

Murder of Chief Pontiac.

Perhaps the greatest Indian general the world has ever known was Pontiac, whose dust is mingled somewhere with the soil of St. Louis. He was not as great a general as Alexander or Napoleon, but he was great as Indian warriors go great in something more than skill and courage in leading his braves to battle, in planning an ambush, in besieging a weak garrison and picking off the venturesome ones who sailed forth in efforts to get water and food.

He was great enough to be original, to lay deep plans with a cunning and a promise of success which, though it was never kept, threatened to check the westward march of civilization.

Pontiac was at the height of his power in 1763. It was only six years later than that when he went to St. Louis, but in six years all his plans had failed, all his power had departed, and he was a wanderer, discredited, but not disillusioned.

He entered St. Louis alone, with rifle and scalping knife. St. Ange sought him out and greeted him out with cordiality. He invited him to be his guest at the home of Mme. Chouteau and treated him as an honored visitor. There was food for him and drink as soon as the villagers knew that he was Pontiac the Great, and under the mellow influence of wine and rum the old warrior was not long in imagining that all his glory had returned to him.

Across the river were the British, for the fort at Cahokia had been established, and the flag of St. George was floating from the tall staff. It was a hateful rag to Pontiac, the most hateful as he drank more deeply, and strange visions came into his befuddled brain.

He determined to defy the British in their stronghold, and the persuasion of his friends could not deter him. And so Pontiac descended upon Cahokia. He did not enter the village with the warwhoop upon his lips. His defiance was of a different kind. He meant to show them that he was not afraid of the despised men who wore the red, that he braved their anger and their vengeance, that he was an Indian chieftain—Pontiac the Great, who called them dogs to their teeth!

It had not remained unknown to the people of Cahokia that Pontiac was in St. Louis. There were spies and gossips then, as there ever have been, but none had expected that the warrior would venture upon British territory, that he would ever be so reckless as to place himself in the power of men who had all the advantage and no motive for withholding their hands.

Therefore when Pontiac came, boldly and defiantly, they were surprised. Some of the more timorous fled, for to them the name of Pontiac meant massacre. They doubted not that a horde of naked warriors was at their beck, ready to descend upon the village as soon as he gave the word.

Others were defiant as he. They did not hide. They gazed at him hatefully and cursed him.

And still others, knowing the weakness of the reckless visitor, laid their plans for long delayed revenge.

Pontiac sneered at the cowards. He gave back gleam and curse to the defiant ones. He stolidly refused the advances made by those who planned for his undoing.

That is, at first he was stolid. But the scent of the liquor was forever in his nostrils, the throbbing of the whiskey fever was in his veins, and there was a fire in his throat that water could not quench.

And there was no refusal of the proffered glass after that—none—until Pontiac was staggering, helpless, and aimless!

He wandered out toward the back of the town, out into the woods.

And there, with his heavy back against the trunk of a tree, his head fell forward upon his chest, and he sank into a drunken stupor.

At Cahokia there was a British trader named Williamson. Relatives of his had been victims of Pontiac massacres, and a sweetheart had died for want of food while the Detroit garrison was besieged. There was hatred in his heart for Pontiac as deep as any that Pontiac ever felt for the English.

It was his liquor that had rekindled the whiskey fever in Pontiac's veins and had made him drunk and led him into the woods.

Among the Indians in Cahokia that day was Big Fish, a young Kaskaskia brave, whose love for whiskey was little less than that of Pontiac. Williamson invited him to drink and set the fire of appetite ablaze

in his blood.

'One drink; no more,' said the trader. 'See Pontiac. He is drunk. You are sober. If you were drunk, you might kill Pontiac.'

The brave's eyes glittered. 'Ugh! No kill Pontiac! Good Indian!' Williamson carefully filled a small glass to the brim, held it before the young Indian's eyes and gulped it down.

The Kaskaskian pleaded for liquor. Williamson rebuffed him gruffly.

'Why should I give you whisky? You are a squaw! You hate Pontiac, and still he comes over here and goes about the village all day, and his hair still hangs from his head. Ugh! You are a squaw!'

The Indian's fingers clutched the hilt of his knife. He crouched as though to spring. 'Big Fish wants to die!' asked Williamson, leveling a pistol at the brave. Don't try that. Save the knife for your enemy, not for your friend.'

Then abruptly: 'Kill Pontiac. He is in the forest. Bring me his scalp, and I will give you this.'

Williamson stepped to the side of a barrel of whisky, kicked it and gazed into the face of the Kaskaskia brave.

Big Fish hesitated.

'Not 'nuff; more!' he grunted.

