The Bozeman Weekly Chronicle.

VOL. I. NO. 25. BOZEMAN, M. T., WEDNESDAY, JULY 18, 1883. PRICE TEN CENTS

The Chronicles of the Yellowstone.

An Accurate Description of the Country; its Indians; the Early Settlers; Their Struggles with the Aborigines, and Interesting Reminiscences Gathered from The Early Pioneers.

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CHAPTER XV.—CONTINUED.

Fires were now set out by the Indians, but thanks to the precautions taken when the camp was made, they did no harm.

Jack Bean had been shooting at all Indians that came near where the belt and pistol had been left, as the party did not want the Sioux to get anything that could be regarded as a trophy. Five of the boys started to get them; as they went out, all of the Indians in that vicinity, but one, left. This one had on a fine war bonnet and was riding a beautiful black horse; he was making his horse prance and was putting on too much style to suit the little party, so they all fired at him; one of the bullets hit him in the back of the head, and down he went; as he fell the lariat became entangled and stopped the horse. John Anderson, wished the horse and ran over to get him; as he came near the animal struggled and broke away, and Anderson seeing that he had no chance to catch the animal shot and killed him. Anderson started for the Indian's scalp and war bonnet; but the bullets came so thick from the Sioux in the hills that he backed out and laid down in a buffalo wallow about 50 yards away.

After a moment Anderson looked toward the supposed dead Indian and saw him getting up. Anderson drew his knife and made a run for him; the warrior tried to get his gun in position, but being yet a little dazed was too slow, for Anderson hit him with his left hand, then, with the knife in his right, cut a circling gash a foot long in the warrior's body. Anderson tried to scalp him, but again had to back out.

Dr. Wickersham then tried it, but his knife was so dull that he could not, and in his anger he cut off and packed away the ears.

Archie Campbell then gave it a trial, and succeeded in getting away with a piece of the scalp. To show how hot a place it was, 250 Indians were shooting from a distance not to exceed three hundred yards.

The Indians now drew off, and hitching up the stock, the expedition moved on. As they came in sight of the Little Horn river, a large band of elk was seen, which, for a short while was thought to be Indians. Camp was made on a flat, about half a mile from this stream.

Twice during this afternoon the party tried to drive the stock to water; each time a large force of Indians dashed from the hill and the boys ran the horses back.

Yates body had been brought to this camp, and at night it was buried by a rifle pit so that the dirt thrown out would cover and hide the grave.

The next day was stormy and the party laid over. In the forenoon they tried again to water the stock, and the Indians tried the same game as the day before, with the same result.

There was a story current of a rich gold find on Goose creek (a fork of Tongue river) and many of the party wished to go on to that place, and others wished to take the nearest way to the settlements; so a vote was taken, and the majority decided for Goose creek. The minority was composed of the most experienced men, and they argued this way. The savages now outnumber us ten to one, and within two weeks time the Sioux tribes will all come up and by mere force of numbers will sweep us off of the face of the earth. So they determined to go back, even if the party had to be divided. After deliberation the majority concluded, that to split the party up would be death for all, and wisely agreed to go back.

Next day a short march was made towards the Big Horn, and camp was pitched on a fork of Grass Lodge creek. Just after the pickets were put out a large force of Indians tried to cut them off, but, warned by those in camp, they mounted their horses and came in all right. Soon afterward an Indian came out on a point and made signs that he wanted to talk. Bill Hamilton talked by signs with him from a distance, while a few men crawled up a little coulie, to within about two hundred yards, and gave him a volley; he staggered over the hill apparently hit.

As the Indians knew that they had killed a man two days before, the boys concluded to play them a trick; so a hole with sloping sides and about two feet deep was dug, and a shell (the very last one) put in. Two lanyards were attached to the cap and fastened one near each end of a board that run lengthways of the hole. A wagon was to be left here, and the bolts, chains, etc. were taken from it and put between the shell and board, and then the whole was covered with loose earth, piled up in the shape of a grave and a head-board put up. It was supposed the curiosity of the Indians would induce them to open the grave, and if they did so, a pull on the board from either end would explode the shell.

The guards were doubled this evening and several parties of Indians were seen and fired at during the night, but no attack was made.

Next morning the train had to cross Grass Lodge at a steep place where the hills came close to the creek on the side at which they were, and one of the field pieces was posted on a point that commanded the ford, till the wagons were over, and then it was rushed across. Just above the ford was a thick grove of Cottonwood that ran up and paralell with the creek; this was supposed to and did contain Indians. The train struck out towards the hills and kept as far from the grove as possible. There was a little party of men afoot on either flank and an advance and rear guard.

