

The Chatham Record.

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For larger advertisements liberal concessions will be made.

Mayhe Land. Beyond where the marshes are dark and wide. A leader of red and gold. When the sun has sunk in the shining tide of the clouds that the night view mold.

A Tale of Pioneer Life.

On the third day of May, 1897, a pioneer on the Solomon River, Kansas, heard the reports of rifles to the west of him just as he had finished breakfast. His name was Cherry, and his family consisted of a wife and two boys. Only one of the boys was at home at the time. He was a lad of 12, named John. The Indians had been early and menacing all winter, and every white man knew that an outbreak was likely to occur in the spring.

Cherry closed and barricaded the doors, and made ready to hold out as long as possible. Two hours passed quietly, and then the settler argued that the firing must have come from a party of hunters. In order to satisfy himself on this point he slipped out of the back door into the brush, intending to go up the river to the other cabin. He had gone only a quarter of a mile when five Indians fired on him from an ambush. Every bullet, as they afterward related, inflicted a mortal wound. Cherry fell to the earth, but as they rushed forward to reap him he killed the foremost man with a shot, and then drawing his knife, he attacked the others and cut two of them badly before he fell down and died.

The reports of the rifles warned Mrs. Cherry of what had happened to her husband. He had taken the rifle while she had a shotgun and Johnny had a single-barreled pistol. They did not have long to wait. A band of nine warriors came toward the front of the house waving a white shirt as a flag of truce, and when within ten feet of the door the leader called to the occupants of the house: "We must hunt you if you open the door!"

"If you try to get in we shall shoot!" replied Mrs. Cherry. The Indians laughed in derision, and four of five stepped forward to burst in the door. Mrs. Cherry and Johnny quietly retreated to the back door, hoping to get clear of the house, but as they opened it two warriors were found there on guard. Mother and son fled together, and the two men fell, but before the fugitives had run a hundred yards they were overtaken.

Mrs. Cherry and Johnny were taken to the other settlers, whose name was Robinson. He had been shot down in his door, and his wife and sisters were prisoners. The house had been ransacked and set afire, and one of the Indians had Robinson's scalp at his girdle. The prisoners, who now numbered four, and were guarded by only two men, were conducted along a small creek which emptied into the Solomon, and after marching about seven miles were halted in a grove.

The grove had been named as a rendezvous, and the four prisoners were the first to reach it. One of the guards had an old wound in the side, and about an hour after reaching the grove he pulled off his shirt to dress it. Mrs. Cherry's arms were so securely bound that she could not release them. They had been more careless in the case of the boy. As the two Indians were employed with the wound the lad worked his arms loose, and with an encouraging nod from his mother he made a rush for the rifles. With one of them he shot the wounded Indian dead. The other was wrested from him before he could fire, but he turned and ran and got clear away, dodging the bullet as it after him, and the surviving Indian did not dare to pursue him for fear the women would get away. This brought the dead up to four. What happened to the lad after his escape no one will ever know, as no trace was ever discovered. I myself was employed for nearly six months searching for him after peace came, but nothing came of it. He was not killed as he was wounded about; neither was he retaken. I believe he perished on the plains from exhaustion.

The remaining Indian sat with his rifle across his knee and gazed at the women and a band of seven or eight

of his companions came in. They had as prisoners two children belonging to a family named Haselt, a woman named Dowering, and a boy, 10 years old, named Lawton. This boy had been living with an uncle named Thomas, and both his aunt and uncle had been killed. In the raid on the settlers quite a number of Indians had been killed and many wounded. But for the efforts of the sub-chiefs all the prisoners would have been tomahawked. About 5 o'clock in the afternoon the party left the grove and headed to the northwest.

All the lashings were cast off to enable the prisoners to move faster and in the confusion of starting Mrs. Cherry managed to pick up and secure a hunting knife which had belonged to the Indian her boy shot. After traveling four hours the Indians made a camp without fire, food or water. Here one of the Indians attempted to strike Mrs. Cherry and she gave him such a blow across the throat with the keen-edged knife that his head was almost severed from his body. She was disarmed and tied hand and foot, and the Indians promised that she should be tortured for three whole days before death came to her relief.

