THE CIVILIZED INDIANS.

LIFE AS IT IS IN THE TERRITORY OF THE FIVE NATIONS.

The People whom the Newspapers and Railroad Schemers Want to Crowd Out—Their Manners, Dress, Games, Superstitions, and Steadily Increasing Civilization—Interview with Cherokee Chief Bushyhead—His Opinion of Carl Schurz.

By an act of Congress passed in the year 1830, all the vast country lying within the boundary lines of Kansas, Arkansas, Texas, New Mexico, and Colorado was laid off into an Indian reservation for the purpose of settling there Indians then living in various Eastern sections where they were regarded as impediments to progress. This act of Congress was afterward reaffirmed by an act of 1830, which authorized the President to treat with tribes east of the Mississippi River and give them patents to lands in the Indian Territory upon their removal there. Numerous tribes were thus removed, among them the Cherokees, Choctaws, Chickasaws, Creeks, and Seminoles. They were removed from Georgia, North Carolina, Tennessee, Mississippi, Alabama, and Florida between the years 1820 and 1857—most of them about 1830, only a few scattered remnants having been deferred to later dates. These are now termed the Five Civilized Tribes. No others, except some minor tribes incorporated with them, as the Delawares with the Cherokees, have attained any distinctive civilization.

The five civilized tribes are situated just west of the State of Arkansas, and extend out as far as the Cheyenne, the Arapahoe, the Pottawattomie, Comanche, and other reservations of the wild tribes, and south to Texas. They are divided into distinct Nations, and are governed by independent, though very similar, forms. Their possessions embrace lands which are interspersed with undulating prairies, heavily timbered woodlands, and rugged mountains that bear in their unblasted boulders the outcroppings of much mineral wealth. The scenery throughout these sparsely settled realms is very beautiful. Its picturesque effect is heightened by the appearance of the strange people and their habitations. Without entering tediously into the separate details of observations made in each of the five Nations, which, on account of their great similarity, would entail much repetition, what is common will be given in a general way, and the tribes designated only when allusion is made to distinctive features. Indian civilization has advanced far more than is generally supposed, but it is extremely conglomerate in its nature. In the Cherokee Nation alone there are 3,000 white people, of whom over 1,000 have acquired Indian citizenship, with all of its privileges. There are also many whites who are only partly of Indian blood. White men who have acquired citizenship by intermarriage, together with half breeds who have obtained intelligence from Saxon parentage and education, have moulded and operated the governmental systems. It is by them that the appliances of civilization have been chiefly brought to bear in the Territory.

II.

Let us first consider the lowest class of Indians—the full bloods, who neither speak English nor have education of any sort. They are vulgarly termed "Stickabins," or "Tubbies." Their manners are commonplace and plodding. The tomahawk is only traditional with them, and scalping is a forgotten art. They are no longer semi-nude and arrayed in trinkets, brilliant feathers, paints, and moccasins, but in coarse garments similar to those worn by ordinary and homely country people of the States. It is true they retain admiration for trimmings of red and other brilliant colors, which them men usually evince by single feathers in their broad-brimmed wool hats, or colored handkerchiefs around their necks. No other remnants of the savage nature are noticeable in their fashions of dress. The women are extremely plain, and make little effort to adorn their persons. They wear dresses made uniformly after a quaint and unvarying pattern. Being short in the waist, where they are loosely gathered, these garments drop like bags to the feet, and are of even length all around, hanging barely above the ground. The fairies exclusively chosen are dull drab colors. But as their dresses are, the women appear squatty.

The full bloods are peaceful when sober and obedient to law. They are very hospitable and kind to strangers, and furnish them with the best they have. They inhabit homely huts built of logs. Though rough, they are good highways and open prairies, and their habitations are usually found in sequestered places among crags and forests, always either along the windings of streams or where there are springs to furnish water. Around each dwelling there is usually a clearing of a few acres, which constitutes the farm. Upon this a modicum of corn and other vegetables is raised for food, and the most thrifty cultivate a little patch of cotton. There is a small herd of cattle or sheep or a drove of roving hogs. These Indians hunt in the forests, not for pastime, but for food. Flint arrow points are preserved as relics by their antiquarians, but bows have been replaced by shotguns, rifles, and revolvers.

The interiors of their shanties are furnished in a setting with the exteriors. Rickety beds, plain wooden tables, common table ware, waste crockery, and dingy tin, and old chairs frequently bottomed with hides, complete the furniture of the average household. Their meals have little variety, consisting of corn bread made of meal which, where mills are inaccessible, is crushed between stones, of fried meat, vegetables occasionally, and coffee. Coffee is a favorite beverage, and is almost universally used. Among the dishes peculiar to the Indians is a species of hominy, made from a mixture of boiled corn well mashed and seasoned with lye. This is called *sof-ki* by the Creeks, and by the Cherokees *no-ka-hi*. It is both palatable and wholesome. Another is bean bread, which is a baked compound of boiled beans and corn meal.