We know from after developments, that the night before, 350 Cheyenne warriors, fresh from their agency, had joined the Uncapapas, and made their boasts that they would ride over the train in the morning. When the train came opposite the grove spoken of, the Cheyennes came out of it in line. The new white shirts which they all wore, made them appear like men in uniform. As they came charging, the rear guard and the right flankers came tumbling into the train, which corraled. About half of the left flankers (who were about 250 yards from the train and next to the Indians) ran in, leaving but five; one of these (Sweney) had a shell catch in the chamber of his Winchester, and he, against his will, had also to go in. The other four would drop on one knee and shoot, and then up and run a few steps toward the advancing Indians, who became demoralized by such audacity and swung around to the left in front of the train. The names of the four who stopped this dangerous charge by their reckless bravery, were Neil Gillis, Irving Hopkins Tom Rea and French Pete.

The advance guard used the same tactics as the flankers, till they gained a point that commanded the country in front, which point they held till the end of the battle.

There was a coulie about 250 yards in the rear of the train; the Indians took possession of this as soon as 'twas deserted by the rear guard, and a hot galling fire was poured into the train from it. This had to be retaken, so about 40 men charged it. There must have been 300 Indians in this ravine, and they fled like sheep as the chargers came in sight.

The nerves of the chargers were so shaken by their hard run, that they did very poor shooting and only killed one Sioux, though they wounded several. Conger Smith captured a very fine horse in this charge, which next day was accidently shot by Bird Calfee.

Just after this charge, which virtually ended the battle, the Indians were seen riding swiftly back to the old camp, where the shell had been buried. It was supposed that the shell had exploded, but nothing in regard to it was positively known till 1877, when a Cheyenne, who had been in the fight said that in going off it had killed one and wounded six others, two of the latter being squaws.

A short time afterward two warriors came out on a point near the old camp, and one, taking a rest fired at the train; the bullet struck the ground inside the corral and just under a horse. Jack Bean took a rest and careful aim and returned the compliment, and when it was time for the bullet to get there, the Indian shot at dropped. Several who were looking at the Indian with glasses, declared that the ball had hit him. The distance between the parties must have been nearly a mile. Jack used a long range rifle (120 grain Sharp's) and had made several very effective shots during the trip.

This shot was the last fired with hostile intent during the trip, and the party traveled to their second camp beyond the Big Horn river without incident; they took every precaution, but the hostiles showed themselves no more.

At the camp spoken of, which was on Beauvais creek, a small party, while hunting on the stream above named, came on to an apparently deserted lodge standing in a short bend of the creek, near to a high face of rock. The canvass of which it was made had in it several bullet holes; on the ground near by were many cut pieces of wolf skin; upon looking inside the hunters found the remains of two white men that had been killed about four months before. There were bullet marks in several places on their skeletons, and one of them had been shot through with an arrow that lodged in a rib on the opposite side. The lodge poles showed bullet holes ranging down, and the conclusions reached by the party were that they had been attacked by the Sioux at night, and while asleep, and that the volleys that killed them came from the cliff above. No doubts exist in the minds of those informed of the circumstances, that these were the bodies of Joseph Lee and George Ackerly; for this was the place to which they had expressed their intention of going the fall before.

At the next camp that the expedition made there came in a war party of Crows who were greatly elated at the sight of the scalps and other trophies, and borrowing them all, they made a glorious night of it, singing and dancing. The whole Crow tribe expected utter annihilation for the party, and were greatly gratified to hear of the outcome.

From accounts given by the Sioux themselves afterward, the party killed near a hundred warriors, but they secured but eleven scalps, for an Indian will go much farther to protect a dead comrade from mutilation than he will for a live one, for in their religion the belief is, that none can go to the happy hunting ground till after a long probation, if their scalp has been taken.

Till the last fight all of the Indians engaged were Uncapapa's; many pieces of flour sacks were found on the trip, and they were all branded Durfie & Peck, showing plainly that they were Fort Peck Indians. In the last fight they were joined by some Cheyennes and Ogalallas, making altogether about 1,600 warriors.

There was another thing found and the reader can draw his own conclusions. Scraps of newspapers were picked up and captured from dead Indians, and all of the pieces were parts of the *Christian Advocate*.

