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To The Readers Of The Republican

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FACING TORTURES.

The Sublime Courage Shown by an American Indian.

WILLING TO DIE FOR ANOTHER.

Story of a Dramatic Episode in Which the Iowa and Musquakie Tribes Figured—Heroism That Won the Admiration of the Enemy.

A striking story of the courage and self sacrifice of which the American Indian at his best is capable is given by O. H. Mills in the Des Moines Register and Leader. It was told to the white men by the famous Sac chief, Black Hawk, who himself saw the incident.

It all began with an unfortunate quarrel between an Iowa and a Musquakie, in which the latter killed the former and then in a moment of frenzy scalped his victim. The two tribes were at peace, and this act, allowable only in time of war, was, in Indian eyes, an intolerable breach of good faith.

The Musquakies offered all sorts of reparation, but the Iowas would accept nothing but the person of the offender, to be tortured and put to death in propitiation of the outraged spirit of the dead man. To this the Musquakies agreed on condition that the culprit be given a month to fortify himself for his terrible ordeal. But just as the month was about to expire he fell ill with a raging fever. In that condition he could not be carried across the prairie, but a failure to produce him at the appointed place would arouse the suspicions and perhaps the hostility of the Iowas.

A council was called to debate the matter, before which appeared Cono, a brother of the sick man. "There are no squaw men in our family," he declared. "I will go in his place."

The others tried to dissuade him and described to him the tortures he would have to undergo, but he insisted upon making the sacrifice. Accordingly an escort was selected to accompany him, at the head of which Black Hawk, then a young but widely respected chief, was placed.

"I never saw a more pathetic scene," said Black Hawk, "than the parting of Cono and his father and mother and other relatives. The whole tribe was overwhelmed with gloom."

In the middle of the afternoon the party arrived at the Iowas' village. Cono had asked that his identity should not be disclosed, but one of the Iowas who was present at the time the young Indian was slain saw that the guilty party was not being delivered, and Black Hawk told the whole story. The Iowas accepted it as true and, after a brief council, consented to the arrangement. The death circle was staked out and patrolled with armed guards, and Cono was placed in its center, while his escort was entertained in the tepee of the chief. It was a chill November day, and the sun was just sinking behind the cliffs of the Des Moines river when the escort left the camp.

They paused on a hill about a half mile distant from the camp. They could see that the fires had been lighted round the death circle, and in the hush of the evening came the plaintive sound of Cono chanting his death song.

Having traveled some two hours, they halted and made camp. About midnight they heard the clatter of horses' feet, and in a moment more a single horseman rode up. It was Cono! This was his remarkable story:

The fires of the death circle were burning brightly, and the squaws with their burning sticks were preparing to make the first attempt to extort a cry of pain and agony, when an old man, the father of the dead Indian, raised his voice:

"Stop!" he said. "Let me speak. I am the one that has suffered. My son was killed and scalped by a Musquakie. I was hungry for revenge, and were the one that killed and scalped him here I would shout with joy at his torture. But this young man is brave. Never have I seen such bravery before. He is too good a man to torture and kill. Release him and let him return to his own people."

Although the entire village a few hours before had been eager for revenge, there was a murmur of approval as the old man gathered his blanket about him and took his seat. Without any one's making a single objection, Cono was removed from the circle and given food and drink. A few hours later he was led from the camp, allowed to mount his own pony and depart in peace.

Persuasive.
The teacher meant to convey a profound lesson. "You must forgive your enemies, boys," she said, "and then your enemies will forgive you. I want you all to try it."

The next morning Johnny Jones came to school with a very black eye.

"Why, Johnny, what's the matter?"

"Aw," replied Johnny, "I've been forgivin' Scraggy Green an' makin' him forgive me."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Willing to Try.
Mary—The butcher is here, ma'am. What shall I order? Mrs. Morris Parke—Dear me, I haven't a thought! What can I order? Mary (thoughtfully)—I really don't know, ma'am, I'm sure. Mrs. Morris Parke—Oh, can't you make a suggestion? Mary (cheerfully)—I can try. What do you make it of?—Puck.

If you make money your god, 'twill plague you like a devil.—Fielding.

A DARING SCOUT.

His Quick Wit Fooled the Federals and Saved His Neck.

Wat Bowie, a scout for the Confederate army, was a young Maryland lawyer at the time the great conflict began. After months of successful work he was captured and taken to Washington and sentenced to be hanged. He made his escape, and in "On Hazardous Service" W. G. Beymer tells of the weeks that he was followed by secret service men and small details of Federal cavalry and how by his very audacity and quick wit he escaped recapture.

He blundered into a camp of them one morning at dawn and saw instantly that retreat was impossible; they were ready to open fire with a dozen revolvers. Without hesitation he strode up to the men and shouted indignantly: "You make mighty free with my ralls! With all this wood round you did not need to burn my fences." He seemed very angry.

