

The Saturday Evening Mail.

Vol. 7---No. 15.

TERRE HAUTE, IND., SATURDAY EVENING, OCTOBER 7, 1876.

Price Five Cents.

THE MAIL

A PAPER FOR THE PEOPLE.

SECOND EDITION.

THE THREE CALLERS.

BY CHARLES SWAIN.

Morn' call'd fondly to a fair boy straying
Mid golden meadows rich with clover dew;
She calls—but he still thinks of naught save
playing;
And so she smiles—and waves him an
adieu!
Whist! he, still merry with his bowery store,
Dreams not that Morn, sweet Morn! returns
no more.

Noon cometh—but the boy to manhood
growing,
Heeds not the time—he sees but one sweet
form;
One young fair face, from bower of jasmine
growing,
And all his loving heart with bliss is
warm;
So Noon, unthought, seeks the western shore,
And man forgets that Noon returns no more.

Night tapers gently at a casement gleam-
ing,
With the thin firelight, flick'ring faint and
low;
By which a gray-haired man is sadly dream-
ing
O'er pleasures gone—as all life's pleasures
go;
Night calls him to her—and he leaves his
door,
Silent and dark—and he returns no more.

THE BOY CAPTIVE; OR, LIFE IN THE GREAT FOREST.

BY C. LEON MEREDELTH.
Author of "Early Time Incidents," "Quag-
ner-ga," etc.

INTRODUCTION.

When some of the grandfathers and grandmothers of the present day were children, there were, lying between the great prairies of the West and the Allegheny Mountains of the East, hundreds of thousands of square miles of dense forest, bearing no traces of civilization save here and there along some of the river courses the pioneer's cabin, or the trappers' and hunters' hut; wild men and wild beasts, indeed, holding sway over almost the entire whole. It is of life in this great forest that I have to tell, and in narrating the adventures of the Boy Captive, who it is no imaginary character, we will follow him through many interesting encounters, and from the incidents connected with his life among the red men, the young readers will learn much concerning the habits and customs of the American aborigines.

In our pleasant homes, surrounded by the comforts that are furnished only to an enlightened people, we can realize but little of the hardships endured by the men and women to whom we owe these blessings. Life at the time our story opens, near the close of the last century, was beset with constant danger, and the pioneer who barricaded his cabin at night had no reasonable certainty of seeing the coming up of the morrow's sun. And yet this life had a fascination that was almost irresistible. The great woods filled with game of almost every conceivable kind gave constant opportunity for sport of the most exhilarating character, and even the danger that beset the woodman on every hand added not a little to the lurements of forest life, for it brought into action a peculiar human characteristic, that of adventure, which is one of the strongest and most enjoyable elements in the nature of man.

The red men, divided into many tribes bearing different names, had been driven back from the shores of the Atlantic, slowly but surely, and they looked upon the pale faces, as they termed them, as aggressors, and in the spirit of revenge skulked around the white man's home until a favorable moment came and then, with tomahawk, arrows or bullets, massacred whole families, or seized and bore away to their habitations the luckless victims who fell into their power. By nature the disposition of the Indian was not as treacherous and cruel as he has been pictured, and as many who have not lived among them are led to believe, for their murderous acts have passed into history, while the thousands of really noble deeds have been forgotten. They believed themselves the rightful possessors of the hunting grounds they occupied, and the new claimants, kindled from lurking spars into living, burning fires all the subtle parts of their being, and yet borderers, such as Daniel Boone and a score of others, who were their most dreaded enemies were, while held as captives used with remarkable kindness and great consideration. They even became so proud of Boone that the tribe who had the honor capturing the great hunter boasted of him as their quick-footed brother, and trusted him so far as to allow him to go on hunting excursions.

Then while we see them terribly heartless at some periods, we find them showing forth qualities of the most noble nature at others. Of these diversities my young readers will get a more vivid idea by following the Boy Captive through his many adventures.

CHAPTER I.

THE TRAPPER'S HUT.

The sun had settled below the great ocean of verdure stretching away to the westward, and the dull twilight was fast deepening into darkness, when a lad some twelve or fourteen years old arose from his work of stretching skins upon spring bows, and going to the door of the cabin that stood on the margin of a stream in the midst of the wild, placed his hand over his eyes, and gazing out into the uncertain light murmured: "I wonder why he does not come?" Leaning against the rude door post the boy stood silent for a little time, then starting as if awakened from sleep he shot out to meet some party whose approach-

ing steps could be faintly heard upon the pebbly bank of the creek not far away.

