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BRAVE WESTERN WOMEN

MRS. HALPIN'S LONG HEROISM SHOWN AGAINST APACHES.

Lived in Danger for Years to be With Her Husband and Sons—Women who Help Their Husbands—Tragedies Which Mrs. Garner has Seen or Taken Part In.

There are heroic women in Arizona whose lives in the hands of a literary artist would make stories that would thrill the world. They are heroines of the first order. Yet their names are scarcely known away from the valleys and the lonely mountains where they live. Talk about heroic men facing mortal dangers on the battlefield! There are women in Arizona who have braved the horrors of Indian attack every day for twenty years and more.

The story of the life of Bridget Halpin is so typical of what other women in New Mexico and Arizona have gone through that it is worth telling. In 1873 Peter Halpin and his wife and two boys, 12 and 15 years old, came from Denver to Arizona. Peter and his wife were natives of Ireland, and had been living in mining camps in Colorado for several years. They were strong and resolute and were determined to win success. A prospector had secretly shown Halpin a lot of specimens of silver and gold ores. They were the richest Halpin had ever seen. Two of them assayed at \$15,000 and \$18,000 a ton.

"But it'll do no one any good to mine where them chunks of ore came from," said the prospector, when the Halpins' enthusiasm was at its height.

"Why not?" said Halpin. "Because them chunks are out of a ledge that's down in the Superstition Mountains in Arizona, where the Paches and Pimas are thicker'n blackbirds and where no white man can live a month without comin' to his death and scalpin'." Them 'Paches are awful rich, but it's signin' one's death certificate to go minin' down there."

For weeks Halpin and his wife talked of the wonderful gold and silver ledges that lay in the Superstition Mountains. One day Halpin said he had about decided to go and locate the mines. Mrs. Halpin agreed to the proposition, but she said:

"My interests are your interests, Peter, and where you go, I'll go, too. If you risk your life among the Apaches for me, I'll go and risk mine, too. We'll stand together."

So it came about that the Halpin family, in a prairie schooner drawn by a team of mules, drove slowly over the Rocky Mountains down into Arizona, through the alkali wastes to the bald and desolate Superstition Mountains. The Apaches and Pimas were quiet that year. The Halpins built a rough pine cabin on the southern slope, and Halpin set out to prospect for the gold and silver mines. Four months later three more families moved down from Colorado to try their luck in the mountains. But the Apaches were far from being subdued. The next April the San Carlos tribe went upon the warpath again. It would take a volume to tell in detail the atrocities perpetrated by the Indians during that spring and summer. Seven women and the children with them were hacked and slashed to pieces by painted Apaches in one morning. Cabins were burned over the dead bodies of the white settlers, cows were driven away and horses were stolen. The yells of Indians returning from murder and rapine startled the Halpin family in their cabin on many a night and each time there were reasons to believe that their own home would be surrounded by the savages before next dawn. Halpin hid beneath an overlapping ledge of rock one summer day when the savages came after him to kill him, and he thereby escaped them. When night came on he crept homeward three miles, expecting to find the cabin in ashes and the bodies of his wife and boys in the ruins. When at last he turned the trail and saw his wife and boys alive and well, he sat unconscious from joy on the floor.

Mrs. Halpin, too, had had her share of fright on that day. She had barred the door at the first appearance of a band of Apaches creeping stealthily up the grade toward the house, and had sat rifle in hand all day peering in every direction through chinks in the pine walls of the rude cabin. The Indians had no idea how many guns were within aimed at them, and after a time they stole away from the scene. The next day pursuing cavalrymen brought news of the massacre of a

family of five children and a mother only a mile and a half away to the west. Every few weeks thereafter during the summer the Halpins had cause to sit for a day at a time, guns in hand, watching for signs of Indian approach. Many a night the husband and wife took turns at standing guard in their lonely cabin while the boys slept.

