

THE CHARGE OF THE HOUNDS.

An Incident of the Creek War.

A terrible bit of news was carried from mouth to mouth through the region that is now Alabama, at the beginning of September, 1813. The country was at that time in the midst of the second war with Great Britain, and for a long time the British agents had been trying to persuade the Creeks—A powerful nation of half-civilized but very war-like Indians who lived in the Alabama—to join in the war and destroy the white settlements in the southwest.

For some time the Creeks hesitated, and it was uncertain what they would do. But during the summer of 1813 they broke out in hostility, and on the 30th of August, their great leader, Weathersford, or the Red Eagle, as they called him, stormed Fort Minnis, the strongest fort in the southwest. He took the fort by surprise, with a thousand warriors behind him, and after five hours of terrible fighting destroyed it, killing about five hundred men, women and children.

This was the news that startled the settlers in the region where the Alabama and Tombigbee rivers come together. It was certain, after such a massacre as that, that the Indians meant to destroy the settlements, and kill all the white people without mercy.

In order to protect themselves and their families, the settlers built rude forts by setting timbers endwise in the ground, and the people hurried to these places for safety. Leaving their homes to be burned, their crops to be destroyed and their cattle to be killed or carried off by the Indians, the settlers hastily got together what food they could, and took their families into the nearest forts.

One of the smallest of these stockade forts was called Siquiefield. It stood in what is now called Clarke County, Ala., and, as that region was very thinly settled, there were not enough men to make a strong force for the defence of the fort. But the brave farmers and hunters thought they could hold the place, and so they took their families there as quickly as they could.

Two families, numbering seventeen persons, found it was not safe to go to Siquiefield on the 2nd of September, and so, as they were pretty sure that there were no Indians in their neighborhood, they made up their minds to stay one more night at a house a few miles from the fort. That same night they were attacked, and all but five of them were killed. Those who got away carried the news of what had happened to the fort, and a party was sent out to bring in the bodies.

The next day all the people in Fort Siquiefield went to bury their dead friends in a valley at some little distance from the fort, and strange as it may seem they took no arms with them. Believing that there were no Indians near the place they left the gates of the fortress open, and went out in a body without their guns.

As a matter of fact there was a large body of Indians not very near them but actually looking at them all the time. The celebrated Prophet Francis was in command, and in his sly way he kept as near the fort as possible to look for a good chance to attack it. Making his men lie down and crawl like snakes, he had reached a point only a few hundred yards from the stockade without alarming the people; and now while they stood around the graves of their friends without arms to defend themselves with, a host of their savage enemies lay looking at them from the grass and bushes on the hill.

As soon as he saw the right moment had come, Francis had sprung up with a savage war-cry and at the head of his warriors made a dash for the gates. He had seen that the men outside were unarmed and his plan was to get to the gates before they could reach them and thus get all the people of the place at his mercy in an open field and without arms to fight with.

The fort people were quick to see what his purpose was, and the men hurried forward with all their might, hoping to reach the fort before the savages could get there. By running at the top of their speed they did this, and closed the gates in time to keep the Indians out. But to their horror they then saw that their wives and children were shut out too.—Unable to run as fast as the men, they had fallen behind, and now the Indians were between them and the gates!

Seeing that he had missed his chance of getting possession of the fort, Francis turned upon the women and children with savage delight in the thought of butchering these helpless creatures in the sight of their husbands, fathers and brothers.

It was a moment of terror. There were not half enough white men in the fort to master so large a force of Indians and if there had been it was easy to see that by the time they could get their rifles and go to the rescue it would be too late.

At that moment the hero of this bit of history came upon the scene. This was a young man named Isaac Haden. He was a notable huntsman who kept a famous pack of hounds—fiery brutes, thoroughly trained to run down and seize any living thing that their master chose to chase. The young man had been out in search of stray cattle, and just at the moment when matters were

at their worst, he rode up to the fort in company with his sixty dogs.

Isaac Haden had a cool head and a very daring spirit. He was in the habit of taking in situations at a glance, deciding quickly what was to be done, and then doing it at any risk that might be necessary. As soon as he saw how the men and women were placed he cried out to his dogs, and at the head of his bellowing pack, charged upon the flank of the Indians. The dogs did the work with a spirit equal to the master's.

