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FOR THE PUBLIC GOOD.

MRS. C. P. SPENCER, EDITOR.

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CHAPEL HILL, N. C., SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 6, 1879.

NO. 21.

DR. D. A. ROBERTSON,
DENTIST,
Will visit Chapel Hill two or three times during the session of College, and often if he finds it necessary.
Notice will always be given in this paper of his coming.

DR. J. D. DAVIS,
DENTIST,
Permanently located in Durham, and Chapel Hill. Office will be open at Chapel Hill twice a week, on Monday and Wednesday, from the 12th to the 22d.

JAMES SOUTHGATE,
General Insurance Agent,
DURHAM, N. C.
Large lines of Insurance placed at short notice in first class Companies. Term policies on Dwellings and Farm Property, a specialty.

CRAYON PORTRAITS,
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which can be enlarged to any desired size.
From any Kind of Small Pictures, including Card Photographs, Gems, Old Daguerotypes, Breast Pin or Pocket Pictures, and finished in the finest style of Crayon Drawing, and finely framed.
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EUGENE L. HARRIS, Artist,
Chapel Hill, N. C.

STREET'S NATIONAL HOTEL,
RALEIGH, N. C.

S. R. STREET & Son, Owners and Prop's
GASTON HOUSE,
NEW-BERNE, N. C.

S. R. STREET & Son, Proprietors.

The undersigned having purchased the National Hotel property at Raleigh, opened March 15th, 1879, that well known House to the public under their management. They refer to their past management of this Gaston House as a guarantee that the traveling public will find the National in their hands, up to the standard of a first-class Hotel. The senior, Mr. Samuel R. Street, will remain in charge of the Gaston House. The junior, Mr. Wm. J. Street, will conduct the National Hotel.

S. R. STREET & SON,

NOTICE.
S. McK. Bowles,
PLASTERER, BRICK-MASON and WHITE-WASHER, is now ready to do work at short notice. All of his work is guaranteed to give satisfaction. Call on him and have your work done neatly. Refers to citizens of Chapel Hill.

TONSorial ART EMPORIUM!

THOMAS DUNSTON,
HAS FITTED UP HIS

BARBER SALOON,
ON FRANKLIN STREET,

in the most improved style, and will be glad to see his customers any time. He guarantees good work.

Shaving, 15 cents.
Hair cutting, 25 "
Shampooing, 25 "
He has a boot-black always in attendance. Give him a call.

\$66
A WEEK in your own town, and a capital risk. You can give the business a trial without expense. The best opportunity ever offered for those willing to work. You should try none else until you see for yourself what you can do at the business we offer. No room to explain here. You can make from \$50 to \$100 an hour by devoting your evenings and spare time to the business. It costs nothing to try the business. Nothing to know about the best paying business before the public, send us your address and we will send you full particulars and private terms free; samples worth \$50 free; you can then make up your mind for yourself.
Address: H. HALLETT & CO., Portland, Maine.

\$1500
TO \$5000 A YEAR, or \$5 a day at home made by the business. No risk. No expense. No room to explain here. You can make from \$50 to \$100 an hour by devoting your evenings and spare time to the business. It costs nothing to try the business. Nothing to know about the best paying business before the public, send us your address and we will send you full particulars and private terms free; samples worth \$50 free; you can then make up your mind for yourself.
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Address: TRUE & CO., Augusta, Maine.

Love's Song.
Love is a precious pain:
No pain can be so true,
When they who sigh, and sigh in vain,
In their hearts conceal it.
Love is a boundless bliss:
All they who share it,
With lover's look and lover's kiss,
Surely shall declare it.
Love with the crown of life,
His king and queen covers,
When thoughtful man and tender wife,
Still are steadfast lovers.
Ah! and when envious Death
Our life shall smother,
Love with his willow wreath
Crown that constant other.
Young men and maids, for love
Seek till ye find it,
And having found, win heaven above
About your hearts to bind it.

The Two Wanderers.
Two wanderers in a wood profound
Heard, stroke by stroke, the axe resound;
And that which each most longed to own
Rang to him in the weapon's tone.
The stalwart said: 'There lies the strand;
They build a ship for far-off land.'
The wearied spoke: 'A home they build
By hand of love with flowers filled.'
And through the tangled thickets' braid
They press, when lo! 'twas as each said.
They build a bark for far-off land,
A mansion decked by loving hand.
Within the forest's swamp and brake
A coffin for the dead they make.

