

A HAND-TO-HAND FIGHT.

A WHITE MAN AND AN INDIAN FIGHT FOR THEIR LIVES.

A Wrestle Between Giants Which Lasted Nearly an Hour—Big Joe Logston was Victorious, But Came Near Being Shot by Another Indian.

One of the noted characters of pioneer days in Indiana was Joe Logston, a gigantic Kentuckian, who settled on the banks of the Ohio River, not many miles below Cincinnati. He was a powerful fellow, six feet four inches in his moccasins, and proportionately stout and muscular, with the agility of a cat and the courage of a lion. He excelled in many of the feats of strength and skill that made men conspicuous in those days, when such accomplishments were requisite and a necessity in the fierce struggle for supremacy over savage man and snarling beast. Logston was a great hunter, but had achieved some distinction as an Indian fighter, and often boasted that it gave him more pleasure to pursue the red man than it did to follow the trail of the wild game that infested the almost unbroken wilderness.

On one occasion the intrepid hunter was carelessly riding along an established trail through the dense woods on the back of a fine horse that he had captured from an Indian chief when the unexpected crack of a couple of rifles roused him to a realization of danger. One of the bullets scraped his breastbone, making a slight flesh wound. The other bullet struck his horse in the loins, and it sank to the ground with its rider. As he struggled to release himself from the floundering beast two Indians rushed from their concealment and dashed toward him with uplifted tomahawks and exultant shouts. But, although pinioned to the ground, with one leg beneath the dying horse, he managed to bring his trusty rifle to bear upon the approaching savages, and they, well knowing its unerring aim, halted, and then sought safety behind adjacent trees. One of the Indians, however, was not quick enough to place himself entirely behind the protecting tree before the bullet of the expert white man had pierced his back, and he fell with a fractured spine. Disengaging himself from his horse, the wary white man regained his feet, and, seeing the other savage reloading his rifle, sprang toward him with his gun raised to strike. The Indian dropped his ramrod in his excitement, but grasping his tomahawk he hurled it with ferocious force at his enemy. Logston dodged the flying weapon, and dashing forward with uplifted rifle, struck at his foe. The Indian leaped aside, and the gun struck a sapling and was shivered to pieces.

The disappointed white man then clinched with his adversary, who was his equal in strength, but his inferior in the science of wrestling, and this enabled the hunter to throw his antagonist to the ground. But the Indian being naked, with his body well oiled, was able to slip from the clutches of the exasperated white man and regained his feet. For nearly an hour these two giants—each a Goliath—fought like gladiators in the desperate struggle to conquer or die.

The terrific contest caused an increased flow of blood from the wound in the breast of the white man made by the bullet of the Indian, and he began to feel that his strength was giving out. But he determined to end the combat, if possible, before his antagonist should secure a greater advantage over him. And when the Indian had again crawled from his grasp, after being flung to the ground, he jumped to his feet and as his assailant rose up he dealt him a blow with his fist that would have done credit to a Corbett. The surprised savage fell, and as he staggered to his feet he received a second blow from his strong arm of the pugilistic pioneer that stretched him half unconscious on the ground. Before he could rise Logston leaped upon his prostrate form with both feet and attempted to stamp the breath from his body. The Indian caught him by the legs and tripped him to the ground, and again the combatant engaged in a terrible tussle for victory. The red man was almost exhausted from the blows and stamping he had been subjected to, and his adversary succeeded in seizing him by the throat with a clutch that closed his breathing and rendered his resistance weaker and weaker until he lapsed into unconsciousness. As soon as the Indian became insensible, Logston released his hold upon his throat, and running to where the tomahawk lay, he picked it up and returning to the side of the savage, who had partly regained his senses, he clove his skull with the weapon, then turned his attention to the crippled warrior, whose cry of despair as he witnessed the death of his companion had reached the ear of the victorious hunter and recalled his presence.

