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In the Interests of the Colored People of the Country.

ABLE and well-known writers will contribute to its columns from different parts of the country, and it will contain the latest General News of the day.

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The carrier pigeon service in Paris is now most carefully organized, and the latest census shows that there are 2,500 trained birds, which can take dispatches in and out of the capital in the roughest weather. Some are taught to go to the neighboring forts and towns, others to distant parts of the provinces.

About 20,000 people are annually destroyed in India by animals, and of these nineteen are said to be bitten by snakes. The number of human victims tends to increase, in spite of the fact that the number of wild beasts and snakes destroyed has doubled in the last ten years, and that the Government reward paid for their extermination has risen proportionately. Nearly 2 1/2 lakhs of rupees (about \$125,000) were thus paid in 1884. Next to venomous reptiles, tigers claim most victims. Ten years ago wolves, mostly in the Northwest provinces and Oudh, killed five times as many people as of late years; but the extermination of wolves seems to be going on rapidly. Leopards are the alleged cause of death to about 200 human beings annually. Apart from the loss of human life, the returns show an annual destruction of 50,000 head of cattle.

Whatever the exact relative strength of the three great standing army powers of Europe (France, Germany and Russia) may be, no one can dispute that the keeping of 7,000,000 men almost constantly under arms is detrimental to national or continental prosperity. England's 250,000 sinks into insignificance compared with the gigantic army-roll of these three kingdoms; but Austria has a standing army but slightly inferior in point of numbers to that of Germany, and Italy and Turkey can each put hundreds of thousands of soldiers into the field. Thus Europe has become a veritable continent of soldiers—an armed camp. The taxes necessary to maintain these literally countless masses, to clothe them in dazzling costumes, and to equip them with the newest patterns of life-destroying weapons, are prodigious. Nor is this the only, or indeed the worst, effect of this militarism run wild. Trade and commerce are affected to an extent described as appalling, and Bismarck did not overstate the case when he said that a few more years of tension such as now existed must involve the most prosperous nation in ruin.

The San Francisco Chronicle says that "Japan, with nearly 40,000,000 people, has only 875,000 head of cattle and 1,200,000 horses, and is without mules, swine or sheep. We have two head of horned cattle to every three persons. The Japanese have 500 persons to each head of bovine stock. We have one horse or mule to every four persons; they have only one horse to every thirty-three persons. Of sheep they have no knowledge, as they wear no woolen clothes and eat no mutton? Swine meat is as much an abomination to them as it is to the Brahmins. The Emperor rode on a wheeled carriage and that mode of conveyance was made sacred to his use, while other people must ride in other fashions or walk. The nobility monopolized sedan chairs and horseback riding, and to the common people was left the privilege of walking. The farmers and packers on their return from markets would, however, mount their horses, but upon the appearance of one of the men-at-arms they would tumble off in all possible haste, so as to meet their superiors in their proper places; that is, on foot. Horses thus became aristocratic animals and were held in high esteem.

UNITY.

One law there is for every grain of sand
And every star. Now'er the sand be blown
By shifting winds about, or shoreward
thrown

By surge of wave resist'ed, yet the Hand
That on the farthest star lays strict command,
To hold it fast in orbit all its own,
Not for one breath-space leaves the speck
alone,

But brings it still at last, as first was planned.
So is't with spirits, too: one law there is,
Here where we toss and turn so aimlessly,
The sport of whim and chance, and yonder,
where

The move in rest, their souls encircling Lis.
The wave will pass, the wind lie down, and
we
With them shall rest, their full obedience
share.

—Bradford Torrey.

GRIM WALKER'S REVENGE.

Between the years 1833 and 1865 a full thousand people heard the story of Grim Walker. That was during the fiercest part of our civil war, and minor incidents were speedily absorbed and forgotten. I doubt if there are a score of people living to-day who can recall the details of this singular man's adventures, and I do not remember that anything save a brief outline of the massacre of his family has ever appeared in print.

I was a pony express rider on the Overland route. That meant helping to guard stages, carrying a light mail on my saddle, forwarding dispatches, taking my turn to act as agent of some stable, and various other things which need not be explained. There were then several great trails leading west from the borders of civilization, and all were more or less traveled, but the favorite routes were from St. Joseph and Council Bluffs, the one being known as the northern and the other as the southern route. I was on a route along the Platte River west of Fort Kearney, which was sometimes fifty miles long, and sometimes 125, according to the way the Indians were behaving, and the number of men we had for service.