I must now confine the story from a different experience. Twenty days after the party of prisoners had disappeared into the Indian country I was engaged by the father of the Lawton boy and by a brother of Mrs. Cherry to make an effort to find and rescue them. The northern and western parts of Kansas were then in the hands of the hostiles, many of the forts and posts besieged, and there were no railroads to transport troops. Indeed, the lethargy of the Government in reinforcing the troops occupying stations greatly encouraged the Indians, and prolonged the war.

When I cut loose from the frontier I had as comrade a scout and Indian fighter named Reid. We were mounted on fine and speedy mules, had Winchester rifles and revolvers, and the pair of us were put up against four or five large tribes of Indians. Scores of prisoners had been carried off along the entire frontier, and to look for any particular one seemed a hopeless task. We knew, however, that the two we wanted had made their start from the grove on Mink Creek, and we decided to make that our point of departure. It was then forty miles from the nearest military post, but we reached it without accident. We had not yet unshackled our horses when Tom made a discovery that furnished us with a clue. He picked up an Indian tobacco pouch which had belonged to a Sioux.

Up to this time we did not know whether the pair we were after had been captured by the Sioux or Cheyennes. This gave us a big start in the right direction. We must bear more to the west and search among the Sioux.

It might not be imagined that we went riding boldly around the country on our errand. There were days and days that we lay in hiding. If we moved at all it was by night, and then only short distances. The country was swarmed with redskins, and there was never an hour that we were not in danger. We were gradually working toward the villages on the Smoky Hill Ford and its territories, and our game was to play hide and seek.

We had one close call as we neared the villages. We had advanced about five miles during the night over ground so hard as to leave no trail, and we were lying in for the day in a dry ravine. About 7 in the morning, as I was on watch, I espied a couple of Indians to the east. They had been sent from some war party with a message to one of the villages. They were riding at a gallop when I first saw them, but of a sudden they halted, held a council, and both rode into the ravine about eighty rods above our position. They could not have seen our trail, nor had they reason to suspect our presence, and I never could fathom their action. They were coming right down upon us, and I had Tom awake in a jiffy.

Just above us was a sharp bend, and here we took our stations, revolvers in hand. The parties of the Indians came scrambling along the rough path, one closely following the other, and the first rider never knew what hit him. The second saw us but was dead five seconds after, and we at once secured the ponies. This was the fourteenth day of our journey, and the thirty-fourth day of Mrs. Cherry's captivity. Let us now return to her.

The prisoners were marched across the country to the villages on the Smoky Hill Ford. The first stop was to put all of them to the torture, but the chief's cruelty decided to hold them for a ransom, and they were all made slaves. Two sons of prominent citizens and a girl of noble lineage had been

captured by the whites, and it might be that they would have to be ransomed by giving up prisoners. Mrs. Cherry and the Lawton boy were kept in one village, while all others captured with them were sent to another. They were made to carry wood and water, or the food thrown to the dogs, and every hour in the day were told of the fate in store for them. Both were beaten by Indian women and boys, but they did not feel their lives in peril. They slept in a tepee, with an Indian boy about 18 years of age and an old hag of a squaw.

On the afternoon of the day we killed the two Indians in the ravine Mrs. Cherry secreted a tomahawk under the dried grass composing her bed. It belonged to the Indian boy, but he did not miss it. She heard them talking that day about moving camp, but nothing was done, because no orders came. At midnight, when everything was quiet, Mrs. Cherry crept over to the Indian boy and snatched the blade of the tomahawk in his skull. He raised his arms but made no outcry, and was dead in two or three minutes. She disposed of the old woman in the same way, and then waking up young Lawton she took him by the hand and walked out of the village.