For each to seize a red warrior and drag him to earth was the work of a moment, and the whole body was soon in confusion. For a moment they had all they could do to defend themselves against the unlooked assault of the fierce animals, and before they could beat off the dogs the men of the fort came out and joined in the attack, so that the women and children had time to make their way inside the gates, only one of them a Mrs. Phillips, having been killed.

The men, of course, had to follow the women closely, as they were too weak in numbers to risk a battle outside. If they had done so, the Indians would have overcome them quickly, and then the fort and everybody in it would have been at their mercy, so they hurried into the fort as soon as the women were safe.

But the hero who had saved the people by his quickness and courage was left outside, and not only so, but the savages were between him and the fort. He had charged entirely through the war party, and was now beyond their line, alone, and with no chance of help from any quarter.

His hope of saving himself was very small, indeed; but he had saved all those helpless women and children, and he was a brave enough fellow to die willingly, for such a purpose as that, if he must. But brave men do not give up easily, and young Haden did not mean to die without a last effort to save himself. Blowing a loud blast upon his hunting horn to call his remaining dogs around him, he drew his pocket pistols—one in each hand—and plunged spurs into his horse's flanks. In spite of the numbers against him, he broke through the mass of savages, but the gallant horse that bore him fell dead as he cleared the Indian ranks. Haden had fired both his pistols, and had no time to load them again. He was practically unarmed now, and the distance he had to go before reaching the gates was considerable. His chance of escape was smaller than ever, but he quickly sprang from the saddle, and ran with all his might, hotly pursued, and under a terrific fire from the rifles of the savages. The gate was held a little way open for him to pass, and when he entered the fort his nearest pursuers were so close that there was barely time for the men to shut the gate in their faces.

Strangely enough the brave young fellow was not hurt in any way. Five bullets passed through his clothes, but his skin was not broken.

A DANGEROUS CARGO.

A Jersey Captain Goes to Sea With 2,000 Cases of Atlas Cargo.

The brig *Senorita*, Capt. Wiltbank, which has been lying at the wharf of the Repauno Chemical Company's works Thompson's Point, N. J., for ten days past, will sail for Aspinwall with an exceedingly hazardous cargo, says the Philadelphia Record. Capt. Wiltbank carries out with him 50 tons of the terrible destructive explosive called atlas powder. Two thousand cases of the stuff are stowed away beneath the *Senorita's* hatches, and are intended for use in excavating along the route of the Panama canal. The Repauno Chemical Company has contracted with the Panama Canal Company to supply the latter with all the explosives that may be needed in pushing the great engineering work to completion. The Repauno company is the only concern in the world that manufactures atlas powder, which is composed principally of nitro-glycerine, adulterated with nitrate of soda, magnesia and wood pulp.

The powder contains as much as 75 per cent. of nitro-glycerine, and its transportation is considered so dangerous none of the steamships touching Aspinwall could be induced to carry the explosive compound. Many old sea captains, who in their time have braved nearly every danger of the deep, have refused to carry the powder to Aspinwall. Aside from its liability to explode by percussion, the captains consider the risk of being struck by lightning too great to warrant the carrying of such a cargo, even though the rates of freight were terrible.

Capt. Wiltbank, although a young man, does not fear undertaking the voyage. The powder is put up in the form of cartridges, and when shipped, fuses and percussion caps are never placed in the same cars with the powder. The cartridges on the *Senorita* have the fuses attached to them, which makes the danger all the greater. This was done because the employees of the canal company are not able to attach the fuses properly, and the work had to be done at the Repauno company's works.

Atlas powder has proven very effective in the work for which it is designed at Aspinwall. Its explosive power is about 13 times greater than that of ordinary gunpowder. Embankments and rocks can be removed with comparative ease by its use, and the dirt is afterward hauled with shovels. In this way excavation is done more cheaply and rapidly.

FARM AND HOUSEHOLD.

Farm Paragraphs.

