

SATURDAY, JUNE 8, 1894.

"THE BOY SPIES."

A Reminiscence of One of the Olden Times in Michigan.

(BY JAMES O. CURWOOD)

Machunaghe, the Standing Bear, was his name, son of the chieftain of the tribe; tall, slender, but with muscles of steel, was the young savage, although but sixteen years had the pigeons nested and the trees changed to green since he first caught the gleam of the sun where the Shining Waters the lake the Bear.

And well might he be called Standing Bear, for later he was true under the sun-bill of Osceola, the who fought and conquered Shoke, allied with his Huron brothers, the terror of Central Michigan.

The young Machunaghe had wandered through the dangerous woods for two days to reach the party boat at which we find him, the autumn of the year 1800.

The occasion was a hunting one might judge from the earnest deer, over which he was bent, this but served as a screen for motive. The Standing Bear's boy followers were spies—

for the war-path, but were good stand for the degenerated race of Chippewas. Before now they had been foiled by this unbroken of virgin forest that stretched to the farthest limits of the land.

The youth was not alone; stood a stalwart runner, whose muscles twitched and jerked whose recent exertions, and whose eyes glared like balls of fire as he related his things to the chieftain's.

The Hurons had outpassed the barriers, captured the large, and had driven into the forest. That was the message.

"The boy followers must re-take the town first scalp. Saukees had day that the Ironquoy the Shining Waters, his father's father, and as many young feet will drown their own blood."

"Wah! ah! twice thou wilt have them."

spring when, flooded through the...

...all went now very quiet. Except for the few Hurons who remained outside the village, nothing was to be seen. But this quietness was only a momentary instant. Instantly a loud shout rent the air, which was followed by a chorus of fierce cries. The town was a wake, and two scores of the hated northern warriors marched to the open and formed two lines of twenty each, about six feet apart, and then uttered their triumphant war-whoop.

Immediately a small body of men were seen approaching, closely guarding a prisoner, whom Machunaghe instantly recognized as his father.

Many of the gauntlet men were armed with heavy clubs, one blow of which would have crushed the head of an ox. Others held naked blades, switches, and some few, to guard against escape, even tomahawks. The captive's limbs were severed and the doomed Chippewa, bracing his limbs for the awful trial, looked calmly down the line. Then, before the first fatal leap was taken, strange shouts filled the woods, and the waiting hordes of boy spies swarmed into the clearing to save their chieftain. Unarmed, as many of the Hurons were, they could make but slight resistance, but succeeded in reaching the block house when they sought the block house. But the rescued Ponto and his son were equal to the occasion. Leaving a sufficient number of men behind to prevent an escape, they directed themselves, in a roundabout way, to the cliff, which lay about ten rods to the west of the fort.

Here a large flat slab of stone was removed from the face of the embankment, and a round hole disclosed to view; one by one the warriors crawled through, and a few minutes later found themselves in a high but narrow tunnel. This led to the store room of the block house, where admittance was easily gained by removing another slab of granite.

The remainder of the task was accomplished without the slightest difficulty, for the Hurons, taken when they felt comparatively secure, were massacred to a man. The wily Shoke had fled, knowing but too well what his fate would be if captured. He subsequently gained complete control of Wisi's tribe, but later was vanquished and taken prisoner by the Standing Bear.

Thus, as related to one by one of the oldest Chippewas of the tribe, did Osceola begin his first warpath, which was to end at the Indian territory, the red man's last retreat.

After regaling themselves with the...

...It bodes us ill, son of Ponto. The great Manitou is sorrowing over the impending fate of his favored people. Hear the wind as it howls from the north, laden with the curses of our enemies—Is it not so?"

"Fear not, noble Saukees, you are superstitious. Read the omen aright and it foretells our victory. The death cries of the fleeing Hurons and the triumphant shouts of the boy conquerers. Has the perfidious Shoke yet turned traitor to his friends and timbermen, or was he staunch at the conflict?"

"Alas! The faithful Wanagi-Ski fell at his arm; even so did Mohela." "Then may the curse of the sun be upon him. I will give the signal now, brother, and we will depart to free Ponto, the chieftain of his tribe, and avenge our murdered kinsmen."

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MRS. M. S. SCHONMAKER

A New York Woman Who Suffered for Four Years with Nervous Debility - Paine's Celery Compound Made Her Well



"For four years I was a sufferer from nervous debility. During that time I took great many remedies without any help until I tried Paine's celery compound. I took six bottles of that remedy and was cured. I cheerfully recommend Paine's celery compound." So writes Mrs. M. S. Schonmaker of 80 1/2 Jane St., New York City.

"Too many women needlessly suffer from nervous troubles, not only in the cities but everywhere. Their whole world-top frequently lies inside the four walls of their homes.

organs must have received them sound and active blood to make them so. The nervous system needs tonic and brain needling and reviving every part of the languid body is what Paine's celery compound makes Paine's strengthener and the marvelous century. It is the vigorator of this recruit the worn nervous system to rejuvenate the nervous system, and this is the blood that has been so many of our people. caused to restore their vitality, vigor and

It was about two hours of marching when the soldiers passed the village east above the mountains in the east, and then with solemn footsteps, they gave head lowered toward the south lakes in the south and Massachusetts before the van.

The surprising bear rejoiced to hear that his parents had thus far escaped death, but on the other hand it was with a rattling heart that he thought of his mother as a slave among the Hurons, and his father, dying at the coming of the...

The Chippewas lay amongst the shrubs and bushes, awaiting impatiently the streak of light that should herald the coming day.

"Brave Machunage," said the runner, "if Shako is not laid low in the dust today he will, at some future time rule this tribe."

"What comrade, you let your fears misplace you?"

"But 'tis true. He will flee to the renegade tribe of Wisa, and gain control of it; then ensnare or conquer the people of Ponto; he has sworn to."

(Sauke's words proved true. Shako gained control of Wisa's tribe, and at Ponto's death drove Osceolo (Machunage) from his position. The latter, however, with his brave followers, soon gained supremacy and thus again joined the separated tribe.)

"Now, let it be your mission and mine, Shako, to see that he does not escape. Is not that the rising sun tinging the horizon?"

"We should be an

the... great... of school... Paine's... addition... ted. The... Superint... K. Paine... Inherits... the numb... pacity of... W. D. s... the front... New M... station I... the Co... manu... mely hel... sincerely... Miss I... ter Mrs... "Georg... the eler... his hand... serious... Send... Co., Chi... of Dr K... will co... These p... particul... constity... Malaria... need' p... guarant... every d... purely d... en by th... to sto... invigori... 25c. pe... Hendar... OU... Advo... single... week... LOST... pocket... other ve...