

## TALES TOLD BY A MINER

ADVENTURE WITH THE APACHES  
IN THE GAVELIN CANYON.

An interesting sketch of real life in the Southwest. Related by a New Brunswick writer. A well told story of the way the Indians pursue warfare.

It was in 1881 and I was a member of the Lake Valley mining camp in the Cucillo Negro mountains of New Mexico. We were a large camp, well fortified—too well fortified and too strong for Geronimo and his band of blood-thirsty Apaches to attack us. In fact we had men enough on hand to take the offensive against that wily chief. The ninth regiment of United States cavalry was indeed supposed to be in search of him, but it was surprising that they never could catch up with him. Geronimo was ubiquitous, but the colored cavalry were decidedly local in their operations. They offered at the time but little protection to the mines and settlements of New Mexico. Their general preferred junketing on the Rio Grande to chasing hostiles over sandy plains and rough mountains. Big money there must have been for somebody in the Apache campaign, or such reckless indifference to the safety of lives dependent on their courage and watchfulness would not have been shown the troops.

Geronimo with two hundred hostiles, was in our neighborhood, word had just come in that the Apaches had wiped out a small settlement of Texas ranchers not many miles away. A meeting was at once called, and it was decided to organize and go in search of the bloody red-men. Fiery Daley, the millionaire miner of Comstock and Leadville notoriety, was at our head and we all knew that that meant fight. After a lively speech in which he denounced the incapacity of the troops and stigmatized their general as a lazy coward, he called for volunteers. Every man present responded with alacrity. A certain number were detailed to guard the camp, while the rest of us should be absent.

It was at this juncture that a company of the 9th cavalry, under Lieutenant Smith, came into the camp, a reinforcement for us but as it turned out we came near fighting the soldiers first before starting after the hostiles. Daley in his sarcastic voice inquired of the lieutenant where under heavens he was going. Did he want to get lost? Smith answered that he was looking for the Apaches, and Daley irreverently replied that the lieutenant and his men were looking for Apaches but were praying heaven not to find them. Hot words passed between them, and as we sided with our leader it looked as if there would be blood shed between us.

Cooler councils prevailed, however, and the dispute was compromised by Daley, and the lieutenant taking the post of honor in front as we fled out of camp. The niggers went first with the two white men at their head and we followed.

The lake, alongside of which the mining camp was built and from which it took its name, lay placid and shimmering in the morning sun. Around us the mountains rose in air, the beautiful Sacatongrass at their feet losing itself in the green of the oaks higher up, and these in turn giving way to the darker green of the pine forests on the summits. All nature was at peace, and contrasted sadly with our warlike equipage and the desire for vengeance that boomed in our hearts. Elsewhere not far distant there were ruined nooses, were black specks in the mountain sides, with dead faces looking up to heaven as if to demand vengeance on their reckless slayers.

The trial led us over the foothills into the Gavelin canon. This canyon was the pass through which the Indians would have had to come to attack a camp, and we hoped to be able to take their trail after we should get well out of it. It was deep and narrow, and lined with a thick growth of oak. A small stream wound through it and emptied into the lake.

Daley and the lieutenant were still leading when we entered the canyon with the colored cavalry men, two abreast, following closely behind them. Owing to the length of the cavalry line the miners were far in the rear of the leader. No one dreamed of danger, and so no scouts or skirmishers had been sent ahead. Suddenly when the soldiers were well into the canyon that terrible apache yell rose in the air followed by a quick fusillade of rifle shots. The soldiers were caught in a trap. The pitiless bullets rained on them from all sides. At the first fire Daley and Smith fell, and the bugler had only time to sound the dismount when he too was shot. The trail led down hill, and the soldiers behind could not at first restrain their beasts. The result was a pressure and crowding of men and horses that gave the Apaches a golden chance to do terrific havoc. In a moment however, every man was off his horse and seeking shelter behind trees and rocks. The niggers fought well, but they were outnumbered and taken at a disadvantage. As for us miners we could scarcely get within hearing distance of the fight. Backward foot by foot the dismounted cavalrymen were driven until as the Apaches gained on them, they broke into a run. They left sixty of their troop behind them in that fateful canyon.

The Apaches held the pass, and their position was too strong for us to dispossess them. Happily a second troop of the same 9th Cavalry about this time, and while we could not take the pass we kept the Indians effectually at bay.

As was their habit the hostiles suddenly decamped and we were at liberty to enter the canyon. The sight that greeted us was horrible in the extreme. On all sides lay dead and dying negroes bearing upon their bodies the marks of inhuman desecration. While the Indians in front had been standing us off the others together with the squaws and children rifled and abused the bodies of the dead and wounded soldiery.

