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Christmas Land.

Who has the key of Christmas land? When the bonfire shines. And the holly twines, Carollers sing-a merry band-And stars are bright o'er that fair strand-Who has the key of Christmas land?

Light are the hearts in Christmas land, In each group you meet There are faces sweet. Bosons young and guileless are there,

And brows not yet wrinkled with care-Who has the key of Christmas land? Dear baby hearts in Christmas land. We want to be near.

And join in your cheer When the tree with the strange fruit bends, And you wait for what Santa sends-Who has the key of Christmas land?

Love has the key of Christmas land ; Oh, come, cherub love, With wings like the dove. Spread over hearts thy light of peace, Sow for a harvest full of increase-Open the gates of Christmas land.

Open the gates of Christmas land, There is much to do. And the days are few. Bid all men set charity free, By thy grace let us see there be None of God's poor in Christmas land.

THE PRINCE'S RETURN

A CHRISTMAS SKETCH.

A few small dead leaves came rustling down Happy Court; the wind had blown them off the poplar tree in the corner by the pump.

Babbie counted them, for he stood at the window of the shabbiest house in the court with his nose flattened against the window-pane.

"One, two, three, four, five!" he said, counting the dead leaves.

Presently he put his hand in his pocket, and began jingling the pennics

"One, two, three, four," he said. coh, dear, but there ought to be five. For a pen-wiper costs five, and the old hely won't take any less!

The house opposite had a tall green bush showing at the window, and the three little Smiths were dancing around making faces the beckoning across said wistfully: to Bobbie.

"No, I won't," said Bobbie, as though they could hear him, "I ain't going to come over. I'm going to stay here till si-ter Mary comes."

Just then a tall girl turned the corner of the street and came merrily up the court. She had hair as yellow as Bobbie's, and the same eyes of startled brown, Bobbie rushed down the rickety stairs and opened the door for

"Did you see the butcher man, round the corner, and his little pigs with the holly in their mouths? And the candy store with the pink and white Kriss Kringles, and the grocery ---

"Yes, yes, Bobbie," she said, patting his eager head; "now let me sit down a while and rest myself, and thea Ill tell you of all the fine sights I've seen to-

So Bobby pulled out the big chair by the window, and ran to hang up her hat and coat, Staying in the lonesome house all day long by himself, had made

him as tidy and thoughtful as a girl. Then Mary sat down in the chair with Bobbie at her feet, and told him of all the wonderful things in the up-town shon windows

Bobbie's eyes grew like stars; he sighed softly to himself, and in his excitement pulled out the pennics from his pocket, and began counting them over once more.

It was a poor little room; the carpet was so patched that it looked like a coat of many colors, and the curtains were threadbare. The paper on the wall that had once been full of gay-colored boughs and blossoms, now showed only a few sickly leaves sprawling against a dingy white.

But the rosy little fire flickered and fluttered, and the sun falling in a patch upon the floor brought the poplar shadows with it; and Bobbie's yellow hair and Mary's together, made warmth and color for what would else have been a

So Mary came to the end of the sights she had seen, and Bobby asked:

"Is that all? And its most like the Prince, ain't it, Mary?' "A little," said Mary, smiling to her-

self, for she knew what was coming next. "Once there was a Prince," began

"was it a long time ago, He always asked this question here,

and Mary always gave him the same an wer, and sighed:

"A long time ago, Bobbie."

"And he was tall and handsome and

wanted, and then ---" "And then he went away," inter- strangest story to Bobbie and her. rupted Bobbie, "and never came back

any more,"

for him," said Mary. he could remember the Princess, and Louis Magazine.

that he had known her. And had not AN INDIAN AGENCY. her eyes been brown as his Mary's? "I feel sorry for the Princess," he said.

VOL. X.

Then Mary kissed him. He jingled his pennies once more. "Do you think pen-wipers are nice,

Mary?" "Very nice," said his sister; "and those little red and black on a around the corner are just beautiful."

"Ain't they?" cried the delighted Bobbie. 'Two little black blocks and one little red one. Oh, Mary, but they're five cents, and I've only got four."

She held out the coveted penny. "I think Katie Smith might like one for a Christmas gift."

"Oh, no, no, no!" shouted Bobbie, "but it's not for Katie Smith; it's

Then he put both hands over his foolish little mouth and chuckled softly. "You'd better go away, or you might tell me secrets," laughed Mary.

And Bobbie, chuckling harder than ever, ran out into the street.

