

The Richland Beacon.

"Libertas et Natale Solum."

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OUR JUVENILES.

Supper.
Supper, my little lady,
Your doll should break her head,
Could you make it whole by crying
Till eyes and nose were red?
And wouldn't it be pleasanter
To treat it as a joke,
And say you're glad 'twas dolly's,
And not your head that broke?
Suppose you're dressed for walking,
And the rain comes pouring down,
Will it clear off any sooner
Because you would not frown?
And wouldn't it be nicer
For you to smile than pout,
And so make sunshine in the house
When there is none without?
Suppose your task, my little man,
Is very hard to get,
Will it make it any easier
For you to sit and fret?
And wouldn't it be wiser
Than waiting like a dunce,
To go to work in earnest,
And learn the thing at once?
And suppose the world don't please you,
Nor the way some people do,
Do you think the whole creation
Will be altered just for you?
And isn't it, my boy or girl,
The bravest, wisest plan,
Whatever comes or doesn't come,
To do the best you can?
Elbe Corp.

A Story of Skating.

It's so long since I put on a pair of skates that I should be as awkward as a bear on ice. And nothing ever happened to me to make a story out of—except being scared off a field of ice near the woods once by a screech-owl in the pines. It was almost dark, and we had never heard such an unearthly scream before. "It's a wild-cat!" shouted one of the boys; and by the way in which we scudded for home you would have thought it was a race for the village championship.

Did you ever hear how the hunter who was taken prisoner by the Indians showed them how to skate? No? Then it's just as good as new.

It was 100 years ago, in the old pioneer days. Away up at the northern end of the great lakes a bold hunter and trapper made his camp. He hunted for sport in the summer, and trapped for fur in the fall and winter. He knew every river and creek, every hill and valley in the great woods better than you know the streets of the town; and he had studied the cunning ways and bright tricks of the beaver, otter, mink and martin, until he knew just where, and how to set his traps for them. He bought a good many skins of the friendly Indians who lived near; and early every year he would take a big load of them to the nearest trading-post to sell—bringing back powder and lead, with tea, sugar, and other good things for his table. The hunter's life isn't half so fine as the story books make it; but old Thomas Judson—for that was his name—enjoyed it better than any other.

In the winter he had to wear snow-shoes in going through the woods to visit his traps; and one year he brought back a pair of skates, that he thought would be handy when the ice was clear. And very handy he found them at such times, for he could skate a dozen miles as easy as he could walk two, and the pack on his back never seemed so light as when he had his steel shoes on, and could skim along the glassy surface of the lake or river.

One very cold, clear day, when the ice was good, he went to visit some mink traps almost twenty miles north of his cabin. He skated to near the spot, along the shore of the lake, and then took off his skates and put on his snow-shoes to travel over the deep snow a mile or two into the woods. He knew that an Indian tribe from Canada had come down to make war on those who lived near him, but never thought they would trouble him.

All at once his good dog Bruno, that had been running ahead on a deer-track, stopped, sniffed the air, bristled up angrily and began to growl; and before Thomas could carry his rifle to his shoulder he was surrounded by a dozen howling Indians, who sprung from their hiding-place in the thicket brandishing their tomahawks and yelling like mad.

The old man was brave, but he wasn't a fool; and, instead of showing fight against such odds, he laid down his rifle and folded his arms. He could talk but little Indian, and they could speak even less English; but by signs and motions he made out to let them know that he wasn't on the war-path, but after furs. The Indians threatened no harm when they found him peaceful, but were much interested in his arms and dress, for they hadn't at that time seen many white men. The snowshoes they understood all about, for you know the Indians invented them; but the skates puzzled them.

A funny thought seemed to occur to

the hunter, as he saw their curiosity, for his gray eye twinkled merrily. "Ice moccasins," he said, putting a skate to his foot, and then he made with his hands the gliding motion that the feet take in skating.

"Ugh!" grunted the Indian chief, pointing to the narrow blade of the skate, and shaking his head. As plainly as looks could do it he made the hunter understand that he wasn't so green as to believe that anybody could stand up on those things. As they were near the ice, Thomas proposed to fasten them on a young brave for a trial.