The party had twenty-three horses killed, but more than made the loss good by capturing twenty-five. Many robes, blankets, moccasins, medicine bags, war bonnets and other trophies were captured.

Major Reed and Bowles, were sent with dispatches from Bozeman to the Expedition. They came to the scene of the Rosebud fight, about two weeks after that occurence, and concluding that it would be too dangerous to follow, they turned back. They reported having seen four dead Indians in the camp, that had apparently died by poison. 'Twas found out afterward that several Indians had been injured by the explosion of the dynamite cartridges, and they became so cautious that they would handle nothing left by the whites.

The expedition disbanded at the Yellowstone and its members went to their respective destinations; but to each participant in these adventures the memory remains, of hard fought battles, well won from a crafty foe.

No expedition of modern times, has ever fought against such odds as this one encountered, with such success.

Stanley, on his trip through Africa, had as large or a greater proportion of numbers to fight; but his men were armed with the best breech loaders, against bows, arrows and spears; while this party met men as well armed as themselves, and who were masters of prairie fighting.

The expedition was a failure in one respect, for it found no gold; but it discovered and directed men's attention to a beautiful country that had long been overrun by a savage race, to whom, the fertile reaches were but a range for buffalo and elk. It helped to open the eyes of the people in the east, who so long have believed the Indians to be martyrs, and was one of the motors to bring on the Indian war of '76 and '77, which, though costing many lives, has settled the Indian question in the Northwest forever.

CHAPTER XVI.

In the spring of 1874 Mr. P. Brunot, one of the Indian commissioners, came to the Yellowstone and made a treaty with the Crows, in which they ceded all of their lands on the Yellowstone waters to the government; in return for which, they were to have the Judith Basin, and $200,000 per year. Carroll was then a small town on the Missouri river, near the mouth of the Musselshell, it being at the head of low water navigation on the Missouri, it was supposed that it would become quite a town, and as the Helena merchants did not want a reservation between them and Carrol, they, through Major Maginnis, the delegate to Congress, worked against it in Washington. None of the influential men in Eastern Montana worked for the passage of the act, and it died in Congress.

In June of this year Frank Williams and E. S. Topping, furnished with a Whip saw, canvass, and rigging, went up the Yellowstone to its Lake. There they sawed out sufficient lumber and built a row boat and a yacht, which they rigged in sloop form. They launched the latter on the 20th of July. On the trial trip the two ran the boat into a flock of geese which were moulting and could not fly, and secured enough to make feather beds and pillows. They had advertised that the first lady to come up should have the priviledge of naming the yacht.

Two parties from Bozeman, each having a lady with them, came in at nearly the same time. These ladies, Mrs. Tracy and Mrs. Graham, were each named Sarah, and they compromised by naming the yacht Sallie, and took a cruise in commemoration of the event.

Oliver Olson and brother were stopping at a cabin on Shield's river, about two miles above its mouth. Hardy O'Dare, who was herding cattle for Dumphy, lived at the same cabin. One morning in the latter part of July, Oliver Olson went out and brought in the horses. O'Dare saddled one and strapping on his revolver, rode towards Sheep Mountain to look up some missing cattle. About two hours after he had left, Olson went down Shield's river about two hundred yards to catch a mess of trout; he was of a sleepy disposition and saw nothing of what was going on around him, but was awakened by the report of a rifle and the hiss of a bullet that came close to his ear. He stood there stupified till the Indian across the river had shot at him four times, then ran towards the cabin. At the first shot his brother Oliver came out with his rifle and commenced firing at the Indians who soon disappeared. The brothers quickly saddled their riding horses and went across the hills to Benson's Landing. Soon after they arrived at the latter place, a party of Sioux came down a little gulch that comes out of the hills just back of Benson's. Where this creek leaves the bluffs and flattens out in the bottom, there is a grove of cottonwood trees; in this grove, Joe Anderson, or Skukum Joe, had his camp; when the Sioux came to this he was away; they took his saddles, blankets, and what he valued most of all, a white beaver skin. There were a few horses ranging near the buildings, for which the Indians made a dash. As soon as the presence of the Sioux was discovered several men rushed out and commenced firing at them. Hugo Hoppy was hit in the shoulder and fell; as he dropped the Indians gave a shout of triumph; Hoppy jumped up and not to be outdone yelled back, and then walked in and told the boys that he was shot through the breast. There was no bullet hole in his skin or clothes, but his left breast was bruised and discolored, and the decision arrived at was that he had been hit by a spent bullet. The Indians turned back and disappeared in the bluffs without capturing any of the stock.

