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HE FOUGHT COMANCHES.

LAWRENCE CHRISTOPHER CHRISS, BUFFALO HUNTER.

Opinion of Comanches and Adventures With Them—Skinning an Indian. A Rough Practical Joke, and How Lieutenant Turner Got Even With General Buell.

Lawrence Christopher Chriss, an old-time buffalo hunter of west Texas, now living at El Paso, says a correspondent of the New York *Sun*, is as full of good stories as a fig is full of seeds.

Chriss had been known, in years gone by, to slay with his trusty rifle not less than 1,734 buffalo in one month, and while he regrets the extermination of the American bison, he is proud of this feat. He asserts that the buffalo hunters did more to make the settlement of this part of the country possibly than any other men. "So long as the buffalo were here," says he, "the Comanches could not be driven out of the country."

"Buffalo hunting in the old days was pretty exciting sport," said Lawrence Christopher Chriss to-day, "but it couldn't hold a candle to Comanche hunting. The Comanches were the most cruel, bloodthirsty demons that ever escaped from hell and settled on the green earth. I remember on one occasion in the winter of '73-4, that 10 Comanches ran across a camp of buffalo hunters and found there a young boy who had been left while the hunters were out attending to business. The Indians destroyed everything in the camp and killed the boy. There was a quantity of jerked buffalo meat hanging on the mesquite trees around the camp. The Indians cut the boy up and hung his flesh in strips with the buffalo meat to dry. This was at Wild Horse Springs, about 20 miles north of where Midland now is. I was one of the party of hunters, and when we got back to camp and saw what had been done to the boy we started out in a hurry to run down the Indians. We caught them 40 miles from there and killed seven of them. One of those we killed had the boy's scalp and one of his ears strung on a string around his neck. The father of the boy, who was one of the party, was so enraged that he emptied his six shooter into the body of the dead Indian. That did not satisfy either him or the rest of us, and someone proposed that we should skin the Indian and keep his hide to remember him by. We were expert skinners, and it didn't take long to remove that red devil's hide with a buffalo knife. I did most of the skinning myself, and I found that on the inner portion of his thighs, where they had pressed against his horse, the skin was at least an inch thick. He was so fat that it reminded me of skinning a hog. We stretched the skin out and let it dry in the sun, and I afterward took it to Dallas. A man who was running a hotel and barroom there was so tickled at the idea of having skinned a Comanche that he offered me free board and lodging and all the drinks I wanted if I would give him the skin. I did so and he put it up behind his bar, and for a month or more after that he had a tremendous rush of business."

Chriss has passed much of his time around the army posts in this country, and he tells some pretty racy stories about garrison life. Here is one that is worth repeating.

"In the early part of '74 I was up at Fort Griffin. General Buell was commanding the post, and among the young officers there was Lieutenant Ed Turner, of the 10th cavalry, a son of Admiral Turner. Turner was a daredevil and a terror to the Indians. He had the well deserved reputation of being one of the bravest officers ever on the frontier, and he knew it. One day General Buell called me into his quarters and said:

"'Chriss, I'll give you $50 if you will manage to hold Turner up and rob him of everything he has. Be careful how you go about it as he is quick at drawing a gun, and will shoot you in a second if he gets a chance. You had better get a man to help you. Bring me the plunder and I will see that Turner gets it again.'

"I knew Turner was a bad man to tackle, but as there was $50 in sight I agreed to undertake the job, and that night a friend of mine and myself held him up on the parade ground. We took him unawares and before he knew it he had two pistols pointing at his head and not six inches from it. We went through his pockets and got $7.75 and a pocket knife. We took the cartridges out of his pistol and gave it back to him and let him go.

"Turner was terribly cut up about the way in which he had been held up, and the officers guyed him unmercifully. General Buell was particularly hard upon him. In a few days the general told me that he wanted me to act as a detective to recover the property. He said he wanted to make it appear as if two negroes had held up Turner. I got an old Mexican woman to return the property and to swear that it had been left with her by two negroes. This made Turner hopping mad and he said that he knew that the men who had held him up were white, although they were disguised with handkerchiefs tied over their faces. He swore that no negroes could ever hold him up.

