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MAJOR JONES' COURTSHIP.

By Major Joseph Jones, of Pineville, Georgia.

LETTER XXV.

"Pineville, Dec. 29.—To Mr. Thompson: Dear Sir—Well, Crismus and New Years is gone, and a heap of fun has gone with 'em. Down here in Pineville we had real times, you may be shore. Everybody took Crismus, specially the niggers and sich other shooting poppers and skyrockets, you never did see.

But the best joke was the way Cousin Pete got tuck in 'bout getting in Kesiah's Crismus bag. Pete had a kind of sneakin' notion of her for some time, but the drafted fool don't know no more about courtin' nor a hown pup does about 'stronomy. He was over to our house Crismus eve, gwine on with his nonsense, and botherin' sister Ket till she got right tired of him—telling her how he wanted to git married so bad he didn't know what would come of him, and how he wished somebody would hang up a bag for him, like Mary did for me.

"Oh, yes," she sbe, "you want to fool somebody now, don't you—but you might mistake."

"No, Miss Kesiah," she he, "if I ain't in good yearnest, I never was in my life."

"But, now Doctor, would you give yourself away to any young lady for a Crismus gift like brother Joseph did?"

"That I would," she be, "and glad of the chance."

"Ah," she sbe, "I'm fraid you want to play some trick—'you young doctors is monstrous hard to please." And then she looked round at me and kind o' wicker her pretty black eyes and smiled.

Pete looked in the glass, and sort o' clicked down his whiskers, and then sbe be:

"All the galls are that, but the fact is, Miss Kesiah, we is 'ceptible to female charms jest like common mees, I can assure you. And the fact is, I'm determined to marry the first girl that will have me for a Crismus present."

"Now, you all bear that," she Kesiah.

"Yes," we all said.

"Now mind," she sbe to Cousin Pete, "you ain't foolin'."

I never seed Pete look so square. He looked sort o' skeered and sort o' pleased, and he trembled all over and his voice was so husky he couldn't hardly speak.

"No, I is in down right yearnest—'you see if I ain't."

"Well," she sbe, "we'll see."

Pete seemed monstrous edgely, and bimby he 'lowed it was time to go; and after tellin' us all good night, sbe be:

"New remember, Miss Kesiah," and away he went with a heart as light as a handful of chicken feathers.

He hadn't been gone hardy no time before sister Kesiah bent right out a laugh.

"Now," she sbe, "if I don't fix Dr. Pomposity good, then I ain't Kesiah Stallins, that's all. He is always been cavortin about and makin so much of himself as who be it and now I'll take the gentleman down a peg."

"Why, what you gwine to hang up no bag?" she sister Kesiah.

"That I will," she sbe.

"Oh, now sbe, that would be too bad to disappoint him so."

"But the doctor shant be disappointed, for I'll make aunt Prissy hang up one for him to take an alrin in till mornin if he's a mind to, and then we'll see if he'll be as good as his word."

And shore enough she called Prissy and made her go in the loft and empty the feather-bag and fill it up with it, and go and hang it on the porch for cousin Pete. Then she told Priss all how she must do in the mornin, and we all went to bed.

I couldn't sleep for thinkin what a monstrous fool they was gwine to make out of poor Pete. Mary sed it was a great shame to serve anybody so, but she didn't bieve Kesiah ever would quit bein wild and mischievous.

It wasn't no great time before I heard the gate squeak, and the next minit there was a monstrous racket among the dogs, and I know'd Pete was come. I could hear the galls a titterin and laughin in their room, and the next thing bang went something agin the fence, and then one of the dogs sot up a h-y-i like something had hurt him, and all was still for a few minits. Then I heard Pete step spin about very cautious on the porch, and movin the table and chairs, and then the Joe stuck with his weight, as he drapt into the bag. All was still agin for a little while, 'cept the galls gigin in their room; then I heard Pete sneeze, and the dogs barked and I thought the galls would laugh so loud he'd hear 'em; but he kep a sneerin in spite of all he could do.

