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Devoted to the Protection of Home and the Interests of the County.

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THE WAS RIGHT.

BY C. H. THAYER.

She stands before her mirror, fair,
In girlish innocence and grace,
Pressing with languishing loveliness
To brighten charms of form and face.
She brushes with unerring hand
Her tresses loose, long and bright,
For she securely trusts
To look her very best to-night.

She quickly glazes the gleaming strands,
And as she passes that her cheek,
She says, "He surely loves me, and
I wonder why he does not speak?"
Then as the braids are deftly placed,
She curls in a bewitching way
The tiny locks that o'er her brow
In negligent profusion stray.

A lady had she now selected,
Depositing it as if by chance
Among the curls, that first-like gives
A quick and sparkling glance.
The pretty simpering smiles reveal
Her satisfaction at the sight;
And then she sits and murmurs low,
"I hope that he will speak tonight!"

Bright glows are clasped on neck and brow,
The silken robe before unworn
Is fastened, and bows coquettishly
Serve to embellish and adorn.
And then—no, no, I'll never tell
The little secrets beauty knows
To give the last enchanting touch,
From which she blossoms like the rose.

Enough that every moment fair
And fairer still indeed she seems,
A sight the fairest might invoke
To haunt our brightest, fondest dreams.
Then all equipped, 'em to the foot
That glows on satin from the floor,
She stands and leisurely surveys
The charming figure o'er and o'er.

No wonder that she smiles and nods
Back to the face she knows is fair;
No wonder that she looks so glad
With such a proud and audacious air.
Another look—"Ah, yes," she says,
"He will, I'm sure, propose tonight!"
Then gathering up her dainty robes,
She goes below, and—she is right!

MY NIGHT LODGER.

Every person said I was a queer little girl. I can't remember when they did not say that. But from all that I can learn, I was not a queer baby. I cried like any other child, and was quite as troublesome, so the queerness must have been acquired.

I cannot discover wherein my queerness lies; when I ask my friends, they say, "Why—well, you are different from other folks." A very clear and satisfactory definition!

This having the word "queer" attached to my name used to annoy me; my dolls were the only specimens of humanity to whom I confessed this. To them I confided all my secrets and my manifold trials. They were attentive listeners—never interrupted me. There was, however, one very large one, she was my prime favorite, and—oh, there were so many of them I cannot describe them.

When I was eleven years old our folks tried to make me think I was too old to play with dolls. I felt as though life would have no pleasure for me were my dolls taken from me. No one knowing how I loved them. I used to go to my room and, locking the door to keep my fun-loving brothers and sisters from intruding, I would play by the hour with my miniature family. Another favorite resort of mine was the garret. It was full of boxes, barrels and chests, containing old papers, books and letters. Many of the letters were very ancient, written by relatives of whom I had scarcely heard. There were letters from parents—children, from brothers and sisters, and love-letters. The latter interested me the most, although I thought they were rather silly. I suppose I could not appreciate the height and depth, and length and breadth, of the tender passion.

Filling my pockets with apples, I would take possession of the garret and some comfortable old chair, minus an arm or rocker, and there I would sit for hours, reading. I had a passion for ghost stories, and stories of robbers and pirates, although they used to frighten me terribly. When in the midst of a most frightful story, down would tumble a bundle of something from the rafters, making considerable noise, and leading me to imagine the ghosts and the robbers had stepped from the book to the garret.

An old apple-tree stood by one of the windows; it had the greatest faculty for unceasingly creaking and groaning, and the lightning-rod kept up a malicious racket. I declare it is a wonder I didn't lose my senses, reading so much trash and hearing so many fearful sounds.

But this has nothing to do with my "lodger." I believe I am becoming garulous.

In the first place, I must tell you papa was a rich farmer, and our neighbors were "a few and far between."

When I was in my twelfth year papa and mamma made up their minds to take a pleasure trip to the far West. This was something unusual; they seldom left home. Well, they went; and my two sisters, two brothers and myself had a gay time "keeping house."

One day, all except myself and our servant girl were invited to go to a dinner party. I confess I dreaded to have them go.

"Kate, we will bring you any amount of candy," said one.

"Now, pet, you know you and Sarah can stay here just as well as not," said another.

"Don't be a baby, Kitty," said a third.

Finally, I resignedly bade them "get out of my sight."

Sarah and I were good friends; she told me stories and sang songs till I began to think it was quite a fine thing to be left at home.

