants of emigrants from l'Ile de Re; in Saintonge—the

serious, sensible business of life. At the age of twenty-four he published his first poetical essay, "Mes Loisirs," which was praised by Victor Hugo and Lamartine, and, despite many faults of immaturity was rich in promise for the near future. But he then gave himself to political journalism, and, like so many young French Canadians, came into collision with the hierarchy of Quebec. Forty years ago, when "Liberal," and "Excommunicated" were synonymous terms in French Canada, he started the Journal de Lévis, an organ of political free-thought, which was, as he said in later life, "a lighted match applied to a wasp's nest." The match flickered out, and the wasps chased him into the United States. He lived for some years in Chicago (where there is a large French colony) and founded l'Amerique, which did not long survive, and wrote "La Voix d'un Exilé," a bitter political satire against the Conservative party in Canada, which became very popular with the young men of Quebec, and was an effective electioneering weapon. Afterwards he went to New Orleans, and, during the time of the Franco-Prussian war, fought a duel with a German who had insulted France, and was badly wounded. In 1874, having returned to Lévis, he was elected to the Dominion House of Commons as a supporter of the Mackenzie-Dorion administration. In 1878 a double defeat brought his political career to a close, and at the age of forty-three (about the age when Pennyson's genius was first generally recognized) he decided to devote the rest of his life to poetry, and—for poetry will not boil a pot in Canada—to the kind of journalism which may be defined as literature in a hurry. French Canada, it should be said, never produced a more capable or a more honorable journalist; some of his articles, for example, those on the city idiots of Quebec, are decorated with charming little prose pictures, which should certainly be collected some day.

As a professed poet his worldly success was instantaneous. The critical clique organized by his political friends made a noise which was soon heard in Paris. In later years the French-Canadian bishops patronized him (with Coppee and Verlaine) as a great poet of the true Catholicism. He atoned for youthful sins of free-speaking by an attack on Voltaire—

Qui de miel pour les rois—o rictus exerce!—
Soixante ans insulta tout ce qui fut sacre,

which is much quoted in the sermons of city and countryside. But the work of his latter days, the fulfilment of which gives him a secure place in the national remembrance, was to rebuke the "chanklessness of History" by revealing the past to the present and rescuing from oblivion the lesser makers of "New

France" and the legends of the early colonists. Poitevin's l'oeil noir, Normands aux cheveux blonds.

His memory was a treasure-house of the popular legends still told on winter nights by the descendants of Champlain's settlers as they sit dressed in blue-grey stuffs du-pays and grease their home-made boots—sauvages or snow shoes. The French-Canadian legends are of five distinct orders; some date from the time of Champlain's explorations; others are versions perverted by the Church, which has changed the Manitou into a copper-colored devil of Indian folk-tales; a third class includes the imported and revised legends of Normandy and Brittany; a fourth contains those referring to the English occupation and the horrid atrocities supposed to have been committed by the conquering invaders; and, fifthly, there are the folk-stories told at Quebec firesides by General Burgoyne's Hessians and Brunswickers, when they marched north at the close of the war of Independence. Dr. Frechette was so uncannily learned in these tales that a shrewd old French farmer once saw a living lutin, one of the tiny brownie-like creatures who live under stable floors, following him down a country road. The little creature wanted to know all about himself, no doubt, and wisely approached the highest authority among mortals.

In "La Légende d'un Peuple" there is much sound history set forth in sound verse. Daulac des Ormeaux, the heroic leader of the sixteen French settlers who kept 700 Iroquois at bay for three days and nights; Cadieux, who sacrificed himself to save a company of traffickers in fur and their womenfolk from the Indians, and wrote his own death song on a scrap of bark-rib; the sinister Jean Sauriol, who feared neither man, nor God, nor himself—these are some of the personalities presented in the pages of his well-wrought dramatic verse, moving with tragic vehemence across a background of brooding pine forests, each tree thereof the fixed forefinger of an elder, faith pointing heavenward. The sea never breaks into his meditation; in "Les Plaines d'Abraham," one of the best known pieces in the volume, we are never told that British sea-power decided the issue between Wolfe and Montcalm, that the former was but the steel point of a marlin-spike which broke up the French domination in order to prepare the ground for a British dominion. A passionate sympathy for the old French Colonists—

Peuple vingt fois trahi, vendu, sacrifié—

prevents him from seeing the tragic necessity of the defeat of Montcalm and of the failure of the victor St. Poye to retrieve what had been lost. Yet Frechette himself would never have consented to an armed appeal against the verdict of history, for all that he praises Papineau and the habitants he persuaded into rebellion.

