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sideration will be made.

Make Your Mark.

In the quarry should your toll,
Make your mark;

Do you deliver upon the soil,
Make your mark;

In whatever path you go,
Make your mark;

In whatever place you stand,
Make your mark;

Moving swift, or moving slow,
Make your mark;

With a firm and honest hand,
Make your mark;

Should opponents hedge your way,
Make your mark;

Work by night, or work by day,
Make your mark;

Struggle manfully and well,
Make your mark;

Let no obstacles oppose,
Make your mark;

None, right shielded, ever fell,
Make your mark;

By the weapons of his foes,
Make your mark;

What though born a peasant's son,
Make your mark;

Good to poor men can be done,
Make your mark;

Peasant's garb may warm the cold,
Make your mark;

Peasant's words may calm a fear,
Make your mark;

Better far than hoarding gold
Make your mark;

Is the giving of a tear,
Make your mark;

Life is fleeting as a thistle,
Make your mark;

Marks of some kind must be made,
Make your mark;

Make it when the dawn is strong,
Make your mark;

Never, never in the golden hours of youth,
Make your mark;

Make it with the stamp of truth,
Make your mark;

DAVID BARBER.

ROOM AT THE TOP.

BY CHARLIE DEPT.

"Tell you how I commenced in life? Certainly. Sit down and make yourself comfortable. You look thoroughly disheartened for a young man."

"I am discouraged, Mr. Meyer. I have tried every day for six weeks to get a position, and there is none to be had. That is the sum and substance of the whole matter."

As he spoke David Edwards dropped into the proffered chair. The bright carpet, glowing grate and comfortable atmosphere of Lawyer Meyer's cozy library were very homelike and attractive, especially to the young man who had spent the whole day out in the rain trying to secure a hope for position.

"There is no use," he said with a long-drawn sigh, "I've tried for the last time. Prosperity is not for everybody."

Lawyer Meyer laid down his evening paper.

"You have asked me to tell you how I got started, David, and I will. And I want you to profit by the rehearsal."

"After I had taken my course of law, had graduated with honors and obtained my diploma, I supposed myself qualified to enter upon the duties of a professional man. So I packed my satchel, and came to the city to look for an opening."

"The first man I applied to was Col. Hawkins, the now famous criminal lawyer. He was a particular friend of one of the professors and I supposed that my diploma would be all the introduction I should need—that he would actually take me into his confidence at once."

"You discovered your mistake, I presume?" interrupted the young man in a dejected tone.

"Yes, I discovered it. I went to the Colonel and told him my plans. I shall never forget the look he gave me. A look over a pair of steel-rimmed spectacles that told me that I was about the size of a speck."

"Young man," he said in a solemn one that made me shiver, "take my advice and never enter law! The profession is crowded to death! Men are actually starving, sitting in their office chairs, waiting for clients! There is no money in it, sir. Lawyers have had their day, and the rising generation must look for a new business."

"With that, he bowed and dismissed me."

"Of course, I did what any other young man would have done under similar circumstances—went back to the cheerless room on the third floor of my boarding house, with the blues. I considered Col. Hawkins an autocrat. If he said there was no chance in the profession, I accepted it as a foregone conclusion."

"What did you do then, sir?" asked David, his interest already becoming aroused.

"I was going to tell you what I did. While I sat there feeling so homesick, and wishing that I had never been born, Mrs. Green, my landlady, came in. She wanted to know what the trouble was, and I told her. She said Col. Hawkins ought to know, and advised me to abandon the idea of trying law. I was subject to advice and I accepted her counsel. 'But,' she said, 'cheer up. I can get you a position in a bank. I am sure of that, if you want it.'"

"Of course I wanted it. So she wrote a note to one of the bankers of the city, enclosed a letter of introduction and sent me out again, not forgetting to add the usual 'best wishes for success.'"

"I have often thought of it. How I put my hand on the railing and stepped into that bank that afternoon! Confidence lifting my feet as on a carpet of down. I imagined men using the size of the bank I would be proprietor of in a few years!"

"I handed my letter to a clerk, and he delivered it to some one behind a desk. Then he took his hat and went out, and I stood there and waited an hour at least."

"Finally a gray-haired old gentleman came out and said to me:

"You are the young man who brought this letter in, I believe?"

"Yes, sir."

"Ahem! Yes, well, please say to Mrs. Green that I am sorry not to be able to do her the favor, but we have no vacancies at present."

