

Tallyrand and Firefly

By J. MacNEILL JOHNSON

CHAPTER VII.

Mr. Studebolt and Old Horseshoe had great good fortune in St. Louis, and received for the scalps and furs a certified check for Thirty Thousand Dollars. Old Horseshoe at first wanted it all in silver, but Mr. Studebolt assured him that the State of Tennessee would rather have the check than the silver coin. Old Horseshoe could not understand it, but accepted his white brother's word for it, and they quickly left St. Louis on a little steamer, named the Lady Jane, which at that time plied between St. Louis and Nashville; and in a little less than a week they were at the Capitol of the State of Tennessee, and went directly to the State Land Office.

On the boat from St. Louis Mr. Studebolt and Old Horseshoe had many serious talks about the new name the old Indian was to assume in order to hold title to his land. The Old Chief was sorry to change his name at all, and he made many suggestions for very slight changes, which showed that he regarded it as one of the bitterest sacrifices he had to make in order to become a civilized citizen. After casting about Mr. Studebolt suggested that he change his name from the English word horseshoe, which had been adopted by the Mohawk Tribe as a man's name, to the French word which means the same thing, and the old man seemed to find some comfort in this; and when Mr. Studebolt asked, "How would you like the name of F. A. Cheval?—that means 'fer a cheval,' which is the French for horse-shoe, and literally means 'Iron of the Horse.'" The old man grasped at it eagerly, and said: "My name F. A. Cheval."

The Land Office took \$25,000.00 of Mr. F. A. Cheval's money, and conveyed to Mr. F. A. Cheval a tract of land described in his title deed thus:

"All that tract of land bounded on the north by the Mussel Shoals; on the east by the High Hills; on the South by Boone's Creek; and on the West by the Mississippi River, and more definitely described as follows: Beginning on the east bank of the Mississippi River at Low Water Mark, at the mouth of Boone's Creek; thence up the channel of Boone's Creek about four miles to Boone's Bluff—the same being the abutment of the High Hills on the channel of said creek; thence a line northward following the comb of the High Hills about six miles (as the crow flies) to Mussel Shoals; thence down the channel of Mussel Shoals Creek to the Mississippi River; thence down the eastern bank of said river following low water mark to the beginning, containing 15,000 acres, more or less, and including the place where Captain Clark's party killed a bear when returning from the Mussel Shoals voyage."*

Mr. Studebolt handed this grant to Old Horseshoe and said with much natural dignity, "Mr. Cheval, when that grant is recorded you will be a wealthy proprietor." It is not often that a North American Indian Chief, savage as he may be, can be outdone in pure simple dignity. The true test of dignity is that it never borders on

the ridiculous; and the greatest praise we can give to Old Horseshoe, is that his dignity nearly always rang true. On this occasion he simply said: "Brother, I trust I may be found worthy of my wealth, and that I may never abuse it, nor forfeit the friendship of my white friend."

The two men rested at a hotel in Nashville that night, and the next morning after Old Horseshoe had done considerable shopping in the way of high heel shoes and millinery for Wenona and Minnehaha, he and Mr. Studebolt caught another steamboat down the Cumberland River. They passed through the State of Kentucky into the Ohio River, and down the Ohio to the Mississippi; thence down the Great Father of Waters after one change of boats, and in another Mr. F. A. Cheval was landed at the wigwam of Old Horseshoe, and the last word he said to Mr. Studebolt was, "Mr. Cheval still Old Horseshoe to his friends."

Tallyrand and Firefly had gone home nearly a week before, so Old Horseshoe gravely introduced himself to his wife and daughter as "Mr. F. A. Cheval." Then he began to unpack the high heel boots and millinery, as if his new name needed no explanation, Wenona, patient and dutiful wife that she was, was always ready to accept her husband's words as true without question; but Minnehaha could take more liberties with her father, and besides she had spent a week with Tallyrand and Firefly, and had picked up some very expressive slang. She made bold to say: "Pappie, the shoes and hats are so very pretty, and we are so, so happy, but what is this pappie, you are giving us about your name?"

Then Old Horseshoe explained that he was no longer a Mohawk, but an American, and that he must have a name that fitted his new station in life: that he and Mr. Studebolt had selected the name of F. A. Cheval.

At first Wenona and Minnehaha were so exultant over their fine shoes and hats, they seemed to care little for names; but after a while they began to think that if Old Horseshoe's name had been changed to F. A. Cheval, what would be the names of Wenona and Minnehaha? The more they discussed this trouble the worse it seemed to become tangled, and they fell into a deep silence. After while the old man aroused from his brown study, and said: "It is all plain now: Wenona be called Cheval Squaw, Minnehaha be called Cheval papoose."

