

FRONTIER SCOUT

Winegar & Goodwin, Publishers.

LIBERTY AND UNION.

Co. I 30th Wis. Vols., Proprietors.

Vol. I.

FORT UNION, D. T., JULY 27, 1864.

No. 3.

THE SONG OF BEAUTY.

I turn on every side,
And gaze along the land;
And yet, both far and wide,
The lowly and the grand,
The noble and the clown,
The fallen and the free,
The court, the camp, the crown,
Alike are slaves to me!

The soldier wields his sword,
And glories in the fight,
The miser views his hoard,
And revels in delight;
The statesman's dearest aim
Is rank and high degree;—
Yet power, gold, and fame,
They'd give them all for me!

The monarch is my tool,
The soldier is my lamb,
The scholar is my fool;
Yet, mistress as I am
Of all beneath the sun,
Of man, and earth, and sea,
I own the sway of one—
O Love, I bow to thee!

A NIGHT'S RIDE.

BY CHARLES H. DAVIS.

The soft twilight was just deepening into the more sombre shades of evening, and the fiery glow which since sunset had reddened the western horizon, was fast fading, when I took my seat in the coach, with the comforting assurance of a tolerably rough and dark night's ride, ere the tall spires and crowded streets of D— should greet my eyes on the following morning.

The only female passenger, beside myself, was a middle-aged lady, apparently belonging to the class who earn a living by their own exertions. Her dress was plain and destitute of ornaments, but neat, and arranged with taste; and she kept up a lively conversation with an elderly gentleman who sat in front.

Upon the seat behind him sat two other gentlemen engaged in a warm political argument, and, as ever and anon they burst into a hearty laugh over some joke or anecdote, a pale, thin passenger in the corner opened his eyes wearily, and changed his position, as if in vexation that sleep would not come to him.

And thus we rode on for an hour or more—the matron and the old gentleman chatting, the two political friends cracking their jokes; while the invalid in the corner, having at last found the proper position for closing his eyes, was quietly nodding assent to the soothing charms of Morphew.

I, too, began to feel weary. The road was becoming rougher, and the unseemly jolts and banging of the clumsy vehicle were anything but agreeable to the delicate organization which a lady may be supposed to possess.

My head reclined against the window cushion, and eyelids were beginning to droop, when I was aroused by loud and friendly tones addressed to me. It was one of the political gentlemen; a man of about forty, jovial and fleshy, and whose little black eyes seemed to laugh and dance almost out of their sockets every time he spoke.

"A rough ride we're having, madam? You seem to take it quietly enough, though." And he laughed heartily at his words, as if in apology for his abrupt intrusion.

The gentleman was evidently actuated by the best of motives—that of keeping us awake and in good spirits; so I answered quickly:

"O, yes! We ladies always get along easily over rough places—more so, perhaps, than you men," I added, with a twinkle in my eyes: for I wanted to provoke again that hearty, wholesouled laugh of his, which seemed to enliven our whole party.

"Just so, madam—just so, exactly." And again his "ha, ha, ha!" rang out sonorously, startling the sleeper out of his nap, and the matron by my side from a close confabulation with her partner, as to the best method of managing a dairy.

"Are you interested in politics, madam?" he said, again turning toward me abruptly.

I smilingly, replied that I was not.

"Sorry," replied he, somewhat comically leaning his head to one side, as if deliberating what to propound next for my consideration. "I like politics well myself. Do you like stories? Of course you do. All ladies do," continued he, without waiting for my reply. "I'll tell you one. It shall be a bear story, and about myself to."

I opened my eyes a little, as I endeavored to comprehend the signification of a "bear story about himself." This he evidently took for curiosity to hear his story, so he began:

"Several years ago—say fifteen or twenty—when I was a stout, hearty young man, I was visiting at an uncle's in the State of Virginia. My uncle lived not a thousand miles from the great Juniper Swamp, which was at that time crowded with bears, serpents, alligators, wild hogs, wild cattle, etc., enough to satisfy the soul of the most rapacious African explorer.