"I made no reply. Only stood and looked at him."

"Young man," he said at last, "take my advice and never attempt to learn banking. You could hope for nothing better than the position of bookkeeper for years, if ever, and it is nothing but a dog's life! Besides, the business is crowded, sir. There are more banks than there are people to support them. Every paper you pick up is full of bank failures."

"And he bowed me out."

"I went back to Mrs. Green and I told her the result. 'Well,' she said, 'Mr. Meyer ought to know. He has been in the business thirty years. How would you like to be a druggist?'"

"I told her I would like anything that was a paying business. She had a friend who was a druggist, and she was positive he wanted a clerk."

"So she wrote another note and a letter of introduction and sent me off to her druggist friend."

"I walked slower this time and it was just as well. The position had been filled before I got there."

"But just as I turned to leave the store, the proprietor, who was quite an old man, stopped me and said:

"Young man, don't expect an hour trying to be a druggist. I have been in the business forty years and I know what I am talking about. You've got to work like a slave, night and Sunday, not excepted, and probably in the end get sued for damages on account of some careless prescription clerk. Besides the business is overdone already. You will find a drug store springing up on every other corner. Take my word for it, there is no money in drugs."

"That night I sat in my room trying to decide which way to turn next, when Charlie Green, the fellow who roomed next to me, dropped in."

"Get the blues?" he asked.

"Yes, I have," I answered with a great sigh. "I am perfectly sick of the whole of it."

"O, please," he said in a cheerful tone that brightened me a little, "there are plenty of chances. You will get to work here. I believe the book business would just suit you. Why don't you try that?"

"I hadn't thought of it," I replied.

"Well, that will be just the thing for you," he said with great confidence. "I can help you on that, too. I am acquainted with a man in the book business and he wants a partner. There is your chance. I will go down with you in the morning and give you an introduction."

Then he rattled on for half an hour about subscription books and all other kinds of books. The fortunes that had been made out of them and the chances there were for young men in the business, and I went to bed with renewed hope.

"The next morning we went down to the office. Charlie introduced me and told the proprietor I wanted to learn the business."

"Want to learn the book business?" he exclaimed, as though there was something terrible in the very thought. "If you had had the experience I have you would never try handling books! It is the most tantalizing business on earth. Take a new subscription book, for instance. It treats of a popular topic and you know there is money in it. The books take, the agents secure large orders and everything looks prosperous. But wait till the delivery comes. Some of the subscribers have changed their minds, some of them moved away, and probably those whom the agent felt the surest of will have died of diphtheria or scarlet fever so that he can't see them at all! The result is, two-thirds of the books come back on your hands. It is the most discouraging business in existence. I don't want any partner. I want to sell out."

"Do you know of any opening in any kind of business?" I asked.

"No, sir, I do not," he replied, with a wild shake of the head. "Every profession and every branch of business under the sun is over-crowded! There is not even a possibility of success in anything."

"Charlie went to his work and I went back to my boarding house."

"Mrs. Green," I said in a dejected tone, "will you trust me for my board for two months?"

"Why, yes, Mr. Meyer, I will trust you," she replied. "What are you going to do?"

"I am going to open a law office. I have spent my time and money in fitting myself for a profession, and I propose to follow it and make a living out of it."

"That's a terrible idea! A small office and commenced business for myself. I have followed the practice of law ever

since and I have prospered. Any young man can do the same. Ask neither sympathy, assistance nor advice, but qualify yourself for the vocation you wish to follow and then go to work in earnest."

"Daniel Webster only voiced the experience of a life-time when he replied to a young man who asked him if there was a chance in his profession:

"Yes, sir, there is room at the top."

—(Detroit Free Press.)

The Famous Gems of Russia.

In the early part of the present century the attention of geologists was directed to Eastern Russia as a probable diamond region on account of its resemblance, in some of its natural features, to Brazil. A few years later these gems were actually discovered by Humboldt and Rose, on the west side of the Uralian chain, in the gold-bearing alluvium on the banks of the river Abolshak, seven feet above a stratum containing fossil remains of the mammoth, which has led some eminent scientists to conclude that the diamond of this region was formed since the extermination of this gigantic mammal. Since their first discovery these precious stones have been found scattered about the western declivity of the Ural, but not in large numbers as in the mines of South America and South Africa.

