

# The Richland Beacon.

"Libertas et Natale Solum."

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## A STRANGE EPISODE.

Two Women the Actors in an Unusual Transaction.

The Health Commissioner's office in the City Hall was to-day the scene of an episode of more than ordinary interest, and one which almost challenges belief.

A neatly-attired lady, with a veil drawn tightly across her face, called at the office and inquired for Mr. Francis. After being informed that he was absent, by Mr. J. J. Fitzwilliam, the chief clerk, she said:

"Has the ambulance from the female hospital arrived yet?"

"No, madam, it has not."

"Well, then, I will wait for it if you will permit me to do so."

"Certainly, madam. Walk in this way and be seated. You will not have long to wait. Were you expecting any friend?"

"Not exactly a friend," she replied, lifting her veil and exposing a naturally handsome face, which was just then animated by a pleasant smile. "But I am to meet a woman here from the hospital who is to give me her baby. It is only three weeks old, and a pretty little girl it is, too."

Fitzwilliam is a father, and to say that he was highly astonished is to put it mildly.

In time the ambulance arrived, and also did the mother and her baby. When the two women met but a slight nod of recognition passed between them. The silence was broken by the clerk, who said:

"Here is the baby."

"Ain't it a sweet, pretty darling?" exclaimingly exclaimed the mother-to-be.

The real mother held it up and looked at it sadly, murmured:

"I hate to part with it."

Then kissing it, once only, she proffered it to the other, who pressed it to her lips in joy, as the mother said:

"Take it and be good to it."

"That I will, indeed; you may depend upon that."

The mother then gave her the nursing bottle, when she was asked:

"How is the milk prepared?"

"By boiling it and then letting it cool."

"Don't you put water to it?"

"No, just simple milk."

"I have heard of rice water being fed to babies. Did you try it?"

"Nothing has ever been given her but boiled milk."

A short pause of embarrassment he resumed when the real mother said, "Good-by," and walked away. She was pale-looking, and evidently not very strong. Her features gave evidence of youth and beauty but her bearing was not indicative of refinement or education.

The new mother retained her seat and fondled the child with as much affection as though it were her own. She remarked that she desired to allow the mother sufficient time to get away from the building, as she did not want to be followed by her, or have her know where the child's new home was. In a few minutes the *bona fide* mother returned, approached Mr. Fitzwilliam, asked for and received two car tickets and then walked away without casting even one look or glance toward the babe. Shortly afterward the babe and its new mother went away in a carriage.

These two women are totally unknown to each other by name. Only the proper officials know the mother by adoption, and they are satisfied of her respectability and competency to provide the child with a good home. Will the mother and child ever meet again?

## THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE.

A pretty deer is dear to me,  
A hare with long ears;  
I love a hart with all my heart,  
But barely bear a bear.  
'Tis plain that no one takes a plane  
To have a pair of pears;  
A rake, though, often takes a rake  
To get away the tares.  
All rays raise rime, rime raises all;  
And, though the whole, hole wears,  
A writ, in writing, "right," may write  
It "write," and still be wrong.  
For "write" and "rite" are neither "right,"  
And don't write being,  
But often brings a hart to man,  
Conjuring a coffin rings.  
And too much ale will make us all,  
As well as other things.  
The person lies who says he lies  
When he is but rotting;  
And, when consumptive folks decline,  
They all decline declining.  
A quid don't quell before a storm—  
A lough will look before it;  
We can not reign the rain at all—  
No earthly power reigns over it.  
The dyer dyes while time dies;  
To dye he's always trying.  
Useful upon his dying bed,  
He wishes no more of being;  
A son of Mars mows many a son;  
All days must have their days,  
And every knight should pay each night  
To him who weighs his ways.  
'Tis meet that man should mete out meat  
To feed his neighbor's son;  
The fair should far, on fare alone,  
Else one can not be won.  
A in a, alas! is something false;  
Of leads a man's nose;  
Her waist is not a barren waste—  
Though stayed, she is not staid.  
The springs spring forth in spring, and shoots  
Shed forward one and all;  
Though summer kills the flowers, it leaves  
The leaves to fall in fall.  
I would a story here commence,  
But you might find it stale;  
So let's suppose that you have reached  
The tail end of our tale.

