

"Here Shall The Press The People's Rights Maintain, Unawed by Influence and Unbribed by Gain."

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RUTH AND NAOMI.

Entreat me not to leave thee; Entreat me not, she said, And on Naomi's bosom Weeping she bowed her head;

Apropos of Weddings.

"THERE'S a bridal couple forward," said the Stranger from Michigan, returning from an investigation of the front end of the train.

"How do you know them for a newly-married pair?" queried the Man of Lower 7. "How?"

"None sense!" "Are they tender and cooling, then?" "By no means."

"Is she asleep with her head on—" "Look here, did you ever see a wedding couple on the tour?"

"No," the Man of Lower 7 confessed, "but there's a distinct rule about such things. Why, it's as traditional and firm-rooted as the multiplication table. They should be—"

"Yes, they should be," the Michigan-der interrupted. "They should be to conform to the articles of faith as prepared by people who do not know. Now, as a matter of fact, people who have gumption enough to want to go on a 2,000-mile bridal tour also have a sufficient knowledge of affairs to keep from making Indians of themselves when they go a-marrying."

"Well, then, tell us how you judge your two of whom you speak?" "They were bulwarked with immense property, but I noticed the young woman had a flick of black upon her nose."

"A month ago from now her husband will have become sufficiently acquainted with her to tell her of any such little thing. Now, however, he looks at the spot nervously; for he is afraid of hurting her feelings by telling her of it. He wishes he could wish it off. For himself, he tells himself that he loves fondly, splootch or no splootch. A month from now he will say: 'Darling, that beautiful little girl has thrown a bit of grime upon my nose.'"

"Once," said the fourth member of the party, "I was traveling westward, and at a little mountain town a bridal pair got aboard. Maybe it was because they were going but 20 miles to the next town that they openly demonstrated their affection. It was very amusing to everybody else in the day coach, and at last one tourist, who happened to be riding forward with his camera, decided that it would be a first-rate thing to take some snapshots at the two. So he focused the thing, and while pretending to be taking a general interior view of the coach he took care to get the bridal pair square in the middle. He was very stealthy about it, but the bridegroom observed his motions and came forward. He came forward in three jumps, and reaching over toward the tourist, he seized him and lifted him up very hurriedly among the pines that fringed the floor. Then he father abruptly in a sort of oath, like a keying, and lengthened him out to his ordinary stature. He did a few things which I do not now remember, and when he had thoroughly satisfied himself he said:—"

"Mister, in general I am accommodating on a hospitable to the stranger, but, dog you, I want you to understand that me an' this lady ain't scenery."

"The tourist said he thought he would be able to remember that fact, and so the bridegroom took his fingers off the offender's throat."

"Kiss me, good an' hard, Mirandy," he said. Mirandy did so, and there was not a passenger who smiled or looked otherwise than intensely respectful."

"Did you ever belong to a wedding-tour club?" inquired the Man of Lower 7, addressing anybody who might care to answer. Nobody did.

"Well, I did once," the Man said. "It was very nice."

"Oh, tell us about it," the Lady insisted. "It must have been a sort of mixture of an insurance policy and a Bothen romantic comedy."

Granby—and one another—for years; yes, and we had known Mrs. Granby as a girl, too. So when Granby was married and came to live in Chicago we made his house our Mecca and his wife our patron goddess—'is there a goddess in Mecca?"

"Go on with the story!" fiercely, from all.

"Mrs. Granby was the salt of the earth—not like Lot's wife, but in a different and better way. Gave the house up to us. Let us play poker mildly and in a gentle way without a word of protest. Granby also had a servant girl. Excuse me from turning so abruptly from the lady of the house to the girl, but I cannot help it. Mrs. Granby was the finest wife and hostess in the world; Ida was the supremest servant girl ever generated. She was silent in her ministrations to our poker-playing thirst. She came softly and left the most excellent cocktails at our elbows, and slipped away without disturbance. She cooked up delicious lunches, and she had better judgment in the matter of selecting cigars than Granby himself. She was a gem. We all loved Mrs. Granby. We revered Ida."

