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FAREWELL.

Farewell, dear heart, if thou must go
Far out into the world, I know—
And I'm sustained by the sweet thought—
Thou canst not go where God is not,
And so, Farewell!

For God is goodness, and God reigns,
Yes, everywhere—on Southern plains,
On Northern hills—mid winter's chill
Mid summer's brightness, there, yes, still
He reigns, Farewell!

On land or sea, in peril drear,
In calm or storm—in all that here
On earth can fall—Oh, happy thought,
Thou canst not go where God is not,
And so, Farewell!
—George Newell Lovejoy.

A SHORT ELOPEMENT.

Mr. Arthur Anthony, aged 26, junior member of the firm Anthony & Son, was a peculiar man. Though possessed of a broad education and high culture, he was known to but few people and understood by none. His manner of life was simple but very regular. He talked little but thought much. In his thinking and studying he had arrived at conclusions similar to those held by most students. He put those conclusions into practice, however, and herein he differed from most men; herein was he called peculiar. In the following episode let the reader bear in mind that Mr. Anthony was acting from conviction.

One summer morning Mr. Arthur Anthony boarded the train at his home in Braywood; he was going on business to the city 100 miles east. He took a seat near the rear of the car, and, as was his custom, bought a morning paper. This he proceeded to read in a leisurely manner; he noted the headings on the front page, looked at the stock quotations, glanced at the editorial articles, and was about to cast the paper aside when he noticed the heading of another column which before had escaped his attention. It was:

"LEFT HER HOME.

Pretty Mrs. Ordway of Brookville, Deserts Her Family."

Usually he would have passed by such a heading. Now, however, for lack of anything else to do he read the column article. It told how Mrs. James Ordway of Brookville, wife of a prosperous farmer and milk dealer, had the afternoon before left her husband and two children without any warning, and had eloped with a young man who had been boarding in the village for a few weeks. This man, since his arrival in the quiet town, had made friends among old and young. He had taken an active part in Sunday school picnics and berry parties, and had even helped one farmer get in his hay before a shower. The unsuspecting country folk—Mrs. Ordway included—had been much pleased with this man, and in their infatuation had forgotten to inquire about his business or his antecedents. The elopement, however, had opened their eyes, and in an hour the saint had become a sinner. No reason could be given for Mrs. Ordway's strange conduct. She and her husband had lived in perfect harmony since their marriage five years before, and she had always been happy as far as anyone knew. Mrs. Ordway was a very nervous woman, in delicate health, of an open disposition and confident nature. Mr. Ordway was a stern, hard-working man, little given to sentiment, but of a kind heart. His love for his wife was deep but not offensive. Now, however, since his wife's elopement, he was nearly heart broken, and offered her entire forgiveness if she would return to him and her children. Then the article described Mrs. Ordway and told how she was dressed when last seen at Brookville; it told also of the man's appearance and dress.

Mr. Anthony laid down the paper, saying to himself, "Another foolish woman." Then he began to notice the people in the car. At the forward end were four drummers talking and laughing; near the middle of the car was a party evidently just starting for the seashore; in the seat directly in front of Mr. Anthony was a couple apparently just married. "Off on their wedding trip, I guess," thought Anthony. Then he looked at the woman and muttered: "A brown hat and a brown cape. Well! That's what that paper said." He took up the paper again and read the description of Mrs. Ordway:

"As near as can be found out Mrs. Ordway wore a small brown hat, a brown cape, a green dress and brown gloves. She also had on a pair of brown gaiters. Mrs. Ordway is a small woman of slender build. She has light brown hair, blue eyes and a fair complexion."

Anthony read this over carefully and compared each point to the woman in front of him. There was the small brown hat, the brown cape, the brown gloves, and the green dress. He could not see the lady's gaiters. But the light hair and fair complexion were there. The appearance of the man did not agree exactly with the printed account. Still, it was only the clothes that were different; the hair, complexion, and mustache were the same. Anthony felt sure that if that woman in front of him wore brown gaiters she was Mrs. James Ordway of Brookville.