Tired of staying in the house, I sauntered down the front walk, and amused myself by indulging in a forbidden pleasure—swinging on the gate. Looking down the road, I espied a man coming along. I flew to the house, and, satisfied that he was coming in, I ran to Sarah. Seizing her dress with both hands, I exclaimed—

"Oh, Sarah! there is a dreadful-looking man coming into the house!"

Sarah picked up the poker and walked to the door, while I, imitating her example, snatched a stick of wood. Suddenly Sarah cried—

"You little goose! It is Bill McCarty!"

Sure enough, it was Sarah's beau. Her mother was very sick, and McCarty was sent to bring Sarah home immediately.

Here was a dilemma. Sarah didn't want to leave me, and unless she started home then, she might not see her mother alive. It was nearly time for the rest of the folks to come home, so I managed to resist courage enough to say that I was willing to remain alone.

In a few minutes Sarah was off, and I was left in possession of our great house, which never seemed so large to me before. I tried to read, but it was impossible; all the murder stories I had ever heard came to my mind. I remembered that none of our doors could be locked. Papa, who had a few strange ideas, declared that locks were a nuisance. I felt that I was doomed.

I went out to the yard, and, to my dismay, discovered that the sky was overcast and a storm near at hand. I could see the rain coming; faster and faster it came; it was soon at the house. Oh, how it did rain!

On each side of our yard way a brook, pretty and peaceful in pleasant weather, but a very little rain transformed them both into raging torrents. As I stood at the window I saw first one bridge, and then the other, swept off. I knew now that I must stay alone all night; it would be impossible for my brothers and sisters to get home.

Travelers, or, as Sarah called them, "trampers," often stopped at our house ever night, as there was no public-house near. To my horror, I now saw one of them coming across the field. Should I hide? No, that was not to be thought of. Without stopping to knock, the great rough man walked in.

"Can I stay here all night?"

I dared not refuse him, so as firmly as I could, answered—

"Yes."

He seemed surprised at seeing no one but myself, and questioned me much. I told him my brother was up-stairs writing; that we two were alone. This was the first thing that entered my head to tell him. Such a villainous countenance as that man had!

His hair was cut close to his head, and he had a very large nose, and a brutal mouth, completed his general expression of ferocity.

Bed-time came, and I directed the man to a room up-stairs in the servants' department; and the "up-stairs" where I had said my brother was. Now that there was real danger, I was calm and reasonable. I fastened the door that led up-stairs with my embroidery scissors, which happened to be in my pocket, so as to guard against surprise, and hurriedly collected our silverware, carried it to mamma's room and hid it in the bed. No one would have supposed the bed had been disturbed. I was elated at my ingenuity.

I then hunted up what few jewels the girls possessed, and placing them, with what money I could find, in a box, I hid them in my pocket. After doing this, I stole down-stairs, and removed my scissors from the door. These scissors were counted among my most valuable treasures. I had had them many years, and was not disposed to lose them now.

I expected the man would only wait till he thought I and my fictitious brother were asleep, and would then search the house for valuables, and finish by killing me. Only one plan for escape that I originated seemed feasible. I determined to wait till I heard my lodger in the room below, and then wrap myself in papa's shawl, and jump out of the window. I was not kept in suspense long; the peculiar squeak of the sitting-room door alarmed me that it was time to act. Quietly I raised the window, and just as the steps approached the stairs, I jumped to the ground. Fortunately there was a bed of lilies directly beneath the window, and they softened my fall. That there was danger of breaking my neck I had not thought. I was determined to escape from this dreadful man.

It was dark as Egypt, the rain was pouring down in torrents, but this was nothing in comparison with the horror within the house.

Half a mile back of our house lived a friend of papa's—Mr. Vincent. I resolved to go there. I ran along, stumbling against fences and falling into ditches, thinking I never knew such a long half mile. Finally I reached the house, and managed to tell my story. Several young men happened to have been delayed there by the storm, and, headed by Henry Vincent, a young man of some twenty-two years, they prepared to capture my visitor.

I was too excited to remain at Mr. Vincent's. I declared I would go back home. They all tried to persuade me not to do this except Henry Vincent, who said "such a little heroine should do as she pleased." With a hand tightly clasped in Henry's, we started.

