

# Angus Corbly's Captivity

A Story of Early Indian Life and Adventure in the Territory Northwest of the Ohio River.

BY A WRITER OF MARSHALL COUNTY.

## CHAPTER 7.

### THE BUFFALO HUNT.

(Continued.)

It required but a few days for Angus to recover from his bruises and bruises, during which time he remained in or near his wigwam and became acquainted with but few of the villagers, and one afternoon early in September the chief Tullihis called him to a group of the tribesmen and all gave him a close and silent inspection. At the close of which he was directed to take off his clothes and put on a breech-clout. This done three young women were summoned and they led the boy by the hand down the bank into the river until the water was well up toward their arms. The young women then laid hold of him and plunged him beneath the surface three times, the tribe watching solemnly from the bank, and scrubbed him vigorously from head to foot with their hands, dealing quite roughly with him. He was led from the water up to the council house, wondering what ceremony was this, and there his hair was dressed in Indian style, his long scalp-lock being plaited and bound with a narrow beaded band supporting a long red feather, his face and body were striped with various colors and he was clothed like an Indian, with deer-skin shirt, leggings, moccasins and a beaded belt, the young squaws doing the work very soberly and silently. The costume completed to the satisfaction of the ladies the youth was seated on a bearskin and presented with pipe and tobacco, the Indians were notified that all was in readiness and they filed in, grandly dressed and painted and each one smoking. As they came in they squatted on the ground and sat smoking in profound silence for a considerable time, the lad regarding them curiously and with much wonder as to the outcome.

At length Tullihis arose with much dignity and said: "My son, you are now flesh of our flesh. Every drop of white blood has been washed out of your veins and you are now received and adopted as a member of a powerful and warlike tribe. My son, you are one of our people and have nothing to fear, for we will love and protect you and make you a great warrior and perhaps a chief among us." He said much more, also, for the Indians were fond of oratory, and when he had finished one of the squaws crouching by the door came in and led the boy about the room to shake hands with his new kin, then conducted him to the lodge of the widowed squaw who had saved his life and whose son he was henceforth. In the evening a great feast was made in celebration of the adoption and there was a large kettle filled with venison and green corn boiling together, the first corn of the season, to which savory compound all addressed themselves with keen appetites. Each man had his own bowl and two young men stood at the kettle to serve the portions out according to the number in each feast. The family, for squaws, children and slaves were permitted to have only what was left after the head of the family had eaten his fill out of his bowl. The Indians remained about the fire after the food had been consumed and passed the evening in relating their exploits of war or of hunting, one occasionally telling something comical and the old men usually giving grave counsel or telling snatches of the tribal history and legends.

One old and infirm man, who had long been absent from the war-path and the hunting-ground, narrated a legend of an Indian girl who was extraordinarily beautiful and possessed that precious jewel, a finished Indian education. She was so beautiful by nature and polished by art that her parents could find for her no suitable husband. The family resided near a river that flowed at the foot of a great mountain which no man had ever ascended. One day the damsel was missing and no tidings could be heard of her. At length, after much time had been spent in searching for her and many tears had been showered at her loss, she was seen bathing and disporting in the river with a youth as beautiful as herself, but when they were approached they quickly vanished. This handsome man, whom the girl's parents imagined to be one of the good spirits inhabiting the inaccessible mountain, was accepted by them as their son-in-law and as was the Indian custom, they called upon him for moose, bear or other game, and if they did not go to the river and signify their desire, behold, the animal mentioned forthwith came swimming toward them.

A venturesome Indian was tempted to ascend the mountain in the hope of learning the lovely couple's abode, but after traveling a day and a night the top was as distant from him as when he started, so he knew the place was enchanted and hastened back to his wigwam never to repeat the attempt. Three young men heard of this adventure and agreed to try it for themselves. Three days they climbed and then became strangely disordered with delirium and when they recovered their faculties they found themselves back at their starting point, doubtless having been transported thither in their sleep by some powerful spirit of the mountain. The mystery of the great hill so weighed upon the people living near its base that they at length moved far to the west and left the charming bride with her spirit husband.

The Indians were very fond of competitive sports and feats of arms and they encouraged the boys, even in their earliest years, to engage in such matters, according high praise and distinguished consideration to the winners, particularly to those who won frequently. Our white lad entered into all such affairs with high enthusiasm and few there were who could excel him in the contests that were suitable to his age. It was humiliating to the Indian youths to see their rightful laurels so constantly wrested from them by a mere interloper, a person whose blood was Indian only by a transparent fiction, and he was compelled to withstand some malevolent abuse on that account, which he did with all patience but ready to defend if attacked.

