

# The White Indian Princess.

A TRUE STORY.

Formerly there lived among the Snakes, or Schoolhouse Indians as they are commonly called, a white woman of surpassing beauty. She was known as "The White Princess," and was often consulted upon matters of importance to the tribe. Her history was related to me by Mrs. Larrimer, a white Sioux captive.

Many years ago a party set out from the eastern States of Oregon. While crossing the plains they were set upon and all murdered or captured by Indians. Among the emigrants was a family of four persons, the father, mother, a son of eighteen, and a beautiful little girl aged six years. While the Indians were plundering the train the brother took his little sister in his arms and fled into the mountains. He soon found a cave in the side of a mountain, and took his little sister in to it, hid away until the Indians were all gone. Next day he left his sister hid in the cave, and bidding her remain there until he returned, he went back to the scene of the massacre to see if he could find anyone alive and get something to eat. He found that his father, mother, and all his friends had been killed, and the wagons burned. While walking about among the ruins he discovered a gun, a case of matches, and a bag of ammunition which had escaped the red men. Taking the gun, ammunition, matches, and some crackers lying in the grass, he returned to the cave.

"My poor little sister," he said, "we are all alone in the world, but here are some crackers for our supper, and tomorrow I will kill some game."

Early in the morning he went out and shot a fine deer, which he cut up with a butcherknife he always carried, and taking off a hind-quarter went back to the cave. Kindling a fire, he broiled some pieces of meat on a stick and gave them to his sister to eat. It tasted very good, and they made quite a hearty meal.

The cave in which the children were hid was in Salt Lake Mountain, in the Juab Valley, and was well known to the Indians; but they would not go near it, for they believed it inhabited by bad spirits. The Indians called it "Pen Gun," and said a demoniac spirit lived in it, who every evening at sunset uttered dismal howls. The first evening the children were in the cave they had heard a peculiar noise, and thought some one was calling them.

"Lie still, little sister," said the brother. "It is the Indians who are hunting for us, but they will not find us."

Soon all was still, and the children, worn out with fatigue and the excitement of the day, had fallen asleep. In the morning they heard the same sound, and were frightened almost to death, thinking the Indians were upon them, and would surely find them now that it was light. For a long time they waited, but as no one came and the noise ceased, the brother had crept out, and seeing nothing returned to bid his sister be still, while he went to the train.

On the second day of their stay at the cave the children heard the peculiar noise again, and fled far into the recesses of the mountain. Perhaps they should have been still more frightened than they were, but they thought the noise they heard proceeded from Indians, and they did not know the cave was inhabited by spirits.

The third day the brother went back to the train again to see what he could find, and if possible bury his poor father and mother. He found only a spade, but with this he heaped some earth on the dead bodies, and, gathering up some ammunition and a small quantity of flour, returned to the cave.

Every evening the children heard the moaning in the mountains, and the brother, who was very brave, set out to find what it was. He soon discovered a hole in the mountain through which the wind whistled, making a noise as of some one groaning or in deep distress. He now explained the cause of the sound to his sister, and they were comparatively happy, for they had been in mortal dread of Indians, believing the noise came from them.

Every day the brother went out with his gun, killed game, and brought it home. As it was summer, they did not need fire except to cook, and so were comparatively comfortable and happy.

They had lived this way nearly six months, and the weather was beginning to become cold, for the winter was approaching. One morning the brother called his sister to him, and removing the bramble with which he screened the mouth of the cave, said: "Little sister, be careful, for I am going further down the canon to-day than usual, and may not return until nearly night."

She promised him she would, and kissing her tenderly, he set out.

Hardly had he gone from her sight when the little girl heard him calling. She went to the mouth of the cave, and looking a little way down the ravine, saw her brother engaged in a deadly conflict with a huge grizzly bear. He had started down the canon, and had not proceeded far when he heard steps behind him. Turning to see who it would be, his eyes fell upon a great grizzly bear and her two cubs rapidly advancing upon him. He cocked his gun, and, taking deliberate aim, pulled the trigger; but the gun misfired, and before he could cock his piece again the bear was upon him. Drawing his knife he defended his life as best he could; but

he was soon knocked down by a tremendous blow from the bear's paw, and torn to pieces.