The unfortunate savage had crawled to a log, against which he had rested and reloaded his gun, but his broken back would not permit him to rise, and as he would raise his weapon to shoot he would topple forward on his face, and could only raise himself again by pushing the gun to the ground, and pressing himself against it. Seeing that the wounded savage was almost helpless and unable to escape, and not caring to run any risk of being shot by a cripple, the warrior hurried hasted back to the fort and told his story. Covered with blood and dirt, his appearance gave some indication of the severe contest he

had passed through. The following morning a posse of men from the fort were piloted by the unfortunate hunter to the scene of his battle. The corpse of the Indian giant lay where he had succumbed to his fate. But the crippled Indian was nowhere to be seen. A trail was discovered made by the broken-backed savage, who had dragged himself some distance through the woods, and, following its course, the white men came to where he lay dead, with his knife sticking up to his hilt in the breast.

The unfortunate warrior, finding that the nature of his wound rendered it impossible for him to reach his own people had, after enduring untold agony in crawling several miles over a rough and uneven route, concluded to end his misery by plunging his knife into his own heart. He had first cut with his keen point into the bark of the tree, beneath which he had determined to die, in rude characters the story of his fate, so as to inform passing members of his tribe that he had taken his own life in preference to surrendering it to the hated enemy, when hope had gone out in the darkness of despair, suicide under such circumstance being regarded by some Indians as a triumph over their foes and an act of daring heroism. The tree was ever afterward known as the "Old Indian Tree."

The long distance travelled by the desperate savage in his despairing and crippled condition disclosed the wonderful powers of physical endurance possessed by him, and his breaking the gun of his dead companion, as well as his own for the purpose of rendering them useless to their enemies should they return and find them, showed the hate that filled his heart at the moment when he checked its pulsations with the keen point of his piercing knife.

GOTHAM'S UPPER CRUST.

What a Few Punctures by One of Its Dudes Discloses.

This is the time of year when the society writer makes up his list of coming debutantes and dwells feelingly on their youth, beauty and wealth, as if he—poor fellow—would like to get at them himself. I believe there are no ravine beauties about to be launched this year, but there are plenty of money and a lot of young women of whom it may be said, "They are such nice girls!" Little Miss Gertrude Vanderbilt, who is dainty and entirely sweet, is, of course, the heiress par excellence of the season, and the scramble after her will be something awful. Indeed nearly all the New York families of note have something in the way of a daughter to contribute to society. I fear that most of these pretty little girls must be content with the introduction of a tea, a cruel and barbarous ceremony, to be sure, but inexpensive and easily managed. None of the debutantes, with the exception of Miss Vanderbilt, has any chance of a coming out ball simply because none of them lives in a big enough house, and times are not propitious for hiring halls.

Mrs. Coleman Drayton's legal answer to her husband's complaint is rather unsatisfactory to society. She simply says she didn't and leaves it an open question between her own and her husband's veracity. People rather hoped for something with more spice in it, more boiling oil, so to speak. When people who lead society come to grief in divorce courts, people have a right to expect a great sensation. To simply say: "You are all wrong. I never was there in my life," is not what we have been expecting. Society holds that Mrs. Drayton should have named some haunts said to have been frequented by her husband and made matters generally unpleasant for him. In its present shape it doesn't look as if the case would ever be brought to trial, and therefore society, which once fawned upon Mrs. Drayton, is disappointed. It actually feels as if Mrs. Drayton had in some way done it a grievous injustice.

Well, chappies, what are we coming to anyhow? Here is young Stevie Thorn, who married the concert hall singer, Mile. Di Dio, taking his bride to the Midway pleasure of the Waldorf—right into the heart of the Four Hundred, as it were—and dining there, while society cranes its neck to see the new Mrs. Thorn and wonders whether she will burst forth in song while at table. Oh, dear! but it was most devilishly exciting, don't you know, and naughty Stevie had the audacity to seem to actually enjoy it all.—Cholly Knickerbocker in New York Recorder.