A WOMAN'S STORY.

I had just entered my seventh year when my father, M. Veile, gave me a new mother in the person of the handsome and imperious widow of one Colonel Lator, and a brother in Mrs. Lator's only child, a boy of twelve.
Albert Lator, with his handsome face, strong will and pleasant ways, soon became my master, ruling my impetuous spirit with a success that no one else could. Madame Veile looked on with a proud, self-satisfied smile, and more than once I heard her murmur in her sweet, imperious tones:
'You must marry, Philippe. Your Vi must be my Albert's wife.'
And my father would laugh and nod his head approvingly, evidently well pleased with the idea.
But these happy days slipped by all too rapidly.
My father died. Albert was finishing his collegiate course. I, in accordance with my father's will, was sent to Paris to be finished under the care of his old and valued friend, Madame Dupont. Four years later I returned to my stepmother.
It was near the close of a bleak winter day that I reached Gray Fell. But bleak as it was, my handsome, stately stepmother met me on the steps of the great pillared portico.
'Ah! she exclaimed, half under her breath, as she held me off a moment and keenly scrutinized me with her great, lustrous black eyes. Then a warm smile parted her lips, and kissing me tenderly, she added:
'You are beautiful, my child—far more beautiful than I imagined. Albert will be charmed. Ah, a blushing, dearest? You have not forgotten my old hope, then! But come, come, dear; the air is bitterly keen.'
And gathering up the shining length of her black satin she swept queen-like before me, pausing only long enough in the hall to allow a kindly word or two to the assembled servants.
Then, with a rare condescension, she led me up stairs to my chamber.
As we entered the dressing-room she glanced at the fireplace and turned to my maid:
'Take mademoiselle's wraps, Manton,' she said quickly and imperiously, 'and then lay out some of her handomest dresses; adding smilingly, as her eyes returned to me, 'I shall superintend your toilet this evening, my dear. Dinner will be served in less than an hour, and I want you to appear at your best when you descend to the drawing-room. Albert shall be dazzled at first sight.'
When we entered the brilliantly lighted drawing-room it was tenanted by two persons—a handsome, kindly-looking man, whom I recognized at once as my stepbrother, and a tall, slender girl with heavenly blue eyes, pearly skin and a shimmering crown of pale, golden hair.
A faint damask tinted the girl's cheek as we entered, and I noticed that the gentleman rose with suspicious haste from the chair very close to her own. I fancied, too, that he had even more hastily dropped one of the dainty white hands toyed with a bunch of blue forget-me-nots that matched a tiny cluster half hidden in the flossy gold of her lovely hair.
I had heard of this fair girl, and that her home would henceforth be at Gray Fell. But for the first time it occurred to me that she might be destined to step between me and the man I had almost learned to think of only too tenderly.
With a sharp, jealous pang I extended my hand to Albert Lator, who had hastened to me, his fine eyes glowing with admiration and pleasure.
His greeting was cordial, and evidently pleased his mother.
'But why don't you kiss her, my son, as in the old days?' she smiled gayly.
And with an answering smile, Albert

