

The Louisiana Democrat.

"The World is Governed Too Much."

HENRY L. BLOSSAT, Business Manager.

ALEXANDRIA, LOUISIANA, WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 12, 1887.

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UNCAGED.
The bird set free from the golden cage
Heeds not the splendor of the wire;
To the clear blue his wings aspire,
Nor the rough winds his zeal assuage.
The dainty seed each morn supplied,
The water pure in crystal vase—
He finds not in the airy space,
Unfurnished, child, and only wide.
Ah, sweeter far the thistle seed
That floats across his venturous way,
And dew-drop stipped from wild-rose spray!
Who calls him back, in vain shall plead.
The golden wires were prison-bars—
They stopped his flight and scarred his wings;
But then its bounds are sky and stars!
The sky will lower, the sun will set,
The night will fall, the storm will rage;
Hang on the tree the open cage—
But to the bird love's freedom yet!
—William C. Richards, in Southern Bivouac.

IN THE WILD WEST.

Adventures of an Old Hunter Who Was Scalped.

How He Supposed Himself Twice Dead—Three Angry Bears Fighting to a Finish—the Fate of the Victor.

It has often been said that a man can not live after being scalped. One of the Crow Indian scouts with Custer before that brave officer met his fate, was caught by a party of Sioux alone on the prairie and scalped alive. His enemies cut a bear-shaped piece out of the crown of his head and left him writhing in agony, supposing he would, of course, die. Notwithstanding all of which, the redskin recovered, and at last accounts was living with his people on the Crow reservation and doing well. There is an old hunter in Western Montana whose cabin is located on the eastern slope of the Rocky mountains, who had his hair raised some years ago by a band of savages, and yet he lives and thrives in most astonishing good health. The old fellow's name is Ganzio, and by reason of his advanced years would, in the natural course of events, have white hair now, only that he has no hair at all to speak of. Still, what little he has got, is whitened or gray, the rest of his head, "where the hair ought to grow," being as bald as a billiard-ball. To be exact, Ganzio did not lose his entire scalp, but only a portion of it. The probabilities are that he could not have survived with the loss of the whole top of his head. Some few years ago, when Sitting Bull was master of this country, Ganzio was the guide of an emigrant party en route to Fort Laramie, Wyo. T.

The story of that dangerous expedition is an exceedingly interesting one, and as related by himself runs as follows: "One day we were coming into the valley of Hut creek, on our way to Fort Laramie, when we thought we saw Indians coming down the creek to the right. Instead of camping there, we thought it safer to water our stock and go on to the hills and make a dry camp in the bushes. I had been sent on ahead up to the hill to reconnoiter, and took with me a boy named Kountze, from Omaha, merely for company. We sat down to wait for the wagons, which were slowly coming up out of the valley. When the wagons reached us I started on alone through the rocks and pine bushes to seek a good camp. A few hundred yards further on I looked down a ravine to the right and saw five mounted Indians ride across the valley. I started to go back to the train, when at least a dozen Indians ran at me out of the brush, and you bet I ran and called for help. In a minute more two or three of them shot at me. I felt a sharp, stinging pain in my right leg, and another in my left shoulder, and I fell. Then they were upon me in a minute, and one of them put his knee on my back while another hit me with a club. Another struck me with the butt of a gun, and then I became partly unconscious. Still I had reason and feeling enough left to know that I was being scalped; for the hair held so tightly, and the pain was so awful, that I could not die then even if I wanted to. I felt a hot, stinging pain all around the top of my head—the hair being torn out by the roots, so to speak—and it was too much. I died, or at least I thought I did; but as it happened my scalp, or a part of it, was saved just as it was being torn off. The boys at the wagon had seen me running; saw the Indians, and came at a run—thirteen of them, arriving just in time to prevent the red devils finishing their work. The Indians, as well as my friends, thought I was dead, but I came to again, and what was left of my scalp was laid back in place. It was only half torn off you see, and the place is pretty well healed now."

