

# The Democratic Sentinel

RENSSELAER, INDIANA.

J. W. McEWEN, PUBLISHER

## HUNTING IN WYOMING.

FROM FT. M'KINNEY TO POW-  
DER RIVER FORK.

Stories of the Stage Road—The Feeding  
Ground of the Antelope—Chasing a Deer  
at the Drop of a Hat—A Tenderfoot's  
Luck.

Endurance of a Wounded Antelope.

We had been enjoying the hospitality of Colonel J. A. M'Kinney, the gallant a' Fort M'Kinney, writes Charles E. Nixon, the Chicago Inter-Ocean. Up to six months ago Fort M'Kinney was the most remote frontier post, being over 300 miles from the railway; now the distance has been reduced one-half. In the surroundings contributing to comfort, amid so much good taste showing the handiwork of refined and in enlous woman, one could hardly realize that we were 700 miles from the nearest city, Omaha; that the ladies of the post had been accustomed to do their shopping entirely through the problematical medium of a price-list, with an express



HUNTING "ITEMS" AND ANTELOPES.

company as a messenger. You women of cities think of being denied the privilege of overhauling shelves of silks, carrying off dozens of samples, and hove ring about Monday's "bargain counters" as thick as leaves in 'Val-mrosa.' The wives and daughters of the military are brought up in a more heroic school of denial, but one that is more satisfactory in results, judging from the genuine comforts of household equipment, the science of cookery, and the good taste displayed in jollets.

Revenants a nos moutons—we were invited to engage in a hunt, and Frank Grouard, chief of scouts, the hero of a hundred hair-breadth escapes by food and field, was called in for consultation.

We had a hard long to scale the heights of the Big Horn, and track the grizzly to his lair, but the scouts "saw us up" and intimated that we had better keep out of the mountains and chase the native deer and antelope. Surely we were in the hands of our friends; we wisely yielded without debate. Early next morning a cavalcade left the beautiful plateau of Fort M'Kinney, lying in the shadow of the snow capped Big Horn, and started south towards the breaks of the Powder River. It was in charge of Capt. G. L. Scott, of the Sixth (cavalry).

Our first camp was thirty miles down the old stage road from Douglas to Fort Custer, at Harris Ranch, the scene of Captain Burke's (Eighteenth Infantry) fight in 1869. Not over a decade ago the whole country hereabouts was the hunting ground of the Indians. The renegade white man was nearly as bad as the redskin, and the stage was frequently held up in the good old times.

Our ranch house, long, low, log structure, the store or bar presents the larger portion of the building, and the annex is the dining-room where transients are treated. The front door is as heavy as the side walls and has chain locks, a device to furnish the man on the inside some advantage over his visitors.

It is historic, like the doors of the Theban Temple, but instead of hieroglyphics it is filled full of bullets and

erings soldier scanned the country for miles around, not a man in sight. He walked toward the door; just as his hand touched the latch he heard the sound of horse's feet. Out from the stable yard like a flash came a slender young horseman, holding in one hand a small grip sack, in it was \$15,000 pay for soldiers that had been left in the ambulance. Away went the horseman with speed of the wind, up came the carbine to the soldier's shoulder, the benumbed fingers pulled the trigger, the bullet was buried in the dust at the flying feet of the horse. There was a rush of men from the house, then another rush for arms, all the work of a minute perhaps, but the horseman was off at long range, zigzagging in his course in a style that made sights and wind gauges superfluous. What zip whiz went the bullet of a rifle! the soldiers were shooting to save salary, but in vain, the daring rider had made a distant general's pay as his target as he rode over the prairie. Before the horses in the distant corral could get their loosened cinches tightened the robber was over the hills and off toward the mountain fastnesses and was not heard from until two years later in Nebraska, where a small fraction of the money was recovered.

That night we slept on the ground, a neighbor Harris' hogs were most attentive and inquisitive. The Captain broke two clubs over one razor back's head, and then dutifully crept to rest with a bunch of cactus stuck in his heel like a natural spur, a painful souvenir

following morning. The captain bid Jefferson Davis' farewell, leaving assurance that he would have deer meat for supper. Grouard, myself and Lieutenant Rhodes crossed the powder and were soon threading the labyrinthian draws that led away from the river. Deer signs were quite thick. Grouard was slightly in advance, his keen eyes could find the track of a wild turkey in the sage grass, and could tell where a deer had trod during the previous forty-eight hours, picking the new out of a puzzling multitude of old tracks.

A botanist, who has made a special study of the nut and its properties, said to a Cincinnati Times-Star reporter: "It is a mistake to say that the nut will take the place of tea and coffee. It has an astringent taste that is unpleasant, and I do not believe that it will ever be used extensively, or at all, in civilized countries. The kola nut is a native of the coasts of Africa, but has been introduced into and thrives well in the West Indies and Brazil. It grows on a tree forty feet high, which produces pale yellow flowers spotted with purple. The leaves of the tree are six or eight inches long, and are pointed at both ends. The fruit consists of five long, slender pods radiating from a common center. One of these when broken open is found to contain several nuts somewhat similar to hazelnuts and of about the same size. The nuts are solid, being slightly softer toward the center than on the outside.

"The native of the countries where the nuts grow use them for various purposes. They pass for money in Africa. They are also used as a symbol of friendship and hate, the light colored ones signifying the former, and the dark the latter. They are supposed to aid digestion, and it is the practice to chew a small bit before eating a meal. They allay thirst, and if a small piece be chewed and held in the mouth while drinking, the most bitter and stagnant water can be taken, and will taste sweet and agreeable. I doubt if this quality of rendering stagnant water pure is possible by the nuts. I rather think that the astringent taste of the nut paralyzes the gustatory nerves momentarily, and for that reason the water is not tasted. Hunger they are also supposed to allay, but they do no more than paralyze the nerves. They have a stimulating effect, and when going on long marches the natives chew bits of the nuts continually, and with about the same effect as if intoxicating liquor had been used, though without the same bad results. Poured kola nut is sprinkled in cuts and wounds and has a healing effect.

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THE KOLA NUT.

Can It Be Made to Take the Place of Tea and Coffee?

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