BILL ARP AND THE INDIAN

Tells of a Book That Belongs to David Black.

AST INCIDENTS ARE RECALLED.

Some of the Stories That Are Told of Ridge and Ross and Their Troubles.

Now here is a book that is worth having. A book that is 24x18 inches and weighs twenty-five pounds. It is sixty-one years old and has 120 large-size plates of the most notable Indian chiefs, each plate covering a page and being accurate and graphic likenesses and all done in colors, with the fuss and feathers and tribal ornaments and as finely executed in face and features as oil paintings. I did not know that there was such a book or that such work could be done in those days. Each plate has a biographical memoir accompanying, which is in large type—so large that I can read it offhand without glasses. This work seems to have been compiled from the records in the Indian gallery of the war department at Washington by Thomas M. McKenney. The book I have is the property of Mr. David Black, of Atlanta, and as it came down to him in the family I did not suppose there was another in the State, but my friend Joe M. Brown tells me that his brother Elijah has it, and also another volume, which I wish to see, for this one has neither Ross nor Osceola. It has Ridge and McIntosh and other Creek and Cherokee chiefs, and Paddy Carr, the famous interpreter, whose father was Scotch-Irish and his mother an Indian. For many years he was in General Jackson's service and in government service, and got rich and invested his money in lands and negroes, and owned eighty slaves when he died. A warm friend of his had a beautiful daughter named Ariadne, and when Paddy's wife gave birth to twin girls he named one Ary and the other Adny.

This book has a charming biography of Major Ridge, and makes him a very strong-minded and noble man. His likeness shows as much force and decision of character as does that of Webster or Calhoun. Indeed, some of the speeches made by the Indian chiefs in their long protracted discussions with the government are as pathetic, eloquent and unanswerable as if they came from Patrick Henry or any other great orator. It is touching and tearful to read the pleading, poetical eloquence of Black Hawk and Keokuk and Tustenuggee and Major Ridge and Big Warrior. Mr. McKenney was the government's agent in all these treaties, and declares their oratory to be a natural gift, and no race of people could excel them. They speak without art or effort, and most of them had a low, soft, sweet and musical voice that gave fit expression to their earnest pleadings.

The account given of Major Ridge's greatest embarrassment in contending with John Ross is very amusing. Ross was bitterly hostile to Ridge and his policy, and in order to alarm the Indians he got a half-breed named Charles to pretend to come down from some far-off mountain with a message to them from the Great Spirit. Charles said, "The Great Spirit is angry with you. He tells me that you are following the customs of the white people; that you have already gotten mills and clothes and feather beds and books and cats—yes, cats—and therefore, the buffalo and other game are fast disappearing. The Great Spirit is angry, and says you must cut short your frocks and kill your cats and give up your mills and quit living in houses, and then your game will come back."

This excited the Indians very much and they cried out that the talk was good. Ridge arose with anger in his face and voice and said: "The talk is not good. It is false. It did not come from the Great Spirit." The Indians rushed upon him with fury and a wild fight ensued, and some of his friends were stabbed, but Ridge was a very powerful man and defended himself with great courage. The tumult was quieted after a time, and Jesse Vann and John Harris and some old men brought about a reconciliation.

There was much trouble all along those years. I have a long letter from Mr. R. M. Edwards, a venerable lawyer of Cleveland, Tenn. He says: In my youth I spent many happy days in fishing, hunting and playing with the Indian boys of the Ocoee district in East Tennessee and among the sad scenes of an uneventful life one of the saddest was to see my little play fellows start on their long and weary journey to the West. They left the most beautiful country I ever beheld. It resembled more a magnificent park than a forest, owing to their tribal custom of burning the woods to keep down the undergrowth. * * * It is singular that so great a concourse of people—fourteen to sixteen thousand—could be gathered up by force as it were and removed, going through Tennessee, Kentucky, Indiana and Missouri. They crossed the Tennessee river at Blythe's ferry, just below the mouth of Hiwassee river; then crossed the Cumberland range at Pikeville, then to Sparta Lebanon and Nashville; then crossed the Cumberland river and next the Ohio and Vincennes; then on to the Mississippi, which they found frozen over, and had to wait a month for the ice to break, and finally reached the Tallaquah in April, 1839.