The Indians welcomed the plan with glee, for though savages they were great lovers of sport. Selecting the bravest and swiftest young fellow, the chief bade him stick out his feet, which he did rather suspiciously. The skates were soon strapped on, and the young buck helped to his feet. The ice was like glass, and as he started to move you

but happened; his feet flew out from under him, and down he came with a crack! Such shouts of laughter as the rest sent up! The young fellow was grumpy, and scrambled up to try it again, but with the same result. The chief now signaled to the hunter to show them how the things worked. Thomas fastened on the skates with great care, picked up his rifle and used it as a cane, pretending to support himself. He moved about awkwardly, fell down, got up and stumbled around, the Indians all the time laughing and capering at the sport. Gradually Thomas stumbled a little further away, whirling about and making believe it was very hard work to keep his balance, until he was near the point where the smooth lako ice stretched out for miles away.

Suddenly gathering himself up, he grasped his rifle firmly, gave a war-whoop as wild as the Indians' own, and dashed up the lake like an arrow, skating as he had never skated before. If he had disappeared in the air the Indians couldn't have been more astonished. Of course they couldn't hope to catch him, over the glassy ice; and they stood gaping after him, wondering more and more at the magic "ice moccasins."

Nothing pleased old Thomas more in after years than to tell how he "foiled the red-skins."—*Presbyterian Banner.*

SIoux INDIANS.

The Sioux are very superstitious, are controlled by their legends in whatever they do, and never embark in an undertaking without first having the assurance that they are in the right. In their way they are a very religious people, cherishing the greatest respect for the rights, both of property and person, of every member of the tribe. The chastity of their women is also noteworthy, and even their mode of warfare is in accordance with the teachings of the Great Spirit. True, they are often accused of great atrocities, but, if history was searched, it would be found that members of the tribe had suffered similar torture and death at the hands of the whites, the circumstances of which had been remembered and retaliated at the first opportunity. The Indian has the utmost reverence for the "Great Spirit," but no belief in the existence of an evil one. They use no profanity, nor anything corresponding to a white man's oath. Their ideas of the hereafter are vague, but impressive nevertheless.

They believe that every act and episode of life below will be repeated in the "happy hunting grounds," even to the minutest details, hence the burial of implements of war and toil with every deceased.

Probably one of the noblest actions in Indian history was the rescue, in 1862, of eight persons—two women and six children—from the Santee camp, at the mouth of Grand river, by Four Bears. The captives were adopted into the tribe, and one, Julia Wright, forced to marry a son of Black Hawk, then a prominent chief. Four Bears procured their liberation partly through purchase (giving four horses), and partly by strategy, and, after passing through many perils, returned them to their homes. For this noble act Four Bears was promised remuneration by Congress, but the promise has never been fulfilled. During his recent trip to Washington he brought the matter before Secretary Schurz, when assurance was again given that the reward would soon be forthcoming.

The relation existing between members of a family are very peculiar. For instance, brothers and sisters do not fraternize—are very distant—scarcely recognizing each other. Mothers-in-law are also ostracised immediately upon the marriage of their children.

Marriage is nothing more than purchase and sale, negotiated by the nearest friends of both parties, but the relations assumed are considered sacred, and are seldom violated.

SOME HARD WINTERS.

The winter of 1842-3 has passed into the records of Northern Illinois as "the hard winter." The early settlers of the northern part of the State remember its early snow-fall, commencing Nov. 7 and continuing on the 10th; the pinching cold of the long winter, the scarcity of food for stock, and the loss of many cattle from hunger and cold, owing to that scarcity and the lack of barns and sheds for a protection.

At that time the country was new, the settlements were sparse, and it was often miles across the dreary stretch of snowy prairies between settlements. The houses of the settlers were many of them poor and open, without a brush, tree or shrub to protect them from the driving winds and penetrating snows. Hence that winter has passed into history, and is now referred to as "the hard winter." During that winter the snow averaged thirty inches deep. It fell before the ground froze up, and lay in such a body that the ground did not freeze at all except in occasional places. During the snowfall it piled into great drifts, so that it was even with the tops of the rail fences. It then soon froze so hard that it bore cattle, horses and men on its surface.

During that winter great slaughter was made among the deer; men hunted them with dogs, and the snow being so hard that it bore these up, while the deer would break through in trying to run, they fell an easy prey, and were slaughtered without sense or mercy. In fact, the forests were cleared of them.

The next severe winter was that of 1848-9. The first snow-fall for that winter was, we believe, Nov. 9. It fell before the ground froze up, and lay in such a heavy coat that, like 1842-3, the ground froze only in spots.