"Well, my uncle's boys, my cousins John and Tom, were excellent hunters, and of course asked me to join them.—At first I refused; but they pressed me with such earnest entreaties to try my hand at the rifle, and gave such glowing descriptions of the sport, that at last I promised to consider the matter.

"The sun rose bright and cheerful on the morning of our intended hunt, and there was just enough breeze to make it, in the language of some fair friends of mine, 'a superb day,' although the bright rays of sunshine which everywhere streamed around admonished us that ere long the shade of the green and quiet woods would be a great addition to our bodily comfort. These reasons my cousins urged with their utmost ability, adding that as uncle would be from home that day, I, if I remained, should be obliged to spend my time alone.

"At last I yielded; and taking a gun, with powder horn and shot-pouch, followed my companions, who were in high glee at their opportunity of instructing a novice in the noble art of bear-shooting.

"On we went, through thickets and brambles, our clothes catching in every ragged limb, and our hands pierced by every brier which came in our path. At last, weary and reeking with sweat, I stopped, and leaning against a tree, shouted to my companions, who were some distance in advance, that I could go no further, and inquiring how long before we should be free from that detestable jungle.

"At this they laughed outright; a circumstance which did not in the least increase my good will toward them for bringing me into such a place. In fact I was in no mood to receive either ridicule or condolence. This they seemed to be aware of, for giving me some water to revive me, they seated themselves upon the ground and commenced a conversation together.

"We had remained thus, I should think, for some ten minutes, and I began to feel like starting again, when all of a sudden a loud roar, mingled with the crash of trees and underbrush, was heard in the distance.

"There they are now!" cried Tom, starting up and springing forward with a jump.

"Who are they?" cried I, not a little startled by this unlooked for stampede, in which, as yet, I had not been asked to join. "The what?"

"The bears," answered John. "Come! run!" And he seized my hand and pulled me through the bushes at a furious rate.

"Away we went, scratching and tearing,
(CONCLUDED ON FOURTH PAGE.)

THE FRONTIER SCOUT.

WINEGAR & GOODWIN, PUBLISHERS.

FORT UNION, D. T.,

WEDNESDAY, JULY 27, 1864.

LATEST NEWS.

The arrival of several boats at our levee during the last day or two, has brought us news as late as the 25th of June.—Gen. Grant had invested Richmond and commenced the siege, and in all probability the place has fallen ere this. The news from the army in other parts is equally cheering as the good work goes bravely on.

The Indian expedition, under command of Gen. Sully, was having good success up to the 17th inst., at which time they were to start from Fort Rice (near Cannon-ball River) and proceed across the country toward the Yellow-stone river, striking the latter somewhere in the neighborhood of Braseau's Houses—between fifty and sixty miles from its mouth. It is in that section that the Sioux are mostly congregated and there is every reason to believe that Gen. Sully will have a battle with them. The Sioux are very hostile and determined to resist the encroachments of the whites to the utmost of their abilities. On last Monday they made an attack on the steam-boats, that were bringing government freight to this point, but a few miles below here. An account of their depredations in this section will be found elsewhere in our columns.

We have had no time to notice much in the way of politics. We see, however that the Cleveland convention has nominated J. C. Fremont for President, and Gen. Cochran for Vice President. The Baltimore convention has given us the name of Lincoln for President, and Andy Johnson, of Tenn., for Vice President.

In New York, on the 21st of June gold raised from 197½ up to 202½. The gold bill caused great excitement.

From the gold mines we have nothing of importance. The diggings still hold out about the same; no new ones have been discovered recently, but the opinion is that the headwaters of the Yellow-stone abound in the precious mineral, but the Indians are so troublesome that the miners cannot prospect with safety.

Surprise Party.