Grim Walker was a pioneer named Charles O. Walker, from near Iowa City. He was a giant in size, naturally sour and taciturn of disposition, and his family consisted of a wife and three children. While the country was excited over the civil war, and travel by the Overland had almost come to a stop, except in cases of necessity, Walker and others formed an immigrant party to make a push for the golden land. When I first heard of them they numbered twenty wagons and sixty or seventy people, and were on the Platte, east of Kearney, which was then dangerous ground. When the outfit reached Kearney, some were for turning back, others for electing a new Captain, others for settling down near by and establishing ranches. It seemed that there were three or four different factions in the party, and several bitter quarrels had resulted. In the then state of affairs 206 brave and united men could have scarcely hoped to reach the Colorado or Wyoming line, for the Indians were up in arms on every trail, and thirsting for blood and scalps. When it was known, therefore, that Grim Walker, as he had come to be known, had been elected Captain of a faction and intended to push on at the head of only seven families, which could muster but nine fighting men, soldiers, hunters, Indian fighters, and overland men argued and scolded and predicted. Not an argument could move Grim Walker. Not a prediction could frighten one of his adherents. It appeared to them to be a case where manhood and pride were at stake, and when it was hinted that the military would restrain them they made secret preparations and departed at night. It was an awful thing for those bigoted and determined men to drive their wives and children, consisting of twenty-two people, to a horrible death, but nothing short of a battle with the military would have stopped them.

They left Kearney one night about 10 o'clock, drawing away quietly and traveling at their best speed. They could not have gone ten miles before being discovered by the Indians. A party of twenty of us left over the same trail at noon next day, and we had gone only fifteen miles when we found evidences that the little party, which was keeping along the Platte, had been attacked. This must have been about daylight. Soon after sunrise they had been driven to shelter in a grove of cottonwoods, but before reaching it one of the men had been killed and scalped, a wagon had been broken down and abandoned, and stray bullets had killed a woman and a child as they cowered down behind the cargo of the wagons. At 4 o'clock in the afternoon we came to the grove, driving away the last of the savages, but we were too late. Such a spectacle as we there beheld was enough to sicken the heart of the bravest Indian fighter. The little party had been attacked by about 300 redskins, and the fight had lasted for half a day. As near as we could figure from blood spots on the earth fourteen Indians had been killed, and there were bloody trails to show that as many more had been wounded. The foolhardy men had died game as an offset. We made out that their camp had been carried by a charge, and that the last of the fighting was hand to hand. Five of the women had been carried off into horrible captivity, while all others had been butchered—all save Grim Walker. The bodies had been cut and hacked and mutilated in a terrible manner, but we could have identified Walker by his size, even had he been decapitated. The immigrants' horses had all been killed, the wagons plundered and burned, and the savages were bundling up some of the plunder when we came in sight and drove them away. All that was left us was the sad work of burying the corpses.

A month later we heard that Grim

Walker had escaped from the fight, breaking out of the grove and riding off on a horse just as the conflict closed in. Men belonging to the Overland had met and talked with him east of Kearney. He had three wounds, but seemed unconscious of them as he briefly related the story of the fight, and vowed that he would have the lives of five Indians for every white person who had perished. Nothing further was heard of him until June of the following year. I was then in Government employ as a scout and despatch rider, and was on the Smoky Hill Fork of the Kansas River, twenty miles west of Fort McPherson, riding with two other scouts, when we came upon Grim Walker. He had gone east after the massacre, and had built for himself a bullet-proof wagon. It was a great cage on wheels, and everything about it was made of iron. Wheels, box, bottom, top—every part of it was bullet proof. It was pierced or loopholed in fifty places for musketry, ventilated at the top, and was drawn by four mules. The man must have had considerable means at his disposal to pay for a vehicle like that, and he had come all the way from Council Bluffs alone. The interior was fitted up with a sleeping berth, iron tanks for holding food and water, and he had come back to the plains to keep his vow. But for his grimness the idea would have raised a laugh. He must have been en route for many long days, and he certainly had passed through many perils. We heard afterward that as he reached the fort one afternoon, and it became known that he would push on, every effort was made to dissuade him. For a time he was silent—grim—deaf. Then he pointed to the northeast and said:

"There lie the bones of my children and friends, and I will not rest until I have avenged them twice over."