The snow-fall that winter averaged two feet, and furnished most excellent sleighing. At that time there was no railroad connection with Chicago, and the entire grain crop of the Northwest (which was then principally wheat) had to be taken to the lake by teams. That winter was a peculiarly favorable one for the farmers. The roads were constantly lined with teams and sleighs loaded with grain for Chicago or lumber for the interior. It was no unusual sight to see 100 or 150 of these loaded teams in one line. During that winter the writer of this article made eight trips to Chicago, one to Milwaukee, and one to Littlefoot (now Waukegan), ten in all, each trip being made with a sleigh. It was the almost universal custom in the "country taverns" to keep a big black bottle sitting on a convenient shelf behind the little counter or desk in the corner, which would be set out with a tumbler as each man paid his bill, with a "Will you have a smack before starting?" Very few, however, partook, and it was a rare thing to see any one of that immense throng of farmers and teamsters under the influence of liquor. Whisky at that time was only worth about 25 cents a gallon, about the same price as kerosene and benzine now.

The winter of 1880-1 was a much colder and harder one than either of the two above mentioned. The cold weather set in as early as either of the others, but before the snowfall the ground, in places not protected by straw or stubble, was frozen to the depth of five feet.—*Rockford (Ill.) Journal.*

IMPRESSIONS.

Spirit of the press—How long can the ink stand?—*Keokuk Constitution.* Dunno. How long can the pen holder?—*Burlington Hawk-Eye.* Tell us how long can the pencil sharpener, and we'll answer that.—*Omaha Republican.* They are all right as long as the weather remains stationary.—*Omaha Daily Bee.* Your puns are enveloped in obscurity. That's no wafer to get off jokes.—*Detroit Free Press.* We believe you write in this opinion.—*Camden Post.* Our penchant run that way.—*Yonkers Gazette.* Seal ah!—*Boston Globe.* Gum, now, it hardly paste to print such paragraphs.—*Boston Commercial Bulletin.* We should like to wax why not, if questions are not against the rule.—*Yavocob Strauss.*

A Hudson citizen said to the young man who visited his daughter that he couldn't afford to have so much wood burned in the parlor stove evenings; the young man must come less often, or quit earlier, or furnish his own wood. Next day two cords of nice hard wood were purchased by the young man and piled in the citizen's yard, with a big sign over the pile, reading, "For use nights only." That young man means business.

A WRITER IN THE NEW YORK LEDGER.

tells of a comical blunder in a New England paper, caused by an error in transposing matter, after the form had been made up: The inside form was just ready for press, when in came the editor with an item which must go in! You who are printers know what that means, and know how to sympathize. The form was "unlocked" on the bed of the press, and the item set up and put in, and, in making room for it, the foreman had to transpose and over-run matter from one column to another. The result of his manipulations was discovered after the edition had been worked off and mailed. On the editorial page was an article, written in the editor's grandest style, on the debut of a female singer, who had delighted the people, and entranced the impassible editor. He wrote toward the close, "The voice of this singing-bird is simply divine. Would that we could have her with us always. But alas, that cannot be!" And this had closed the article as he had written it, and the last word had just filled out the last line and also completed a column. In his transferring and overrunning the printer had contrived to get the closing sentence of another article, on a totally-different woman, made up against the above, so as to give the notice of the divine singer this wonderful ending: "Would that we could have her with us always. But, alas, that cannot be! Her many criminal shortcomings have at length brought upon her the retributive hand of justice, and she will give to our excellent State's prison the next three years of her unhappy life."

PRINTING-OFFICE BLUNDERS.

THE editor was mad enough to kill somebody when he found that, by a singular mistake, his foreman had put the heading "What We Eat" over an editorial telling how to feed hogs.

The intelligent compositor of the *Binghamton Republican*, who was handed a paragraph which read, "The lumbermen in this vicinity are busy skidding their logs, preparatory to hauling to the mills," set it up to read, "The lumbermen in this vicinity are busy skinning their dogs, preparatory to hauling to their meals."

A WRITER in the *Richmond (Va.) Dispatch* says that, during the session of the Underwood Convention in that city, an effort was made to expel a reporter. It was unsuccessful, and the reporter wrote to his paper, recounting the "disastrous attempt," and closing with the remark that "thus an effort to muzzle the press was thwarted." The compositor had something to do with the letter, and when it appeared the next morning the line quoted read, "And thus another attempt to muzzle the pup was thwarted." The reporter is now dead and the compositor mortally injured.

