

LIBERTY TABLET.



MAJOR, KNAPP & CO., NEW YORK.

THE WONDERFUL STATUE!

Erected on Bedloe's Island,

The Statue presented by the French Nation to the People of the United States;

Height of Statue. 151 ft. 1 in.

Height of Pedestal above high water, 154 ft. 10 in.

Approach to the Balcony around the Torch is obtained by means of steam elevators and winding stairs. The Torch is lighted at night by Electricity, (50,000 candle power,) illumining the sky and the surrounding country for miles and throwing a powerful and brilliant ray of light far out to sea; forming, altogether, one of the grandest spectacles to be seen in any part of the globe.

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"Liberty Enlightening the World." in the Harbor of New York.

the Pedestal being built by popular subscriptions from the American people.

Making total height of Statue above the level of the sea, nearly 306 ft.

Marias
quokith
Baylor

A Race that wasn't thrown

We were discussing the merits
of various noted foot-racers,
the amounts won and lost
by betting on races that were
thrown. When a grizzled old
^{man} ~~man~~ ^{came} ~~came~~ ^{stomped} ~~stomped~~ ⁱⁿ, for the first time
during the evening - saying that
he once witnessed a square race
in the early 60's at Ft. Benton
~~Montana~~ that certainly was not
thrown. Tell us all about it
gran-dad came from the ^{present} boys.

The old man after stowing away
his pipe ^{told} ~~told~~ us the following
story "In '63 or may be it was in
'64 a lot of us wolves were

camped at Fort Benton Montana
 blowing in our spring catch of
 Wolf skins, while waiting for ^{them}
 to grow on the prospective
 fall and winter catch. We
 passed the time in ^{drinking} ^{back} ^{whiskey} horse racing,
 gambling, shooting at marks - and
 on two occasions there were live
 men for targets, however, that
 has nothing to do with the foot
 race - in fact, there were really
 two foot races, ~~by the same party.~~
 The first one took place one
 evening when a young Blackfoot
 Indian struck the Fort badly
 winded and slightly wounded
 with 20 or 30 Crow Indians, ^{mounted} a

close second. I happened to be standing by the ~~door~~ ^{small gate} of the stockade or you might call it the small gate and taking in the situation I swung it open for the young Simash - but - closed it while the howling mob of crows were sliding off their horses.

The Crows demanded entrance or that the young Blackfoot be delivered up to them. - As it was against the rules of the post to allow more than a couple of Indian inside the stockade at a time I had a good excuse to bar them ^{out} ~~cross~~. While we were doing a ^{lively} some hand talk, back side

The head
 putting in a lot of loud
 mouth talk in his own lingo
 to give the sign talk more force,
 trader came out to see what
 the ~~man~~^{trouble} was about. After getting
 the Crow side of the ~~subject~~^{difficulty}
 he told them that he would
 hold the ~~Blackfoot~~ prisoner until
 the next morning and by
 that time would decide what
 was to be done with him.

As it happened ~~that~~ there
 was a young doctor fresh from
 the states stopping there at ^{the} time,
 he was a cousin or nephew of
 the boss trader I don't remem-
 ber which, and I can't recall
 his name - if I ever heard it,
 the trader called him Henry
 but ~~we~~^{used} ~~see~~^{trappers} fellows called him Doc.

unless we wanted to be funny
 when we called ^{him} ~~him~~ "pills"
 and referred to him as "pills"
 or "saw-bones", which was all the
 same to "Doc", as he was a good
 sociable ~~friend~~ ^{fellow} and all the boys
 liked him. Doc had recently
 graduated from some ^{famous} ~~big~~ college
 or medical ^{college} ~~school~~ and had
 come out-west as he called it,
 to rest-up before starting in
 to practice. As he and I were
 quite chummy he called me
 in to act as interpreter. Of
 course Doc didn't ^{understand} ~~know~~ the sign
 language as they don't teach it
 in college. First, Doc, examined
 the wound which was just a

a small open cut across the
 leg below his hip - just the
 width and ^{half the} depth of a musket-
 ball, of course Doc spruced
 it out and dressed it, while I
 was flogging the young sinner.
 It appears that he, in company
 with ~~with~~ two of his horse-thief
 friends had made a sneak
 over to the Judith river ^{Country}, to
 a camp of mountain Crows
 and swiped a small bunch
 of their best-horses he dwelt
 particularly on one beautiful
 pinto (spotted horse) which, as
 you young fellows would term
 it, he wanted for his best girl.