At 1 o'clock in the morning, as I was scouting on foot to locate the village and was within a mile of it, I met Mrs. Cherry and the boy. She had the Indian boy's bow and quiver, and Lawton carried the blood-stained tomahawk. We pushed back to the ravine as fast as we could go, and after reaching it we lost no time in mounting and heading to the south. We were not followed from the camp, as an order reached it at daylight to move to a distant point and we dodged the war parties until another two hours would have carried us into a post.

We were then suddenly confronted by a band of thirty warriors, but after a race of two miles we beat them in securing possession of a grove, and for three hours we held them at bay. Troops from the post then came to our rescue. I had been hit in the arm, Tom in the cheek, and the boy lost two fingers by a bullet. We had killed three warriors, wounded two or three more, and knocked over four ponies. The Indians were scared away from the post very soon. What they did with the captives among them we never learned. — [New York Sun.

Old-Time California Hospitality.

The kindness and hospitality of the native Californians have not been overestimated. Up to the time the Mexican regime ceased in California they had a custom of never charging for anything, that is to say, for entertainment—food, use of horses, etc. You were supposed, even if invited to visit a friend, to bring your blankets with you, and one would be very thoughtless if he traveled and did not take a knife with him to cut his meat.

When you had eaten, the favorable custom was to rise, deliver to the woman or hostess the plate on which you had eaten the meat and beans—for that was all they had—and say, "Muchas gracias, Señora!" ("Many thanks, madame!"); and the hostess as invariably replied, "Bien por vos!" ("May it do you much good"). The Missions on California invariably had gardens with grapes, olives, figs, pomegranates, peaches, and apples, but the ranches scarcely ever had any fruit.

When you wanted a horse to ride, you would take it to the next ranch—it might be twenty, thirty or fifty miles—and turn it out there, and some time or other in reclaiming his stock the owner would get it back. In this way you might travel from one end of California to the other. — [Century.

A Lake of Life.

"Near where we live," said William Craig of Trinidad, West Indies, is a pitiful lake. It's at La Boca. Creovers about ninety acres and it is soft enough to take the impression of your shoes as you walk over it, but take up a bit of it and strike it sharply and it breaks off with a conchoidal fracture like a lump of anthracite. I don't know where it comes from, but I do know that it's most awfully hot there. The sun sets down like fun, and the black pitch absorbs all the heat. All down to the east and under the sea and across in Venezuela there is a streak of the same formation. The British Government owns the Lake, and a monopoly pays a royalty of not less than £20,000 a year. — [Chicago Tribune.

A Last Resort.

"You lost a narrow escape on the lakes, Emerson?"

"Yes, indeed, the cold raw out and the captain had to split up the ship's logs to keep the fire going." — [Miner's Weekly.

CHILDREN'S COLUMN.

A LITTLE GIRL'S FARM. Charley had looked at the prospects for falling so anxiously through the air. With wonder in his big blue eyes he looked at the fancies from far-off skies. Soon he smiled. "Mamma, come look at these things. Floating as softly as if they had wings. I guess, Mamma, the angels of heaven are combing the clouds out of their hair!" — [American Agriculturist.

A DOG THAT WENT TO THE HOSPITAL.

A family in Salem, Mass., owned a dog who had become quite old and troublesome. He was cross, and would take the best place in the room and no one could make him leave it willingly. At last Grandma, much troubled, said, "Sir, this dog is so troublesome, we must send him away." The dog got up and looked at her in sorrow and went out of the room. In a few days they heard that the dog, when everybody knew, had gone to the poorhouse, where the town's poor people were taken care of, and strange as it sounds, on Saturday, when many of the inmates went to see friends, the dog also went there to see "Su" and "Ma'm," stayed awhile, and then went back again and lived there ever after. — [Wide Awake.

FAVORITE ANTS.

In various parts of North America there is found a kind of ant that performs all the processes connected with farming. They weed the ground near the nests, clearing away all the green stuff, except a grain-bearing grass known as "ant rice." The soil is covered with this grass, and the ant moves it to the side. No wonder this clever and industrious creature is called the agricultural or harvesting ant. — [Little Folks.

THE BELLE OF THE NIGHT.