The little old lady who kept the little old shop where he had spied the penwipers, was very busy that afternoon, The tiny place was full of old-fashioned people who were buying her searlet mittens, or her dainty tasseled hoods and jackets, or even the glass-eyed cantonflannel elephants that stood in her windows and stared out at the naughty

Bobbie slipped into a corner, away from the crowd of buetling people and

Presently the doc: bell tinkled, and another customer came in. He was a tall man with a very brown face, and he wore a shaggy coat that fell down to his heels. He stood there at the door and scanned the faces of the buyers, one by one. Then he caught Bobbie's eyes, and

smiled down at bim. "I'm looking for somebody," he said, "but I can't find her after all," Now the smile died out of his face and a sad look came instead.

A queer idea was in Bobbie's head. He looked up at the shaggy man and

"Are you the prince? Are you looking for the princess? Dil you go away and never came back any more, till now?" "Who told you all that?" asked the

shaggy man. "My sister," said Bobbie; "it's a story. Once there was a prince and he loved the princess; but he went away and never came back any more,"

"That's a sad story," sail the shaggy "It's good enough for Happy Court,"

said Bobbie; and oh, but t'est was a wise thing for him to say. "There's only Mary and me," he be-

gan, but just then the old lady called, "And what can I do for you, sir?" and he went forward to buy his little red and black pen-wiper. He looked very important as he

trotted out into the street, with his precious present tied up carefully in pink in a great village about a mile from the blotting paper. He opened a corner of agency. A great many live, even durthe tiny package, and let the man who ing the intense cold of a Dakota winter, had followed him take a peep at it.

for only five cents?"

she use it often---does she write a great burning in the centre of the carthen deal. Your sister?"

shadow less happy, "but-" and his Indians build their village in a broad face lit up again, --- "she used to, when bottom thickly overgrown with dwarf we didn't live in Happy Court; letters willows. In addition to this, two or and letters, and they went out to a big three families pitch their tents together ship in the water-way off over the and build a high hedge or fence of

Happy Court.

But the man caught him fast by the arm. a white man to live through a winvou somewhere before? Now tell me the cold as well as on account of the

"No, you haven't," said Bobbie promptly; "and I never saw you either." I am a fool. Merry Christmas, laddie!" vellow light and the falling dead leaves, a bundle of dry sticks twice her size.

ran Bobbie as fast as he could. But the of the shabby little room.

be-au-tiful!"

Mary's head came out of the darkness by the cupboard door.

"Well, Bobby," she began-but there she stopped and stood still as a stone. "And the Prince came back again,"

"And he was going to marry her," bie had never hear! her cry before,

It was about a ship and a storm and spring, but the oxen have to content an island all alone in the sea. It was themselves with what willow tops and "Though as long as she lived, the about letters unanswered and a long wild lose bushes they are able to find, Princess thought he would, and waited spel at sickness and weary months of They suffer greatly from the cold, and seek ... It was all about the Prince in the spring it is not unusual to see oxen you?' Bobbie always looked solemn when who came back once more to the beauti- covered with raw, hairless patches as

Scenes at the Issue of Annuities at Fort Yates.

How the Indians Pass the Winter Near the Agency.

I had not been long at the Standing Rock Agency, Fort Yates, Dakota says a writer in the New York Sun, when the regular issue of annuities was made to the Indians of the reservation. The Indians received their articles in a room about thirty feet square, surrounded on three sides by counters piled high with annuity goods. Along the other side of the room were the desks of the clerks. inspector, Indian agent, &c. When I reached the building, there was a string of Indians pressing against the door like a lot of theatre-goers at the box office on a first night. It was only by actually taking hold of and pushing some of the evil-smelling fellows aside that I was able to reach the door at all.

When I entered a blanket full of various articles was being dragged out of the opposite door. With me had entered an Indian to receive his issue, As soon as he entered a blanket was spread on the floor, and a glib-tongued young clerk began to rattle off the list of things that the Indian and his family were to receive. In a moment the air was literally thick with articles. Trousers, pails, caps, shawls, blankets, stockings, tin plates and cups, woven wire mattresses, butter knives, boxes of axle grease, woolea scarfs, mittens, axes, canvas, needles, thread and cotton shirts, all rained down in the most bountiful manner upon the blanket, which was then gathered at the four corners and dragged to the floor, where its new owner received it.