As the crows discovered their loss at daylight - the three young hunters only had a few hours start and it being very dark had made slow time, ^{so} before noon their pursuers were in sight and the race was on in dead earnest, all headed for the mouth of the Marias river which empties into the Missouri river on north side below Ft. Benton, the boys were so hard pressed on reaching the main river that they were obliged to abandon the horses they were driving but each still had a led horse of course our hero was leading the pinto.

They took to the water like ducks but our horse thief friend felt the sting of a Crow bullet while scrambling up the opposite bank - said he thought a wasp had stung him until he looked down and saw the blood. After reaching the top of the bank the boys took some time shooting with their pistols at the swimming crows.

You know when a siwash is on a horse stealing raid he seldom carries anything but a pistol and a belt full of moccasins as they go on foot. Well they ^{finally} had the satisfaction of killing one of their enemies

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x while they ~~were~~ were busy scalping
and mutilating his chums he

before taking to the brush
where they were soon surrounded
by the crows and in the short-
but desperate fight ^{that followed} his two
companions were killed and
he saved his scalp ^{only} by abandoning
his two horses and crawling
back through the brush to the
bank of the Missouri.

then followed up the river under
cover of the banks until he
was out of sight of the crows
^{when} he climbed up and ^x made a
bee-line ^{across the big bend} for the fort but was
discovered by a crow boy who
had been left in care of the re-
captured horses on the opposite

side of the river - ~~but~~ it must have been some time before the boy could make known the discovery to his excited companions, for, as before stated, ^{the Blackfoot} he reached the post a short distance in the lead.

The young rascal gave his name as "Red dog," he showed no excitement whatever, in fact he wore a broad grin during his recital except when referring to the pinto horse - the loss of which seemed to worry him more than did the death of his two companions, ~~in fact~~ he appeared to regard the whole thing as a good joke excepting the loss of that one horse.

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Doc. and I talked the matter over and decided that the young dandruff ought to at least be given a fighting ~~show~~ ^{chance} for his life.

In answer to our question he said yes he would fight any one of the crows with knife, pistol or rifle.

In fact he was willing to fight the whole outfit one at a time. The little devil was certainly game from scalp lock to the sole of his moccasins.

Suddenly Doc. brightened up - an new idea had struck him - he requested me to ask the boy if he could run fast. When the question was ^{asked} ~~put~~ to ~~him~~ ^{him}, he showed a little shame in admitting that several ^{members,} of his

tribe could out-run him.

When I asked Doc what he was figuring on, he said that ^{if the} matter could be arranged so as to give him a couple of weeks to train and fit the young fellow notwithstanding his lack of points for a sprinter, he thought he could put him in shape to out-run the whole Crow nation. All Doc and I spent the balance of the night planning details.

When the program was given the bass trader in the morning, he explained to us that the only interest he had in the matter was to keep on friendly terms

with both tribes as both Crows and Blackfeet were good customers. That he had had some difficulty in arranging for the Crows to ^{be allowed to} cross the river ^{to trade} which was the dividing line between the two tribes. Of course it was simply a matter of business with him.

A party with the Crows ^{with an Argonaut} lasted several hours. They admitted they had recovered all of the stolen horses but said they had lost three warriors, one in the river and two in the fight in the brush. Their argument was that it would require Reddy's scalp to even up the score.