As soon as he was dead the bear made off with her cubs, and the little girl ran to her brother. With all the tenderness of a woman she attempted to staunch his flowing blood; but he was quite gone, and she could only weep over his dead body. Closing his eyes the poor little orphan took his head in her lap, and sat all day beside him. In the evening some wolves, attracted by the smell of blood, came along and attempted to reach the body. The little girl gathered some stones and drove them off, and all night long kept watch over her brother. In the morning the howling wolves came again, and completely surrounded her. She picked up the gun, and loaded it as she had often seen her brother do, was attempting to fire it off at the wolves, when a sharp warwhoop rang upon the air, and a tall Indian stood before her.

Thinking the Indian was of the band who had killed her father and mother, and that he would murder her, the child seized her brother's knife, and resolutely stood before his body. The Indian tried to coax the child, held out his hand, smiled, and made signs that he would not hurt her.

Little by little she became convinced, and throwing down the knife, sat down by her brother's body, and burst into tears. The Indian gently approached her, and stroking her hair softly, finally took her up in his arms and consoled her as a father might do.

When he had somewhat restored her confidence he gave her some pemican, dried meat, and berries to eat. He then asked her by signs where she had come from, and she showed him the cave. The Indian would not go in, for he had heard of the spirit cave, and was afraid.

The little girl ran in, and, bringing out the spade, showed the Indian she would have him bury her brother. He dug a deep hole in the soft earth, and piled stones upon it to keep the wolves from digging it up. Then lifting the little girl on the pony behind him, they rode away over mountain and stream, and did not stop until the sun was setting.

Just at sunset they came to a large Indian encampment in a beautiful grove on the bank of a broad river. The girl saw many children of her own age, but they were dark-skinned; she said at first they were negroes; but she was told they were Indians. The Indian who had captured her took the little girl to his lodge, and telling his wife to take good care of her, went out unsaddled and picketed his pony where it could get grass. He then went to the chief and related all that had happened, telling how the little girl had lived in the spirit cave, and had come direct from the spirits. The Indians are very superstitious, and the chief believed all he was told, saying the child was surely a spirit child, and had been sent to them by the great Mondeo, who made the world, to give them luck in their wars.

So the little girl became an object of great veneration. She was dressed in the finest and softest of furs, had a new leathern lodge given her, with a bed of skins of wild animals, and girls to wait upon her, comb her hair, make fires, bring wood and water, and cook for her. She was called "The White Princess," and sat by the side of the great chief in all the councils. Her presence was deemed an evidence of wisdom and good luck, and the Indians fairly idolized her. As she grew up she became every day more and more beautiful, until there had never before been seen anywhere such a vision of loveliness. At eighteen, many chief warriors sought her hand in marriage, and some even crossed lances in her cause, but from all she turned coldly away, and had them marry women of their own tribe.

To relieve herself from annoyances, she told the great chief that if she married, the spirits would discard her, and she would lose her power and become as other women. The chief commanded all to cease from thoughts of wedding her, and to think of and treat her only as a being from the other world, and far above mortals.

She now became a greater princess than ever, and held almost a regal court. The finest horses in the tribe, beautifully caparisoned, were hers; the handsomest Indian maidens constituted her court, and she was constantly guarded by a hundred warriors. In one of their warlike expeditions the Schoshonees captured many prisoners, and among others a white woman and her little child. As soon as the princess heard of the white captives she ordered them to be brought to her, and holding the woman's face between her hands, she gazed for a long time at her, and then, kissing her tenderly, said: "Mother—my mother."

Poor girl! Her mind went back to her infancy, and she remembered that her massacred mother had looked like this woman. The little boy she called her brother, and leading mother and child with presents, sent them back to their people.

Though she was regarded as being of a superior order by these wild yet loyal aborigines, the desolation and unhappiness of her situation may well be imagined from this affecting incident. For many years she had not seen a white face, except, perhaps, that of some bronzed and grizzled frontiersman, and one can easily understand how the depths of memory and love in her woman's heart were stirred by the sight of the fair captive mother and her little son.

The Schoshonees made peace with the whites, and the Princess retired with her court far up into the mountains. Many trappers, hunters, and frontiersmen who had heard of the fame of the White Princess made long journeys to see her, but the Schoshonees carefully concealed her, and would allow no white man to look upon her face. Many believed her to be a myth,

but there are scores of people still living who know better.