A successful farmer made the statement that for several years he had practiced tying up his cattle by day, in the barn during the fly season, and turning them out to graze during the night, and he was satisfied that the yield of milk was one-third more by so doing. It was of better quality, and he could feed one-third more stock on the same acreage, for the cattle destroyed by stamping a great deal of good pasturage. And that his cows might be protected, he even went so far as to darken the windows of his stables with muslin curtains. He was about to build new barns and he should put on blinds, for he considered them more necessary on his barn windows than on his house. A merciful man was merciful to his beasts and this was a case where it paid.—*Germanstown Telegraph.*

Farm, Field and Fireside seasonably remarks that it is not only necessary to have the lambs early, but also to keep them growing. In addition to that which they derive from their dams, a feed of oats, either whole or ground, will cause them to keep in health and grow rapidly. In fact, there is no grain so well adapted to feeding to sheep as oats, and they are very fond of such. One of the difficulties in allowing sheep and lambs on the same pasture is that the lambs are liable to all the ills that affect the older animals, such as cough and distemper, and, if the pasture is wet, perhaps the foot-rot may cause trouble. The lambs should not be permitted to remain with the flock, as they can be more easily and properly cared for when separated; and as it is the early lamb that brings the highest price, every effort should be made to secure it.

It is high time the house cellar should be thoroughly cleaned and whitewashed; it can be done some rainy day. All decaying apples, or potatoes, are dangerous; in fact, you can't be too particular, as decaying matter of every kind breeds disease. Many a man has suffered weeks of torturing sickness, or has lost a loved wife, or child, just for want of a little care in cleaning the cellar. Better do it, and do it now, even if it takes half a day of pleasant weather; cleaning a cellar is cheaper than a doctor's bill, to say nothing of the suffering.

Washed sheep should be sheared on grass to keep the wool clean, the accessories being a pen to inclose the sheep and a rough table on which to roll up the wool. Notice should be taken of the quantity and quality of the wool of individual sheep for future guidance. If "ticks" are numerous on sheep or lambs they are very harmful, and both should be dipped immediately, or soon after shearing in a preparation which will destroy the pest. A decoction of tobacco with a little sulphur added is as good as anything. The lambs should be sheared in August. This is an innovation on the custom of this country, but it will be found to have a good effect on their growth, and before the arrival of winter they will have acquired a fresh fleece quite sufficient to protect them.—*Rural New Yorker.*

Wm. Hartley, of La Crosse, Wis., writes to the *Breeders' Gazette* that he has used a remedy for milk fever which ought not to remain a secret. It is one pint and a half of lard and one-half pint of kerosene, given in milk, warm, repeating the dose every two or three hours. He is corroborated by Mr. T. C. Jones, another correspondent, and, according to their experience, the remedy has never failed, to their knowledge, though frequently resorted to in that section.

A farmer's wife writes in this vein: "Somehow, I used to raise about 200 chicks with but little care, when I kept a mongrel breed that no one dared to name; but the more blood I get, the more work I have and the less to show for it. Some one may say I do not give them sufficient care. A farmer's wife has something to do besides watching hens and chickens all the time, and I never spent all my time taking care of the old-fashioned native hens, and they didn't get sick and die either; but mine out of ten, if set on thirteen eggs, would produce an even dozen chicks, and the tenth one, would bring of the full thirteen sound and healthy."

I Beg Your Pardon.

A civil word is the cheapest thing in the world, and yet it is a thing which the young and happy rarely give to their inferiors. See the effect of civility upon a rough little street-boy! The other evening a young lady abruptly turned the corner and ran against a boy who was small and ragged and freckled. Stopping as soon as she could, she turned to him and said: "I beg your pardon; indeed I am very sorry." The small, ragged and freckled boy looked up in blank amazement for an instant; then taking off about three-fourths of a cap, he bowed very low, smiled until his face became lost in the smile, and answered: "You can hev my parding and welcome, miss, and ver may run agin me and knock me clean down, an' I won't say a word." After the young lady passed on he turned to a comrade and said, half apologetically, "I never had any one to ask my parding, and it kind o' took me off my feet."

Domestic Recipes.

GREEN PEAS.—Peas should be freshly shelled and not too large. If necessary to be taken from the vines a few hours before using, they should be left in the pods, which may be kept in cold water. This is our way of cooking peas: Shell, wash and put them to cook in fresh water enough merely to cover them; season with salt, pepper and butter; boil till done, when they will have taken up nearly all of the water; then add creamy sweet milk, enough for a pleasant accompaniment of moisture; let them come nearly to boiling heat, adding more salt if necessary. Nice, served alone; also excellent poured over lightly toasted bread, and served immediately.