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none of the crows seemed
over keen to fight the young
Blackfoot which was our first
proposition - not that we prefer-
red it - but just to make our
^{later} proposition more certain of
acceptance. The final agreement
was that as soon as Reddogg
wound, which we claimed was
very bad, should be sufficiently
healed, ^{and} not later than ten
days, he should be turned loose
with only thirty steps the start
without weapons of any kind
while they, the crows, would
be allowed to carry knives but
no shooting Irons.

To this the crows readily consented as they claimed to have some very fast runners in their outfit.

The crows with their stock were compelled to cross over to the south side of the river opposite the trading ^{post} (~~at~~ ~~Benton~~)

This was in compliance with some former treaty agreement between them and the traders. Even when they came to trade, their robes and furs were unpacked on the south bank and brought across the river in the traders boats kept for that purpose, their camp being located on the south side.

Red dog was a small ^{Indian} slave not to exceed 20 years old slightly bow-legged and pigeon toed.

That is, he toed in while walking or running, ^{but} he was a wisely little devil to my certain knowledge as Doc had roped me into the game of giving Red dog the necessary exercise while in training. It didn't require much coaxing on Doc's part either as at the time I was scarcely more than a big husky boy myself, besides I was quite anxious to see ^{Red} dog win the race.

~~Of course~~ Doc attended closely to the dicting - looked after and gave us our instructions in the exercise ~~ing~~ ^{all} of which had to be done inside the stockade

or in a very large upper store
 room. I don't think the Indian
 really understood what it all meant
 but he was satisfied to keep at it
 when I told him that the young
 doctor was a medicine man
 and was making ^{good} medicine for
 him to run fast and that is
 unless he ~~did~~ ^{did} as instructed
 he would break the medicine
 and loose the race and his
 scalp with it. I don't know how
 proficient Doc was in Greek
 and Latin but he certainly was
 a daisy in putting sprinters in
 form. Before the ten days were
 up ^{Red} Dog was as ^{little} supple and active

as a cougar.

The race was to be pulled off at sundown, just ten days to the ~~hour~~ minute from the time Red Dog skipped through the gate.

I made every ~~guy~~ ~~wolfen~~ about the place dig up the price of a wolf skin (about \$4) to invest in beef to give the crows a big eat the day of the race. In fact we had looked after the matter of seeing them well supplied with grub during the whole time.

The little town of Benton a short distance above the trading post - turned out in

en masse ~~mass~~ to see the race, and betting was lively on the results.

When 18 fat-headed crows ~~to~~ the sariat that had been stretched on the ground, each stripped to breech-cloth and moccasins all gripping their murderous looking knives it certainly looked ^{to an outsider} as though little Red dog would soon meet his two chums in the happy hunting ground.

I felt confident that our boy would win ^{out} as Doc had told me that the gap would widen from the crack of the pistol that would turn ^{it} them loose. I noticed that contented and happy grin on Red

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dog's face as Doc lead him out to his stand, and I wasn't sorry that I had bet two good horses on Doc's judgment on the result. ~~Of course~~ We knew that ^{Red} Dog would not throw the race.

Say fellows, did you ever see a ^{little} ~~big~~ ^{Red} puppy chasing a flying bird? Red dog was the bird. The Crows were pup.

But what do you think that foul hardy little dare devil ^{did} ~~do~~ you think he kept up his ticks until he struck home. Not so, as soon as it was dark he doubled back—swam the river, stole the pinto and another good horse

And, as they say in stories, made good his escape.

The crows sent up a howl on discovering their loss and at once laid the theft to Reddog but they lacked the necessary nerve to follow him up into the Blackfoot country.

Most of the whites Doc. included, scouted the idea of ^{his} being the work of Red-dog - but all doubts were put at rest a few days later when an old "Breed" from up country came to the post enquiring for the white medicine-man and on meeting the doctor handed him a carefully wrapped paper which proved to be a letter from our hero.

Of course the boy couldn't write
~~United States~~ ^{English} but his letter was
 quite readable all the same.