"In the debates in Congress great opposition was made to this treaty by John Q. Adams and Henry Wise and it was stated on the floor by one of these men that John Ross was arrested by the State of Georgia and carried to Milledgeville and his house was robbed of ten thousand dollars when he was gone. The speakers very severely criticized President Jackson for his ingratitude to Ross, who served him so faithfully at the battle of the Horse-shoe."

This old gentleman is full of memories of those Indian times, and says that there is yet living at Charleston, Tenn., Mr. H. B. Henniger, who accompanied the great cavalcade all the way to their home in the West.

And here is a characteristic letter from an old lady living in Myrtle, Tex.

She says: "Please excuse an old woman for trying to write to you about those Indians that you have been telling us of in The Constitution, and as I was born and raised in the Cherokee Nation, I will venture to tell you some things that may interest you. My father, Wan Thompson, settled at the mission station on the Etowah (or Hightower river, as we called it). My eldest brother, Perry Thompson, was the interpreter for the nation a long time. My father's sister, Nancy, joined the mission when she was only fifteen years old. She followed them to the territory and kept up her mission work there, and spent a long and useful life and died in her eighty-fourth year. When Boudinot was killed she was standing on the porch very early in the morning and saw a man running as if for his life, and two men pursuing him. They soon caught him and killed him and ran away as fast as they could go. She hurried to the man and found it was Boudenot.

"There were several families who had Indian blood in their veins who did not go west with the tribe. The Lynch family was part Cherokee. Barella Lynch married Lowry Williams. I expect you knew him. They had but one child and she was named Cherokee. She married Robert Wylie, a son of Clark Wylie. I remember a good many Cherokee chiefs and braves, but can't spell their names for you. John Ross was not an Indian. His mother was a white woman and he left her up North when he came to the nation and married an Indian wife. John Ridge was part Indian. I expect your friend George is of Indian blood, for we had two Adair families there, Black Wat and Red Wat. They were cousins. When John Howard Payne was staying in the nation we saw him often. He named my little sister Ann Payne. One of my sisters went to school with an Indian girl named Lizzy Shoeboot and she taught my sister to swim. The Cherokees called my father Connehana Thompson. My husband wishes me to prove my rights in the nation as one of them, but I have never done so. His name is R. D. Ivie and he was born in Lawrenceville, Ga. We often see names in The Constitution that we remember away back. Old Georgia is our dear mother, and though we have been separated for sixty years, we love her still.

"Out of the fullness of the heart the mouth speaketh,' and this is my excuse for writing to you.

MRS. R. D. IVIE."

Well, now, that is a good letter. How the chickens would come home if they could.

Next comes the advance sheets of "The Young People's history of Arkansas," written by my friend E. Porter Thompson, now at Frankfort, Ky., but long a resident and editor in Arkansas.

The chapter on Colonel Elias C. Boudinot is full of interest and makes him a very remarkable man. His father's name was Kelle-kee-nah, but being adopted by Elias Boudinot, of New Jersey, took his name. Boudinot sided with Ridge in regard to the treaty and Ross became his bitter enemy. Ross was a powerful vindictive and unscrupulous man. He had Boudinot and Major Ridge and John Ridge all assassinated. Colonel Elias C. Boudinot was born near Rome, Ga., August 1, 1835. He was educated at Manchester, Vt. In 1855 he came to Fayette, Ark., and studied law with Hon. A. M. Wilson, was admitted to the bar in 1856 and soon rose to the front rank as an able lawyer and gifted speaker. In 1860 he became editor of the Democrat at Little Rock. In 1861, after the State seceded, he and his cousin, "Stand Watie," raised a regiment and fought the battle of Elkhorn. He was chosen as a member of the Confederate Congress in 1863. After the battle of Elkhorn Ross deserted the Confederacy and assailed the southern Cherokees for helping the South. Boudinot defended them with signal ability and delivered such a phillipic against his treachery that he was consigned to infamy.

Some years ago Boudinot, by invitation of senators and representatives, delivered a lecture in Washington on the Indian race that made a profound impression. Judge Hallum says of him: "Some years ago he married a beautiful and accomplished lady of Washington. He is an able lawer, a polished and refined gentleman and is possessed of the most fascinating conversational powers. He has a most wonderful musical talent and one of the most charming voices ever given to men."