The French call the well-known flower—the four o'clock—the "belle of the night," a name it fully deserves on account of its bright foliage, its beautiful color, and its exquisite fragrance. The name "four o'clock" was given to it because it opens at that time in the afternoon.

IT IS ALSO CALLED "THE MARVEL OF PERU."

because it was first found in Peru soon after the discovery of the country, when almost everything from that strange land was considered miraculous. It is a lovely sight to watch the humming birds and humming bird moths hovering over this flower, and sipping the sweets it so generously offers them. — [Detroit Free Press.

ROMANCE OF A FOUNDLING ASYLUM.

Madame Carnot, the wife of the President of the French Republic, frequently visits a day nursery for poor children in the Rue Beaun, headed with toys and fresh fruits. The story of the establishment of this charitable institution is full of interest and pathos.

Many years ago an only child, a daughter, was born to a noble but poor couple, the Count and Countess de Laurenceau. The little girl was beautiful and attractive, and became the pet of a large circle of uncles, aunts and cousins, who all fell into the habit of giving her birthday gifts of money, which was laid away to bear interest until she should be grown and require a dot.

The young girl died while still a child, and her mother took this money and with it founded this asylum for the homeless babies of Paris. In memory of her lost child, other motherless children, have given aid to this charity, with the money which they had intended to give to memorial windows and costly grave-stones.

The little Bethlehem, as it is called, is dedicated not only to the help of the innocent, little living children who find a refuge in it, but to the memory of others whose fate in life was happier, but who were, perhaps, not more dearly loved. — [Ladies Home Companion.

The Best Branch for Him.

Father—What branch do you consider the most profitable for my son?

Teacher—I can hardly say, but I think a good stout blue beech or a long-stemmed birch would do him as much good as any. — [Harper's Bazar.

Very Regular.

Father—Is that stranger who calls to see you a man of regular habits?

Daughter—Yes, indeed, pa. He arrives every night promptly at eight. —

THE HONEYMOON.

A Survival of the Primitive Method of Marriage.

Brutal and Unromantic Courtships of Various Savage.

"Can you tell me from what source this custom of the honeymoon journey is derived?" asked a young married man, just returned from his wedding trip with much flattened pocket book, of a scientific friend.

"Why, my dear boy," was the reply, "it is of purely savage origin and represents a survival of the primitive method of marriage by capture. In the early days of social existence before the era of civilization dawned the lover always secured his bride by force, just as the Australian native to-day knocks down the woman he desires for a wife with his club and drags her off, this economy constituting the requisite legal form. Among the Kalmucks of central Asia the girl whom a youth desires to win is put on a horse and rides off at full speed, the lover pursuing as soon as she is judged to have got a fair start. If he cannot overtake her the match is off, but if he succeeds in catching her she becomes his wife. When she likes the young man it is to be presumed that she does not ride her husband.

"With the Akinas of the Philippine Islands when a man wishes to marry a young woman she is given an hour's start in the woods, and if he finds her and brings her back before sunset, it is a lawful marriage. Ever so many people still preserve the form of marriage by capture, even though the actual custom no longer exists. When an Indian of Chile has agreed on the price he shall pay for a girl to her parents the recognized mode of proceeding is that he surprises her, or if supposed to do so, and carries her off to the woods for a few days, after which the happy couple return home. "That seems much like a civilized honeymoon."

"The idea of it is precisely the same and the custom is derived from the same source. Just as I said, the honeymoon is in fact a survival of the primitive custom of marriage by capture. As nations have advanced in civilization and common life have become larger the actual capture of wives has become less and more of a mere sign. Gradually, therefore, it has sunk more and more into mere form. The requirements of fashion were satisfied with your running off with your own bride out of town for a month."

"Very expensive I found it, should have preferred not to acquire my wife by capture."

"Ah! But my dear fellow, you were obliged to make a show of carrying her off if you wished to do the proper thing. The very bride cake at your wedding, of which I was given a slice, is simply a survival of the barbarous method of marriage by eating together. This latter custom is in no way among many tribes of Indians. Among modern savages you will find the same customs in vogue now that were doubtless used by our own primitive ancestors, and this consideration alone renders a study of their ways very interesting.