While all of the Indians receive certain articles, those who have made the most progress in civilization and have been most subordinate during the past year are specially favored, and it is the further carrying out of the policy here indicated that is so rapidly turning the Sioux Indians from their savage habits to those of civilization. The principal articles are always issued in the early winter, in order that the Indians may be as comfortable as possible during that cold season. Other things, such as horses, ploughs, wagons, harness, oxen, etc., are issued in the spring, when they are most needed to help the

Indians in their agriculture. Some of the Indians accept civilized customs with great reluctage: A day or two after the issue I saw spring mattresses used to soften the joltings of their wagons, and axle grease used as butter, while trousers were in almost

every case transformed into leggins. The issue of annuities signifies to the Indians that winter has really come, and immediately after it those Indians who have spent the warmer months wandering about the prairies come in and camp in canvas tents, or tepees. These are "It's for my sister. Ain't it beautiful made circular, and are left open at the top to allow the escape of the smoke "Very," said the man gravely. "Will from a small wood fire always kept floor. In order to protect themselves "Well, no," said Bobbie, looking a from the cold as much as possible, the brushwood around them to break the Now they had reached the corner of force of the wind. The lower edge of the tent is piled a foot high with sods "Good-bye," said Bobbie blithly. and earth. It would be difficult for "Little boy," he said, "haven't I seen ter in one of these tepees, on account of smoke with which they are always filled when the fire is burning. The squaws perform all of the manual labor, "Well," said the shaggy man, "I guess and I have seen old, bent, wrinkled Downthe Court through the windy deep snow, each bearing upon her back

Some of the indians have built themman followed him. He followed him up selves small log houses and have been the rickety stairs and to the very door provided with stoves. This transition from the tepee to the house is one of the "Oh, Mary," cried Bobbie, "it's just hardest for the indians to make. In ilized tribes of wandering gypsies.

Nearly all of the Indians own ponies and many own oxen. As soon as the first snow falls these animals are seen harnessed to sleighs of the Indians' own said the shagey man from the doorway. construction. The sleighs are made en-Then something wonderful happened. | tirely of wood, deftly hewn into proper Bobbie saw it with his own two beauti- shape with the axe, and fastened toful eyes. The shaggy man took Mary gether by wooden pins. Even during young; and he dearly loved the Princess into his arms, and she put her head the coldest weather, the Indians' ponies down on his shoulder and cried as Bob- and oxen are turned loose to provide for themselves. The ponies are accustomed said Mary, "and give her everything she And the shaggy man kissed her, and to that sort of thing, and, paw the snow kept on kissing her, and he told the from the ground and manage to find enough grass to keep them alive until

CHILDREN'S COLUMN.

A Very Good G'rl. Our merry little daughter Was climbing out of bed-Don't you think that I'm a good girl?" Our little daughter said; For all day long this lovely day, And all day long to-morrow,

I have n't done a single thing,

To give my mother sorrow!"

An Ant Funeral. Some of our readers may think that the following description has a romantic sound, but it is extracted from the "Proceedings of the Linnæin Society," having been communicate; to that learned bedy by an observer in Australia. The writer saw a large number of ants surrounding those that he had killed, and determined to watch their proceedings closely. Accordingly, he followed four or five that started off from the rest toward a hillock a short distance off, in which was an ants' nest. This they entered, and in about five minutes they reappeared, followed by others. All fell into rank, walking regularly and slowly, two by two, until they arrived at the spot where

lay the bodies of the soldier ants. In a few m nutes, two of the ants adtheir comrades; then two others, and so on until all were ready to march. First stacles or scares by which the elephants walked two ants, bearing a body, then two without a burden, then two others with another dead ant, and so on until through the purposely undisturbed junpairs and the procession now moved slowly onward, followed by an irregular body of about 200 ants. Occasionally the two laden ants stoppe I, and lay- If it meets with any chopped branches ing down the dead body it was taken up by the two walking unburdened behiad them, and thus by occasionally relieving each other they arrived at a san-

dy spot near the sea. The body of ants now commenced digging with their jaws a number of holes in the ground, into each of which a dead ant was laid. Then they fell to and filled up the graves. This did not quite finish the remarkable circumstances attending this pasect funeral. Some six or seven of the ants had attempted to run off without performing their share of the task of digging; these were caught and brought, back, when they were at once attacked and killed upon the spot. A single grave was quickly dug, and they were all dropped into it,

The Prophet's Namesake.

Willie was asleep, and Dan was lonely. Willie is the minister's youngest son. and Dan is his dog. It was Sunday morning, and every one was at church but these two friends, and they had been at play in the havloft.

It was warm and sunny, and through the loft window they could plainly hear the good minister preaching, for their house was next door to the church.