What made the young Irish woman stay there, far from any other white family, where the most intractable Indian savages abounded, is still a matter of wonder even among the old timers of the Territory. She used to say that she could not live without Halpin and her boys, and so long as they thought they could not live elsewhere she had to stay with them. She believed her place was with her husband and family, no matter what the danger, and so she stayed. Two years later Halpin was returning to his cabin from a prospecting trip over the other side of the mountains with two other men and the party was caught in a narrow defile by a party of Indians hidden among the rocks. All the white men were killed with poisoned arrows, their bodies were mutilated and their scalps were taken. It was a week before their bodies were found and by that time the savages were so far away that they were never apprehended. All that the widow had in the world was in her home and the mountains about her. Her boys had grown to be stalwart, brave youths, and they decided to stay there another year anyhow. There was not a settler left within seven miles, and the life was as lonely as one can imagine. It took a stout heart to stay there, but Mrs. Halpin and her boys were equal to it. Many a time they saw the prints of moccasins in the dust along the trail that led to their home. Several times the news came of the slaughter of other settlers further to the east. Once on her way home with her elder boy from what is now the big copper-mining camp of Globe, Mrs. Halpin turned her horses off the trail to visit a former friend from Colorado, only to find that the friend's cabin had been burned to the ground a week before and the occupants killed by the Apaches. For four years there came to the Halpin home almost every month the news of some atrocity by Indians.

But the plucky woman never gave up the fight. There were times when she felt that the life that she lived was not worth the grim, hard struggle she was making, but her determination to make her husband's murderers suffer by her own and her boys' armed presence there always came as a second thought. For a fortnight at a time neither she nor her boys would stir further than 100 yards from the home and for months at a time every one in the family went armed day and night. Mrs. Halpin and her boys became expert shots and the cavalrymen who came that way in pursuit of Indians several times a year used to have tests of marksmanship with the Widow Halpin and her big boys. Twice the mother and her sons barricaded themselves in their house, and with a supply of cartridges and several fine rifles made such a demonstration of armed strength that the Apaches retreated amid a pelting of lead.

"I learned from the old trapper Reavis," she said once, "that the Apaches are as cowardly as they are cruel when they have a paleface at their mercy, and I never let them believe for a moment that I was unarmed or afraid of them. I just meant to stay by that cabin and our claims until death, and as time went by I got madder and madder at the thought that Apaches could ever make the boys and me quit the country."

The wonderfully rich bodies of silver and gold ores that Halpin came to Arizona to find were never discovered, but John and Jim Halpin, the boys, inherited three fine silver and copper claims from their father. One they sold for \$9,000, and it has since become the well-known Laramie mine in Gila county. Another claim was worked after Gens. Crook and Miles settled the Apache problem in Arizona in 1879 and 1880. It yielded the family some \$6,000 or \$8,000 before the vein pinched out. When Geronimo had been captured and the Apaches had been driven to their reservation at San Carlos, Mrs. Halpin and her young men sons settled down to take life easier. With the money from their mines they built a pretty home on the site of the cabin where they had had so exciting a life. The sons secured mountain water rights, which they

sold to the alfalfa farmers in the valley, who settled there by the scores when the Apaches were finally quelled. Five or six years ago the boys married and moved to Prescott, where the mother soon followed to live in her younger son's family, until her death last April.

Woman has been typified as a tender vine clinging to a stalwart oak, which is supposed to be emblematic of man, but out here in Arizona there are many instances of the reverse. In Pinal and Cochise counties are several examples of tender vines of femininity supporting giant masculine oaks. One of these examples is furnished by a young woman who came from a little city in Pennsylvania a year or two ago with her husband to better their fortunes in the new West. The couple settled on one of Uncle Sam's quarter sections, and began farming for wheat and alfalfa. The husband found that ploughing and general agricultural labor were too hard for him, while speculating in cattle and sheep on a small scale was more to his liking. So nowadays he travels over the Territory about half the time, while his wife runs the farm.

Last year she did all the ploughing unaided. This spring, when a little child came into the family, she was for a time puzzled, at the out-look for her annual job of ploughing. The inventive instinct of her sex came to her relief, and the neighbors one day saw that she had made a wooden box on the front of the plough handle, and there the baby was lying while his energetic little mother was gripping the plough handles and making furrows like a veteran farmer.

Four years ago, when Abram Wheeler and his bride, just out of the high school in Rochester, N. Y., came to make their home and fortune at Tucson, Mrs. Wheeler had no more knowledge of how to make harness than any other girl in the East who has never been in a harness shop three times in her life. Harness-making was Abram Wheeler's trade, and he opened a shop in Tucson. The country was new and strange to Mrs. Wheeler, and there was not a person within 2,000 miles of Tucson, except her husband, whom she had ever seen or heard of before. Therefore she spent a good part of her time sitting with him while he worked. Little by little she came to help him, and in a year or two she was a great help. Mr. Wheeler became interested in copper mines, and while he was away at the mines his wife ran the harness shop. She took out several patents for hames and collars for use on teams of six and more horses drawing heavy ore wagons, and last winter she sold one patent for \$1,200. She has become a journeyman harness maker and nowadays while her husband is opening a copper prospect, more than 100 miles from home, Mrs. Wheeler makes harness, buys the shop material and looks after her two infant children, who are kept in a cage-like affair of the mother's invention, in one corner of the harness shop. There is no keeping such folks on the lower rungs of the ladder out there.