The women do most of the work, while the men devote their attention generally to idleness. They use ponies for transportation, and while the women do the household drudgery, chop the wood, tend the crops, &c., they are seldom on hand to contribute their aid, but are scampering around the country, hunting or at play. The laziness decreases as the Indians become enlightened. The wild Indians regard their women as little better than their ponies. They barter them, but them away upon races, and hold them altogether in abject slavery.

A once observed a party of Arapahoes upon a journey. They are one of the tribes known as blanket Indians, because all of them wear blankets over their shoulders. They also wear moccasin leggings, and their faces are usually painted with vermilion. The party upon this occasion included three sub-chiefs, Left Hand, Boar Robe, and White Buffalo, one squaw, Left Hand's wife, and a papoose. They had just halted to pitch their tents for the night. The three brawny men flinty squatted themselves upon the ground in Indian fashion, turned their ponies over to the squaw, and waited for her to arrange for their entertainment. She went to work quietly to unpack the ponies, and do other work necessary for the comfort of her masters. Having cared for the ponies she very sweetly invited one morning through an interpreter with a band of their tribe, I asked Sam-ko-a, a medicine man of much influence, if I could get a wife in the Osage country. He replied very earnestly, "You give me pony, I give you wife." Sam-ko-a wore a scarlet blanket, bright moccasins, and was profusely painted and adorned with dangling trinkets, which completely fringed his ears.

III.

While the men avoid work as much as possible, they are very fond of games, and employ much of their time in the white man's "seven up," are very fond of pony races, and are great gamblers. They also have a game of ball, which has been handed down to them from their ancestors. About one hundred and twenty men usually engage in a game. It is called by the Choctaws *ka-ma-ti*, and is very fierce. I witnessed a game in which the participants stripped all but the scanty clothing, and were entirely naked, except for the gaudy French clothes, from which were suspended animal tails. The men's faces and bodies were richly painted. Each player held two sticks, curved like *ko-pooks*. Upon one end of these sticks was a little cup, made by a strip of leather, fastened at the bottom in a strip of leather, holding a stick in each hand, and enclosing a small woollen ball between them, in the cavities the players could throw with wonderful accuracy. Two poles were put in the ground, and several hundred yards off, and to take the poles with the ball was the object of the game. Each side selected a base. To win the game, it was necessary to hit the pole twelve times. They first danced around the poles, singing peculiar songs to "drive the game away." After that the contest began, and very soon became serious. It was an exciting scene. The naked, bronzed athletic forms, painted with paints and dotted swiftly in the air in frantic contest for the ball. Their struggles at times to grasp it between the cups were ludicrous. They rushed together with a resistless force that often dashed them to the ground. Now and then a heavy form was picked up by the resistless [illegible] and hurled whirling into the air. The players contended for hours, and a single John Bull could not tell which side had earned the laurels. [illegible] It was at long intervals that the ball was thrown upward through the air. [illegible] It was at length decided by the point to which it was directed.

Match games are often played by representatives of different counties, in which the interest is so intense that they are seldom terminated without serious disasters. Men are maimed, mangled, and frequently killed. Chief McCurtain of the Choctaw Nation, a frank, genial, and intelligent man, is now secluded from his wives because of the boundless strength with which his partners in this game attacked him. After the game just described, the participants, who only a moment before seemed, in the abandonment of play, to be savages unsafe to encounter, were very affable to the writer.

The full bloods all use tobacco and constantly crave intoxicating drinks. The vilest decoctions are eagerly gulped down if they are suspected to contain alcohol. The Indians evade the prohibition laws, and obtain liquor in various forms from adventurers, who resort to every shift and device to traffic with them. It is concealed under the dresses of old women, hid in brush. It is buried in the woods and brought out by stealth. It is disguised in patent medicines, and sought after with eager demand. Compounds of the most deadly character are sold in this way in alarming quantities. "Jamaica ginger" imported specially for this trade is fiery hot with ginger, Cayenne pepper, and tangle-foot whiskey, and labelled, "Shake well and take tablespoonful before each meal." The Indian empties a whole bottle for one drink. It kindles flames in both his mind and body. It crazes him with savage frenzy. He becomes a raving and ferocious madman, ready to cut, shoot, and tear to pieces upon the slightest provocation. Liquor completely destroys every vestige of the Indian's intellect, and arouses in him every latent element of the sanguinary proclivities of his ancestry. However good-natured and peaceful when sober, he must be avoided with the utmost caution when drunk.

IV.

The Christian religion has been embraced by those people, and churches are established throughout their country. Some of these edifices are tastefully and substantially built. Their marriages are solemnized according to Christian forms. Wives are not bartered as in the wild tribes. Like all ignorant people, aside from their religion they have peculiar superstitions. Just before the ball game above described, the players went off in secret conclave and huddled together, with curious gesticulations and grunts conjured success. Each side was zealously followed by a sorcerer whose office it was to give good luck. Not many years ago superstitions were numerous and inordinate. They have rapidly decreased.