Daley and the lieutenant above were scalped upon their bodies, as being those of white men, the greatest indignities were perpetrated. From all appearances it was afterwards judged that neither of them was killed by the first fire, but that they were found wounded by the squaws and were barbarously tortured. Stakes were driven through their breasts pinning them each to the ground and then fires were built over their hearts. Lieutenant Smith's body in particular showed signs of the awful agony he must have suffered. His heart had been taken out and apparently eaten, and his fingers had been cut off in order to secure some rings he wore.

That night we put up at the overland stage station, a fortified post on the Membras river, known as John Brockman's ranch. We had carried the dead with us, and a strange sight it was that night to see dead niggers in almost every position lying or standing in the yard of the ranch.

There was, however, a comical side to the situation. That morning before leaving Fort Cummings, the colored troopers had received their three months pay. This the most of them carried in their saddle pouches, so that when their horses stampeded at the first attack the animals carried away with them a considerable amount of coin. The Indians of course were the gainers by this, and the niggers—those of them who escaped—were left hopelessly "broke" and, as one them pathetically said that night, were "prived of chance to play poker for the next three months."

One colored trooper presented a laughable appearance. His face and the breast and shoulders of his uniform were a mottled grey caused by the sputtering of an explosive bullet in the bark of the tree behind which he had taken refuge during the fight. Daley had carried with him a rifle that threw explosive shells, and when he fell some adventurous Apache had managed to possess himself of the rifle and ammunition. The excited nigger, who it would seem had been the especial target of the lucky hostile, believed that every bullet from that wonderful rifle, as it ploughed its way round and round in the bark of the tree, hissed out, "Where is ye? Where is ye? as it inviting him to step up and be shot.

WM. C. GAYNOR.

## TOMATOES AND LONG LIFE.

One of the Introducers of this Fruit Lived to a Great Age.

Fifty years ago tomatoes were sold under the name of "love apples," as a vegetable curiosity. They were used for ornamenting mantelpieces, and occasionally one was given to a child to play with, on condition that he would not bite into it, as it was thought to be poisonous. The first person in Newport to eat the tomato was an Italian painter, named Corne.

"There," he used to say to those who expressed their surprise at his eating the suspected vegetable, "is the potato! He grew in de dark, or in de damp cellar, with his pale, link roots. He has no flavor; he live under ground. But de tomato, he grew in de sunshine; he has de fine rose color and exquisite flavor; he is wholesome, and when he is put in de soup, you relish him, and leave nothing in de plate."

The author of "Reminiscences of Newport," has preserved several anecdotes of this Italian, who introduced the tomato to Newport tables. One of them illustrates the fact that "life tables" are based on the average duration of life, sir Moses Montefiore, apparently set the ordinary laws of longevity at defiance.

In his 73d year Corne was persuaded to buy an annuity. The Massachusetts Hospital Life Insurance Company, on his payment of \$1570 agreed to pay him \$100 every six months of his life. The old man lived 15 years to enjoy his annuity. He received in all \$2000, much to the surprise and loss of the company. As the cashier was called upon, year after year, to make payments to this persistent annuitant, it seemed as if the company had caught a Methuselah.

With a laugh that almost choked him the old Italian used to say, as he received his semi-annual check: "De Prezzedent he say he very glad I so well, but I know he lie all de time. He no know how much macaroni, how much oil, how much tomato I eat. My grandfather he die when he 100, my father when he 102, and I—I live forever!"

## Patti's Favourite Amusement.

Among devotees of the game of billiards no one is more enthusiastic than the famous cantatrice, and she is said to have spent more money in furnishing her billiard room at Craig-y-Nos, Wales, than upon any other apartment. The room is palatial in its proportions, and, as is quite proper for a room of the sort, there is very little furniture although it is superbly upholstered in crimson damask, with soft Persian rugs on the floor.

When Madame Patti travels, one of the first orders she sends out is a notice concerning a billiard table. After she has sung in opera and has returned to her room no matter how late the hour, she has a game of billiards with her husband, M.

Nicolini, and often a professional player is invited.

She appears to believe with Sir Astley Cooper, the famous physician, that we should all sleep better if we made it a rule to play billiards an hour or two each evening before going to bed.

## A GRATEFUL MOTHER.

RELATES HOW HER DAUGHTER'S  
LIFE WAS SAVED.

Anaemia and General Debility Had Brought Her to the Verge of the Grave—Physicians Held Out No Hopes of Recovery—Dr. Williams' Pink Pills Again Prove a Life Saver.

(From the Ottawa Free Press.)