"Now," she sbe, "aint that too bad to fool anybody that way. Jest think how you would feel in that old bag what's been full of stinkin old chicken feathers for ever so long."

"That's a fact," she I; but I couldn't help laughin all the time.

Pete cleared his throat a time or two and every now and then he fetobed a kind of a smothered up sneeze, and then the dogs would bark. You better keep your mouth shut, old fellow, think I, if you don't want to git your whiskers blown with chicken feathers. Every now and then the Joe would shake as Pete kep barkin and I know'd, tryin to git fixed comfortable. But I know'd there was no comfort in that bag, even if it had no feathers in it; and then when I thought what a terrible disappointment was waitin for him in the mornin, I couldn't help pityin him from the bottom of my heart.

It was a long time before we could go to sleep, but I drapt off after a while and didn't wake till mornin. I was mighty anxious to see how the thing was gwine to turn out, and got ready long before aunt Prissy came to

see what was in her bag. The galls was up by daylight, too, to see the fun. Nobody went out till all the niggers from the kitchen had gut round the bag.

"Whooop-e-ee!" she little nigger Ned.

"Mammy, see what's dat laughin on de porch."

"Kih!" she old aunt Hetty, "dat mus be old Santalus heeself, fell in dar when he was puttin lasse candy for Priss, and can't git out."

"Pete never sed nothin', waitin' for the galls to come."

"Oh, Miss Calline! Miss Kesiah! come and see what I's got in my bag," she Priss. "I spec it's something what uncle Friday fetob from Gust; he sed he was gwine to give me a Crismus."

By this time the galls was on the porch, and the niggers unswag the bag and out tumbled Pete, all kivered with feathers from head to foot, and you couldn't see his eyes, mouth, whiskers, nor nothin' 'ise.

"Whew!" she he, as soon as he got his head out, and the feathers flew all over the door, which skeered the little niggers so they split to the kitchen squealin' like the very devil was after 'em.

"Good Lord, Mammy Pete!" she aunt Prissy, "dat you in my bag? I thought 'was something good."

"Your bag?" she Priss. "drat your infernal pitcher, who told you to hang up a bag for white folks to go and git into? Never mind, Miss Kesiah, I was only in fun, anyway, 'sbe, while they was all laughin 't to die, and while they was tryin to brush off the feathers."

"Never mind, I was only jokin' with you, but I had a better opinion of you than to think you could serve a body so, and ding my feathers if I ain't glad I've found you out. Never mind, Miss Priss, 'sbe, and he gin her a look like he could bite her head off, and then he blowed his nose a time or two and put out.

"But ain't you gwine to be as good as your word, doctor?" she sbe.

"You jest go to grass," she he; and that's the last we've seed of Cousin Pete sense Crismus mornin'.

Mary gave the galls a right good settin' down for servin' him so. But for my part, I think it ain't no great matter, for he is sich a bombable fool, that a few pretty hard lessons won't do him no harm. No more from Your friend till death,

JOE JONES.

P. S. Mary's in right good sperrits, considerin. I expect to write to you a letter one of these days, old fellow, that'll make your hair stand on end with joy and gratification. But as the old sayin' is, we musn't count our chickens before they're hatched.

LETTER XXVI.

TO MR. THOMPSON—Dear Sir: News! news; glorious news! Hurra for me! "Let the kettle to the trumpet speak." The canon to the heaven, the heaven to the earth.

For Mary's got a baby!!! And a monstrous fine boy at that! The King of Denmark and wealth in uproar, jest because his Majesty's gwine to take a drink of letky. But if ever a man did feel like this world wasn't big enough for him to enjoy his happiness in, I think I ought to on this important occasion.

I never had sich feelings before. When I was 'lected Major of the Georgia Militia I felt a good deal of pride and gratification; and when I married Mary, I thought I was the happiest man in Georgia, but this last business has clapp'd the climax over every thing that ever happened to me in all my born days. It wouldn't do for people to get much happier in this world than I am, now mind I tell you.

