



**LUK-CAY-OTI
SPOTTED WOLF.**

LIST OF MEDICINES

PREPARED BY THE

Oregon Indian Medicine Co.

INDIAN KA-TON-KA, Bottles—

Price, \$1.00 per Bottle, six for \$5.00

INDIAN KA-TON-KA, Powdered—

Price, 50 cents, three for \$1.00

NEZ. PERCE, CATARRH SNUFF—

Price, 50 cents, three for \$1.00

INDIAN COUGH SYRUP—

Price, 50 cents, three for \$1.25

MODOC OIL, Pannel Bottles—

Price, 25 cents, five for \$1.00

DONALD McKAY'S INDIAN WORM ERADICATOR—

Price, 25 cents, five for \$1.00

WARM SPRING CONSUMPTION CURE—

Price, \$5.00 per Bottle, \$50.00 per doz.

Col. T. A. EDWARDS,

General Manager, U. S. A.

AGENTS WANTED. Special inducements offered
to Agents, male or female, to
sell the above Medicines. Write for Circular containing Price
List to Agents.

Address,

Col. T. A. EDWARDS, Manager.

Oregon Indian Medicine Co.,

CORRY, PA., U. S. A.



This Cut is a Correct Like-
ness of THE LITTLE
INDIAN PAPOOSE

NIS-CA-LE-TA

Which means **FIRST SON.** This little native is tied to a board after the fashion of his people. His board (or bed) is made soft and easy, and decorated in the most

beautiful fashion with ribbons of different bright colors which suits the taste of the mother. By this arrangement the little one is kept warm and comfortable, and its limbs are kept straight until the child is about fifteen or eighteen months of age. The spine by this is kept straight and free from curvature. This little papoose is the son of **American Horse** and **Dove Wing**, and was born in October, 1885.

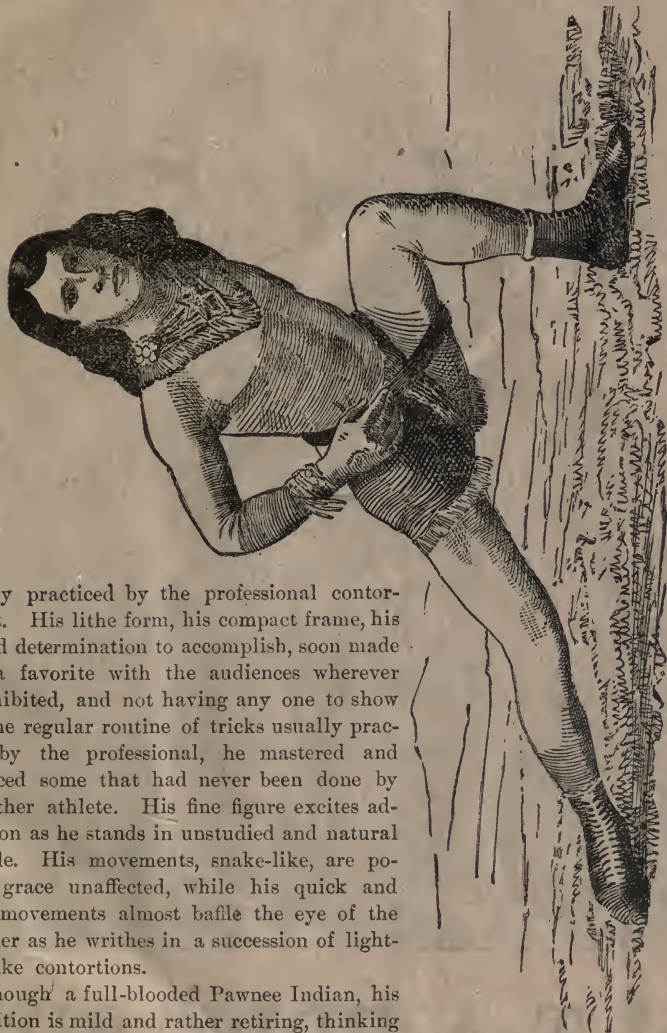
Luk-Cay-Oti, or Spotted Wolf.

Luk-Cay-Oti, or Spotted Wolf, is a splendid specimen of his race, the *Great Pawnee Tribe of Indians*, whose cunning, courage, and daring places them in the front rank with the large and warlike tribes of this continent.

Like the *Warm Spring Indians*, the Pawnees have served the United States Government on many occasions; and all tribes who were hostile to the Government were the Pawnees' natural enemies. The great tribe of Snake Indians, who, for many years, were raiding the country from the Rockies to the Cascades, making the country hot for white settlers as well as the friendly tribes, whenever they ventured east of the Rockies, the Pawnees gave them battle, and when they came too far west the Warm Springs were ready to offer them hostile reception. In 1865 the Snakes surprised a small village of Pawnees. They captured and held as prisoners some of the Pawnee women and children, and carried them west of the Rockies. *Luk-Cay-Oti and his mother were among the prisoners.* The following year the Government were endeavoring to punish the Snake Indians for their cruel and savage raids upon white settlers in Oregon. *General George Crook*, commanding the forces, found that it was almost impossible to operate against them with an army encumbered with wagon trains, supplies, and ammunition. *Donald McKay*, at the head of two hundred Warm Spring Indians, was employed by the Government to fight the Snakes; and in the winter season, when the troops were snug in winter quarters, the Warm Spring Indians commenced to raid their enemies, being armed and equipped by the Government. They soon had the Snakes running, and they kept them running, taking scalps, ponies, and peltries; they drove them over four hundred miles, forced them into the mountains, where the snows were deep; they compelled them through starvation to surrender. Among the prisoners taken was a little boy, the Pawnee prisoner. His mother had been killed by the Snakes to prevent her escaping to her own tribe and telling how the Snakes were being whipped by the Warm Springs.