"What did you do with yourself afterward?" I inquired.

"Why, I hurried into Fort Laramie, got the attention of a physician and went back to the States for a while; but the Western fever came strong upon me again and I had to return to the mountains, where I have been ever since."

Observing four bear-skins on the floor (two of them immense in size—one a grizzly, one a silver tip and two cinnamon hides), I made bold to ask Mr. Ganzio if he was the slayer himself or whether they had been obtained from somebody else.

"No," he replied, "I did not kill them all, but I bagged two out of four—the grizzly and the silver tip; and the other two cinnamon brutes were killed by the very silver tip I killed myself."

"That was a remarkable occurrence," I ventured to say, "and if you have the time to spare, Ganzio, I should like to hear the stories connected with all four."

years ago down in Colorado. To own the truth it happened so far back that I have forgotten the particulars; but the silver tip next to it," lighting a fresh pipe and pointing out the one designated, "while not so big as any of the others, was the toughest customer of them all and weighed, when dressed, eight on a thousand pounds. There are three distinct kind of bears in this country, and also a fourth kind, a mongrel species. There are the grizzly, the cinnamon, and the black bear; then comes the fourth already mentioned, called the silver tip, a cross between the grizzly and the cinnamon, and the most dangerous of them all, for he possesses the ferociousness of the former, while he has all the activity of the latter. The silver tip seldom comes down out of the mountains but lives habitually in high latitudes, and subsists for the most part on the flesh of the animals he kills. The grizzly also eats flesh, but he is fond of berries too. The cinnamon eats only roots and herbs, while the black bear makes regular descents among the foothills and in the valleys searching for honey and berries. A black bear was discovered last fall on the prairie about four miles from Fort Mission. Some of the soldiers discovered him and gave chase, and they actually rounded that fellow up, preventing him from getting back into the mountains, until he was driven smack into the fort, where he was killed on the parade ground.

"But, speaking of their skins over there, I'll tell you the whole story just as it happened to myself. It was somewhere about ten years ago, when I was prospecting over in the neighborhood of Deadwood, that I belonged to a party of four who had agreed to work that year in partnership. We struck out one morning from camp for a day's work among the mountains, each fellow going in a different direction, and agreeing to meet that night in Deadwood to compare notes and share the finds among all alike. I started up the gulch, following an old Indian trail four miles or better, then branched off up the mountain side to see if I couldn't find the mother of a rich piece of rock which I had picked up in the gulch the day previous, and which was just sparkling with pyrites of gold, iron and lead. It was about two o'clock in the afternoon, when I was making my way out of the mountains and back to join the boys, that I came to a thicket of quaking aspens. Now, I have seen aspens quake often, and I have seen them quake so hard, too, that an Eastern bummer's jim-jams is nothing to the way those trees shake; but the little thicket in front of me was just a-bending and a-howling as if a forty-mile wind was blowing through it. Says I to myself: 'Old boy, you've got an elk; you've got an elk, and no mistake; so look sharp to your gun and the meat is yours.' Slipping six cartridges into the magazine, I cocked my gun, and holding it ready, crept softly through the bushes to see what kind of a circus was going on.

"You can believe me or not, stranger, but as sure as Moses was swapped in the bulrushes, clear me out for a tenderfoot, but I saw three bears in a little clearing going at it hammer and tongs, fighting to the death. Two of them were cinnamon mates and the other was a silver tip. Lord, how the fur did fly! The plucky silver tip would slap first one and then the other. The cinnamon cusses didn't seem to have sense enough to tackle the big mongrel together, but they came up one at a time, only to get a dose which the other fellow always had ready for them. The silver tip knocked them out every time and won every round just as he pleased. Pretty soon the pair began to weaken, and then old Ephraim put in his licks thick and fast. He knocked the male flat and proceeded to hug the other. He simply squeezed the life out of her, for I could hear bones snap and crack from where I was hid. The male by this time had recovered a few of his senses and sat upon his hanches like a dog to see how the day was going; but the wise old silver tip, dropping the female for a minute, walked over to where the dazed brute was squatted and brought him such a whack beside the head with his big paw that the poor fellow never did get over it. He simply rolled over on the ground and died without another protest.