I don't want to brag over other people and I know it's a old maxim that every covetous thinks it's own young one's the whitest," but I'll tell you what's a fact—mine and Mary's is the supprent childer; that ever was seed in these parts. It ain't but jest four days old this event, and it's got plenty of hair on its head, and the prettiest little feet and hands, with toes and fingers all jest as natural as grown people's; and when it opens its eyes it looks 'em all round the room jest like it knowed every thing that was gwine on. Mother says she really does bieve the child know'd her the first time she tuck it in her arms, and old Miss Stallins says she's afraid of it. It's too smart to live. The galls is almost crazy about it, and sich another pullin and haulin about it as they do keep. One wants it, and 'tother wants it, and they won't give the little feller no chance to sleep for lookin at it, and showin it to all the people and talkin to it, and it's all the time "come to auntie—sweetest little precious baby—sunny's little nigger and sunny's diddle"—and every time I take it they're all scared to death for fear I'll hurt it some way.

Jest as I 'p'ted, the name has been more trouble than a little. I picked out "Henry Clay" for his name morn'a month ago, but they all wanted to have a say in it, and every one had a name that they liked best of any. Mother said she never liked to have any of her family named after great political characters, for she never know'd a George Washington or a Thomas Jefferson what was any manner of account in her life, except the first one, and they same wouldn't be no better than common people's if their characters wasn't. Old Miss Stallins wanted to call him Aberham Stallins, cause that was her husband's name, and sister Caroline wanted him named Theodor Adolffus, cause they were her favorite noval names, and sister Kesiah wanted him named Charles Deverly, cause he was one of the most interestin characters in "The Children of the Abbey." I want-

ed 'em all to be satisfied, but it seemed like there was no fixin the business to nobody's likin, until after they all talked themselves down tired about it, we all agreed to leave it to Mary to decide. For Mary didn't know what to do, when they all gathered round her buggin her as hard as they could.

"Remember your pore old father that's dead and gone, child," said old Miss Stallins.

"Oh, don't call him Aberham; that's sich a ole time name," she the galls.

"Theodore is so pretty," she sister Caroline.

"Oh, that's sich a outlandish French name," she all of 'em.

"But Charles Deverly was sich a good character in 'The Children of the Abbey,' and sounds so noble," she sister Kesiah.

"No Christian child ought to be named a novel name," she old Miss Stallins. "They're all lies from cead to cead."

"Call him what you've a mind to, dear," she mother; "you're his mother, and ought to please yourself."

Mary looked up in my face with her pretty blue eyes, and smiled so sweet when sister Carline laid the baby in her arms—and then she sed, as she hugged it to her bosom—

"Come to it, mudder, mudder's little Henry Clay—it'll call be called Henry Clay, so it will, mudder's precious little ringwee, so it is, and it shall be President, too, when it gits a man, so it will."

"Hurra for Clay!" she I. "Hur—"

"Hush-h-h-h, Joseph," she mother, "ain't you shamed to shock Mary's nerves so?"

The fact was, I felt so glad I forgot what I was about. But I went right off and writ 'em in the family record—

"HENRY CLAY JONES,
The first son of Joseph and Mary Jones, was born on the eleventh day of January, 1844."

I've been so frustrated for the last week that I hardly know what I'm doin half the time, and I don't spose I shall find time to do much else but nurse the baby for some time to come. Mary's right, right, and little Henry Clay is makin a monstrous good leaven in the world. No more from Your friend, till death,

JOE JONES.

(To be continued next Thursday.)

REPUBLICAN ELECTION WHISKEY.

It Takes Lots of the Fluid to Run a Radical Campaign—Statement of Election Expenses, Sworn To.

