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A LEGEND OF WALLEN'S RIDGE

The Indian Maiden and Her Lover—The Chattanooga of Long Ago.

The legendary lore, once the leading topic of conversation in and around Chattanooga, is fast becoming forgotten in the absorbing themes of money and money making. The historic ground, sacred to the thousands who laid down their lives a willing sacrifice, is being sold to real estate speculators at a certain price per foot, while but few of the old landmarks remain to connect Chattanooga of 1863 with the Chattanooga of today. Further back in the history of the city it was a straggling Indian village, nestled at the foot of Lookout mountain, while four miles distant Ross' Landing was established on the Tennessee river. The Chattanooga of the olden time is now St. Elmo, made famous by the pen of Augusta Evans, while the Chattanooga of today is on the site once occupied by Ross' Landing. Tradition says that the word means "hawk's nest" in the Indian tongue, being derived from "chatta," hawk, and "nooga," nest. Some of the older citizens can still remember the time when they hunted rabbits in the thickly populated portions of the city, and but a few miles away it requires no vivid imagination to picture the Indians as they made this their rendezvous.

About twelve miles from the city is Wallen's Ridge, a wild, weird, romantic range, in which deep gorges, immense rocks and small caves abound. Even yet an occasional bear or deer is seen among these almost impassable cliffs and many years ago it afforded a retreat for all kinds of game. This rendered it peculiarly attractive to the Indians and they made it a general hunting ground, while the Cherokee nation would frequently hold its councils here. At the village of Chattanooga were manufactured the implements of husbandry and war. Even yet great quantities of stone hatchets, arrow heads and pottery can be found on Williams island and near the foot of Lookout mountain. One of the noted chiefs of the Cherokee nation was John Ross, from whom one of the presidents of the Cherokee tribe in the Indian territory was descended. An old half breed Indian by this well known name was found on Sand mountain by the writer, and from him was gleaned the following interesting legend, given as nearly as possible in his own language:

I am an old man now, and will soon go to the land of the setting sun, where my fathers have long since been gathered. 'Tis over seventy years since, as a boy, I left my home on Wallen's ridge, and with my tribe sought for other hunting grounds. Our tribe is scatte d as the leaves by the winds of the autumn, and those who yet remain are crowned with the frosts of the winter. The white man did not drive us from the pleasant wigwams on Sunset Rock nor the villages by the beautiful river. I know not who they were, but they were sent by the Great Spirit. We wandered along the banks of the river or climbed among the rocks of the mountain, and knew no other thought than happiness until a white man came among us. Arinook, the medicine man, had a daughter. She was as fair as the rays of the sun and as pure as the dew on the mountain flower. She was sought by the braves of the tribe, and they would lay their trophies at her feet, and still young and innocent as the deer she would bound among the rocks and none could follow her. She would push her canoe down the river and laugh the rapids into silence; her song would ring out among the hills and the rocks would answer back in melody. She was the good spirit of the tribe, and none could ever die if she ministered to them.

A white man came. He was strong and brave and none could throw the tomahawk or pull the bow as well as he. None knew whence he came, but as the shadows of the days passed by he still was there and he won the right at our sports to join the tribe. He was then our brother, and as such we had to receive him. The dark clouds seemed to gather over the maiden and she would sit by the little streams and play with the pebbles. No more could her laugh or her song be heard, and we feared that she would die. Our white brother alone could cheer her and at his footstep she was glad. He told her of his far away home and her heart was full of joy, but her father, the medicine man, answered nay to his wooing, and the hearts of the young people were sad. Often they would meet where the sun went down behind the rocks and they would sit and hold each other's hand and never speak. She was a dutiful daughter and never would she consent to go without the blessing of her father and the tribe. One day they strolled where the waters beat against the rocks (the suck) and with the song the Cherokees sing when death is near they clasped their hands, threw themselves down into the river and were never seen again, but I have often heard the song when the river was low, as the water dashed against the rocks where their bodies had lain.