"Hi, oh, Phil, were you getting lonesome, my boy?" asked a kind voice as the youth caught the hand of a hand-cuffed hunter, and went walking back with him to the cabin.

"Yes, a little lonesome," answered the boy. "You are late to-night."

"I am, indeed. I have had a long chase after a big brin, and you know, Phil, I never give up until I win, and this great skin is the evidence of my victory."

The boy took the large skin from the shoulder of the hunter and spread it out upon the moss covered habitation and admired its magnificent size.

"Shot him three times, Uncle Lewis, and close to the heart every time I should say, for there are that many holes made by the big balls of your gun."

"Three times, Phil," answered the party addressed.

"The heart was what I aimed at, and you know the shot could not be far apart when one spot was selected each time."

"The ball holes form a perfect triangle," said the boy without apparently noticing what the hunter had said; "A perfect triangle, and on both sides, indicating that the bullets went clear through the animal. Mercy, what a marksman, and what a gun, and, and, what a bear!"

"Bring it in, Phil, and let us see about having some supper; the long tramp has given me an appetite as sharp as a dressing knife. Come boy, come."

The lad arose from his knees and folding the great skin into a bundle carried it into the hut.

After the evening meal was over the two appeared at the doorway again, and seating themselves upon rude stools, the elder with his pipe, and the boy with knife and a few arrow rods, and talked long of a matter of peculiar interest to the latter.

The hunter was not above forty years of age; his language and general deportment denoted that he had seen at some time cultivated life, and had not only been well educated but was endowed with a dignity that the forest life could not take away. The boy at his side had the same bearing for he had been under the care of this man ever since his earliest remembrance, and had been taught to call him Uncle Lewis, and that was all the name he knew that he bore, and for himself only Philip.

"Uncle Lewis," said the youth sadly after a long silence, "you have never told me a word of my parentage, and why do you keep it from me?"

"Tut, my boy, I have told you often that the time has not yet come for that, but I will say this much, Phil, I am not your uncle by blood, only by superintending care. You have kindred living both in this country and Europe, but neither here nor there must they know that you and I live. Uncle Lewis is the only name you have known me by or need for a time, but some time you shall know all, so question me no more. If we should be separated, when you meet with others do not go to Virginia or tell any of the circumstances of your life, or give any description of me, for it may make you trouble. Promise me this, Phil, and trust me as you would a father had you one."

"I promise," said the boy sadly, laying his hand upon that of his protector. "I know it's all right, but it seems as though I would like to know of my father and mother if they are living."

"You follow the promise with another query, Phil, but I've no more to say. You must be down now, for at the first glimmer of light you must be away to empty the traps up the river."

The youth followed Uncle Lewis into the cabin, and the door was closed for the night.

CHAPTER II.

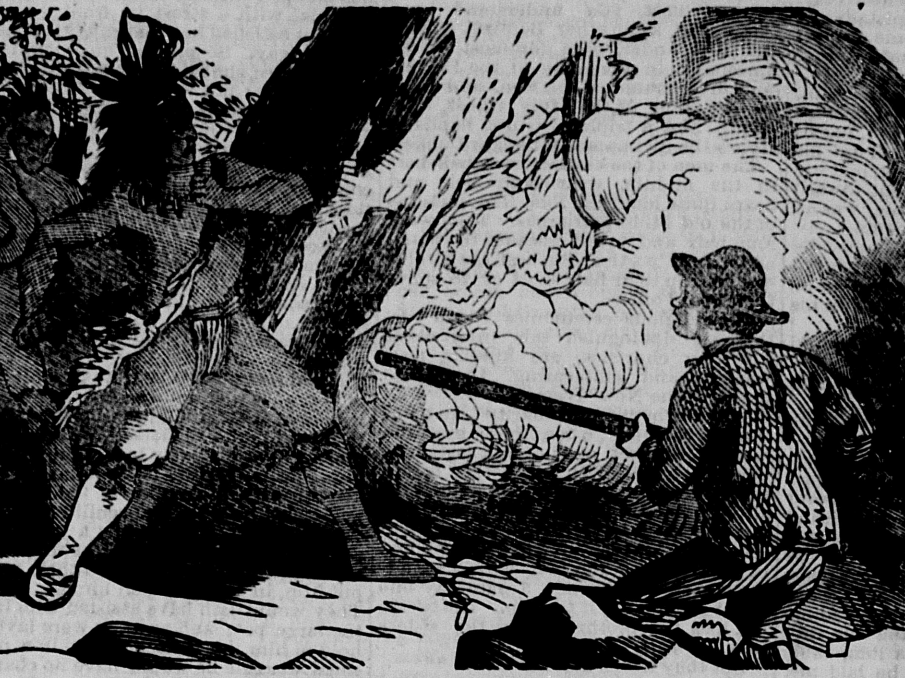
AN UNLUCKY DAY.

