

STORY OF A FRONTIER MAN

Tall, broad-shouldered and erect, with the strong, well-marked face of a great general, Sitting Bull, the greatest of Sioux chiefs, who out-generalled Custer of the United States Army, and killed him and his force in a bloody battle on the Little Big Horn, was a man whom anyone would point out as a leader at first sight. Such is the recollection of him that remains in the mind of William Davis, now carpenter at the provincial buildings in Victoria, but formerly, like H. H. Nash, usher at the same institution, a member of the first organized body of Northwest Mounted Police sent into the Canadian wilderness to maintain law and order among savages and outlaws.

Perched among the shavings on his bench the other day, his eyes closed and turned backward over the intervening years, Davis told of the stirring days when the bloody-handed Sioux fled across the border with the reeking scalps of Custer's men. Davis was then attached to a troop of fifty police stationed at Cypress Hills, near the American border, under command of Col. Walsh. The police post was situated in a deep valley circled by high hills, and it consisted of a collection of chinked-log buildings surrounded by a ten-foot stockade constructed of up-ended timbers left unchinked. As Davis recalls it now, he says it was more of a death-trap than a protection, because an attacking party needed only to rush up under cover of the stockade outside, shove their rifles through the chinks and blaze away, while the force inside, like rats in a trap, could not retreat if it wanted to.

With their base at this post, Walsh's troop patrolled day by day the immense, wild country tributary to Cypress Hills. They awed the Canadian Indians, struck terror to the heart of outlaws and whiskey traders, and rounded up horse and cattle rustlers, either driving them across the boundary amid a rain of bullets, or capturing and incarcerating them in the prison at Stony Mountain.

One day away back in the seventies, breathless Blackfeet scouts came to the police post at Cypress Hills with startling news that the whole American army had been wiped out to the south and that the terrible Sioux were hitting the trail northward for the boundary. This news could not fail to produce some uneasiness among the handful of red-coated troopers who, although they had no other thought than to stand their ground and put up a bold front, come what might, felt very dubious as to the outcome when a thousand or more Sioux with the blood-lust strong in them, flooded the boundary country. Scouts were thrown out to give word of the approach of Sitting Bull's warriors, and the daily routine of the post was carried on quite as usual, single constables riding for and wide, doing their duty despite all the red-skins on the plains. Then, over night and as silently as the stars, the Sioux invaded the Cypress Hills, and when morning broke the smoke from their campfires rose in the clear air from the ridge of hills completely surrounding the little police post. Tips of tepees appeared above the trees, and the sight was ominous to the little troop of police in the valley below. Col. Walsh decided that a bold stroke without delay was imperative, and, mounting every available man, he rode at the head of his small force into the Sioux camp. He sought out Sitting Bull for a pow-wow. The Sioux chief was reticent and surly at first, but the Canadian officer told him through an interpreter that while he sojourned in Canada he must respect the laws and behave himself, or disaster would come to him and his warriors, they would be hunted as the coyote is hunted, driven from bluff to bluff, from slough to slough, until not one of them remained.

Sitting Bull heard this ultimatum in silence. Then drawing himself up and stretching his arm out to indicate the wide range, he said, in a few words, that the Sioux were not at war with their white brothers of Canada, that they came as peaceful men, with no malice in their hearts and that they would respect the laws of the white men.

This assurance lifted a great load from the minds of the police. As it was delivered, the alert, watchful little troop of red-coats was lost in a sea of silent, gaudily-dressed braves, armed to the teeth and with the marks of the Custer massacre still upon them. Knowing full well that at a signal from Sitting Bull they would be wiped out within five minutes, the constables joked with the Sioux braves as they sat their horses, laughed and chatted among themselves and never once betrayed the least token of fear. At the same time more than one apparently carelessly-held carbine had the drop on Sitting Bull's heart, and had he given the signal he himself would have been the first to fall.

But Sitting Bull was true to his word, and spoke with a single tongue, and during the period of his sojourn he and his braves were always friendly and well-behaved. The police and the Sioux became good friends, and many a wild night of dancing and feasting Davis and his comrades put in with the men of Sitting Bull's army. Two pounds of tea apiece, given over to the squaws, made the policemen welcome guests for a night, and so friendly did the police and the Sioux become that, far from giving trouble, the Sioux often rendered the police valuable assistance. However, Sitting Bull himself, while he participated occasionally in the revels, held aloof for the most part, and the police were not deceived as to the real motive behind his policy of friendliness. They knew that the wily old chief realized that it would never do for him to antagonize the military on both sides of the line at the same time. But for this it is very likely he would have murdered the police force at Cypress Hills without compunction, for he was ever bitter in his hatred of and contempt for the white man.