Being quite positive that Hardy O'Dare was killed, a party went out the next morning to look for him; they were unsuccessful in their quest, and the next day another party went out, and after quite a long search found his body in a little gulch about two and a half miles from the cabin. He had been shot through the body by a bullet, and fast in him were seven arrows. The Indians had scalped and otherwise mutilated his body, which was a sure indication that he had made a desperate struggle for life.

This war party killed several cattle belonging to Dumphy, and some of Joe Lindley's.

During the morning of the next day after the killing of O'Dare, a war party (probably the same) attacked Dr. Hunter's place at the Hot Springs. The doctor and his son, Davis, were both at work in the field, which was about a quarter of a mile from the house. When the Indians commenced shooting the doctor ran towards them to get his rifle, which was lying on the side of the field next to them; they must have thought him crazy, for they gave way as he came. All this time Davis, though but a boy, was sending bullets among them, and when the doctor reached his gun and put it to work the Indians soon weakened and went on down the river.

Six miles below, at Gage's ranch, then the lowest inhabited place on the river, they killed four head of cattle, but did not attack the house.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Judge Charles B. Wright, of Philadelphia, late president and now the largest stockholder of the N. P. railroad company, is building the finest church edifice on the Pacific coast, at New Tacoma, the terminus of the road, as a memorial of his lately deceased daughter.

EDGAR A. POE'S STORY.

Last Strange Experience with the Brilliant, Fated Poet—The Strange Fancy of a Demond Conspiracy.

Melville Phillips in Texas Siftings.

So here, without further preface, is what Mr. Sartain told me of his last strange experience with Poe.

"How well I recollect that afternoon nearly forty years ago," said he, "when Poe, apparently in a high state of excitement, his hair tossed about his forehead, and a wild look in his eyes, burst into my work-room, then on the first floor.

"'Sartain,' he said, 'I could tell a tale that you and the nineteenth century would refuse to believe. I have fled from those who want to murder me! I heard them plotting on the train from New York. They sat in the seat back of me and hatched the whole scheme. To kill me, yes, to kill me! They got off at Bordentown, and I must hide.'

"'Why was it necessary that they should alight at Bordentown? I asked him.

"He gave no heed to the question, but remained in a distracted frame of mind; saying, where could he hide from the conspirators, and frantically urging his deadly peril. I assured him that he could stay with me as long as he wished, and tried to quiet him by making light of his fears. But no, they were still on his track, and he begged me piteously for a razor or some laudanum, pleading in an incoherent way, that he must shave off his mustache as an extra precaution. Of course it would have been folly to have offered him a stimulant—even coffee was too powerful a beverage for Poe—and as I did not shave, there was fortunately a good reason for not entrusting him with a razor. But he became so violent that at last I led him upstairs into the bath-room, and took off the mustache, myself, with a pair of scissors. After supper, he insisted upon walking out, and as I needed exercise, I willingly agreed to accompany him but an obstacle prevented itself in the shape of his trodden-down shoes, which were chafing his feet painfully. As I had no spare pair for him, he was forced to put on my slippers, and so we started forth. This was before the day of railroads or street cars, and we boarded one of the Callowhill line of busses for Fairmount. Arriving there, we sauntered along the river bank, I keeping carefully on the outside with my arm through his, until we came to the straight, wooden staircase at the foot of the waterworks, which we ascended and took seats at the top. I had hoped for a repetition of the beautiful moonlight we had had the evening before but heavy clouds gathered in the sky, and we were soon in inky darkness. Then, while the Schuylkill below us rolled over the falls, with a solemn, booming accompaniment, Poe talked like a madman. The one theme which still possessed his fanciful mind was the terrible conspiracy on foot to destroy him, and the swift words poured forth with an indiscrible eloquence.

"'They have put me in prison,' said he, 'on a lying charge of theft—theft of a $50 bill, and I swear to you that I was wholly innocent.'

"He had indeed been incarcerated in Moyamensing, over night, I afterwards learned, but it was for drunkenness, not theft; and when he was brought before the magistrate next morning, that astounded official exclaimed, 'Why, it's Poe the poet!' and forthwith ordered his discharge. But as we sat there on the gloomy summit of Fairmount, his overexcited imagination wove nothing but the strangest conceits.

