THE STORY OF AN APACHE BOY

Who Was Defiant at Four Years of Age as a Young Lion.

Adopted by an Army Officer He Soon Acquired All the Vices of Soldier Life.

The writer owes to Dick Huyl a debt not exactly of gratitude, as the story will demonstrate, which she, in writing his biography, seeks to discharge. Dick Huyl's history will never be written by me nor by anyone else who knew him to adorn a Sunday school library. He was not that kind of boy. Dick was an Apache Indian, with all the characteristics of total depravity that the word Apache conveys or suggests. We were children together, Dick and I. We lived, fought and played together for two years in the same army post. On one memorable occasion Dick, incited by the devil—for I firmly believe in the devil, if only for Apaches—dropped down the neck of my dress coat a live toad. It was the cause of my first fit of hysterics, and I determined if I ever grew old enough I would tell the whole world how bad a young Apache could be.

In 1872, if I remember rightly, General Crook had succeeded, after years of bloody war and the loss of hundreds of good men, in subduing most of the bands composing the Apache nation of New Mexico and Arizona. They had dwelt in the strongholds of mountain and desert, from which they frequently emerged to rob and murder all miners or emigrants that they could ambush, leaving nothing for the human mind to conceive of in the way of cruelty whenever a white man fell into their power.

If the reservation, although they were well fed and quite decently clothed, it was necessary to watch them constantly, and large bodies of troops were detailed for that purpose. Nevertheless, scarcely a week passed but a small squad of Apaches, usually led by some attractive squaw, would slip quietly past the guards and escape through the darkness into their beloved cactus plains and mountain barrens. Roll call nearly every morning developed these absentees, and next day would come the news of murder, rapine and horrors generally. A favorite Apache mode of disposing of the unsuspecting freighter, miner or emigrant whose camp they had succeeded in raiding was to tie the victim by the four limbs to stakes and then to build a fire on that portion of his body designated in the old fashioned almanacs as "virgo."

There seemed to be something particularly fascinating to the Apache temperament in this form of torture. Death being long in coming, it gave the squaws and papooses plenty of chance to invent small torments on the side, as it were. The women and children emigrants— But enough. Suffice it to say that the absolute hatred entertained by these Indians for the whites was fully reciprocated, especially by the soldiers. It was no easy matter to track and successfully follow the runaways through the cactus and mesquite thickets, over the barren deserts and desolate mountains that make up the topography of Arizona. But in that parched country water is only to be found at certain springs and water holes, between which days of travel often intervene, but which are equally well known to soldiers and to Indians.

So when the morning report showed to General Crook that so many warriors, squaws and papooses were missing the grim old warrior would make no sign of pursuit, but on the night following or perhaps the next one a squadron of mounted men would file silently out of the reservation bearing orders to move as rapidly as possible to the water hole of Palo Pinto or to Agua Grande spring or to some other place where the presence of the precious fluid favored a camping place for the renegades. The troops were always positively instructed to bring back no prisoners, all matters of detail being left to the officers in command. On? June morning there were reported missing 8 Indians and 11 squaws and papooses, including Wahnemo, than whom a more depraved and cruel Indian never existed, even in Arizona.

Two nights afterwards a squad of the Twenty-third infantry, Crook's own regiment, under Lieutenant Huyl, a splendid young fellow, who has since left the service, was sent out on a scout with the usual orders. No trace of the renegades was found, but a burned ranch and stage station and a cremated cowboy gave sufficient evidence of Indians at large. The next night, or rather just at dawn, after a long and fatiguing march, the scouts reached a natural rock basin at the foot of one of the steepest and most inaccessible knobs to be found in desolate Arizona. This basin had often collected a supply of acrid water, which, however, was drinkable enough in that country. A thin vapor of smoke from a nearly spent fire convinced the troopers that their night's march had not been in vain, and on creeping up as close as possible the hostiles were outlined against the rocks fast asleep.