When the corn was in the milk the harvest came on and the squaws and boys were kept busy gathering and drying it for the winter's use. They plucked the ears and husked them, throwing them into kettles where they were boiled until the grains were quite hard, then they scraped it from the cob with sharp shells found in the river and spread it on sheets of bark in the sun until it was thoroughly dry and shriveled to the size of peas. In this condition it was put in holes dug in the ground and lined with thick bark, where it would keep for years. When boiled again it would swell up full of juice and be sweeter than fresh corn.

During the progress of this work Angus was one day in the forest gathering dry wood to boil the kettles. An ill-natured bully about seventeen years old, who had caused him some trouble before because of being beaten by him in some sport, came up and seized him from behind, threw him backward to the ground and declared that he would kill him for an English dog, saying which he began to cut Angus across the breast with a knife. They were alone and Angus was at his wit's end to keep the peace, so he seized the young brute by the hair and set himself to inflict a punishment that would be a lasting lesson to this and to other bullies who might design to molest him. The Scotch temper was thoroughly aroused and so vigorously was the task performed that the big coward lay whimpering on the ground and crying for mercy. Angus told him to get up and not lie there like a dog and said that if he ever again made such an attempt the punishment would be doubled. Expecting to be chastised for his presumption in whipping an Indian the white boy went immediately to the village and told the exact truth, but he was commended for his spirit and told to defend himself on every necessary occasion.

The corn season over a little feasting was indulged in before beginning preparations for the hunt. One of the festive occasions was the wounding dance. The young men stood in a head and the marriageable women in another, about five yards apart, all bedecked with savage gewgaws and attractive finery, one holding in his hand a rattle made of a small dried gourd containing small stones, he being the leader. When he raised the song, timing it with his rattle, all danced and sang, advancing and retreating, advancing again and stooping until their heads touched, remaining in that position for a time with shouts and much laughing, then retreating at the sound of the rattle and forming the lines again in different order, and they kept it up for several hours.

In singing the tunes they could use such words as they pleased, thus saying what they wished to each other, and in holding their heads together they were able to speak in each other's ears without being overheard by their neighbors. Many marriages resulted from this dance.

Shortly the hunting parties began to go out, their expectations being short at first and then taking a wider range, and Angus greatly hoped he might be invited to join one of them.

With eloquent eyes he hinted at the matter to his adoptive mother one day but she said she could not spare him from her and that he was too young to endure the hardships of the chase.

It was not long, however, until the little village on the west branch of the Muskingum was broken up and its inhabitants separated in small parties to spend the winter in the forest, intending to return to the village in the spring at corn-planting time. Chief Tullihis, his daughter, Angus and perhaps a dozen others composed a band that struck out toward the west with the Miami village of Kikeonga, at the head of the Maumee river, where Ft. Wayne now stands, as their destination. The Shawnees had given permission to hunt in their country, but not to settle there, and the Mohegians were on friendly terms with the Miamis. There was a French trading post at Kikeonga and a mission station and the place was often occupied by French soldiers.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

## THE CONSECRATION

Great Crowds Witness Imposing Ceremonies of the Roman Catholic Church Participated in by Hundreds of Priests and Many Catholic Notables.

CHICAGO, July 25.—With the pomp and splendor of the Roman Catholic church, the Rev. Peter J. Muldoon of St. Charles Borromeo's parish was consecrated auxiliary bishop of Chicago by his eminence, Cardinal Martinielli, at the Holy Name cathedral yesterday. He was led to the altar of consecration by archbishops, bishops and priests amid scenes as brilliant as the coronation of a king.

Every solemn rite of the church was a part of the imposing ceremony. It gave one a thought of the middle ages and showed the connecting link with the present century. Three hundred priests chanted the litany of the saints, a dozen bishops, three archbishops, and a cardinal—the legate of Pope Leo XIII in America—all clad in gorgeous robes of purple and black and gold, set with precious stones, produced a dazzling effect upon the 2,500 men and women who witnessed the consecration.

The event was the seventh of the kind performed in this diocese, and exceeded in magnificence all its predecessors.

The function was divided into the preliminary examination, the consecration proper, and the investiture. The first part included the form of ascertaining solemnly if the bishop-elect had the right to consecration, of receiving the oath of submission to the Holy See, the center of unity, and of inquiring into the orthodoxy of his faith. After these preliminaries were undergone, there was a simultaneous celebration by Cardinal Martinielli and Bishop-elect Muldoon betokening the unity of their faith. After the communion Auxiliary Bishop Muldoon received the miter and gloves, which had been blessed by the cardinal. During the intoning of the Te Deum, Bishop Muldoon was led between his assistants down the main aisle, blessing the people on the way. The ceremony closed with the kiss of peace from the consecrator.