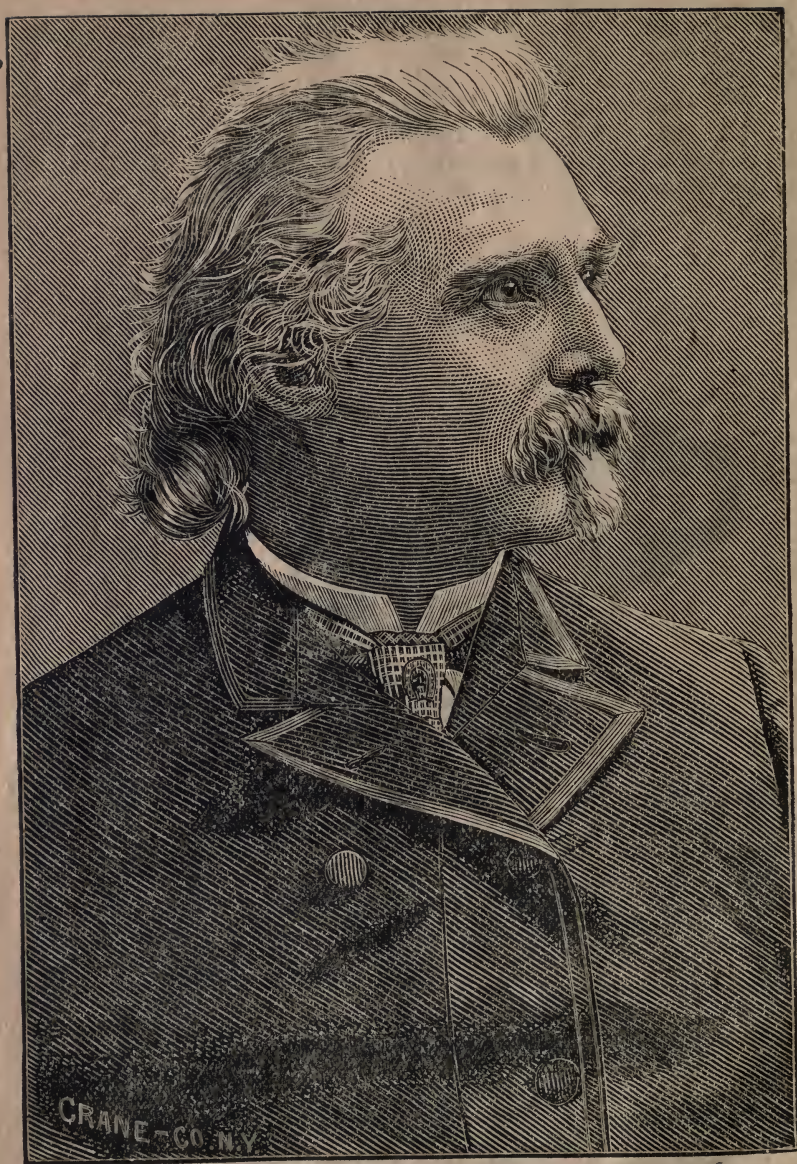
The little Pawnee was taken by the Warm Springs to their Reservation, and raised among them; he speaks their dialect. As he grew up he exhibited a restless desire to leave his friends; and, although he knew nothing of his own people, he was uneasy west of the Rockies. He was handsome, straight, supple, and ambitious, uneasy to go away; and when the Warm Spring warriors, who had taken him from his enemies, returned from their trip to Europe, and came back to the Reservation and told of the countries they had seen, he declared that when any more of the Indians went east to join the show he would go, too. Donald McKay sent him east, in July, 1883, to join the Warm Spring

Indian show that was then traveling in Pennsylvania. *Col. Edwards*, the manager, received the young fellow, and placed him on the stage to participate in giving to the white people the ceremonies, habits, and customs of the Indians. The *Young Pawnee* soon began to look around, and, being quick of observation, he concluded he could show the white people that he could learn their manner of entertaining audiences; and whenever he got an opportunity he practiced bending and posturing. In a short time he could do most of the tricks



usually practiced by the professional contortionist. His lithe form, his compact frame, his dogged determination to accomplish, soon made him a favorite with the audiences wherever he exhibited, and not having any one to show him the regular routine of tricks usually practiced by the professional, he mastered and produced some that had never been done by any other athlete. His fine figure excites admiration as he stands in unstudied and natural attitude. His movements, snake-like, are poetical grace unaffected, while his quick and rapid movements almost baffle the eye of the beholder as he writhes in a succession of lightning-like contortions.

Although a full-blooded Pawnee Indian, his disposition is mild and rather retiring, thinking of nothing except how to please the audiences who come to see him. He does not speak English very well, but manages to make himself understood. He is one of the principal features of the show now traveling through the country introducing their Indian medicines.



Col. T. A. EDWARDS,

MANAGER WARM SPRING INDIAN MEDICINE CO.

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FOR SALE BY DRUGGISTS.

COLONEL T. A. EDWARDS,

THE MANAGER OF THE

Warm Spring Indian Show.

Col. Edwards has seen much of frontier life, and is perhaps the best posted man on Indian life, Indian customs and habits in this country. He has been the Manager of the *Lava Bed Heroes* since 1876; and their great success in selling their Medicines is largely due to his skillful and energetic management. Whilst Indians as a rule are very suspicious of white men, the *Warm Spring Indians* have always placed implicit confidence in their Manager. *Donald McKay*, the *Great Indian Warrior, Scout,* and *Guide*, showed his good judgment, as well as his strong friendship, when he placed the management of the *Oregon Indian Medicine Company* in the hands of the Colonel. There have been many *imitators* of their Medicines, and *impostors* calling themselves *Warm Spring Indians*, traveling throughout the country, but none of them succeed long, for their flimsy pretext of calling themselves Indians, and their worse imitation of their medicines, are soon discovered by the public whom they are trying to impose upon. The *Warm Spring Indians* never employ white performers to give their exhibitions. By this one feature alone the public can know the imitators. The *standing figure* of *Donald McKay* is on *every bottle* of *Ka-Ton-Ka*, printed in colors on a white wrapper. The ingredients of *Ka-Ton-Ka* are all gathered by the *Warm Spring Indians* in Oregon and Washington Territory. They prepare them in their own peculiar manner; and no druggist can duplicate that simple Indian preparation from his extensive stock of drugs, and all his experience and knowledge combined. If the white people could only enjoy the splendid health of the Indian, what a happy race they would be; what money they could save in doctor's bills, and what misery they would avoid.

KA-TON-KA

Ka-Ton-Ka will cure Skin diseases, Caries of the Bones, Humors in the Blood, Constitutional, Chronic and Scrofulous Diseases, Bad Habit of Body, Syphilis, Fever Sores, Ulcers, Salt Rheum, Erysipelas, Rickets, Scald Head, Sore Legs, Cankers, Glandular Swellings, White Swellings, Nodes, Sore Ears, Sore Eyes, Strumous Discharges from the Ear, Ophthalmia, Itch, Constitutional Debility, Wasting and Decay of the Body, Skin Eruptions, Pimples and Blotches, Tumors, Cancerous Affections, Water Brash, Chronic Rheumatism and Gout, Boils, Acne, Pustules, Sallow Complexion, and all Female Diseases.

Ka-Ton-Ka effects a rapid and permanent cure in Scrofula.

The Blood.

On the purity of the blood health depends. On its impurity, or disturbance of its circulation, inflammation, congestion and organic derangements take place, humors are formed and disease generated. The bones, tissues, muscles, hair nails, all receive nutrition, growth and perfection of development from the blood. Hence the importance of pure blood to keep in a perfect and healthy condition all those parts of the body that serve for its protection, development, ornament, etc.

KA-TON-KA

used with half the confidence you bestow upon a doctor or some other medicines that are being advertised, will disgorge the Liver and Kidneys of the accumulated blood congestion, relieve the nerve centers from the effects of the Malarial poison, and restore vitality to the paralyzed parts of the bile ducts and urine-bearing tubes. When these ends are accomplished, the poison is passed out through the bladder and bowels, and the system gradually recovers health and tone. The liver should excrete two and one-half pounds of bile daily. The kidneys also relieve the system of a proportionate amount of poison. When either organ is paralyzed by Malaria, the worst consequences must follow. Much of what is called Malaria, by the physicians, is in reality the premonition of coming chronic kidney complaint, and if

KA-TON-KA

is used there will be few fatalities to chronicle from Malaria, Liver Complaint, or Kidney diseases.

KA-TON-KA is put up in large bottles, at *One Dollar*, or *Six Bottles for Five Dollars*.


White wrapper, red letters and a picture of DONALD McKAY in colors, is the trade-mark. None genuine without it.

NAMES OF THE INDIANS

Comprising this Troupe.

DONALD MCKAY'S HEROES OF THE LAVA BEDS.