When we came within sight of our house, we saw a light flitting from room to room, and a few words of boisterous song floated to us on the breeze. Silently my friends surrounded the house, guarding every avenue of escape. Henry and I (I would not let him leave me for a moment) entered the house. We found the vagabond searching papa's desk. He had found several hundred dollars that I had not seen, when preparing for flight. He started to run when he saw us, but finding men and revolvers on all sides, he was obliged to surrender.

He was safely bound, and then ques-

tioned. It appears he was a noted thief who had long baffled the police. He said when he learned the house was occupied only by two individuals, he was much elated. He did not intend to proceed to acts of violence, unless my brother and I troubled him too much. When he found the house deserted, he concluded I had not told him the truth—that I was alone. Not finding me, he supposed I had hid, and he would not hunt for me.

Lifting me into his lap, Henry Vincent called me the "bravest little woman he ever knew." All the others praised and flattered me, till I began to think men were greater talkers than warriors. All that night we stayed there, and before morning I was raving like a lunatic. Three long weeks I remained unconscious. When I became sensible, anxious faces were bending over me. Papa, mamma, and all the folks were at my bedside.

"What is the matter?" I asked. In a moment that dreadful day came to my remembrance. "Oh, I know!" said I, with a shudder.

It was a long, long time before I regained my strength. Every person petted and praised me. I was the heroine of the neighborhood. Henry Vincent never became tired of delectating upon my bravery, and devoted himself to me in a manner that would have been very aggravating to his young lady acquaintance, had I been a few years older.

My "lodger" was sent to prison to meditate for some years.

Tight Shoes.

The wearing of shoes which compress and distort the feet is a singularly injurious custom. Suppose I said that nine-tenths of the feet were rendered misshapen by the boots and shoes worn, the statement would seem extreme, but it would be within the truth. The pointed shoe or boot is the most signal instance of a mischievous instrument designed for the torture of feet. In this shoe the great toe is forced out of its natural line toward the other toes, giving a figure curve from what is natural to the terminal part of the inner side of the foot, while all the other toes are compressed together toward the great toe, the whole producing a wedge-like form of foot which is altogether apart from the natural. Such a foot has lost its elastic resistance; such a foot has lost the strength of its arch to a very considerable degree, and a foot which has been thus distorted, and the pressure on certain points of its surface, has become hard at those points, and is easily affected with corns and bunions. Lastly, such a foot becomes badly nourished, and the pressure exerted upon it interferes with its circulation and nutrition. It ceases to be an instrument upon which the body can sustain itself with grace and with easiness of movement, even in early life; while in mature life and in old age it becomes a foot which is absolutely unsafe, and which causes much of that irregular, hobbling tread which often renders so peculiar the gait of persons who have passed their meridian.

It sometimes happens for a time that these mistakes in regard to the boot and shoe are increased by the plan of raising the heel, and letting it rest on a raised impediment of a pointed shape. Anything more barbarous can scarcely be conceived. By this means the body, which should naturally be balanced on a most beautiful arch, is placed on an incline plane, and is only prevented from falling forward by the action of the muscles which counterbalance the mechanical error. But all this is at the expense of lost muscular effort along the whole line of the muscular track, from the heels actually to the back of the head—a loss of force which is absolutely useless, and, as I have known in several cases, exhausting and painful. In addition to these evils arising from the pointed heeled boot, there are yet two more. In the first place, the elastic spring of the arch being broken by the heel, the vibration produced by its contract with the earth at every step causes a concussion which extends along the whole of the spinal column, and is sometimes very acutely felt. In the second place, the expanse of the foot being limited, the seizure of the earth by the foot is incomplete both in standing and in walking, so that it becomes a new art to learn how to stand erect or to walk with safety.

Harper's Weekly.

The Attractive Newspaper.

That is not the best family paper which is devoted entirely to politics or religion, business or temperance, agriculture or science. The family journal should contain much to attract and interest the young. Such a paper and only such a paper, will make newspaper readers of the young. The family paper should be so managed as to attract those of small literary attainment. The paper most read by those who read little else, may be so managed as to do much good. Fun, spice and gossip are bait with which the shrewd journalist fishes for new readers. Having made his journal attractive to the largest possible number of readers within his parish, the editor should next seek to make his paper the means of drawing people, particularly the young to a higher sphere of thought, and to open to them new fields. Many editors who are true friends of morality, education, culture and all that is good nearly destroy the usefulness of their papers by making those papers interesting only to those who are already moral and educated. Others publish most amusing papers which are without any influence or good. The golden mean is between these two extremes. The model paper will furnish food for solid thought, and matter for the gravest and mature, but it will not neglect the trifles.