Before it was fairly light Philip was up, and after eating a hearty breakfast of venison and corn cake he put into his hunting bag a supply for dinner, and taking his own rifle and a sharp knife, set out for visiting the traps which were located at intervals for miles up the stream that flowed down past the hunter's cabin. This work was Phil's employment, and it consumed at least ten hours of time each trip, for a dozen or more animals were usually taken, and it was the task of the youth to remove the skins of those having nice fur, take them home, and prepare them for curing or drying.

The habitation of Uncle Lewis had not been long in the locality where we now find it nor, indeed, had it been long in any place, as frequent changes had been made for years either to evade white men or Indians. Of the latter the trapper had less dread. The Indians who came in contact with him found too little plunder to tempt them to murder him, and also found him too friendly and hospitable to steal the products of his labor. When they became too intimate to suit the hunter, or white men came upon his habitation, he at once changed his base of operations, either plunging deeper into the great forest, or selecting a more secluded spot for a temporary home.

When a large collection of furs had been made, Uncle Lewis would disguise himself, go to some trading post upon the banks of the Ohio river, sell his stock, and bring back such things as would add to the comfort of himself and Phil in their secluded life. The boy had been taught to read and reflect, and added to this, his natural intelligence, made him fully appreciate his condition in life, and curious to know more of himself and something of his kindred.

If Uncle Lewis is not my uncle," he reflected, "then there is not a known relative living. I don't see why I am thus kept away from my kindred, but I suppose it is all for the best. I will not annoy Uncle Lewis any more about it, that's certain, for he is as good to me as a father could be," and whistling a



"A dozen savages rushed out of the thicket upon him."

merry tune the youth quickened his pace and soon found himself with the trapper.

The first that he came to had not been sprung, but in the second was a young catamount not half grown, and a very pretty specimen. Phil looked at it for a moment with a mingled feeling of pity and admiration, and then murmuring to himself "good for nothing" he proceeded to lift the heavy bar of the dead fall when his attention was attracted by a sort of growling hiss. The boy gazed quickly around, but seeing nothing from which the peculiar noise could proceed, as the kitten before him was entirely dead, he touched the bar again when the same sound, though fiercer, accompanied by the rustling of leaves, startled him again. Looking upward Phil saw, not but a few feet away, a large catamount upon the lower limb of a tree and two great eyes gleaming like balls of fire through the foliage upon him. The animal was gathered up as if in the very act of springing.

The youth had been brought up in the midst of dangers and taught to know no fear, but in spite of this he held his breath for a moment in suspense, for he knew that a struggle with a wild cat, when the animal was driven to desperation for the protection of her young, was not to be desired; but after the first shudder had passed through his frame the boy nerved himself for action.

It would not do to attempt to touch the trap again, and he dared not turn his back upon the enemy over head. His gun was leaning against a tree several yards distant, looking at the catamount steadily in the eyes Phil slowly moved backward, hoping to reach his rifle before the spring should be made.

To retreat rapidly would give the appearance of timidity, and make the wild cat more bold and active; this the youth fully understood, for he was an old scholar in the arts of woodcraft, so he was acting wisely and could be only reach his gun he would feel comparatively safe.

Phil had drawn his knife, but with this he did not count himself adequate to the task of over coming the "package of pent-up lightning," as he called it, should an onrush be made.

Step by step the boy moved backward, never removing his eyes from those bent upon him, and at last his hand touched the barrel of the weapon he sought, but only to dislodge it from its rest, and the gun came rattling down at his feet. Phil started at this mishap, and scarcely had he time to recover before the wild cat, like a flash, sprang out into the open air toward him. Nerving himself to receive the foe, he raised the glistering blade with a firm hand, and the knife was well directed; the animal's neck came in contact with the sharp point and the steel passed entirely through.

The heavy blow brought our hero to the earth; but, unharmed, save a few scratches, he sprang to his feet again, with his rifle in hand, and then had it all his own way. Placing the muzzle of the gun close to the head of the writhing animal, he discharged the piece and ended the contest a complete victor.