## The Settler's Stratagem.

BY CLINTON MONTAGUE.

Mark Stanton was one of those hardy pioneers who, in the early settlement of the country, moved from the more thickly settled seaboard and pitched his cabin in the valley of the Saco, far away from the seats of civilization. His nearest neighbor lived at a distance of two miles, near the western border of Lovewell's Pond. A wife and one child accompanied him into the wilderness.

The Indians at this period were peculiarly troublesome. Pungus indeed was dead—the great Sagamore whose name had been a source of terror for years, to even distant settlements; but the remnant of his tribe still made their home upon the broad meadow of the Saco and among the adjacent hills. Unable to make any large or connected attacks upon the invading whites the red men contented themselves with pillage and theft and other annoyances. Against these numerous depredations the settlers had no adequate means of defence, and if they found their fowls, swine or cows missing they had to submit to the loss as best they might.

Stanton had been a victim to these depredations on several occasions, but had attempted no retaliation. The chief leaders of the savages in these plundering incursions were two braves noted for their strength and ferocity, named Mat-tampa and Kalama. On more than one occasion these warriors had even burned cabins and scalped the owners, and the settler deemed himself fortunate that no such injuries had been offered him.

One September day Mark Stanton found it necessary to visit his neighbor Drower's to obtain a few supplies that they stood in need of. So kissing his four-year-old daughter, and bidding his wife to guard carefully against any attack of the Indians, the settler took his rifle and departed for the settlement.

His stay was protracted to a later hour than he had anticipated, and it was nearly sundown when he set out on his return. He hurried his step almost to a run as he thought of the anxiety that would be his wife's at his prolonged absence. Yet, in his haste, he neglected not to use both eyes and ears; for the settler was a true hunter, and had more than once saved his life by his craft and forest lore.

When about half the intervening distance had been passed, Stanton heard a noise that made him pause. It sounded like the cry of a child, and it was not far from his path. He listened in suspense and again heard the cry repeated. This time he recognized the voice as that of his own child, his darling Annie, whom he had had seen in her mother's arms at home. The cry was one of entreaty, of terror, too, and Stanton's heart beat loudly at the thought of the girl's danger.

He guessed instinctively what had happened. The Indians had visited his home during his absence and accomplished their fell purpose. As soon as the first shock of horror was passed he was nerved to action. Bending his ear to the ground he plainly heard the jer of footsteps, but he was surprised to discover that there was but a single savage. Quickly, but cautiously, he crept through the bushes, and finally he got a glimpse of the red man, at a little distance, hurrying through the deep wood. The Indian was tall and powerful, and he bore the light form of the child under his arms as though it had been a mere feather's weight. The little thing had ceased to struggle, for one of the great red hands was pressed hard over her mouth, and she seemed nearly exhausted.

It took Mark Stanton but a moment to conclude what to do. He did not dare rush upon the savage and attempt to beat him down, for he knew that if the red man was alarmed before he reached him the life of his child would be sacrificed. On the other hand, if he trusted to his rifle, there was a bare possibility that the girl might be injured, but it was far the better course. Hurrying cautiously forward until he reached a favorable point, he raised his trusty weapon to his shoulder. Leveling it full at the center of the red man's head, he took a careful aim and pulled the trigger. The next instant a sharp report rang through the forest.

Without waiting for the smoke to clear away, Stanton rushed forward and found the savage just gasping in his death struggle, while little Annie lay screaming by his side. He soon pacified the child, who he found was uninjured. Then he reloaded his rifle and made a hasty examination of the fallen Indian. The settler did not recognize him, but from his dress and ornaments he judged that he was a warrior of some note.

Leaving him where he had fallen, Stanton took his child in his arms and wended his way homeward. It was quite dusk when he reached there, and he found his wife waiting for him nearly crazed with grief. The mother's strength returned when she saw her child, and after the congratulations of the hour, Mrs. Stanton told her story.