"Speaking of weddings reminds me of kissing the bride. Now, as to that, kissing seems to us so natural an expression of affection that we should expect it to be found all over the world. Yet it is unknown to the Australians, the New Zealanders, the Papuans, the natives of West Africa and the Eskimo. In some parts of Central Africa it is considered a mark of respect to turn the back on a superior.

"The Toalas of the Netherlands hills, in India, show respect by raising the open right hand and resting the thumb on the end of the nose. Capt. Cook asserts that the inhabitants of an island in the Pacific ocean, called Mallicollo, show admiration by kissing. Among the Eskimo it is customary to put a person's nose as a compliment. And among the Chinese, who are not so savage and barbarous, a collar is regarded as a neat and appropriate present for an aged person, especially if in bad health." — [Washington Star.

Consistent.

"That Sallie Harkins is the greatest girl for getting bargains at second hand."

"Isn't she? I understand she's going to marry a widower." — [New York Sun.

The Point of Resemblance.

He—The sound of your voice reminds me of the music of a brook.

She (flattered)—Indeed?

He—Yes, you see, it rolls on forever. —

Stokers on an Ocean Steamship.

On the steamship City of Paris there are sixty firemen, who feed the fiery masses of fifty-four furnaces, that issue steam in nine steam boilers. Fifty of the passengers, the first class firemen, are to the furnace doors, and the firemen feed them. There is something more than mere shoveling in firing. The stoker must know how to put the coals on so they will not burn too quickly or sicken the fire. He must know how to stir or poke the fire so as to get all, or nearly all, the carbon out of the coal. He must know how to obtain the best results from the Welsh coal he burns on the voyage to this port and the American coal he uses on the trip westward. Each kind requires different handling.

Then the result of a race westward has been determined by the superior knowledge of the handling of American coal possessed by the winning ship's stokers. To a man who thoroughly understands it, firing is easier than it used to be. But it is, nevertheless, no trifling feat. The stokers are not over 15 years old. Nearly all the stokers on the City of Paris and the City of New York are between 20 and 30 years of age. They receive \$20 a month and their board. The leading stoker gets a few dollars more, and does not have to work quite so hard. He is usually the eldest of the crew he directs. The coal passer, the man who has the most to do is a fireman, gets \$17 50 a month. The leading coal passer, or trimmer, gets a little more than this.

Service in the fire room is divided into six watches of four hours each. The fireman works and sleeps every alternate four hours. After the first day from port two out of every six firemen are taken out of the fire room during the first hour of each watch. This is a voyage, all the firemen are cleaned once in every twenty-four hours. The steam goes down a bit in the hour while the cleaning is going on. The perspiring stokers shovel into the furnaces five tons of coal every hour or 200 tons a day. The ship usually takes in 2,000 tons at Liverpool, and has between 1,000 and 2,000 tons left in her bunkers when she arrives here.

The engineer's department is entirely distinct and separate from the fireman's. On the City of Paris there are twenty-six engineers, including hydraulic and electrical. They are educated in engine shops on shore and a certain number of them go on ship every year. They are all mechanics, so whenever the ship breaks down they know how to repair the damage. In case the chief engineer should be disabled any assistant could take his place. — [New York Sun.

Danny Clocks.

There are some clocks that tell time and some that only tell the right time twice every day. They are the funny little clocks which jewelers often have for signs in front of their stores. Have you ever seen them? And, if so, have you noticed that almost all of them point to the same time, seven or eight minutes after eight? Perhaps, if you have thought of them at all, you supposed, as I did, that they were made to point to any hour that the workman who made them might fancy, but that is not so. A gentleman, standing near one of these clocks, said: "I never see one of these clocks here that I don't think of Anselm Jameson."

"Why so?" said a friend. "Because these clocks mark the hour and moment when he was shot. The Jewelers' Association, after its death, decided that all such clock faces should be set at 8:12, and this has been done so generally since that you scarcely ever see one which is not in this way a sad reminder of the tragic death of a great man." — [Christian Advocate.