'Not another drop, more, and not another drop do you ever get in this village,' replied Williamson. 'Big Fish is weak. He is a squaw. His heart is not red; it is white. He is afraid!'

'No, not 'fraid!' shouted the Indian, springing to his feet. 'No squaw!'

His eyes glittered more brightly.

In a moment he was stealing stealthily through the village, following the irregular path that had led Pontiac into the forest.

He found the besotted chieftain still asleep. The feathers in his hair had been disarranged. The string of beads had fallen from his neck.

Big Fish was careful. Perhaps Pontiac was but feigning!

A wide detour brought him behind the sleeper. He had not moved.

Thick trees gave shelter, and the brown and red and yellow leaves were a noiseless carpet for his moccasined feet.

A score of careful steps, and Big Fish, with tomahawk ready in his sinewy right hand and scalping knife clutched in his left, stood immediately behind the tree against which rested the sleeping form of Pontiac.

The air gave no noise as the tomahawk was raised to the full length of the brave arm. It gave none as the heavy blade descended.

There was the crunch of bone and a rustling of leaves as a dead body tumbled limply forward.

A sweep with the knife, a jerk at the long loose hair that was already thick with blood, a kick in the ribs of the fallen chieftain, a savage grunt of satisfaction, and Big Fish was away to claim his reward.

There was deep sorrow when the people of St. Louis heard of the death of Pontiac and the manner of it. There were also threats of revenge. St. Ange sent over for the body, and it was given to him. It was taken to the home of Mme. Chouteau and dressed in the French captain's uniform. Soldiers were drawn up before the house, and a squad of them carried the rude coffin to the little cemetery which lay east of what is now Broadway and between Market and Walnut. There, at a point which is thought to be about 100 feet back from Broadway, a grave had been dug. A volley was fired as the body was lowered and the clouds began to fall upon the coffin.

For 131 years there was neither headstone nor tablet bearing the name of Pontiac and marking the spot where his body had been buried. The cemetery had been abandoned and all but forgotten. One grave was but as another, and all were as none. Stone masons and brick masons and carpenters came and covered the place with buildings.

But now there is in a wall of the Southern hotel, not far from what was the grave of the great warrior, a bronze tablet placed recently by the Daughters of the American Revolution.

A Great Spouter.

An Ohio paper says that some men were drilling a well in search for oil, and at the time a number of nitroglycerine shells were lowered into the hole and exploded. One of them stuck about twenty-five feet below the surface, but the fact was not known until afterward.

There was a tremendous gush of oil, the

flow being so strong that the derrick was deluged from top to bottom. Apparently here was the biggest well in the history of the oil business, and the firm which was doing the drilling naturally exulted at the prospect of a fortune.

But their joy was short lived. The Buckeye Pipe Line Company's eight inch pipe, through which six thousand barrels of oil pass each day, suddenly shut down. An investigation was started, and before many hours it was found that the new well had been drilled close to the pipe, which had been broken by the explosion, and the oil, which seemed to come from the well, really came from the pipe line. This ended the career of a 'great spouter.'

RICH, RED BLOOD.

ABSOLUTELY NECESSARY TO HEALTH AND STRENGTH

Through the Blood Every Organ. Every Nerve and Every Tissue in the Body is Nourished—If the Blood is Impure Disease Takes Possession of the System.

If you want to be well take care of the blood. The blood is aptly termed the vital fluid, and it is through it that every organ and every tissue of the body is nourished. If the blood becomes impoverished, the entire system is in danger of a breakdown, and what is termed anaemia, general debility, or even consumption may be the result. Prudent people occasionally take a tonic for the purpose of keeping the blood pure, but the unwell are those to whom this article is chiefly valuable, as it will point out an easy and speedy means to renewed health. Mrs. Joseph Herbert, who keeps a grocery at the corner of St. Germain and Hermoine streets, St. Sauveur, Que., tells the following story of broken health and renewed vigor: 'I suffered for many months,' said Mrs. Herbert, 'from an impoverished condition of the blood, coupled with extreme nervousness. I was very pale and felt languid and indisposed to exertion. A dizzy sensation arising quickly from a chair, or coming down stairs, often troubled me. The least exercise would leave me almost out of breath, and my heart would palpitate violently, while at other times I would feel a smothering sensation. Often my face and arms would swell and puff, and the arms became almost useless. I doctored more or less for the trouble, but did not get any real benefit until I began the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. I had been using the pills only a few weeks when I found myself growing stronger and better in every way. I continued taking the pills for nearly three months—for I was determined the cure would be thorough—but sometimes before I discontinued using them I felt in better health than I had enjoyed for years before. My sleep is now healthful and refreshing, my appetite excellent, and I feel that I owe all this to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and it will always give me pleasure to recommend them.'