"Dan," said Willie, stretching himself out on the nice, soft hav, "it is better here than at church, for you can hear every word, and don't get prickles down your back as you do when you kheddah itself, where at first all seems have to sit up straight,'

In some way, while Willie was listening, and watching the dusty motes riding on the sunbeams, he fell asleep.

Dan kissed him on the nose several times, but when Willie went asleep he went to stay, and did not mind trifles. Dan gave it up at last. He sat down with the funniest look of care on his vent them from yielding to the rush of wise black face, and with one car ready | the elephants trying to escape from their

for outside noises. this Sunday morning, "Daniel." Alas! fence adds greatly to its strength. The this was the name he always gave Dan elephant sees the newly dug earth when he was teaching him to sit up and and fears a pitfall. Its feet beg, and other tricks. While the dog sink into mud and water, and the was in the hayloft thinking, the name force of its charge against the fence "Daniel" fell into the ready ear. Dan itself is thus broken. Presently, when at once jumped down and ran into the all the herd have entered the inclosure, church through the vestry door. He ponderous gate is closed behind them stool on his hind legs, with his fore- and this gate has to be stoutly fortified, naws meekly drooping, close beside the and also defended by a number of men, minister, who did not see him. But firing blank cartridges in the face of any ones trudging homeward through the the congregation did. When the minis- elephant that charges at them. In the ter shouted "Daniel" again, two sharp same way, the whole circle of the sonrano barks said "Yes, sir," as plainly | kheddah is lined on its outer side with as Dan could answer.

then he coughed and wondered what cally collapses, and tries to shelter itself he should do next. But just then in whatever cover may still be found this respect they resemble the more civ- through the vestry came Willie, with from the trees and jungle left standing oits of hay sticking to his golden curls, in the inclosure. -[Longman's Maga-His face was rosy from sleep, and he zinc. ooked a little frightened. He walked traight toward his father, and took Dan in his arms and said, "Please | before removing the soap scrup them scuse Dar, papa. I wented asleep and ne runned away." Then he walked out gain with Dan, looking back at the

miling congregation. The minister ended his sermon on Daniel as best he could; but then he made a resolve that if he ever preached about the prophet Daniel again he would remember to tie up his little black and lan namesake. - | Our Little Ones.

Hypocrisy.

Ethel. "Mamma, I am writing to Nellie Lee; shall I say anything for

Mamma. "Writing to that conure!"---[Harper's Bazar.

ELEPHANT HUNTING.

How the Monstrous Brutes are Captured Alive in India.

Oriving the Animals Into a Funnel-Shaped Inclosure.

The first thing to be done is to find the herd of elephants which it is inended to hunt. Its position has been previously ascertained, as nearly as possible; but of course a few days or a few hours may have made some great changes, and some sudden alarm may have driven them all right away, or the herd may have become divided, or it may turn out that another herd has approached it and may be induced, by adroit manœuvering, to join it. The herd having been found, without its being alarmed, the next thing is to surround it at a distance by a light cordon of men, and guide its unconscious steps toward the kheddah in which it is to be inclosed and captured. The general idea of a kheddah may be taken from an open pair of compasses, of which the round head or hinge represents the inclosure into which the elephants are to be vanced and took up the body of one of driven; while the outspread arms of the compass represent the long lines of obare prevented from straying to one side or the other, so that they advance the line was extended to about forty gle in the centre, between the gradually converging lines of obstacles in the kheddah or inclosure already mentioned. The elephant is a timid and cautious animal. of trees, or indications of the presence of man, or anything to which its eyes are maccustomed, it will not advance in that direction. The real diffiulty of the hunter lis in makag their lateral lines of obstacles sufficiently obvious to the elephants with-

out alarming them too much. At this early stage of the proceedings not a man should show himself, lest the wild elephants should be frightened and make a stampede. The animal should be left to pride himself on his own langer, in consequence of which he advances in what seems a safe direction. But as the devoted herd gets further and simultaneously the visible obstacles along the sides have to be much strengthened and effectively guarded, to prevent the hard from breaking through them. As the elephants actually approach the kheddah itself there is no longer any concealment on the part of the hunters. The firing of guns and the beating of drums, and loud shouts and noises, with long lines of fires, made

out of the dried grass and brushwood.

which have been collected for this pur-

pose, compel the affrighted animals to

push oaward, until they finally enter the

comparatively silent and safe. With regard to the actual kheddah or inclosure, in which the elephants are captured, a few words may suffice. It is, of course, surrounded by a fence; but the posts and rails are huge trees and large branches stoutly intertwined. and strongly supported by groins to precaptors. And if there is time to dig it. Now the minister had for his subject | a comparatively small ditch inside the men, firing guns and brandishing torches The minister started back, looked to repel the charges of the elephants, around and saw the funny little picture; until the whole herd morally and physi-

Cure for Chapped Hands.