A CORNER IN ELK TEETH.

Losekamp Has Over \$1,000 of Them Locked Up in Safety Vaults. Mr. John D. Losekamp of Billings, Mont., practically holds the elk tooth stock of the entire country, and to his already enormous supply he is constantly adding, the Indians and hunters bringing teeth to him from all over the country. Not every one knows that the elk teeth, or rather the tusks, of which two only are found in the mouth of the adult elk, have a practical commercial value. The teeth are used as jewelry, mostly as pendants on watch guards or as insignia of the secret society known as the Elks. The value of a tooth ranges from 50 cents to \$2.50, according to its size, color and marking.

Mr. Losekamp has now over \$6,000 elk teeth deposited in safety vaults. Many of the old Indian dresses were highly ornamented with elk teeth, some of them being fairly covered with the teeth. Mr. Losekamp has lived on the frontier all his mature life and understands Indian trading perfectly, yet he has sometimes paid over \$100 for a single garment thus ornamented, caring, of course, for nothing but the teeth. The Indians bring the teeth to fasten them on their dresses, and this does not injure the value of the tooth, but they have a much worse habit of sometimes staining the teeth a bright red. This dye cannot be extracted and depreciates the value of the elk teeth for a white customer. The Indians do not dye the teeth so much now since they have learned they can sell them for more in their natural state.—Forest and Stream.

\$15,000 FOR TRANSPARENCIES.

A Single Item of the Cost of the Political Campaign in New York City.

During the two weeks preceding an election in New York city those sign painters who make a specialty of political transparencies have something of a harvest. There are only a few of them, and they divide about \$15,000 paid for printing on canvas the names of the candidates and affixing the canvas to a plain wooden frame which serves as firewood after the election. The average cost of the campaign transparency stretched in front of a party headquarters is \$15. There were about 1,000 such transparencies in New York city this year, averaging about 35 in each assembly district.

Tammany had a headquarters in every assembly district. The Republicans had two headquarters in every assembly district—those of the regulars and the Milhollandites. Then there were the State Democracy, the Anti-Tammany Democracy, the Independent county organization, the Good Government clubs, the German Reform union, the New York or Voorhis Democracy and the Socialists, Populists and Prohibitionists. Next came the business men's associations, the young men's clubs, the social clubs which made political nominations, and such independent organizations as the Italian-American Republicans, the Hungarian Democrats and the Swedish anti-Tammanyites. Each congress candidate usually had a separate headquarters, and some of the assembly and aldermanic candidates also opened rooms of their own.

The most elaborate of the campaign transparencies was, of course, to be found in front of Tammany hall. This year two changes of candidates—judge of the court of appeals and mayor—had been made upon it, which is unusual in one election. After the battle of the ballots was over the canvas on the transparencies was torn to shreds, and the wooden framework was split up. There was nothing left to show for the expenditure of about \$15,000.—New York Sun.

A GALLERY PICTURE.

Artist Watts Has a Word to Say About His "Love and Life."

Mr. George M. Watts, R. A., the eminent English artist, sends the following letter to the New York Herald apropos of the dispute between the Washington authorities and the Metropolitan Museum of Art in regard to the possession of his painting, "Love and Life:"

"In regard to the picture I presumed to present to the government of the United States it may not be out of place for me, in the first place, to point out that the painting represents in the simplest manner that naked humanity is aided to ascend from the depths of base animalism by love, meaning sympathy, generosity and aspiration, signified by the broad wings. The figures are purely symbolical, having, I hope, no tinge of sensuality in the character of their form.

"My idea was that the great American nation would in time gather together a splendid collection of works of art, which will represent the mind of the English speaking races, but that awaiting this time my offering should find a home in some such place as the Metropolitan museum of New York, though I may add that after some correspondence with the American embassy here I accepted the arrangement that a temporary resting place should be found in some public room or gallery of the White House.