Soon after this the Great Spirit showed that he was displeased, the deer and the bear could no longer be found and strange Indians appeared. Tall were they, and large, and with mighty strength. They could throw great rocks farther than the winds would carry an arrow. On each side of their head were great horns, and their eyes were like the wild cat and gleamed through the darkness. They did not speak, but they would growl until the earth would tremble, and fire came from their mouths. They were everywhere, and in our councils the braves could find no way to compete with these evil spirits. So we gathered our women and our children and our dogs and our tents and our bows, and we wandered over the mountains until we came to the side of a river where no moccasin had ever trailed, and here we beseeched the Great Spirit to let us abide. My tribe and kindred wandered even further yet, and I alone am left; and soon I, too, will join my fathers in the happy hunting ground. —Chattanooga Letter.

Picking Up Victoria's Trains.

Sir Spencer Ponsonby-Fane's duty at the drawing room is to pick up the trains, and it is very arduous work and admirably calculated to give the strongest man a fit of lumbago. Sir Spencer, who has been in the public service for nearly forty-nine years, has become rather infirm and stoops fearfully, never having recovered from his desperate exertions during the jubilee; and at the last drawing room it was only with great difficulty that he got through his task, which would surely be more appropriately confided to a stalwart footman or some other domestic rather than to an aged official, for whom such menial duties appear decidedly undignified.—London Truth.

Didn't Want Industrious Catsup.

The English language, with its many words spelled alike but with different meanings, is somewhat confusing and ofttimes causes queer remarks from children of more or less precocity. In a family boarding at the Leland hotel is a little miss of some ten or eleven years of age. One day at the table she heard some one speak of the catsup as having "worked." This young damsel happens to be exceedingly fond of cold meat with the above named relish, and a day or two after she had heard the remark about her favorite she called a waiter, saying: "I wish you would get me another bottle of catsup, and please get me some that is not so industrious."—Chicago Herald.

Old But Good.

It was at a clinic at the university. A patient was brought in who imagined she was a victim of consumption.

"Will you please tell the gentlemen what troubles you, madam?" said the professor.

"Oh, doctor, my right lung is all gone." This in a weak plaintive whisper that could scarcely be heard a dozen feet away, then brightening up, and in a full strong voice that could be heard all over the room: "But my left lung's all right!"

Great applause from the students.—Philadelphia Press.

A Natural Inquiry.

"Are you the girl who was to come to our house as a nurse?" asked a fashionable lady of the healthy looking girl who had just entered the room.

"I am, ma'am."

"I have examined your references, and I find them satisfactory. You may begin next week."

"But if ye plaze, ma'am, I'd like to ask yez wan question."

"What is it?"

"Is it a baby or a poog dog that I'm to look afther?"—Merchant Traveler.

Only One of Its Kind.

Indiana, among other distinct features, is the proud possessor of the only successful skunk ranch in the world. If there are any other skunk ranches now on a paying basis I have not yet visited them. The domestication of this little rhododendron has so far been left to Mr. Joseph Lininger, near Huntington. He has a ranch there of this kind, and goes into society very little indeed, I am told. Few go to see him, and his groceries are handed over the fence to him by means of a fishing pole.

Skunks are most prized for their fur and also their oil. The oil is not used on salad, as many suppose, but as a remedy for croup. Skunk's oil is worth ten cents an ounce, and the contest between a tablespoonful of it and a case of croup is said to be entirely one sided. Mr. Lininger began with fourteen of these animals. He now has several hundred of them, and can buy any of the adjoining farms at his own price.

Last summer he used to go to church at Huntington every Sunday morning, but this year the church is paying him $5 a week to pray in secret.

The skunk is said to possess strong affection for the human being, but in most instances it is not returned. The skunk resembles the elephant in one respect, viz., because he cannot climb a tree.

Mr. Lininger says this little animal does not require much food, and even that little is of the very plainest kind. And yet he is an offal eater after all.

The sac which supplies the little heliotrope with his all pervading scentiments may be easily removed, says Mr. Lininger, and then the animal is as harmless and even more devoted than the common house cat. Possibly that may lead to the general adoption of this animal as a house pet some day, and along with the stingless bulldog our houses will be filled with delight. Then the New York landlord who cannot let us have a house if we are injudicious enough to be parents and publicly admit it can let his high stoop brown stone front to a poodle dog infirmary or a skunk aquarium, and thank heaven that he is not encouraging American children in our great metropolis.—Bill Nye in New York World.