A New Hat and an Old Cheese.

Probably the meanest trick that was ever played on a white man was played last week in this city, and the fact that there is no vigilance committee here is the only reason the perpetrators of the trick are alive. A business man had just purchased a new stiff hat and he went into a saloon with half a dozen friends to fit the hat on his head. They all took beer and passed the hat around so all could see it. One of the meanest men that ever held a country office went to the bar-tender and had a thin slice of Limburger cheese cut off, and when the party were looking at the frescoed ceiling, he slipped the cheese under the sweat-leather of the hat, and the man put it on and walked out. The man who owned the hat is one of your nervous people who is always complaining of being sick and who feels as though some dreadful disease was going to take possession of him and carry him off. He went back to his place of business, took off his hat, and laid it on the table and proceeded to answer some letters. He thought he detected a smell, and when his partner asked him if he didn't feel sick he said he believed he did. The man turned pale and said he guessed he would go home. He met a man on the sidewalk who said the air was full of miasma, and in the street car a man who sat next to him moved away to one end of the car, and asked him if he had just come from Chicago. The man with the hat said he had not, when the stranger said they were having a great deal of small-pox there, and he guessed he would get out and walk, and he pulled the bell and jumped off. The cold perspiration broke out on the forehead of the man with the new hat, and he took it off to wipe his forehead when the whole piece of cheese seemed to roll out and breathe, and the man got the full benefit of it, and he came near fainting away. He got home, and his wife met him and asked him what was the matter. He said he believed mortification had set in, and she took one whiff as he took off his hat, and said she should think it had.

"Where did you get into it?" said she.

"Get into it?" said the man, "I have not got into anything, but some deadly disease has got hold of me, and I shall not live."

She told him if any disease that smelled like that had got hold of him and was going to be chronic, she felt as though he would be a burthen to himself if he lived very long.

He mustered water, and he stepped into a tub and dreamed that a small-pox flag was hung in front of his house and that he was riding in a wagon to the pest house. The wife sent for a doctor, and when the man of pills arrived she told him all about the case. The doctor picked up the patient's new hat, tried it on and got a sniff. He said the hat was picked before it was ripe. The doctor and the wife held a post mortem examination of the hat and found a slice of Limburger. "Few and short were the prayers they said." They woke the patient, and to prepare his mind for the revelation that was about to be made, the doctor asked him if his worldly affairs were in a satisfactory condition. He gasped and said they were. The doctor asked him if he had made his will. He said he had not, but that he wanted a lawyer sent for at once. The doctor asked him if he felt as though he was prepared to shuffle off. The man said he had always tried to lead a different life, and had tried to be done by the same as he would do it to himself, but he might have made a misdeal some way, and he would like to have a minister sent for to take an account of stock.

Then the doctor brought to the bedside the hat, opened up the sweat-leather and showed the dying man what it was that smelled so, and told him he was as well as any man in the city. The patient pinched himself to see if he was alive and jumped out of bed and called for his revolver, and the doctor couldn't keep up with him on the way down town. The last we saw of the odoriferous citizen he was trying to bribe the bar-tender to tell him which one of those pelicans it was that put that slice of cheese in his hat lining.

A Kicking Match.

One of the mules in the Big Evans is going lame in three legs to day, and thereby he has a brief but marvelous tale. On last Tuesday afternoon this mule in question was not working, and amused itself romping around the corral. There was a post containing a number of nails partly driven within the confines of the inclosure, and the mule discovered that fact. Backing up within easy reaching distance, it began kicking the post. When the head of a nail projected but a short distance it would tap it gently with its iron-bound hoof, and drive it just as a carpenter would a good hammer would a nail. When a nail was only half driven then it would require a heavier blow; but the mule apparently understood perfectly the weight to be applied to a nail. Something like fifty or sixty nails were driven in this manner, and then a rough old twenty-penny was encountered. Two or three fair blows were administered without any perceptible results, and then the mule fairly trembled with subdued rage and anger. Stepping a little further away from the post it laid back its ears, doubled up its back and fired away with both ends. The blow was a terrific one and the post was broken off to the ground. In the kick, though, the mule had in some manner outdone itself and sprained the tendons of the left hind leg seriously, and now goes lame. It is the first instance where a mule has been known to lame itself in a kicking matinee.

Grass as a Material for Paper.