"'Here!' he said, 'I stood in my cell, gazing through the iron bars, while the moon came out in a silvery glory, and its soft beams glinted down till the horrid dungeon was half luminous. Then, I suddenly saw standing on the granite parapet, bathed in this white glow, the figure of a beautiful woman arrayed in flowing robes; and she asked me wonderful questions, which, if I failed to answer correctly, would damn me to an eternity of woe and misery, worse than the annihilation of hell!'

"'I am sorry,' broke off Mr. Sartain, 'that I cannot recall those questions—more wild and weird than any of the fervid imageries that ever dropped from his pen and delivered in such rich, musical tones that our lonely station seemed peopled with an audience from the spirit world."

"'She showed me,' he kept on, 'some of the terrible torments I would have to undergo. Ah! what a sight! Great caldrons of boiling liquor, steaming and fizzling in the moonlight. But I saw the trap set by the conspirators, and told her so, boldly. If I once faltered, down, down she would plunge me to the chin in the burning brandy, there to squirm, like Tantalus, with parched throat, starting eye-balls and agonies of pain. Then a pack of demons brought my mother to the caldron, chopped off her feet before my eyes, then her knees, her thighs, her arms, and at last plunged the poor, bleeding trunk into the reeking, bubbling caldron.'

"By his mother," observed Mr. Sartain, "Poe intended Mrs. Clemm. I do not know the precise relations which existed between them, but he once or twice referred to her as tempting him. At any rate, she was a strong friend and comforter; and I reccollect his remarking one day, with strange prescience, that he was not long for this world, and would like to secure for his mother (Mrs. Clemm) the original portrait of himself by Osgood, whose wife was then writing for my magazine, and which I had engraved. But to return. How he talked at Fairmount,

'Dreaming dreams that mortal never
dared to dream before,'

until, as the pitchy night wore on, I deemed it better to get him away. 'Let us go now,' I said, and without waiting for any possible objection, I put myself on the outside of the stairway and led him down. Once started there was no stopping. 'Go on, go on!' he plead excitedly. So I managed to direct our footsteps to the omnibus stand, where, with a gentle push of my leg, I half forced him in, and before he could recover from his surprise we were on our way back to the city. Once in the house all his terror returned with double force. He begged again for laudanum, and thinking to quiet his misgivings and allay his nervousness, I gave him a slight dose of opium. He soon fell into a troubled sleep, and as we had no spare chamber that night, I stayed with him in the studio. Next day his disordered brain was in no wise calmer. He was still hiding in imagination from those terrible conspirators. 'Poe,' said I, 'you are laboring under a monstrous delusion. Believe me you are not in the slightest danger, and if any one is pursuing you, I am sure you are perfectly safe here, housed in with me.' 'Yes,' he exclaimed, 'but I can't stay. It is unreasonable. I will not sponge on you any longer.' 'Sponge!' replied I, 'you know you are entirely welcome here.' 'No, no; I could see your family resented my presence at the table, and I overheard your son complaining in the front room.' 'Why, Poe!' I urged, 'are you mad? Except at meals we have not left the library to-day for one minute, and how could you overhear a conversation through two rooms, three doors, a staircase and a corridor? Why, it is as preposterous as Sam Weller's 'double-hextra, eye-sight.' 'What!' he angrily retorted, 'didn't I tell you of the woman fiend on the carpet! And if I understand her, can't you see how easy, it is for me to distinguished human voices? All my pleading was of no avail. Hallucination, phantasmagoria! he indignantly rejected such consolation, and refused to converse with me. Later in the day he contrived to escape from the house.

"It appears that he wandered aimlessly through the streets, until utterly fagged out he threw himself down in an open pleasant field way out in the northern suburbs, and at last obtained the repose which his shattered nerves so sorely needed. 'I lay there,' he told me that night, 'with my face buried in the grass; its sweet odor, with the smell of the soil, and all their many memories, slowly cleared my mind. I remember nothing—not even your identity—save the remonstrance of some 'guardian angel.' I am certain that it was the train of feelings induced by the odor of earth and grass, which restored me to my proper senses.' 'And so do I,' solemnly added Mr. Sartain.

"The balance of my story is brief. Next day he started forth again to secure some linen, which a kind friend, he said, had promished to have washed for him. Returning with this done up into a small bundle, he borrowed some money of me, promishing speedy payment (which I, of course, felt to be impossible), and left at once for Baltimore. One month later he fell in with that gang of monumental roughs, incapable of appreciating or pitying his sensative organism; those shameful gutter scenes followed, with an attack similar to the one I witnessed; and in a few days, within the walls of a hospital, Poe's desparing soul fluttered and went out."