The Man with a Big Head.

Senator Sawyer tells a good story on himself. There was a man up in the Oshkosh country of the name of Hutchinson, who was a great boaster. If he cut one log of wood he would be sure to report a hundred, and if he saw a dozen blackbirds sitting on a stump they would be a thousand before he told about them in the nearest saloon. One season he did some logging for Mr. Sawyer, and for his pay received a check on the Northwestern National bank for $120, payable to his order. Mr. Hutchinson had never had such an experience before, and he showed the check to his friends with a great deal of pride before he took it to the bank to get it cashed. When he did so the teller, of course, made him write his name on the back of the paper, and that was an incident of still greater importance in Mr. Hutchinson's life. Then he went to his home in the woods, and said to everybody whom he met on the way:

"Old Sawyer can brag as much as he's a mind to about his money, but the bank made me indorse his check before they would cash it for him."—Washington Cor. New York Tribune.

He Thought It Was Mean.

In a home on Commonwealth avenue, not many evenings since, the father, unwonted to such duties, thought it incumbent upon him at a certain period during the evening's exercises to take his youngest son upstairs for a short outing, based upon the child's disobedience to its mother. The echoes from the interview penetrated to the parlor, and while there was great sympathy for the afflicted heir-apparent, a laugh could not well be restrained when, in the midst of the "boo-hoos," was heard the shrill, treble voice: "Pa, I think it's real mean for you to spank me. Why don't you let mamma do her own work?"—Boston Record.

A Timely Table.

A Canadian crank wants to annex the New England states, and has introduced a proposal to that effect in the Dominion parliament. The "annexation" will resemble the capture of a prisoner told of in war literature, somewhat as follows:

Soldier—I've caught a prisoner.
Officer—Bring him along, then.
Soldier—He won't come.
Officer—Then come yourself.
Soldier—He won't let me.—San Francisco Post.

Getting It Down Fine.

Marguerite, a blue eyed cherub of 5 years, knows how she wants the gas turned when she is ready for sleep. After she had said her prayers a few nights ago, and as her mother was preparing to lower the gas jet, she said: "Mamma, turn it to just a pimple," and then closed her eyes to sleep and dream of "Pigs in Clover."—Buffalo Courier.

To Be Treated with Respect.

"You greet that lady with great deference, Maud. Who is she?" "She? Why, she is Mrs. Foolscap. She is literary." "What has she written?" "Oh, she has just had a story rejected by the Atlantic."—Boston Commonwealth.

ODDS AND ENDS.

Turkish women eat rose leaves with butter to secure plumpness.

Pittsburg has the largest ax factory in the world. It turns out 3,000 axes per day.

I know of no manner of speaking so offensive as that of giving praise and closing it with an exception.—Steele.

"If there were no birds man could not live on the earth, and birds are decreasing in this country," says Our Dumb Animals.

The fleece of ten goats and the work of several men for half a year are required to make a cashmere shawl a yard and a half square.

The fees for ascending the Eiffel tower are five francs to the top, three francs to the second platform, and two francs to the first. The three platforms will hold 10,000 people.

An Iowa clergymen recently married three couples and conducted two funerals in one day, and to do it drove fifty miles. Total receipts, $5.

The Medical Review has made the discovery that a man's heart weighs 330 grammes (10½ ounces) while a woman's only weighs 260 grammes.

In 1888 the United States manufactured 14,000,000 pounds of tobacco, 400,000 pounds of snuff, 4,000,000,000 cigars and 1,500,000,000 cigarettes.

A York lady bit into an apple and found wrapped around the core a piece of coarse thread twenty-four inches long. It is thought to have been dropped by a bird when the apple was in full blossom.

A church in southern Illinois is about to have a fair, in which one of the features will be the pigs in clover, with real pigs. A large fac-simile of the toy will be built in the hall, and a prize will be given to the man who pens the porkers.