One summer, while the White Princess held her court deep within the Rockies, a large body of Crow Indians attacked her camp while most of her guards were out on a hunt. The few guards at the camp were soon overpowered or killed, the camp destroyed, and the White Princess and her women carried off. They took her far over the mountains to the Crow lands on the Big Yellowstone.

As soon as the Schoshonees heard of the fate of their Princess they were greatly excited, and the whole nation wished to go to war with the Crows. The women tore their hair and cut gashes in their flesh to show their grief, and the warriors shot many ponies, believing the White Princess was dead, and would need them on her journey to the happy hunting-grounds.

The desire of the Snake nation to go to war with the Crows was made known to the white commandant of the nearest military post, but he forbade them from doing so. The Indians then demanded that he should have their White Princess returned to them. He wrote a letter to the commandant of Fort Ellis, in Montana, which was then the nearest military post to the Crow Reservation, and asked that a full investigation of the matter might be made, and the white woman, if found, be sent to Camp Brown. After a long time the commandant at Ellis replied that he had made every effort to recover the White Princess, but without avail. Meantime the winter came on, and the snows fell deep upon the mountains.

All winter the Schoshonees mourned for their lost Princess, and in the early spring, when the snows were thawed out a little in the passes, they sent a white man who lived with the tribe and several Indians over the mountains to see if they could find out anything about the lost Princess. The white man was authorized to offer five hundred ponies as a ransom for her if she could be found. The embassy was gone all summer, but returned in the fall without the Princess, saying they could not find her. The Crows denied all knowledge of her or her whereabouts.

The next spring the Schoshonees sent an embassy over the mountains, and so on for several years, but they never heard anything of their lost Princess.

Many surmises have been indulged in as to what became of this white woman, but nobody knew, or, if they knew, would not tell. Some think she is still living among the Crows, and married to a Crow chief who had seen her and fallen desperately in love with her; others think she was murdered with all her women by the Crows, and buried in the mountains; others, again, say she was sold to the Blackfeet, who inhabit the north-western part of Montana up next to the British possessions. Whichever theory may be true, it is certain the White Princess is lost, and probably never will be found or heard of again on this earth.

### The Future London.

Some interesting statistics regarding London have recently been prepared by the County Council, with some conjectures as to the population which the city may have in 1941. According to these figures, London already contains 11-2 per cent. of all the population of England and Wales. If the city grows at the rate of the last three decades, in 1941 it will have a population of 17,500,000. If there be no additions from the outside, as there have been in the past, but merely the natural increase is added which comes from the excess of births over death, it will contain nearly 11,000,000.

Considering that New York is fast becoming the seat of wealth in this country that London is in England, one can gain an idea of how the burden of taxation would fall upon New York if the socialistic income tax bill should become a law. London pays 42 per cent. of the income tax of England and Wales, and we should not have the advantage which the tables show that city to have in escaping a large portion of the cost of the local government by receiving a share of imperial taxation, and money from other sources. London's government costs about \$55,000,000 a year, but of this sum the ratepayers pay only about five-sixths. London contains about one-quarter of all the paupers of England and Wales and it furnishes a large percentage of the criminals. The women sentenced to penal servitude from there constitute 25.80 per cent. of the whole number from the two countries, and the men 29.75 per cent. The metropolitan poor law debt is nearly one-half of all owed for that purpose in England, and the police force costs \$1.97 per cent. of the total cost of police in the country. The fire brigade costs \$3.24 per cent.

Twenty-two persons in a thousand died in London in 1892. Bronchitis carried off 10,000, consumption 8,000, pneumonia 6,000 and influenza and cancer 3,000 each.

### Judge Waxem's Proverbs.

Shuger don't make a Senniter no sweeter.

Sump peep train' to calketer here lately how munny things a Sennitorial Investigashun don't do besides investigate.

Give a polittishun all the money he'll do the ballance.

Et populizm gits to warin' petticoats the farmers had better jump the fence and run for the tall timber.

The Amerikin Egel with skerts on and the Goddess uv Liberty in pants wood make a nity quair lookin' perushun.

A vote fer sail ain't for enything else.

Beacuz sum statesman hain't had their funerals yit ain't no sine they ain't dedern' a mackerel.

Politicks kin choke the life outen the best Government that ever existed.

A Nashun's goodness iz meazured by the goodness of its wimmen.

### Trapper Tom's Robber.

Trapper Tom lived alone in a "dug-out" in the Black Hills.