bent his grand head and pressed his bearded lips lightly to mine.
'Ah, what a charming blushing!' laughed my stepmother, touching my glowing cheek caressingly with her soft, white fingers.
I smiled, but my heart throbbed painfully under the ruby velvet bodice that became me so well. Beneath the pressure of those bearded lips my wayward woman's heart had leaped from tenderness to a full, fierce, passionate love.
I lifted my eyes, lustrous with the new-born feeling, to the handsome, smiling face of my brother, and again my heart swelled with jealous pain at sight of its unruffled calm.
But the next moment Madame Veile claimed my attention.
'Vi, dearest, my great-niece, Peri Holbrook,' she smiled.
I turned my eyes from Albert's face to meet the eager half-afrighted gaze of the golden-haired girl I could not but admire.
I bowed, and somewhat coldly accepted the proffered hand, and answered the few musical words of gentle welcome. Then I involuntarily flashed a swift glance at Albert.
Ah, how the blood leaped through my veins! And how I hated the charming creature standing before me, so regally graceful and sweet. Yes, I hated her, for there could be no mistaking the brooding tenderness and passion with which my stepbrother was regarding her.
But only for an instant did his eyes betray him; and as the pleasant hours of the evening flew by, I grew half disposed to laugh at my jealous pain. Nevertheless, when my stepmother followed me to my room I smiled lightly.
'Peri is very lovely, mamma, and Albert seems to admire her.'
Madame Veile turned a glance upon me that covered my face with a flood of color.
'Nay, nay,' she laughed softly the next instant, winking her arm caressingly about me. 'You have no cause for jealousy, my love. Albert is heart-whole, and knows well that it is my wish to see him your husband. Knowing this, he added with haughty sternness, 'he would not dare brave me by loving another.' Then, with a swift return to her former tenderness, she continued: 'My dear child, I trust you can make me happy by loving my handsome and noble son.'
'Don't rush into jealousy, Vi. Peri is a good and beautiful girl, but Albert gives her only a cousinly affection. Though she is in no way dependent upon me peculiarly, I promised her dying mother to give her a home at Gray Fell, as you know; and you can see, my love, how very unpleasant it would make it for you to brood over a foolish jealousy. So, dear, put all that nonsense out of your charming head and rest assured that I am right. My eyes are keen, and in the eighteen months she has been at Gray Fell must inevitably have penetrated a secret of that kind.'
'Of course, mamma is right,' I murmured as the door closed on her imperial form, and I summoned Manton.
But, my maid dismissed, I sat down in my dressing gown and stared at the glowing coals, my thoughts and feelings in an anxious whirl. After a time I rose, sighing impatiently.
'I can't sleep; I will go down and get a book.'
With the words I crept out into the hall. I had traversed half its length when the sound of stealthy steps on the stairs sent me with bated breath behind the heavy damask curtains of a window near me.
Burglars were in my mind, but I made no outcry. The next minute the steps passed a few feet from me, and I was quickly undecieved.
A voice I well knew murmured in hushed tones, 'Don't grieve, my darling, it will all come right. Only be patient, my own.'
And I felt more than heard the soft kiss that finished the sentence.
It was Peri's voice that answered.
'Oh, Albert! Albert!' she breathed, falteringly. 'Where is it all to end? We have done very, very wrong, dearest. And oh, Albert, she loves you! I saw it in those great, passionate, dusky eyes of hers to-night, and in a vague terror of the future I stared almost wildly at her as Aunt Ray presented me.'
'Nonsense! Do you want to make me vain?' laughed my stepbrother softly. And then he murmured in graver accents: 'You say we have done wrong, darling. Remember that we had to choose between two evils. Remember that my mother possesses an iron will. She would have ground us both to powder rather than consent to what we—'
'Yes, yes, I know,' sighed Peri, before he could finish the sentence I was panting to hear.
'Then cease to grieve, darling,' he whispered. 'And now, once more, good night.'
And I knew he folded her close to his heart for a brief moment.
As their doors closed noiselessly upon their retiring forms I crept weakly back to my chamber, pride, anger and jealousy clutching at my heart-strings.
With a stifled cry I flung myself passionately on the rug before the fire and buried my face in the tiger skin covering—a pile of soft, yielding hassocks.
'Lost! lost to me!' I moaned in my fierce agony. And then, starting up, 'Right! I panted with vengeful breath. 'But what meant that unfinished sentence? Can they—'
And then I paused and stared breathlessly at the glowing coals.
'Ah! I will watch! I will watch!' I muttered later.
And I shivered at the sound of my own low, relentless voice.
I did watch.