Mrs. Emma Garner, who owns one-half of the Garner Westfall cattle ranch in Navajo county, on the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe Railroad, has seen more tragedy than one man in twenty thousand. She is over 55 years old, and has been a participant in enough excitement to fill columns of a newspaper. She was born in Cleveland, O., and went to Colorado with her parents when a girl of 15 years. It was at the time of the Pike's Peak gold excitement, when desperate characters flocked to the new diggings from every part of the border. One night in camp, near where the town of La Junta, Col., has since grown up, when the snow was falling and the weather was bitterly cold, men came hurrying into the camp with the news that the Kiowas were coming to massacre the whole camp. Mrs. Garner and her parents hitched the mules on the wagon and drove madly away, while the whole camp scattered in the snowstorm. As they fled they heard pistol shots and the exultant yells of the Kiowas. The wind blew a hurricane, and the family almost died of cold and their intense fright at the attack by Indians and the murder of their friends and companions. The next day the family reached Trinidad, and there the news of the Indian attack was given, and fifty Mexicans went back to gather up the dead and to inform the troops.

Arriving at the little camp of Denver Mrs. Garner was the witness of several tragic deaths. One evening a great power-

ful man, pale and excited, came running into the family tent and without a word began scrambling under the daughter's bunk as if to conceal himself. He was breathless and far too wild with fear to speak, while he pulled and struggled in his frantic efforts to hide himself in the narrow space beneath the pine bank. At that moment a party of men came riding up to the tent on foaming, panting horses. None of these men spoke. Two of them threw themselves from their steeds, snatched their pistols from their belts, and dashed past the frightened parents and girl into the tent. Amid curses a dozen shots, fired in quick succession, rang out, and then the two horsemen came out of the tent, putting their weapons back into their belts and wiping away the perspiration from their faces. It seemed that the man who had sought to hide himself under the bunk was a desperate character. He had murdered and robbed for years on the plains, and at last he was found unarmed and was pursued to the tent, where he had vainly hoped to escape in concealment. When the family went into the tent there lay the body of the bandit, with ten or twelve bullet holes in his back and head. The pursuers helped haul the body out upon the ground, but the father of the family had to bury it.

Mrs. Garner was married when she was but 17, and removed to Santa Fe, N. M. There she saw a street duel one day while she was taking her baby out for a ride. Two drunken Mexicans stabbed each other until both fell dying in the roadway, within two hundred feet of the young mother and her child. On another occasion the clothes line in her doorway was cut away and used for lynching a bandit from a cottonwood tree in front of her house. Four years after her marriage her husband went on a mining expedition among the friendly Navajos and never came back. Searches were made over the mountains and through canyons, but no trace of him was ever found.

For two years more the young widow cooked in a mining camp at Esmeralda, N. M. She was one of four women among 460 men. There was a shooting there every week. Once she was pouring coffee for a boarder when an enemy popped his head in the door and shot the man dead before he could pick up his tin cup of coffee. Afterward the shooter felt so chagrined that he should have killed his man while endangering the life of the widow that he gave her \$200 or \$300 in bullion, and offered her his heart and his hand. At another time two of the widow's boarders got in a row about a domino game and while the little woman hastened in to calm the troubled waters each man drew a pistol and fired at each other. One man fell with a hole in his chest but he recovered.