They told him the country was alive with hostiles, and that every rod of the way was beset with perils; but as the sun went down he harnessed his mules to the iron tong, climbed into the saddle, and without nod of farewell to any one he rode to the west in the gathering gloom—more grim, more determined, more of a devil than a human being. He had traveled a good share of the night over a country in which death lurked in every ravine, but the watchful savages had not espied him. He had traveled until mid-afternoon next day along a trail where savages outnumbered the snakes twenty to one, but somehow they had missed him. We were riding at full speed for the fort, keeping the shelter of the dry ravines and the valleys, and expecting at any moment to be pursued, when we ran upon Grim Walker. His wagon stood on the open prairie, at least half a mile from the river and the shelter of the cottonwoods. The four mules had been unharnessed and turned out to graze, and the man was cooking his supper at a campfire, the smoke of which would draw Indians for ten miles around. Our astonishment when we found him there alone kept us dumb for a few minutes. We sat on our horses and stared at him, and he greeted our presence by a mere nod. When I recognized him as Grim Walker I began to suspect the enterprise he had on foot, and after I had put a few questions he briefly explained:

"I am here to kill Indians. You can look my wagon over if you want to. It was what I have described. He had a barrel or more of fresh water, a lot of flour and meat, a small stove to cook on, and a perfect arsenal of firearms. It was evident that the Indians could not get at him with bullets nor tomahawk, nor fire, and it would take weeks to starve him out. There was only one thing that troubled the man. His stock would be killed off at once when he was attacked, and he would then have no way of moving his wagon. We helped him out of his dilemma by agreeing to take the animals to the fort. The harnesses were piled into his house, and it was understood that he would come for the mules when he wanted them. He had a compass, and we gave him the exact bearings, and as we rode away he was preparing to toast another piece of meat, seeming utterly unconcerned over the dangers of his surroundings. As to what happened him during the next three weeks I had a few meagre details from his own lips, but plenty of information from warriors who afterward became "friendly." That is, when licked out of their boots half a dozen times, their villages destroyed, many of their ponies shot, and their squaws and children driven to temporary starvation, they cried for peace in order to recruit and make ready for another campaign.

The campfire which Grim Walker built saved the three of us from being ambushed. A warrior told me that forty savages were between us and the fort when the smoke led them to believe that a large party of immigrants must be camped in the bottoms. It could only be a large party which would dare build such a fire in a hostile country. The warriors were all drawn off by a signal to attack the larger game, and before sundown that evening two hundred murderous redskins were opening their eyes very wide at the site of the one lone wagon anchored on the prairie under their noses. How did it get there? It occupied! They must have asked themselves these questions over and over again, but there stood the wagon, grim, silent, mysterious. The whole band finally moved down for a closer inspection, believing the vehicle had been abandoned, and hopeful that something in the shape of plunder had been left behind. They had come close—they had entirely surrounded the vehicle—when a sheet of flame darted from one of the portholes, and Grim Walker had begun to tally his victims. Before the redskins could get out of range he had killed seven of them, using shotguns and buckshot. It was only when they came to return the fire that the savages discovered what sort of a vehicle had been hauled out there among them. They wasted hundreds of bullets before they ceased

bring, and with a rifle Walker killed two more of them before night set in.

The superstitious nature of the Indian would have driven him away had he not burned for revenge. And, too, it was argued that the wagon must contain something of great value to have been built that way, and greed was added to the thirst for vengeance. They believed that the bottom of the box, at least, was of wood, and about three hours after dark a number of warriors, each having a bunch of dry grass under his arm, crept forward to the vehicle to start a fire under it. They crept as noiselessly as serpents, but before a man of them had passed under a double-barreled shotgun belched forth its contents, and two more bucks set out for the happy hunting grounds. Next day, refusing to believe that a wagon could be bullet proof, the Indians opened a fusillade, which was maintained for two hours. They were behind trees and logs and other cover, and not a shot was provoked in response. Various schemes were concocted to get at the wagon, which was finally believed to contain a party of hunters, but none promised success. At noon, however, a number of young warriors volunteered to carry out a plan. There were twelve of them, and they were to approach the wagon in a wide circle. The idea was to seize and unsettle it, and thus render the occupants helpless. The circle was made, and it gradually narrowed until the signal for a rush was made.