INDIAN WARRIORS,
INDIAN SQUAWS,
INDIAN PAPOOSES,
INDIAN BRAVES,
INDIAN INTERPRETERS,
INDIAN CHILDREN,
INDIAN TRAILERS,
INDIAN SCOUTS.
CHIEF AMERICAN HORSE, TRIBAL CHIEF.
AE-LE-TA or DOVE WING and PAPOOSE.
SCAR-FACE BEAR, GREAT WAR CHIEF.
SPOTTED WOLF, PAWNEE ATHLETE.
KA-KOS-KA, MEDICINE MAN.
SWIFT RUNNER, OVER 80 YEARS OLD.
OC-A-LA, GOOD WOMAN.
KAW-SHA-GANS, RED WILD CAT.
RED LEAVES, Half Breed Interpreter,
FLUTTERING WILLOW, The Mother Squaw.
SUL-TE-WAN, BRIGHT SUN.
WI-NE-MAH, MOUNTAIN BIRD.

 *These Indians have been traveling twelve years, two years of which they spent in Europe. Their Entertainment consists of the Manners, Habits, Customs, and Ceremonies of a Race of People once powerful, now nearly extinct.*

CHIEF AMERICAN HORSE

Is a young Chief of the Warm Spring Indians, and has had the control of the Indians traveling with the troupe who are introducing their medicines, since 1876. He is a man of most agreeable manners, and pleasant to all who have business with him.



His influence over his Indians is the absolute and arbitrary "One Man Rule." Peculiar to the customs of the Pacific Coast Indians, his will is law, and the Indians well know that every promise he makes will be carried out. He is popular with all white people who form his acquaintance. Altogether, he is a man of character, and takes a great interest in the success of his people selling their medicines.

NEZ PERCE CATARRH REMEDY.

NEZ PERCE CATARRH REMEDY instantly relieves and permanently cures sneezing or head colds, called *acute catarrh*; thick, yellow and foul matterly accumulations in the nasal passages, called *chronic catarrh*, rotting and sloughing of the bones of the nose, with discharges of loathsome matter tinged with blood, and ulcerations often extending to the eye, ear, throat and lungs, called *ulcerative catarrh*. Also, *nervous headache*, dizziness, and clouded memory.



This great local remedy for the immediate relief and permanent cure of every form of catarrh is prepared only by the Indians, and contains the greatest vegetable healing and purifying properties known. It is *inhaled*, thus acting directly on the nasal passages, which it instantly cleanses of foul mucous accumulations, subduing inflammation when extending to the eye, ear, and throat, restoring the senses of sight, hearing, and taste when effected, leaving the head deodorized, clear and open, the breath sweet, the breathing easy, and every sense in a grateful and soothed condition. It permeates the entire mucous membraneous system which it purifies of the acid poison always, present in catarrh; and unless the system is prostrated by scrofula or consumption beyond recuperation, it will effect a permanent cure.

N. B.—We particularly solicit those cases which have been the rounds of the profession at home, without receiving benefit, whether suffering from chronic nasal catarrh, asthma, or pulmonary consumption, fully realizing that every such hopeless case that we restore to health is the best possible advertisement which we can have. We never give encouragement unless very sure that we can greatly benefit or cure the case.

KAW-SHAW-GANCE,

Or RED WILD CAT.

Kaw-Shaw-Gance, or Red Wild Cat, is a full blooded Indian of the Warm Spring tribe of Indians, whose reservation is located in Crook County, Oregon. He was one



of the seventy-one who were employed by the Government to conquer the Modocs in 1873. He distinguished himself as a warrior, brave, fearless and persevering. The conquering of Capt. Jack and his hostile band was due to the courage, cunning and subtlety of Warm Spring Indian scouts. Red Wild Cat was foremost in his zeal and ambition to show the soldiers what stuff he was made of, and he received personal recognition from *Gen. Davis*, to whom he turned over some of the prisoners that he had

captured. He has been traveling with the Indians, introducing their Indian KA-TON-KA for several years. He is a valuable exponent of the rights of the Indians, and represents manners, habits and customs of his race. He exhibits in his appearance on the stage the characteristics that distinguished him during the Modoc war-bravery, dash and courage.

THE . GREATEST . OF . ALL Child Performers.

A Live Singer.

*A Remarkable
Contortionist.*

A Fine Dancer.

*A Boy of Great
Courage.*



*A Boy of Great
Strength.*

*A Wonderful
Rider.*

A Swift Runner

*He Makes Sick
Men Laugh.*

Sul-te-wan, or Bright Sun, ❖ LITTLE INDIAN BOY. ❖

**This brave little fellow is the son of
Scar Face Bear and Fluttering Willow, and is the de
light of the people wherever he performs.**

Bring your children to see him.

INDIAN COUGH SYRUP.

A rapid cure for *Coughs, Colds*, and all diseases of the *Throat, Larynx* and *Lungs*. Whether arising from irritation in the throat or larynx, resulting from taking cold, or from an attack of bronchitis, incipient consumption, or other cause, nothing will allay a cough more speedily or cure it more permanently than the *Indian Cough Syrup*; whether recent, acute, lingering, or chronic, it is equally efficacious. It will cure a cough in half the time necessary to cure it with any other medicine, not by drying it up, but by subduing irritation, and healing the affected parts. The soothing, healing and invigorating properties of this admirable remedy eminently fit it for the relief of lungs lacerated by a cough, as well as for soothing and strengthening all the organs which assist in respiration. Coughs and colds, though they may at first seem trifling ailments, are fraught with great peril. The inflammation, begun in the throat or larynx, has an active tendency to travel downward and attack the lungs or bronchia, and where a predisposition to pulmonary phthisis exists, the danger is imminent.

Especially beware of a dry, hacking cough; it is the sure herald of consumption. Arrest the progress of the destroyer by the use of *Indian Cough Syrup*, which, if persisted in, will eradicate the most obstinate cough. Do not abandon its use because a few doses fail to produce the desired effect, but continue it and a cure will most certainly follow. Only 50 cents per bottle. See that it has a *Red Wrapper* with a cut of *Donald McKay* sitting on a rock. There are many imitations. Be sure to get the genuine.

❖ AE-LE-TA ❖ —OR—

DOVE



WING

Is one of the prominent features of this show. She is a Pretty Little Squaw, and her superb head of

Long, Black Hair Incites Admiration.

HER VOICE IS A MARVEL.

She produces those Sweet, Plaintive, Melodious Cadences, so peculiar to her race. When the troupe are singing their

—WILD AND WEIRD SONGS—

The Voice of Dove Wing can be heard

LIKE THE RIPPLING OF WATER,

Soothing and modifying the wild tones into Musical Harmony.

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FOR SALE BY DRUGGISTS.

THE KA-TON-KA DANCE.

There is a small tribe of Indians living on the Deschutes River near the Cascades, a small tribe of Indians called the Warm Spring Indians. They are made up of remnants of tribes that were once numerous and powerful. At certain seasons of the year the Indians gather the sage that covers the plains. From this, with the Oregon grape and other barks and roots, they make a decoction that never fails to cure Scrofula and Blood taints. The sailors and prospectors, who in their mad rush for wealth came to that country in early days, searching for gold and engaging in the salmon fisheries, nearly decimated many of the tribes of Indians by spreading blood poisoning diseases amongst them before their native instinct taught them how to combat this curse of civilization. They celebrate the gathering and making of this medicine by a dance, which is known as the Ka-Ton-Ka Dance. A party of European tourists and pleasure-seekers visiting the Cascade Mountains last summer, saw the Indians dancing this new medicine dance, and were surprised at the stories the Indians told them of the remarkable cures effected by the use of this medicine, and how the tribes were saved annihilation from the poisonous blood taints introduced by the white man.