There was no mistaking his
 signature even if it was at the
 beginning instead of the close
 of the letter. A dog with head,
 ears and tail erect - daubed over
 with vermilion no doubt - furnished
 by his lady love. A picture of his
 moccasin tracks leading back
 to the river after his pursuers
 tracks had turned back.

The river ^{was} represented by two par-
 allel lines a short distance apart
 with a canoe and several small
 fish between ^{lines}, also a picture suppo

1 In the fall of 1868 - I bought
the home station Room Fort Stanton
and the Corral and Montana stay
at. The next summer (69) the
Fort Hall Indian Reservation
was established taking in my
station. Our Major Powell was
appointed as first Agent, but was
soon superseded by Mr. H. Dickinson
a military Agent. Through Major
Dickinson we stored station
were granted the first license to
hunt on the reservation with my
own hands I chopped and hunted
the boys and built a stone wall
along. After remaining there two
years as hunter and politician
I set out to my partner. And
with my younger brother and one
other while man accompanied
the Indians on their annual buffalo
hunt to the Yellowstone river

2. Mentioned. On returning to the Agency the next summer (71) I learned that some of our Indians had attacked three men on Camas prairie some two hundred miles west of the Agency. That killed one of the party and severely wounded the other two. Strength the urgent request of J. R. High than agent. I took a party of Indians and started for Camas prairie with instructions to hunt down and if possible kill or capture the murderers. Through exposure while on this trip I was taken with typhoid fever. Riding on horseback in the searching aim of get nearly two hundred miles from the nearest while a little settlement with a band of hunters averages and hunting up with typhoid fever was me

3 / picnic to say the least. —

To make a long story short. more than a month later I returned to the Agency. fifty lbs lighter in flesh and \$400- lighter in purse than when I started. almost entirely deaf and have never since fully recovered my hearing. Owing to traitors in my company and my severe illness I made no arrests but succeeded in spotting the guilty parties making it possible to capture them that fall and their lives paid the penalty of their crime. All this work ^{was} gratis as I furnished my own equipments and when it was possible purchased supplies for the entire party which consisted of about fifty warriors. That fall before I had fully recovered from my illness. with the financial

4/ assistance of my friends I
again purchased the trading post.
Paying \$1,500- the same that I had
sold for a year previous. After run-
ning the place one year I sold a
one half interest- to J. N. High
former Indian Agent- at the same
figure I had paid. Together we
continued in the business but one
year. Selling to W. N. Shilling
buildings and good will at \$1,500-
goods at cost- and freight.

Ten years later fall of (1883) by
the urgent request- of the Indians
I bought the place back from
Shilling, who had in the mean
time built- a commodious frame stone
by the side of the old log stone
and used the latter for stone house
&c. However the price was the
same \$1,500- for buildings and good
will, goods at cost- laid down

5 Shilling had also opened another store on the reservation some twelve miles south, at the junction of the Utah & Northern Ry and Oregon Short-line. I also purchased from him this store and goods at cost. The two places invoiced a trifle less than \$20,000. I paid one half cash, and gave three notes for balance 6-9 & 12 months with one % per month interest secured by mortgage on the entire property. As the principal Indian trade was at Ross Fork, I moved my family there. Was appointed Postmaster for the third time. Am also Agent for the Pacific Exp Co there, and still make that my home. Keeping my two oldest children in school seventy five miles distant. Everything ran on smoothly until last fall, when

6) in due time I forwarded my bonds. duly approved sending on at the same time my application for renewal of license.

Instead of my license coming I was shown by Dr Cook "then Agent" a license to one James S. Campbell. Shortly after this I learned Campbell's address and wrote him, telling him what my buildings had cost, amount of stock on hand, also asked him if he wished me to pick up the stock? when he would come on &c. His reply was he could give me no definite answer until he had looked the ground over. would be on soon. About two months later Campbell came on via Ogden Utah where he stopped a few days. I learned what day he would be at Pocatello. (my lower store) and drove down to meet him.