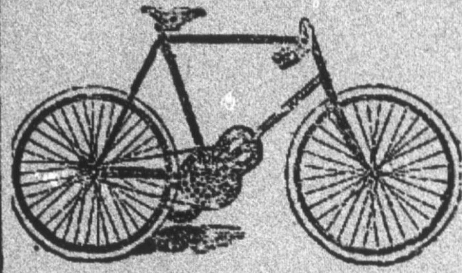
Isn't that splendid? I wouldn't mind being that sort of an Indian.

I have many more historic letters, but this will suffice for this time. I have great reverence for these memories; they make up history that will soon pass into oblivion unless somebody records it. There is a house on the bank of the Oostanaula river two miles above Rome that I have reverence for. It was built by Major Ridge nearly seventy years ago and is still a good old-fashioned two-story house. It was built of hewn logs, but was long afterwards ceiled inside and weather-boarded. When I first knew it Colonel A. N. Verdery lived there. He was the father of Mrs. Warren Akin, and she was married there to that eminent lawyer. Mrs. Akin's youngest brother was born in that house. This good lady is the mother of Judge John W. Akin and she still lives in our town and is full of many sweet and many sad memories. My observation is that women have better memories than men, especially concerning marriages, deaths, births and the social statistics of their youthful days.—Bill Arp, in the Atlanta, (Ga.) Constitution.

NEW BICYCLE INVENTIONS.

Chainless Ball-Bearing, Compound Crank and Carrier Wheels.

Two inventors, an Englishman and an American, have recently applied for patents on bicycle improvements which refer directly to the gearing. The Englishman furnishes a compound crank, retaining the chain. The American invention is one of the forms of a chainless wheel which is a forerunner of the kind to be placed on the market next season.

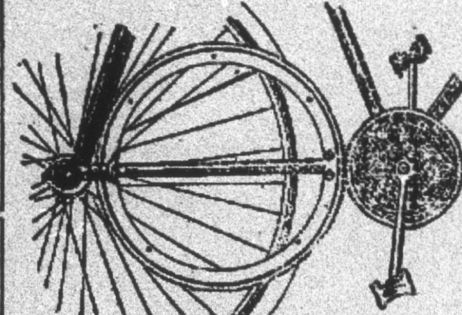


COMPOUND CRANK WHEEL.

The Englishman claims that his invention will enable a rider to attain a remarkable rate of speed, for the reason that almost double the propelling power can be obtained without any increase of exertion. With it he predicts that a racing man can easily ride a mile a minute.

The American machine shows the sprocket-wheel connected with the smaller one on the hub of the rear wheel by a cog-wheel. The middle or connecting wheel, which acts as a substitute for a chain, is held in place by a circular support fastened to the frame. The entire gear works are ball-bearing and are inclosed within an aluminum case.

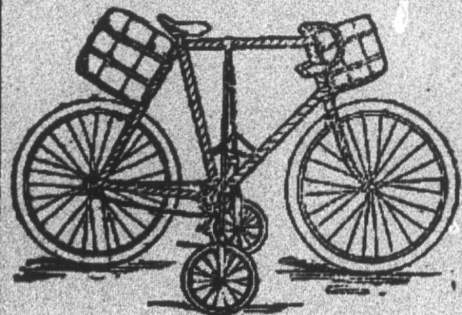
The New York Herald reports that a syndicate, composed of four New-Yorkers, has decided to use the bicycle as a carrier for men and supplies from "civilization to Klondyke." The bicycle will be used to transport supplies from Juneau to the gold fields by way of the Chilkoot pass, a distance of 700 miles.



CHAINLESS BALL-BEARING GEAR.

The present method of carrying in this district is for one man to take a load of 200 pounds, his limit, carry it five miles and go back for more. The Klondyke bicycle is a four-wheel machine and designed to carry freight. It is built strongly and weighs about fifty pounds. It is diamond frame and steel tubing. The frame is wound with rawhide, shrunk on, so that the miners can handle the machine in cold weather with comfort.