The man within—grim, silent, watchful—let the circle close, and the warriors seize the wheels before he opened fire. It would have taken a dozen stout men to have lifted two of the wheels off the ground. He shot down three of them and the others fled in terror, and half an hour later the siege was abandoned and the Indians were moving off. For two long weeks the wagon remained on the spot, an object of curiosity to scouts and hunters—an object of awe and menace to the savages. Then, one morning, just at daylight, Grim Walker came into Fort McPherson for his mules. He was going to move his iron cage to new fields. He replenished his provisions, and inside of two hours was off again, having spoken less than fifty words during his stay. It seemed as if he had grown taller, fiercer, more grim and revengeful. There was something pitiful in knowing that he alone had survived the massacre; something appalling in the knowledge that he had become a Nemesis whom nothing but blood would satisfy.

The wagon was moved north to the head-waters of the Saline Fork. One who has been over the route will wonder how it could have been done. It was attacked there one forenoon about 10 o'clock by a band of thirty warriors who had been raiding on the Solomon's River. The mules were staked out, and Grim Walker sat at his camp fire. The warriors charged up on horseback, believing they had a hunter's or surveyor's outfit, and while they stampeded and secured the mules, four of them were killed from the loopholes of the cage. They came back again, and another was killed and two were wounded. Then they discovered what sort of an enemy Grim Walker and his wagon remained there for a month. When the Indians would no longer come to him he set out in search of them, and he became a veritable terror. Twenty different warriors whom I interviewed between 1864 and 1867 told me that Walker was more feared than a hundred Indian fighters. He killed everything he came to that was Indian, including squaws, ponies, children, and dogs. No camp felt safe from him. He had the ferocity of a hungry tiger and the cunning of a serpent. He used his iron wagon as headquarters and made raids for fifty miles around. During the summer our scouts saw Walker or his wagon once on a fortnight. He was last seen alive on September 2, on the Republican River, when he had a fresh Indian scalp at his belt. He had then blown up his wagon with gunpowder and abandoned it, although he did not state the fact. His hair and beard had become long and unkempt, his clothing was in rags, and there could be no doubt that he had gone mad. On the 15th of the month, as I rode with an escort of soldiers south of where he was seen on the 2d, and fifty miles from the spot, we found him dead. He lay on a bare knoll, on the broad of his back, with his arms folded over his breast and his rifle by his side. His eyes were wide open, as if looking at the buzzards sailing above him, and we soon satisfied ourselves that he had died from natural causes. He had a dozen scars and wounds, but disease had overpowered him, or his work had been done. He had exacted a full measure of vengeance. Better for the Indians had they let his immigrant party pass on in peace, for he had brought mourning to a hundred lodges.—*New York Sun.*

Worldly Wisdom.

"What is the best thing in this world?" a traveler was once asked, after he had traversed Christendom and returned to his native town to enlighten the villagers with his wisdom. "Liberty," he answered.

"What is the most pleasant?"

"Gain."

"The least known?"

"Good fortune."

"Who is the most happy man in the world?"

"The learned man, who has riches and knows the use of them."

"The most importunate?"

"The hard-hearted creditor."

"The most dangerous?"

"The ignorant physician."

"The most pitiable?"

"The liar, who is not believed when he tells the truth."

Though some of these answers may not be approved, there is food for thought in them all.—*Youth's Companion.*

PRISON LIFE IN SIBERIA.

AN ACCOUNT OF THE FAMOUS RUSSIAN PENAL SETTLEMENT.

More than 10,000 Criminals Exiled Yearly—Political Prisoners—The Life Led by Exiles.