"About a month after that I was out on a scout with Turner, and upon his promise that he would never reveal who told him, I let him know all the circumstances connected with the highway robbery. He thanked me for the information and dropped the subject. The first night we got back to Fort Griffin, Turner disguised himself, and without any assistance whatever, held up General Buell not far from the settlers' store. He not only took all the general's money, but he made him take off his boots and sent him back in his stocking feet to his quarters. The next day Lieutenant Turner sent the general's property back to him by his negro servant, with his compliments, and a message that under some circumstances it was possible to hold up even the bravest of men. After that performance, which Turner was careful should be quietly spread around the post, he was not teased so much as formerly.

FOR some time scientists have been calculating the time it will take to exhaust the coal mines of the world at the present rate of consumption, and the results are somewhat alarming. Coal deposits are of such a nature that the approximate amount contained is easily calculated from measurements. Scientists differ in the result reached, but they all come within the limit of a century. Some of the very ablest think that the end of the first quarter of the twentieth century will see the end of coal mining in America on a large scale.

Census statistics just published bear upon these predictions with a great deal of interest. The production of coal in the United States in the year 1890 was in round numbers 140,000,000 tons. For the census year of 1880, ten years before, the product was 70,000,000, showing an increase of nearly one hundred per cent. in quantity mined. This increase in production is astonishing, and indicates the exhaustion of the mines at an earlier date than has been predicted by any reliable scientist yet. With increased machinery and facilities for removing coal from the mines, the amount mined, and the amount consumed will go on increasing, and the method of using coal will be more and more wastefull as its cost becomes less until the world is suddenly waked up to the fact that it is practically without any fuel. We never miss th water till the well runs dry.

HERE in America we are accustomed to think and say that nowhere else is true merit so quickly recognized and made basis for promotion. An instance is afforded, however, in the death of William Henry Smith, first lord of the treasury of England, which occurred this week, which shows that in this respect our English cousins do not differ from us so much, though living under a different form of government.

William Henry Smith begun life as a newsboy, and his whole history was one of constantly recurring promotions, dying at a ripe age in one of the most honorable and responsible positions in the English government. His success was due entirely to his habit of doing everything well. It was this man who, in the famous opera Pinafore, was satirized by Gilbert as the boy into whose keeping was given the care of the handle of the big front door:

"And he polished it up so carefully
That now he is ruler of the queen's navy."

CONSIDERING the attitude of Parnell, in late months, toward the Irish party, his death is really a good thing for it. With egotism and stubbornness that was never excelled by the most despotic ruler of the east, he insisted upon remaining as the leader of the Irish party in parliament when all the best members the party denounced him, and all people of good common sense saw that his retention at the head of the party would result in breaking it up. Unfortunately, he had in his possession all the funds of the party and could completely block its work if he chose so to do; and he did. He thus made himself a stumbling block in the way of the Irish people which death has now removed. But for a single false step which involved him in a disgraceful scandal and made it necessary for him to retire from the leadership of his party, he might have gone into history as one of the greatest of the Irish race of modern times. As it is, his place in history, will not be very creditable.

THE state chemist has made an analysis of the tin plate made by the Cincinnati Corrugating company, of Piqua, Ohio and reports finding of iron, in round numbers, 87 per cent., of tin 9 per cent., of lead 3 per cent., and a trace of zinc. The zinc trace is probably in the form of an impurity in the tin or lead. The Democratic newspapers are using this analysis against Major McKinley, but it seems to us that so far as the quantity of tin contained, the sample is a very good terne tin as it contains about three times as much tin as lead. There is good evidence that the workmanship was bad. It is established beyond doubt that there was the usual amount of tin in this Piqua terne plate.

THE Governor's prompt demands for retraction from the New York Recorder and the Cincinnati Commercial Gazette recalls his similar action with the last mentioned paper two years ago. The assertions then were even more compromising to the Governor and were made by the Commercial Gazette in even plainer and stronger language than that which is used in the New York Recorder's article. "We may as well be bold; we have the original documents in our possession." The next day the Commercial contained his "Statement to the public" Will there be a statement to the public in this case?

HONOR YOUR MOTHER.

NO MATTER WHAT MOTHER HAS ON SHE IS THE THE BEST WOMAN IN THE WORLD TO YOU.

Morning Star.