At the first station Anthony left

the car for a walk on the platform. He went out by the rear door; when he came in it was by the front door. He walked slowly up the aisle towards his seat, his eyes meanwhile lowered. He glanced into the seat in front of his own and saw a small foot. It was a woman's foot and on it was a brown gaiter. That settled it. Arthur Anthony knew that this was the eloping couple. "The paper could give no reason, her husband said they had never had even a word of disagreement, and I can't imagine why she did it," he said.

Mrs. Ordway, if so it was, sat next to the car window, accordingly Anthony took his seat next to the aisle. In this way he could look across and see her face. He thought he detected something sad about it, and yet she chatted pleasantly with the man whenever he spoke to her. He was exceedingly attentive to her, and she appeared to have entire confidence in him. But she did not seem to lead in the conversation, and when they were quiet Anthony was sure a sad expression came into her face, as though she forgot the present and was thinking of the past; once he even thought he saw a tear.

"If some person would only talk to that woman a little he might persuade her to return home. Too bad to break up a family like that," thought Anthony. Soon he heard the man say to the woman, "I think I'll go into the smoker a little while. You don't mind, do you?" And she answered, "No I guess not."

So the man went. This was Anthony's chance. A moment later the woman was startled to hear her name spoken close to her own ear. She was leaning back in the corner by the window looking out at the pleasant homes they were passing—perhaps she was thinking of her own home. At the sound of a strange voice calling her by name she sat up straight and turned around with a frightened look.

"Mrs. Ordway"—he spoke slowly, in the meantime looking straight into her blue eyes—"Mrs. James Ordway of Brookville, I am sorry this thing has happened."

Then he rose, stepped around into the seat in front and said, "May I sit here?" She seemed a little frightened but said nothing. He sat down and turned in the seat so that he could see her clearly. Then he continued:

"I don't understand why you should have done this. You had a good home and your husband was kind to you. You were not overworked. You had all the necessities and many of the luxuries of life. And you loved your home till this man"—he pointed towards the smoking car—"met you." He is a man of the world and you were fascinated by his easy ways. Every one in the village liked him because he was pleasant and accommodating. You met him and he seemed to like you. Then he told you he did, and his actions seemed to prove it. But do you suppose he loves you as your husband does? Why, hasn't he just gone off to smoke his cigar? He cares more for that than for you. Is that like your husband? Perhaps your husband doesn't talk much about his love, but isn't he kind to you? This man talks a great deal about how much he loves you, and then the first chance he gets he leaves you alone and goes to the smoking car. You ought not to have been discontented. He may appear better than your husband, James Ordway, but his heart is not as good. He does not care for you and he is deceiving you. I know you are half sorry you left your home. I know you wish you were back again. Don't you remember how the place looks on a morning like this? The sun is shining down on the piazza, and the morning-glories are all open now. Perhaps your husband is just coming home on the milk cart. He'll miss you this morning, I am sure."

Her frightened look had gradually turned into a look of wonder as he had progressed. Now she was staring at him; her eyes were opened wide, and her surprise at his knowledge of her elopement so completely covered her face that he could not tell from it the extent to which she had been influenced by his words. But he saw that his conjectures about the morning glories and the sun on the piazza had been correct. He had thought it must be so, for he knew that most farm houses had a south piazza and that most housewives planted morning glories. As for the other things he had said, he got them from the newspaper. He was determined that she should yield, for he was sure of her sorrow for what she had done, and he wished the family to be re-united. So he continued:

"And the children have no mother this morning; they cried for her last night and did not know why she didn't come back. I wonder who will care for them now?"

She had yielded. She was crying softly. The mother had loved her children and nothing could make her long forget them. The thought of them would alone have made her wish to return. If she had been a little sad before, she was entirely so now. Anthony saw this, and he knew he would succeed. His plan was formed

at once. In five minutes they would stop at another station where they met the up train. The train would make connections at Ashland for Brookville. If he could get Mrs. Ordway on that train she would reach home early in the afternoon. He was determined to do his utmost. He continued:

"Madam, I am sure you would like to get home again, and I think we can arrange it. He will not be back from the smoking car for fifteen or twenty minutes yet. At this next station we meet the up train. By taking that you will get to Brookville this afternoon. Your husband offers you entire forgiveness if you will but return to him."