"One evening Mrs. Granby came in and froze our souls. 'Did you know Ida is going to be married next week?' she asked."

"We talked it over solemnly, gloomily. It was awful. No more retractive spickalls. No more sublime lunches. No more good cigars. No more deft, soothing stroke of service. At last Hardin spoke. 'Look here, he said, 'we're dreadfully selfish about this. Of course Ida has the right to marry the coachman, though it does seem rough. But let's think of her. From what Mrs. Granby says they're going right into a three-room flat. Right from the minister to their rooms. That won't do. They must have a wedding tour. There are five of us. Now, this is what we'll do—"

"When he explained his plan we all chimed in fervently. We formed the Ida Hertwig Wedding Tour club right there with \$100 in the treasury. Hardin, who was in the passenger department of a railroad, got passes for two to Salt Lake. Copley fixed out the hotels along the way. Pilcher, being an insurance

man, wrote all his correspondents and local managers along the Burlington to be on deck at the depot to take charge of Ida and her husband and show them the best yet. It was my business to get the theater tickets and put them in Ida's trunk to give to Ida on their wedding night. We provided everything ahead of time—even to baggage checking. Stewart even fixed them with tickets for the Warm Springs and the bathing places at Salt Lake. And neither Ida nor the utterly unknown husband knew anything of these things until the night of the wedding. They were married at Mrs. Granby's house and were hurried away to the sleeping car, where a stateroom had been engaged. I wasn't there, but Mrs. Granby reported the scene as a wonder.

"At the next sitting of the poker party the Ida Hertwig Wedding Tour club reported to the committee of the whole and was adjourned sine die."—Chicago Record.

Story of Daniel Webster. During one of their college vacations Daniel Webster and his brother returned to his father's in Salisbury. Thinking he had a right to some return for the money he had expended on their education, the father gave them scythes and requested them to mow. Daniel made a few sweeps and then stopped to wipe his brow and rest.

"What's the matter, Dan?" asked his father. "My scythe don't hang right, sir." His father fixed it and Dan went to work again, but with no better success. Something was wrong with the implement, and it was not long before it needed fixing again, and his father said, impatiently, "Well, hang it to suit yourself." Daniel, with great composure, hung it on a pear tree and retired from the field.—Detroit Free Press.

Kind Friends. It was not a success, Domino's ball. The men were right enough, and there were plenty of them; but the dear girl! Such painful types, and all such very mature. And there they sat, waiting in vain for partners. Helens of Troy, and Jennas of Arc, and Rosamonds of Ides were not a bit fair. All antique subjects you will perceive; back numbers of fiction out of date. So the men kept near the buffet; and one said to another: "I did not know that our host was so devoted to horticulture." "Do you refer," said the other, "to the cabbage he presents us for cigars?" "No," smiled back the first; "I was thinking rather of the ardent passion for collecting wall flowers." And their glances wandered vaguely to the ballroom.—Pick-Me-Up.

Did You Want Meek. "Before I go," said her young man, "I'm going to have one kiss for every hour that parts us."

"George," she whispered, "you may be gone for ten years." (Two hours later) "Don't forget to be on time tomorrow."—Harlem Life.

A Romance of the Reservation.

THE tepees had been pitched along Willow creek since the winter camp had been broken up. Now it was well past spring, and under the genial influences of the season Little Porcupine and Run-Sideways were going wickiwa. Other of the young men were going wickiwa, or a-woosing, also, but these two had allowed their fancies to flutter at one and the same time to Lark-that-Sings, and that is what made the old women talk.

Lark-that-Sings was pudgy of face and stout of stature, but her eyes were large, liquid and black as a young doe's and her clear, saffron skin as smooth and glossy as a cottonwood leaf. The thick braid of hair fell from either side of the bright streak of vermilion that divided her scalp, and her mouth was an aboriginal poet's dream. Individually, therefore, these young men were not to blame, although there was no doubt that collectively their affections were misplaced and unfortunate. For one thing, it made considerable trouble in the Takowakan family.