Youth is often a better judge of the fitness of things than age, and Minnehaha showed symptoms of rebellion; so they agreed to write a letter to Tallyrand, and ask him what their names ought to be under the circumstances. Minnehaha could write a little, and she at once took her pencil and paper and wrote Tallyrand this letter:

"If Old Horseshoe name Cheval, how Wenona and Minnehaha name?" This being read over to the parents they were better satisfied, and then Old Horseshoe showed his land grant, and had Minnehaha to read it all over. He actually gave way to his feeling of pride, and boasted that he was much richer than Red Cloud, even if

Red Cloud was the Chief of the Mohawks.

Then Wenona and Minnehaha told the old man that the wolves were getting very bold and were coming across the pass in the High Hills in great numbers, and were making night hideous with their howling. Old Horseshoe was silent for a moment, then turning to his daughter said: "Write more on letter: tell Tallyrand and Firefly come with much shotguns and big shot, help kill wolves."

Minnehaha took her letter, and wrote on it: "Wolves, Wolves, Wolves! And many more wolves come around wigwam. Bring many big guns; Help pappie kill wolves, come very quick."

Next morning Old Horseshoe met a down river steamer with his canoe, and handed the letter aboard, and it was carried quickly to Tallyrand's hands. He read it to the family, and the part of it that referred to the names caused great merriment; and Mrs. Studebolt bade Tallyrand answer it at once; which he did in the following words:

"Wenona's new name will be Madame Wenona Cheval; and Minnehaha's new name will be Miss Minnehaha Cheval.

"Firefly and I will be at your home about noon on Wednesday, with plenty of shotguns and big shot, and we will have great sport killing wolves.

Sincerely,
TALLYRAND."

This was the first letter Minnehaha had ever received, and she was nearly as proud of it as she was of her red silk dress, her high heel shoes, and her fine Nashville millinery.

*The words included in the single

quotations above are copied from an old land grant in the state of Tennessee, when that State was a part of North Carolina.

To be continued

UNION ALWAYS FRIENDLY TO MOORE

Mr. Editor:

Union county has always been friendly to Moore and has supported Moore's candidates. Mr. A. M. Stack, Union County's candidate for Judge, has always supported Moore's candidates for office. He supported Judge Adams every time he was a candidate for Judge. He supported Mr. Spence for Congress while his opponent supported Mr. Robinson. He supported McDonald for Auditor two years ago. I hope Moore democrats will remember Union's friendship in the past, and especially Mr. Stack's support of Moore County men.

R. W. LEMMOND,
C. S. C. of Union Co.

At the rate Germany and Russia are printing money the best thing a fellow could own over there is a paper mill.

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VASS, NORTH CAROLINA

LAKEVIEW NEWS

Mr. Haywood Frye spent a last week with his sister, M. Eastwood.

Miss Lillian Tyler left for Winston-Salem and Pitts route to her home in New York. Rev. O. B. Mitchell and a friends spent Tuesday of last fishing here.

Mrs. Lula Stevens has returned her home here after being several weeks.

Several people from Vass surrounding country have been here for the past week.

Misses Maggie and Lexie have returned to their home ham after spending some time their aunt, Mrs. W. C. Smith.

Master George Dyer while at Mr. P. L. Gardner's farm into a heap of ashes and got very badly burned. We hope he be able to walk soon.

Mr. J. B. Eastwood was thage Saturday on business.

Mr. and Mrs. J. R. McQueen away for a two weeks visit dith, New Hampshire.

A large crowd attended the Dance here Friday night.

Several people of Lakeview been to see Sweetheart Lake from here, most of whom were pressed by the little lake and surroundings. We wish Sweet Lake a prosperous summer.

WANTS TO HEAR FROM A CANDIDATES

Hemp, N. C., Ma Editor Moore County News:

I have read with deep interest Resolutions passed by the North Carolina Federation of Women's session at Greensboro, and them to be highly commended.

I should like to voice the sentiment I have heard expressed by Moore county women, to the effect that we should like to know taken by each man who has announced his candidacy for office in this regard to better laws and enforcement, especially as to what elected, he will pledge himself to support the Constitution of the States, including the 18th amendment. In plain English we want what pledge each candidate will if elected, to enforce our lawlessness is gaining ground; and are becoming unsafe to travel must have men in office who force our laws. We want to know just where each candidate stands on this matter.

One candidate, whose past bears out his present promise for R. Brown, for Sheriff. Mr. Brown is a determined, fearless man who makes no compromise with anyone whose record as a private revenue officer and magistrate shows his determination and ability with lawlessness.

The women of this county like to hear from each candidate on this important topic. Are you dry? LOUISA REA WOOD (Adv.) 1t.

The wise candidate is the one who comes out on a platform other than one spring bonnet a sea.

Radio will probably never be popular with politicians. There are wires to be pulled.

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