"Does he? Then I'll go." This was the first time she had spoken, and there was hope in her voice and countenance. But immediately despair overcame her hope and she said in a trembling voice, "Oh! but I have no money."

Her hope was gone again and for the first time she realized how dependent she was upon others.

"But I have money," said Anthony, "and here is the station."

He got up and took her satchel. She followed him and they went out. The western train was waiting. He had barely time enough to get her safely aboard the car. As it started, he tipped his hat from the platform, and from the window she smiled through her tears. Then he rushed to the telegraph office and sent this message:

"Mr. James Ordway, Brookville:
"Your wife will return on afternoon train to-day."
ARTHUR ANTHONY
—Amherst Monthly.

CHEROKEE SECRET SOCIETY.

Its Object the Preservation of Indian Legends and Traditions.

Not many persons are aware that there exists among the Cherokees a secret society that is hundreds of years old, as old, in fact, as the tribe itself, and is to-day stronger than it ever was, at least in numbers. This society is called the Ketoowah, which literally translated, means elder brother.

It is a sort of Indian freemasonry, and has its laws and rules of order, as well as its officers and secret signs. So well are its secrets and its doings guarded that there are hundreds of people living in the Cherokee nation, and who have lived there for years, who are not even aware of the existence of a society every member of which is sworn to assist in the defense of their homes from the invasion of the palefaced brother either by squatter sovereignty or by squawmen privileges. Only full-bloods are eligible to membership, but so jealously is the Ketoowah guarded that what else is necessary for membership is not known outside of the order. The society now has a membership of about 1,000 full-bloods, each the head of a family, and thus the organization represents about 5,000 persons. Formerly the Ketoowah only comprised the chiefs and some few older men of the tribe. Then it was all-powerful, and exercised full control over all tribal affairs; its mandate once issued was never questioned even by the most powerful chief. It dictated treaties, proclaimed war or peace, settled disputes and guided the welfare of the tribe in all matters, spiritual or temporal. Such was the Ketoowah until within the last fifty years, says the St. Louis Post-Dispatch. When the white man's government was formed and the affairs of the people were taken from the few and administered by men elected by the people and the Indians saw their power and their birthright steadily passing away, the customs and language receding before the march of civilization, they realized that unless something was done to counteract these influences the Cherokee would soon pass from the face of the earth. To prevent this became at once the object of the Ketoowah, and it was so enlarged as to include the heads of all full-blooded families, so that from a privy council it became a powerful oath-bound organization.

"Sunset." A Prose Poem.

The sun is deep in the west. Her heavenly bed is made. The evening red, her old, true servant, has arranged her purple pillows.

It is a warm day and the sun is tired. She prepares herself for retirement. The pressing, heavy, gorgeous raiment she has stripped off, she is about to strip the last of her golden ribbons.

Now she stands there in the deepest negligence! Unconsciously the blush of shame appears upon her cheeks. A last shy look in the world—had any one seen her?

And truly, there he looked asquint, already above the horizon, cautiously, only a part of his face—the moon, the impudent moon!

He has always got to look—no one is ever secure from him.

Suddenly, with a glow on her face, she throws him an extremely angry look and jumps into bed. The purple pillows close together over her like flames.

Sleep well, Mme. Sun.—From the German.

THE CARDMAN'S MOVING.

MRS. CARDMAN REVOLTED AND HAD HER WAY.

She Submitted to Her Husband's Tricks as Long as Any Woman Could Have Submitted, But When the Time Came She Made Him Hear Sense.