There is no country of modern times, unless it be Persia and Brazil, that has a more extensive collection of diamonds, and among of remarkable size and beauty, than Russia, many of them obtained by conquest, treaty, purchase or inheritance. The display of wealth in this gem at the London exposition of 1861 was unapproached. Among the exhibits from that country were a magnificent diamond comprising 1841 brilliants, 1212 rose diamonds, 11 very fine opals, and 67 rubies, besides a bouquet of diamonds made in imitation of the elegance and the life of the valley, and a wreath of diamonds representing the bryony-bearing pear-shaped emeralds. It is reported that a splendid necklace of twenty-two large brilliants, with pendants composed of fifteen diamonds of large size, forms one of the treasures of the Winter Palace.—(Jeweler's Weekly.)

Consciousness After Decapitation.

Mr. Hayen has read an interesting communication before the French Academy of Sciences upon the effect of transferring the blood of the horse into the head of a man that has just been decapitated. He did this, in the first place, when the head of a dog is suddenly severed from the body, the eyes for some time execute motions of anxiety, the jaws forcibly open and close, the eyes afterward become fixed, the nostrils dilate, the labial commissures contract, and the tongue contracts to the back of the mouth. A few seconds later, a few respiratory efforts are remarked, and finally the head becomes inert. These phenomena, as a whole, never last more than two minutes.

If, as soon as the decapitation has been effected, the carotids are put in communication with the carotid artery of a horse, the vital manifestations are observed to last for half an hour. Finally, if the transfusion is not effected until the head has become inert, the various vital manifestations mentioned above reappear, but definitely cease at the end of a few minutes.

Mr. Hayen concludes that the extinction of will and sensation is very rapid, if not immediate. Conscious life may, nevertheless, be prolonged for a moment by transfusion, when the operation is performed immediately after decapitation; but in the case of the recall to life of an inert head, nothing but automatic motions, without any trace of will, or consciousness even, can be perceived.

Morbid Impulses.

What is the cause of a person having a feeling as though he had to jump or throw himself down, while standing near the edge of the wall of a high building, or place 10 or 50 feet above the ground? This question is asked of the editor of the Herald of Health, and his answer in the journal is as follows: "This feeling is due, we think, to a sudden confusion of mind produced by the new situation in which one finds himself when brought to survey the prospect from a lofty elevation. It is a change in relation to one's surroundings that seems at first to set experience at fault, and the faculties of perception, therefore, are at first disturbed and out of coordination. Size, weight, locality, etc., in many persons may require time to adjust themselves to the new conditions. Men who are accustomed to work at great elevations—roofer, painter, etc.—do not as a rule suffer from such morbid sensations, because their faculties have become educated to the relations of altitude."

Particular People.

"Particular people make me tired," was the remark made by a restaurant keeper. "For fear of eating adulterated spices many customers grind their peppers at home, and carry bottles filled with them for use elsewhere. But the fiend who makes my life a burden carries around a peck of water filter, and ruins tablecloths in his vain attempt to filter his glass of water at table.—New York Sun.

ON THE CONGO.

A Land Reported to be Flowing With Milk and Honey.

An Explorer's Account of what He Saw in the Interior of Africa.

The hundreds of beautiful islands of the Congo, some of them ten to twenty miles long, are a rich and fertile land, the main land, says Lieut. Tanet in his report concerning his recent expedition to Africa. As a rule, both main land and islands are covered with dense forests, in which are to be found the rubber, gum copal, palm and other valuable trees. On the main land are occasional stretches of immense plateaus, which the elephants, buffalo and other game use for feeding grounds. The islands above Bahrata are covered with thousands of valuable oil palm trees.

The Congo abounds in most excellent food fish, which form a staple article of food on the upper river. The natives seldom eat the fish when fresh, but smoke or dry them. The man-eating crocodile is met with throughout the river, and in the region of the islands and small lakes the hippopotami are found. I have frequently met herds of fifteen or twenty of these beasts playing in the river. If disturbed in their breeding season they will attack passing canoes and sometimes steamers. One of the state functions has been lately injured by the tracks of a hippo.

Of the mineral wealth of the Congo valley there can be no question. The natives of all sections possess iron and copper in large quantities. The knives and spears are made of the iron and decorated with copper. Their brass ornaments are made from the makaka that they purchase in trade from the whites. I saw no gold or silver; the natives do not place any value in these metals. It has been reported that the Arabs have found gold in small quantities in the interior, above Stanley Falls.