Rev. Mr. Stewart, of Holston conference at Sam Jones meeting in Wilmington, said many good things to the children, and among them is the following:

"Respect your parents; don't be ashamed of them if they are not as well educated as you. My mother never read Latin or Greek but she knows a great deal more than I do about many things. I'll tell you the kind of boy I like. Four miles from Emory and Henry College, where I went to school, lived old Mrs. DeBush and her son, Sam. One day Sam rode by the College, and he asked one of the boys if he could get an education there; he was too poor to pay. The boy told him Dr. Wiley gave a boy tuition to ring the bell. He might get that job if he could get something to eat some. how. He told his mother and she said, 'If you can get it in that way I'll send you something to eat.'

He saw Dr. Wiley and got the job and his mother sent him cold corn bread to eat. Four years he studied and rang that bell and one of the Professors told me it was never rung a minute out of time, and when he was going to graduate he told his mother he wanted her to come to the exercises. In reply to her statement that she had nothing fit to wear he told her he was not ashamed of her in her calico dress and sunbonnet. She came and sat on the last bench. The Robertson gold medal was to be competed for by the debating Society of which he was a member, and it was the custom for the winner to hang it on the neck of his sweetheart. Sam was last to speak, and men on that platform said they never saw an audience thrilled as that speech of Sam DeBush's thrilled them. He won the medal and what did he do with it? He had no sweetheart—he had been studying too much to think about one. He just walked down to the last bench and hung it on the neck of his old mother and kissed her, and every man and women just cried.

No matter what mother has on she is the best woman in the world to you. Honor your parents and God will honor you.

IMPORTANT DECISION.

PROPRIETARY MEDICINES VENDERS MUST REGISTER.

Oxford Ledger.

The Supreme Court of this State has recently rendered a decision of interest to physicians and also to venders of proprietary medicines. At the Spring term, 1891, of the Superior Court of Washington county, action was brought against L. W. Ven-Doran for the statutory offence created by chapter 181 of the laws of 1889. The indictment charged him with unlawfully practicing and attempting to practice medicine and surgery, without having procured as required by law, a license from the Board of Examiners of the State of North Carolina, or showing a diploma issued by a regular Medical College prior to the 7th day of March, 1885, and not having obtained from the clerk a certificate of registration. On trial he pleaded that he had a diploma from a College in Chicago which he had lost, and that he did not come legally under the classification of physician in this State, as he prescribed only proprietary remedies prepared and sold by himself. It was shown that on several occasions he had diagnosed cases, claiming to be a physician, and prescribed for them and had agreed to effect cures for a stipulated sum. He was convicted and took an appeal to the Supreme Court, which sustained the decision of the lower court and held the opinion that when a vender of proprietary medicine diagnoses a case and prescribes for it that act in the eye of the law constitutes him a physician, and brings him within pale of the statute.

TILE DRAINING FARM LANDS.

E. F. Emery, Agriculturist, N. C. Ex. Station.

Few farmers appreciate the value of thoroughly under draining wet places on their farms, or we should see this advantage in improvement oftener undertaken. What has up to time of draining been little if anything more than an idle waste, may by judicious tile draining become the most fertile and productive spot in the neighborhood. Thus, instead of being a constant threat to health and an unsightly waste, it is turned by a few tiles and some work into a source of profit to the owner and will be pointed to with pride by every one who knows of it as an object-lesson in what may be done in numerous places.

These remarks have been suggested by observations on a meadow which had been flooded by the filling up of an old millpond near Morganton, but which is being reclaimed for Dr. P. L. Murphy, Superintendant of the State Hospital, by Mr. W. E. Walton who has the farming for the Hospital in his immediate charge. Up to the time the first drains were laid, which was less than a year ago, the whole area was either a barren waste or a thicket of coarse weed and small trees, of which no use could be made. This season it has produced a heavy growth of corn in the whole area first drained except on about one-half acre where the wire worms (the larva of the snapping beetles) have injured it, and about two acres, most of which was devoted to melons and pumpkins. Thirty tons of watermelons were taken from about one half acre, and the yellow pumpkins, still on the ground where they grew, were a beautiful sight in the early September sun.

It was not a short time ago when a high authority in agriculture expressed the opinion that the stream into which the drains must empty could not be lowered enough to make the drainage of this meadow successful. Straightening the curves by cutting across the loops has helped, so that now the stream has cut its own bottom down eighteen inches lower than it was when this was undertaken.