We had thought that this kind of amusement had nearly gone out of date, but it seems that the practice is still kept up in this region. On the morning of the 23d inst. we were very disagreeably surprised by the cry of Indians. It was just after daylight and scarcely any one had as yet left the arms of the sleepy god, but in a few seconds all were out with their rifles, just in time to see the red devils going across the prairie with all the horses belonging to the Fort, some eighteen in number; although a number of shots were fired at them, yet owing to the great distance, they all made good their escape, though it is believed that James Jones severely wounded one from the frantic exertions he made to retain his seat. There being

no horses left it was impossible to follow with any hopes of overtaking them. Lieut. Buckman with some men followed their trail a few miles to see which way they went. About a mile and a half from the Fort they found one horse shot dead; it was one that had been disabled and probably not traveling fast enough to suit them they killed it. He also found a scalp-pole already prepared, but they had got no scalp to hang thereon so in disgust they threw it away. The steamer Benton arrived the same evening; the clerk reports having seen them about fifteen miles above this place on the opposite side of the river. Just at dusk, the same day, three or four were seen on the bluffs back of the Fort. These are supposed to be the same Indians that recently killed three white men at Fort Galpin.

The Battle of Glass Hills.

The account given below of the battle of Glass Hills, fought on the 25th inst., between the Sioux Indians and the steamer Gen. Grant, will no doubt strike terror to the hearts of some of our most brave. It was furnished by an eye-witness:

About 4 o'clock in the afternoon of the 25th, the Chippewa Falls, which was in advance of the Grant some half a mile, reported that the enemy had been seen and were preparing to give battle. The Grant's big gun—made of iron—was soon brought in range, as near as possible, and a very heavy canister shot thrown—I'll never tell where—but it had a good effect no doubt, as but few of the enemy were seen afterwards. Several shots were fired at the brave whites as they stood with bosoms bared to the galling fire—on the upper deck.

Young and old rushed frantically to the scene, but fortunately none were harmed, save omnipresent "Gus" who received a slight wound in the foot. The invincible Robert, whose sur name is "Old Bob Clark," stood unflinchingly at the wheel, although bullets were flying like hail around him. The ever correct and admired Major Shreve was neither last nor least—ever and anon spicing the occasion with his original wit, which had a strong tendency to dispel any serious feeling which might interfere with the accuracy of our fire. The bold Captain, although occupying considerable space, stood, with his lieutenant, bravely by the big gun, which certainly had a tendency to frighten the enemy if it done nothing more serious. In fact the whole crew manifested so much courage that the mention of particular persons (whose discipline and bravery have never been excelled) would be doing injustice to the remainder. The writer's courage (which stands at 33° in the shade) did not get aroused until all danger was past. Then his fighting propensities shone like a blazing comet in the heavens, but alas no unfortunate thing was there for him to vent his fury on.

We moved up the river about half a mile where we found the steamer Island City in a sinking condition; she soon went down and her sad story remains to be told. We slept on our mattresses that night, and on the 26th day of the 7th month we resumed our journey with a hope to reach the headquarters of the FRONTIER SCOUT which we did.

Mail Route Wanted.

We are sadly in need of some kind of a mail route to this point. Now we are obliged to depend on the boats that chance to come this way. The boats will soon play out for this season and then we will be deprived of all communication with the world. Cannot our friends below do something for us? Come gentlemen stir around, it will be a mutual benefit, for how in the world will you ever get through the long winter deprived of our paper? Send us a mail at least once a year.

Attack on the Benton.

The steamer Benton arrived from the upper river on the evening of the 23d; from the clerk we learn that the Sioux are very troublesome. While they were wooding, about 20 miles below Milk river, on the 14th inst., a party of them rode down to the boat and from their actions it was supposed that they were friendly; but when they got very close they fired upon the boat's crew with bows and arrows and guns, one ball taking effect in the arm of one of the crew; as the Indian drew up his gun to fire, the man threw up his arm and they were so close together that the powder burned his shirt—the ball passing through the fleshy part of his arm; the engineer and one of the passengers immediately seized their rifles and fired, tumbling two to the ground, upon which the Indians turned and fled into the woods; at that time some one cut the cable and the boat dropped out into the stream; as soon as steam could be raised they run the boat up again but the Indians had departed and carried off those that were shot; from the quantity of blood upon the ground it was evident that they were killed. One gun, two robes, a cap and whip were found where one of them had fallen.