She had left Anne sleeping in her bed, and went out to milk the cow. When she returned the child was missing. She had immediately begun a search, but without avail, and was fast approaching hysterics when her husband returned. She now urged an immediate flight to the settlement at the pond, and Stanton promised to accede to her wishes as soon as their ripening crops were harvested.

The following morning the settler went to the place where he had left the dead Indian, with the intention of burying him; but he found that the body had been carried away. There were heavy tracks about the spot, and Stanton readily conjectured that some of the warrior's friends had effected the removal. With this conclusion he retraced his steps, determined to keep his eyes open and his rifle ready.

The second morning afterwards as Mark Stanton stepped from his cabin he saw something lying upon the door-stone. He stooped and picked it up, and saw that it was an arrow, with the skin of a rattlesnake around about it. He knew what the fatal signal meant at once. A man who left that snake-bound shaft at his door had sworn to kill him.

The settler was a brave man, but this stern, significant token affected him as the presence of the avenger himself would have not. At first he thought he would not tell his wife, but, on reflection, he concluded it would be better to let her into the secret. It would be better for her and better for him, for a constant watch must now be maintained.

Mrs. Stanton's first impulse, as soon as she understood what her husband told her, was to hasten to the settlement.

"That would hardly be a safe undertaking," returned the settler; "for my enemy may be even now watching near the cot, and were we to start out I might get a rifle-ball through my body."

The young wife was sorely frightened, but she saw the reasonableness of her husband's statement, and she urged her point no further. All that day they kept within doors, and during the night Stanton did not relinquish his watch. But no signs of Indians were visible.

On opening the door in the morning, however, the settler saw another arrow lying near the door-step. To this one a roll of birch bark was attached. Carrying it into the house, he unrolled the bark and found it embellished with a rude drawing. It was not difficult to make out what was intended to be conveyed.

In one corner of the segment was the picture of a dead Indian, and from the hieroglyphics underneath, Stanton gathered the fact that it was meant for Mat-tampa, one of the noted braves of the Pequaket tribe. Beyond him was another brave, with a drawn bow in his hand and an arrow speeding from it. Under this one was the name of Kalama. The third figure represented a white man with an arrow piercing his bosom.

The settler's anxiety was not materially decreased by the knowledge that his foe-man was one of these distinguished braves. He knew he had to deal with one of the most crafty and relentless savages of that region, and he knew enough of the Indian's character to know that he would not swerve from his revengeful plan until he had performed the deed or had fallen in the conflict.

"What shall we do? What shall we do?" cried Mrs. Stanton, as she shielded Anne in her arms. "We may be surrounded by enemies at this moment."

"That is not probable," said her husband. "Kalama is too much of a brave to suffer that. I have slain his brother, and he alone will seek revenge. He has given me fair warning, and now he will hang around my path till he accomplishes his fell purpose, unless I can continue to circumvent him. He thinks he has put me upon the rack, and his next step will be to put a rifle ball through my heart. But he will work in the dark."

"Could I not go to the settlement and inform them of your danger?" asked the heroic wife, brave now that she knew what the danger was that was to be met. Stanton shook his head dubiously. "You would not be permitted to do that," he answered. "Besides, I would not have you undergo such risk."

The situation was truly a perplexing one. The stout settler was imprisoned in his own cabin as surely as though he had been within the walls of a dungeon. The avenger was already on his track and might be, even then, hidden in the greenwood. He felt confident that should he step one foot out of doors his body would be the mark for a bullet.

"I have seen an Indian," said she, in reply to her husband's questioning. "He is hid in the clump of white woods by the spring. Oh, you will be killed! Mark, you will be killed!"

Stanton stepped to one of the small loopholes between the logs and looked sharply out. The bushes in question were not over ten rods from the door. He could see no Indian there, but he knew it was a place where an Indian could hide, and he did not doubt his wife's eyesight. Kalama was probably there waiting for his appearance.