RALEIGH, N. C., Oct. 27.—There was a queer case before the Supreme Court recently. It was that of the State on relation of Harry Epps, and Harry Epps v. William H. Smith, from Vance. This was a civil action tried before a judge and a jury at May term. The plaintiff introduced the sworn statement of election expenditures, \$127 in amount, filed by Smith. It included the following items:

To Chas. Young, because he sbe-
to me for it, \$ 50
To Giles Weir, two gallons of
whiskey, (to be used as he saw
proper) 3 80
To Lovaine Young, one gallon
of whiskey, (to be used as he
thought) 1 00
To Jim Gibb, whiskey, (to be used
as he wished) 1 00
To whiskey furnished another
party, whose name I have for-
gotten 2 30
To six gallons whiskey, used by
myself and friends, and any
other person who happened to
be present 9 00
To one gallon whiskey furnished
R. M. Towse, to be used as
he pleased 1 75
To half-gallon whiskey furnished
Daniel Bullock, to be used as
he pleased 1 00
To one quart, George Hughes
To two gallons whiskey used
by myself and friends and all
others that might be presout
at drinking time 3 20
To one gallon furnished J. A.
Giles, to be used as he
liked 1 00
To one gallon Hears, "Turn"
to be used as he liked 1 00
To one gallon W. H. Reavis,
to be used as he liked 1 00
One gallon Andrew Watkins 1 00
Smith further swore: "The parties
named above are all Republicans, and
were working for the straight Repub-
lican ticket as I am informed, except
R. M. Towse and George (and perhaps
one more), and John and Phil Hunt, I
treated and drank with them and
I parties before and during and since
the campaign, but not with a view of
influencing their votes, nor in aid of
my election; would have done so if I
had not been a candidate."

Advertising Makes Business.

I don't care how big and rich and widely known a concern is, let it take its ads out of all papers for say two seasons and it will never again be able to catch up. Why, some dealers take it to be a sure sign that a company is falling back, perhaps getting ready to make an assignment when it stops ads and keep out for a longer time than usual. You can send him all the catalogues, circulars, letters, ok, you please, but unless he can find your ad in his paper he don't count you as being in the front rank. No business man can afford to let his ads drop out of the papers that reach his customers.

Healthy, happy children make better men and women of all. A little extra used a little less before birth is often more important than anything that can be done. On the mother's health and strength it depends the life and future of the child. A weak and stony woman cannot bear strong and healthy children. Most of the weakness of women is utterly incurable. Proper care and prompt medicine will cure almost any disorder of the female system. Dr. Fernald's Female Restorer has been tested in thirty years of practice. It is healthy, soothing, strengthening, and perfectly natural in its operation. Many women have been made strong and healthy children. Send for circular and booklet which describe the medicine and its uses. World's Dispensary, 110 Broadway, N. Y. City. Sold by all druggists.

PEN PAID EXPENSES IN '96.

MR. LEAZER WRITES THE FACTS IN A LETTER.

The Penitentiary Was Self-Supporting in 1896 and Left a Surplus—A Clear Statement of the Case.

MOOREVILLE, N. C., Oct. 28.—It has been reported in various newspapers that the State Auditor has made the statement that "during the last two years the penitentiary drew \$60,000 from the State and left it at the end of last year \$120,000 in debt." The Governor officially stated in a communication to the Board of Directors of the penitentiary, under date of September 21, 1897, that he had employed an expert accountant to examine the books of the former management "so as to show the actual loss to the State during the four years ending with 1896." He further said, "sufficient examination has been made by others to show, as I understand it, that the loss or shortage during that four years was about \$125,000."

The report of the accountant seems to have been made to the Board of Directors, and it was hoped that it would be given to the public that the statement made by the Governor might be accompanied by the evidence, so that it had been procured, of its accuracy or inaccuracy.

The public, however, has nothing except the rumor again gathered in the newspapers, that the expert accountant's report shows a loss to the State of \$125,000 in the four years ending with 1896. It is the result of the examination, and if it were true, which it is not, the Governor's statement is a misstatement of the mark in the extent of only \$21,000.

Now, let it be understood that it has never been claimed by the past administration that the penitentiary received no aid from the State, or was fully self-sustaining during the years 1893, 1894 and 1895; but it is claimed and proven that it was approaching self-support for 1896, and that this condition was fully attained in the year 1896.

Let it also be kept in mind that money appropriated by the General Assembly is not necessarily drawn or used by the penitentiary.