"Chris was as tricky as one of them two-year-olds o' Bradfords when I first had him," said Mrs. Cardman to the Philadelphia Times man, and setting her chair at a more comfortable angle against the stout post which supported the fly before the entrance of her tent. "He'd be goin' along all right and the first thing you knowed he'd buck and pitch when you warn't expectin' it, and you'd be nowhere! I recollect when I first put my foot down and let him see how I was goin' to be boss; as quiet he might as well come down quiet like and give in. 'Twas when Leish warn't more than 5 years old. Jake was 14; if I remember right he'd jest broke the brown filly.

"We were pretty bad off then. Chris had the reputation of bein' a first-class shearer, and in the spring and fall he'd take in a sight o' money, round with the shearers from one ranch to the next; but then all night they would gamble, and mostly he'd lose. We'd moved so often, for fresh range, as he said (for fresh devilment, as I knowed) that we never had 'cumulated nothin' and warn't counted as nobody, and I heard as how there was a sayin' in the Divide that the Cardmans moved so often that their chickens jest came up and laid down with their legs crossed, a-waitin' to be tied, when they saw the wagon bein' hitched up, without givin' us the trouble of runnin' them down.

"Well, I 'monstrated and 'monstrated with Chris 'bout this triffin' way of doin', and he wouldn't pay no 'tention to nothin' I'd say. Finally, jest as we'd got settled down on the river where there is a nice little stretch o' grass for the sheep and a good place to pen them at night where the wolves didn't prowl, Chris took a notion to move over to North Llano. He'd sit up at night when I was takin' my dip o' snuff and thinkin' 't what a no-account thing he was for all of his good looks, and tell me what he was goin' to do over there—how he was goin' in partnership with Nick Crowder, what fine range there was for the flock, and how Nick was to hire one of them thov'in' Mexican rascals jes' from 'cross the Rio (with only a blanket and a dirk knife for clothes) to herd for 'em, and how—but never mind! I'll tell you how I squelched it all. I never said much. I listened to all Cardman's swagger and talk, 'bout how he was a-goin' to do over to North Llano. I'd heard him say them same things 'bout other places we'd fixed to move to. I begun to pack and get ready jest as if I didn't care two 'bout movin' off there and runnin' the risk o' my life with them treacherous Mexicans, who'd jest as lief cut your throat for a dollar as not. Cardman he helped, too. He hauled the wagon in the river and swelled the tires (it had been dry as a bone that whole summer) and then he hauled it up over the rocks again, and greased the wheels good and fixed a place in the cover for the stovepipe to come out of, 'cause he said as how it would be likely to be kinder cool at night, and we'd need the stove. I never had seed Chris take a notion to work so much.

"He patched up the chicken coop good an' strong and tied it on behind the wagon, and when the morning came that he'd 'painted to leave he put a good 'lowance o' things on old Rock's back and hitched him on to lead, so's the other two horses wouldn't be put to it so hard, 'cause he loved there was some mighty strainin' hills 'fore we'd git cross the divide. He knocked down the bedstead and put it up careful in some old wool sacking, so's it wouldn't git scratched, and tied the heavy skillet and big pot underneath the wagon with the water keg and two canteens full, 'cause 'twould be as much as thirty-five miles till we'd strike water; and then, when all was finally fixed, the chickens caught and the cat and dog all in the notion of goin' I stepped out with my best sun-bonnet on and my striped shawl; and I said, says I: 'Chris Cardman, not a wheel shall turn. I've been a leadin' kind o' life long enough and I mean to stay right here by this ere lay-out a spell longer and I mean you to stay too, and Nick Crowder kin wait till he sees you ain't cumin.' You jest undo them things! Jest undo 'em! and pack 'em back to where they come from. Turn them fowls loose and take that pack off old Rock's back. I's not a-goin' to stir from here till Rock's too old to help haul. Drive them sheep back on the range and don't you never let me make a fool of you like this again!' Well! Chris was the most dumb-flusticated human being you ever seed. He knowed twarn't no use to kick. I shouldn't wonder, now, if you wanted anything done 'round this ranch, but

you'd have to ask me. Since that time Cardman's careful how he gives what he's goin' to do, without I give the word first, and whenever he does start with his big drink 'all I've got to do is to 'mind him o' that mornin' when he was gatherin' up the lines to drive off, and he had to spend most of the day a fixin' the things back and bein' sorry he'd said he'd go."