Criminals Outwit Sleuths



ANY of the mistakes of detectives are those of mistaken identity. Some time ago a man belonging to one of the best-known and wealthiest families in the country was greatly surprised and more indignant when he was arrested by a detective who thought he had captured a criminal who recently had escaped from prison. Profuse explanations on the part of the captured man, says the Chicago Tribune, were followed by equally profuse apologies on the part of the detective, so that the incident closed without ill-will on either side.

A mistake with a more tragic result occurred in England in 1870. The mistake arose in connection with the famous Edlingham burglary, when two men were brought before the Newcastle assizes charged with the robbing of the vicarage. It appears that when the vicar interrupted his unwelcome visitors they had shot at him, so that the charge of attempted murder was added to that of burglary. The two men, Branaghan and Murphy, who were charged with the crime, were convicted and sentenced to life imprisonment, as the evidence seemed to be convincing beyond the shadow of a doubt. They served seven years of their term. Then two other men confessed that they alone were guilty of the robbery.

Supt. Butcher, one of the most astute detectives Scotland Yard ever possessed, was sent down to investigate the mystery. The chief of the local police, who had been in charge of the investigation at the time of the robbery, had died meanwhile, but some of the subordinates who had assisted him were placed on trial, it being alleged that they had concocted evidence wilfully, upon which evidence the two men were convicted. After a long trial the jury found them innocent of wilfully manufacturing evidence, but the judge, in summing up pointed out that there had been grievous mistakes in judgment on the part of the police.

De Tourville, one of the most terrible of the European criminals, escaped punishment for a long time because of the mistake of a detective. The death of a woman at Scarborough, by what De Tourville declared was the accidental discharge of a revolver, was investigated by a detective from London, but so frank and open appeared the conduct of the great criminal, and so flourishing was his appearance, that the officer was misled, and reported that he was convinced that the affair was an accident.

When, a few years later, the death of the wife of De Tourville was being investigated—he murdered her by hurling her over a precipice in the Alps—the body of the woman who had died at Scarborough was exhumed and examined. It was found that, far from killing herself by accident, she had been murdered by

some one who had shot her in the back, so that a slight examination would have revealed the fact. The mistake of the detective at the time of the Scarborough crime had terrible results, for in the time De Tourville was allowed to go free he committed two more murders.

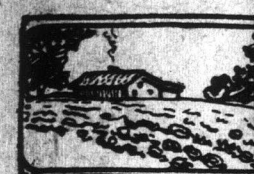
Sherlock Holmes constantly insisted that nothing in a room where a crime had been committed should be touched, and this appears to be a good rule, judging from a mistake made by an intelligent police officer in Ireland. This policeman was placed in charge of a room in which a murder had been committed to see that nothing was disturbed until his superior officers arrived. He found the time passed slowly amid such melancholy surroundings and proceeded to console himself with a pipe. He lit a candle which he found on the mantelpiece, and finding a crumpled-up piece of paper on the floor, he used that for lighting his pipe.

As he was afraid that his superiors would object to his smoking while on duty, he opened the window in order to let out the smell of the tobacco and in order to see them when they approached, so that he could put his pipe out in time. It was discovered later that in indulging in the innocent pleasure of a pipe of "tobacco" he destroyed three of the most important clues.

The length of the candle which he had lighted would have indicated the time when the murder had been committed, the paper with which he had lighted his pipe, judging from the charred remains, had been left there by the murderer himself, and the policeman had forgotten whether he had found the window locked or unlocked when he opened it to let out the smell of smoke. Furthermore, the keen-nosed detective who was put on the case smelled the odor of the tobacco smoke, and not knowing whence it originated, spent a lot of valuable time in tracing it down.

The fear that they are wasting time over trifles or are being made the victims of jokes often leads the police to err on the other side. Some years ago, one of the most cruel murderers ever known almost escaped because two policemen refused to investigate charges of whose truth they were in doubt. A man running along behind a cab came up to two policemen and gasped out that a murderer was riding in the cab with the remains of his victim.

Out of breath from his exertion and too excited for a connected story, the police officers were inclined to think the man either crazy or drunk, and therefore turned a deaf ear to his allegations. If the pursuer had not met later on a less sceptical officer the remains of the murdered person might have been placed in a safe hiding place and the murderer have gone undiscovered.



COMMERCIAL FERTILIZER

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