COL. T. A. EDWARDS.

Col. T. A. Edwards became identified with the Warm Spring Indians in 1866, when he was bearer of dispatches, carrying messages from one military post to another, making long rides through a country infested by hostile Indians. The Warm Springs were employed by the Government guarding mail routes and keeping open communication from one fort to another, and on many occasions they saved his life and helped him through difficulties that were constantly presenting themselves. In the Modoc war, the Warm Spring scouts, under Donald McKay, (the greatest Indian fighter that ever lived,) often assisted Edwards in his perilous duty by informing him of the whereabouts of hostile Indians, and much of the credit he received as a successful carrier is due to the information he received from the Warm Spring Indians. When they came East to introduce their medicines he was made their manager, and in 1882 he was taken in as a partner. They have been eminently successful under his management, and their medicines have gained a reputation unequalled in the history of medicine, and their KA-TON-KA has a larger sale to-day in the United States than that of any Blood Purifier ever introduced to the public. Its merits alone have placed it at the head of the list of blood medicines, it being the only *real Indian Blood Medicine* in the market.

\$1000 REWARD!

One Thousand Dollars will be paid to any Consumptive person who uses the Warm Spring Consumption Cure, fairly, and is not cured by its use.

This is not a pulmonary Cough Syrup, but a **sure cure for Ulcerated Lungs**, its curative properties are derived from a Moss that grows upon the rocks above **TIMBER LINE** on all the high peaks of the Cascade and **Rocky Mountains**, it is the only vegetation that flourishes at an altitude of 12000 feet and over. Nourished by the perpetual snows, it grows adhering to the rocks unnoticed by the prospector after valuable minerals. The Indians however have known of its virtues for years before the Pale-Face ventured to explore the Rocky Mountains for their hidden treasures. Indians scaled the Rocky Peaks gathered this Moss and fed it to some favorite pony, and the white man said the Indian was too lazy to cut grass, but would rather climb the Mountains to get this Moss. The Indian knew what he was about; he knew that when the **GRAND HUNT** took place his pony would need wind to keep up with the heard of Buffalo, and nature had taught him that this Moss acted upon his pony's lungs and give him healthy breathing, or in other words, made him long winded. **OLD HOW-LISH-WAMPO**, chief of the **Umatilla** Indians knew the virtues this Moss possessed, when he trained his ponies for their yearly races, he impoverished

all the white men who came to these yearly horse races, although they brought racers from the east to win this rich old Indian's money and ponies. The Indian runners employed by the government to carry important messages always had his pouch filled with this Moss. The soldiers and settlers used to laugh and say the fool Indian had his superstition. Many of them thought he carried it as a charm against evil, others thought it was only a custom, but the Indian who had the long journey to make, knew that by chewing and swallowing this Moss his wind held out and his breathing was rendered easier, therefore he used it. The WARM SPRING INDIANS who have done more service for the government than any other Indians on the continent, gave to Col. T. A. Edwards, the information about this Moss and the use the Indians made of it, always using it upon any of their people who would show a disposition to have weak lungs. The WARM SPRING INDIANS gather this Moss and with other barks and roots they boil with maple sap, and the result is a sure cure for Ulcerated Lungs or consumption. Col. T. A. Edwards has been using it upon consumptives since 1876, and every one who used the medicine got well. The trouble of getting this remedy makes it rather expensive, still it is the cheapest Lung Medicine in the world. SOLD ONLY BY OUR SPECIAL AGENTS; put up in quart Bottles, with cut of Col. T. A. EDWARDS on wrapper; NONE GENUINE WITHOUT his signature.

• Price, \$5.00 per Bottle, or one dozen Bottles for \$50.00.



SCAR FACED BEAR,
Hero of the Lava Beds.

SCAR FACED BEAR,

Hero of the Lava Beds,

Is a Warm Spring Indian. While he is ignorant of lore learned from books, he has learned much from the great teacher, Nature, and in plain forest and mountain craft he is unexcelled. He is an unerring shot, a splendid trailer, a good horseman, and possessed of an abundance of that cool courage so essential to an Indian. In the course of his career he has passed through adventures of the most startling and hazardous description, though he rarely speaks about himself, and what we have learned of his history was gleaned by dint of much questioning in conversations around the camp-fire. Physically he is a splendid specimen of manhood. His body is covered with scars received in battle. He is tall, broadshouldered, deep-chested, and as strong as a mountain lion.

ONE HEROIC DEED is recorded of this noble red man which may be of interest to our readers. While in the employ of the U. S. Government, Scar Faced Bear, at the head of a party of Warm Spring Indians, was detailed to escort an emigrant train across the country.

The only fear was from the Modocs, whom the Warm Springs were aiding the Government to whip.

Among these emigrants was a family named Goldsmith, consisting of John, his wife and daughter, Alice. The latter was a beautiful girl of seventeen, as gentle as a dove and as fair as a lily.

Goldsmith was from one of the older States and had been a man of some property. Alice had been reared in comparative luxury, but the rough camp life of the emigrants seemed to agree with her, and she was as happy and light-hearted as a field lark. In their journey towards the land of promise the emigrants followed the old Overland trail and reached Crag's Canyon without accident or startling adventure. They arrived at the entrance to the canyon just at night, and Scar Faced Bear, who was riding in advance, assured the tired travelers that they would soon reach a camping place. So far he had discovered no fresh Indian sign and he was hopeful of conducting the party to their destination without meeting any of the Modocs.

Finally, half way through the canyon, they reached a little spring of pure water and prepared to camp for the night. The tired horses and mules were unhitched from the great "prairie schooners" (they had been dragging through the hot alkali sand all day), and after being side-lined and hopped, were turned loose to graze under charge of two men.

ATTACKED BY MODOCS.

Some of the emigrants gathered fire-wood and their wives and daughters began to prepare their coarse eventide meal. The little children played together in the sand. Scar Faced Bear shouldered his rifle, and, entering a rough arroyo, began to climb toward the top of the mountain through which the canyon ran. He wanted to take an observation and make sure that there were no Indians prowling about the camp. This was the red man's favorite place of attack upon emigrant trains and was admirably fitted by nature for an ambuscade. The canyon walls were rough and broken, composed of great masses of huge bowlders which had been torn from the side of the mountain during some terrible convulsion of nature. Among these rocks a thousand Indians could secrete themselves and with their rifles hurl a shower of death down upon anyone passing through the canyon.

Scar Faced Bear was halfway up the mountain when a deafening and blood-curdling yell rose high above the innocent prattle of the children playing about the sand. The opposite canyon wall caught the sound waves and hurled them back in a thousand echoes. A hundred painted Indians leaped from their hiding places; there was a confused rattle of firearms, shrieks, groans, curses, screams. Scar Faced Bear saw that the emigrants were attacked by an overwhelming force and he sank down among the rocks with a shudder of apprehension.

Suddenly a woman's scream rent the air and he started to his feet and peered down the arroyo.

Alice Goldsmith was struggling up the rocky defile, closely pursued by two Indians. Her long golden hair streamed behind her and her face was white with terror.