WON A BRIDE IN SPAIN.

A Bicycle Tourist Who Eloped With an Andalusian Beauty.

Some people are born to have romantic experiences, while others live and die with nothing above the commonplace occurring to disturb the trend of existence. Leon Hartley, of Lower California, belongs to the first class. He passed through Pittsburg the other day, and a Dispatch man learned his story. Hartley is a young man, and the son of a wealthy vanilla bean raiser, whose extensive lands lie near the Gulf of Lower California. Half Spaniard and half American, Hartley had a longing to visit Spain, and finally he decided to take in the country on a bicycle. Landing at Lisbon he started across Portugal and steered straight for Madrid. He spent considerable time viewing the wrecks of ancient Moorish castles and admiring the dark eyes and hair of the Spanish maidens. Hartley, as was to be expected, soon met his fate, and his subsequent elopement and marriage verifies the belief of fatalists who claim that somewhere in the world there is a maiden picked out for every man, and sooner or later they are sure to meet.

Hartley was fond of bull fighting and so was Maria de Ybarrola, the beautiful daughter of a Spanish vineyard owner, whose place was about twenty miles from Madrid. She frequently went to the capital to watch the thrilling work of the toreadors in the ring. By chance young Hartley happened to see her at a fight, and his susceptible nature was smitten. He managed to meet the young lady and she returned his friendly feeling which soon manifested loving symptoms. The young Californian was invited to her home, but the old man was not attracted by the American. He did not like men who rode on wheels, and besides he had other plans for Maria. A Spanish nobleman had been courting the daughter, but she was not particularly taken with him, and after meeting Hartley she decided to drop her countryman. But here the stern parent stepped in and forbade Leon visiting his house. He returned to Madrid much crestfallen and disheartened. Then it was that Maria demonstrated that a woman's wit can outdo a watchful father. A few days after-ward she managed to write to Hartley and unfold her plans. Until she could make all her arrangements she would toy with her Spanish lover and pretend that she had forgotten the Californian. The father was thrown off his guard, and several months having elapsed without the hateful American returning, he finally consented to send Maria to her uncle for a visit. It will be a long time before the uncle will see her, for she met Hartley at Madrid, where they were married and started promptly for the United States. They arrived in New York last week and spent several days in Washington. They are on their way to Cleveland to visit a cousin of Leon, and from there they will go to the fair and then home to Lower California. Maria seems to be very happy with her lot and does not regret the step she has taken. It is certain that her father, after the first explosion when he discovers his daughter has gone, will relent and forgive his Yankee son-in-law.

A Bondman to Debt.

The deadening nature of debt has been shown time and again in the coal regions of Eastern Pennsylvania, where a miner sometimes works for ten years without receiving any cash payment, because some disaster has brought him in debt to the company store. Mine owner and miner share the financial risks of mining, and it sometimes happens that an accident will place beyond the miner's reach thousands of tons of coal which he has cut with months of labor, but for which he could not draw full pay until it had been delivered at the breaker. While he was thus busied he lived upon credit at the company's store, and the disaster left him deeply in debt. The effect upon many men has been to make them utterly indifferent to their future, and at least one mine owner, recognizing the evil results of such conditions, makes it a rule to discharge the miner who is hopelessly in debt. The discharge clears his score, and many men thus relieved of their burdens depart from the coal regions with their little belongings to begin anew elsewhere, armed with the courage that hope alone can give.

A Suggestion.

"How do you pay these rammers?" asked a wayfarer of a paving contractor.

"By the day," said the contractor.

"You ought to pay them by the pound," said the wayfarer. "Then they'd pound oftener."—Jury.

HE IS A SNAKE FANCIER

A QUEER CHARACTER NAMED PETER GRUBER.