The natives of the lower Congo are armed with dirk-like spears, but they are almost useless. They have no idea of marksmanship, and it is the exception when a man is killed in their tribal wars. In October, 1885, between M'Panza Manké and Vivi, I was in camp with nearly 200 of Mokoko's people (one of the most powerful chiefs on the lower river); his people were returning from the coast with rum, gin, etc., but with my native caravan and one other white man, I camped peacefully among these 600 natives as I could have done at Vivi. And again, one of the English mission is living alone at Lalete, and has been so for months, the nearest white man being fifty miles from him. The agents of the state never travel with a guard in the lower country, and the state limits its caravans to enough people for the transportation of their camp equipment only. As far as I could learn, there is no case on record during the last two years where a white man's caravan has been molested on the lower river.

The Hottentots are very cautious to the last degree; they rely for protection on the fetich charms, and the medicine men of the tribes have great influence. On the death of any person of note in the village the poison test is used. The medicine man designates the man or woman suspected of causing the death by charm or witchcraft. The poison is administered and if it acts as an emetic that signifies innocence; if, on the contrary, it kills, the guilty one is punished.

In some instances the laws of the Hottentots are very stringent. Stealing from each other is punished by death. Fighting or disorder in the market places is seriously punished, and if a firearm is used the punishment is death.

The market place, which usually covers some acres of ground, is used as a place of execution, and it is not an unusual sight to meet a skeleton hanging and bleaching on the sun or the outskirts of the market, or to find a broken market driven into the ground, which marks the spot where a man has been buried alive to his throat, his brains dashed out, then covered and the market driven into his body. All this to serve as a warning to others not to use firearms in the market place.

The native food of the lower Congo valley is principally peanuts and chiquango (made from the manioc root). On market days, fowls, eggs, goat and pork may be bought, and (on small quantities) sweet potatoes, peas, beans, onions and bananas.

As a rule I did not find the lower Congo people temperate; the native drink is malaka or palm wine, which, when fresh, is not at all intoxicating. They are fond of rum and gin, and these articles will go much further in trade than either cloth or beads. The native caravans demand rum or gin as a portion of their pay.

The women are slaves, there being no marriage laws.

Above Stanley Pool, and more particularly along the mouth of the Kongo river, the natives are entirely different race, both physically and intellectually. The greater part of these people are traders, and chief; they own many slaves, in fact, a rich population his villages

with slaves, the freedom of the village being the members of his own family. A singular fact is that slaves can in future own slaves; in fact, the men are more like retainers than slaves; the women bear this burden.

The Bird's Nest Swiftlet.

The true edible bird's nest swiftlet is a native of Ceylon and the Malay region, and it builds in caves where materials for architecture are necessarily scanty, or on sea cliffs of inaccessible height. More than most other swifts, this tropical species is a confirmed high-flyer, hawking for its food around the summits of the mountains and (most indisposed to settle on the ground on any pretext). Hence it has learned to carry to the furthermost point the family habit of making a nest quite literally, "all out of its own head," without the slightest extraneous aid of any sort.

The best and cleanest nests, which fetch the highest price, are composed entirely of pure mucus from the solitary glands. The material in its hardened state is brittle, fibrous, white and transparent, very like pure gum arabic, or even glass, and the inner lining consists of nothing but small soft feathers. In inferior nests, which command a smaller price in the Chinese markets, are composed in part of dry grasses, hair and down, welded together by the fibrous gummy secretion. In short, as Mr. Darns kindly puts it, "The Gains to make soup of dried catfish." This sounds horrible enough to be sure, but when we ourselves give up eating jelly with dinner and chicken, it will be time for us to eat the first steps at the Oriental cuisine.—(Cornhill.)

Perishing Hands.

R. N., of Detroit, writes to the Jeweler's Weekly: "There is no general remedy for perishing hands. A number of them have been suggested, among others the application of cold water, but all these are apt to endanger health. I always was troubled with perishing hands, and, although I employed every remedy I heard of or could think of, I am still troubled with them. All articles of steel or iron which I touched with my fingers were sure to rust in a day, and during my apprenticeship my employer made it a rule that I should touch no watch parts, whether large or small, with bare fingers, and when I could not avoid doing so, I had to rub the parts at once with an oiled rag. In the same manner did he insist that I rub all my bench tools with an oiled rag every evening before I laid them away, to which I am now accustomed that I do regularly from habit of habit. I find the practice an excellent one, for my tools and articles always remain bright and clean, and many of my fellow-workers consider them new and still unused. Thus, owing to the diligent use of the oiled rag, the perishing of my hands has no harmful effects."