The little squad was deftly deployed out so as to avoid missing a single shot and at the word of command fired, killing nearly every one of the Indians. The others jumped up, only to be cut down by the reserve fire. The only two unhurt were Wahnemo and his 4-year-old papoose. Grasping the child, he sprang for the mountain side, scaling the rocks like a chamois amid a shower of bullets, soon distanring his pursuers and getting out of range of their rifles. Halting on a shelf of rock, he set the child down and proceeded to indulge in every exhibition of contempt and derision that his imagination could invent to aggravate the discomfited troopers, who gnashed their several sets of teeth in rage at the insults of the old heathen. They were relieved at last by the arrival of Lieutenant Huyl, who bore in his hand a new target rifle, received only the day before the scouts started.

This wonderful gun was guaranteed to carry and forget—1,100 yards with accuracy, and the lieutenant, who was one of the best fellows in the world in garrison, but quite cold hearted and bloodthirsty where Apaches were concerned, announced that while he was doubtful of his gun carrying near the Indian, yet he was going to try. The Apache, feeling secure against their carbines, continued his taunts until Huyl, taking deliberate aim, with sights raised for 1,500 yards, fired. His aim was true and the gun all that is was boasted. The old savage plunged face forward over the ledge and crashed down the rocky mountain side at the very feet of his slayer.

The attention of the soldiers was now directed to the papoose, the subject of this sketch. That interesting infant still calmly occupied the ledge and was evidently turning the situation over in his mind. The troopers, with Lieutenant Huyl at their head, slowley and painfully clambered up the rocks and finally approach?d the orphan, who, instead of squalling as a civilized Christian child would have done, commenced throwing stones at his pursuers, hitting Lieutenant Huyl squarely on the nose with a half pound rock and drawing blood copiously. He followed this success by other good throws, causing as nearly a panic as possible. At last, by flanking him, our Apache was knocked down by a blow from a saber and stunned. His capture was now easy, but the lieutenant's orders were to return no prisoners.

"What shall we do with the little devil?" asked one of the men. "Shoot him or throw him over the cliff after his father?" The "little devil" had regained consciousness by this time and deliberately set his teeth into the calf of the soldier's leg. Lieutenant Huyl wiped his bloody nose and replied: "A baby who fights this way ought not to be killed in cold blood. By George, I'll take him back to San Carlos if it costs me my commission!"

A gag was put into the young one's mouth to prevent any more biting, and, with a soldier holding each hand, he was landed on the plain below. There he was placed on horseback, a lariat tied to one foot, passed under the horse and tied to the other, and thus the troopers returned to the reservation.

Lieutenant Huyl was a great favorite with General Crook, but he had disobeyed orders and confidently expected to be put under arrest. But the general had already heard something of the stone throwing affair and had enjoyed a hearty laugh over Huyl's broken nose. When the lieutenant in making his report reached the point where Wahnemo was killed, the general interrupted him with, "By the way, I think you had better not let me know officially any more of this scout than you have already told." Then glancing at the swollen nose he burst into a roar of laughter in which all the other officers joined.

The young Indian was confined in the armory until his first fright was overcome. The soldiers of Company A named him Dick Huyl and, fitting him out with a uniform fashioned from the lieutenant's old clothes, regularly adopted him into the service.

In less than a month the small recruit learned to express himself tolerably in English and in a very short time had accumulated all the accomplishments of tobacco chewing and profanity possessed by the soldiers. He also picked up a wonderful knowledge of bugle calls and evolutions, always turning out at roll calls and taking his place at the extreme left of the company when in line.

When I first knew him, he had been under the refining influences of the United States service two years. If that Indian had improved in that time, I am very glad I did not know him before. He was not beautiful according to classic standards.

The Apaches flattent the heads of their babies between boards, and this, as much as anything else, served to render Dick unattractive to us children. Then he had such a predilection for carrying snakes in his pocket! The soldiers spoiled him, of course, and upheld him in every villainy he chose to perpetrate. When he shot the mules in an ambulance filled with women and children, causing a runaway and a smash up, one soldier thrashed him with a barrel stave and a dozen more gave him 5 cent pieces to comfort him. They alternately pounded and petted, but it was all one to him. He seldom laughed and never cried. He was an Apache.

