

The Florence Tribune.

VOL. VIII.

FLORENCE, PINAL COUNTY, ARIZONA, SATURDAY, APRIL 1, 1899.

NO. 14.

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DECIDED BY INDIANS.

Status of North Carolina Cherokees Determined by Election.

The State Senate in Settling a Content Case Takes the Vote of the Indians—Relation of Indians to Suffrage.

The Cherokee Indians of North Carolina numbered by the last federal census 2,245, and there were by the same census in North Carolina 231 "Indians not taxed," this being the distinction between Indians having the right to vote and Indians not having that privilege. Indians not taxed are tribal Indians whose relations with the government of the United States are regulated by treaty; Indians paying taxes are Indians who have surrendered their allegiance to their chiefs and have become American citizens with all the rights, privileges and responsibilities which that relation implies.

The state senate of North Carolina at Raleigh has recently decided a contested election between Cannon and Franks from the extreme western or mountain district. Cannon, a democrat, contended that the election of Franks, a republican, was obtained by the votes of Cherokee Indians in Swain county who were not qualified electors. The committee on elections, to whom the matter was referred, decided that those Indians are not tribal under the treaty of 1835, and should be recognized as citizens of North Carolina. Franks retained his seat.

Swain is one of the small mountain counties of North Carolina, having a total population of less than 7,000 in an area of 423 square miles, about the same as Chemung county, N. Y., and inhabited chiefly by backwoodsmen in the region of the Great Smoky mountains, which constituted the boundary line between North Carolina and Tennessee, though they do not constitute any boundary line between the inhabitants, those on the Kentucky side being in fact the same as on the North Carolina side.

The relation of Indians to the suffrage has long been a subject of dispute and a matter of controversy in the election laws of the United States. In Arizona all Indians are excluded from territorial suffrage. In Michigan and Minnesota untaxed Indians are excluded from rights which in the former state also enjoy. In Mississippi untaxed Indians are included in the same official category with Indians, felons and insane persons and citizens who have not paid their taxes. In Montana and Nevada all Indians, whether retaining their tribal allegiance or not, are excluded. In New Mexico all Indians are excluded except Pueblo Indians who are exempted. In Oklahoma Indians having tribal relations are excluded from the rights of suffrage, as they are in Wyoming, while in Washington the untaxed Indians are excluded and the taxed Indians are permitted to vote. It is a somewhat marked peculiarity of Indian election laws that in those states or territories in which the Indian population is considerable the suffrage of Indians is rigidly provided against, whereas in those states in which the number of Indians is small, they are admitted to the rights of suffrage under terms similar to those prescribed for other citizens.

The total number of Indians in the United States is substantially 250,000, of whom 125,000 are on reservations, 65,000 are members of civilized tribes not on reservations, and the balance are either taxed Indians or Indians enjoying some governmental exemption, the Pueblos of New Mexico, who number 8,200; the Apaches at Mount Vernon, who are under the control of the war department, and the Six Nations of New York, who are to be found chiefly in or near Onondaga county.

In a close election contest, such as the one which has been recently determined in North Carolina, the importance of the Indians and their status might, in some closely contested counties, be decisive, and it is worthy of consideration that the Raleigh senate, which has determined this question, comprises ten fusionists and 40 democrats, whereas the Raleigh house of representatives has an overwhelming democratic majority, large enough to override the republicans in that body. Indian voters have never been a factor in elections in the state of New York, though there are nearly twice as many Indians in this state as untaxed Cherokees in North Carolina.—N. Y. Sun.

STORIES FOR CHILDREN.

There Should Be Variety, But the Old Favorites Bear Frequent Repetition.

When one speaks of telling stories to the little people, prose narratives seem to be commonly understood, and as commonly used, but there is no mistake greater than to suppose that children are not susceptible to the charms of poetry.

They care more for poetry, on the contrary, than the majority of grown people, whether for the melody, the rhythm, the rhymes, the short lines, the simplicity and picturesqueness of expression, or for all these reasons together, which makes it a thing pleasantly different from common speech. Goethe advised that every child should see a pretty picture and hear a beautiful poem every day, and if we would

not banish the charm of poetry from mature life it behooves us to follow his advice and subject the child to its influence at the time of greatest susceptibility.

We must beware, however, of giving a one-sided development by confining ourselves too much to one branch of literature; we must include in our repertory some well-selected myths, fairy stories which are pure and spiritual in tone, and a fable now and then. Nature stories, hero tales, animal anecdotes, occasional narratives about good, wholesome children, neither prigs nor infant villains, plenty of fine poetry, as has been said, and, for the older ones of the family, legends, allegories and historic happenings. A large stock of stories is not essential for little children. They feel, as Bulwer said, the beauty and the holiness that dwell in the customary and the old; and they are well pleased—and it is best that it should be so—with hearing the same old favorites repeated again and again, in song or in story, from their mothers' lips.—Nora Archibald Smith, in Ladies' Home Journal.

WOMEN LIKE COPPERS.

Not the Police, But the Indispensable Little Red One-Cent Pieces.