The settler's craft did not desert him. He felt easier to know that his enemy was near him, for he could make his plans accordingly. He knew his enemy's position, and that knowledge placed him, as it were, on something like an equality with him.

"Mary," said he to his wife, "I am going to kill that Indian."

"What are you going to do?" she cried, in an agony of pain and suspense.

"The moment you step a foot outside the door you will be shot."

"Of course if I go out I am sure to be killed; but suppose something should go out that only looked like me, what then?" he asked.

"What do you mean, Mark?" and Mrs. Stanton gazed into her husband's face as if to comprehend his meaning.

"I mean that we will send out a man of straw to draw the enemy's fire. After that it will be my turn with the rifle. Now do you understand?"

The wife said she thought she did.

"Then let us go to work as quickly as possible, before the Indian changes his lurking place."

Stanton's plan was clear now, and they proceeded to speedily carry it into execution. The settler doffed his clothes, which they stuffed well with bedding. A proper looking head was fashioned from a small pillow, to one side of which was tacked a piece of bearskin to represent hair. Upon this was placed a hat, and when all was completed it formed as respectable a looking effigy as could be easily gotten up; indeed, so well was it proportioned and so excellent was the likeness that the good wife declared that, had she seen it for the first time in the woods, she should not have known it from her husband.

In order to perfectly carry out the settler's plan a broom handle was fixed to the effigy, under the right arm, so that it could be held in an upright position. Mrs. Stanton then practised upon it until she could move it about as if it had life.

When all was ready the settler took his station at the loophole which looked toward the cover of the Indian. He had already his rifle in readiness, and as soon as the muzzle of the piece was in its place, and he was sure of his aim, he gave the signal to his wife.

She opened the door very slowly, and carefully lifted the image out over the threshold upon the stone, holding it there steadily. At the same moment Stanton saw a human head lifted cautiously above the white wood bushes. The eagle features and the painted countenance told that it was an Indian brave. The settler instantly covered the right eye of the red man with the sight of his rifle.

The redskin discharged his rifle at the same instant with the white man, so that both reports were simultaneous. A loud death yell told the result of the settler's shot, and Stanton saw his red foe-man leap into the air and fall to the ground. The Indian's aim had been no less certain, for on examining the effigy they found a bullet-hole just where the heart would have lain in a human bosom.

After a while Mark Stanton went out to the white wood bushes. He found thevengeful Kalama stone dead. A bullet had passed into his right eye through the brain. The red man had fought his last battle.

He buried the dead body at a distance and removed as well as he could all traces of the conflict, and then for two or three days kept a careful watch. But he was not molested. The attempt upon his life had been planned by Kalama alone, and the death of the redoubtable warrior was never traced to his hands.

## Afghan Gratitudo

Many curious stories are told of the influence exercised by the Afghan chiefs over the followers, among the most striking of which is the following: A young English subaltern attached to the Cabul expedition of 1841-42 rescued an Afghan pilgrim from some British soldiers who were handling him roughly. The pilgrim thanked his deliverer, saying, with emphasis, that "an Afghan never forgets a good turn or a bad one." Some months later, during the fatal battle of the Murd-Cabul Pass, our hero saw one of the enemy point to him repeatedly, and concluded himself singled out for destruction. But, to his amazement, he remained unhurt amid the hottest fire, while his men were dropping around him like leaves, those who had molested the pilgrim being the first to fall. At length several of the army disarmed and dragged him down by main force, checking those who wished to kill him by declaring him to be under the protection of their chief. The chief in question proved to be identical with the rescued pilgrim—a disguise assumed to aid his designs against the English—and the officer, having been hospitably entertained, was dismissed without ransom.

FRENCH fashion journals assert that of late years all the eccentricities of dress brought out in Paris have been planned to satisfy the tastes of the women of other countries, especially the Russians and Americans.

## A PRETTY STORY.

The Queen of Italy Adopts Two Orphan Children.