Scar Faced Bear determined to save her. He raised his Winchester, took quick aim at the foremost Indian, pulled the trigger, and instantly covering the red man's companion, fired again. Both of the bucks dropped down among the rocks dead, and Scar Faced Bear ran toward the poor fugitive who had fallen to the ground overcome with fatigue and terror. He raised her up and whispered a few encouraging words into her ear.

"If we can only reach the top of the mountain," he said, "we can escape. Lean on me and I will help you."

The trembling girl obeyed and they reached the top of the mountain without attracting the attention of the Indians, who were busily engaged in the canyon below, scalping the slain and plundering the wagons.

Scar Faced Bear and Alice Goldsmith had alone escaped massacre. Together they struck out across the mountain and eventually, after many privations and much sufferings, reached Fort Warner.

Scar Faced Bear reported the presence of Indians and a party of soldiers started out, under his guidance, to pursue and punish the red murderers, when he returned to the post, after an unsuccessful search for the Indians, who had hidden themselves among the rocky canyons.

One year after, the uncle of Alice Goldsmith presented Scar Faced Bear with a fine rifle.

KA-ROS-KA or SWIFT RUNNER.

Ka-Ros-Ka, or Swift Runner, is an old warrior who served the Government in 1866 against the Hostile Snake Indians. He is one of the original eighteen who were brought East in 1874 on exhibition. He was in Europe with the troupe. He is very old, and although he has been traveling for many years, he has not learned to speak English. The old Indians do not learn the language of the Pale Face as readily as the children and the younger Indians. Ka-Ros-Ka, however, has been of great service to the troupe, by his wonderful memory of the remedies used by the Indians. He knows what will cure cancer, and can go to the woods and bring in a remedy for consumption. He superintends the making of KA-TON-KA, and is a firm believer in the mysterious incantation practiced by the Pacific Coast Indians before the Pale Face ever made his appearance amongst them. Swift Runner is a good specimen of his race, tall, straight, and quick of action. His eye has that nervous, restless motion that characterizes the wild Indian. He takes a great interest in the sick people who come to get their medicines, and gives them the benefit of his knowledge.

MODOC OIL

IS THE GREAT FAMILY REMEDY!

CURES

TOOTH-ACHE,

DEAFNESS,

Pain in Back,

PAIN IN CHEST,

NEURALGIA

Rheumatism,

PAIN IN HEAD,

—ALL—

CUTS & BURNS,

CHOLERA,

ETC., ETC.



WIFE OF DONALD MCKAY.

HISTORY OF MODOC OIL.

The Navajoe Indians, when they worship the Great Spirit, by dancing the Fire Dance, which has caused much comment from White People who have witnessed it, smear their bodies with a clay that is first moistened with the bruised leaves of the Snake Weed, which is also used in poisons of all kinds.

The Mosquito Indians, the Zunis, the Pueblos and the Modocs have used the same remedy for hundreds of years for the cure of Snake Bites, Stings of Bees, Poisons of all kinds, and all inflammatory Pains. They formerly gathered the remedy only when required for immediate use. Other tribes had tried in vain to obtain the secret of this medicine, but the Indians preserving this knowledge, were too crafty and cunning. The Warm Spring Indians had on several occasions offered to trade with the Modocs, offering horses, cattle and sheep for the secret of the medicine, but no inducements prevailed, and the Modoc Indians religiously kept the secret to themselves.

In 1872 the Modoc War broke out. The Modocs took refuge in the Lava Beds. The soldiers tried unsuccessfully for several months to dislodge them. Peace Commissioners were sent from Washington to coax them out of their stronghold—the effort cost the commissioners their lives. Then Donald McKay and the Warm Spring Indians were employed by the Government to fight the Modocs, with permission to torture according to Indian customs. Seventy-one Warm Spring Indians entered the Lava Beds. The fight lasted three days. The Modocs then broke cover and attempted to escape, but the Warm Springs were hot upon their trail, and in three weeks the Modocs were all killed or captured. Whilst they were begging for their scalps and lives, the Warm Spring Indians succeeded in getting their secret from them. Donald McKay then forbade his warriors putting to torture any of the captives. They were, therefore, turned over to the Government, granted a trial and were executed October 3, 1873.

The Warm Spring Indians had learned from the whites how to preserve the virtues of their medicine with alcohol so that it could be prepared for the market. Only for the events narrated above, it is doubtful if the civilized world would ever have had the benefits of this wonderful medicine, **MODOC OIL. Price 25 Cents.**

TESTIMONIALS.

MY JOINTS WERE STIFF.

"For over eleven years I have been getting stiff in my joints. My hands and wrists were all drawn out of shape. Could not do any work and could with difficulty feed myself. I was using everything that was recommended to cure stiff joints, &c. I could get nothing that would help me. At last the Indians came with their remedies, and I tried Modoc Oil. I rubbed my joints with it and it helped me right away. Then I waited to see if my joints would get stiff again. They continued to get better and I used more of it. I used eleven bottles and am now entirely cured.

Dec. 21st, 1883.

Mrs. KAUFFLE,
10th Street, south side, Pittsburg, Pa.

FEMALE WEAKNESS.

DAVID BOWERS, No. 10 Bedford Ave., Pittsburg, Pa., employed by King, Son & Co., Glass Works, says:

"This is to certify that my wife has been suffering for years with Female Weakness, until life was a burden. I employed all the doctors in our vicinity, my wife getting worse all the time. She took medicine all the time that we saw advertised; of all we procured, nothing that we could get appeared to help her. She was beginning to think that there was no help for her case. I went one night to see the Indians and bought a bottle of KA-TON-KA, took it home and told my wife that here was a medicine that she had never tried. She had no faith in it, but took it the same as she had taken hundreds of bottles of stuff before. She commenced to get better. She has used thirteen bottles and is as well as she ever was before.

Yours, &c.,
DAVID BOWERS.

EAST LIBERTY, PITTSBURG, PA., Oct. 20, 1883.

Last night, after I went home from your exhibition, I could hear the clock tick across the room, something I had not done before for two years. I will continue to use the oil.

Yours, &c., JOHN WORRELL.

MEADVILLE, April 3, 1884.

Sirs—Please let me know how you sell KA-TON-KA by the dozen bottles. I have taken one bottle for Kidney cure and think it cannot be excelled, and I would like to introduce it here and want to know your terms and inducements, and also the Modoc Oil. Address,

MISS MAGGIE FRANKLIN, Meadville, Pa.

TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN:

The greatest and sweetest of earthly comforts is health. But for four long years I have been wasting away, owing to Dyspepsia and Affections of the Liver and Kidneys, which brought on a complication of diseases undermining the body and mind. During this period I had recourse to every remedy, patent and professional, that I could possibly avail myself of, without any material benefit. At last the Indian Ka-Ton-Ka, the great "Nature's Gift to Nature's Children," was providentially brought before my notice, and I tried it. This, in a very short time, produced a new tone to the system, giving strength and vigor to the body as well as buoyancy and courage to the mind. I feel now comparatively well, and believe that by continuing to take the Indian Ka-Ton-Ka, I shall soon enjoy my former health and comfort. And I deem it my duty to suffering humanity to bear this testimony to the above great Nature's remedy.

YOUNGSTOWN, O., Sept. 14, 1883.

DANIEL G. GRIFFITH.

RHEUMATISM CURED.