Takowakan was the fond, male and only parent of Lark-that-Sings. He had a marked preference for Run-Sideways as a suitor for his daughter's hand. He had emphasized this preference upon his daughter's person with his hickory oak stick—that was when the horses came—but without avail.

It would have been all right and there would have been no trouble if it had not been for the Black Robber who had put rebellious and independent ideas into the maiden's head along with the alphabet. It was an evil day for Takowakan when he let Lark-that-Sings go to tend to learn the ways of the white people. It was all bad.

Little Porcupine, the son of Majaoka, was anything but a model character. None could say with certainty that he was a thief, but no one of the tribe doubted it. A remarkable talent for making the thing that was not as the thing that was made him a valuable witness, and he was better known in the federal courts than the United States marshal. Marshals came, amassed wealth and went, but Little Porcupine was always on deck.

He liked the excitement of metropolitan life at Deadwood. There he fared sumptuously every day and was provided with unlimited cigarettes, and pretty pictures in the pockets. Moreover, he had intellectual strife of cross-examination was a joy to his soul. He was really the most engaging and unscrupulous liar I ever knew, yet he had a sweet, grave politeness of manner and abounding good humor, and I liked him.

As for Run-Sideways, he, while not prepossessing, was phenomenally truthful for an Indian, and quite unsuspecting of mendacity in others. He was industrious and never returned from the chase empty-handed. The taste of agency whisky was unknown to him, and in other respects his morals were above reproach.

In spite of all this, when the maidens took their vessels, and chattering and giggling, wended their way to the creek for water, Lark-that-Sings paid no attention when Run-Sideways plucked her by the blanket; but when, a little further on, Little Porcupine stepped from the willows by the trail and did the same thing, she unhesitatingly broke ranks. And when Run-Sideways brought forth four of his eight ponies and tied them by the Takowakan domicile, the maiden would not untie them, although her father treated her earnestly at the last, with the hickory rod aforesaid—to do so. For the tying of the ponies was a definite proposal of marriage, and the untying would have been an acceptance.

Three days after this occurrence an emigrant wagon, drawn by a milch cow and a two-year-old steer, rolled tollsomenly into Fort Randall, and the dusty pioneers who were with the outfit explained with much fervent profanity that their team of horses and two good saddle ponies had been stolen from them two nights before. A posse was at once organized to ride back and see what could be done to trace the robbers. A good-looking and intelligent young Indian, whom the posse trader addressed as Little Porcupine offered his services as trailer for the modest compensation of two dollars per diem and rations, and his offer was accepted.

Back over the prairie they sped, and soon arrived at the camping place where the horses were stolen. Here Little Porcupine quickly found the trail, although it had rained since and was quite imperceptible to the rest of the party. With more than the sagacity of a bloodhound he followed the trail for two whole days, through bunch grass and prickly pear beds, and along dim buffalo paths until, near the mouth of a deep canyon running westward, he confessed that he had lost it. He said that the tracks were those of two mounted men leading four horses, one of them lame in the left hind foot and the other a little sore-footed. This convinced the emigrants that they had a good trailer, for two of their horses were in the condition described. But, after all, that was not much satisfaction.

There was a buzz of excitement in the village on the banks of Willow creek when Little Porcupine rode up to Takowakan's tepee on an American horse, which limped a little in the left hind foot, but was a good horse for all that, and, dismounting, tied it with three others, two of them ponies, to a sapling. Takowakan was not at home, but Lark-that-Sings was, and she was in the act of untying the horses when the old gentlemen returned. Then there was another scene.

"Listen to me," said Takowakan to Little Porcupine. "To-morrow take your gun and bring me in an antelope as soon as you may. My daughter must not hunger. Run-Sideways will go, too, and who brings me in meat the first, he shall be my son."

The sons of the prairie and forest were busily engaged in agricultural pursuits, for it is entirely a popular error to suppose that an Indian will not work. A casual observer, for instance, might have supposed that Majaoka's retiring brow was unaccounted to the honest deed of labor, but Majaoka's squaw was plying her primitive hoe, fashioned from the shoulder blade of a buffalo under her lord's direct and personal supervision, though he was now stretched supine under the big cottonwood that cast its shade before his door. Intelligent supervision was Majaoka's forte, and he proposed to hold it.