From each side of the top bar two arms of steel project, each arm carrying a smaller wheel, about fourteen inches in diameter, which, when not in use, can be folded up inside the diamond frame. Devices for packing large quantities of material are attached to the handle bars and rear forks, and the machine, it is estimated, will carry 500 pounds. The plan is to load it with half the miner's equipment, drag it on four wheels ten miles or so. Then the rider will fold up the side wheels, ride it back as a bicycle and bring on the rest of the load. A sample machine has already been made and patents have been applied for.



THE KLONDYKE BICYCLE.

Another device for arctic comfort, which the syndicate will control, is a portable house of thin boards and felt, which can be folded up in small compass, and which, when erected, will be perfectly air-tight.

Among the benefits expected to be derived from the great railroad line which the Russians are constructing across Siberia is the opening up of rich sources of gold, now practically unutilized, in that remote country. Recent surveys of the gold placers of Siberia have shown that there is a good supply of the precious metal, but that partly on account of the severity of the climate, and partly through lack of the means of transportation, these stores have hitherto remained undeveloped. Unlike those of California, the Siberian placers are found below, instead of above, the level of the streams in the gold-bearing valleys.

Potato Mulching Successful.

In some sections where mulching of potatoes is usually a great success, results this season have not been wholly satisfactory because of an unusual rainfall, which caused the seed to rot in many cases where the mulch was applied a little too soon.—The Epitomist.

Stack Making.

The time of year for making stacks is at hand. As a rule there are few good stack makers in the United States, as the abundant building material makes it easy to put up barns capable of holding all the grain and hay. But wherever grain growing increases largely, the grain in the straw, being only left in that condition for a few weeks, does not absolutely need barn room. A well-built stack answers every purpose, and, except labor used in making it, costs nothing. We do not advise thatching the stack, as is often done in the old country. The only necessary rule is to always keep the middle of the stack full and to tramp it down well. If the sides are not trampled at all it will be better. The stack will settle with the grain in the best possible shape.

Good Homemade Potato Sorter.

I made and used last season, writes Dwight Herrick, of Illinois, a potato sorter, Fig. 1, which gave first-class satisfaction. It is cheap and serviceable and is used when hauling potatoes from the field to the cellar or bins in barns and sheds. One end must rest upon something solid, like the side of a bin, while the other may be supended by a rope, so the whole will be on an incline. My method of operation was to have two bins, one for the sorted stock and one for the small potatoes. The lower end of the sorter is suspended over the bin for large potatoes. The other end extends two or three feet outside the small potato bin. This gives the dirt a chance to settle through be ore reaching either bin.

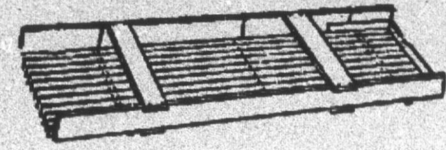


FIG. 1. COMPLETE POTATO SORTER.

Fig. 2 shows the inside slat frame, which is made of hard pine slats $10\frac{1}{2}$ feet long, two inches wide and three-fourths of an inch thick. They are set on edges and bolted with quarter-inch bolts to slotted sticks near each end. This arrangement admits of adjustment. I have the upper end of the slats three-fourths of an inch apart and the lower end $1\frac{1}{2}$ inches. This prevents wedging of potatoes between the slats. The upper ends being close together allow the dirt to drop through in advance of the small potatoes. This end also has a hopper, four inches high and reaching $2\frac{1}{2}$ feet from the end. This whole frame is suspended to the outside frame by iron hangers. These are made of $\frac{3}{8}$-inch rod iron and are six inches long. Notches are cut to receive these on the upper edge of the outside frame and the lower edge of the outside slat of the inner frame. A piece of tin may be tacked over to prevent their getting out.

To operate, pour into the hopper a box or basketful of potatoes, then give a vigorous shake or two by taking hold of the upper end of the hopper. This will send the potatoes rolling down the incline, where they will be separated. Two men can unload and sort 1000 bushels a day as they come from the field. The material for making the sorter will not cost over $1.50 at the outside. If it is desirable to sort the seed from among the small potatoes, the slats may be set closer, and cloth may be tacked around the side to prevent their dropping through the larger spaces at the sides thus made, or additional slats may be used.—New England Homestead.

