

Mrs. Grow Vanover Rapids

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Fenella's Father-in-Law.

BY HELEN FOREST GRAVES.

"Hello!" said Ralph Redfern.

He was sitting at his summer morning breakfast-table, opening his letters—and at the exclamation of his young wife looked quickly up from her place behind the steaming coffee-pot.

"Oh, Ralph!" she cried, "is it from your father?"

He nodded, still intent, with frowning brows, on the contents of the folded sheet of note-paper. Fenella came around and leaned over his shoulder—a lovely little vision of autumn-gold hair, gray, long-lashed eyes, and pale cheeks.

"What does he say, Ralph?" she asked, scarcely above her breath.

"Oh, do tell me, quick!"

"He says," returned Redfern, gloomily, "that I have been a fool."

"So you have, Ralph, dear," said Mrs. Redfern, pursing up her scarlet strawberry of a month.

"And he furthermore adds that, as I have made my bed, so I must lie on it."

"A self-evident fact," said Fenella.

"And he declines to see or acknowledge you, my dear, so there is the end of all our dreams and aspirations. Don't look sad, little one," he subjoined, seeing the shadow creep over his wife's young face. "We have each other yet."

"I believe that, Ralph!" said Fenella, giving her husband's shoulder an affectionate little squeeze; "but I can't forgive myself for estranging you from your folks."

"A man shall leave his father and his mother and cling unto his wife," quoted Mr. Redfern.

But Fenella shook the little rings of auburn gold that clustered around her forehead.

"Yes, I know that," said she; "but it don't say 'A man shall quarrel with his father because of his wife.' It's all my fault, Ralph!"

"Now, Fenny, that is nonsense. You insist on taking such a distorted view of the matter as this, shall take you out West with me."

"But I won't be taken," nodded Mrs. Redfern, her eyes sparkling

wilfully through their misty veil of tears. "A pretty way of economizing that would be, wouldn't it? No, indeed; I shall stay here, and cut out the lambrequins, and make the chintz covers for our little cottage when we go to house-keeping, and study up the cookery book, and coax Mrs. Haddon to let me try new recipes, down in her kitchen. And, after all, it's only three months you are to be gone. Three months will soon pass, you know."

"What a brave little Fenella you are!" Ralph Redfern said, smiling, in spite of his father's letter—the letter that disinherited him.

Bat Fenella's flower-like face was very grave when Ralph had started on his long Western journey, and she was all alone.

"It's all my doing," said the young wife to herself. "I never should have allowed myself to marry him, unless I was quite certain that his father was willing. And now his prospects are blighted, and his allowance cut off, and only poor little me left to recompense him for all his trouble! Oh, dear, dear, when young people fall in love, what fools they do make of themselves! But I won't let his entire life be sacrificed in this sort of way. I'll set matters straight, if it costs me my whole life to do it."

Mrs. Redfern looked very resolute indeed.

Old Georgius Redfern was sitting in his bank sanctum one day, about a week after Ralph and Fenella had kissed each other adieu, on the steps of Mrs. Haddon's cheap boarding house, in Harlem. He was a tall, grim old gentleman, with a fringe of gray hair around his bald pate, sharp, steely eyes, that seemed to look through and through you, as if you turned to transparent glass beneath their light-blue glare, and diamond studs glistening in his linen—altogether, the sort of an old gentleman to be regarded with distant awe and rigid respect.

Mr. Redfern's bank clerks were desperately afraid of him, and even his brother directors were in the habit of paying scrupulous regard to his opinion upon matters and things in general.

"A lady to see me!" said Mr. Redfern. "And upon this particular morning, of all others, when I am particularly busy. Did you tell her I was engaged, Simmonds?"

"Yes, sir, I did," responded Simmonds, a little red-haired clerk with a deep bass voice. "But she says her business is particular."

"You're sure she isn't a book agent?"

"She has no carpet-bag, Mr. Redfern, and she don't look like that sort of thing," said Simmonds, deprecatingly.

"Not a collector of subscriptions towards a new chapel, or a charitable object?"

"Well, really, sir," retorted the puzzled Simmonds, "I can't say; but she hasn't that appearance."

"Then show her in, and done with it!" said Mr. Georgius Redfern. "Confound these women! one can't shake them off any more than if they were leeches!"

The door of ground glass, set in mullions of waxed walnut, slid back as noiselessly as if it moved on velvet, and a tall, lovely girl, dressed in plain gray silk, with a drooping-willow plume on her hat, glided in.

Instinctively Mr. Redfern rose

and bowed—manhood's instinctive tribute to sweet youth and feminine grace.

"This is no book agent or worn-down subscription hack," he told himself, as he moved forward an easy-chair, and courteously asked: "What can I do for you this morning, madam?"

"I called to speak to you about your son, Mr. Redfern," said Fenella, valiantly, although her heart was giving a series of jumps into her throat.

"Indeed," said he coolly.