This reclaimed meadow bids fair to become the most productive field on the farm, which is contributing in many ways to the support of the State Hospital.

HOW TO PRESERVE IRISH POTATOES.

Gerald McCarthy, N. C. Ex. Sta. Raleigh.

The difficulty of keeping Irish potatoes in edible condition after March 1st is well known to Southern housekeepers, farmers and merchants. Prof. Schribaux, of the National College of Agriculture of France, has recently devised a very simple, cheap and successful method by which he has been able to preserve potatoes in edible condition for over a year and a half. This process has been adopted by the French government for preserving potatoes for the army. The French Minister of Agriculture publishes the details of the process in the official Bulletin du Ministere de l'Agriculture for March, 1891. The following is a translation of the essential part of the scheme:

1. The method of preservation consists in plunging the tubers, before storing them away, for ten hours into a 2 per cent. solution of commercial sulphuric acid in water; two parts of acid to 100 parts of water.
2. The acid penetrates the eyes to the depth of about one-fortieth inch (two millimeters), which serves to destroy their sprouting power; it does not have any appreciable effect upon the skin of the potatoes.
3. After remaining in the liquid ten hours the tubers must be thoroughly dried before storing away.
4. The same liquid may be used any number of times with equally good results.
5. A barrel or tank of any kind will do for the treatment. The acid is so dilute it does not affect the wood.
6. Chemical analysis shows that potatoes treated by this process are as nutritious and healthful after eighteen months as when freshly dug.
7. Potatoes thus treated are of course worthless for planting.

THE MEANEST MAN.

Bill Nye spoke the truth when he said: A man may use a wart on the back of his neck for a collar button, ride in the back coach to save the interest on his money until the conductor gets around, stop his watch at night to save wear and tear, leave his i's and t's without a dot or cross to save ink, pasture his mother's grave to save corn—but a man of this sort is a gentleman and a scholar compared with the fellow that takes a newspaper two or three years and when he is asked to pay for it, puts it back in the office and has it marked "refused." When a man wants his paper stopped he ought to pay up and inform the editor that his paper is no longer wanted.

JOSH BILLINGS' PHILOSOPHY

Marryin for love may be a little risky, but it is so honest that God kant help but smile on it.

I think I would rather hav a nose seven inches and a half long (in the clear) than few be the hansumest man in our county, for in the fust case i should work hard to shorten mi nose bi some other good qualitys while in the other case i probably should never be told bi mi lookin glass that i was a phool.

Awl human happiness is conservatiff; 2 thirds ov the pleasure of sliding down hill consists in drawing the sled back. I don't serpoze there would be enny fun in sliding down a hill 34 miles long.

Awl ov us complain ov the shortness ov life, yet we all waste more time than we uze.

Some people are fond ov bragging about their ancestors and their grate descent, when in fack their grate descent iz jist what's the matter with them.

We are told that "an honest man is the noblest work of God." But the demand for the work has been so limited that i hav thought a large share ov the fust edishun must still be in the author's hands.

I never bet eany money on the man who is always telling what he would hev did if he had been there; I have notised that this kind never git there.

Success in life iz verry apt tew make us forget the time when we wasn't much. It is just so with the frog on the jump; he kant remember when he was a tadpole—but other folks can.

I always advise short sermons, espeshily on a hot Sunday. If a minister can't strike ile in boring 40 minutes, he has either got a poor gimblet or is boring in the rong place.

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NOTICE.

NORTH CAROLINA, Washington County.

Stephen Johnston, vs Emma Johnston — In the Superior Court.

The defendant above named will take notice that an action entitled as above has been commenced in the Superior Court of Washington county, being an action for divorce. And the said defendant will further take notice that she is required to appear at the next term of the Superior Court of said county to be held on Monday 26th day of October 1891, at the Court House of said county in Plymouth, N. C. and answer or demur to the complaint in said action or the plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in complaint. T. J. MARRINER, C. of S. C.

9-11-6w

NOTICE.

The firm of Carrington & Co., of Danville Va., hold notes against me for the sum of two hundred and fifty dollars which they are offering for sale. I hereby notify all persons not to purchase these notes as they will not be paid. RUFUS SWAIN.

6-4-tf.