In Naples the papers tell a very pretty story of the Queen of Italy. It appears that as she was driving to the royal wood of Liello the coachman mistook the road, and one of the gentlemen asked a countryman the way. The man, seeing the fine carriage and horses and the servants' livery and all the gay company, thought he was being fooled. "As if you did not know!" he said with a big grin. The Queen laughed, and assured him that they were lost. Then only did the countryman condescend to point out the way, after which he walked off as if fearing to be laughed at again.

"Give him twenty francs for his trouble," said the Queen to one of her escort, who, going after the countryman, said:

"Here, my man, is a little present from the Queen of Italy, who thanks you."

"The Queen!" cried the countryman, returning to the carriage. "Forgive me that I did not know thee. But I had never seen thee before. Thou art as beautiful as a May rose. God bless thee." And the carriage drove off.

Now the countryman, who had once seen the Queen, wanted to see her pretty face again, and the following day he presented himself at the palace.

"I know her, you know," he added mysteriously. "I spoke to her yesterday, and I want to speak to her again."

Thinking he had to do with a madman the porter was about to have the poor fellow arrested, when the very gentleman who had given him the twenty francs appeared, and recognizing the man, told him to wait. He informed the Queen of his presence.

"Bring him here by all means," was her answer.

When the man was for the second time before the Queen he said:

"Yes, tis thou, I thought I had seen a fairy. Thou art just an angel. I did not tell thee yesterday that I have two little ones without a mother. Will thou be their mother?"

"That I will," said the Queen.

"Then there's the twenty francs thou gavest me yesterday. I thank thee, but I want no money." And he went away, crying and smiling like a child.

The Queen had adopted the two little ones, and they are in an institution under her special patronage.

## Walking Endways.

Political favoritism during the course of the late war made some very interesting officers. Having returned from the front in June, 1862, business called me to the town of Wabash, Ind., some time in July. They were organizing regiments in a camp south of the town. Colonel G— was commissioned for the Indiana Regiment. The drum beat for battalion drill. The Colonel rode out with a book in his hand, from which he was reading the commands. After the adjutant had formed the companies in line, the Colonel took his position near the center and gave the commands: "Attention, battalion! Forward march!" He forgot the "right face," and the regiment commenced moving toward him. Then he commanded a halt and broke out in a roar: "What in thunder did you do that way for? I want you to get in two lines of fight and walk outwards like you did yesterday. We are going over in the flat to drill, condemn ye; I don't want you marching out here where I am. There are too many rocks and stumps here to drill and you ought to know it yourselves."

The same Colonel appointed the non-commissioned officers, but he insisted that the Governor of the State had to sign their warrants, or they were not legal appointments.

On one occasion, coming up the road where it made a square bend, he gave no command of "file left." The file leader of Company A kept on in a straight line in military style until he came up to the side of a barn. There of course he stopped and marked time. The Colonel rode down the line in hot haste and terribly angry: "You d—d long sergeant, haven't you got sense enough to keep in the road? What in hell are you trying to march through a barn for?"

Sometimes in October, while in Kentucky, he resigned for the good of the service. No doubt it was the most brilliant act of his life, and many others could have aided their country more than they did if they had done the same.—*Deloit Free Press.*

## The Old Songs.

In the old songs there was invariably a display of workmanship of a respectable kind, and occasionally the skill of the writer rose above the respectable level, while in a literary sense the new songs are for the most part contemptible. If the texture of these now silent ditties was occasionally coarse, it was entirely free from all unwholesome savor. The fun in them was the rough fan of backslapping, rib-punching farces of the period. Robust, and not seldom clumsy, humor, but—unquestionably humble, "John Jones," "The Burial Club," "The Cork Leg," "Never buy Tripe on a Friday," and many other unctuous toll-ditties whose titles do not readily recur—they are in the memory locked, but the key is for the moment mislaid—served as a lyrical safety-valve for the boisterous animal spirits of the time, the like of which we are unhappily not provided with in the year 1880.—*Tinsley's Magazine.*

The bell of the Congregational Church at Newtown, Ct., has been used one hundred and twelve years, and the golden rooster on top of the building has bullet marks made by the soldiers of the Revolution shooting at it while passing through the town.