The books of the State Treasurer show the amount of State money, that is the money, used by the penitentiary in the several years. I respectfully refer to them:

For 1893, there was appropriated and used by the penitentiary \$ 12,500
For 1894, there was a regular appropriation used, 12,500
And an appropriation made in 1895 to pay debt of 1894 and so used, 14,128.71
For 1895, there was appropriated and used by the penitentiary 30,000
Total \$ 69,128.71

For 1896 there was appropriated \$30,000. From this appropriation \$6,000 was drawn and used during the summer, when the income is always short.

See report of Treasurer Worth for 1895 and 1896, page 6, where it is stated correctly. He concludes his statement in regard to the penitentiary by saying, "I think the management has been very good."

The Treasurer's report for the year ending November 30th, the penitentiary closes December 31st. On the 31st of December, one month after the Treasurer closed his report, the penitentiary had to its credit on the Treasurer's books \$5,800.86, besides \$1,500 in its own safe collected after the close of business at the Treasurer's office that day.

It is apparent that there was more than enough to balance the \$30,000 drawn for the year 1896, and therefore, practically no appropriation was used that year.

The total of appropriations used by the penitentiary for the three years 1893, 1894 and 1895 was (\$60,128.71) sixty one thousand one hundred and fifty eight and seventy-one cents; and for the year 1896, the penitentiary actually paid all its expenses, having placed in the Treasury a dollar of its own earnings for every dollar drawn or paid out on its account.

If the Auditor, in the statement first referred to, has said that \$60,000 was appropriated for the years 1895 and 1896, it would have been true, for \$30,000 was appropriated for each year; but that for 1896 was not used.

As to the additional statement said to have been made by the Auditor that the year was closed with a debt of \$10,000, that is totally untrue.

Every bill against the North Carolina penitentiary for 1896 was paid at the close of business for that year.

The reference, when speaking of a debt of \$10,000, may have been to the bills of December 1896, which did not mature till January, 1897, when they were paid in regular course of business. The bills of any month are never paid till next month, cannot be paid sooner, for the greater part of them cannot be sent in, and of course cannot be audited till the succeeding month. For instance, the pay-bills and the freight bills, and these constitute the largest items of each month's expenses, cannot be made up till the month closes, so that the year 1897 necessarily includes December of 1896, as 1896 included December of 1895, and so on for every year.

The bills for December, 1896 may have amounted to \$10,000; December is always a heavy month; but this was no debt till it was due, and it could not be due or paid till January, 1897, when the bills were in and were paid, and paid too out of the earnings of the penitentiary.

It is not only true that the penitentiary paid its expenses entirely out of its earnings in 1896; but also that it had on hand on the first day of January, 1897, besides farm and other pro-

ARF AND THE EMBLEM.

Bill Told of an Old Book that belonged to David Black, of Atlanta.

Now here is a book that is worth having. A book that is thirty or thirty-five years old, and has 180 large plates of the most notable Indian chiefs, each plate covering a page and being accurate and graphic likenesses and all done in colors, with the furs and feathers and tribal ornaments and as finely executed in face and features as oil paintings. I did not know that there was such a book, or that such work could be done in those days. Each plate has a biographical memoir accompanying, which is in large type—so large that I can read it off-hand without glasses. This work cannot have been compiled from the records in the Indian gallery of the war department at Washington by Thomas M. McKenney. The book I have is the property of Mr. David Black, of Atlanta, and as it came down to him in the family I did not suppose there was another in the State, but my friend Joe M. Brown tells me that his brother Elijah has it, and also another volume, which I wish to see, for this one has neither Ross nor Osoleia. It has Black and McIntosh and other Creek and Cherokee chiefs, and Paddy Carr, the famous interpreter, and his father was Scotch-Irish and his mother an Indian. For many years he was in General Jackson's service and in government service, and got rich and invested his money in land and negroes. A warm friend of his had a beautiful daughter named Ariadne, and when Ariadne's wife gave birth to twin girls he named one Ary and the other Adny.