It is said that some of the Chickasaws still cling to a very strange custom that formerly was resorted to also by the Choctaws and other tribes. When a man is very sick, his friends rely upon a wierd dance, *pe sho fe*, in front of his premises to induce recovery. The ceremony usually takes place at night and around a brilliant bonfire. The flames light up the painted dancers and give fantastic effect to their gesticulations. The music, but some of them are sufficiently so to utilize enough of nature's bounties for their comfort. They live in better houses than the classes below them, possess larger flocks and herds, cultivate more land, and preserve more abundant harvests. Some of them are sufficiently acquisitive to accumulate valuable properties. Their English acquirements embrace, unfortunately, not only the white men's virtues, but many of their vices.

In some counties the whites in number exceed the native. Some of them have acquired Indian citizenship, others are there by permission, others remain by tacit sufferance, and others are absolute intruders, and in many instances fugitives from justice in the States. The latter is in fact the floating population in this country, composed of reckless adventurers. It is a fact that most of the crimes are done by white men, the next in lawlessness being the half breeds and English-speaking full bloods.

The Nations are well supplied with provident white farmers, who have established themselves by marrying. The process has been pursued now for so many years that it is no longer necessary to marry a girl who is perceptibly Indian to acquire citizenship. Miscegenation has so extensively ameliorated the Indian blood that a large proportion of these who are routinted as Indian natives bear no evidences of their ancestry. The white men who wish to become Indian husbands and citizens can now marry women who scarcely show their Indian descent.

VI.

In the highest ranks of these tribes white blood largely preponderates. White men fill high official positions, and conduct much of the commerce and trade. A few full bloods, and more half breeds, by virtue of superior faculties, are upon terms of equality with them.

While upon my journey in the interior I stopped one night at a prosperous looking farmer's house, which was located back in a pretty yard of evergreens and flowers, and surrounded with a good fence, substantial barn houses, and many tons of cured hay stacked symmetrically in the stable lot. There were well-cultivated fields of corn and oats, but cattle were browsing upon the prairie near by. The inmates were genuine Indians, and the farm was conducted by Indian labor. I went out upon the porch in the morning before breakfast, and found one of the young Indian men, who the evening before was gathering corn, seated in a comfortable chair reading a late copy of THE WEEKLY SUN. He conversed intelligently upon the topics of the day. A little boy of the same family, about 12 years of age, who, in the distance, could not be distinguished from a white, old enough to lay aside his dark complexion, had just begun the fall session at a neighborhood school. He was advanced to the fourth reader, studied English grammar, arithmetic, and geography, and upon being catechized showed himself as proficient as any boy of his age.

Many of the members of these rude aristocracies have received abroad thorough collegiate educations, and their pursuits vary from those of gentlemen of leisure to the learned professions and mercantile enterprise. They also fill nearly all the offices in the different political subdivisions. They are lawyers, doctors, teachers, and ministers of the gospel. They mould the opinions of the masses, control their public affairs, manipulate the public exchequers, and, altogether, are in very comfortable circumstances. With so many acres of valuable lands at their disposal, and without any taxes to pay, many of them have grown up into somewhat of the opulence of landed lords. They have every requisite for wealth around them in profusion, and, with the intelligence to utilize their resources, they have become powerful. They are jealous of encroachments from the States, and are loud in denouncing any movement that may lead to the subversion of the present proprietary rights of the Indians.

VII.

A good deal of political activity and party feeling exists in the five civilized tribes. Their Chiefs and Members of Council are elected. Party lines are drawn more upon personal grounds than upon principles. Partisanship is generally very bitter. They frequently announce identical platforms, and the parties are distinguishable only by their names. The dominant party usually has all the lucrative offices, and the softest seats are monopolized by the politicians. It is said that many votes are purchased by opulent office seekers, and the most important positions are sometimes procured by fraud.

VIII.

It was on a cold, crisp morning in September that I started from Muskogee, in the Creek Nation, upon a visit to Tahlequah, the Cherokee capital. By the kind invitation of Lieut. G. of the United States army, I occupied a seat in his ambulance as far as Fort Gibson, which is a little Indian village of several hundred inhabitants and a military post, where there are usually two like companies of infantry and a corps of resident-looking officers, who bravely endure exile in the service of their country.

Just way there some cottages are retained here in a semi-civilized condition. Tepees are in the midst of a peaceful people, and the surrounding scenes are more suggestive of bucolic repose than of the necessities of war. The fort overlooks a quaint and gay little town which, with its cultivated yards and spacious premises, bespeaks careless prosperity. It looks like a settlement of Fortunatus's children of Indians who demand the virtues of an army. It is about 7 many miles away from any of the unfriendly tribes, and nowhere in the country adjacent is there a sad-visaged Big Knife in stripes. The Major commanding the post is a jovial gentleman who lives in a residence which, according to his statement, cost the Government $75,000. The other buildings—barracks, hospitals, storehouses, residences for officers, offices, &c.—are of a similar beautiful drives, well-shaded parks and lawns, cost more in proportion and are conducted accordingly. The actual running expenses of this post amount, as estimated by the Quartermaster's clerk, to more than $150,000 a year, to say nothing of the interest on the capital invested for the property and equipments. Some of the soldiers complain that they have been there for years and have had little to do but gamble their wages away and drink beer at the sutler's.