I wish to say something to my old comrades in the late rebellion. I have suffered with rheumatism ever since I came home from the army. I served in Company I, 63d Regiment, Pennsylvania Volunteers. I mention this so that old rheumatic soldiers will know where to locate me. All the doctors that I tried and all the medicines that I used did me no good. My sufferings were only relieved by pleasant weather and aggravated by each damp or cold change. The Warm Spring Indian Medicine, Ka-Ton-Ka, was being introduced in my town. Other people were getting cured and they prevailed on me to try it. I am now a well man and can recommend Ka-Ton-Ka as a cure for Rheumatism.

MCKEESPORT, PA., Oct. 12, 1883.

ARCHIBALD WATSON.

BELLE VERNON, PA., March 17, 1884.

Gents—Your medicine, Modoc Oil, has done so much good that I enclose the money for another dozen bottles. Please send by express. I myself am using it for Catarrh and find that it is helping me very much. Others have tried it for Sick Headache and are loud in their praises of it.

Yours truly, WILLIAM C. FISH.

SUFFERED WITH RHEUMATISM.

I had Rheumatism for three years, confined to the house almost all the time, and most of the time to my bed. I tried all the medicines that I could hear of. Employed doctors until I had no more money. My Rheumatism was getting worse and I was getting less able to bear it. The Indians came and were advertising their medicines to cure Rheumatism. I went to see them and concluded to try Ka-Ton-Ka. Used two bottles and am now at work in the mill of Ripley & Co.

South Side, Pittsburg, Pa., December 17, 1883.

DAVID R. EVANS.

MINNIE MCKAY.

Minnie came East in the Spring of 1874, with her father and mother and 18 of her people, who had just made their great record as Indian fighters, conquering Captain Jack and his band of Modocs, and ending an Indian war that has no

parallel in American history. She was then only six years old. She accompanied her parents and the troupe to Europe, visiting Austria, Germany, Belgium, Scotland and England; in all of these countries she was much admired and petted. The troupe returned to America in the spring of 1876, and remained during that summer in Philadelphia. The winter of 1876-77 she made her first appearance in school, her manager, Col. L. A. Edwards, sending her to the fourth ward public school in Pittsburgh, Pa., where she remained during the winter. She afterward attended school in Detroit, Chicago and other cities where the troupe remained for any length of time. She thus acquired a fair education, as she was apt and studious.

The Warm Spring Indians are great riders, and



MINNIE

Was no exception, always on horseback when opportunity offered. When she was only thirteen years of age she accomplished the most wonderful feat of horsemanship ever attempted by any person, viz: *Riding Fifty Miles in Three Hours*, using fifteen ponies, changing horses every mile. She saved the race by twelve minutes, accomplishing a feat never before attempted by any woman.

The following account of her death will be read by the many people who knew her with genuine feelings of sorrow:

DEATH OF MINNIE McKAY.

"How is Miss Minnie getting along?" asked a gentleman, meeting Donald McKay in the street a short time ago. The great scout's head drooped upon his breast for a moment, then, looking at his questioner, he answered in faltering tones, while the tears rolled down his cheeks, that Minnie was dead. She had caught cold last spring, while tending the medicine in the Aquarium, Thirty-fifth Street, New York, and after rallying from the first attack, had a relapse, and died while en route for Warm Springs, Oregon, with her mother. Indians are noted for their stolid demeanor, seldom showing any outward manifestation of sorrow or pleasure; yet this brave warrior, noted for his cool composure and courage, gave way to his feelings, as, in trembling tones he answered the questions put to him. To any one knowing McKay well, it would have seemed strange to witness such deep grief in a man so self-contained, even stoical. But it showed the more plainly how severe the affliction was, and what a crushing blow to the father's loving heart. To the many friends of the McKays, the news of Minnie's death will come with startling suddenness. She was universally known and loved, a favorite with all, and a great attraction wherever she went. A brief history of her short life will no doubt prove interesting to many. Minnie McKay, the only child of Donald McKay, the famous Indian scout, was born April 13, 1867, and came east with her parents shortly after the close of the Modoc War, in which contest between the Indians and whites McKay rendered such great service to the United States Government. Although constantly traveling in this country and Europe with her father, he gave her every opportunity to secure a good education, and took great pride in her proficiency in various accomplishments. She was a fine performer upon several musical instruments, particularly the guitar and piano, was exceedingly modest and well-bred, quiet and unassuming, yet possessing abundant self-possession and dignity. Every one who met her admired and respected her, and her pretty face and pleasing manners made her a favorite with young and old. Her health was poor at times, during the past winter, but no alarm was felt by her parents until March, when her exposure to the strong draughts in the Aquarium building, where the Indian Medicine was being sold, resulted in a severe attack of pneumonia. Upon her recovery, her father sent her on the way home to Oregon, accompanied by her mother. The young girl had formed many pleasant anticipations of what she would do, when she reached the home she had not seen for nine years, planning improvements, continuing her studies, and waiting for her father's return. But her anticipations were never to be realized. On the way home she had a relapse, pleuro-pneumonia set in, and she died July 12, at San Francisco, before reaching the friends she was expecting to see after so long an absence. The news of her death unnerved and disheartened the father as no danger nor hardship could ever have done. He fairly idolized his daughter, and her death, coming so suddenly upon their first separation, made the affliction even harder to bear. Torture could never have made Donald McKay wince, but his child's death bowed his proud head, and cast a gloom upon his life nothing can ever efface. His hopes, his pride, and his happiness are buried in the small grave in the cemetery at San Francisco, Cal., where his child lies. Time may make him more submissive to the infliction, but it will not lighten his grief, nor make him forget it. The light of his home has been extinguished, the warmth of his heart has been chilled. The loss of fame, fortune and friends he would have counted as nothing; but the loss of his daughter has humbled his proud spirit, and dimmed the fierce flash of his eyes.

Endorsements that Talk!

You must believe these Verifications

All Allentown can swear to the truth of this man's statement. To those knowing him personally, an explanation of his former physical condition is unnecessary, but to those unacquainted with him and the facts of the case, the following well attested testimonial may prove interesting and beneficial:

"We, the undersigned, citizens of Allentown, Pa., hereby testify that we know **WILHELM F. SHANEMAN**, of our city; that he was afflicted with rheumatism, and that his entire body was fearfully contracted for a period of thirteen long years. His terrible sufferings can be told only by himself. No person could pass by him on the street without being moved by sympathy at the sight of a man whose body was so contracted that his chin almost touched his knees, and whose mode of walking was distressing and pitiable to behold. To-day he stands erect and claims to be free from pain.

KA-TON-KA

THE INDIAN MEDICINE!

he says, has given him this great relief, and, after only five weeks use, according to directions, has brought about his present greatly improved condition.

E. S. Shimer, Mayor, Prest. J. Baker, Chief of Police, George J. Snyder, John Johanning, Rosa Heiney, Louisa Loudenslager, Eliza Schantz, George W. Mink, J. George Snyder, T. S. Doering, Henry Snyder, W. E. German, Wm. H. Paul, H. M. Weibel, J. G. Laepple, Amos M. Weisi, H. M. Worman, H. E. Bohlen, Allen Remmel, W. H. Balliet, O. E. Swartz, T. A. Young, J. E. Lynn, John Appel, C. Miller, J. W. Krum, Jacob H. White, Mary White, May Keck, Frank J. Keck, Ed. Miller, Bittner & Hartman, Dressler & Bittner, James Merkel, J. M. DeTurk, P. Fenstermaker, T. W. Kramer, J. L. Marsteller, Jas. B. Deshler, A. J. Zellner, Ed. Yeager, Reinhard & Bro., S. Diehl, B. S. Koons, Peter Heller, S. P. Snyder, S. J. Sensenbach, Daniel Ritter." And hundreds more. At Bethlehem I refer to: A. Jones, P. C. Laub, John Singer, G. W. Grube.