"I was much interested in the outcome, and remained an anxious spectator of events to see what the victor would do now that both enemies were slain. Smelling of each and rolling them over to see if thoroughly dead, he went to work in a business-like manner to cache the bodies. Becoming satisfied that life was extinct, he seized the female by the back of the neck and dragged her off to a point about forty yards distant, when he halted, dropped his burden and began to paw industriously at the ground. He worked away until a large hole had been scooped out, when he rolled the body into it and covered the same with brush, twigs, leaves and dirt. By this time I began to understand what the wily old fellow was about. He was simply laying in a store of winter food. Returning to the other carcass he gave it an affectionate squeeze or two and dragged it off in the opposite direction twenty-five or thirty yards. He proceeded to do exactly in this case as in the former, serving the male just as the female had been treated. Having covered the second body to his satisfaction, he looked around, raised his snout in the air, sniffed the breeze three or four times and then gave vent to the most mournful howl, grunt or growl I ever heard in all my life. Concluding that it was time for me to interfere, I raised my gun, took a careful

aim at the forehead, and fired. The old monster gave one spring and then stood still, looking about him and growling terribly.

"Again I fired at the shoulder with the same result. But this time the bear saw my smoke and immediately came toward me, with head hanging down and his great, red, bloody tongue hanging out. I was a little frightened then and fired the third shot a trifle wild, for he came steadily forward as if he never felt it. A fourth shot failed to halt him, and the fifth tore away his whole lower jaw. I tell you, stranger, that bear was an awful sight to see after I had given him the fifth ball. Still he came on and did not falter. I threw the last cartridge up into the chamber and waited for him to come close. It was this chance or nothing, and I could not afford to waste that ounce of lead. I had all my hair at that time, stranger, and I tell you it got mighty stiff and seemed to raise the hair off my head. Closer and closer came the enraged animal, until I almost felt his hot breath on my face. Poking the muzzle almost into his mouth, I pulled for the last time, and down we both went. For a minute I really did not know whether I or the bear was killed, but in a few seconds I crawled out from under the huge mass, and then I saw the bear was dead and not I. He had made a lunge just as I fired, fell over on me in the agonies of death, and we rolled among the bushes all in a heap. I rose to my feet, gave a big sigh of relief, and stuck the old fellow under the nose as a parting send-off. I skinned all three of the bears and returned to camp late that night, telling the story to my pals just as I have told it to you, and, stranger, that is how those three bear hides comes to be lying on the floor."—*Fort Keogh Cor. San Francisco Chronicle.*

TOO MUCH MONEY.

How Much Very Rich Men Can Legitimately Spend in a Month.

As I was saying, I knew a fellow who has acquaintance with these millionaires. His conversation soothed and consoled me to some extent. He deprecated the possession of too much money. So did I. He declared it did not contribute to human happiness to any thing like the extent people imagined. I agreed with him. He said, indeed, that men of moderate means were the only contented men—the only men who enjoyed life. I grasped his hand.

"Yes," he said, "those men have all so much money that they can not derive any benefit from it. I dozed," he went on, "once with half a dozen millionaires. I have had a better dinner at the club or the restaurant—but that is no matter. After dinner they began talking of how much money a man could expend in having the most luxurious necessities of life, not speaking, of course, of pictures, or hobbies, or tastes that one could live without. One of them figured it out. He had a complete establishment in town, a wife and a child. He had in the faintest degree necessary to perfect comfort. He had thirteen servants, six carriages and six horses; his wife was the most elegantly dressed woman in town; his child had every thing that money could buy. He had besides a place in the country, non-productive, in which he entertained frequently, although not in the style of such places as Belmont. He had twenty-two employes on his country place, sixty breeding and racing horses, and a yacht which cost him about \$2,000 a month, and for all these—house in town, place in country, his wife's dresses, his household expenses—he could not without waste expend more than \$10,000 a month.