He Handles Ferocious Reptiles in His Naked Hands, and Knows Any Quantity of Snake Lore—How to Catch a Battler Without Getting Bitten.

Peter Gruber, better known as "Rattlesnake Pete," of Oil City, Pa., has put on a new suit. Pete is known all over the country as an eccentric collector and hunter of reptiles. Some time ago he read of a man who was going to the world's fair dressed in the skin of a boa-constrictor and he decided to go him one better in costume. After a great deal of trouble and time the rattlesnake king of Venango county has just completed the most unique suit any man ever wore. It consists of coat, trousers, vest, hat, shoes and a shirt. A snakeskin stuffed and varnished, answers for a cane, while a "rattle" serves the purpose of a pin for his tie.

Two hundred snakes were required to make the outfit and to preserve the brilliancy and flexibility of the skins in the greatest possible degree the snakes were skinned alive, first being made unconscious with chloroform. They were then tanned by a method peculiar to Gruber and are as soft and elastic as woolen goods. The different articles of the outfit were made by Oil City tailors, shoemakers, hatters, and the costume is valued at \$300.

Gruber, who is now 33 years old, first began to catch and handle rattlesnakes nine years ago, and since then has caught hundreds of them and made them the subjects of all kinds of experiments.

He said to a Cincinnati Enquirer reporter in his place of business the other day "the rattlesnake is pure and unadulterated," and with that he yanked out of the cage a big rattler and tossed it on the table. It was right on its dignity, and rattled furiously around the table, showing its fangs and darting tongue. Watching his chance, he seized it by the back of the head and with his naked hand inserted in its mouth an ivory knife and showed the poison sack and fangs on the upper jaw of the now thoroughly enraged reptile. To more fully illustrate the snake's way of doing business Pete removed the knife and then proceeded to tease him with a stick. He became furious and struck at the stick, emitting a poisonous yellow fluid.

The snake used on this occasion was the Rocky mountain rattlesnake and was five feet in length, its string of rattles numbering eighteen. He said they were the most dangerous between July 1 and September 1, when they are moulting their skins. They go blind when the shedding is in progress, and will strike at any strange sound or touch. Even the eyes of the snake peel off in the shedding of the skin, which sometimes takes place in a couple of hours and sometimes requires several days. Of the varieties of rattlers, the black, the yellow, and the swamp rattlesnake, he has found the last mentioned the most dangerous, being the quickest to snap and making the lightest noise when it rattles.

Pete also volunteered the information that the rattlers used by snake fakirs in museums are perfectly harmless. Their mouths are invariably sewed up. If they are too lively drugs are used to deaden them. No person would be foolhardy enough to place a genuine rattler about his neck unless his snakeship was fixed for the occasion.

There are snakes in Pete's place that have not eaten anything in three years. It is offered them, but they take nothing but water. They are fat and slick as when first caught. Some of them eat occasionally in captivity, their preference being chipmunks, swallows, English sparrows, mice, etc.

The female rattler gives birth to her young alive, and is the only snake that does, the others laying eggs, from which the young are hatched.

Pete, in addition to being an adept in handling snakes, is equally at home with the boxing gloves, and is the best all-around athlete in Oil City. Of a powerful build, he is not quarrelsome, and seldom displays his abilities in that line.

Wholesale Prescribing.

Lean Customer—I want some medicine or something that will put more flesh on my bones.

Medicine Dealer, filling large bottle from large glass jar—This will fix you. Take a tablespoonful three times a day, eat plenty of soup, meat, leguminous vegetables, wheat bread and fruits, and abstain from energetic exercise. 2s. 9d. Thanks.

Fat Customer, five minutes later—I want something that will relieve me of this superfluous fat.

Medicine Dealer, filling bottle from the same large glass jar—This will fix you. Take a teaspoonful three times a day, abstain from soup, meat, leguminous vegetables, wheat bread and fruits, and take plenty of energetic exercise. 2s. 9d. Thanks.—London Tit-Bits.