Notwithstanding the professed friendship of the Sioux, Col. Walsh was too good an Indian fighter to be entirely off his guard. He never ceased to watch and to have scouts tally the movements of the Sioux. The policemen soon became proficient in the Sioux sign language, so that they could talk with the Indians. This sign language was very interesting and Davis recalls today having met a small hunting party of Sioux, mounted on restless little buckskins, setting forth from the hills. He stopped them and, with signs, asked where they were going. The leader of the party swept his arm outward towards the plains and said, gutturally: "Wa-ho, mini-ton-ka, poney comet, mush-toosh!"

This enlightening piece of information was rendered perfectly intelligible by accompanying signs. The "wa-ho" was suited to a wide, away. "Mini-ton-ka" Davis knew meant "big lake" or "big water"; "poney comet" was the Sioux jargon word for "fast horse," and this word was accompanied by a sign made by placing the first and second fingers of the right hand over the left wrist in the position of a man astride a horse. "Mush-toosh" was the word for "bison," and it was further illuminated by placing the hands against the sides of the forehead to represent horns.

Davis interpreted the sentence at once. The party was going far out on the plains, by the big lake, on horseback to hunt buffalo. It was in 1877 that Davis was transferred to Fort McLeod, in the province of Alberta, where the police were in command of Col. McLeod, a very efficient officer, and it was in this year that Davis took part in the making of the first great treaty with the Blackfeet. Gov-

ernor Laird, the old pioneer ruler, who, until last year, was in charge of the Indian Office at Winnipeg, but who is now resident at Ottawa, conducted the treaty, and Col. McLeod led a guard of 100 Mounted Police as an escort for the Governor. The Blackfeet, many hundreds of them, came under the chiefship of Crowfoot, as bad an old cuss as the whole country boasted. The meeting took place at Bow River Crossing, in a deep, wide valley, and the sight presented there while the treaty was being made will never be seen again, not though all the wild west shows that ever were organized could be banded together in an amphitheatre made up of all the biggest show halls of the world.

Crowfoot had been reconciled to the treaty-making with extreme difficulty, and the police were wary and suspicious when the meeting took place. They suspected the old chief from the very start, and, as was shown afterwards, they had good cause. It was learned, years later, that Crowfoot had sent emissaries to Sitting Bull at Cypress Hills, imploring him to join with the Blackfeet in massacring the whites at Bow River Crossing when they met to pay treaty. This was to have been followed by a general murderous sweeping of the whole country. However, old Sitting Bull had declined with scorn, because of his policy of friendship with the white men in Canada, but probably equally because of the long-standing, deep-seated enmity that existed between the Sioux nation and the Blackfeet.

The ceremonies attendant upon the payment of three years' treaty money lasted for three weeks. The big valley, a mile and a half wide and six miles long, was a blaze of color and a dance with activity. The Blackfeet camp extended from end to end, and at the open end of the valley, in a commanding position and protective of the Governor's camp, the police escort was established. The police were never off their guard during the whole three weeks, and every move of the Indians was watched with suspicion. The red-skins had decked themselves in their most gaudy attire, and the 4,000 of them made a wonderful sight. Davis recalls that there were at least eight thousand dogs attached to the Indian camp, and these curs made every night a delirium.

To feed the host of red-skins and whites during the three weeks, great quantities of supplies were required, including herds of several thousand head of cattle. The greatest menace to the safety of the whites and a constant source of trouble for the police was the presence of a small army of Yankee whiskey traders, who took the treaty money from the Indians in return for sulphurous liquor as fast as it was paid out. When the redmen had assimilated a little of this fiery beverage, they began to recall the glory of their fathers and the magnificent traditions of their race, and it was only by the exercise of the greatest tact and a stringent control of the traders that the