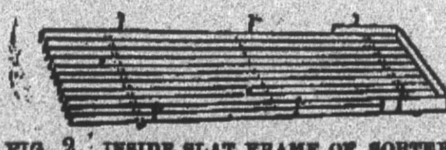


FIG. 2. INSIDE SLAT FRAME OF SORTER.

Ventilating the Stable.

A low stable cannot be so ventilated as to give pure air and an even temperature; there is not room enough for free circulation. The ventilation chutes commonly used are about one foot square inside. In these the friction is so great and they are so liable to be obstructed by spiders' webs, etc., that but a poor current is created. Instead of being twelve inches they should be not less than three feet. As the area of these chutes is as the squares of their sides, the one has nine times the area of the other, with only three times the side surface for friction, and the danger of obstruction is reduced to the minimum. But the cupola or projection above the building is the most important part of all ventilators. As an almost general rule, this is built with slatted sides like the shutters to a blind. The builders have only thought of keeping the rain out by so arranging that the water would run to the outside, and never for a moment thought that twice as much air would be forced in on the windward side as could escape on the lee side. Any one who has such a top to his barn or stable must have noticed every time it rains or snows, with any wind, even a moderate one, that the floor under the cupola has a pile of snow or is wet. This shows that instead of taking air out of the stable or barn it is forcing it in, and if he will stand under the ventilator when the wind is blowing he will find a strong downward draught. The cowl used on hop kilns works well on small buildings, but it is too small for large stables, and costs too much money if made large enough for large barns or stables.

On one other point much discussion has taken place. Shall the ventilating trunks go to the bottom of the stable, or simply through the ceiling? I have given much thought and observation to this subject, and while it is theoretically just right to have the trunk go to the floor, practically I would not lose the room to have it done. If this device be put on its top the least breeze will, by flowing around the cupola, cause a strong upward draught in the chute and will take all the foul air out; if we get that out, pure air will find its way in. No stable was ever so tight that millions of feet of air could not get in if we made a place for it by taking the foul air out. Any dairyman or stock keeper who will keep his stables clean, use plenty of absorbents and bedding to take up urine and smell of the manure and take the foul air out, will have no trouble, and needs to be to no expense to get pure air in.—J. S. Woodward, in Rural New Yorker.

FORGERY IN BIBLES.

Bogus Handwriting of Martin Luther Palmed Off Upon the Credulous.

Barnum was right when he made a certain statement about a fool being born every minute. This was exemplified in Europe the other day, and now scientific and antiquarian circles in the Old World are wondering how they happened to be buncoed.

All Europe is discussing, and perhaps cussing, the trial of Hermann Kyrieleis and his wife Anna, who are accused of having forged the handwritings of Martin Luther on an extensive scale. The man did the forging and the woman sold the alleged specimens of the great reformer's handwriting to antiquarians, museums, and even to the German Government.

The scene of the forgery extends over sixteen of the largest cities of Germany, Austria and Italy. Kyrieleis had a remarkable faculty for forging and put it to a unique use. His method was to buy old Bibles of the time of Luther and then to write a dedication to some imaginary friend and to sign Luther's name to the screed.

These Bibles were taken by the wife, who invariably spun a woful yarn of poverty to the prospective buyer. In this way the couple managed to dispose of hundreds of forged documents.

Everything went as smoothly as the proverbial wedding bells, until Kyrieleis made a fatal error. He bought a Bible and forged the usual inscription. Then he sold it. The buyer happening to look at the date of the book discovered that it had been printed in 1770, some 250 years after Luther's time.

Kyrieleis was arrested, and then a flood of his forgeries came to light. From every part of the Continent came Bibles with Luther's inscriptions, and things looked very black for the accused couple. It was then that the man's ingenuity took another turn. He shammed insanity so well that he was acquitted of the crime on that ground.—New York Journal.

Two-Roomed Tree.

In Ratibar, Silesia, Germany, there is a tree which has been trained to form two rooms. It grows upon the banks of the River Oder. It is a maple over 100 years old.

The trunk rises from the ground much like that of any other maple, but a flight of steps leads to the first level, where the branches have been gradually woven together until a firm floor has been made. Above this is a second floor, smaller in diameter and formed in the same way. Around each floor the branches have been woven into solid walls, making two circular rooms. Each of these rooms is lighted by eight windows, which are cut through the walls of branches and foliage.