A LOTTERY STORY.

Some years ago, in Berlin, a poor orphan girl dreamed three times running of a certain number, which appeared to her in luminous figures, while an unearthly voice, repeating over and over again, "This number will win the first prize in the Class lottery," resounded in her mind's ear. She imparted the vision to her guardian, and he repaired to the royal lottery office and inquired what had become of the ticket bearing the number in question, receiving an answer that it had been disposed of to a well-known lottery agent in Koenigsberg. He forthwith wrote to this person, enclosing the price of the ticket and requesting that it should be forwarded to him by return of post. In reply to his application he was informed that that particular ticket had been sold, over the counter, a day or two before, to whom the agent could not say. He, however, inclosed in his letter another lottery ticket, which he naively recommended as "an excellent and highly-promising number." But the youthful dreamer's guardian, failing to recognize any special merit in the ticket thus urged upon his acceptance, sent it back with peremptory instructions that his money should be returned to him without delay. His vexation may be imagined when, at the next drawing of the State lottery, the number winning the first prize of £15,000, proved to be not that of which his ward had thrice successively dreamed, but the one he had refused to purchase at the recommendation of the Koenigsberg agent.

THE only time a girl doesn't see every other fellow on the street is when she has just got a letter from her own fellow and is reading it as she goes along. "Ewe get out!" as the farmer said to the lamb in his corral.

REALIST.

When Malibran returned in 1834 to the London stage after an absence of two years, she electrified English opera-goers both by her acting and singing in the character of La Somnambula, in Bellini's opera, a part which she made perfectly her own, distancing all competitors. Templeton, we are told, took the character of Elvino; but the impassioned Malibran, who entered heart and soul into every character she undertook, was at first reduced almost to despair by the stupidity and *gaucherie* of the Scotch singer, who had not the slightest idea of acting. It was enough for him, says an old eye-witness, to walk on an l off and about the stage, coming in with his part at the proper cues, and singing at his best. But this would not satisfy Malibran. At the first rehearsal she bore Templeton's imperturbability of manner with some degree of patience, thinking she could rouse "the man," as she called him, into something like enthusiasm by her own example. But when, at the next and succeeding rehearsal, she found him "no better than a stick," she suddenly seized him by the arm and hissed into his ear:

"Good heavens! sir, don't you know you are my lover? You must make love to me with some show of passion in the first act, and in the second you must pull me about as if you would tear me into little bits."

"But," replied Templeton, as meekly as a lamb, "but, madam, I shall hurt you."

"And what if you do?" screamed the impetuous woman. "Never you mind—that's my affair; and, if you don't do it—suing the action to the word by stamping her pretty little foot—by heaven, I'll kill you!"

And Templeton so evidently thought she was in earnest that he made an effort, and from that moment gradually grew into as respectable an actor as he was a singer.

A STORY ABOUT MAHONE.

Mentally, if his opponents are fit judges, Senator Mahone, of Virginia, weighs something like a ton; but on the scale he tips the beam at less than an hundred pounds. In appearance he is as lean and thin as a greyhound; and it is doubtful if his avoirdupois in gross could be made to yield adipose sufficient to lubricate the wing of a humming-bird. The following pretty good story of his exceeding leanness is told of him: During the late war, while in command of a division of Confederates, he, like many others, had the misfortune to be wounded; but, as it happened on that occasion, not seriously. An acquaintance, about to visit Richmond, was requested to call upon the General's wife for the purpose of relieving any anxiety she might feel on account of her absent lord by explaining the nature and extent of his injury. Col. — called at the lady's residence, and, as report goes, found her in tears, she having already received the news of her husband's wounding by telegraph. The officer attempted to reassure her by the statement that the General would be on duty again in a few days, but without avail.

"Why, madam," he expostulated, "you ought not to give yourself so much concern; he received only a flesh wound; no bones are broken." "Ah, Colonel," she sobbed, "you—don't know th'—the General as well as I—I do, or you would not tell me he could be—be wounded without striking a bone!"

Of course nothing more could be said.—*Washington Republican.*

A GEORGIA EDITOR'S WIFE.