I said he never cried. I will note an exception. Every Saturday afternoon the men took him out behind the quarters and gave him a bath. This process was very simple. They stripped off his clothing and turned the hose on him. On these occasions the shrieks of the little savage could be heard all over the post.

I have not seen Dick since I was 9 years old, but I like to think that he grew up and regularly enlisted in the old regiment and is now an honor to the service.—New York Tribune.

Cannibalism in Africa.

The cannibalism of the black secret society known as the human Leopards in the country hear Sierra Leone, disclosed by the recent trial, brings forcibly before us the difference between the East African and the West African habits of eating human flesh. The Sherbro cannibals waylaid and killed their victims and afterward feasted on their flesh. The cannibalism of the east coast is of a very different kind. The flesh of the old people—the grandfather and grandmother of a family—is dried and mixed with condiments, and a portion of this isoffered, with a dim sort of sacramental meaning, to travelers who become guests of the family. To refuse it would be a deadly insult. To accept it is a passport to the privileged position of a friend of the house. Many of our travelers in East Africa have eaten thus sacramentally of the ancestors of some dark-skinned potentate.

The cannibalism of the west coast is as has just been seen, of a more horrible kind. The Sherbro's case seem to be connected with fetichism, the worst developments of which are peculiar to that country; but there is a hideous genuine appetite for fresh human flesh still existing among the negroes of West Africa. This cannibalism manifests itself in a refinement of gluttony which has its mild analogy in the tastes of Europeans. Young boys are brought from the dark interior, kept in pens, fattened upon bananas, and finally killed and baked. To these Thyestean feast come not only the savage chiefs of the interior, but also, it is whispered black merchants from the coast. Men who appear at their places of business teritory in broadcloth and tall hats, ape the manners of their white masters, are said to disappear annually into the interior, where, we are told, they might be seen in naked savagery, taking part in the banquets on plump boys, in which they delight. Be this as it may, somehow the native of the west coast and its Hinterland is unlike the East or South African native in the deep-lying savagery and the extraordinary facility for returning to it which are his leading and very unpleasant characteristics. The subject claims the attention of the anthropologist, and certainly suggests a curious reason for questioning the relationship of the black man and the ape or the gorilla, seeing that the race of monkeys seem to be singularly free from anything like cannibalism.—Saturday Review.

Special power of attorney forms for sale at the Nugget office.

ANOTHER CONCESSION

Two Mile Tract on Indian Closed to Another Entry.

A notice has been posted in the gold commissioner's office to the effect that a plan of the survey of the ground applied for by William Croteau for hydraulic purposes has been filed and that the ground is closed from further placer mining entries. The concession lies on the right limit of Indian river and extends from a point one mile westerly and up stream from the mouth of Australia creek, thence up stream two miles and one mile in width.

The Meanest Man Medal.

The sudden shower had driven the people into doorways and under awnings for shelter.

A group had gathered in a covered alleyway between two sections of a big dry goods store, and one of the men was talking.

"I played a joke on the girls in my shop which I guess they found out on their way home last evening," he said. "You know, there is about a dozen of them."

"Yes."

"Well, they are the greatest gum chewers you ever saw, and I got tired of seeing them wag their jaws. I had noticed that nearly every one of them had some particular place for sticking her gum, and just before quitting time yesterday afternoon I managed to go around and pick off the wads one by one, mix a little Scotch snuff with each and stick them all back in their places without being seen at it."

"Don't you suppose it made them sick?" asked one.

"Not sick enough to hurt, I guess, but I rather think it'll stop their"—

At this point an excited man forced his way into the center of the group.

"I'm mighty glad to see you, sir!" he exclaimed. "I'm glad to hear you talk."