Night after night they stole an hour of blissful peace in the ante-room of the old library, and night after night I was ruthlessly on their track. But in vain. I listened to their fond speech. The unfinished sentence I had caught in the hall above remained undisturbed. But one wild, bleak night, a month later, my task was ended. With stifled breath I noiselessly crept from the library to my stepmother's chamber.
She sat in her dressing gown before the fire, lost in an enchanting book. At my stealthy and unceremonious entrance she glanced up.
'Great Heaven!' she cried, dropping her book and staring at me in alarm. 'Are you ill, Vi?'
I laughed a harsh, short laugh.
'Only transformed into a Nemesis, mamma.'
'A Nemesis!' echoed my stepmother in slow tones of profound amazement, the next instant adding impetuously, 'You look like a beautiful spirit from Hades!'
I shrugged my shoulders with another harsh laugh.
'Come!' I said imperiously. 'Come and I will show you my Hades!'
She stared at me wonderingly, and half shrunk at my icy little hand clasped 'Softly, madame!' I whispered, as we left her room.
Directly she was standing at the slightly-open door, at which I had so often stood.
I felt her nails sink deep in the palm of my hand as her blazing eyes rested on the scene beyond. I heard her breath come in swift, angry gusts.
For a full minute she stood thus. Then, dropping my hand, she flung back the door and swept into the dimly-lighted room.
The pair sitting so lovingly before the fire started to their feet, Peri with a shiver of anguish. Albert's first words were given to her:
'Be brave, my love!' he smiled down upon her in accents of melting tenderness.
But his lips were white and his eyes glowing.
'What means all this?' demanded Madame Veile, in awfully hushed tones, gazing from one to the other with an anger before which even my fierce spirit quailed.
'It means this, my mother,' replied Albert, unfalteringly, as he paced forward and circled more closely the slender form of the pallid girl beside him. 'It means that for three months Peri has been my wife—'
'Wife!' gasped my stepmother, staggering back as if she had received a blow. And then she screamed, pleadingly: 'Not your wife, Albert?'
'Yes, mother, my wife,' he returned, sadly and firmly, while great tears rolled over Peri's white face. 'We grieved to do it secretly, mother, but—'
My stepmother lifted her hand. She had quite recovered herself now.
'Silence!' she commanded in those awfully hushed tones. 'Ask no forgiveness! Ask no blessing! Peri, go! Leave this house, now and forever. Go or stay, as you will; but know that from this hour I never speak to you again. From this hour know your blessing my bitterest curse!'
'Mother—'
'Silence!' again commanded my stepmother, in fearfully concentrated tones. 'Go! Not a word! Put that creature forth at once!' pointing her white finger at Peri's bowed head.
'Say you forgive, mother,' pleaded Albert.
'Say—'
'Silence!' almost thundered Madame Veile, her face ghastly as the dead.
He turned away then.
'Come, my darling, we will go,' he murmured with infinite tenderness to Peri.
And catching up a cloak and hood she had cast there only a few hours before, he wrapped her tenderly in them and led her to the door.
There they paused and looked back at Madame Veile.
'Farewell, mother,' they said, softly, 'and Heaven forgive us and you!'
Madame gazed stonily at them without word or gesture, and they sighed and turned away.
Directly the hall door clanged heavily after them. As it did so my stepmother turned calmly to me:
'I am sorry for you, Vi,' she said briefly, in stern, even tones. 'Let us go to bed.'
And with firm step and erect form she led me up to my room. There she kissed me good night, saying calmly as she closed the door:
'From this moment they are dead to us. Never mention their names again!'
It was all over now. I had sated my vengeance.
'It is well!' I said, as my head touched my pillow.
The days came and went. My stepmother was erect, cold and imperious as ever. Not by word, look or tone did she betray her secret suffering. But at the end of a year she had lost every vestige of youth and health. A pale, gaunt old woman, she sat in her chair now.
One morning she called me to her. It was on my nineteenth birthday.
'Vi,' she said, curiously, 'it's all Dead Sea fruit.'
I gazed at her, dimly comprehending her meaning. Then she said:
'They have a little daughter, Vi, and they have named her after me—Ray Lator, Vi. Shall we have them back, Vi?'
She looked at me wistfully. There was a brief strife between the good and the evil, and then I replied:
'It is Dead Sea fruit, mamma. We will have them back. I can look upon Albert as my brother now.'
'Thank Heaven!' exclaimed Madame Veile.

And three days later Albert, Peri and the little Ray were established at Gray Fell.