It requires some exertion, too, to roll a cigarette, but Majaoka rolled with his own hands and leaned forward with a grunt to poke among the dying embers of the fire for a coal to light it with. This arduous operation accomplished he leaned back and allowed the smoke to stream luxuriously through his thin lips and expansive nostrils. Presently with another grunt, for here was more toil, he lifted up his heavy, base voice, and his obedient wife, instantly dropping her wild westward toe, hurried to the tepee.

"Evaah, the belly god possesses you," she grumbled, "and behold, there is nothing for the pot."

Majaoka did not so far forget his dignity as to answer at once, but presently he remarked, "My son has sought the hills. He followed Run-Sideways. He will return with meat."

"Much meat will he bring," observed Voice-of-the-Pines, wrinkling her brown nose sarcastically, "he could not hit the big soldier lodge ten steps away."

"That is true," asserted her spouse, "but Run-Sideways can put a ball in the eye of a deer at three bowshots. Daeya, they come! And Little Porcupine has meat. Did I not speak truth, worthless and ill-favored one!"

The first rider was badly handicapped by an antelope thrown across his pony in front of him, and the other was overhauling him rapidly. He seemed anxious to do so before reaching the spot where Majaoka stood, but in this effort he was unsuccessful, for the antelope was thrown from the reeking, quivering little pony at the old man's feet as he drew rein and leaped to the ground.

Little Porcupine turned coolly to face his late pursuer, and as he did so, flicked some small, heavy object behind him to his mother. Then he said, with his usual sweet smile: "You rode fast. I knew that you were behind me, but I thought I could beat you even with my game. Ah, it is a good little horse, my brother! I will train him with yours, if you choose."

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Little Porcupine looked astonished, doubtful, almost persuaded. "It is true," he said, reluctantly, "though I shot it. Still, that may be easily seen as he lies there but—"

Here Voice-of-the-Pines broke in. "Wait, both of you," she said, and her hand disappeared and groped in the gaping wound. She pulled it out again. "Whose bullet is that?" she asked, throwing a blood-clotted flattened piece of lead at her husband's feet.

Majaoka picked it up, examined it and then passed it to Run-Sideways, whose face thereupon assumed an expression of disgust.

As for little Porcupine, he wore the dignified look of a good man vindicated. "You see," he remarked simply to his discontented rival, "and now go."

They all stood and looked after him as he disappeared over the ridge and then Majaoka turned and walked up to the carcass of the antelope, which he regarded contemptuously for several minutes. Voice-of-the-Pines turned to her son. She did not smile, but as their eyes met a faint quivering spasm affected one of hers. At last Majaoka gave utterance to a grunt and turned the animal over. There, in the neck, was another big, bloody hole. It was the hole of a grizzly.

"It is well," said the old man; "it is not everything to shoot straight." Chicago News.

DON McDONALD'S OATH.

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When the brig "Highland Chief" was ready to go out of dock at Liverpool, having a cargo for Australia, she was admired by all men. She was a new ship, fitted out in the best manner, and Don McDonald, her captain, was also her full owner. He was then a man about 50 years old, and had been a captain for many years. He had a good reputation among owners and sailors. It was said that no man aboard one of his ships had ever been struck a blow in anger, and he fed his crews so well that the best sailors in the port. He sailed away on his long voyage with the good wishes of all, and for weeks all went well with the "Highland Chief." She had got down below St. Helena when there came a calm.

The brig ran into the calm one night at midnight, and it was not until she had been delayed three days that Capt. McDonald began to lose his temper. He had been hopeful of a quick passage, and the heave of the ship and the looks of the sky told him that he had been caught in what sailors call a "smooth." A man sent aloft with a glass could see ships passing far away, and when the smooth had lasted five days the captain indulged in such language as had never been heard from his lips before. He ordered his boats down through the crew responded cheerfully enough, but the big sailor lads that this aroused the captain's temper still more, and on the morning of the eighth day of the calm, as the two boats started in to tow again he ordered a bag of bread and a breaker of water into each boat and said to the men:

"Not one of you shall step foot on board again until we have a breeze. I take my oath that I will shoot the first man who tries it!"