Communication.

DEAR SCOUT:—I wish you and Co. 1 God's blessing.

Of our regiment companies A, C, F and H, with Col's Dill and Bartlett, are on the west bank of the Missouri five miles above Cannon Ball river, and thirty above the 46° of north latitude, building Fort Rice (named after Gen. Rice the christian hero who fell in the battle of the wilderness). The boys are well and happy as possible so far from home, and the struggle we enlisted for. They have a band organized with a fine set of brass instruments.

Companies B, E, G, and K, under Major Clowney, left Fort Snelling, in Minnesota, about the 1st of June for James river, where they will work on a fort until the 8th Minnesota, now with Gen. Sully, relieves them in the fall, when they will join Col. Dill at Fort Rice. Company D remains at Fort Sully.

Although scattered, religious meetings have been sustained by the companies; and from St. Louis to Fort Union I heard citizens, soldiers, and Gen. Sully praise the 30th Wisconsin for their manliness and good conduct. For which I thank God, and with it may be more pride than is seemly. I subscribe myself,

CHAPLAIN,
of Wisconsin 30th.

THE FRONTIER SCOUT.

WEDNESDAY MORNING.

—Just as we go to press we learn that there is a prospect of raising the steamer Island City.

—All communications intended for publication must, hereafter, be accompanied by a responsible name.

—Our friends in the states writing to members of the Company, will please direct their letters, Co. I 30th Wis. Vols., via. Sioux City, Iowa.

—We are under obligations to GEO. RUST for a package of late papers. Come up and see us GEORGE and we will make it all right.

—Mr. JOHN G. WILEY, of the U. S. Grant, placed us under obligations last evening by presenting us with a box of very fine cigars. Please accept our thanks.

—We noticed among the passengers on the Benton, Major RANEY, late of the commissary department of the U. S. A. The Major has been on a business tour across the plains to Salt Lake, and the gold mines of Idaho and is now on his way back.

—Among the arrivals we are happy to see Maj. A. P. SHREVE, paymaster U. S. A. The Major comes with a strong box and says he wants to leave a pile of "green bax" among Co. "I." Bully for the Major; bully for the "bax."

—We are pleased to see Mr. F. F. GERARD from Fort Berthold. He looks as genial as ever, but he has an inveterate way of talking about eggs, butter, milk, and other luxuries, only to be obtained down the river, but it is of no use GERARD, you cannot persuade us to move down to Berthold.

—We were surprised yesterday upon the arrival of the Belle Peoria and very much pleased to meet our valued friend MR. GREEN (Chaplain of the 30th Wis. Regt.) MR. GREEN is truly the soldiers friend and we will venture the assertion that there are few men that have done as much for the benefit and comfort of the soldiers. He is ever ready to assist the soldier in any manner that will conduce to his comfort to the utmost of his abilities. In the hospital he is unremitting in his attentions to the sick, cheering and encouraging the down hearted and homesick and relieving their many wants in a thousand ways rarely thought of by the regular attendants. His many friends will be grieved to learn that the Chaplain has been very ill, he is now better but yet far from well. Notwithstanding his illness he has come this long journey to relieve the wants of the soldiers bringing many indispensable articles that cannot be obtained here, and or which the soldiers will feel truly grateful.

—The river at this port is very low and still falling.

—A communication from Mr. LARPEN-TEUR is unavoidably postponed this week.

—Capt. REA, of the Benton arrived last night from above and the Benton started down the river this morning.

—About thirty Assinaboines came in last night from their camps some sixty miles out; they are on the war path and say they want to come across the Sioux.