"Yes," said Fenella, "I am his wife!"

Mr. Redfern bowed, still more icily.

"Do not for a moment suppose," added Fenella, drawing herself up, "that I have come here to plead for myself. I never once thought of that! It is for him. You are angry with him for marrying me. You are resolved to disown him."

"I am," said Mr. Redfern coldly.

"But you mustn't!" burst out Fenella, vehemently. "I love him too well, Mr. Redfern to allow him to be ruined for my sake! Restore him to your favor, receive him back once more to the place in your heart from which I have unwittingly ousted him, and I will give up all claim to him!"

"Do you mean that you will leave him?" uttered Georgius Redfern.

"I do!"

"Humph!" sneered Mr. Redfern. "And this is a love match?"

"You are mistaken, sir," said Fenella, proudly. "It is because I love him that I am unwilling to blight his whole future."

"And I suppose you have come here to bargain for a maintenance?"

"No," said Fenella, coloring at the implied taunt. "I will not accept a cent from you. I supported myself before I married him, and I can again."

"And how will you do it?"

"I can sew, or I can teach, or I can open a boarding house. But my whereabouts must be strictly concealed from Ralph, in any event."

"Humph!" grunted Georgius Redfern, the steel blue eyes still transfixing his daughter-in-law.—"And you would give up your husband and go into exile just to restore my boy to my favor again?"

"Yes," said Fenella, resolutely, "I would."

"Why didn't you think of this before you married him?"

"Because I was too blinded by love and folly to see the harm I was working Ralph," answered the young girl, with humility.

"My dear," said old Georgius Redfern, holding out both his hands, "come here and kiss me; you are a noble little girl! But I shall make no such bargain with you."

Fenella's countenance fell.

"Do you suppose I am a fiend incarnate?" roared out the old gentleman, getting up and pacing the circumscribed limits of the office floor. "No, no! not quite so bad as that. When Ralph got married, I thought you were a sly little fortune-huntress, or some designing minx who had entrapped him into matrimony. I see now, that you are a noble, disinterested girl, worthy of the love of any man."

"Then you will pardon him if I go away and never trouble you?" cried Fenella, radiantly.

"No, I won't."

"Mr. Redfern—" she gasped.

"I'll pardon him only on condition of his bringing you here to live with me," said Father-in-law Redfern, taking Fenella's flushed face between his hands. "You love him, and you love him for himself alone, and that is quite enough for me. Now don't let us have any more talk about it. Write to Ralph. Tell him to come back to New York. My carriage will be at the door directly and it will take you home—to my home and yours. There you will stay until he returns—and ever after, I hope."

Through nights of weary vigil and tears little Fenella had brought herself to give up all for Ralph's sake, and in giving all she had gained all.

"I declare, Fenella," said Ralph Redfern, some three or four months subsequently, "you can do what you please with my father; he is your most devoted slave."

"I know it, said Fenella brightly; "and wasn't it foolish of me ever to be afraid of him?"

The Next Senate.

The senatorial districts of this State which elect members at the next election are given below.—There are nineteen vacancies, eighteen by expirations of terms and one by Chadbourne's death. The seventeen Senators holding over stand politically eight Republicans and nine Democrats:

Second district—Fourth, fifth and sixth wards of Orleans.

Third district—Seventh, eighth and 9th ward of Orleans and St. Bernard.

Sixth district—Twelfth, thirteenth, fourteenth, sixteenth and seventeenth wards of Orleans, Jefferson, St. Charles and St. John the Baptist. This is the only district to elect two, one being for only two years.

Eighth district—Lafourche, Assumption and Terrebonne.

Ninth district—Vermilion and St. Mary.

Tenth district—St. Landry, Lafayette, Calcasieu and Cameron.

Eleventh district—Livingston, St. Tammany, St. Helena, Tangipahoa and Washington.

Twelfth district—Pointe Coupee, East Feliciana and West Feliciana.

Fourteenth district—West Baton Rouge, Iberia, Iberville and St. Maitin.

Sixteenth district—Tensas and Franklin.

Seventeenth district—Carroll, Madison, Morehouse and Richland.

Eighteenth district—Ouachita and Caldwell.

Nineteenth district—Union, Lincoln and Jackson.

Twentieth district—Bossier, Claiborne, Webster and Bienville.

Twenty-first district—Caddo.

Twenty-second district—DeSoto, Red River, Sabine and Natchitoches.

Twenty-third district—Rapides and Vernon.

Twenty-fourth district—Catahoula, Grant and Winn.

Cheyenne, Sept. 7.—A courier from Sidney, Nebraska, reports that Sioux Jim arrived at the Red Cloud Agency and was shot dead by American Horse for refusing to surrender his arms.

Chicago, Sept. 7.—The latest from Gen. Terry's camp places him in a country with dry streams. He has lost the trail of the Indians.

Out of every 25,000 people who die in London, only three attain the age of 100 years.

Rules for Home Education.