I found him at the Hotel - took him over to the store and introduced him to the boys, "clerks". The Capt. said that while in Ogden he met a great many men that knew me and they all without exception spoke well of me. That he could see that I was very popular and that he wanted my influence, and that he came here to give me a square deal. I told the Capt. if he felt that way he would find me the easiest man in the world to trade with, and that I would do all in my power to aid and assist him to get started in right. I was pleased at the way he talked. Supposing that I could make a satisfactory cash sale to him as he said he was backed

by \$4,000,000-. But the next day while driving him up to Ross Fork my confidence in him was a little shaken. when he said to me. now Fisher if I get the best of you in this trade I dont want you to kick and I wont if you get the best of me. My answer was that I did not understand that either party would try to take any advantage. that he had said the night before that he came to give me a square deal if so. I should certainly not try to get any the best of him in the trade. After looking over Ross Fork the Capt. asked me what I asked for the entire business. I said to him that as my buildings at Pocatello were new and the goods were good clean

9/
stock suitable for the trade,
I thought that it was well worth
every dollar that it had cost
me. But as my buildings at
Ross Fork should by right be
moved down to the R₂ track
(near the Agency) I was willing
to throw off what it would cost
to move them, or move them
myself and put them in at
the old price \$1,500. Mr. Campbell
said that was fair and as soon
as his man came we would fix
things up or words to that effect.
I asked him how about ordering
goods as I was short of some
things. In answer he said he
preferred to order his goods, though
he could buy cheaper than I could
&c. Consequently I did not order
letting my stock run down and

10/
waited patiently for weeks for
his man. In the mean time
the Capt. had told some of my
friends that he did not think
he would buy me out at all.

As my buildings were too small
that my goods were all shelf worn
goods &c. Hearing this and being
very anxious to sell, the next
time I met the Capt. I made
him a still better proposition,
offering to throw off \$500. on the Ross
Fork Stone also to throw in coal
and furniture amounting to about
\$250. more. He again said it
was all right and if his man
did not come on within a few
days we would go on without him
and fix the thing up. This kind
of talk ran on for several weeks
longer during which time my stock
was getting low and running out

11/ of many staple articles, ordering the same in small lots in many instances by express as my customers demanded, putting off taking stock and making necessary improvements. The Capt Man (or partner as he proved to be) finally came and I learned on meeting him, that: He, walker, was the man I had to deal with if I made the trade. Before this Campbell had asked me on at least two occasions how I would like to be associated with him in the business. I told him that it would not suit me as I wished to get out of the business entirely as I preferred giving my whole time to my mining interests. In the mean time I had learned through Bradstreet's Commercial agency that the Capt's finances were very limited

In the fall of 1867- I bought a one half interest- in what was then known as the Ross Fork home station on the Corinne and Montana Stage road, which is situated in the Snake river vally Idaho and about 200 miles north of Salt Lake City Utah- The next spring 68- the Fort Hall reservation was established. (taking in my station). And one Major Powell sent there as Agent- Powell only remained a few months when he was superseded by a military Agent- ~~Mr~~ H. Danilson. Through Major Danilson we were granted a license as Indian traders, there being none at the time on the Reservation. Danilson in turn was superseded by J. C. High within two years later. I sold my interest

To my partner Abe Storer, and
 My brother and I accompanied the
 Indians on their annual buffalo
 hunt to the Yellowstone River Mouth,
 returning late in the spring. I was
 told by Agent High that some of the
 St. Paul Indians had attacked a party
 of miners on Camanche Prairie some
 miles west from the Reservation and
 had killed one of the party and
 severely wounded the other two.
 Stating that a detachment of soldiers
 had just returned from the Prairie
 had found and buried the dead
 miner but found no Indians.
 Agent High begged me to take a
 force of Indians that I could
 depend on and if possible hunt
 down Bill or capture the murderer.
 I finally accepted the proposition
 although there was not a dollar