## BETTER THOUGHTS.

ONE voice begets another.  
TROUBLES come in a cluster.  
LABOR overcomes all things.  
ENCOURAGE is as good as a feast.  
TRUE courage is cool and calm.  
BE not a judge between friends.  
LOVE and a cough cannot be hid.  
DON'T borrow trouble on interest.  
CONQUER unreasonable prejudices.  
CULTIVATE a love of the beautiful.  
DELIBERATE well and act promptly.  
THERE is no severity like gentleness.  
LOSE not thy own for want of asking it.  
THE wisdom is to know our ignorance.

WE ask advice, but we mean approbation.

LET your moderation be known to all men.

A ROTTEN apple injures its companions.

BE courageous for the truth and the right.

HE who loves flowers cannot be wholly vicious.

NEVER sacrifice the substance to the shadow.

THE first step to self-knowledge is self-trust.

CREDITORS have better memories than debtors.

SELF-POSSESSION is essential to good breeding.

LET him alone severely, is a maxim of prudence.

THERE is but one short step between lying and theft.

WE are near waking when we dream that we dream.

A MAN'S death friends must show himself friendly.

SOME men are great because their associates are little.

WHAT maintains one vice would bring up two children.

PAY what you owe, and what you are worth you'll know.

THE trickster is almost certain to come to an ignoble end.

UNBIDDEN guests are often welcome when they are gone.

TO kill one man is murder; to kill a thousand, heroism.

FIRST, the necessary; then, the useful; then, the ornamental.

ERROR may be tolerated, if reason be left free to combat it.

DESPAIR is the offspring of fear, laziness and impatience.

NEWSPAPERS should be read with cautious discrimination.

A FOX is known by his dress—a gentleman by his address.

VIRTUE itself offends when connected with forbidding manners.

THERE is nothing more dangerous than a friend without discretion.

A MAN of words and not of deeds, is like a garden full of weeds.

CONSTANT complaining brings no sympathy; it produces indifference.

IF you want enemies, excel others; if you want friends, let others excel you.

WHOEVER one begins to say, "I am as good as another," he excites a doubt.

IF we throw mud at every one, the chances are that some of it will stick.

IT is an easy matter to get into a lawsuit, but often very difficult to get out.

THE good house-keeper may be a vixen, but she cannot be altogether bad.

LET the world have its amusements, provided they be followed with discretion.

TASTE and imagination, rightly cultivated in youth, lead to vigorous manhood.

THE law suit begins with a notice—but when, or how, or where shall it end?

THE truth need not always be spoken; but whatever is spoken should be the truth.

## A Novel Egg-Farm.

The Farallone Islands are about thirty miles from the mouth of San Francisco Bay, and they are the home of innumerable sea-fowls. When San Francisco first began to be a city, its constant cry was for eggs. To supply the lack of eggs the project of stealing those of the gulls and the muhrs of the Farallone Islands was undertaken, and it proved successful, and has ever since been maintained. The birds are too plenty to count or to estimate, as may be inferred from the fact that the egg-gatherers bring in often, or used to gather five hundred dozen in a day; and a great many of the nests are inaccessible, a great many others devastated by the rivalry of the birds themselves, and, of course, a large part of the birds at any one time are not laying. The egg season is from May to August, and if even four hundred dozen is the rule, the harvest would be pretty near 500,000 eggs. The quarrelling between the gulls and the muhrs leads to the loss of a good many muhr eggs, which the gulls at every chance destroy. The egg business is conducted by a company which has the right. It pays egg-gatherers five cents a dozen, and sells them in San Francisco at a considerable advance.

CAPTAIN JAMES F. STEEPLER, who commanded a South Carolina company during the war, has sent to Miss Lucy Sims, a teacher in one of the Public Schools of Brooklyn, a sword lost by Captain Sims, her father, at the battle of Petersburg Mine. Captain Sims was killed at Petersburg, and his motherless child was adopted as the "Daughter of the Regiment" by the Thirtieth New York Volunteers. The regiment educated her at Vassar College.