Theatrical Episodes.
A juvenile gentleman, whose voice was not by any means powerful, was representing Macduff. On his observing: 'My voice is in my sword,' one of his auditors called out: 'I'm glad you told us, Harry; we were just wondering where it was.' Another actor in the same character—well known to be an excellent combatant—was one night seized with a sudden and uncontrollable presentiment that he would be mortally wounded in the fight that terminates the tragedy, so threw his sword down, and made a hasty and ignominious retreat.—Poor Macbeth, thus left in the lurch, imagined that some alarming illness had caused his enemy to back out. What was to be done? His death alone could satisfy poetic justice, and bring the piece to the orthodox conclusion; so in desperation he rushed off and dragged in the first person he met with; this happened to be the physician. Handling Macduff's sword to him, he spoke this remarkable extempore speech: 'As killing is thy trade, now try thy hand upon thy master, as proxy for his coward foe.' The combat was fought, and terminated, of course, with the tyrant king being defeated and stabbed through and through several times—to make quite sure of him. The audience cheered and called uproariously for the combatants. But the manager was not so well pleased, and fined the trio of actors—Macduff for not attending to his business, Macbeth for daring to 'gag' Shakespeare, and the unlucky physician for doing what he was actually forced to do.
A very weak tenor, in Dublin, singing feebly, caused one of the gods to shout to an acquaintance across the gallery:—'Corney, what noise is that?' 'Bedad,' said Corney, 'I believe it's the gas whistle in the pipe.' In the same lively city a late mayor gave his patronage, and was hailed with 'a cheer for the ex-mayor!' When quiet was restored, a voice called out: 'Now, boys, a cheer for the Double X mayor!' (Mr. Guinness, the great brewer, was the gentleman then filling the civic chair). A Sir William Fendolova, in 'The Love Chase,' summing up his personal advantages, says, conceitedly enough, 'I'm every atom what a man should be.' A man slightly lame was playing the part when at this point a voice from the pit cried: 'Barring the game leg, Freddy.' On an Iago, who was disgraced by a frightful obliquity of vision, saying to Othello, 'Wear your eyes thus,' one of the spectators unkindly remarked: 'He can't, you fool! he hasn't learnt to squint.'
A very tedious old actor, whose Hamlet occupied four hours, was once playing the part in a town in the Potteries, and with plenty of emphasis, but no discretion, was 'lolling out' the celebrated soliloquy, 'To be—or—not—to be,' when an irreverent gallery boy called out to him: 'Oh, toss up for it, mister, and don't preach.'

A Sound Legal Opinion.
An honest farmer once called upon the late Roger M. Sherman, the celebrated lawyer, and told him he wanted an opinion. He had heard a great deal about the value of Mr. Sherman's opinions, and how a great many people went to him to get an opinion, and John, who had never had, nor was likely to have a lawsuit or other difficulty for a lawyer, to help him from, thought he would have an opinion.
'Well, John, what can I do to help you?' said Mr. Sherman, when John in his turn was shown into the room.
'Why, lawyer,' replied John, 'I happened to be in town, and having nothing to do, I thought I would come and get your opinion.'
'State your case, John. What's the matter?'
'Oh, nothing. I ain't got no lawsuit; I only want to get one of your opinions; they say they are very valuable.'
'But, John—about what?'
'Oh! anything, sir; take your pick and choice!'
Mr. Sherman, seeing the notions of his client on the matter in hand, took pen and writing a few words, folded them up and handed them to John, who carefully placed them in his pocket.
'What's to pay, sir?'
'Four and sixpence,' Yankee money—seventy-five cents.
When John returned home the next morning, he found his wife, who pretty much took the lead in his business matters, anxiously discussing with his chief farm servant the propriety of getting in large quantity of oats on that day, which had been out on the one previous, or of undertaking some other labor.
John was appealed to to settle the question, but he could not decide. At length he said: 'I'll tell you what, Polly; I've been to a lawyer, and got an opinion that cost me four and sixpence. There it is—read her out; it's a lawyer's writing and I can't make head or tail out of it!'
But Polly opened the paper and read as follows: 'Never put off till to-morrow what can be done to day.'
'Enough said!' cried John; 'them oats must be got in.' And they were got 'in,' and the same night such a storm came on as otherwise would have ruined them entirely.
John often afterward consulted the opinion, and acted upon it; and to this day entertains a high estimate of lawyer's opinion generally, and of the lamented Mr. Sherman's in particular.
This Waterloo Observer says: 'Chickens and lawyers pick up their living with their bills.' The comparison is a slander on all honest chickens that scratch for what they get.

ITEMS OF GENERAL INTEREST.