FOR nearly two centuries, writes Thomas W. Knox, in the *New York Star*, Siberia has been famous, or infamous, as a place of banishment for those who offend against the social or political laws of Russia. Peter the Great began the transportation of criminals to Siberia in 1710; previous to that date the country had been used as a land of banishment for officials whom the government wished to get out of the way without putting them to death, but the number of these deported individuals was not large. Ever since Peter's day the work of exiling criminals to Siberia has been kept up; the ordinary travel of this sort is about 10,000 annually, and sometimes it reaches as high as 12,000 or 13,000. Outside of this deportation is that of revolutionists, nihilists and others who offend politically rather than criminally, though any opposition to the autocratic power of the Czar is likely to be regarded as criminal in the eyes of the Russian government.

Sometimes the political prisoners are mingled with the criminals, but ordinarily they are kept apart. In former times the prisoners were compelled to walk to their destinations, and the journey from St. Petersburg to the regions beyond Lake Baikal, a distance of nearly 4,000 miles, occupied two years, and sometimes more, and many of the exiles died on the road from fatigue and privations. It was found more economical to transport the offenders in wagons or sleighs, or by rail and steamboat when possible, than to require them to walk, and for the last twenty years or more five-sixths of the exiles have been carried in this way. At points varying from ten to twenty miles apart along the great road through Siberia there are houses for the lodgment of prisoners at night. They afford a shelter from the weather, but very little else, as they are almost always badly ventilated and very dirty, and occupants sleep on the bare floor or benches, without any other covering than the clothes they wear. Sometimes in summer the officer in charge of a convoy of prisoners will permit them to sleep out of doors at night, instead of entering the filthy stations, but in such a case he requires the personal promise of every exile in the convoy that he will make no attempt to escape, and he furthermore makes the whole party responsible for the individual conduct. Under such circumstances if one of the prisoners should violate his parole and run away, no further favors would be shown to the rest, and they would be put on low rations of food and otherwise punished. It is needless to say they take good care that the promise is kept. This privilege is accorded only to the convicts of political offenders. The criminal classes are not considered worthy of such confidence in their honor.

Prison life in Siberia is of many varieties, according to the offenses of different individuals and the sentences which have been decreed in their cases. The lowest sentence is to simple banishment for three years, and the highest to hard labor for life. The simple exile without imprisonment is appointed to live in a certain town, district or province, and must report to the police at stated intervals. He may engage in certain specified occupations, or rather in any occupation which is not on a prohibited list; for example, he may teach music or painting, but he may not teach languages, as they afford the opportunity for propagating revolutionary ideas. He may become merchant, farmer, mechanic, contractor, or anything else of that sort, and it not infrequently happens that exiles enjoy a degree of prosperity in their new homes that they did not have in European Russia. Exiles and their sons have become millionaires in Siberia; a former Vanderbilt of Irkutsk, the capital of Eastern Siberia, was the son of an exile serf, his enormous fortune having been gained in the overland tea trade. Many exiles become so attached to Siberia that they remain after their term of banishment is ended, but it should be understood that their cases are the exceptions rather than the rule. The wife and immature children of an exile may follow or accompany him at the expense of the Government, but they cannot return to Europe until his term of service has expired. The name of "prisoner" or "exile" is never applied to the banished individuals; in the language of the people they are called "unfortunates," and in official documents they are termed "involuntary emigrants."

Of those sentenced to forced labor some are ordered to become colonists; they are furnished with the tools and materials for building a house on a plot of ground allotted to them, and for three years can receive rations from the nearest government station, but when the three years have expired they are expected to support themselves. If they were sent to the southern and therefore fertile parts of Siberia their lot would not be a severe one, but the most of these colonists are assigned to the northern regions, where the support of life from tilling the soil or from hunting and fishing is a matter of great difficulty. Those who are kept in prison and sentenced to hard labor are employed in mines, mills, foundries or on the public roads. Many of them wear chains, which extend from a girdle around the waist to each ankle, and effectually preclude the possibility of running away. Their life is a hard one, as their food is coarse and often limited in quantity. It is bad enough under kind-hearted overseers and Superintendents, and terrible where the masters are cruel, which happens altogether too often.

Twenty-one barrels of flour are used daily in making bread for the 1,600 convicts in Sing Sing Prison.

MAMMA'S KISS

A kiss when I wake in the morning.
A kiss when I go to bed,
A kiss when I burn my fingers,
A kiss when I bump my head.

A kiss when my bath is over,
A kiss when my bath begins;
My mother's as full of kisses
As nurse is full of pins.