Wash the hands with fine soap, and with a tablespoonful of Indian meal, rinsing thoroughly with soft tepid water, wipe the hands perfectly dry, then rinse them in a very little water containing a teaspoonful of pure glycerine, rubbing the hands together until the water has evaporated. The glycerine must be pure or it will irritate instead of healing.

Caught,

He-What will you have, dear, candy She-No, Edward, get me some popcorn, please.

pops. - Harper's Bazar.

Coursing the Jack-Rabbit.

One of the most exhilarating sport known in the West is the jack-rabbi coursing on the plains. It is not in dalged in in the Eastern States to an extent, owing to the lack of plains and jack-rabbits. But to many a man who has lived in the West the mere mention of the words will call up a train o memories of stirring dashes over the snow-covered prairies after the rabbi and hounds.

A brace of racing greyhounds held with a leash, followed by a score o more of lovers of the sport on horseback start out on a bracing winter morning when there is a light covering of snov on the ground, for the places where the jack-rabbits are wont to congregate The jack-rabbit is unknown to the east ern part of this country. He is the counterpart of the English hare. He i larger than the common rabbit or "cot ton tail." He has long legs, and in race is a runner worthy the attention o the fleetest of greyhounds. The coursers search in the snow for a fresh jack-rabbit track and follow it up. When the abbit is spied the hounds are let loose and rush after him. The whole crowd of horsemen follow after, whooping and yelling and urging on their horses to the top of their speed.

The hounds do not at first attempt to catch the rabbit. They are too wary for that. They simply try to run him down The jack-rabbit is an expert at dodging and the hounds try to head him of whenever he attempts to make a sharp turn. At last by superior strength, and the advantage of two to one, they suc ceed in tiring him out, and he falls ar easy victim. Every time a hound heads the rabbit off it is a point in his favor. Two points are placed to the credit of the dog which catches the rabbit, A referce, mounted on a swift, sure horse, leads the followers of the dog and mark the points. In this way it is decided which hound wins, Stakes of fron \$25 to \$100 are usually up on these races .-- [Boston Transcript.

The Sparrow Nuisance. The English Sparrow is an enemy our native songsters and drives then eleverness at having detected signs of away; he is the foe of the gardener and fruit grower, because he expels the in sectivorous birds, and then solaces him self with the young plants, the buds and and further into the funnel of the con- the fruit; he is destructive to the grape verging lines, much stronger measures crop, and a rapicious feeder thereupon. have to be adopted. Considerable Intendays, Sparrows in Australia robbec pressure is put on them from behind, to a single vineyard of three thousand urge them on in the right direction; pounds of grapes. This bird is an enemy to the grain growth, and destroys the grain in the milk, as well as cat and wastes it in the ripened head. He defiles buildings and destroys the vines that cling to them. He is not a destroyer of insects. These boldy festoon the haunts of the Sparrow with web; and fasten their cocoons to them. At first he had the reputation of destroying caterpillars, and the measuring worm. But now York has proven by observation, that the caterpillar thrives where the Sparrow most abounds, and the same conclusion is reached by more than one English entomologist. The loss from Sparrows in England is put at four million dollars a year. In Australia the loss is greater, and in the United

can Agriculturist.

Wonderful Skill with a Rifle. B. A. Bartlett of Randolf, in this state, is a remarkable rifleman. In a recent exhibition of his skill he is said to have hit a common white bean at a distance of twenty-five yards, holding his rifle in various positions. He also hit a postal card that was set up edgewise. Using a thirty-two calibre ball he shot through a thirty-two calibre pistol barrel, the bullet splitting on a knife blade on the further end of the revolver barrel and each half of the bullet breaking an egg. He ignited a parlor match held by a person at the target stand, knocked the ashes from cigars and concluded by shooting a bean from the nose of a friend who had sufficient confidence in his skill to permit the attempt, All these remarkable shots are vouched for by reputable witnesses, --- | Chicago

An Unexplored Country.

Morocco is sometimes called the "China of the West," for it is fully as much behind the times, and is even known about some parts of it to-day than there is about the centre of Africa. Its area has never been accurately com-Mediterranean, are unexplored, and camps forever in the groves and green many of its inland cities have never fields of paradise. - [Washington Star. been entered by a European. -[Cosmo-

The Cause of It.

taken) --- I think the expression about the wig." mouth, John, is too firm.

it shut, my dear. - New York Sun.