The incandescent globes overhead glistened and the high altar of white marble was accentuated by its blaze of candle lights. It held a massive bunch of red roses, the color of the cardinal. At either side of the altar was the white and yellow colors of Rome.

The robes worn by Bishop Muldoon were from Lyons, France, and when he walked down the main aisle carrying his blessing with him he represented in cloth and jewels \$10,000.

### Killed by a Runaway.

VALPARAISO, Ind., July 26.—Frank Marshall, who was hurt in a runaway Monday, died yesterday from his injuries. He was seventy-seven years old, and had resided in this country for fifty years. He leaves six children.

## TARRED AND FEATHERED

West Chicago the Scene of an Exciting Episode Last Night Following an Assault.

CHICAGO, July 25.—Valentine Miller, after being tarred and feathered in West Chicago Tuesday night, was saved from being lynched only by the strenuous resistance of the older men in the angry crowd which surrounded him. Instead of hanging there was substituted riding him out of town on a rail. The younger men in the crowd, aroused by the unusual experience of tarring and feathering, and excited by the cries of the hundreds of angry women, were anxious for more conclusive vengeance, and for a time fought fiercely to get a rope around Miller's neck.

The people of West Chicago were aroused last night by the appearance of Mrs. Miller running down the main street, crying loudly, and with blood running from numerous cuts on her head and face. The beating she had received she declared was the last one of a long series for which her husband was responsible. She said she had been knocked down and struck repeatedly across the face and breast.

The village streets were filled with young couples promenading, and the usual groups of men were loitering around the country stores as Mrs. Miller made her appearance about 8 o'clock. With a shout the men left their seats on the store boxes and started for Miller's home at Center and Chicago streets. When they arrived there Miller had fled.

Confinement in the town lock-up had followed previous whippings of his wife, and Miller feared that a visit would again be in order. The noise made by the young men on their way to Miller's home had been heard all over the village, and in a few moments the mob numbered several hundred. They divided into search parties, as it was believed that Miller was hidden in some of the surrounding corn fields.

Word passed from house to house that a hunt was being made for Miller with the intention of giving him a coat of tar and feathers. In less than an hour Miller was found east of the town. He had fled there with a son, and after waiting a short time had plucked up courage to return under the protection of a friend whom he had met. As the searching party recognized him with a shout his protector took to his heels and Miller followed suit. He was caught speedily and the men started back to the village.

At Chicago and Depot streets the party escorting Miller met another carrying tar and brushes. The tar was from what the town had been using to build concrete sidewalks, and several white-wash brushes had been obtained to distribute it over Miller.

While eager hands were roughly tearing the clothes from Miller his little son was taken home. There two grown-up daughters were vainly endeavoring to calm their mother, who was now fearful that some hurt would be done her husband through the anger which her flight of a short time before had aroused.

By the time the man was stripped all the 2,000 persons living in the village, with the exception of the one discreet police man, had collected on the corner. Realizing that a worse punishment than confinement in the lockup was about to be meted out, Miller made wordy promises of reform. His pledges were met by the jeers of the women, who, in the darkness, formed a large proportion of the crowd gathered around the nude man. A handful of feathers stilled Miller's cries as the tar was smeared over his body. On this sticky coat were thrown the contents of several feather pillows.

In the darkness the feathered victim, like some ungainly bird, was distinguishable only to those on the inside of the circle surrounding him. Some lighted matches to afford those more distant glimpses of the scene. The more wild ones in the crowd clamored for further excitement.

The women urged the men on with cries of "Served him right!" "Poor Mrs. Miller!" "The big brute!" and "He didn't get half enough!"

Finally one youth touched a match to one of the tarred feathers. There was a quick sizzle, but the blaze was extinguished before it could spread over the inflammable coating. Most of the crowd shouted in glee as Miller squirmed and screamed. Miller was now frantic with fright, and while the tears ran down his face he alternately prayed to God and cursed his captors.

Then a young man waving a clothes line, which had been found in a neighboring yard, broke into the circle. Half a hundred shouted "Lynch him!" "Hang him!" "Use the tree on the corner!" The cooler heads saw that the affair was assuming serious proportions. While the young men were endeavoring to tie a loop around Miller's neck a determined rush was made to rescue him. He had collapsed and would not have had the strength to escape if he had been able to get through the press around him.

Finally a 2x4 scantling was obtained, to the use of which no resistance was offered. Held on the narrow edge of this Miller was carried out of the town.

Miller is about 50 years old and has several full-grown children.

### Gignilliat Hurt.

INDIANAPOLIS, July 26.—Lt. Col. L. R. Gignilliat, of the Culver Military Academy, and a member of the governor's staff, was slightly injured in a runaway at the camp of the National Guard yesterday. The spirited horse he rides became unmanageable and with the rider dashed into one of the stock barns. The officer's head struck a crossbeam and he was thrown from the horse. He was carried to the hospital tent and soon revived. The attending physicians say his injuries are not serious.