Tom had a hard time of it, for someone, or something, was forever stealing his things. First he lost his hat, then a boot, then a piece of bacon; this was followed by the disappearance of his washing basin, and there was a robbery from his traps.

It was perplexing in the extreme, for if he went away even for a couple of days, and left his door open, which, by the way, he could not avoid, having no means of securing it on the outside, something was sure to vanish.

Tom was not a capitalist, but in summer he carried a living by digging coals for new settlers, and in winter by trapping. Neither was Tom's house a work of art; he had literally dug it on the top of a knoll and roofed it with sods, so that from the outside it had very much the appearance of a large mole hill. The knoll which Tom had selected for his home was bounded on one side by the lake, and on the other side by a poplar grove which abounded in rabbits.

In the winter Trapper Tom, as he was familiarly called; trusted almost entirely to this grove to supply him with food. He always kept several gun traps in the rabbit runs among the red willows, which grew in profusion around the outskirts of the heavy timber.

One evening at sunset Tom arranged his traps, and as usual went directly to bed, for he could not afford to burn much oil. He had been sleeping several hours when he was suddenly awakened by a succession of loud cries from the direction of the poplar grove. Believing that he must have caught a fox in his rabbit traps, Tom sprang out of bed, put on his pants; coat and boots, seized his spade which was the best weapon he possessed, and started for the grove.

The moon was shining brightly and the light was good, for the white poplars were not very tall, and even if this had not been the case, Tom would have experienced little difficulty in locating the cries on account of the persistency with which the animal kept them up. Before he had advanced fifty yards through the deep snow he found himself face to face with a shaggy-coated animal.

At the trapper's approach the unfortunate creature turned toward him, bristling with rage, and revealed quite plainly the broad bands of brown with which nature had decked the sides of wary and troublesome wolverine. The animal was caught by one of his hind feet in a steel trap, which in turn was secured by a chain to a small log, in no way adequate to hold so large an animal. Fortunately, however, the chain was fastened to the middle of the log, and this, owing to the number of small trees, made the escape of the wolverine almost impossible.

Had Trapper Tom been armed with a gun there would have been little merit, or little difficulty in winning the battle, but as his only weapon was a spade, he realized that the conflict would not by any means be one-sided. Nevertheless, Tom was no coward, and he began to circle around the animal, watching for an opportunity to close with it. As he walked round and round he noticed that the wolverine also kept turning, so he concluded to keep it up till the animal had twisted the chain into a knot.

As Tom kept circling and the animal kept turning the chain kept getting shorter, until the animal's leg was drawn close to the log. This was the desired opportunity, and Tom rushed in and dealt his captive a violent blow with the blade of his spade.

In attempting to avoid a second attack, however, the wounded animal sprang back and pulled the steel spring of the trap so violently against the log that the jaws flew open and set it free.

Instead of running away the half-stunned and maddened wolverine glared for one moment at its assailant, and then sprang openmouthed at his throat.

Tom leaped behind a friendly poplar just in time to avoid the attack, and as the animal passed he dealt it a second blow, this time on the back; but in doing so he lost his balance and stumbled forward in the deep snow.

Before he could regain his feet the animal was upon him; and he found himself engaged in a hand-to-hand struggle with the savage creature. It seized the heavily coated arm in its teeth and commenced striking at him with its muscular hind legs, which, being armed with heavy claws, would have inflicted terrible wounds had they been able to get in their work.

With his free hand Trapper Tom gripped the animal by the throat and compressed his windpipe till it released his arm; then he thrust it over on its back into the snow, and with both hands tried to strangle it. In this he might have been successful had not the struggling animal, just at the supreme moment struck him squarely in the chest.

The blow staggered Tom and caused him to relax his hold; while the animal finding itself once more free sprang to its feet and prepared to renew the attack.

The young man grabbed the spade, which lay beside him and quickly scrambled to his feet. Then, for one moment man and beast stood confronting each other, silent, watchful and desperate.

But the wolverine was nearly disabled; its hind limbs appeared to be half paralyzed, and it was soon evident to Tom that so far he had much the best of the fight. Without waiting for attack, therefore, he lifted his spade and stepped forward to deliver the blow of mercy. Just as the spade fell, however, the animal threw itself forward, and instead of receiving the blow upon the head received it upon the back.

Before Trapper Tom could recover his balance the wolverine seized his

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