WILHELM F. SHANEMAN,

525 Lawrence St., Allentown, Pa.

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FOR SALE BY DRUGGISTS.

MUS-QUE-TON-GA

Or, RED LEAVES.

Mus-Que-Ton-Ga, or Red Leaves, is a Half-Breed. His mother was a warm Spring woman who married a white man by the name of Drake, who had been a U. S. soldier. He was killed by the Modoc Indians in 1872. Drake's wife raised her Half-Breed boy to remember his father. She gave him an education at the Catholic Mission, and he has never forgotten his training. He is a devout Christian. His education fitted him for the position he occupies, that of an interpreter with the troupe.

He is a young man of good morals, and is much sought after in every town the troupe visits by the young men of about his own age. Mus-Que-Ton-Ga is agreeable and pleasant to all who make his acquaintance, and he looks after the interest of the Indians, watching the sales of their medicines closely. He is of great use to the Indians. He takes part in all of their performances. Red Leaves, by his genial manners and courteous demeanor, wins the favor of all with whom he comes in contact.

KA-TON-KA

—IS A—

PERFECT REMEDY

—FOR THE CURE OF—

GRAVEL OR STONE IN THE BLADDER,
BRIGHT'S DISEASE,
TORPIDITY OF LIVER,
IRRITABLE URETHRA DROPSY,
CATARRH OF BLADDER,
PAIN IN THE BACK,
BLEEDING FROM BLADDER,
LEUCCORRHOEA, BARRENNESS,
INFLAMMATION OF THE BLADDER,
NON-RETENTION OF THE URINE,
MUCOUS AND MILKY DISCHARGE, Etc.

Affections of the kidneys are numerous and of a serious nature. In these affections and those of the urinary organs, the symptoms may be more or less pain in the back, headache, dimness of sight, irregularity of passing water, often accompanied by severe pains, fever, vomiting, swelling of the face, body or limbs, diarrhoea, anxiety, delirium, cold sweats—and often death is the final result.

CAUSES.—It may be the result of exposure to cold and wet, disease, pregnancy, intemperance, violent emotions, injuries of brain, spinal cord, gravel or stone, retention of urine, inflammation of the bladder, etc.

Cases of this kind, and which have been a source of annoyance to the practitioner for years, and of suffering and disappointment to the patient, are quickly cured by the use of **KA-TON-KA**.

PRICE \$1.00 PER BOTTLE.

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FOR SALE BY DRUGGISTS.

WI-NE-MAH

Or BIRD OF THE MOUNTAIN.

Wi-Ne-Mah or Bird of the Mountain is a beautiful little Indian maiden, who inherits from her father, the Great Scar Face Bear, much of his disposition. She is mild and gentle unless aroused to anger, then she is ready to resent any insult or attack, no matter from whom it comes. She has that coyness and wary reserve so prominent amongst little Indian girls. She makes many friends wherever she appears with the troupe. Besides being of a good disposition, she is handsome, to which is added the fact that she is rich. She had an old Indian uncle, who, when he died, left her many hundred ponies. They have increased in number whilst she has been traveling in the East with her parents selling her Great Indian Medicine, KA-TON-KA. According to the custom of her people, the handsomest young girl in the tribe has to stir the medicine whilst it is being made. This duty falls to her, and Wi-Ne-Mah can be seen nightly occupying the Post of Honor amongst her tribe. She is the recipient of many presents from the white people where she travels.

MA-ZUL-MA, OR NIGHT BIRD,

AND HER SISTER

Na-Ta-Qua, or Frozen Water,

Are the daughters of that noted Indian athlete, **RUNNING ANTELOPE**. They are a happy pair, full of vivacity and life. Their tender love for each other is but a natural evidence of their Indian blood, for Indians think more of their relations than white people do. These little Indian girls are objects of great interest with the Warm Spring Indian Troupe. Their wild nature make them coy and reserved, their black eyes flash suspicion and delight alternately as the many white people crowd around and offer them kindnesses and desire to get acquainted—a thing that can not be accomplished at once.

Their Indian nature requires more than a passing acquaintance to gain their confidence.



MA-ZUL-MA is all the time watching her younger sister, **NA-TÀ-QUA**, and is ready in a moment to resent any wrong she may imagine is being contemplated. So jealous is she of her sister that she watches every move that is made by their visitors. Her suspicions are so easily aroused that she will often take

her sister away from a group of admirers that are only too lavish with their attentions. This fond love for their relations is one of the Indian characteristics.

THE MANY WRONGS

the Indians have been made to suffer by bad white people, the deception of the white trader, who makes presents that he may better cheat them; promises that have been made in solemn treaties to be lightly broken, has made the Indian suspicious of all white people. In nearly every Indian lodge there are traditions of numerous wrongs extending back many years, talked over by the old, and it is no wonder that their children have suspicion and distrust of all their white friends. These two little Indian girls are no exception, and, although they have loving natures, they prefer to confine their affections to their own race.

HOW THE INDIANS CURE

RHEUMATISM.

The Indians, and the white people for that matter, who follow beaver trapping for a living, are subject to rheumatism. When they come into the trading post to sell their peltries they are subject to all sorts of dissipation. There are the drinking houses, dance houses, gambling houses, with their allurements and temptations to get the trappers' money. Most of them fall an easy victim to the many opportunities offered to enjoy themselves. The result is, their liver and kidneys become disordered, and when they return to the mountains, exposing themselves each day to the cold water (as they have to go into the water to examine their traps), they are soon stiffened in their joints and suffering the acute pains of rheumatism. No convenient doctor or handy drug store within reach, they therefore have to adopt the Indian Cure and try Nature's Remedy.

Now, there is no medicine in the world will cure rheumatism alone after it has once settled in the joints. KA-TON-KA will set the kidneys right, but the poison that has already formed and settled in the joints can not be removed by taking medicine internally. So these trappers do as the Indians do; they take of hemlock, pine or spruce the boughs and heat stones red hot by building a fire over them. They then roll them into a sweat-oven that they make out of mud. Then they take a gourd full of water and a bundle of these boughs, crawl into the sweat house, and by dipping the boughs in the water, then whipping them on the hot stones, they create steam which sweats them. Like the Indians, they have superstitions, and they take twenty-one of these sweats, taking internally the Indian Ka-Ton-Ka all the time, which regulates the kidneys and purifies the blood. When they have taken twenty-one sweats the worst case of rheumatism is cured, and they have not spent a cent of money either for drugs or doctor. Any one can cure himself the same way. Take a handful of boughs of the hemlock, spruce or pine; put it into a bucket; pour the bucket full of boiling water; set it under a splint or cane-bottom chair; put the patient in the chair with plenty of blankets wrapped around up to the neck. Do not remove the blankets until sweat has stopped flowing; take twenty-one sweats and take KA-TON-KA according to directions, three times a day, and take the sweats every day or every other day, or at least twice a week, and rheumatism will soon be unknown to you. Read a testimonial from Allentown, Pa. We do not publish all our cures. Only such extremely bad cases that the citizens of the town can testify to.