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IX.

Just at the base of the hill upon which the Fort is erected is the residence of Bushyhead, the Chief of the Cherokee Nation. It is a well-built country house, tastefully painted white, with shutters of green. The front yard is filled with well-trimmed evergreens, and the surroundings are indicative of careful attention. The Chief is an educated gentleman, with vigorous intellect. Not he is part Indian is not betrayed either by his complexion or features. He is tall, and as fat as a jolly Dutchman. He has a massive head, a broad forehead, and penetrating eyes. His frank countenance at once invites confidence and esteem. He dresses plainly, and in the manner of a thrifty country gentleman. He grasped my hand cordially, and without hesitation began to talk of the condition of his people.

Bushyhead wants railroads, and knows that the advancement of the race depends upon the introduction of all the facilities of civilized life, and a healthful intercourse with the outside world. He said that his opposition and that of his people to the passage of the Cherokee and Arkansas River Railroad bill, which was pending during the last session of Congress, was because it would have violated treaty provisions, and have given the railroad dangerous franchises, leaving with the independent ownership of many miles of their country. He regarded the aggression of corporations with fear and suspicion. He did not doubt that if the railroad company had petitioned their Council, instead of Congress, for simple right of way, without the enormous land grant which is sought, right of way would have been gladly yielded. He took the economic view of the matter; if commerce demanded the construction of a railroad, commerce would duly support it, without the endowment of so much valuable property.

I asked him how he and his people regard Carl Schurz and his theories upon the Indian problem. He replied: "Schurz means well, but he is visionary and impracticable. The Indians want to be let alone, and not tampered with by theoretical tutelage." This is the feeling uppermost throughout the "Nations," and it was freely expressed by all the leading citizens with whom I talked.

X.

From Fort Gibson I took the mail back which carries daily trips to Tahlequah, the capital. There was one other passenger, Miss Eloise Butler, or Wa-le-se, as she is called by her Indian friends, a pretty half-Indian girl whom I had previously met. I was surprised upon further acquaintance to learn that she was the niece of Senator Butler of South Carolina. Her grandfather was formerly Indian agent, and her father, who was Senator Butler's brother, had moved at that time to the Indian country, and married into a Cherokee family. Miss Butler was educated in Philadelphia, and is accomplished. Her manners are easy and of marked refinement. In the cottage where she and her widowed mother live alone she entertains with cordial grace. Her tables are tastefully arranged and of the latest styles and fabrics. An olive complexion is the only indication of her Indian blood. Among other pictures which decorated the walls of her pretty little parlor were those of her uncle, Senator Butler, and the members of his family. She is a native of Tahlequah, and gave me much information.

We arrived at Tahlequah late in the evening. I met Mr. John L. Adair, the President of the Cherokee Board of Education. He is a blond, with blue eyes, fair complexion, and light hair, but, nevertheless, a Cherokee of full citizenship. He greeted me with open-handed hospitality, and immediately proposed a drive for the morning. Here and there upon the street corners were gathered the natives in motley groups. There were the common full bloods in their short, striped, woollen roundabout jackets, or hunting shirts, as they are called, with the dexterous tomahawk at their belts, and the old Cherokee women, and which are almost universally worn by the men. There were squatty-looking women, with their colored, long-line, short-waisted dresses drooping awkwardly upon all sides to the ground. There were half breeds, dressed in every respect like white men, and white men of various grades, attired according to their conditions in life. The barber shop was filled with both white men and Indians, some of whom were playing "seven up," which is their favorite game, as it is the white man's. The houses are a number of well-built brick stores in Tahlequah, which are conducted almost exclusively by white men. The principal hotel is a two-story brick building, neatly finished. The business part of the town is grouped around a square, in the centre of which is the Capitol, enclosed by a whitewashed fence, and from the outside resembling, in every respect, the court house of an ordinary county seat. It is two stories high, and made of brick. The residences are some of them very pretty. They are surrounded by neat white fences, bay windows, and ornamental verandas. One quarter of the town is inhabited by illiterate full bloods. They occupy little wooden huts. It is a dilapidated-looking settlement, similar to the negro communities of some of our Southern towns.

Just beyond the limits of the town is a large building used by the Baptist mission school. Many pupils attend this institution, and among them are full bloods well advanced. There are several churches, which, though of no architectural beauty, are adequate to the needs of the inhabitants. The building occupied by the *Cherokee Advocate*, a weekly paper, which is the official organ of the Nation, is a commodious structure, and well equipped with the printing materials requisite for both newspaper and job work. The Advocate has put forth half in the Cherokee and half in the English language. The editor is William P. Boudinot, a half Indian, and a relative of the well-known Col. E. C. Boudinot. Not far from the newspaper office is the penitentiary, a large stone establishment, capacious and of late improvements, and conducted exactly as similar institutions are in the States. The inmates wear striped clothes. They are native Indians. In cases where white men are involved, the United States courts retain jurisdiction.