A TYPE OF BEAUTY.

BY H. C. DODGE.

Here
hang my bangs
o'er eyes that dream.
And nose and rose-
bud lips for cream.
And here's my
chin with dimples in.
This is my
neck with
out a speck
which doth those snowy shoulders
deck; and here is—see, oh,
double T-O-N, which girls
all wear, like me; and here's a
heart, from cupid's dart, safe-
shielded by this corset's art.
This is my waist too tightly
laced on which
a bustle big
is placed.
This is my
dress. It's cost
I guess, did my
poor papa much distress, because he sighed
when mama tried it on,
and scolded so I cried,
but mama said I soon would
wed and buy pa's clothes for him
instead. Its trimmed with lace
just in this place, 'neath which two
ankles show, with grace, in silken hose
to catch the beaux who think they're lovely
I suppose. These are
my feet in slippers
neat, and now if we
should chance to meet we'll flirt
a little on the street, How sweet.

Ministers and Divorce.

There can be but little doubt that much of the married misery chronicled day by day, ending in disgraceful divorces in the courts, is directly chargeable to the ministers, who for the payment of an insignificant fee are willing to marry anything and everything that comes along, provided an outward appearance of a male and female human being is disclosed. We have heard garrulous expounders of the gospel expatiate on domestic unhappiness and the frequency of divorce, when to our certain knowledge they had been instrumental in making domestic woes and subsequent divorce possible. Many ministers have grossly abused their holy office by binding people in the bonds of wedlock whom they must have known were ill-mated and against whose marriage patent moral and legal causes stood in the way. Some ministers have officiated at such marriages wilfully to get a paltry fee, while many others marry everyone who solicits, as a matter of course. Such carelessness about so sacred a contract as marriage, on the part of those charged with the duty of being teachers of morals, encourages the parties to make light of its sanctity and the duties it involves. Not all clergymen are thus careless in this matter.

A few days ago eight ministers in a western city united in an agreement not to marry persons where a doubt as to its propriety arose, and especially not to perform the marriage service for persons who have been divorced, with but one exception. The exception is in favor of the innocent party in the case of a divorce which has been granted "on scriptural grounds." These clergymen are endeavoring to render society a service, even though their action may not result in the exclusion from the married state of all who ought not to be allowed to reenter it. Their resolution might well be followed by ministers of the class we refer to, who are as eager as ignorant justices of the peace to tie the matrimonial knot, and "ask no questions." The agreement made by the western ministers is a protest against the easy way in which divorced persons get re-married, in defiance of all laws of decency. There is a growing habit of getting tired of husband or wife at will, and seeking to dissolve the marriage in order to form a new partnership. With the best intent clergymen are apt to be deceived by persons who are willing to swear to anything that the exigencies of the case may require. The only course for clergymen to follow is to decline to marry persons not properly vouched for. Ministers are not bound to marry all who apply to them, but they have the right to act or decline to act as they determine.

BEAUTIFUL BLACKMAILERS.

The Snares and Wiles and Mantraps They set for Victims.