At the age of 24 Mrs. Gardner married a Mr. Snelling. The couple started to go to Salt Lake in October, hoping to get through before the snow became too deep in the Rocky Mountains. There were fourteen men and two women and Mrs. Snelling's little girl in the party that set out for Utah. On the way down the western slope of the Rockies the miners visited new placer diggings and found very rich dirt to wash. Men and women worked together with pans, getting out \$4 and \$5 each in gold every day. The Navajo came around and warned the campers that if they remained all winter they would be buried in the snow. The men were making too much money and did not heed the warning. The first intimation of trouble was the failure of the last pack train to arrive in November, and they began to go on short rations. Some of the miners became alarmed and returned to Santa Fe, leaving Mr. and Mrs. Snelling and their girl and eight men in the camp. The Indians were right, for the snow fell as it had never before fallen in that region. A German mail carrier lost his way and wandered around in the drifts until his feet were frozen. He was found unconscious by one of the men. The man's feet and legs were frozen, so badly that the miners amputated them with a common hand saw and a butcher knife. The victim lingered on for a few days and died. Another miner, in going down the range, fell upon the pole used to guide himself with and ran it almost through him, so another death was added to the camp. Then a veteran miner and an old friend of the Snellings was laid low with scurvy and Snelling was frozen to death. By that time provisions had run so low that absolute starvation stared them in the face, and Mrs.

Snelling made up her mind that perishing on the divide was better than starving to death in a cabin covered with twelve feet of snow. She therefore announced that she would take her girl and start for Santa Fe. The miners said they would go also and the mail carrier who had not yet died, and the old man with the scurvy, and one or two others who were too ill to travel, were left to die in the cabin. The party started on Jan. 2, 1869, for Santa Fe, leaving almost all the food, including a little dog, with the wretches in the hut. The snow was twenty feet deep and more was falling. The first night was spent in the Ute Gulch trying to keep from freezing. The next day a fresh start was made without food. Mrs. Snelling's luggage consisted of two blankets, a charge of clothing for herself and child and a shotgun. There was enough flour in the party to keep them from starvation. After untold suffering the men reached a cabin at the bottom of the range. Here they made a fire in one corner and fixed Mrs. Snelling and her little girl as comfortably as possible. The woman could proceed no further. In five days the rescuers returned to find both the mother and daughter barely alive. The party reached Santa Fe on Washington's Birthday, more dead than alive. The men in the cabin all perished.

EMBARRASSING SITUATIONS.

The Curious Things That are Done by the Absent Minded.

Why does a sober and sedate city gentleman start hatless to his place of business? Why should one of the most dignified and serious-minded of women go down town with her dress skirt on wrong side out? It is hard to say; but one can readily imagine the dismay of the poor lady when a friend met her and called her attention to the spectacle she was making of herself.

A Cambridge professor, whose fits of mental aberration were as frequent as they were amusing, was one day out in a heavy rain, with his umbrella held high over his head, when he met a friend who stopped him and exclaimed:

"Dear me, Professor M., why don't you put up your umbrella? You'll be drenched."

"Put up my umbrella?" said the professor. "It is up."

"Yes, it is, but it isn't open." For half an hour, more or less, the professor had been walking the streets with a closed umbrella held above his head.

At another time the same scholar was riding down town in an electric car, and lost himself in a book he was reading. Suddenly he noticed symptoms of excitement among the other passengers. What could they be laughing at?

The mystery was explained when he discovered that, having been annoyed by something between the plate of his artificial teeth and the roof of his mouth, he had removed his teeth and was holding them up to view between the thumb and finger of his hand!

Still more embarrassing was the case of a lady who hurried into church one Sunday morning without her bonnet, and when reminded of the omission by her husband, who had preceded her by several minutes, rose hastily and hurried up the broad centre aisle with a large red parasol raised and held close to her head!

Judge B., than whom there never was a more sedate and dignified man, once appeared at a dinner party with his handsome white wig on wrong side out!

The story is not a new one of the college professor who stumbled against a cow, and lifting his hat, said, gravely:

"I beg your pardon, madam."

Mrs. L., a Boston lady of a dignified and even haughty manner, was trying on some very expensive wraps in a suit and cloak store, when she said to the clerk:

"I do not think I will decide on one today."

She had reached the street door when a floor-walker detained her and said:

"I beg pardon, madam, but I shall have to ask you to remove that wrap of ours before you leave the store."

The Painters Hurried up.

Occupying a lovely situation there stands a mansion with a flat roof. Last spring the owner decided to have it thoroughly overhauled, and instructions to different tradesmen to proceed with the work.

The plumbers had a good deal to do upon the roof, and being out of sight, as they thought, did not over themselves.

When the painters came to do their part the owner of the mansion called the foreman aside and showed him a number of snap-shot photographs, representing men on the roof of his house. Some were sitting smoking, some were reading, and others were lying on their backs.

"Why," said the astonished foreman, "these are——'s plumbers."

"Exactly," responded the owner "and these snap-shots explain why they took such a long time over the job."

The painters did not wait any more time.