The Snow Sheds of the Rockies.

Few persons have any idea as to the extent to which snow sheds have to be used in the west by the railroads which traverse the Rocky and Sierran mountains. The building of these snow sheds and keeping them in repair form a large item of expense to the railroads crossing these mountains, but if it were not for these sheds many of these roads would be inoperative during the greater portion of the winter on account of snow blockades, snow slides, etc. The snow sheds of the Southern Pacific railroad in the Sierra Nevada mountains alone represent an outlay of fully \$3,000,000 to the company, and about 2,000,000 feet of lumber were required for their erection. It cost about \$2,000,000 to build them in the first place and about \$1,000,000 to keep them in repair during the past twenty years. This is an item of expense that the eastern roads do not have to contend with. — [Atlanta Constitution.

The Sweetest Day.

I do not know what skies there were, Nor if the wind was high or low; I think I heard the branches stir, A hush when we turned to go; I think I heard the crows way, As others tried to kiss your face; And yet, I think, the sweetest day, That day was never sweet.

REMEMOIRS.

"You have seen few but not very far before me."

"The cook is an expert at decorating the interior."

"The politician generally wants a good 'deal' for his money."

"The butcher's recipe for getting rid of superfluous flesh is to sell it."

"How good a man is it his wife the first day after she has caught him doing something wrong."

"The abolitionist professes kindly always has optimistic views. It never struck on everything, least of all."

"Fame is a dream. Why do they call the saloon 'the fountain of knowledge'?"

"Cherup—Does your watch go? Hark! It just returned from paying back my watch." Well, it went for a short time.

"Dobbins—Miss Clara's father happened to be here last night. Richards—Get out! Dobbins—Yes, that's just what he said."

"At the larkling here, if you get a red eye, convey me a kiss; while, on the contrary, under other conditions, if you get a kiss, you may get a red eye."

"About the most disagreeable man on earth," said Captain Gudge, "is the goldwisher." "Yes," responded Billy Fowler, cheerfully, "but we have to get up with him."

"Father—Should I hear high words between you and your brother just now, Henry?" Henry—"Yes, likely, father, but surely you wouldn't wish me to use a language?"

"Father—Did you break this vase?" Johnny—"Yes, father; I can't lie."

"Father—Indeed! Well, you don't like to sit either, when I am doing with you. Come along to the woodshed."

Chinese Gratitude.

A lady from New York brought into the Broad street station, Wednesday, Dr. George F. Brewer, who came on to attend the Ralston lunch breakfast.

"Some years ago, when Dr. Brewer was hospital surgeon in Boston, he was called to attend a Chinaman who had been crushed almost to death by the wheels of a horse truck. The poor fellow was in great agony, and when the doctor happened he was given up as nearly morose. But while he remained, of course, the surgeon worked and watched. For day the Chinaman lived, never the dream of death, but at last he commenced to gain, and little by little he was well.

All a several weeks he was taken from the hospital by friends, and Dr. Brewer never expected to see or hear from him again. But only months later he received a letter, which was handed to him by the Chinaman, and three friends, who left it in the doctor's hands, after going through a lot of questioning and knowing. The young physician opened the parcel and within the wrappings was found a bundle of queer colored fabric. One side was covered with Chinese words and on the other was Dr. Brewer's name. The recipient of this strange gift could not find any one in Boston to translate the queer characters, and finally his father, then a member of Congress, took the matter to the Chinese Legation in Washington and had a translation rendered. This related the story of the Chinaman's injuries and told of Dr. Brewer's wonderful skill in treating the patient, saving his life.

The closing sentence stated that after long consultation the Chinaman and his friends had decided that young Dr. Brewer's soul was that formerly possessed by a famous doctor of the Celestial Empire, who died some years since.

"How long ago did this Chinese doctor die?"

"Well," the translator gravely replied, "he has been dead at least 1000 years." — [Philadelphia Press.