One of the fungi of modern society is the feminine blackmailer, who fattens on the follies and foibles of men who have more time and money than the fortune that rules their destiny should have allowed them. She is in every sense an adventuress, and relies entirely upon the luck that the day may bring forth. Like the lily of the field she toils not, neither does she spin; yet she is arrayed far more gloriously than Solomon, and is most wondrous fair to see. With a pretty, baby face, a magnificent form and a superb carriage, she moves with a velvety tread until her large innocent eyes have fastened themselves upon some man of wealth and leisure, and her net has been carefully laid to ensnare his careless feet, and when she realizes that her hour of triumph has come she creates havoc and lets loose the dogs of war. The result in the majority of cases is that the startled victim is willing at any cost to stop their scandalous baying, and a round sum passes from her plump and rosy fingers into a delicately-worked purse, when she gracefully retires to green fields and pastures new. Those ladies who invade society but to kill and destroy domestic felicity and break up quiet homes are to be met with everywhere. In Paris, London, Florence, St. Petersburg, the German watering-places and all along the route of the married tourist they blossom like a rose, and are more plentiful than the dollars the infatuated victim lays at their feet. In Washington, also, where the wise Solons of America go annually to make laws for healing preservation of the nation, they thrive miraculously, and grow plumper and more prosperous at every reoccurring session of congress. Events likewise occur at Albany each winter which make the unhappy law-giver gnash his teeth as he reluctantly parts with his hard-earned dollars to avoid a publicity which at other times he courts, and causes him to curse the day that he left his quiet home in a peaceful country village to engage in the heated turmoil of a political life. But it is in New York especially that blackmailing has been reduced to a fine art by those brilliant fiends who can smile so sweetly and alluringly and yet be villains. Half the troubles of the wealthy in the leading city of the republic have not been told, and never will be, because they are in most cases hushed up by a silence that is golden and dearly paid for. "These adventuresses," said the detective, whose years have given him an experience from which to speak, "come to us from all parts of the world, and include all types of beauty for all tastes. A woman, to succeed, must be not only beautiful but fascinating. She must be more than ordinarily intelligent, and quick to see a point and take advantage of it. She must needs be as sweet and attractive as the rose; and, like the rose, she has numerous thorns with which to puncture and bleed her victims. The occasions upon which my services have been desired to free the lacerated, but too confiding, young man from toils that he could not break himself, would fill a book. The last case of the kind I was engaged in occurred but two weeks ago. A very benevolent clergyman, was sent for to administer religious consolation to a young lady who was supposed to be dying in great distress of mind. He was met by the mother and conducted into the sick chamber, where the door was upon him, and he was left alone by the bedside of the sufferer. But little conversation had passed between them when the girl leaped from the bed into the clergyman's lap, and began to scream loud enough to wake the dead. Several persons ran in and found the good old man in this compromising situation, and so startled that he sat like one petrified, with the girl upon his knee. She asserted that upon the departure of her mother he had bent over and kissed her and lifted her from the pillows. Had I not succeeded in tracing the unsavory antecedents of the two women during former residences in Baltimore and Philadelphia it was very probable that the old man would have been persecuted into his grave, for he was very sensative, and felt his position keenly. Another case which this last recalls to me is one upon which I worked a month before I cleared it up and set my client free. He was a man of pleasure, and had recently been left a fortune by his father. Some unprincipled woman learned this fact, and went to a ball which she knew he would attend. The plans were probably laid a month before. He saw a handsome woman in a light costume that exposed the contour of her form, giving him a great deal of encouragement from behind a coquettish mask, and it was not long before he succumbed to her wiles. A carriage was secured, and they drove to a well-known restaurant up-town, where a private room was taken for supper. In the midst of this repast the door opened and the young woman, with a startled scream, exclaimed:

"My God! It is my father and brothers." A seemingly virtuous and indignant trio confronted the gay Lothario, and nothing would appease their wounded honor but a plentiful supply of greenbacks. Nothing was heard from the blackmailers until a week later, when the crushed father called upon the young man to say that he was about to sue for the assaulting of his daughter unless a very handsome check was forcoming. "He came to me in great distress, but so carefully had these people disguised their identity that it was a very long time before I secured proofs that were sufficient to satisfy them that further attempts at extortion would result in their expatriation to Sing Sing. I could talk for a week on this subject, but I see that my babble already has nearly put you to sleep."

How It Feels to go Insane.

The other evening, during a conversation on insanity, its causes and sensations, Colonel Weekly said:

"I was once insane, and I often muse over my experience. There are, of course many kinds of insanity. Some mental disorders take place so gradually that even the closest companions of the victim are at a loss to remember when the trouble began. It must have been this way in my case: One evening, after an oppressively warm day, a day when I experienced more fatigue from the heat than ever before or since, I sat on my porch fanning myself. 'This arm that is now in motion,' I mused, 'must one of these days be dust. I wonder how long will the time be. There is a spot where the grass doubtless grows, that will one day be opened to receive my body—my body that is now alive. The man is probably now living who will part the grass and dig my grave. There are pebbles under the sod—pebbles there now that are waiting to be disturbed by the spade that lifts the clay from my grave. I don't see how I can die. I see how easy, how necessary it is for others to die, but when it comes to me, I cannot see the use. I wonder if I am actually compelled to die. Wonder if there won't be an exception to this great rule. I believe that death was intended for others, but that I cannot die.' Then I mused upon the evidence I had of immortality. I could do things that others could not accomplish. I had gone through battle after battle, and though bullets sang and struck around me thick as hail, yet I remained uninjured. I had passed through epidemics of yellow fever. People all around me were stricken as if by an avenging hand, yet I passed through the terrible scenes, coming out, it seemed, all the healthier for my experience. My idea gained strength as I mused, and I was convinced that I should live forever. It all seemed so plain that I thought of telling my wife, but then I thought how bad it must make her feel to know that she must soon pass away.