—Corporal GARLAND, privates PATRICK, YOST, HANLEY, HERRICK and ANDREWS who were left sick along the river have rejoined the company again in good health. This brings Company "I" all together again.

—It is a melancholy fact that while the warm weather still continues with unabated fury, the supply of ice at this place has kinder gin out; its of no use now for people to advise us to keep cool, we can't do it and the very suggestion makes our blood boil with indignation and caloric.

—We would take this opportunity to warn those Sioux who are hovering around the bluffs to keep a sharp lookout, for while they are endeavoring to take a scalp they may possibly lose their own. The boys are wide awake and on the watch for them and they are bound to shoot if they get an opportunity.

—Our paper is meeting with unbounded success and seems to be appreciated by the reading community. Since we commenced to strike off the present issue we have been obliged to add about three hundred more copies and we fear that we shall yet be unable to supply the demand on us. Thank you gentlemen, send in your subscriptions (only three dollars a year in advance) and we will do all in our power to accommodate you.

—We learn from Maj. SHREVE that the steamer U. S. Grant caught fire while on her way to this place. The alarm was given and the (in) different fire companies were soon on the spot and rendered very valuable services in extinguishing the flames. We are sorry that our reporter was not on the spot, but if they will only let us know when they are going to have another fire we will send one promptly.

—Yesterday we were startled nearly out of our senses by the arrival of four boats laden with government stores. A fleet of five boats left Fort Rice on the 15th inst. bound for this point and the Yellow-stone river. When within a few miles of this place and when opposite the Glass Hills they were fired into by a party of Sioux concealed on the bank; they done no material damage except to wound one man in the foot, on the U. S. Grant. The fire was promptly returned and the red devils soon left. Soon after the Island City struck a snag and in a few minutes sunk in about seven feet of water. The boat and cargo will be a total loss, no liv were lost.

Card of Thanks.

In duty to Mr. GREEN, our beloved and respected Chaplain, we tender him our sincere and heartfelt thanks for his indefatigable care and kindness, both for our spiritual and temporal welfare. The welfare of the Regiment, and soldiers in general, he considers his duty to his God and his country, and gladly we testify that it is most religiously attended to. Would that every regiment in our country's service had the attention that the 30th receives from Mr. GREEN. It lightens our hearts when duty is heavy and we rejoice when we think of home and dear ones that we have a friend who will do all in his power to aid us in our mail matters, as he has. He leaves us in a few days to attend to his duties in the companies below.—May success attend his noble undertakings,—and success will attend him for he is the right man in the right place.

Co. "I" 30th Wis. Vols

Another story of the President too good to be lost, has leaked out. It seems he had accompanied a young lady to one of the hospitals in the Capitol, where the sympathizing creature as in duty bound, became interested in a wounded soldier. To all her inquiries as to the location of his wound, however, she could only get one reply, thus: "My good fellow where were you hit?" "At Antietam." "Yes, but where did the bullet strike you?"—"At Antietam." But where did it hit you?" "Antietam." Becoming discouraged she deputised Mr. Lincoln to prosecute the inquiry, which he did successfully. Upon his rejoining her, she was more curious than ever, when the President, taking both her hands in his, said in his most impressive style: "My dear girl, the ball that hit him, would not have injured you."

☞ A hibernian, fresh from the green isle, having sufficient means to provide himself with a horse and cart (the latter a kind probably he never saw before), went to work on a public road. Being directed by the overseer to move a lot of stones near by and deposite them in a gully on the other side of the road, he forthwith loaded his cart, drove up to the place, and had nearly finished throwing off his load by hand, when the boss told him that was not the way—he must tilt or dump his load at once. Paddy replied that he would know better next time. After loading again, he drove to the chasm, put his shoulder to the wheel, and upset the cart, horse and all into the gully. Scratching his head, and looking rather doubtful at his horse below him, he observed, "Bedad, it's a mighty expeditious way, but it must be thyrin' to the baste!"