The Black Hills News favors the removal of the coinage mint now located at New Orleans to Denver.
A woman is on trial in Vadaia, La., for murdering a child by pouring scalding water down its throat.
An English laborer at Offham, England, lately climbed a tree seventy feet high and hanged himself at the top.
Machinery Hall, one of the fine buildings of the Centennial exhibition, has been sold to private parties and pulled down.
Twenty-five of the principal railroads of the United States earned \$8,733,582 in the month of July 1879, which was an increase of \$704,963 over the same month last year.
An assay recently made in Denver, Col., on a sample of ore from a newly-discovered vein of ore, showed a value per ton of \$138,863, which is the richest product ever found.
The state department is informed that Switzerland is in the habit of paying the expenses of confirmed paupers to this country in order to be rid of them, and has taken means to stop the wrong.
An idea of the trade in canary birds is given by the fact that one New York house during the past year purchased 54,000 male and 8,000 female birds—most of them being imported from Germany.
The State of Texas having imposed a license tax of \$200 on commercial travelers, nearly all the large houses in New York have recalled their agents, feeling that a submission to the tax in one State would lead to its imposition in others.
The so-called Indian depredations in Arizona are the work of Americans, Mexicans and Indians. Nearly 200 animals have been stolen. The raiders were followed to South Mule Pass, where three Americans and two Germans were killed.
It is a common practice for people, through ignorance of the law, when sending postal cards to write part of the letter on the face of the card. Nothing but the address should be written there, else five cents will be collected by the postoffice on delivery.
Florida is now shipping 6,000 head of cattle monthly to Cuba, with the prospect for an increase in the demand. The shipments of Texas cattle to Cuba are also large, giving regular occupation to several of the Morgan steamships, and not a case of fever among them.
When the California farmers began to harvest their grain crops it transpired that a party of speculators held a corner in sacks, and the grangers had to purchase at an exorbitant figure or let their product go to ruin. It is estimated the speculators made a profit of nearly half a million.
The holder of the franchise for an underground railway in New York city has perfected arrangements with Farman capitalists whereby they will advance four million dollars for the work as soon as he secures \$500,000 in this country to start the work, and thus demonstrate the validity of his title.
Among the English competitors who are coming to this country to participate in athletic sports are a Mr. George, who can run a mile in four minutes twenty-five seconds, and four miles in twenty minutes fifty-one seconds, and Mr. Ball, who can run a quarter of a mile in fifty-one and one-half seconds.
Superheated starch falling on a red hot stove in a candy factory in New York caused an explosion; and this, it is now believed, throws light on the cause of the terrible explosion in a similar establishment some months ago, whereby a number of lives were lost, and which could not be satisfactorily accounted for.
Mr. Forbes, the enterprising journalist who receives \$10,000 for reporting the Zulu campaign for a London paper, on the conclusion of the last great battle rode 110 miles alone in the dead of night, through the hostile country, in order to reach telegraphic communication and transmit his account ahead of competitors.
As an instance of the impartiality and efficiency of the quarantine in Arkansas, it was stated that Governor Alcorn, who came up with his family from Friar's Point, Miss., and passed Memphis without stopping, was denied a certificate to go to Hot Springs, where his daughter, who married a son of Governor Rector, is now residing.
The following shows the number of pounds contained in a bushel of the different articles named: O! bran, 12; blue grass, 14; shorts, 18; dried apples, 25; oats, 32; dried peaches, 33; hemp seed, 44; timothy seed, 45; castor beans, 48; barley, 48; flaxseed, 56; rye, 56; shelled corn, 56; onions, 57; wheat, 60; clover seed, 60; mineral coal, 70; salt, 75; corn on cob, 75.
Under the stimulus of an Iowa law, which remits a certain portion of taxes for five years on every acre of forest and for ten years on every acre of forest trees planted in the State and kept alive, a great change has been wrought in the aspect of the Iowa landscape. Over seventy-five thousand acres of forest and forest trees have been put out, and the remission of taxes resulting amounts to about \$200,000.
In 1875 by executive order an area of 8,259,200 acres in Dakota on the north-east border of the Missouri was withdrawn from settlement, to prevent the whites from pressing too closely upon the adjacent great Sioux reservation near Yankton. This tract, however, having become infested with white raiders, who pillage settlers and Indians alike, was by executive order, dated August 9th, re-opened for settlement.