On the day of my arrival an Indian was hanged in the prison yard, under sentence of a Cherokee court, for murder. He was a tall, athletic, handsome fellow, and faced death with fortitude. Without the slightest display of fear, he addressed a few remarks to the native spectators. His words were very impressive, he said: "I acknowledge that the Cherokee laws are good laws. I murdered a man, and I know it is right for me to die. I tell you all good by. My body will be put in the ground, but I have a spirit, and it will go to God."

As soon as he ceased speaking, and while a smile lingered upon his lips, the Sheriff advanced with the black cap. When the trigger was touched a sister of the gasping victim fell senseless upon the ground. Several fainted, but soon recovered. Apparent indifference in suffering death seems peculiarly an Indian trait. Upon another occasion I saw two Creek boys submit to execution without a murmur.

CORN POPPED BY THE BARREL.

The Peculiar Skilled Work that Goes on All Day Long in a West Side Cellar.

The basement in the wooden house at 28 Thompson street is perpetually so full of coke smoke that a visitor is nearly choked on going into it. There are two rooms, one front and one back. The front room is littered on one side with barrels, and the other side is taken up by a broad shelf and a capacious bin. From the shelf rises an airy pyramid of loose popcorn; the bin contains several thousand popcorn balls. In the dark rear room, seen through the doorway, glows the coke fire which produces the smoke and pops the corn. It burns in a deep fireplace, in the top of which is set an iron hook. From the hook hangs a wirework cage two feet square and eight inches deep. A long handle fixed in the cage runs out into the room, and the end of the handle is grasped by a pair of red and massive hands, which shake the apparatus as if the object were to annihilate it. The owner of the hands sits on one barrel and is surrounded by twenty or thirty more. He is the centre of a small area of brilliant illumination, and appears of a fine red color, which is seen all over him to be polka dots. He is coatless and bare-armed, and his shirt is rolled away from the neck and breast. Every two minutes he throws into the wire cage a quart measure of yellow kernels of dried corn, and branding the cage upon the hook, before mentioned, pokes the handle back and forth with a short movement of so energetic a nature that the perspiration rolls from him. In half a minute there is a noisy and violent commotion in the wire-work cage. It begins with a single sharp report, and runs rapidly into a tremendous volley. The kernels leap as if in pain, and dash themselves against the glowing iron walls which encompass them. Simultaneously they dilate, each to twenty times its original size, and the cage seems on the point of bursting under the pressure of the mass, which is as fleecy and as white as new-fallen snow. A final pop, denoting that the last kernel has succumbed, and the man in a jolly swings the cage from the hook, throws open a lid in the top, and dumps the beautiful contents into a vast dark cavern at his side.

In this way and at this place pop corn is turned out during the holiday season at the rate of about thirty barrels a day. It goes as far south as Virginia, and finds its way east into Massachusetts and Maine. The pop corn man has three assistants, who toil in his establishment for sixteen hours every day, Sundays included, and $2 a barrel is the price which the persistent product brings.

The Hennepin Canal Project.

CHICAGO, Dec. 23.—J. M. Allen of Genessee and I. H. Murphy of Davenport, the representatives of the Hennepin Canal Commission appointed to visit New York in the interest of the canal, returned to this city yesterday. In an interview Judge Allen and Judge Murphy said they found all the commercial interests of New York, the boards of trade and the Northwest, to be in favor of the canal. Opposition to the scheme was encountered chiefly from the capital invested for the property and equipments. Some of the soldiers complain that they have been there for years and have had little to do but gamble their wages away and drink beer at the sutler's.

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Protection Against Altered Tickets.

The alteration, by scalpers and their associates, of special limited, continuous train, and other tickets sold at reduced rates is becoming so frequent. General Passenger Agent Wood of the Pennsylvania Railroad says that further protective measures are necessary. He has, therefore, instructed conductors to examine tickets and exchange tickets to any point of the road. Some tickets have been changed, and where such a transaction has been made to fill such tickets and collect fare, the conductor from whom the tickets were taken will be required to buy them of the scalper who sold them, and report the transaction, with full information as to how they got the tickets.

WHERE DOLLS ARE MADE.

A BUSINESS IN HARLEM THAT HAS NO COMPETITOR IN AMERICA.

Fashionable and Humble Dolls of Wax and of Papier Mache—Children's Features Reproduced—Wax Noses and Wax Ears.

On the second floor in the rear of 2,374 Third avenue the only wax dolls manufactured in America first smile upon the world. They do this in a somewhat sticky and perspiring way; but there, too, they are taught decorum, and sent into society, things of beauty and joys, if not forever, at least for a long time; for a little girl cherishes a far warmer love for her doll after her small brother has picked out one of its eyes, damaged its nose, and reduced it to baldness than she ever feels for it in its hours of dazzling beauty.