### Saved the Army Mules.

BOONEVILLE, Mo., July 27.—Fire that broke out in the rear of the Booneville steam laundry yesterday destroyed \$80,000 worth of property on the west side of Main street. Several hundred head of mules, which are to be shipped to the British war department, were saved from a building in which a number of horses were burned to death. The entire population of the town turned out to assist the fire department, and kept the flames from destroying more property.

### Business in the Churches.

CHICAGO, July 26.—"The manner in which money is raised for our churches is often a disgrace and an abomination," said the Rev. W. D. Nolin of Lexington, Ky., last night in addressing a meeting of the Baptist young people's union of the Second Presbyterian church.

"When the church learns to adopt business methods and ceases holding people up, we probably shall find our finances in better shape."

### Riotous Umbrella Menders.

KOKOMO, Ind., July 25.—Five umbrella menders and a dozen tramps looted the road house of Frank Davidson yesterday afternoon. The gang took complete possession, driving out the proprietor and bartender. A battle with the police followed, but the bums got away with the booty. Besides \$5 in cash, the looters carried away all the liquor and tobacco they could carry.

### A Fall of 200 Feet.

CHICAGO, July 26.—John L. Collins, a son of Rear Admiral Napoleon Collins, prominent during the civil war, plunged fourteen stories to his death in the Masonic Temple here yesterday. He was caught between the elevator and the shaft and fell two hundred feet to the basement. He leaves a wife and child and two brothers in California.

### Died from Heat.

VALPARAISO, Ind., July 26.—Mrs. Malissa Caldwell, aged sixty years, died yesterday from heat prostration. The heat and drought were broken by a good rain, the first in over a month.

## "I had headache and pain in the side."

If you will read the letter of Mrs. McKenzie, given below, you will find that she says: "I had uterine disease, also headache and pain in the side."

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"I took two bottles of your 'Favorite Prescription' and two of the 'Golden Medical Discovery,' and am feeling well," writes Mrs. Dan McKenzie, of Lorway Mines, Colo. "I had uterine trouble, also headache and pain in the side. After taking your medicine I got well. You may publish this or use it in any way you think best, as I cannot speak too highly of Dr. Pierce and his medicines."

Dr. Pierce's Common Sense Medical Adviser, paper covers, containing 1008 large pages, is sent free on receipt of 21 one-cent stamps, to pay expense of mailing only. Address Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.

### WORKMEN SEEK PEACE.

After Failing With Morgan they Turn Hopefully to Hanna.

PITTSBURGH, Pa., July 26.—The peace mission of M. M. Garland, who went to New York on behalf of the conservative element in the Amalgamated Association, has failed. Garland was unable to secure from the steel manufacturers any terms on which a settlement could be reached. They would not recede an inch from the attitude they have taken, holding that the workers' leaders precipitated the fight and peace negotiations are off. Garland refused last night to say anything about his attempted settlement.

At the same time a more powerful influence is being sought to carry the olive branch to J. P. Morgan. Joseph Bishop, secretary of the Ohio state board of arbitration, is working as mediator, it is learned from high authority, and plans to reach the combine people through Senator Hanna. Bishop is acting with the approval of the Amalgamated leaders and carries credentials from President Shaffer explaining the attitude of the association. There is little doubt that Senator Hanna will receive the association mediator graciously, and it is expected he will promise to exercise his best endeavors toward a settlement. About his success with the combine people much doubt is expressed.

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His Only Request. It happened once that a faithful Moslem married, but when he saw his wife she proved to be very unprepossessing. Some days after the marriage his wife said to him, "My dove, as you have many relatives, I wish you would let me know before whom I may unwell." "My gazelle," he replied, "if thou wilt only hide thy face from me I care not to whom thou showest it."

Nasal Catarrh quickly yields to treatment by Ely's Cream Balm, which is a greasy aromatic. It is received through the nostrils, cleanses and heals the whole surface over which it diffuses itself. A remedy for Nasal Catarrh which is drying or excruciating to the diseased membrane should not be used. Cream Balm is recognized as a specific. Price 50 cents at druggists or by mail. A cold in the head immediately disappears when Cream Balm is used. Ely Brothers, 56 Warren Street, New York.

Sallie's Answer. Sallie could not answer, which was nothing unusual, whereupon the teacher, thinking it might aid her by stating it less abstractly, said: "Now, Sallie, if your mamma went to the barn and found eight eggs and used six of them to bake a cake, what would she have left?" With a smile of contempt Sallie answered, "Why, she'll!"

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