in it, even furnishing my own horses and equipments, selecting about fifty Indians with only a few days rations I started on the trip. The second day out I had a severe attack of fever, and my judgement was to return, but my pride kept me from doing so, fearing some would think I had weakened, "showed the white feather", I continued getting worse but kept on, but before reaching the murderers camp I found I had traitors in my party who had deserted me going on in the night and warning the enemy of our approach. On reaching the camp I soon found out who the guilty parties were and also learned that they had lit out for the hills, by this

time the fever "Typhoid" had gained such a strong hold on me that I was nearer dead than alive and had to be lifted on and off my horse by the Indians. Knowing that I could accomplish nothing more then, I took a few trusty Indians and started on for Boise City, the nearest white settlements. To make a long story short, I reached Boise City completely used up. I remained there some three weeks under a doctors care a very sick man. About this time I received letters and saw statements in the papers that the Indians had gathered in Indian Vally some eighty miles to the north west- and were very insolent- to the few settlers then, tearing down their fences and burning

then ponies in grain fields, demanding provisions &c. Without the knowledge or consent of my Doctor, I left the Hotel went to the stable and ordered my best horse saddled. Armed with my Winchester rifle two six shooters and a bottle of quinine I rode to the Indian camp in two days. I called the Indians together and gave them good talking & also called on the ranchers who had remained (Some having already left for safer quarters) telling them while I did not think there was any danger of a general outbreak to be well on their guard. The fever was still on me and I was getting weaker all this time, after remaining several days with a ranch man

and my medicine was exhausted I found it impossible to return on horseback to Boise. So I sent my horse there by an Indian. Hired a ranchman that had a light-spring wagon to take me down to the Oregon & Boise Stage road at Prager. I finally got back to Boise by riding one station at a time laying over 24 hours resting and waiting for the next stage. I was again under the doctors care some two weeks begging him to break the pen or kill me, as by this time I was so weak that I cared but little what became of me during these last two weeks I became almost entirely deaf, and have never only partially recovered

my hearing. On questioning the Dr.
 (Dr Betts formerly of San Francisco)
 I became satisfied that my chances
 for recovery, wasnt- any too good.
 So I resolved to get back to the
 Agency. Paid the Dr an even \$400.
 for his services. He was very light-
 on me so he said as I was a
 stranger and out of luck, and
 further encouraged me by telling
 me that I would not live to
 get to Ft- Hall and that it-
 was madness for me to attempt
 such a journey in my condition.
 whereupon I told him the only thing
 I could thank him for was for leaving
 me money enough to give me a decent
 burial if I should peg out on the
 road home. I sent my horses back

across the country by an Indian
and took the stage for Helton ^{Wash}
on the C.P. R.R. The Stage Co made
the coach as comfortable for me
as possible by removing the middle
seat and fixing in a mattress
for me, instructing their drivers
to do all in their power for me on
the trip. Thanks to John Haily, (our
present delegate to Congress from
Idaho) who was then owner and man-
ager of the stage line, I reached
the Reservation I hardly know how
as I was delirious and unconscious
a good portion of the journey of
over 400 miles of staging and about
one half that distance railroading
after reaching there when I had
strength enough to stand on my feet

I weighed but 112 lbs - which was 58 lbs of less flesh than I started out with - but with careful nursing & medical treatment - of the Reservation Dr (Smead) I was on my feet again in sixty days and all right with the exception of being partially deaf, and assisted in laying plans and watching for the Indians that I had spotted as the murderers. Late that fall they came in on the reservation, soon after their arrival they found their camp surrounded one morning before day light - by a Co of Toquassos "Black Coats" as they call the soldiers and what citizen there were in the vicinity. When they found they were surrounded, they gave up the men

wanted. They were taken to Ft Hall
and put in the guard house where
they remained until the next summer
but as there appeared to be no law
that would reach their case, there
was a little job put up by the
boys in blue for their benefit.
Lead them to believe that they
was going to help them get-away
and on a certain evening the pris-
oners ^{7 in all} made a break for liberty
and 3 of the number did get-away
notwithstanding the whole co of soldiers
had their horses saddled and was
ready to hunt them down. However
the two ring leaders, were killed