There is a little brown-eyed, enthusiastic, high-spirited lady, who, after she has cooked breakfast, cleared the things away, set the house to right, attended the call of the bread wagon and milked the cow, dons her hat and cloak, comes into his office, yanks us out of the editorial easy chair, pounces on the exchanges, amputates every item of interest, stacks them on the copy-hook, grabs up a Faber, travels it over a quire of editor's manuscript paper, removes her snowy-white apron, shores up her sleeves, grabs a stick and rule and sets it all into type, reads the proofs and corrects every error. That's our wife and she will get her reward in heaven.—*Cartersville (Ga.) Express.*

An Italian has invented a device for instantaneously detaching a horse from a wagon. The *Boston Transcript* believes this is an infringement on the Texas horse-thief.

REFERRING to trade marks, the *Carpet Trade Review* says Guttenberg won a suit about one, and that the English Parliament authorized them as early as the thirteenth century.

PLEASANTRIES.

THE fly is never positive. He always specs so.

MEN who recklessly run in debt are frequently inclined to eau de V.

A VEIL is a protection against the sun of heaven and the fons of earth.

WHY is the earth like a blackboard? Because the children of men multiply on the face of it.

A LADY friend says that bachelors are like a batch of biscuits—good enough after they are mixed.

TRANSLATING from the German—Escorting your girl home from the fashionable dancing party.

Some of a man with a rope around his neck and a mob at the other end: "I'm saddest when I swing."

EVERY business man likes to be patronized, provided his patron does not patronize him in a patronizing manner.

NEVER despise small things. A flea will get over more ground, in proportion to his size, in one second than an elephant will cover in an hour's traveling.

"You are weak," said a woman to her son, who was remonstrating against her marrying again. "Yes, mother, I am," he replied; "I am so weak that I can't go a step-father."

SCHOOLMISTRESS—"What was the fame of Able?" Boy—"Killed by Cain in a Club!" Schoolmistress—"No, with a club. Do you know what a club is?" Boy—"Yes, mum, sorter 'free and easy,' like father goes to o' nights."

A PROFESSOR asked his class, "What is the aurora?" A student, hesitating, replied: "Professor, I did know, but I have forgotten." "That is sad, very sad," rejoined the professor. "The only man in the world that ever knew has forgotten it."

CHARLES EDWARDS swung on the garden gate. Waiting for Miss Jane. When he felt the force of a number eight, and heard a voice explain, in tones that were both loud and gruff: "I think you'd better travel; you've hung around here long enough; here you can't strike pay gravel; but as you're poor as a spring sheep in cold and stormy weather, I'll give you a rate to help you keep side and body together."

AN old Scotch lady gave a pointed reply to a minister who knew he had offended her, and who expressed surprise that she should come so regularly to hear him preach. Said she: "My quarrel's wi' you, mon; it's no wi' the gospel."

X, ARRIVING from Naples, is questioned by a friend: "Had you no adventures in Italy?" "No." "No brigands?" "I turned them all to flight." "How so?" "Why, if I saw an ill-looking individual I went and begged charity of him."

WHEN Miss B— started for Paris she said to her aunt, a practical lady: "I shall bring you back ashawk. Now, what color would you like?" The aunt, after reflection: "Black and white, my child—your poor uncle is so sick."—*Paris Figaro.*

AFTER a clergyman has taken a free bottle of tonic, felt better, and written out his certificate of the curative qualities of the medicine for publication, it makes him unhappy to have a doctor come along and pronounce the stuff gin bitters, and bad at that.

BEECHER ON THE PRESS.

In a recent public address, Henry Ward Beecher said that newspapers could scarcely be too much lauded in this age as a means of instruction. It was not a small thing that every twenty-four hours 50,000,000 of men were made to think the same thing. The cannon that was exploded in Asia was heard in New York. Newspapers were doing a great work in the diffusion of knowledge; they were doing something in diffusing influence such as it was. Newspapers were an article of merchandise; they were made to sell, and could not afford to produce that which did not sell. Good as newspaper editors were, they were obliged to go a peg or two lower down for market reasons only. Many and many of the newspapers publish objectionable news, and it was that news which was greatly sought. Good Christian citizens were seen stealthily buying these newspapers to see what the devil had done, and it was just because of that that these papers sell. The great reason why the papers were not better was because the people did not want them any better. Newspapers were doing a great educating work in the country despite of that.

FAITH is simple, it is to believe; faith is sublime, it is to be born again.