A kiss when I play with my rattle,
A kiss when I pull her hair;
She covered me over with kisses
The day that I fell down stairs.

A kiss when I give her trouble,
A kiss when I give her joy;
There's nothing like mother's kisses
To her own little baby boy.

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

There is no place like home, especially if it's the home of your best girl.—*St. Paul Herald.*

There are three kinds of animals in the Wall street menagerie. They are bulls, bears and donkeys.—*Piscayuna.*

A citizen of Deadwood, Dakota, reached home the other night somewhat earlier than usual. He had been chased home by a ghost.—*Chicago News.*

A poet asks: "What is it makes the noonday air so strong?" Well, perhaps the wife has been boiling cabbage or something like that.—*Yonkers Statesman.*

"Shall I light the gas?" asked the landlady at the supper table. "Oh, it isn't necessary," answered the new boarder, "the supper is light enough."—*New York Sun.*

Said George: "On my mind there's a weight; It is really getting quite light, And I fear that your pa— He got only thus far, For he landed outside of the weight."—*Life.*

A man never more fully appreciates the touching significance of a "vacant chair" than when he goes in a hurry to the barber shop and finds one awaiting him there.—*St. Albans Messenger.*

This is the season that inspires a red-nosed man with confidence. He can blame the warmth of color on the weather, and those who do not know his habits will sometimes believe him.—*Philadelphia Herald.*

A Swiss law compels every newly-married couple to plant trees shortly after the ceremony of marriage. The pine and the weeping willow are prescribed, but the birch is allowed as being prospectively useful.—*Providence Telegram.*

Full many a maid who faints at sight of blood,
And dare not kill a mouse, nor face a toad;
Wears on her hat—more eloquent than words,
The mangled forms of half a dozen birds.
—*Danville Breeze.*

A Real Cowboy.

Walking into a neat, little restaurant down on State street the other night, the *Chicago Mail's* "Club Man" was somewhat astonished to see about a dozen dirty-faced gamins sitting at a long table discussing an excellent supper, and at the head of the table sat a Western looking, happy fellow, with all the appearance of an ideal cowboy, except the sombrero, and that hung on a hook near by—a regular stunner, with width enough for a small umbrella, and a wealth of silver tinsel on it. Investigating, the "Club Man" discovered that the cowboy, who had come in with a train of cattle from Fettermen, Wyo., on the Chicago & Northwestern, a few days ago, had been paid off and was enjoying himself. The proprietor of the restaurant said he came in about half an hour before, followed by the troop of Arabs, and had negotiated for supper for the gang. He had given carte blanche to the boys, and they had ordered everything from fried oysters to a hot mince pie, and the cowboy had deposited a \$20 gold piece in advance. He didn't seem to be drinking, but unusually good natured and intelligent. He was telling the boys big stories about the mountains, plains and sunshine of the West, of cattle drives and stampedes, and the boys were listening and eating with an earnestness which was refreshing. Their host didn't seem to pay special attention to any one in the room except his guests, and presided at the banquet with as much dignity and self-possession as if he were the major-domo of a palace. Among the things he mentioned was the fact that last summer, a year ago, he had become acquainted in Wyoming with a great painter, who was also a poet, and who had been out there to make sketches for a big Western picture he was going to paint. Then, in a quiet and quaint way, he recited to the boys a cowboy poem which the poet-painter had written, and which had this refrain:

"With his slouch sombrero
And brown chaparras
And clinking spurs,
Like a centaur he speeds
Where the wild bull feeds,
And he laughs, Ha! ha! Who cares! Who cares!"

A Questionable Exit.

"Say, Joe, did the editor accept your poem on 'Beautiful Snow?'"

"No, Charlie. I went into the office on tip-toe—"

"That was right. An editor doesn't like to be disturbed. You showed him the poem?"

"I read it to him."

"And he declined it?"

"Yes."

"It must have been execrable."

"Well, maybe it was. I left the office on tip-toe."

"Which was right?"

"I am not sure about that. I went out on the tip of his toe."—*Call.*

There are 140 farms reported on the Last Hill Reservation, Idaho, conducted by Indians. They have nearly 1,000 acres under cultivation and own thirty-seven mowers and two reapers bought with their own money.