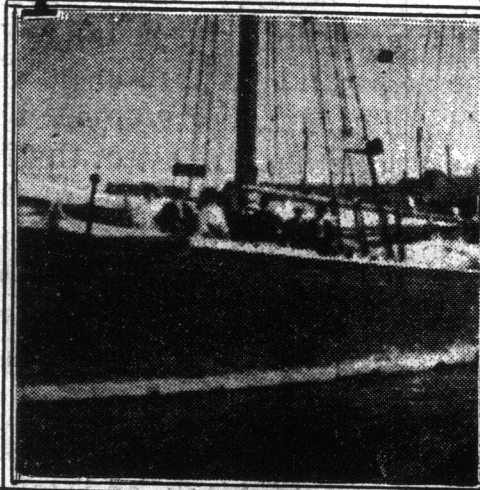
William Davis

police prevented trouble arriving in large chunks. One of the most valuable assets the police force possessed in this maintenance of law and order was a brace of nine-pounder guns, the usefulness of which they demonstrated frequently by shooting at targets. The effect of these pieces produced a very desirable sensation of awe in every Blackfeet heart. However, to return the compliment and offset the glory of the white men, the war-whoops organized a grand fandango to finish up the meeting. When preparations for this affair were under way the police were positive that the crisis was at hand. They scented a blind in the proposed war dance and sham fight, and they were prepared for real hostilities at any moment. To this day no man can say whether old Crowfoot organized that fandango in good faith or not, but the fact remains that he was given small opportunity to start anything, and the affair passed off peaceably.

Davis says he will never forget the thing as long as he lives. The Indians decked themselves in fighting garb and full war paint, and the affair began with a bardance. Hooting, yelping, slashing right and left at the air, firing rifles and revolvers, hundreds of hideous, grotesque bucks as wild as the Cadarene swine, circled about a central point. Silent, watching every movement with nerves steeled to any emergency, convinced that the signal would come at any moment, the Mounted Police watched the awe-inspiring war dance of the Blackfeet.

Following the war dance the Indians held a sham-fight, and if there was anything of savagery, of fear-inspiring weirdness, wanting in

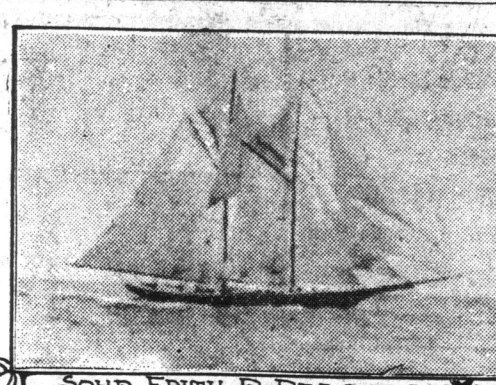
Seal Hunting in the South Pacific



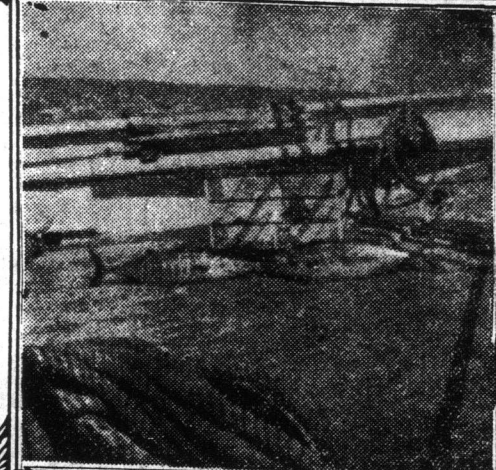
A GROUP OF SEALERS WITH SOME LADY FRIENDS



A SHEEP HERDER'S HUT ON THE FALKLAND ISLANDS



SPANISH MACKEREL CAUGHT OFF THE RIVER PLATTE



PENGUIN ROOKERY ON THE FALKLANDS

the war-dance, it was thoroughly atoned for in the sham-fight. Throughout this again the police were watching like hawks, for, friendly as they professed to be, the red-skins were in full war regalia and ready at an instant's signal to fall upon the whites. However, the dance and the sham-fight passed without dangerous developments, and the treaty was completed in peace.

Mr. Davis has a fund of reminiscence of the early days, each fraught with adventure and danger. Many a time he has walked hand-in-hand with death, but he came safely through every adventure, and is hale and hearty today, an interested spectator of the march of progress across the wide plains where once he saw the countless bison roaming, the prairie schooner of the whiskey trader trekking from camp to camp, the flitting horse-thief and the roving bands of Indians.