☞ The light of the lamp was dying away in the socket, the midnight clock swung heavily aloft, and its brazen tones sounded loudly on the frozen air. It was the hour disembodied spirits walk, and when murderers, like the stealthy wolf, prowl for their prey. The lonely watcher shuddered as he heard a slight noise at the door. Big drops stood on his pale brow; the door gently opened, and in came—a strange cat!

I mean, while mentally revolving what all that would lead to till we came to a sort of a path which looked as if it had been used for a promenade ground by hyenas of generations.

"This is a bear trail," said John, in a half whisper to me. "Walk in the middle of it, and keep still."

"Following his directions, I groped my way among the stones and bushes as well as I could without disturbing them, as that might occasion noise. As yet, I was ignorant of the signification of all these manoeuvres; but I was destined soon to be enlightened.

"All at once my companion paused, and raised his piece to his shoulder. My heart leaped into my mouth, but I had not long to stand in suspense. The next moment I heard a tremendous crash among the bushes away to my left, and simultaneous with the crack of my companion's rifle, a black, shaggy object bounded by us in plain sight.

"Confound the luck!" growled the unfortunate John, as he stood gazing at the path made by his escaped prize through the forest.

"Got her!" shouted Tom, in clear, ringing tones from his position which he had taken far away in the swamp.

"No!" yelled John, in not the pleasant tone possible.

"But John finally repeated to himself the old adage of 'it's being no use to cry for spilt milk,' and we scrambled forward again.

"Soon we came to another path which I thought looked exceedingly like the one we had been following, notwithstanding John's declarations to the contrary.

"There," said he, hurriedly, "you walk along this path till you come to another one crossing it. Stop there, and we'll meet you. Hurry, now; you can't lose your way."

"I confess I was a little taken back by the orders of my cousin, but thinking that he knew best, I grasped my rifle and walked rapidly forward.

"I had gone, perhaps, half a mile in this way when I came to a sort of opening with only one huge tree standing in the center. I paused to notice this curiosity, when my attention was attracted by something moving among the branches.

"It was a young cub!" I was overjoyed. I had just begun to relish the sport, for from the effects of my cousin's first trial, I had concluded bear hunting was not so dangerous after all. I glanced my eye around the opening, and, regardless of consequences, I raised my piece and fired, and the young bear came tumbling to the ground.

"But ah! gracious me! I never made such a stupendous mistake in my life.—Before the young creature had half reached the ground, there was such a thrashing and crashing in the bushes close by, as I would not have believed could have been made by a whole menagerie let loose at once, and the next moment the old bear stood before me.

"My blood receded from my very pulse. What was I to do? I knew death was staring me in the face. I had but a moment in which to decide. I poured instantly a large quantity of powder into my gun, and, much in danger of exploding

it, quickly inserted the muzzle in the mouth of the roaring beast who was now close on me, and pulled the trigger.

"I know nothing more except that I was found by my companions, who had been alarmed by my shots, lying senseless on the ground, the bear stretched by my side, his mouth and inwards burned to a coal.

Here the gentleman paused, and continued for some moments gazing abstractedly out of the coach-window into the darkness, as if trying to call more fully before his mind the incidents and adventures of youth.

"And did you really do all that?" cried the now wide-awake sleeper in the corner.

"Yes, sir, I did," was the response.

The pale passenger sat for a moment with his eyes fixed upon the top of the coach, and then dropped sleep again; and the rest of us, perhaps magnetized by the story we had just heard, followed his example.

Man and Tiger Combat.

A man entered the arena armed only with a Coorg knife, and clothed in short trousers, which barely covered his hips, and extended half way down the thighs. The instrument which he wielded in his right hand was a heavy blade, something like the coulter of a plough, about two feet long, and full three inches wide, gradually diminishing towards the handle, with which it formed a right angle. This knife is used with dexterity by the Coorgs, being swung round in the hand before the blow is inflicted, and then brought in contact with the object intended to be struck with a force and effect truly astounding.