The consideration for which Bombay Hook, near Wilmington, Del., was transferred by its original owner, an Indian chief, was two barrels of rum, two shot guns and four horn-fuls of powder. The land is worth now about $300,000. Quite appropriately, the sign manual of the Indian chief was a goose.

A citizen of the United States recently applied for the position of "American consul" to some foreign place, and was directed by the state department to change his papers so as to make them show that he wanted to be a "United States consul." This is a mistake frequently made even at home, but abroad everybody looks upon "America" as being the United States.

A shoemaker at Ottawa, Ont., seventeen years ago broke off the point of an awl in the hollow of a tooth which was continuously aching. The other day the tooth was extracted, and the little piece of steel found imbedded in it was just as bright as when it first entered. During all those years toothache was unknown by the man of leather, who concludes that cold steel is a good antidote for the irritating pain.

The most remarkable kiss upon record is that which was given by Queen Margaret to Alain Chartier more than 400 years ago. He was a poet, but the ugliest man in France. During his life time he enjoyed a wonderful reputation, but after his death he was forgotten. He is now chiefly remembered on account of the kiss which the queen pressed upon his dreaming lips one day as she found him sleeping, saying to her maid as she did so: "I kiss not the man; I kiss the soul that sings."

An account of the English pension list, which has been compiled for the London Society of Authors, brings to light the fact that Tennyson forty-three years ago was enrolled on the list "in consideration of his eminence as a poet." It was only three years earlier—in November, 1842—says the account, that William Wordsworth, then 72, received a pension from Sir Robert Peel, and two years earlier that, on the death of Southey, he was offered the laureateship. Southey, who became laureate in 1813, had been a pensioner for six years.

In an address to the women's societies of the United States the woman's national council publishes the following clause explanatory of the purposes and objects which inspired its formation: "We, women of the United States, sincerely believing that the best good of our homes and nation will be advanced by our own greater unity of thought, sympathy and purpose, and that an organized movement of women will best conserve the highest good of the family and the state, do hereby band ourselves together in a confederation of workers committed to the overthrow of all forms of ignorance and injustice, and to the application of the golden rule to society, custom and law."

Something Like It.

The London Court Journal, when it wants a little variety, dips into American politics. Here is a specimen:

"The Americans have elected Mr. Robert Lincoln as minister to the court of St. James. Mr. Lincoln is a brother of the famous war president, and is said to be an excellent judge of horse flesh. He took no part in the great struggle presided over by his brother, preferring, he declared, to be merely an on looker. His life, however, has not been wholly uneventful, for several years ago he was secretary of Illinois and Nebraska. He has a wonderful talent for mimicry, and one of our correspondents heard him recite some time ago, before a stag party, in the rooms of the Chicago Press club.

"We understand that he is now on a lecture tour in Australia, but that he will cancel his engagements in view of the fact that he has been elected to a serious and responsible position. President Harris and Sub-President Morris are thus far giving satisfaction, and it is not likely that there will be a change in the government for some time to come. Mr. Blaine, secretary to President Harris, has succeeded in electing his son to the senate. Mr. Outlaw, who was elected to France, has taken the oath of office. He is said to be a very handsome gentleman, and to his looks more than any qualification can be accredited his election. For a number of years he has been a typewriter in New York."—Toledo Bee.

"Committee on Sufferings."

A clergyman, now the vice chancellor of a prominent eastern university, wrote a book a few years ago. He wanted to have the publishing house of the Society of Friends in Philadelphia issue it. With this view he waited upon the serene old broad brim in charge.

"I can't say whether we can take thy MS. or not. Thee must see the committee."

"What committee?"

Does thee know the history of our society?"

"Only in a general way."

"Well, years ago we were subjected to much suffering and indignity by persecution in all quarters. A central committee was formed here in Philadelphia to aid our persecuted brethren. It was called the committee on sufferings. We live in happier times. The Friends are no longer persecuted. Hence the committee has no more work to do in the way of helping those who are oppressed. But it still exists in connection with our publishing work; and now when authors offer their MS. to us we refer them to the committee on sufferings."

The future vice chancellor regarded the name and function as peculiarly apt.—Clergyman in St. Louis Republic.

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