A personal paragraph in the Free Press some time ago simply stating that Miss Sophie Belanger, 428 Cooper street, Ottawa, had recovered from a serious illness caused by anaemia and general debility, has apparently awakened more than usual interest and pleasure among her relatives and acquaintances. So much so, indeed, that a reporter of the paper found it extremely interesting to visit the family and enjoy a chat with Mrs. Belanger on the recovery of her daughter after she had for two years been considered irretrievably a victim of this terribly enervating and dangerous disease. Mrs. Belanger is a very intelligent French-Canadian, wife of Mr. Joseph Belanger, whose wall paper and paint and glass establishment is at 146 Bank street. Miss Sophie Belanger, the whom invalid vacillating between death and life, is a promising young lady of seven-



She lay on a couch like one dying.

teen years. She is a student under the nuns in St. Jean Baptiste school on Primrose Hill. Over two years ago she fell sick and rapidly wasted away. The nature of her disease appeared to be a profound mystery to the physicians as they were called in one after the other. Despair seized the family as they looked upon the once beautiful, spirited girl, laying day in and day out, weeks and months on her couch, simply slowly vanishing and they powerless even to raise a smile to her wan lips. Each succeeding medical man gravely told the parents to prepare for the worst. However, Mrs. Belanger is not one of those women who give up in despair while there is still hope, as her own words will denote.

"It was a terrible time," she said. "We had been told again and again that nothing could be done to save Sophie, and had almost been forced by appearances to believe it. I have now to say that but for Dr. Williams' Pink Pills she would have been in her grave instead of attending school every day the liveliest of the lively. It began like this; the poor girl was coming to me three or four times a day exclaiming, 'Oh, ma, I have such a terrible headache. I cannot stand the pain of it.' This went on for a long time, weeks in fact, until we began to look at it in a very serious light. We had almost every French doctor in the city called in, but with no result. Sophie got worse and worse. Her face was small and yellow while her lips were as white as your collar. She was listless and apathetic and so weak she could not raise her hand to her head. A leading doctor forced her to take a certain kind of powders, which seemed to be taking the flesh from her bones. Her skin became hot and parched, her eyes sank into her head and she lay on that couch as one dead, taking no interest whatever in things going on around her. Then it was we became confirmed in the popular belief that she was going to die. It was agonizing to look at her, but we became partially resigned to the fate that appeared to be overtaking us. She was watched day and night, but we could detect no change unless for the worse. All hope had gone. I had read of the cures by the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and about this time I noticed a description published in the Free Press somewhat similar to Sophie's case. Something seemed to urge me to give them a trial, and now I thank God I did. I sent for some and began giving them to her one at a time. Before long we saw an improvement, and gradually increased the dose from one to two and then to three at regular intervals. It was incredible to note the change. Her color came back, a different look in her eyes, her general health and appearance gave us all new interest in her. Before the fourth box was gone Sophie was able to be up and around again, and a further use of them fully restored her health, or rather snatched her from the brink of the grave. To Dr. Williams' Pink Pills is due all the credit for we had stopped the doctor's medicine, and simply gave her these, following the directions around the box. My daughter's life was saved by Pink Pills and no one knows better than her mother. I wish to tell