The following rules are worthy of being printed in letters of gold and placed in a conspicuous place in every household:

1. From your children's earliest infancy inculcate the necessity of instant obedience.

2. Unite firmness with gentleness. Let your children always understand you mean what you say.

3. Never promise them unless you are quite sure you can give them what you say.

4. If you tell a child to do something, show him how to do it, and see that it is done.

5. Always punish your children for wilfully disobeying you, but never punish them in anger.

6. Never let them perceive that they vex you, or make you lose your command.

7. If they give you petulance or ill temper, wait till they are calm, and then gently reason with them on the impropriety of their conduct.

8. Remember a little present punishment, when the occasion arises, is more effectual than the threatening of a greater punishment should the fault be renewed.

9. Never give your children anything because they cry for it.

10. On no account allow them to do at any one time what you have forbidden, under the same circumstances, at another.

11. Teach them that the only way to appear good is to do good.

12. Accustom them to make their little recitals with perfect truth.

13. Never allow of tale-bearing.

14. Teach them self-denial, not self-indulgence, of any angry or resentful spirit.

HOW MANY INDIANS ARE IN THIS WAR.—Father Mesplie, who is well posted on the Indian tribes, gives the following estimate of their numbers: He puts the Sioux down at 60,000; the Crows at 15,000; Blackfeet, 20,000; Utes or Utahs, 34,000, and in addition there are the Brule, Ogalalla, Minneconjou, Yantonnais, Uncpapa, Two Kettles, San Acres, and Santoo bands. Some of the Crows and some others who live around the reservation, are friendly, but many who pretend friendship will gather arms and ammunition for their tribes. He says they are in strong alliance with each other, to carry on this war, although when they have no common enemy to fight they fight each other; but now they are united against what they consider a common enemy, and will turn out all their warriors, and they will number at least 50,000, and the Father says it is likely to be the most formidable and bloody Indian war in the history of our government. They are well armed, and will fight to the death whenever they are cornered.—*Idaho Statesman.*

X is entering his lodging and asks of the porter: "Anything for me to-day?"

"Yes," replies the tyrant of the door-way, "some letters, but I don't know what is in them."

Which reminds one of the other concierge who hands a lodger a postal card with an invitation from a friend to breakfast. The lodger is reading it when the porter interrupts him kindly:

"You have no time to waste, he expects you at noon, sharp."

London has nearly 10,000 dress-makers and milliners.

The Indians.

COUNCIL WITH THE CHIEFS AT STANDING ROCK AGENCY.

New York, Sept. 6.—Bismarck dispatches say: When Capt. Johnson took charge of Standing Rock Agency, after the suspension of the agent by Gen. Carlin, he had a council with the chiefs and leading men, in all numbering about a hundred.

The Council was a stormy one, and loud and impatient talk indulged in on the part of the Indians, and each strong impression made against the whites or in defiance of the troops was received with loud grunts of approval and "how, how"—the Indian expression of unqualified indorsement.

This was particularly the case with Grass, chief of the Blackfeet, who has ever been considered friendly to the whites.

Capt. Johnson, in a short address, informed the Indians that the Great Father had appointed him their agent to look after them and take care of them. He hoped they would get along well together. He would see that they received all that the Great Father sent them, but that he should issue rations or goods only to those Indians actually at the agency to receive them, and that in order to do so correctly he should send some one to their camp to count them. They would be required to give up all the Indians that came in from the hostiles who must give up their arms become prisoners. He desired that all those Indians on the west side of the river should move up near the post, where they could be properly looked after.

Grass insinuated that the agent had been in the habit of letting them go about as far as they pleased, but now they were obliged to give up and be treated as slaves, and intimated pretty plainly that they should continue doing as they had in the past—that is, as they pleased. Whether they will continue to assume this attitude the future will decide.

There is sufficient force to quell any outbreak the Indians may make, with a prospect of three additional companies soon. The only trouble would arise from a lack of mounted force.

Three companies of the 11th Infantry are now en route to the agency, making the garrison nine companies in all.

One of the great causes of the trouble at Standing Rock is the fact that the Indians have been short of supplies every winter and appropriations were so delayed this summer that they became absolutely destitute, and an Indian to be good must have a full stomach.

[NOTE.—This agent was suspended because it was believed he had a secret interview with Kill Eagle, one of the hostile Sioux, and subsequently issued 250 head of cattle, most of which have gone to the hostile camp.]

Red Cloud Agency, Neb. Sept. 6.—The Sioux Commission arrived here. The escort saw no Indians on the way and found everything quiet at the agency, which is in charge of Lieut. Etting.

Gen. Mackenzie, commander of the district, was present to receive the commission, and said he would aid it by every means in his power.

There is quite a large military force here, and the Indians are in a depressed state of mind in consequence of the concentration of troops at the agency, and say they fear they are all to be massacred as soon as enough soldiers arrive. They hail the arrival of the commission as a means of relief.