He was left on board with only the cook and cabin boy, and all day long the crew of the boats tugged away at the brig with no more result than to move her three or four miles. When night came they gave up and wanted to return aboard, but Capt. McDonald menaced them with a pistol and so frightened them that they set off to the east and were picked up by a trading craft three days later. Thus the brig was left without a crew, and that was the beginning of a long adventure.

On the eleventh day the calm was broken by a gale from the north. The Chief went scudding away before it, but after a run of 100 miles was dismantled and left a wreck on the tumbling seas. The cook was of no account as a sailor, and the boy of little help, but the wreckage was cut loose, and four days after the gale the hulk was riding high and dry and as tight as a bottle below. This was when she was sighted for the first time after the desertion of the crew. I was one of the crew of the English bark Hawthorne, homeward bound from India, and one morning we sighted the wreck and bore up for it. Our mate was sent aboard, and from Capt. McDonald he got the particulars I have given you. Finding the hulk sound and the cargo valuable, the mate offered to send men aboard to rig jury-masts and sail her into port, but the captain would not allow it. Neither would he consent to be taken off the wreck. If the cook and the boy wanted to go he had no objection, but he had started on a voyage to Australia and he would finish it or sink with his craft. The cook, who was a relative of the captain, decided to stay, but the boy had had enough of it and was brought aboard of us. We lay by the wreck for three hours, hoping the pair left aboard would change their minds, but as they did not we finally sailed away.

It was two weeks before the Highland Chief was spoken again. In that time she had drifted 350 miles to the south. This time she was overhauled by the steamer Congo Prince. India Capt. McDonald was found at dinner. He had weathered another gale and the hulk was still sound. The steamer offered him a tow to Cape Town, but he rejected the offer. The cook had tired of the situation and wished to be taken off, but the captain had made up his mind to stick and no arguments could dissuade him. The cook went aboard the steamer and the man was left alone on a groaning hulk in mid-ocean. It was 31 days before she was boarded again, and the wreck had drifted over 500 miles, though not altogether to the south. She was in the highway of commerce, however, and had probably been passed by a score of craft, which failed to make her out. One morning she was sighted by the American tea ship Flying Scud, homeward bound, and as usual a boat was sent aboard. Capt. McDonald was in good health, and the hulk sound as a dollar. He admitted that he was a bit lonely, but was more determined than ever to stick to his craft. What he wanted were spars and a few men, and so it happened that the Scud could accommodate him with both. Then he raised the question of price and refused to pay what was asked, and he finally fell into a seizer and ordered his callers back to their own craft.

Twenty-two days after the tea ship sighted the wreck she was almost run down one night by an English steamer called The Opal. She was then in the latitude of the Cape and 450 miles from the coast. She was boarded as a derelict, with the intention of setting fire to her and removing the dangerous obstruction, but the captain was surprised to find the hearing officer to find Capt. McDonald. He left his berth to light up the cabin and place wine and cigars on the table. The adventures he