The youth very naturally felt proud of his achievement, and heartily wished that Uncle Lewis had been there to witness it. He had been placed in many dangerous positions before, but never where his doubts had been more fully awakened as to the result. The catamount or panther, lurking foes, he dreaded more than a bear, for the latter would come boldly up and make a square, and what Phil termed a "fair contest."

Putting the trap in order and reloading his rifle the lad started on his trip of investigation again as if nothing had happened, and ready for further adventure. The further adventure came before the day was ended, but not in a manner looked for or a form desired.

By noon time the farthest trap was reached, and with a nice package of furs that had been collected, Phil crossed the stream to make his way back upon the other bank where an equal number of deadfalls had been set. The first, second and third that he came to, upon this side, had been sprung, but the animal caught, whatever they were, had been removed; the traps were empty. The boy shook his head suspiciously. Some one was stealing the game, it was evident, and who the interloper was must be found out. Re-setting the dead falls he moved rapidly away so as to reach home at as early an hour as possible and inform Uncle Lewis what had occurred.

The fourth trap had not been reached when his attention was attracted by some object moving in a clump of closely grown underbrush a little way off. Pausing, Phil gazed steadily in the direction for a moment, but no further sound was heard or motion seen, yet he felt that some living, breathing creature was lurking there, so he determined to make what he called a "test shot," and dropping on his knees he quickly lifted his rifle and fired. A yell followed, so wild and fierce that the boy for an instant was almost paralyzed, and before he could regain his feet a dozen savages rushed out of the thicket upon him.

CHAPTER III.

AN HOUR OF PERIL.

Had Philip met the party of Indians under ordinary circumstances, he would have been in no way troubled about it, for he had lived nearly the whole of his life in contact with the savages, and had learned much of their habits and language; but the savages rushing out from the very spot where he had sent the leader missile, yelling like wild beasts frenzied into a fury of desperation, startled the boy and so dumfounded him for a moment, that he sat motionless and gazed in a half stupefied way at the savages as they gathered around him, took away his gun and flourished tomahawks over his head.

Phil was not a coward, for he had no idea of retreating, and was not overcome from a sense of danger to himself, but from the peculiar circumstances of the case. The first idea that struck him was that he had killed one of the savages, and that they in revenge would kill or take him away and leave Uncle Lewis alone in the world. These thoughts flashed through his mind, but for only a moment was he under the spell of bewilderment. Suddenly rising to his feet and facing the Indians, who had now formed a complete circle around him, he demanded in their own language an explanation of their conduct to him, a defenseless boy.

One who appeared to be the spokesman of the party, replied that the blood of a Shawanoe had been spilled by the ball from little Paleface's gun, and that the blood of the boy must be taken to pay the debt.

Phil doubted the statement, for he felt certain that the Indians rushing out instantly as they did after the discharge of his rifle, gave no time for determining results, and was about to make reply to that effect, when he noticed a tall, well built Shawanoe advancing from the point from whence the others had proceeded. He was holding up one of his arms as if in distress, but no distortion of features was there to indicate pain. As he came nearer Phil saw a small stream of blood coursing its way down the arm from near the shoulder to the fingertips, and he knew them that the ball he had sent at random pierced the flesh of the savage.

The circle was parted and the wounded Indian took his place therein and gazed silently upon the youth, who stood with folded arms awaiting action. Meantime a chattering was going on among the other members of the party, and Phil caught enough to learn that he was to be killed, then and there, by Mugwa, the famous hunter, whom he had wounded.

So soon as that name had fallen upon his ear Phil felt a relief, for of Mugwa he had heard his uncle speak as being a noble hearted brave and a very influential member of his tribe, although not a chief. The name indicated a bear, and being proud of the title the hunter had made himself famous as a bear slayer.

Before Phil could determine upon any definite course of action, the tomahawk was placed in the hand of Mugwa, and he lifted the weapon with a dextrous movement and setting his piercing eye upon the lad before him aimed a blow at his head. Phil, who was watching the movement, dropped instantly to the earth and sprang to his feet again uninjured, save a cut upon the hand, which met the weapon as it was falling. A laugh went the round of the circle which seemed to doubly enrage the savage, who caught the lad by the hair and again lifted the tomahawk with an assurance of having the victim where a second evasion would be impossible. The poor boy saw there was no further chance to evade the blow that was about to fall upon him, and he cried out to Mugwa to hold until he could speak a word.

The party becoming more and more amused, and desiring to have all the sport they could with the captive, repeated his words with savage grins and caught and stayed the arm of the stalwart Shawanoe who was about to strike.