It is the mission of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills to make rich, red blood, nourish the nerves, tissues and various organs of the body, and thus by reaching the root of the trouble drive disease from the system. Other medicines act only upon the symptoms of the disease, and when such medicines are discontinued and trouble returns—often in an aggravated form. If you want health and strength be sure you get the genuine with the full name 'Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People' on the wrapper around every box. If your dealer cannot supply you the pills will be sent post paid at 50 cents a box, or six boxes for \$2.50, by addressing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

GUNS AND TRACTION ENGINES.

The Latter are Necessary to the Former—Where Engines Need Improvement.

The experiences of the war in South Africa have proven the necessity for heavy field batteries in the field army, and have shown that the transportation of these pieces can only be effected by engine traction.

Both oxen and horses have been used during this war for the transportation of heavy field guns, but there are decided objections to each.

The principal objections to oxen as draft animals are that they are required in such large numbers and keep their distances so poorly that the space occupied in column is enormous; moreover, they require better forage (longer in the stalk) than horses or mules, feed only in the daytime, and cannot stand inclement weather or hard, long continued work on short rations.

The naval 4.7-inch guns used by the British required 32 oxen for the gun and 16 for the wagon carrying 66 rounds. On a march of eight days, averaging fifteen miles a day only, out of 272 oxen with two gun no fewer than 80 were expended or had to be exchanged. At Pretoria during one inclement night 9 oxen out of a span of 16 died. The limit of weight for horse draft appears to be about four or five tons, and even then the horses would be driven with difficulty as they would have to be placed four abreast.

The guns of heavy field batteries must be capable of being drawn by animals, because, whatever may be the mode of traction used in general, ground will be met with which will admit of no other means of transport. The heaviest gun for such batteries, therefore, cannot weigh, with its

mounting, over 6 1/2 tons, although heavier armament may easily be carried in the siege train by engine power. At Pretoria a 6 inch quickfire gun and carriage weighing 12 1/2 tons was so transported.

In general siege guns and carriages are taken apart and transported separately by rail and cannot be made available far from railroads; but the guns of the heavy field batteries must be carried mounted, ready for immediate use, and must accompany the field army directly.

The advantages of traction engines for the transportation of these heavy field batteries are apparent. The two principal objections to them are the difficulties of water and fuel supply, but even the present imperfect engine can move a train consisting of a coal truck, a 3.7-inch gun mounted and three ammunition and store wagons (provided water may be obtainable every two miles) over a distance of a hundred miles at route march rate, without having to recol.

Two batteries of 4.7 Q. F. guns, which arrived at Cape Town in February, were provided with traction engines, as there were no oxen available, one engine being assigned to each gun and three wagons, so that each battery of four guns (complete with ammunition wagons, store wagons, forges and water carts) required but four engines.

The heavy field batteries will certainly be an essential part of the armament of future field armies and the traction engine has also been adopted practically for use in the field. Consequently, the study of this subject has become a most important matter for the military world.

British officers of experience in the Transvaal are strongly recommending the combination of the two: heavy field batteries with engine tractions. But certain improvements in the engines are necessary.

The latter should either have condensing machinery or be independent of water, such as an oil motor; it should be capable of hauling a six and a half ton carriage gun included, with its ammunition and stores and the fuel required by the engine, for at least eight marches of fifteen miles each over firm, although rough ground; it must have a considerable margin of power to enable it always to keep its place in column; and finally it must be provided with winding gear for moving the heaviest unit of its load some little distance, as across a stream.

With these improvements, and equipped with spuds for the driving wheel, a short length of sleeper roadway and a couple of anchors, the traction engine will be capable of placing its gun in action in any country. Such, at least, is the opinion of the artillery experts in the British army.

Careful Statement.

'Was this man Dennis an entire stranger to you?' asked the cross examining counsel of a witness in an important case.

'Sorr!' said the witness, whose stupid face was crossed with wrinkles of anxiety, for he had been warned to be cautious and exact in his answers.

The lawyer repeated his question. 'Well, no, sorr,' said the witness, with a sudden gleam of enlightenment; 'he couldn't be that, for he had but the wan arm, sorr. Oi'd never seen him befoer.'

No Danger.

Two brothers, grown men now, are fond of sitting down and comparing past experiences. One particularly happy recollection is this:

There was an old coffee-mill in the attic which, as boys, they greatly desired to possess. One of them, Tom by name, sought his mother and begged her to give it to them.

'I don't believe I can, Tom,' said she, regretfully. 'I should like to, but I'm afraid I can't.'

'But why, mother?' urged Tom. 'You don't use it.'

'No, we don't use it.'

'Then why won't you give it to us?'