"Who are you?" a corporal stammered.

"The owner of the ralls, of course!" And then, apparently somewhat mollified, he went on: "Well, well! War is war, but don't do any more damage than you can help, boys." He sat down with them to their breakfast and chatted with them pleasantly. One of them asked if he had seen Wat Bowie and described him accurately. At the description they all stared at him and moved uneasily, in doubt as to what was to be done. He talked with the description in every respect. But his insolence in walking up to them and upbraiding them for burning "his" ralls made them doubt their own eyes.

"Why, yes," he drawled. "Wat Bowie was in these parts last week. I know him well. They say he has gone to the north part of the county, where he hails from. I don't know, though, as to that."

Then rising and stretching himself he looked down into their doubt filled eyes and laughed at them—laughed in their very faces—and said:

"I'm glad you all met me on m' own land. You might have made trouble for me elsewhere, for they all say I look like him a lot. Goodby, boys! Good luck!"

AUSTIN'S EGOTISM.

It Cropped Out Strong in Comparing Himself With Tennyson.

Austin might almost be said to rival James McNeill Whistler as having given rise to humorous anecdotes—with this difference, that while the anecdote of Whistler exploited his wit or his superb arrogance ("Why lug in Velasquez?") those of Austin were based on little more than the fatuous self esteem which enabled him (if ability is the word) in 1870, in his volume of so called criticism, "The Poetry of the Period," to attack Tennyson, Browning, Matthew Arnold and Swinburne as if the author of the book were the superior of the whole pack of them.

It was apparently not this book, but a later criticism written in 1885, which led Austin to boast of his friendship with Swinburne and to declare that, though he had been forced to criticize Swinburne, the latter had not permitted it to disturb their relations. It proved that Austin's criticism had attracted so little attention that Swinburne had not even heard of it, and when, following Austin's boast, he took pains to read it he became very angry and would have nothing to do with Austin.

It was the same fatuity which led Austin in his autobiography to advertise his own ultra respectability as compared with the possible "low tone" of others. Tennyson might be acquitted perhaps of once using an improper word in conversation, but Tennyson certainly smoked, Austin never.—Springfield Republican.

Weaving In Shadow.

In one of the famous lace shops of Brussels there are certain rooms devoted to the weaving of the finest and most delicate lace patterns. These rooms are entirely darkened except for the light from one small window falling directly upon the pattern. There is only one lacemaker in the room, and she sits where the narrow stream of light falls upon the thread she is weaving. Lace is always more delicately and beautifully woven, it is said, when the worker is in the dark and only her pattern is in the light.

Canning Tomatoes.

"Our sporting editor took the place of the 'Home Hints' editor yesterday." "Anything happen?" "A lady who wrote asking how to can tomatoes was told to get an old can and piece of string, then to catch her tomato and to proceed the same as if canning a dog."—Houston Post.

Baby Talk.

Was there ever a baby that said "choo-choo cars" without being taught to say it? One would be credulous indeed to believe it. Baby talk is ordinarily the mature product of persons ranging in age from twenty to seventy. They only put it off on the babies.—Kansas City Star.

The Art of Talking Back.

"I hardly know how to answer you," said she when the soft voiced widower proposed.

"I would not let that worry me," said he soothingly. "That is something a woman learns perfectly soon after marriage."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

At the Wedding.

Bride's Mother—Were you nervous during the ceremony? Bride—Well, I lost my self possession when papa gave me away to Charley.—Judge.

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Obituary.

Mrs. Charlotte V. Bennett Campbell born July 17, 1847, died Nov. 13, 1913, at her home in Rosine, Ohio County, Kentucky, age 65 years, 3 months and 26 days.

Sister Campbell was converted at the age of fourteen, and united with the Methodist church. She lived a beautiful christian life, showing to the world the reality of the religion she professed.

She was married October 15, 1874 to Robert Campbell who died in 1900, leaving to her care a family of four children—three sons and one daughter, having died one year previous to this—and the older daughter, Mrs. Mary Campbell Crowder, passed away a few years later. Sister Campbell's three sons, John, Carlos and Gordon still survive her.

A touching funeral service was conducted at home church by her pastor, Rev. J. P. Vanhoy on Nov. 16, 1913, at 10 a. m. After which her remains were conveyed to Mt. Vernon church where another service was held and she was then laid to rest in Mt. Vernon cemetery.

Sister Campbell was a devoted mother and leaves a vacancy in her home which can never be filled. Nor is it confined alone to her home, but we as a church sadly feel her loss.

Not only was she a grand christian woman, but she loved her church and was loyal to its institutions. Her life was so devoted and so beautifully spent, that its influence for good will be lasting.

In her death the church has lost a valiant soldier, the community a true friend, and her family a dear mother.

To her children we will say, while you shall miss the familiar face and kindly smile of your mother, remember she with other loved ones is waiting to welcome you home.

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