TO COOK BEANS.—Break off both ends, cut them in pieces of an inch or so, wash and put them in a kettle with water to cover them well. Add half a teaspoonful of saleratus. Boil them fifteen minutes, drain off the water, add cold water, drain it right off again, then put over the fire, add enough hot water to nearly cover them. Season with salt, pepper and butter, cook till very tender, which will usually be in from half to three-fourths of an hour; the water should be nearly boiled away. Just before serving, add some creamy sweet milk, and more salt and pepper if necessary. Of course, the cook must use her judgment and taste in seasoning.

A WAY TO COOK NEW POTATOES.—Scrape and wash them, put into the kettle, add salt, pepper, a piece of butter (for a large quantity, butter the size of an egg), and a little water, just enough to raise a steam; cook till tender and all the water has evaporated; then uncover the kettle, stir the potatoes with a fork, so that any superfluous moisture may escape in steam. This is a good way to warm over plain boiled potatoes, new or old, only less water is required than to cook them at first.

MUFFINS.—Mix a quart of wheat flour with a pint of milk, half a teaspoonful of yeast, two eggs well beaten, and a little salt. Set to rise in a warm place. When light, butter your muffin rings, turn in the mixture, and bake to a light brown.

Raising Thrifty Hogs.

Professor S. R. Thompson, of the Nebraska Agricultural college, writes to the *American Agriculturalist* that green food makes thriffter and larger hogs. Farmers who raise many pigs, and feed them exclusively on corn, know that some of the shotes will cease to grow at an early age, begin to lay on fat, and never reach the size of good merchantable hogs. This tendency to fatten prematurely, at the expense of bone growth is not seen to any great extent in grass-fed hogs. A pig fed on bulky green food will develop a larger stomach than one fed on concentrated food like corn; and when you come to fatten it this enlarged capacity will enable him to eat and digest more corn, and thus fatten faster than the other and be a more profitable hog to grow for market. Grass-fed hogs are healthier than those grain-fed. Every intelligent breeder knows the advantages of feeding green food to sows about to farrow. They have less difficulty with their pigs, are less liable to destroy them, and give more milk, and nurse them better. Grass-fed hogs are less liable to disease. The dreaded hog cholera is not much to be feared where hogs have the run of a good clover pasture. Undoubtedly, if exposed to contagion, they would take the disease, but they are not likely to develop it. For example, a farmer had his hogs in a small pen, destitute of grass, with no water, except a muddy pool, which soon was made as vile as possible by the hogs. After a while the hogs began to die in considerable numbers, with symptoms resembling cholera. The owner was alarmed, took them out of his pen, turned them on a patch of green rye, and gave them water from a well. The disease was checked and the deaths ceased.

The Violet of Vegetables.

From "H. H. A." in Chicago Tribune.

It may be taken for granted that of all the flavoring substances used in cookery the onion is, after salt, perhaps, the most valuable, and, as many a house-keeper can give testimony, when cunningly concealed in the sauce, or ragout, or soup it yields enjoyment even to those who would carefully put it from them if they saw it, in their abhorrence to everything pertaining to the garlic tribe. There is no doubt that this latter is most valuable food in a hot climate, especially when eaten raw.

I remember reading in a book called "Angola and the River Congo" that the author never traveled without a supply of garlic, whose beneficial effects on the stomach and system were most marked. "When very hungry and fatigued," he goes on to say, "I have found nothing equal to a few pieces of raw garlic, eaten with a crust of bread or a biscuit, for producing, a few minutes after, a delightful sensation of repose, and that feeling of the stomach being ready to receive food generally absent when excessive emptiness or exhaustion is the case." Very odd contradictions in regard to this vegetable arise; for example Henry of Navarre had his lips rubbed the moment he was born with a clove of garlic, a time honored custom in his native place. On the other hand, garlic was forbidden by statute of Alonzo the Eleventh to his knights of La Bauda, and Don Quixote cautions Sancho Panza to be chary of it. So must honest Sancho beware of the garlic which the

king of France had rubbed upon his infant guns on his entrance into this world.