"You have the advantage of me, I"—

"You bet I have! When it comes to a show down, I'm several points to the good, as far as you are concerned. For the last week or so I have been crawling around on my hands and knees, except when I have been standing up to kick myself. A man caught me the other day emptying my ashes into his garbage box. He told me I was the meanest man in Chicago, and I guess I was. I felt like it anyway. He gave me a medal on the strength of it, and I've carried it for a whole week, waiting and watching for a meaner man. Before I'd do such a thing as you've bragged of doing I'd drown myself in a sewer. I would, by Jove! You're the meanest man in Chicago. The medal's yours."

Hereupon he thrust inside the waistcoat of the other a flat, round piece of galvanized iron, elbowed his way out and went forth into the pelting rain with his head held well up.—Chicago Tribune.

Where Science Stumbles.

In a lecture on "The Progress and Tendency of Astronomy," delivered at Columbian university, Washington, Professor Simon Newcomb spoke of the determination of the exact motion of the solar system as one of the victories of the nineteenth century. It is determined that the solar system is moving forward in space 40,000 miles an hour, but whence it came or whither it is going no one can tell.

Mr. Newcomb does not believe instruments will ever be discovered that will allow astronomers to prove that rational inhabitants exist on other planets. The only way in which they can judge will be by conditions of other planets which would make it probable or improbable that rational beings such as are on the earth can live there.

Mars may be inhabited, but astronomers have not been able to draw any evidence on that subject one way or the other. What changes may come to the earth, the solar system or the universe can only be matters of uncertain speculation. Only one theory can be counted upon, and that is that "all things must end."

In the Nick of Time.

Slim Jim was a drawn out youth who did odd jobs about the river. During his checkered career, along with many bad habits, he had learned how to row a boat.

Jim was also the suitor for the affections of the fair Isobel, a queen who occupied a palace in a neighboring alley.

Isobel was the mistress of all she surveyed. Far and wide the newsboys came to pay her court. Lucky indeed was that youth who could share with her for an evening the soap box made for two in front of her door.

"Tragedy" was the name of a newsboy who figured very high in the fair Isobel's favor. On one particular evening when Slim Jim came with a sack peanuts to pay his nightly devoirs he viewed with astonishment "Tragedy" seated on the favored box. Neither argument or threats could prevail upon the obstinate "Tragedy" to vacate. As three could not occupy the seat with comfort and peace, the discussion became very heated as to whom the right belonged to pay suit.

At length the debate was silenced by a proposal from Slim Jim to rest the decision on a rowing contest. "Tragedy" was noted among the newsboy fraternity for the might of his arm; hence he gladly assented to the proposition. Thus it was decided without further parleying that the fair Isobel belonged to the winner.

The appointed time came around. The charming Isobel as judge, had taken her stand at the finish. The two heroes were bent almost double at their oars, awaiting the shot. A small, freckle-faced boy, glorying in his office, pointed the cap pistol aloft and pulled the trigger. The two boats leaped ahead at the flash. For a time the pair were even. Nose to nose they crept down the course. Then strength of arm prevailed against skill, and "Tragedy" began to forge ahead. Slim Jim saw that his defeat was certain. The goal was but a few rods off.

Some action must be taken, and quickly, too, else he would lose the queen of his heart. In a flash the plan came into his head.

"Paper, please!" he yelled in "Tragedy's" ear. Habit was too strong. At the well known hail the leading oarsman's hand shot to his left side, where the papers were accustomed to be kept. His loosened oar slipped into the water, and Slim Jim shot by the goal, barely the winner.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Candies, nuts, etc., for the holidays —Kilgore & Landahl's.

Persistency of the Flavor.

A western correspondent sends us this story, which may be taken with a few grains of salt as to the material allegation contained therein:

A country customer had bought some fish at a village grocery store—whether codfish, mackerel or herring is not necessary for the purpose of the story—and at her next visit to the store she entered a complaint.

"They tasted," she said, "exactly like English breakfast tea."

"I'm not surprised, ma'am, replied the grocer. "Those fish were caught in Boston harbor."—Youth's Companion.

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