The champion who now presented himself before the Rajah was about to be opposed to a tiger, which he volunteered to encounter almost naked, and armed only with the weapon we have just described. He was rather tall, with a slight figure, but his chest was deep, his arms long and muscular. His legs were thin, yet the action of the muscles was perceptible with every movement; whilst the freedom of his gait and contortions he performed preparatory to the hazardous enterprise in which he was about to engage, showed that he possessed uncommon activity, combined with no ordinary degree of strength. The expression of countenance was absolutely sublime when he gave the signal for the tiger to be let loose; it was the very concentration of moral energy—the index of a high and settled resolution.—His body glistened with the oil which had been rubbed over it in order to promote the elasticity of his limbs. He raised his arms for several moments above his head when he made the motion to admit the enemy into the arena. The bars of a large cage were instantly lifted from above; a huge royal tiger sprang forward and stood before the Coorg, waving his tail slowly backward and forward, erecting the hair upon it, and uttering a suppressed howl. The animal first looked at the man, then at the court where the Rajah and his court were seated to see the sport, but did not appear at all easy in its present state of freedom; it was evidently confounded at the novelty of its position. After a short survey, it turned suddenly round and bounded into its cage, from which the keepers, who stood above, beyond the reach of mischief, tried to force it, but in

vain. The bars were then dropped, and several crackers fastened to its tail, which projected through one of the intervals.

A lighted match was put into the hand of the Coorg, the bars were again raised, and the crackers ignited. The tiger now darted into the arena with a terrible yell; and while the crackers were exploding, it leaped, turned, and writhed, as if in a state of frantic excitement. It at length crouched in a corner, gnarling as a cat does when alarmed. Meanwhile its retreat had been cut off by securing the cage. During the explosion of the crackers, the Coorg stood watching his enemy, and at length advanced towards it with a slow but firm step. The tiger roused itself and retreated, the fur on its back being erect, and its tail apparently dilated to twice the usual size. It was not at all disposed to commence hostilities, but its resolute foe was not to be evaded. Fixing his eyes intently upon the deadly creature, he advanced with the same measured step, the tiger retreating as before, but still presenting its front to the enemy. The Coorg now stopped suddenly; then moving slowly backward, the tiger raised itself to its full height, curved its back to the necessary segment for a spring, and lashed its tail, evidently meditating mischief. The man continued to retire; and so soon as he was at so great a distance that the fixed expression of his eye was no longer distinguishable, the ferocious brute made a sudden bound forward, crouched, and sprung with a short sharp growl. Its adversary fully prepared for this, leaped actively on one side, and as the tiger reached the ground, swung round his heavy knife and brought it with irresistible force upon the animal's hind leg, just above the joint. The bone was instantly severed, and the tiger effectually prevented from making a second spring. The wounded beast roared; but turning suddenly on the Coorg, who had by this time retired several yards, advanced fiercely upon him, his wounded leg hanging loose in the skin, showing that it was broken. The tiger, now excited to a pitch of reckless rage, rushed forward upon its adversary, who stood with his heavy knife upraised, calmly awaiting the encounter. As soon as the savage creature was within his reach, he brought down the ponderous weapon upon its head with a force which nothing could resist, laid open the skull from ear to ear, and the vanquished foe fell dead at his feet. He then coolly wiped the knife on the animal's hide, made a dignified salaam to the Rajah, and retired amid the loud acclamations of the spectators.

There is only one "mail contract," says a young lady, that she would care about embracing, or embarking in, and that is a promise of marriage.

THE FRONTIER SCOUT,

PUBLISHED WEEKLY BY

WINEGAR & GOODWIN,

FORT UNION, DAKOTA TERRITORY

PRICE, \$3.00 a year, invariably in advance. Book and card printing done with neatness and dispatch. All orders addressed to us will be attended to with promptness.