A Well Trained Collier.

A writer in the Boston Post says: "Visiting a friend who has a young collier in process of education, I became dimly conscious of a sound of slamming doors. It began at a distance, as if each chamber had an occupant who wished to humiliate himself at that moment. It came nearer, and over our heads door after door was shut with a bang. Then it was explained as the collier burst into the room where I was sitting, and turning about, lifted his jaw and vigorously closed the door by which he had entered before coming proudly to his master for commendation. He had just acquired this accomplishment, and I learned that in his and he would make a tour of the house, from attic to basement, closing in a conscientious manner all the doors he might find open before presenting himself either for meals or for introductions."

The Deer's Slave.

Where there are few deer a big stag is generally accompanied by a small one, who acts as his slave. The driver of the latter never watches on a hillside while his master feeds a snug hole out of the wind, and to go in front when there is some prospect of danger. Any negligence is quickly punished by the horns or forefeet of his lord. One evening Lord Lyster, severely wounded a good stag, when another stag galloped back to keep him company. In his misfortune, a bullet finished the wounded beast, but still the deer's friend kept close by and would not leave the spot. His lordship had not the heart to shoot the poor beast after he had given proof of such devoted fidelity, and at last he almost to drive him away.—Montreal Star.

A Pathetic Story.

A writer in the Pall Mall Gazette recalls the late Philip Bourke Marston's brief fore-story. Blind from birth, when he was still a young man he became engaged to a beautiful young lady, and the time of their wedding was near at hand. They were together in the parlor one day. Suddenly he noticed that she no longer spoke to him. He called her, but there was no reply. He groped about the room in search of her, found her upon the sofa, and put his hand upon her face, only to find that she was dead of heart disease.

THE PAPAGOS.

A Remarkable Tribe of Christian Indians in Arizona.

An Agricultural People, Whose Greatest Enemies are the Apaches.

The Papagos are a remarkable tribe of Indians, who long ago accepted Christianity, and they must have been endowed with great powers of endurance, since, living on the very frontier of the dreaded Apache country, they have resisted the Apache attacks. To-day the Papagos, especially those found near San Xavier, are agriculturists and cultivate the rich bottom lands lying near the Santa Cruz river. Their dwellings are straw huts, a conical heap of sticks, which have generally a shed supported by poles in front of them. These Papagos raise wheat, barley, beans, and garden truck, but their methods of agriculture are very crude. Their thrashing is carried on in the usual manner, by means of horses and the winnowing is done by tossing the straw in the air. To grind their grain the most primitive methods are used. The women slowly working the grain into flour by means of hand stones. As potters they have some merit, their ollas or water jars, being excellent, and in great demand throughout the region.

They are a law abiding and peaceable people, have always been friendly to the whites, and when emigrant trains were en route for California their protection has been often found of great service against roving Indians. It is probable that, at the instigation of the whites, they had a hand in the massacre of the Apaches at Camp Grant, some twelve or fourteen years ago. That they have been inimical to the Apaches for a very long period is quite evident from the fact that even today, when an attack is hardly possible, a moment's caution is invariably not in position on the high ground, and he scans the hills and plains around him.

They can hardly be called strictly nomads, but if anything is left under their charge it is as a very guarded thing. Their religion is a strange mixture of Christianity and their old original beliefs. The festivals of the Church are observed, as are their own dances. Each tribe has a chief, or cacique, who is elected. Their civil is a mixture of law and custom. To ease a man's conscience, he may alone for his crime by fasting forty days and leaving away from a house, sleeping out on the hills.

Their condition is not a fortunate one, as they have not been benefited by civilization influences. The introduction of the land laws is perplexing to them, and there is an indication on the part of the white settlers to crowd them out. They occupy an anomalous condition, and not being the words of the American people, are therefore not the recipients of either riches, clothes or money.

The cathedral of San Xavier is an adobe church erected by the Franciscan order in 1792, and surrounded on a desert plain twenty miles south of Tucson, Arizona, not far from the Santa Cruz river. Its preservation is a remarkable fact, due to the capricious character of the climate and the absence of rain. No service has been held at the cathedral for the last twelve years. The porch of the cathedral, with its arched tower, and wall, suggests the power to resist at least, but at 45° the Apache must have been a enemy, whose attacks were made by the desert. The interior of the church is richly decorated. The altar decorations are designs taken from Biblical sources. Possibly the Franciscan fathers employed native talent, whose ideas of art was but crude.