It has been discovered that any of the common grasses make a superior article, and a patent has been issued to the discoverer. The following is the process: "The manufacture of paper pulp and paper from common grass is one of the novelties for which a patent has been obtained. Any of the common grasses found in the field, lawn, or meadows may be used, and it is said that the green grass pulp produced from them makes a paper of great strength and length of fibre, and possesses tenacity, softness and flexibility; and further, that this paper is even softer and more transparent than that made of linen. An advantage not to be overlooked is the one of economy, since one square foot gives in the whole year, 0.9 to 1.0 of a pound of green grass, making from 30,492 to 66,340 pounds to the acre. One pound of green grass makes one-fourth to one-sixth of a pound of fine, bleached, and finished paper, or 2,711 pounds of finished paper to the acre.

So long as the sap is in circulation and the chlorophyll, silica, and other inorganic matters are not dried in, in which event the fibre is seriously impaired for the purpose of paper, either old or young grass may be used, but, to avoid danger, it is best to have the grass cut or mowed before it begins to bloom.

"The first process of manufacture is to pass the grass between the rollers of the press, which crushes or loosens the fibre and squeezes out most of the sap. It is then freed from dirt by being thoroughly agitated or washed by other means in a large tank of water, in temperature either warm or cold. A perforated false bottom in the tank contains the grass and allows the dirt to fall into the compartment below, from a pipe gives egress to the dirt and wash water. After sufficient washing the crushed grass is boiled in an open kettle, or in a steam kettle with live, in proportions of a pound of caustic soda, or two-tenths of a pound of caustic potash, or six-tenths of lime to 100 pounds of grass. With an open kettle the boiling is continued from four to five hours; with a steam kettle two hours will suffice.

"From the kettle the material goes into a filtering-trough of magnesia for about thirty minutes, then is placed a second time in a solution of carbonate of soda, and finally, a second time in a solution of sulphuric acid. These operations may be repeated more or less, till the pulp is as fine and white as required, after which it is washed in clear water, and then bleached with a solution of chloride of lime or chloride of soda. Still another is to bleach the crude pulp in chlorine gas, and finish with water-glass, after which the pulp is washed with clear water.

Colonel Gardner Takes an Appetizer.

There lives in the vicinity of Wooster, down in the wilds of Wayne County, an ancient veteran of the Mexican war who is known as Colonel Gardner. The Colonel has in his declining years applied himself very steadily to the task of paying off the national debt, and the tax on the amount of tangle-foot, consumed by him in a year materially augments the internal revenue receipts of his district. One warm day last summer, his stock of ardent having given out, the old gentleman mounted his horse and rode to the village drug store to replenish the same. The proprietor of the pill foundry was absent at the time of his arrival, and the assistant was a green country boy, whose knowledge of the drug business was yet to be gained. The Colonel ordered the young man to measure him out a quart of whisky. The youth took down a large jar, the contents of which resembled the desired article in appearance, and filled the bottle, with which the Colonel ambled off home. On the return of the druggist about an hour later, he took a look at his array of liquors, and inquired of his deputy the name of the person buying so much sulphuric acid. "I didn't sell any acid; the only one in was Colonel Gardner, who came after some whisky," replied the boy.

"What jar did you get it from?" shrieked the excited maker of pills.

"That un," said the apprentice, pointing to the nearly emptied jar of acid.

"Great guns! you've poisoned him," howled the drug store man, and, seizing his hat, shot down the street toward the Gardner mansion like a special dispatch.

On approaching the house he saw the Colonel sitting on the veranda fanning himself vigorously, and ruefully surveying the charred remnants of a newspaper which were scattered about, while the sweat which poured off him formed in little pools about him.

"Hello," gasped the warrior, "what kind of whisky was that you sold me to-day, Johnson? I never see such stuff. I brought it home and took a couple of drinks and sat down here to read the paper, and in about five minutes I began to bile, and the next thing, I'm darned if my breath didn't set the paper afire; I'll have to move my custom if you don't give me a better brand. A man would have to copper line himself to stand that stuff."

Mr. Johnson took what was left of the sulphuric acid and informed the soldier that he would send him down a better quality of liquor in return, and betook himself to his store, marveling at the strength of practiced digestive organs.

Cleveland Leader.

A SMALL boy has been struck by lightning in Mechanics Falls, Me. He was sitting under a Balm of Gilead tree. The tree was splintered, and the boy was seized with nausea. When the urethra's clothes were taken off there were found on his body an imprint resembling the trunk of the Balm of Gilead tree, with buds and branches.