Phil, being released, looked the angry savage full in the face, and spoke in the redman's tongue: "Mugwa, I had thought you too noble a brave to murder a boy who had not purposely lifted his finger against you. When I sent the ball into yonder thicket I thought a wild beast was lurking there, and had I known that the great 'Bear Slayer' was among its lairs I should have given him my hand and felt safe. I have roamed the forests many seasons and never yet have raised my rifle against the redman. The cabin of my uncle has been opened freely to the Shawanoes, and so many times that I have learned to speak their words. He has opened his door to Mugwa when his cabin was on the bank of the great Mugwa and I have brought venison for Mugwa to eat, and have given him my bed upon which to sleep after he had come a long way and was weary. Now if the great hunter will kill the boy who has done all this, I am ready to die."

Before our little hero had finished

speaking a change came over the faces of the listeners and when he had finished and bowed his head for the blow, Mugwa stooped and laying the tomahawk at the boy's feet, covered it with leaves and gave Phil his hand; then lifting up his stately form he replied:

"The paleface youth has spoken well, and shall not die, he drew the blood of Mugwa and Mugwa has drawn blood in return; the debt is paid and I am satisfied."

Then turning to his people he told them that the boy had spoken truthfully, and they must honor him by taking him to their wigwams and hunting grounds, and make him great like themselves.

Phil understood this, and second only to death was the edict in its terror; not but that he could endure a life of captivity, but to be separated from Uncle Lewis was almost like death to the lad, for he was bound to him by ties as strong as the strongest filial affections, and then, too, there was a great secret concerning his parentage which was the charm of his developing life.

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They did not go far before stopping to dress the wounds upon the two unfortunate. One of the Indians after a short absence returned with some leaves of the wild lettuce, and after holding them hard pressed between his palms for a little time they were bound upon the hand of the youth and the arm of Mugwa. When they made the second start Phil noticed that one of the party was carrying a bundle of fresh furs, and knowing them to be from animals that only come out in the night time, was satisfied as to who had been robbing his traps, but concluded it would avail him nothing to tell them his thoughts.

After a tramp of many miles a halt was made for the night. The sun had gone down and the stars were out before a good place for lodging was reached. A little fire was built to cook the venison for the evening meal, then all partook of meat and corn cake and laid down to rest.

Phil was heartsick and restless. His mind had gone back to the hut he called home, and the kind hearted man there who would watch and wait in vain for his coming; the thought so distressed the poor boy that he groaned aloud. At this one of the Indians turned to him and twisting his ear bade him keep still, but it checked not his thoughts of the lonely cabin miles away. Great tears rolled out upon the fair cheeks, and he sobbed as quietly as he could, until, at last, he fell asleep. The thrilling and deeply interesting story of the adventures of this captive boy will be continued in this paper next week and for a few weeks following. A subscription of fifty cents will pay for three months, or you can get The Mail of the newsboys and news agents of this city and surrounding towns. A list of the latter will be found at the top of the fifth page.

Personal.

C. J. Brackenbush has gone to see it. Col. R. W. Thompson speaks at Delphi to-day.

Mr. Daniel Gartrell started Monday to have a look.

Mr. G. F. Ellis is sojourning for a few days in New York.

Columbus Jeab has been quite sick, but is recovering.

Owen Tueller left on Tuesday for Washington, D. C.

Charles Wittenberg has returned to Indianapolis to live.

John Brake says it's a big show—meaning the Centennial.

Hon. W. W. Curry spoke in this city on Wednesday evening.

J. P. Tut has been east for a new stock of boots and shoes.

Mrs. Clay McKen is back from a somewhat extended eastern trip.

Mrs. Elmer Delano returned this week from a month's visit to Columbus, Ohio.

Robert and Lewis Cox and John Hagar left Sunday night for Switzerland.

Mrs. Schaffer, Mrs. Eppinghouse and Miss Lottie Katzenbach left this week to visit the Centennial.

Mr. Finley P. Nichols, late of Robinson, Illinois, has become the proprietor of the Henderson House.

Mrs. Amanda Wilson, of Ashland, Nebraska, is in the city visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. G. F. Ellis.

Mr. Joseph Jenckes is improving south Fourth street by the erection of a brick business house near Walnut.

Mr. Charles Gordon, of the Terre Haute House left Wednesday for a ten days visit among friends in Iowa.

About twenty pupils, among whom are two young ladies, are studying short-hand under Prof. Leech's direction.