THE PRINCESS OF WALES IN PRIVATE LIFE

The obligations of her high position require the Princess of Wales to keep a vast number of social engagements which she does quite willingly and cheerfully; but there is not the least doubt that her chief happiness is in her home life; to be with her children and the few who enjoy her intimate friendship is the greatest enjoyment the Princess can have.

Before the King's accession to the throne, Her Royal Highness spent a great deal of her time at York Cottage, and lived what was, comparatively speaking, a life of seclusion. She appeared, of course, at Court, and attended a certain number of social and public functions, but the Princess held that her first duty was to her children, and to them she devoted by far the greater part of her time.

Never was there a more devoted or loving mother. On one occasion when Prince Edward was about four years old the Princess took him, as was her frequent custom, for a walk unaccompanied by a nurse. Her Royal Highness went rather further than she had intended, and the little Prince suddenly declared he was tired and could walk no farther. The Princess promptly took him up in her arms and carried him back the whole way to York Cottage—nearly a mile distant.

With the Royal Children

The Princess was a tremendous believer in outdoor life for children, and it was a strict rule at York Cottage that the young Princess should be ready to go out at ten o'clock every morning unless the weather was exceptionally bad, but they were never kept in on an ordinary wet day.

Her Royal Highness invariably went out herself with her children; she taught them how to trundle hoops, and delighted in running races with them. After the King's accession, the Princess had, of course, to fulfil many more public and social obligations than hitherto; as Princess of Wales she had to preside at Marlborough House, and take an active part in many functions at which, as consort of the heir apparent, it was necessary she should appear. It is a matter of common knowledge that this is a part of her life which has never appealed to the Princess; her nature is reserved and retiring, and if she consulted her own inclinations she would be seldom or never seen in

public. But the Princess knows that one in her high position cannot indulge her natural inclinations, and she has sacrificed them cheerfully. As hostess at Marlborough House, as guest at various great houses, and as patron of many charitable entertainments, she is always delightful and charming, gracious and kind.

Intimate Friends

Her friends, outside relatives, are few; among these are Lady Eva Dugdale and Mrs. Derek Keppel. The former is in her household, and the latter is the wife of the Hon. Derek W. Keppel, one of the Prince of Wales's equerries. Mrs. Keppel has known the Princess of Wales for many years, and one great bond of sympathy between them is their love of children. Mrs. Keppel and her children are constant visitors at Marlborough House, and the former are frequent playmates of, and great friends with, the royal children.

Mrs. Keppel also shares with the Princess a dislike of dancing, and at the state balls at Buckingham Palace the Princess and her friend may often be seen sitting out dances together when Her Royal Highness is able to escape performing a duty that does not by any means appeal to her.

The Princess made a rule when she first came to Marlborough House that she would keep at least one clear day a week in which she would devote herself altogether to her children. For that day she would enter into no engagements of a public or private character. In the morning Her Royal Highness would go out driving with the young Princess and the Princess Mary, but the feature of the day was afternoon tea, a meal partaken of entirely "en famille" in the Princess's boudoir, Her Royal Highness pouring out tea and dispensing the cakes herself.

The Royal Example

For three years the Princess kept her rule of devoting herself for one day entirely to children very strictly, but then the growing pressure of her engagements, when she was in London, compelled her to relinquish it; at no time, however, does Her Royal Highness ever pass a day when under the same roof as her family without spending at least an hour with them, in which she sets an example to many wealthy women who never see their children for days, and who have not one-tenth part of the obligations and duties which keep the Princess frequently busy for fourteen or fifteen hours out of the twenty-four.

The Princess, by the way, takes a very keen personal interest in the conduct of affairs in her Household; she insists on all her own personal accounts being settled regularly every month, and they must always be submitted to Her Royal Highness before being paid.

Mary had a little hen,
So why should Mary care?
One hen's sufficient now-a-days
To make a millionaire.

—Baltimore Sun.

Uncle Eben—I tell ye that it's excessive indulgence in pleasure that kills so many men.
Uncle Ezra—You're right on that, Eben. Those fellows that stay up till go'clock pitchin' quoits by lantern light won't realize it till their eyes begin to fail 'em—Puck.