There is a general impression that wax dolls are all imported, and that they have never been manufactured in America. But the doll made by Martin & Rippel in Harlem is quite as beautiful as that manufactured in Saxony—where the business of wax doll making supports thousands of families—and far more serviceable, for the beeswax of which the Harlem dolls are made is so prepared that it does not crack in the cold of winter, or melt beneath the heat of summer.

"Until about two years ago," said Mr. Rippel, "no wax dolls were made in this country. They nearly all came from Sonneberg, Thuringia, in Saxony. All the villages around Sonneberg are similarly employed, and the children there would not be very grateful for the present of a doll at Christmas. They are like a boy employed in a candy store, and care little for the article it gives them so much trouble to make. Labor there is very cheap, and dolls are turned out without any great outlay of capital; but they are not very skilfully made, and the material is the most expensive part of the manufacture. But as money is scarce, the dolls are, for the most part, made of papier maché, which has nothing of the fine creamy appearance of wax dolls. Look at these two dolls."

One was of papier maché, the other of wax, and both were made on the premises. The papier-maché doll had the red cheeks of a country girl, but had evidently been waxed. The wax doll had taken the prize at the American Institute Fair, and appeared to be proud of it. Her hair was straw color, but the shade could readily be changed, like the tresses on the human head, to suit the fashion. Her eyes were a tender hazel, her nose slightly retrousse, her chin charmingly dimpled, and the color on her face enchanting. She was made of pure wax, but dolls that have to undergo the ordeal of being loved by little girls are lined with papier maché, not so much for their own comfort or to protect them against their enemies as to guard against the endearments of their friends. The papier-maché doll looked like the servant to the wax doll, and yet, like a servant who has outgrowed her mistress's habiliments while the family were in the country, she had something of the appearance of her superior. In point of fact, she was of wax, waxy. She had been "dressed" in wax, and had assumed the expression that all papier-maché dolls have, of staring eyes and apple cheeks.

"Into dolls, of course," said Mr. Rippel, "we put our choicest work; and, we believe, wisely. The doll is the most popular toy that a little girl can have, and it cannot be made too pretty. A boy's plaything is usually partaken of a scientific nature. He desires to see how it is made, and his curiosity, though a thing to be admired in itself, is apt to injure the doll. The art of manufacturing dolls had its origin in the United States. About thirty years ago a German named Seidel visited this country, and the perfection to which many Americans had arrived in making wax flowers especially struck him. It occurred to him that wax dolls could be made of the same material. He made some experiments here, but later was sent to Germany, and the art of modelling was very backward. Then, with the experience he had gained, he went to Saxony and started the first wax-doll manufactory the world had seen. Labor there was very cheap, and in a few years his heads were being sent in large shipments all over the world, and to-day wax-headed dolls only are in demand among those who have money to pay for them; for the material is, and always will be, somewhat expensive.

"Taste that wax," said Mr. Rippel, handing the reporter a piece. It was of white material. It looked like soap, and the reporter, while acknowledging its beauty, declined at first to test it with his palate. But Mr. Rippel took a generous bite from one corner, and seemed to enjoy it as the reporter nibbled it in a little, and found it tasteless, odorless, and dissolvable.

"It is pure beeswax, or almost so," said Mr. Rippel, "the only adulteration being the substance we use to make it capable of resisting the cold of winter or the heat of summer. We make models of the heads we want to make, and it would not do to have these dissolving under a July sun, or cracking beneath the contracting power of winter's cold. All our models are, of course, moulded first. When they come from the mould they are, as you see, rough and ready looking. But within a few days after they start afterward charms Christmas purchasers. But artist fingers soon effect a transformation, and glass eyes (which we have to import), hair, which is really mohair, and ear superior to human hair, are fitted in place. The hair is brought from England, where some we can get it, and careful applied paint turn the dull bimpthe mouth gives us into a beautiful young lady. You see, what we want first is the groundwork, and that the mould produces, though it is not easy for an inexperienced eye to see it. But if you brought us a child, or even a photograph of a child, we could make a mould that would cast a figure retaining a perfect likeness. You might not see any resemblance in the blocky face the mould would cast out of the face of your child, but it would be there, and careful coloring and smoothing of rough lines would soon give you a perfect representation. We are often called upon to do this. Ladies come to us with children whose faces they desire to have modelled in wax, and we can do it. But we prefer to model from a photograph. That we can have always before us as we work, and it never grows impatient or embarrassed. Look at this."