SCIENCE AND ART.

A NEW planet of the eleventh magnitude has been recently discovered by Palisa at Pola.

ARSENIC may be discovered by its smell; when placed near the fire it emits a flavor like garlic.

WILLIAM HALLOWES MILLER, the well-known crystallographer and mineralogist, is dead at the age of seventy-nine.

SULPHIDE of barium enclosed in a Geissler tube and traversed by a constant but weak electric fluid gives out a pretty, uniform, and agreeable light.

It is proposed to hold at Liverpool a loan exhibition of prehistoric antiquities and ethnography, for the purpose of illustrating the natural history of primitive and uncivilized man, and the various developments of culture peculiar to the different races of mankind.

It is now maintained by some scientists of repute that the same poison gives rise to the several diseases known as scarlatina, purpural fever, typhoid, diphtheria, erysipelas, varying in its results according to the surroundings and the constitution of the patients.

The remains of a large swimming and flying bird, exhumed from the London clay near Sheppy, were recently described before the Geological Society of London. It evidently belonged to the same genus as the common albatross, but was considerably larger.

DR. BOLLINGER says that the milk of cows suffering from tubercular disease will communicate that affection to human beings. Boiling will not destroy the propagating power. He also makes the alarming statement that five per cent. of old cows have tubercular disease.

A YOUNG pastor who has recently had a son born to him notifies a brother pastor as follows: "Unto us a child is born; unto us a son is given—Is. 9: 6." It was written on a postal card. The receiver showed the message to a sister in his church. "Ah, yes," said the woman, after reading it, "it weighed nine pounds, six ounces."

A NORWICH botanist, amazed the other day at the rapid growth of fungus, calculated that it had developed 10,000,000 cells in one day, or 115 cells a second. Professor Gray, however, cites an instance where a century plant formed 2,000,000,000 cells in twenty-four hours, or 231,481 a second.

The tropics, swarm with life. The remains of its myriads of moving things are conveyed by currents, and scattered and lodged, in the course of time, all over the bottom. This process, continued for ages, has covered the depths of the ocean as with a mantle, consisting of organisms as delicate as hoar-frost, and as light in the water as down in the air.

A TELESCOPIC rudder has been invented to be used when there is danger of a collision. Two iron plates bolted together, with distance pieces between them, constitute the rudder. Between these two plates is a third, which can be drawn out at pleasure, increasing the rudder power of the vessel from thirty to fifty per cent. This sort of rudder is intended principally for vessels having steam steering apparatus.

PROFESSOR PATRICK, of Kansas, who has analyzed it, says of the new grain, rice corn:—"It will be seen that the rice corn stands well as an article of food. In its percentage of starch, fat, dextrin, and sugar, it compares very favorably with all the grains mentioned, while in its contents of albuminoids—the flesh-formers so called—it surpasses all the Indian corns of which I find analyses, and takes rank with wheat, rye, and oats."

The Way an Indian Girl Puts It.

(Interview with Miss La Plouche of the Omaha Tribe.)
"You never heard but one side. We have no newspaper to tell our story. I tell you the soldiers do things with the prisoners or the dead as horrible as any Indian could think of. Then your people are almost always the aggressors. I'll tell you a case I know of. Two young white men met an Indian with a basket of potatoes. One of them said he would like to have it to say when he went back to the East that he had shot an Indian. The other dared him to shoot this one. He drew a revolver and shot him. The Indian was an Omaha. Oh, I tell you, if he had been a Sioux or Cheyenne you would have heard from it. But we knew we would gain nothing, and nothing was done."

"Well what do you propose to do?"
"I propose that you white people treat us on a platform of plain honesty, and let us be citizens. We now are farmers and are doing well. We want to stay there and want assurance that we can live like other farmers. We have deposed the chiefs and want to be just like any other citizens of the States."

The young lady is a daughter of White Eagle, the old head chief, and no blood but that of the Omahas flows in her veins.

A PARTY of tramps broke into a confectioner's residence in Dubuque, Iowa, a few nights ago, kindled a fire in the range, cooked what there was to eat, had a hearty supper, and departed before daybreak, without disturbing any member of the family and without stealing anything except a pair of shoes.

TRAIN agents on the Chicago and Northwestern Railroad are requested by a new set of regulations to keep clean, talk decently, talk in a low tone, not work their ears more than once in thirty miles, and never throw books in a passenger's lap.