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FOR SALE BY DRUGGISTS.

NEZ PERCE CATARRH REMEDY.

(Zakate, Commonly known as the Alkali Plant.)

A PERFECT CURE FOR CATARRH.

There is no greater enjoyment of nature's triumphs, and no greater safeguard against noxious things of all kinds, than a healthy nose. We hold the world's specific for this terrible scourge, catarrh and hay fever---the most filthy, loathsome, and determined diseases that afflict the human family, sinking their poisonous germs deeper and deeper into the throat and lungs of its helpless victims, bringing them down to consumption, which daily sweeps from our midst those who, either from ignorance or want of energy, will make no effort for their own salvation, or are content with consulting ignorant charlatans, who palm off their injurious compounds upon the too credulous sufferer.

*If you have Catarrh, be sure and try
this great Indian Remedy.*

THE INDIAN'S FINE HEALTH.

Medicine is and always has been the great mystery of earth, and this fact is admitted by the most learned of those who practice it. It is also admitted that the mystery is now as dark as ever. Still, a bountiful Providence has, since He first created the world, ever furnished remedies that would, when properly administered, relieve mankind of the ills and sufferings which their own sins or their misfortunes brought upon them. In the bosom of the earth He planted them, and to the seemingly most ignorant of His creatures, He early imparted in some way instruction in the use of the healing herbs. This was in accordance with His wonderful kindness that bestows upon the least blessed with His bounties the greatest amount of care.

The Indian was never given the blessings of civilization, or power to create creature comfort for himself, neither was he endowed with any desire for such refinements. To the Indian was given almost perfect health or a power to quickly restore it. Those who read may learn, and those who have traveled know full well the wondrous physical perfection of these sons and daughters of the forest wilds, their power of sustaining the most exquisite torture, of enduring the most marvelous fatigues and famine, of performing the most astonishing feats of strength and agility, and of undergoing exposure and privations that romancers cannot rival. The braves and even the merest boys survive wounds that would quickly put to death the stoutest soldier of civilization. Their squaws perform labors and travel that would be utterly impossible to the most robust woman of the white world. All, unless taken off by violence from enemies, live to an age that is unknown elsewhere on the earth. An Indian brave will follow the trail when wounded even unto death. The Indian woman will be on the march, papoose in her arms, within two hours after the birth of the little one. This is but an instance adduced, in regard to each sex, to illustrate the vitality that fills each nerve and organ of the bodies of this wonderful race. The facts we have recited above are so well known to scientists, historians, students, travelers and all intelligent and well read people that it is unnecessary for us to enter into elaboration of proof.

It would, however, be false and foolish to assert that the Indian never suffers from disease—he does, and from the worst scourges that afflict mankind when they are brought upon him or her by contact with depraved whites. But it is equally true that the Indian does not suffer long. The perfect knowledge possessed by the medicine man of his tribe brings the most speedy relief known to nature, and the fact that regular and previous medication is attended to, so fits the body to throw off disease that recovery is certain. Indeed this system of regular medication at stated times is the grand reason of the enjoyment of perfect health, spite of continued exposure, and the reason also that disease does not more often and fatally attack even when directly exposed to it.

The remedies used by Indian Medicine men are simply roots, herbs, plants and shrubs. The proper administration and preparation of these has been traditionally handed down from one to another, for ages even before the Aborigines were inhabitants of the continent of America. Their history is all tradition and of all romance the most wonderful and exciting. A use of the preparations made by the medicine men made at certain stated intervals by all the tribe, is part of the Indian religion, and to this is ascribed that vitality which renders them rivals of the Gods of mythology. Dyspepsia, that curse of civilization, is to the Indian unknown, though one of his vices is that of at times gorging himself with unhealthy food to an extent that would kill a white man in an hour. Headache, to brave or squaw, kidney or liver diseases, neuralgia, female disorders, bilious attacks, sleeplessness, rheumatism, and all the curses that afflict "society," are as little feared by the red man as the bite of a single mosquito by a stout Jersey farmer. The preparation of this remedy is known only to the Indians and their white agents, who from many years residence among them, have become to be considered as their brothers, and even these white agents are not entrusted with all the secrets of the medicine men and the tribe. Certain religious ceremonies and certain processes in the previous preparation of the roots, herbs, shrubs, barks, etc., etc., are alone known to those who have received the sacred traditions, and who dare reveal them only to others of their own race. The herbs of the Eastern States are pretty familiar to the whites and most extensively and satisfactorily used, but the chief saving virtues that grow in and from the earth are in the western, southern and extreme localities, and these alone the red man can find and prepare, and the fear of losing the power to obtain these life-giving, life-preserving gifts of God is the principal cause of the refusal of their sales of certain reservations, selected by themselves, and their wars to retain other localities which they will not even allow the white man to press with his foot. The loss of these lands to the Indians means loss of medicinal plants whereby he makes and preserves his life. The Indians believe that when the blood is kept pure they are proof against disease, and in the spring and fall of the year they make proper use of the great blood purifier, KA-TON-KA, which is all that is necessary to bring about this grand result. All druggists sell it.

DONALD McKAY.

Donald McKay, whose picture you notice on the back cover of this book, was scout, guide, and interpreter for the United States government from 1852 till 1874, when he achieved his greatest victory in conquering Captain Jack and his hostile Modocs. After two thousand soldiers and Oregon volunteers had been fighting the Modocs for seven months without making any impression, Donald McKay, with only seventy-one Warm Spring Indians, killed and captured the whole band.

His people, the Warm Spring Indians, think him the greatest man that ever lived, and he undoubtedly is the greatest of his class of men. He has traveled extensively,—speaks English, German, French, and Spanish, besides many Indian tongues spoken west of the Rocky Mountains. In 1876, whilst in Pittsburgh, Pa., he concluded to do something that had never been done before, although many of his white friends had tried to get from him secrets that the Indians never divulge; that is, the secrets of their medicines, although he never was a medicine man amongst his people. His reputation had been built upon a more lofty and enduring foundation, but his association with the army, and his extensive acquaintance with white people, induced him not to tell the secrets of his medicines, but to introduce them himself. Accordingly he associated himself with T. A. Edwards, an old acquaintance and friend, and a company was formed for the purpose of doing something that had never been done before—the introduction of **Real Indian Medicines**. Donald McKay got the people of his tribe to gather the remedies in their proper seasons, dry them, and have them sent east to him and his partner. They disposed of them in the condition the Indians had sent them, leaving it to the sick persons to prepare for themselves. Many who bought them either prepared them carelessly, or neglected to prepare them at all, and the medicines did not always give the satisfaction they would have done if they had been properly prepared. Whilst in Boston in 1882, they were shown by the druggists how to prepare their medicine so that it could be bottled, and take its place amongst proprietary remedies. Since that time it has met with great success. As it is now of uniform quality and strength, the patient does not have to rely upon careless or indifferent people to prepare it for him, and the public have a pure and genuine Indian Medicine. This is the first time in the history of this country that a **Genuine Indian Medicine** was given to the public, gathered, prepared, and sold by the Indian themselves.

THE WARM SPRING INDIANS
—AND—
THEIR * MEDICINES.



DONALD McKAY,
The Greatest of living Doctors.

INTERESTING SKETCHES
—OF—
* INDIAN * LIFE. *