The firm of Martin & Rippel has been in existence about two years. Mr. Rippel has been employed in a music box factory for over a long time, but his partner has not been three years in America. Formerly he was a skilful modeller of wax doll heads in Europe. At first the regular importers would not believe that there was in America a firm capable of making wax doll heads, but the specimens shown to them convinced them. The dolls, even of the finer heads, are not extraordinarily dear, as sold by the manufacturers. A hundred per cent, or more is added to their cost by the addition of a dollar's worth of dress material. A fine wax doll of the smallest size, dressed (or bare) ready for a cambric shirt reaching to the knees, costs about $5. A very large doll of perfect shape, similarly attired, can be purchased for $25. The bodies of the dolls are made of milliners' stuff, and are not looked upon as worthy of much respect or affection. A pin in the hands of an active young inquiring boy makes short work of them.

In the glass cases in the warerooms of Messrs. Martin & Rippel are other models besides doll heads.

"I don't propose to betray secrets," said Mr. Rippel, laughing; "but if you knew how many ladies are indebted to us for much of their beauty you would be amused. A middle-aged lady, with no nose at all worth mentioning, came to us a few months ago and asked us to supply the little deficiency. We made her a beautiful nose, and put it on with carefully concealed clasps. She was delighted with it, and spoke to another lady about it. Her friend's trouble was that she had a little too much nose; but she came to us, and I am sure we improved her. We added two rough lines of the nose and filled up the furrows. Of course, when we put a nose on a man we warn him to keep out of all fights, and especially to avoid insulting a man larger and stronger than himself; for our noses won't stand pulling. We make ears too, but the demand for them is not large."

Only Waiting for a Little Ice.

Last week the Executive Committee of the National Curling Association of the United States held a meeting to prepare for the season of 1881-2 which it is expected will be opened in holiday week, if not sooner. The principal events of the season are the contests for the national medals, such as the Golden medal match, North and South, the Dalrymple medal contest, and the inter-State club matches. The first ice suitable for curling anywhere is available near the Canadian shore of the Hudson River, in the town of Fishkill, opposite Newburgh, where is the curling pond belonging to the Newburgh ice company and which is open to the public. The ice is kept free from snow and is usually in good condition for curling. The Newburgh club will probably meet the Fishkill club and the Brooklyn club on January 2, after which the Newburgh club will go to Brooklyn to play the Brooklyn club "bonspiel" matches next week, or during Christmas week at Prospect Park.

Samuel Smith's Two Happy Wives.

Samuel Smith and his wife, colored, reside at Manhasset, in the town of North Hempstead. They have been married 10 years, and are the parents of six children. Mrs Smith has for six months been so ill that her death was looked for daily. She had a dread of leaving her children lest they should not be properly cared for after her death. She confided her misfortunes, therefore, to her younger sister. The husband and sister entered into an agreement that in case Mrs Smith died they would become man and wife. Yesterday a woman called at the house and said that her sister was near her death, and that unless Mrs Smith could be induced to go to her sister's bedside she would not be able to rest in peace. The woman said that if Mrs Smith would give a contrabing influence over all the railroads of the Northwest.

Mr. Vanderbilt Furnishing a Parsonage.

William H. Vanderbilt has ordered furniture for the Methodist Parsonage at New Dorp, which was built at his expense about a year ago.

GUARDING MILLIONS IN TRANSIT.

How the Express Companies Protect the Money Intrusted to Their Care.

In the number of packages of holiday presents to be handled by the express companies there does not seem to be any falling off, but rather an increase which taxes their facilities to the utmost. In the matter of value, however, there is a very great decrease from former years. "We are so pushed and driven," a superintendent said, "that I got in behind the counter to help the clerks myself, and so had a means of practically and positively knowing something of the value of the stuff we were handling. We make a practice of asking the consignor of a package what its value is, not that we purpose putting it on the package, which might be objectionable for various reasons, but that we wish to write it in the receipt. Well, in the whole day there was only one moderately valuable thing, and that was a ring, which a gentleman said was worth $100. All the rest averaged about $8 or $10, and there were great quantities as low down as $2 each. I am now speaking of the holiday present packages, of course, not of the business shipments, which are readily distinguished from the others.

"It would not pay robbers to make a raid on one of our parcel wagons. The aggregate value of all they could secure would not be enough for the risk. With respect to the wagons for money delivery, however, the case is very different. There the driver and his assistant have in charge sometimes hundreds of thousands of dollars—a rich haul for thieves if they could get at it. But that is what they cannot do. In the first place, the region where these money wagons are generally used is in the most crowded part of the city—the downtown part—where there are thousands about all the time, and it would be impossible for thieves to make any attempt on our drivers without such a struggle and row as would call attention, and not only frustrate the purposes of the robbers, but in all probability insure their arrest. There are always two men in those wagons when they are out on duty, and care is taken in their selection that they shall be young, vigorous, quick witted, and courageous fellows. They are armed with revolvers, and they know how to use them, but my instructions are that they shall put more confidence in their voices than their pistols. A pistol, even the best, might snap, but a yell is bound to go off. So, if attacked, they are expected to make all the uproar they can. Anybody with any knowledge of New York street crowds can imagine what would be the consequence.