had gone through had not affected his health, but he had become tired of the lonely situation, and wanted to strike a bargain to be towed into port. When a figure was named he declared he would never pay half that sum, and some hot words following, he seized a pistol and drove the strangers into their boat. Six or seven days later the wreck was fallen in, with during a gale by a French ship, but as the sea was running too high and the hulk seemed to be making good weather of it nothing was done towards rescuing the solitary man seen aboard. A week later she was overhauled by the English bark Endeavor, which had received notice of the desire of the owners of the cargo. The captain of the Endeavor made up his mind to seize the wreck, rig jury masts and carry her into port, and a nice plum he would have had in the way of salvage had he succeeded. The Highland Chief was then below the latitude of the Cape and drifting to the south. Capt. McDonald, placidly smoking a cigar and seeming to be clear of all anxiety, received the mate of the Endeavor in a hospitable manner, but soon let him understand that he did not intend to leave the wreck. If he could get spare spars for four men could be had without a bonus, he would make shift to finish his voyage, but otherwise he would let the hulk drift where she would and end his days with here. This was no more than he had said before. The mate of the Endeavor believed that loneliness and anxiety had affected his mind to a considerable extent. While he was obstinate minded and had a pride in keeping his word, his whole fortune was invested in that hulk, and it was but natural that he should want to save it. The captain of the Endeavor offered him fair terms for several directions, and it was only after McDonald had rejected them that a move was made to carry the wreck by force. The mate returned with four men to back him, and suspecting their intentions Capt. McDonald armed himself and ordered them off. When no attention was paid to his threats he opened fire and killed the mate and a common hand and wounded a third man. That ended any further attempt on the part of the Endeavor to take possession.

Some 16 days after the tragedy I ran across the derelict for the second time. I was now second mate of the English brig "Morning Star," bound for Sydney with a general cargo. After we had made our sounding and were ready to bear up for the Cape, we got a fierce gale from the northwest which drove us far to the south of our proper course. The gale lasted for 40 hours, and during most of this time we were hoisted to back him, and suspecting their intentions Capt. McDonald armed himself and ordered them off. When no attention was paid to his threats he opened fire and killed the mate and a common hand and wounded a third man. That ended any further attempt on the part of the Endeavor to take possession.

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AN ORDINANCE.

Mr. Manuel offered the following amendments to the road ordinances, which was unanimously adopted, as follows:

Section 14. Be it further ordained, that Road overseers shall not be allowed any compensation for the number of days the road hands are required to work, but they shall be allowed the sum of \$1.50 (one dollar and fifty cents) per day for each day's extra work, and no compensation shall be allowed for notifying the hands. That all road overseers shall receive the same per diem and mileage as witnesses for each and every day they are summoned before the police jury. It shall be the duty of each overseer to summon all male persons from the age of eighteen to fifty, except such as may be exempt from public service by the Legislature of this State, or by the police jury, to meet at such places at times as to them, the said overseers, shall seem convenient, with the necessary tools, for the repair or making of the public road or roads under their charge; and whosoever, without legal excuse, or physical disability certified to by some licensed physician practicing in this parish, shall, upon such summons, refuse or neglect to attend, shall be called to work on the public roads, shall pay a fine of five dollars and costs of court, said fine to be recovered by civil suit before any Magistrate having jurisdiction, and the person offending in the name of the Police Jury on the relation of the Road Overseer and in the event that said fine and costs are not paid, shall be liable to four hours from the finality of the judgment imposing same, the person or persons offending shall be prosecuted by indictment or information in the name of the State, and upon trial and conviction of such neglect or failure to pay such fine and costs, the said person or persons shall be imprisoned not less than ten or more than ninety days, or both, at the discretion of the court, provided, that such prosecution before the District Court shall be no bar to the recovery of the judgment of the Magistrate's Court, and the person may proceed concurrently with such prosecution before the District Court.

Provided, That any person so summoned shall be excused from road duty, upon payment to the road overseer, whom he may be summoned, of the sum of \$1.00 (one dollar) for each day he may be so summoned, said sum to be paid within the 24 hours after the summons may be served upon him, otherwise the penalty provided herein shall be enforced against him; said sum, when so paid over to the overseer, by him to be paid to the Parish Treasurer to be by him disposed of as provided by Section 24 of this ordinance. That any person who shall evade or seek to evade road duty, by giving to the overseer or his deputy when called upon to perform the same, a false age as his own, or who shall attempt to give his name, shall, in addition to the fine and costs, be liable to a fine of twenty-five dollars and costs, and in default of the payment of said fine and costs, be imprisoned in the parish jail for a term of thirty days, and the above amendment shall take effect from and after its publication.

E. H. MOORE, President. Attest: J. J. HEALEY, Clerk.

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