The United States government has appointed Mr. Hart as surgeon among the Papagos, and he acts as school master and doctor.—(Harper's Weekly.)

Curing the Measles by a Tumble.

One of the most remarkable pathological cases on record has just occurred at Pittsburgh. A patient in the hospital suffering from measles jumped out of one of the windows at 4 o'clock in the morning, and fell a distance of four or five yards into the garden. He was at the time at the period of the strongest eruption. Awakened by the rum caused by the fall, he walked about in his nightshirt for some time, then, three minutes standing at right angles below the jumping point, until he succeeded in waking the concierge, when he returned to bed.

The next day his complaint had entirely disappeared. This mode of cure, however, is not generally recommended by the faculty.—Paris Gleaner.

The Whittling Judge.

The newest philosophy of Judge Howe of Indianapolis is whittling, and while on the bench he works industriously with his penknife. When knotty problems arise he makes the shavings fly faster, but on ordinary occasions he labors in the easy fashion peculiar to the country store keeper. He carries a supply of soft pine in his pocket, and every day when the court adjourns the judicial seat is surrounded by shavings in quantities large enough to make glad the heart of the engineer in the collar.—(Chicago Times.)

Amblition.

Amblition on life's desert plain,
Looks through the telescope of years,
Faintly, faintly, faintly,
See First and Fortune's distant dreams,
Far Hope's illusive summer dreams,
But urge the tired traveler on,
The mirage of Future's beckoning years,
And rise on the burning air.

Then disappear, faintly, faintly,
That which dwells in future's hour,
Out beyond the canyon of hope,
And pass the view with faded breath,
To escape life and coming death,
And leave to him who has the power,
And energy and soul, to cheer,<
To lighten on the path.

HUMOROUS.

A loud organ.—The thimble.
The cook is the proper party to hold the steady.

Is a woman fondly dressed, when her garments rustle in the wind?

The blacksmith is the worst kind of a bore. He can make a wheel tire.

A sermon is always short to the woman who waits a long time for the first time.

There may be more wit in a divorce to kill a cat, but only a little enough for one cat.

The small boy at his spelling lesson is like a postage stamp he often gets stuck on a letter.

"Luxuries are high this year," said the small boy as he climbed for the preserves in the upper shelf.

It doesn't always follow that because a woman has a tender heart she is willing to make up with the first tender.

A merchant who advertised for "a man to take charge of the shoe department," received a call from a professor of shoeing.

In Hooley's last illness, when he was wanted to a shadow, a similar position was to be applied to his chest. "Ah, doctor," said the poor patient, shaking faintly, "it has been a deal of trouble to a little meat."

Quaint Nan—Send me your face looks familiar. Ah! you the dentist who pulled a tooth for me in Frank City? Stranger—Used to live in Frank City, but I am not a dentist. I was a justice of the peace for some years there. "Oh, now I know. You are the man that married me."

The Red Man's Domestic Life.

It must be said for the Indian that he keeps good hours. Darkness usually finds him in bed, and daylight, the pines of heaven and the warms of blushing, bring him to be counted upon to raise him in the first blush of dawn. The toilet is soon performed. In summer it is limited to a strip of cloth and a long downy sheet, satisfying him in a quietude of mind for breakfast. In winter it is a more elaborate, but is even then compared in a judicious section of blankets and robes for the day's wear, choosing from those in which he has passed the night a greater or less quantity, according to the inclemency of the weather. The Indian goes to bed as he does, with his boots on. He washes never. In all things save eating, horses and the labor of women, he is scrupulously economical. He wastes nothing. A few sticks of wood, and they are always unspiced small, suffice to keep his little tobacco pipe warm in the severest weather. If the night is cold, and they frequently are, the lodge door at night is a writhing mass of Indians, great and small, lying closely together for warmth. Night has few attractions for those who believe that it was made to sleep by. Their savage fancy, their fire, people it with fiendish spirits, whose presence means no kind of influence is always evil, boiling death and destruction. Nothing short of the direct necessity will induce them to move at night, and no form of amusement can be indulged in, or attractive enough to draw on Indian from the blanket which he seeks close of day.—N. Y. Graphic.

Before and