Then I wept.

REPEALED AT LAST.

The Tenure-of-Office Act, One of the Remnants of Republican Abuses, Stricken from the Statute Books.

The passage by the Senate of the bill repealing the Tenure-of-Office act terminates an usurpation by that body which has extended over a period of nearly twenty years. Under that law the power of removal was taken from the President and lodged in the Senate, and though the act has not been at all times enforced it has served at intervals as a refuge for the feudal lords of the Senate when they saw fit to set themselves up as a superior to the Chief Magistrate.

THE EXACT TRUTH.

Dr. Dabney, the Appointee of the Pension Office, Denies that He Was Ever at Andersonville.

General Black has written to a Kansas post of the Grand Army of the Republic about Dr. Dabney, at whose appointment to a place in the Pension Office there has been some complaint. In his letter he says: "Dr. Dabney was appointed to the office he now holds in this bureau after examination and certification by the United States Civil-Service Commission more than thirteen months ago, upon my selection. He then was and now is a citizen of the United States, and an equal footing with every other citizen. There were no preferred applicants for the place to which he was appointed. He has since discharged all the duties of his office in an able and efficient manner, as shown by the reports to me of his superior officer, the medical referee. He has shown himself capable and honest. He is in harmony with his lawful superiors in their views of duty and government. These things all like the requirements of sound judgment, of public policy and of existing law. Dr. Dabney may remain in public office, so far as I am concerned, while the conditions exist. The foregoing statement includes the entire law of the case, but that you may not misapprehend the wisdom of my appointment, and that you may know who and what this young man is, and that you may know that the nature of your resolution is not true and that your denunciation is leveled at one who in 1865 was but a child, and who never saw the place you mention (Andersonville). I append certain papers for your consideration, and call your attention in conclusion to the fact that the Union soldier has suffered no harm at Dr. Dabney's hands in his year or more of service, as the record of the Pension Bureau shows."

PRESS NOTES.

The Secretary of the Navy, Mr. Whitney, is in danger of getting himself disliked. He seems to think it incumbent upon him to run his department on business principles—to buy the best goods, to pay for them the lowest market prices, and to insist upon getting exactly what was contracted for.—*Cincinnati Enquirer.*

Congress has shown too great readiness to push forward all kinds of claims without reference to the decisions of the Pension Bureau. The open system of pensioning, recommended by the President, is the fairest method of dealing with the claims of the veterans, and will prevent any recurrence of the infamous Dudley system.—*Albany Argus.*

It has always been a mystery to the American people how Robeson and the other Republican Secretaries of the Navy could use up so many millions of naval appropriations and never have any navy. One would expect them to have more navy than they would know what to do with. But, in fact, that seems to have occurred to them, too, and to have been just what they were trying to avoid. The completion of a splendid navy would have been the greatest possible misfortune to them, for then the appropriations would have stopped for want of a decent pretext.—*Des Moines Leader.*

A burglar who was doing a neat job on a safe was horrified, on looking up, to see a man standing quietly beside him. He was about to retire, when the gentleman said: "Go ahead. I am interested in that job." "Why?" asked the astonished burglar. "Because I have forgotten the combination, and no living person knew it but myself. If you can get that safe open I will make it worth your while."—*Burlington Free Press.*

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"It can't be!"

"But it is!"

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"We have a little dispute, and will abide by your decision. I say that General Grant served three terms as President. My friend here says he only served two. Whichever wins takes the ten dollars."

"Yes, that's the way of it," added the other.

"Grant served but two terms," replied the saloonist.

"Sure?"

"I am."

"Then the money is mine!" observed the shorter stranger, and as the bartender handed it out he continued:

"We'll all have some beer on this. Just give me those small bills and the change for the five."

They had been gone half an hour when the referee had occasion to look at the bill. It was a 1864 counterfeit.—*Detroit Free Press.*

Cholera in Japan.

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