One square, two insertions -

The Chatham Record

RATES

One square, one month -

For larger advertisements liberal contracts will be made.

Wealth Untold. Seek your treasure, and you'll find

It exists but in the mind. Wealth is but the power that hires Blessings that the heart desires; And if these are mine to hold Independently of gold, And the gifts it can bestow,

I'm richer than I know!

Rich I am if, when I pass 'Mid the daisies on the grass, Every daisy in my sight Seems a jewel of delight! Rich am I, if I can see Treasure in the flower and tree, And can hear 'mid forest leaves Music in the summer eves; If the lark that sings aloud, On the fringes of the cloud, Scatters melodies around Fresh as raindrops on the ground; And I bless the happy bird

For the joy it has conferred; If the tides upon the shore Chant me anthems evermore; And I feel in every mood That life is fair and God is good! I am rich if I possess

Such a fund of happiness And can find where'er I stray Humble blessings on the way, And deserve them ere they're given

By my gratitude to heaven. -[Chambers' Journal.

A watch that don't run doesn't need

HUMOROUS.

The most insane of the cereals is undoubtedly cracked wheat, Money is so tight now that some people haven't even any loose change.

A poet sings: "A little further on I shall find rest." Keep him moving. The man who is slow to express an

opinion might just as well send it by

The thing that a woman always knows best is how some other woman

ought to dress. Odd, isn't it, but people who pass their lives, so to speak, on beds of

down, seldom get down in the mouth. Giving slippers to clergymen has gone out of fashion. The disobedient ch ldren get them just the same, however. George Westinghouse, Jr., inventor of the air brake, is worth \$9,000,000. This is, perhaps, the largest fortune

ever made out of wind. When you see a man on a moonlight night trying to convince his shadow that it is improper to follow a gentleman, you may be sure it is high time for him

to join a temperance society. Daughter-Wasn't Julius Cresar one of the strongest men that ever lived. pa? Father-What makes you ask that question? Daughter-I was just reading that he threw a bridge over the Rhine.

Six Stricken Sioux.

In 1881 I was hunting some lost

horses in the broken country west of the Big Horn river, I had ridden all the morning over a country that was strange our Casar feeds on more toothsome to me. About eleven o'clock I crossed meat. The State Entomologist of New | a plateau, and was surprised to come su ldenly to the edge of a canvon, the existence of which I had not even suspected. In the canyon was a stream with clumps of cottonwood timber along its banks, and in one of the open spaces was an Indian lodge. The Indians that hunted in that country were peaceable. but the war was just over, and the States it passes computation. - [Ameri- Sioux was feeling very sore. If they were Crows or Arapahoes I might get some information about my horses. I lay down and watched. No smoke came from the tepee; no one moved around it; half a dozen ponies grazed a few hundred yards distant. There was not even a dog, which looked rather suspicious. After waiting five minutes I knew no more than at first, Suddenly three white-tailed deer came from the timber and walked leisurely across the opening, Then I knew that the camp was descried, and the strangeacss of it startled me. I mounted and rode down to the creek, and straight to the tepee. I threw back the flap, and I shall remember what I saw until death. In the centre of the tence was spread a buffalo robe and on the robe were guns and scalps and many arrows; and sitting cross-legged in a circle around the robe were six braves of the Sioux Nation. All were in their prime -all decked out in war paint, and each one held a bow and arrow in his hand. On every face was an expression of calm indifference, as of one who neither suffers nor enjoys, neither hopes more of a mystery. There is really less nor fears. The faces were those of dead men, and small-pox had marked them with its awful mark. They took their misery with their heads up, and puted, and its population has been vari. even the horrors of this disease could ously estimated at from two and a half leave upon their hearts no stain of fear, to eight millions; the very names of the upon their brows no marks of suffering. tribes that compose it being unknown. And this that their God might judge Its high mountains, the loftiest on the them men, and fit them to pitch their

A Hard Hit,

"If I were bald as you," said Gus Smith to one of the most prominent Wife (who has had her photograph citizens of Austin, "I would wear a

"I don't see why you should ever they came to this part of the story. In ful, faithful Princess. "So they mar-some inexplicable way he thought that riel and were happy ever after,"--[St. of frost bites received the winter be-ny love. How I detest that girl, to be doesn't need any roof." -- [Siftings.