"Besides, our wagons are arranged so as to put the greatest obstacles in the way of unwarranted intrusion compatible with convenience. Look at this one for illustration. It is a one-horse vehicle with only two wheels, and the only way of getting into it is over the seat in front, where the driver or his partner, or both, will be on guard. Externally it is a solid surface of varnished wood on sides and back, except a little small window of ground glass high up in the rear, admits light. Internally it is lined with heavy wire netting. Inside, filling the space behind the seat, and fastened there, is a heavy wooden box, with a safety lock. That box is never opened, except when the driver is taking money to the office. When he leaves the wagon to deliver a package he locks the box and carries the key with him. His partner, who is left in the wagon, has no means of opening the box, and it would take thieves, even with axes as their field of action, several minutes to get at its contents. When the driver takes a package out for delivery he is instructed to either carry it hidden or in a bag slung to his left wrist, while his right hand is free to use his pistol. Where we have occasion to send money up town, where there are comparatively few persons in the streets, a wagon is sent with a single package, or perhaps two, and the men are cautioned to extraordinary vigilance. The system is the same in all the companies. Whenever an improvement in express security can be devised by one it is immediately communicated to and adopted by all the others, as all are equally interested in keeping up the common reputation for absolute safety. Then another fact may have some influence in our favor. The world knows that our companies are very rich corporations, and that we will prosecute to the utmost anybody who makes an attack on the goods under our care, regardless of cost and trouble. A prosecution by an express company would not be the perfunctory service of an ordinary prosecuting attorney."

ONE AGAINST SEVEN.

A Hard Fight that was Made in a Hall by an Aged Woman Sneak Thief.

"I would rather encounter a highwayman any day than a sneak thief," said an old gentleman of Brooklyn to a SUN reporter a few days ago. The old gentleman looked as if he had been badly used. His left eye was black, his face scratched, his nose a little swollen, and he was smoking a new pipe. He was called away a moment later, and his wife took up the story, while seven daughters and a son listened sorrowfully, all of their countenances except that of the young man showing traces of a struggle.

"About an hour before you came in," said the lady, "we were sitting at dinner, when we heard a noise in the hall, and I told Willie to go up stairs. In a few minutes he called out in high glee: 'Come up all of you. It is a thief.'

"We all ran up, and there was an old woman trying feebly to get past Willie and reach the door. She had thrown down two coats that she had taken, and soon she fell down and began herself down on the ground and began to scream so that I was afraid the neighbors would think a murder was being committed in the house.

"You hold her,' said Willie, 'while I get a policeman.'

"He hurried away. He had not been gone thirty seconds when the feeble old woman got up, and, uttering the most horrible oaths I ever heard, she attacked us. She was one to seven, but we were no match at all for her. She seemed to use a kind of witchcraft in the same time, and, as far as any of us, in our confusion and amazement, could judge, she was beating us all simultaneously. She must have been near eighty years of age, but she kicked and scratched and bit and struck and screamed in the most surprising way. My husband was soon disabled. His lip was gashed and bleeding, his pipe broken, and he had received a dreadful kick on one of his shins. Our clothes were all torn, and when the policeman and my son came the old woman had gone, taking the coats with her, and we were doctoring our wounds. I am certain she could not be arrested, for I believe she was the thief who stole a visitor's overcoat from the rack a fortnight ago."

THE MILITIA REORGANIZATION.

Bitter Feeling Against Gov. Cornell Among the Troops in Central New York.

OSWEGO, Dec. 23.—The sweeping changes made by the order reorganizing the National Guard meet with great disfavor here. Out of nine companies composing the Forty-eighth Regiment but two are retained. This was also the headquarters of the Sixth Brigade, commanded by Gen. Timothy Sullivan. The brigade has been wiped out, and there is very bitter feeling among the troops over the retiring of Gen. Sullivan and the retention of Gen. Bruce as commander of the Seventh Brigade, with headquarters in Syracuse. Gen. Sullivan has been in the militia service of the State forty years, commanded a regiment in the rebellion, and on the 1st of June next would have been entitled to retire with the rank of Brevet Major-General. Gen. Bruce is a carpet soldier, and is in no sense a military man. Gen. Sullivan is the fourth Brigadier in the State in point of seniority, and military men claim that he was entitled to be retained. The State has over $60,000 invested in an armory here, to say nothing of valuable equipments, which now become practically valueless. Such an extensive establishment is not needed for two companies. About two-thirds of the regiment are Republicans, and some of the prominent local politicians are among the officers. Their remarks about Gov. Cornell are not complimentary. If this is the same feeling exists throughout the State it will have its effect on the Governor's political future.

The Last Raft of 1881.

From the St. Louis Globe-Democrat, Dec. 18.

The Viola Parker came in yesterday from Alton Slough with six strings—another level—of lumber. This will complete the total number raft arrival for the season. The first raft to arrive was on January 28. The season has been with no doubt the most severe that the St. Louis merchants have ever enjoyed. The receipts for the year will be some 20 per cent less than last year,