Dr. W. R. Elder doesn't, as a general thing, approve of circuses, but he left this week to take a look at the Centennial.

Thomas Jefferson Forrest seems to have dropped out of the fight. He hasn't been heard of since the nominations.

One hundred prairie chickens in four days is what is making Frank Fischer put on so many airs since he returned from that last hunting trip.

Miss Hattie Wright, of Burlington Iowa, has been in the city, the guest of Miss Rose O'Boyle, on north Eighth street.

Witz Crawford, of the National State Bank, started to the Centennial Tuesday. He will make the tour of the principal Eastern cities.

Judge J. W. Jones came up from Louisville yesterday. He still claims this as his home and will vote accordingly.

Rev. Parker Milligan, who for several weeks past has been traveling in Kansas and Colorado, returned to the city Wednesday.

The Centennial round trip tickets sold from this time on will only be good till November 30, and not for sixty days as heretofore.

James P. Crawford, of the Wabash Iron Company, left Monday to join his parents at Newcastle, Pennsylvania, in a visit to the Centennial.

Mrs. Beech, daughter of Capt. S. H. Potter, who has been visiting here for some weeks, left this week for his home in the State of New York.

Mr. Charles Eppinghouse has carried off another prize. His architectural plans for a new court house and jail, in Jasper county, Illinois, have been adopted.

Mrs. Dr. Young accompanied by her daughter, Miss Nellie, and a daughter of Mr. W. H. Buckingham, left on Tuesday to spend a few days at the Centennial.

Miss Julia Hanchett continues to be the prime favorite among Cincinnati theater goers. She is engaged for the present and coming season at the Grand Opera House.

Mrs. Mautz, who keeps the millinery store on Fourth street, took her daughter, Miss Mary, to Hillsboro, Ohio, this week, to enter her at the young ladies academy at that place.

Will H. Peddle, eldest son of Charles R. Peddle, of the Vandalla, is making a visit to his parents and friends in the city. He has been for some years making his home in Elizabeth, New Jersey.

J. P. Tut didn't go to the Centennial as he said he would. The unexpected rush of trade for a week past hardly allows him time to go to his meals, much less to Philadelphia. He will stay with it.

The editor of the Gazette has the rheumatism, bad. They hurt him just twice as much too as they do other people. The reason Ball suffers such extraordinary pain in because he is double you see—W. C. Ball.

Miss Mollie Clem came into the city on Saturday to see the Democratic parade, and had her pocket picked of her portmanteau containing thirty-five dollars in cash. A policeman succeeded in recovering it for her.

Harry Buntin is now proprietor of the news, confectionery, soda and cigar stand in the postoffice lobby, he having this week purchased Mr. S. R. Baker's interest therein. Mr. B. will for the present remain as a clerk.

O. Jabez Smith is still charming the birds off the bushes with his persuasive greenback eloquence. Lecture bureaus may send in their propositions after next Tuesday. After the State election he will possibly have leisure time enough to consider them.

R. S. Tennant came home this week from his Centennial excursion trip, and has been settling up the expenses incurred. We are glad to learn that the balance sheet will show a little in his favor, which is quite satisfactory considering the reverses he encountered.

Robert G. Watson returned to this city Tuesday after an absence of eighteen months in California. He came by the way of Panama, New York and the Centennial and reports a pleasant trip. We learn that it is Mr. Watson's design hereafter to make Vincennes his place of residence.

This morning about three o'clock, police officers Downey and Bishop noticed flames issuing from the notion store of L. S. Calder, at 214 west Main street, near the St. Clair hotel. They immediately ran to box 16, at reel house No. 4, on Third street, and gave the alarm, which was responded to by the department with their usual promptness, and the flames were soon under control and extinguished. The loss will amount to about \$200. No insurance.

THE CHURCHES TO-MORROW.

First Presbyterian Church.—Public worship at 11 a. m. and 7½ p. m. Communion to-morrow morning. Alex. Sterrett, pastor.

Christian Chapel, G. P. Peale, pastor.—Services at 11 a. m. and 7½ p. m. Morning subject, "Whom the Lord Loveth He Chasteneth."

Centenary M. E. Church, Rev. W. M. Darwood, pastor.—Services at 10:30 a. m. and 7:15 p. m. Morning subject, "Cultivation of the Social Element."

Baptist Church.—Morning sermon on "The Chief Purpose in History." Evening lecture on Proverbs, 2d chapter. Services at 11 a. m. and 7½ p. m. S. R. Henderson, pastor.