"The next morning, while I walked in the garden, the sun came out in cloudless splendor, and I again fell to musing. 'I am a mere worm,' I thought. 'This great sun is immortal; not I. But I may be the sun. Perhaps it is a part of me. I feel its warmth, and no matter how fast I run or which way I turn, it follows me. No, this cannot be, for it follows all men alike. Yes, I am to die like other men, and I believe that it is my duty to make the most of life; to make money and enjoy myself, and to educate my children.' A great load of oppressive concern seemed to be lifted from my mind. I wanted to be rich, and I began to study over an imaginary list of enterprises. At last I hit upon radishes. They should be in every store. They could be dried and sold in winter. I would plant fifty acres with radish seed, and people all over the country would refer to me as 'the radish king.' I would form a radish syndicate, and buy up all the radishes, and travel around and be admired. I hastened to the house to tell my wife that she was soon to be a radish queen. At the breakfast table I said:

"'Julia, how would you like to be a radish queen?'

"'A what?' he exclaimed.

"I explained my plan of acquiring great wealth, and during the recital she acted so curiously that I was alarmed. I feared that she was losing her mind. Finally she seemed to understand. She agreed with me, but told me not to say any more about it. After breakfast I saw her talking earnestly with her father, and I knew that she was explaining to the old gentleman how she intended to pay his debts when I became known as the radish king. The old man approached me, with much concern, and told me that I needed rest, and that I must not think of business. He was old and sadly worried, and I promised him that I would not think of business. Pretty soon I went out to inspect my radish kingdom. Looking around I saw the old man following me. I humored his whim by paying no attention to him. From the field I went to the village. I approached a prominent citizen, who had always been my friend, and told him how I intended to become rich. He seemed grieved, and I saw at once that he was contemplating the same enterprise. It seemed mean that he should take advantage of me, and I told him so. He tried to explain, but he made me so mad that I would have struck him if my father-in-law hadn't come up and separated us. I tried to calm myself, but could not. Those who had been my friends proved to be my enemies, and I was determined to be avenged, but before I could execute my will, I was seized by several men. My father-in-law did not attempt to rescue me, and I hated him. I was taken to jail. My wife came to see me, but she did not try to have me released. I demanded a trial, but no lawyer would defend me. Then I realized that the entire community was against me. I became so mad that my anger seemed to hang over me like a dark cloud. It pressed me to the floor and held me there. Men came, after a long time, and took me away, I thought, to the penitentiary. One day a cat came into my cell, and I tried to bite it. She made the hair fly, but I killed her. I don't know how long I remained here, but one morning the sun rose and shone in at me through the window. It seemed to be the first time that I had seen the great luminary for months. A mist cleared from before my eyes. My brain began to work, and suddenly I began to realize that I had been insane. I called the keeper, and when he saw me, he exclaimed, 'Thank God!' and grasped my hand. I was not long in putting on another suit of clothes, and turning my face toward home. A physician said that I was cured, and everybody seemed bright and happy at my recovery. I boarded a train, with a gentleman, and went home. My wife fainted when she saw me and learned that I had recovered my mind. I asked for my little children, and two big boys and a young lady came forward and greeted me. I had been in the asylum twelve years.

Plantation Philosophy.

A 'oman is better after she aheds tears. De honeysuckle is sweeter arter a rain.

Great dangers is often feared less den little ones. A cow'll git outen de way quicker fur a hoss den she will fur a railroad train.

Dar's no animal dat is got de greed ob man. A hog knows when he's got enough corn, but a man never knows when he's got money enough.

I dean care how young de chile is, dar is on its face signs ob honesty or dishonesty. Ole naturl han's out her principles mighty 'arly in dis life.

She Smelt 'Em.

The latest anecdote about the old lady who thinks she "knows everything" is about how she went to a church sociable, and as she entered the room the young ladies said: "Good evening, auntie; we are going to have tableaux this evening." "Yes, I know, I know," was the reply; "I smelt them when I first came in."

One church in Lagos, West Africa, has contributed during the last three years over $15,000 for church purposes.

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