To the American taste the pronounced flavor of garlic is insupportable, and the odor of it, while it has been called the "violet of vegetables," is anything but a delectable perfume. Still people have mourned for it; for example, the Hebrews, in their wanderings toward the Promised Land, complained to Moses of the want of the leek and the garlic, which they informed him they remembered.

A CHILD WITH A TAIL.

A Louisville Octoroon Gives Birth to a Child Which Puzzles the Doctors.

In a shady lane below Thirty-eighth street, between Bank and Market, stands a neat frame cottage, newly coated with whitewash. The house is surrounded with trees and shrubbery, and the front yard is divided into blooming flower plants. The house is occupied by James Clark, his wife and an adopted daughter. The latter has been given the name of Ruth. On a cold winter's night, 16 years ago, she was left on the door step, and Mrs. Clark has kindly watched over her ever since. She has grown to be tall, and although an octoroon, has a complexion of almost perfect whiteness. Her hair is long and black and curly. Her teeth shine like two rows of pearls, and are splendidly displayed beneath her thin arched upper lip.

Since Monday Mrs. Clark avers that "a thousand people have visited the house." The visitors have been mostly colored people, with a considerable sprinkling of medical practitioners. Yesterday a body of 33 students were at the house an hour, and went away promising to return in a few days and bring their note books with them.

Six weeks ago yesterday a message in the shape of a baby girl came to the house of James Clark. It was born to his adopted daughter, and presented a striking freak of nature. Celia Alexander, a dressmaker, of No. 3727 High avenue, was called in to administer medical attention. Being somewhat superstitious, she is said to have declared that some great fatality was about to befall the family when she viewed the infant. It was a pretty child, with black eyes and black hair, perfectly formed, except in the region of its pelvis. The lower end of the vertebræ extends below the trunk of the body, and formed a very marked and distinct tail. The appendage measured an inch in diameter at the body and tapered gracefully for a length of four inches, when it ended abruptly with a slight curl, and a few strands of coarse hair. Another striking deformity was the double hips which the child possessed. The abnormal pair was like two banks of flesh in the center of which could be felt a hard bony substance. To sum up, the child had hips and a tail which bore a pronounced resemblance to the American hog. Since its birth the little freak has been very healthy, notwithstanding its mother has been lying seriously ill. The tail and abnormal hips have developed alarmingly rapid, and threatens to become the most prominent features about the child. The tail measured six and one-quarter inches, and the hips would have made a fair showing in a canvas ham bag. For this reason the mother is uneasy. She is afraid the child will turn into all tail and hips.

"If it does," she said, "I will travel with it with some circus. Two or three of my friends have already told me that I could exhibit the child and make a barrel of money."

But you won't do anything of that kind," said Mrs. Clark angrily, who heard the remark of her adopted daughter. "If that tail keeps on growing I am going to cut it off, and, what's more, those two arms must be doctored some way to stunt their growth. Why, she never could walk around in a stylish dress with that deformity on her hips."

"The little freak will prove a wonder to the profession," said Dr. H. W. Peters, of No. 550 Third street. "I intend to observe it closely, and prepare some sort of an opinion about it myself. Nature's freaks are always interesting, but one of this character is doubly so. While its origin is easily accounted for, such perfect development of the abnormal parts as the child presents is nothing short of a phenomenon. The mother evidently was chased or frightened by a hog. Nothing else could have produced such a wonderful result."

Meanwhile the infant continues to grow and laugh and kick. It has already exhibited a peculiar fondness for corn bread, and, unlike most children of its age, has no desire for milk. It will be an object of much curiosity among physicians and eminent scientists.—*Louisville Commercial.*

If Goldsmith, who wrote of "The Deserted Village," were alive to-day he would find ample material for his pen in the deserted villages of the Pacific coast. The San Francisco Chronicle says all of the old California mining towns are in a decayed or decaying condition. Some of them, most flourishing from 1849 to 1854 or 1856, are blotted from existence and lost to memory save in the immediate neighborhood where they once stood. The Chronicle devotes a column to interesting reminiscences of these once busy scenes of human activity and hopes.