This book has a charming biography of Major Ridge, and makes him a very strong-minded and noble man. His likeness shows as much force and decision of character as does that of Webster or Calhoun. Indeed, some of the species made by the Indian chiefs with the government, and Paddy Carr, the famous interpreter, and his father was Scotch-Irish and his mother an Indian. For many years he was in General Jackson's service and in government service, and got rich and invested his money in land and negroes. A warm friend of his had a beautiful daughter named Ariadne, and when Ariadne's wife gave birth to twin girls he named one Ary and the other Adny.

The conclusion is beyond dispute that the penitentiary was self-supporting in 1896, and that under fairly good management, with fair legislation it ought to maintain this condition.

It is not the province of this communication to exhibit this administration, already a failure within its first few months by those in control, nor to institute a comparison between this and the preceding. The good people of the State know the present condition of affairs, and will readily understand the cut-throat policy now in vogue.

WHISKEY BUT NO PREACHER.

Times Too Hard to Pay the Preacher for the Penitentiary—But a Voucher for \$128 Worth of Kentucky Whiskey is Paid Just the Same.

Under the Cor. Wilmington Messenger.

Much has been said in the papers during the past ten months about Rev. T. W. Babb, an untroubled Baptist preacher. He was given a piece at the penitentiary farm. This was strenuously denied by the fusion administration, but today the exposure came. It was in the shape of the following voucher: "State of North Carolina, debtor to Rev. T. W. Babb, for services as minister at the Halifax farm and the Northampton farm for two and one-half months, ten weeks at \$30.00 per week, \$60.00." With this was filed the following letter signed by Frank B. Babb, clerk to the penitentiary, addressed to Babb: "We enclose you pay for services up to the time (October 23rd). By the request of the board of directors you will have to hold up preaching for the present. Times are hard and the penitentiary owes a big lot of money. Superintendent Smith requests me to say to you that he would be glad to see you before very long." The idea of actually having a preacher at the convict camp will give the people of this State a fresh cause for talk, particularly after all the bitter denials. Babb is a devoted friend of Congressman Skinner, and was a hanger on during the last legislative session. He is a "Fritchard populist."

There is an interesting fact in regard to this voucher for Babb's pay, which Treasurer Worth says, he must honor, this being that the voucher next preceding was for \$132 for a barrel of Kentucky whiskey. One of the "roustabouts" at the depot who was unloading penitentiary whiskey recently raised a great laugh by saying he thought North Carolina whiskey good enough for the penitentiary people in a position to know assured me that relations about the penitentiary are only just now beginning.

Happily.

A certain Democratic school committee of the county was told recently by one of the two fusion members of the township committee that unless he voted to pay them for their services that he would be taken off the board. He promptly told them to stick their whips and process. The laws does not allow any compensation, but these hungry fusionists went to vote pay for themselves anyhow. Happily, they have Democrats to watch their little games.

The Champion Hunt Man.

The meanest man in any community in the United States is any pirate who gets the hands of the advertising and hard work of others who are making a city that directly makes him money and who never helps in the work. They are no better than the dog that tips over a table to get what is on it.

Warnings.

Warnings—Persons who suffer from cough and colds should heed the warnings of danger and cure themselves with Dr. Fernald's Female Restorer. It is a reliable remedy for coughs, colds, croup and all throat and lung troubles. Sent by mail for \$1.00. World's Dispensary, 110 Broadway, N. Y. City.

that you have been telling an old, and

as I was born and raised in the Cherokee nation, I will venture to tell you some things that may interest you. My father, Wm. Thompson, settled at the mission station on the Roanoke or Littlehew river, as we called it. My oldest brother, Perry Thompson, was born there; for the nation a long time ago. My father's name, Wm. Thompson, is a name that was only fifteen years. She followed them to the territory and kept up her relation with them, and spent a long and useful life and died in her eighty-fourth year. When Houdinot was killed she was standing on the porch every day in the morning and saw a man running as if for his life, and two men carrying him. They soon brought him and killed him and ran away, and as they could go. She hurried to the man and found it was Houdinot.