"I can't, however, presume to offer any voice in the matter beyond saying that the painting is essentially a gallery picture and was never contemplated by me as hanging in any dwelling house whatever."

THE ACTOR KICKED.

And His Nerve Was Rewarded With Liberal Shower of Wealth.

Here is a good story from the London Figaro: "I happened the other night to be one of the smaller theaters in the city and witnessed toward the last act the principal play a very amusing incident.

"A slight impatience was shown among the audience at the delay in raising the curtain, and shortly the manager appeared to announce that one of the actors had been taken ill, which necessitated his role being taken by substitute.

"Then the act commenced, but suddenly every one was startled by the appearance of another character on the stage, who immediately began to explain himself as follows: "They have deceived you. I am not ill, but they have not paid me, and as I have not dined I was of course unable to fulfill my role."

"The public was at first stupefied, but very soon acclaimed the actor, and money literally rained on the stage. Finally at the end of several minutes the actor, who probably had received satisfaction, entered the stage and played his part, much to the delight of the spectators."

Flowers Dear In New York.

Violets cost only 50 cents a bunch, but the bunches are very small. For 25 cents the Broadway florists make up little bunches for the buttonhole of men's coats, but they contain only one-third of the original bunch. When a man makes that kind of purchase, he is likely to conclude that there is a violet trust or else that though people are not engaged in the cultivation of violets. The best chrysanthemums sell on Broadway for \$1 each. As cultivators would grow rich selling them at 5 cents each, some one must be making good for the late hard times.—New York Correspondent.

† The Italians have a proverb which says that where the sun does not enter the doctor does.

‡ Progress is for sale in 'Fairelle Daniel Brophy's grocery.

Peculiar Provision in a Will.

One of the most peculiar wills ever drawn up in Suffolk England, has recently been filed. The property involved is on Longwood avenue, at Longwood. By the terms of the document the widow is to receive the use and income of the real estate during her life. At her death the property is to go to the three children under the most carefully drawn provisions. The whole property is to be divided into three equal parts by imaginary lines drawn from the front to the back boundary. One daughter is to receive the westerly third of the cellar and the attic, and the three rooms on that end of the house. The second daughter is to have the centre third of the garret and cellar and the middle and easterly thirds of the first floor. The son will draw the easterly third of the basement and loft and the middle and easterly thirds of the second floor. He is to be allowed the use of the steps inside the house until reasonable time has elapsed for him to build steps on the outside of the house. The expenses of keeping the house and yard in repair must be equally divided among the three. This seems to be a very pretty and exact way of regulating family affairs. These imaginary lines can be made to perform the same office as meridians and parallels. When the brothers and sisters wish to locate their belongings they can take out a sextant and find out their latitude and longitude.

One of God's Jokes.

"I am not unduly proud of my children," said Mr. Buppum, "but I honestly believe that they are about as bright as any children can be. The other day the elder—he is named after me, by the way—heard the story of Daniel for the first time. Naturally, he was interested, especially in the lions' den episode. When the story was ended, he turned to his grandmother, who had told it. 'Grandma,' said he, 'I guess that was merely one of God's jokes.'"

An Irish Speech.

Colonel O'Donoghue has been making a great speech again. His concluding words were even more remarkable than usual. "And I have come here," the colonel is reported to have said, raising his voice like a tornado—"I have come here, my friends, to utter a silent protest against that treatment." "At which," remarked the Irish son, "an inaudible titter might have been heard."

WEATHER BULLETIN.

Probabilities Next 24 Hours. Saturday, November 24.—A light sitting of snow may be expected, changing to sleet in the afternoon. A Rigby Coat in this variable weather will be the most sensible garment to wear.

A Cremation Note.

A Wilkesbarre, Pa., man overcome by the craving for drink and having exhausted his resources for procuring more, emptied the ashes of his wife's first husband out of a silver urn and sold that.

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