'Well, dear,' said the mother, gently, 'I'm afraid you and Ben will get to quarrelling over it.'

'Oh, no, we shan't!' cried Tom, eagerly. 'You needn't be a bit afraid of that, mother. I won't let Ben touch it!'

And the Whistle Blew.

A leading railroad lawyer, who has had much to do with human nature, said to a Detroit reporter: 'Never cross-question an Irishman from the 'old sod.' And he gave an illustration from his own experience: A section-hand had been killed by an express train, and his widow was suing for damages. The main witness swore positively that the locomotive whistle had not sounded until after the whole train had passed over his departed friend. 'See here, McGinnis,' said I, 'you admit that the whistle blew?' 'Yis, sor, it blewed, sor.' 'Now, if that whistle sounded in time to give Michael warning, the fact would be in favor of the company, wouldn't it?' 'Yis, sor, and Mike would be tistifyin' here

this day.' The jury giggled. 'Very well. Now what earthly purpose could there be for the engineer to blow his whistle after Mike had been struck?' 'I presume that the whistle wor for the next mon on the thrack, sor.' I quit, and the widow got all she asked.

CONVULSIONS.

The Many Causes That Lead to This Dreaded Affliction.

The sight of a person in convulsions is terrifying, but in the great majority of cases the sufferer is in no immediate danger. Whether or not the convulsion foreshadows a serious ending depends upon a variety of causes. As a rule, convulsions are more serious in adults than in children, especially very young children.

Two things are necessary for the occurrence of convulsions: first, an unstable condition of the nervous system,—the predisposing cause,—and secondly, some exciting cause sufficient to disorder the weakened nerve-centers. The instability of the nervous system is more pronounced in children than in adults, and seems often to be hereditary, the members of certain families being more prone to fits than others.

Certain chronic diseases of nutrition, such as rickets, are associated with an irritability of the brain and spinal cord, and convulsions are peculiarly frequent in children suffering from such diseases.

Convulsions in children are very common at the onset of one of the acute fevers, such as scarletina or measles. At that time the convulsions have no special significance, but when occurring later during an attack of scarlet fever, they may point to the existence of deficient aeration of the blood, owing to a partial collapse of the lungs.

In children convulsions are perhaps most commonly the result of some disorder of the digestive tract, caused by the presence of indigestible material in the stomach or bowels, or of intestinal worms.

Inflammation of the ear is another common exciting cause of convulsions, but teething, which is blamed for so many fits, very seldom causes convulsions unless the eruption of the teeth is exceedingly difficult and painful.

In children, as in adults, convulsions may be due to hysteria or to epilepsy. They may be caused by a great shock to the nervous system, such as a severe fright. Meningitis or a tumor of the brain may also cause them, both in children and in adults.

Whatever the cause, it will be safe to put a child with convulsions into a not too hot bath—say at a temperature of about ninety-six or ninety-seven degrees.

Nerve sedatives are usually prescribed in the hope of preventing a second convulsion, but the cause, if discoverable, must of course be removed.

Dressed Foultry.

Among the growing industries of Canada is that of trans Atlantic trade in poultry. This industry has already assumed large proportions, and their is no apparent reason why the advancement should not be continuous. The industry is one that does not necessitate any radical change in farm operations, for it is the farmer to whom we must look for a large portion of such produce. Poultry raising can be carried on simultaneously with regular farm operations with very little, if any, interference with the farmer's regular work. We know of nothing else that will repay better the amount of time and labor expended upon it than poultry raising. Especially is this the case now that the industry has been placed upon a more permanent basis in the way of facilities for trans-Atlantic trade.

The Canadian Dressed Poultry Company have been constituted to facilitate matters in connection with trade in the new industry. They are in a position to inform poultry raisers on the requirements of the British market; to give instruction in feeding and proper care of fowls, and to bring the market practically to the door of the producer. The United States tariff has deprived the Canadian producer of the New York and Boston markets, but now that the British market is wide open the disadvantage is practically dissolved.

A very important feature, one to which we would direct the attention of our readers, is that there is no chance for monopoly in connection with the Canadian Dressed Poultry Company. Any one can become a shareholder. The conditions on which one may become a shareholder are stated clearly in the announcement. Farmers and poultry raisers, now is your opportunity.—Toronto World.

WE CONVINCE SCEPTICS.

Colds, Catarrh and Catarrhal Headache Relieved in 10 Minutes and Cured by Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder.

Here's one of a thousand such testimonies. Rev. A. D. Buckley, of Buffalo, says: 'I wish all to know what a blessing Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder is in a case of Catarrh. I was troubled with this disease for years, but the first time I used this remedy it gave most delightful relief. I now regard myself entirely cured after using it for two months.'