There were several families who had Indian blood in their veins who did not go with the tribe. The Lynch family was early Cherokee. Parilla Lynch married Larry W. H. Hama. I expect you know him. They had but one child and she was named Cherokee. She married Robert W. Wylie, a son of Clark Wylie. I remember a good many Cherokee chiefs and braves, but can't recall their names for you. John Ross was not an Indian. His mother was a white woman and she left her up North when her name was her up North when her name was John Ridge was married an Indian wife. John Ridge was part Indian. I expect your friend George Adair is of Indian blood, for we had two Adair families there, Black Wat and Red Wat. They were whites. When John Howard Payne was staying in the nation he saw him often. He named my little sister Ann Payne. One of my sisters went to school with an Indian girl named Little Shoebot and she taught my sister to swim. The Cherokee called my father Connehaha Thompson. My husband wishes me to prove my rights to the nation as one of them, but I have never done so. His name is R. D. I've and he was born in Lawrenceville, Ga. 'Out of the fullness of the heart the mouth speaketh, and this is my answer for writing to you.

Mrs. R. D. I've.

Well, now, that is a good letter. How the children would come home if they could. Next come the advance sheets of "The Young People's History of Arkansas," written by my friend E. Porter Thompson, now at Frankfort, Ky., but long a resident and editor in Arkansas.

The chapter on Colonel Elias G. Boudinot is full of interest and makes him a very remarkable man. His father's name was Kellee-ka-ka, but being adopted by Elias Boudinot sided with Ridge in regard to the treaty and he became his bitter enemy. Ross was a powerful vindictive and unscrupulous man. He had Boudinot and Major Ross and John Ridge all unscrupulous. Colonel T. G. Boudinot was born near South, Ga. August 1st, 1835. He was educated at Manchester, Vt. In 1853 he came to Fayetteville, Ark., and studied law with Hon. A. M. Wilson, was admitted to the bar in 1858 and soon rose to the front rank as a able lawyer and gifted speaker. In 1860 he became editor of the Democrat at Little Rock. In 1861 he got a law degree from the University of Missouri. He was a cousin, "Stand Watie," raised a regiment and fought the battle of Elkhorn. He was chosen as a member of the Confederate Congress in 1863. After the battle of Elkhorn, Ross deserted the Confederacy and settled the Southern Cherokee for helping the South. Boudinot defended them with ability and delivered such a philippic against his breasary that he was consigned to imprisonment.

Some years ago Boudinot, by invitation of Senators and Representatives, delivered a lecture in Washington on the Indian race that made a profound impression. Judge Hallam says of him: "Some years ago he married a beautiful and accomplished lady of Washington. He is so able lawyer, a polished and skilled gentleman and is possessed of the most fascinating conversational powers. He is a most wonderful musician, and one of the most charming voices ever given to man." Isn't that splendid? I wouldn't mind that sort of an Indian.

I have many more historic letters, but this will suffice for this time. I have great reverence for these memories; they make up history that will soon pass into oblivion unless someone records it. There is a house on the bank of the Arkansas river, two miles above Rome that has a museum open for it. It was built by Major Ridge nearly seventy years ago and is still a good old-fashioned two-story house. It was built on heavy logs, but was long afterwards called inside and waterboarded. When I first knew it Colonel A. H. Verdery lived there. He was the father of Mrs. Warren Akin, and she was married there to that eminent lawyer, Mrs. Akin's youngest brother was born in that house. The young lady was the mother of Judge John W. Akin and she still lives in town and is full of many sweet and many memories. My observation is that women have better memories than men, especially concerning marriages, deaths, births and the social station of their youthful days.

R. D. I've.

Atlanta Journal.

It is stated that Gov. Johnston is furnished before each meal with top-shelfed gin, drinks only carbonated water, and dines daily on pig liver and sulphuric acid, with quantities of butter for dinner. The governor is not going to let Alabama take any chance of losing him.

The Ochsman Board notes.

The unusual appearance of blackberries in October and says some fully matured and ripe blackberries were recently gathered near that town.

Discretionary for life.

Discretionary for life by Judge or State. Discretionary for life by Judge or State. Discretionary for life by Judge or State.

And here is a characteristic letter

And here is a characteristic letter from an old lady living in Myrtle, Tex. She says: "Excuse an old woman for trying to write to you about Indian