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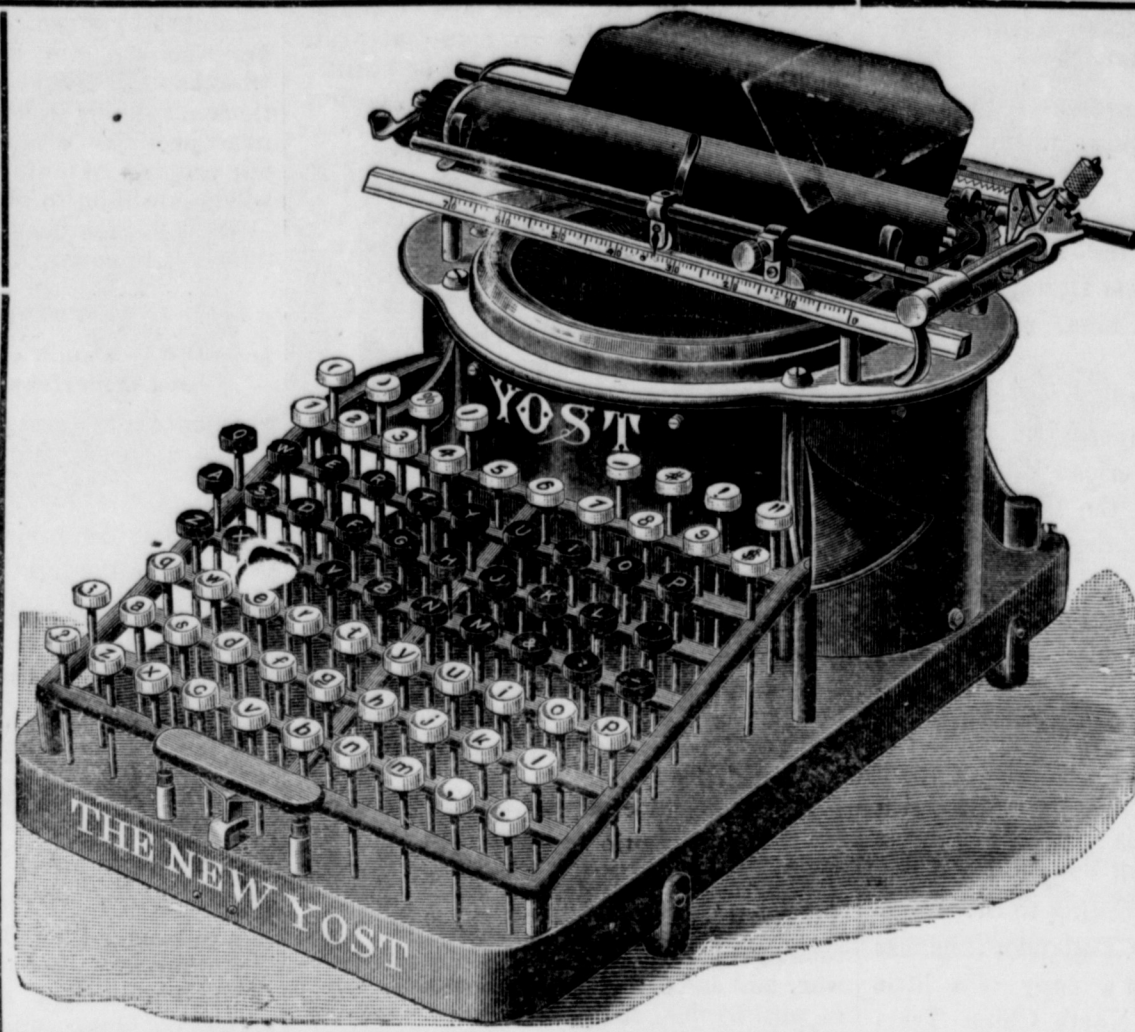
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everyone of the cure, as it is almost impossible to believe that the poor thing that lay there, and the happy r. sy-cheeked girl who goes regularly to her classes are one and the same person in such a marvellously short space of time, and you may be sure I am advising ailing neighbors to use this wonderful medicine."

Just as the reporter was leaving, Miss Belanger returned from school. She was the picture of grace, health and beauty, her lithe physique denoting health in every movement, while her face showed the warm, ruddy glow of health. She corroborated all her mother had said besides adding some new testimony. Happiness now abideth in that home where misery held sway too long, and Mrs. Belanger rests her faith in Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, which will do for other weak and ailing girls what they did for her daughter.

## She Got Her Wish.

Frances was a bright little girl told about in The Christian Register. At dinner one day chicken was served and Frances partook with great freedom.

"I want some more," she said. "I think you have had as much as is good for you dear," replied Frances' mama.

"I want more." And Frances pouted. "You can't have more now; but there is a wishbone that you and mama can pull. That will be fun. You pull one side, and I'll pull the other; and whoever gets the longer end can have her wish come true. Why, baby, you've got it! What was your wish, Frances?"

"I wish for some more chicken," said Frances promptly.

She got it this time.

## He Is A Gold Stick.

Field Marshal Lord Wolseley, by accepting the Colonelcy of the Royal Horse Guards, becomes a gold stick in waiting. The office was created by King Charles II., who gave to the Captain of the Life Guards on duty an ebony staff with a gold head, making him responsible for the safety of the King, while the second in command received a staff with a silver head.

## Old-Time Shoe-Blacking.

Shoes were blacked as early as the tenth century. The substance used seems to have been lampblack mixed with rancid oil; for in an old romance a man is ejected from a company of polite persons because he had just blacked his shoes, and they could not stand the smell.

## Navigation Made Easy.

"I don't see," said Mr. Maguire, as he sat in the stern of the vessel, "how the captain can find his way across the ocean. If he were going the other way all he'd have to do would be to follow that white streak behind there, but in front there's nothing to point the way."

## It Was The Cat's Fault.

Father—Tommy, stop pulling that cat's tail. Tommy—I'm only holding the tail, the cat's pulling it—Lie.

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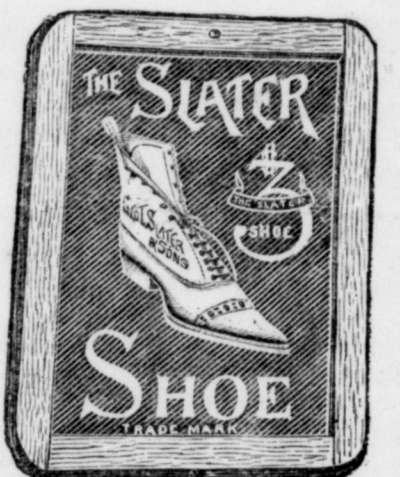
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