Every man in the east swears at a conductor or ticket seller when one of those officials unloads on him a lot of one-cent coins—pennies, as they are misnamed. Women seem to like them, probably because their bulk makes them seem like a lot of money. A woman makes quite a financial transaction of it when she pays her toll for transportation. Watch her block a line of hurried business men at the ticket office of the elevated roads. Note how she fishes around in her fat wallet for the little coppers, juggling dry goods samples, cooking recipes and similar portable bric-a-brac into her mouth to clear the bank.

One by one she'll drag them out, and finally scatter them over the little shelf at the window. She always saves the coppers for that purpose, and the ticketmen and conductors are painfully aware of that fact. They never fail to get even when making change to a woman. Lots of women keep what they call penny banks. These come in handy for papa occasionally just before pay day.

In the west and southwest one-cent pieces are extremely scarce. In many regions they are not to be found in circulation at all, except in the post office. The minimum price of small commodities is five cents and the nickel is the smallest coin known. But, in spite of that fact, there are more than a billion of the little coppers in use in this country constantly. They disappear rapidly, however, and the mint in Philadelphia is kept busy turning out 4,000,000 a month to keep up the supply.

The coin is not worth its face value intrinsically, but nobody appears to worry about that. The government makes a good profit on it. It contains 95 per cent. of copper and a stiffening alloy of five per cent. of tin and zinc.—N. Y. Press.

SCIENCE AND INDUSTRY.

Russia's export of eggs exceeds 1,500,000,000 a year.

Frost has a variety of effects upon different products. Under the same influence eggs will burst, apples contract and potatoes turn black.

The utilization of grain elevator waste for sheep and cattle food has given rise to a new industry in the northwest. The waste brings seven dollars a ton.

The whirling winds of Arabia sometimes excavate sand pits to the depth of 2,000 feet, the rim usually being three times that depth in diameter. A sand pit thus made may be entirely obliterated in a few hours, and another excavation within a short distance of it.

The Lick observatory has done wonders in photographing nebulae, the sun and its corona. The party from this observatory was most successful in its observation of the sun's eclipse in India last January. It was ascertained clearly that the sun spots are due to solar activity, and that the earth only intercepts one-half a millionth part of the heat radiated by the sun.

Steel rails now figure as the cheapest finished product in wrought iron or steel. A good lesson in the finances of modern industry is also afforded by them. To establish a steel rail works, an expenditure of \$3,000,000 is required before a single rail can be turned out. The steel is made to conform to an accurate chemical composition—the most accurate in the ordinary range of technical operations.

Mushroom juice is a sure cure against snake poison, according to M. Phisalix's statement before the Paris Academie des Sciences. He has found that all mushrooms possess a substance which acts as an antitoxin against serpents. Unfortunately his preparation possesses toxic qualities of its own, which he has been unable to eliminate entirely. The patient, however, will have the satisfaction of knowing that it is not from snakebite that he dies.

Danger Sign.

Junior—So you didn't propose to her, after all?

Weed—No; and I am not going to. When I got to her house I found her chasing a mouse with a broom.—Boston Traveler.

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ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., NEW YORK.

MADE IN ONE NIGHT.

How the Harbor of Marshfield, Cape Cod Bay, Was Formed.

A Northeast Gale Piled Up the Sand and Created a Valuable Anchorage for the Coast Shipping.

Years ago Marshfield, situated on Cape Cod bay, about half way between Cohasset and Plymouth, was a bustling little coast town, and was in fact one of the shipbuilding towns of note in the country's earliest history. The famous trading brig Columbia, after which the Columbia river was named, was built here, as were also several vessels used as privateers in the war of 1812. If it had been allowed to work out its own destiny, Marshfield might even now be a thriving town like Essex, which is known for its honest and thorough ship-building wherever the fishermen of New England guide their restless keels. But nature intervened, and walled the town up in a prison, the like of which may be seen at many places on sandy Cape Cod.

Originally the mouth of the river was at a point nearly opposite the town, but gradually, as the soil washed down by the river and the sand worked up by the sea met, a bar formed extending from the north side of the river's mouth across it, thus stopping the swift, direct flow which had always kept the channel free and clear. Then the river turned south, and the sandbar followed it, growing in size as the flow of the river decreased, until it had become a good-sized promontory inside of which the river flowed, with an outlet far to the southward of the original one opposite the town. Being turned out of its regular channel in this way, the river also broadened and shallowed. The current slackened, and the deposits carried down by it were dropped inside, instead of outside, the mouth, while throughout the little roundabout inside the old mouth islets formed, so that there were few good places for a boat to lie, even if anything more than the shallowest draught could have got in over the bars at the mouth.

So Marshfield remained behind its barrier of sand and peat until the night of November 25, when the big storm set in. All night long the fierce northeast gale piled the water up against the outside of the promontory, and on the following day, in conjunction with the gale, came one of the highest tides of the year. The water rose until at length it broke clear over a low place in the promontory, between what are known as third and fourth cliffs, and swept up into the river with all the power of the high tide and hurricane at its back. The river was filled until the water rose over the bridge and up into the street at Marshfield, and hundreds of acres of the big marshes lying to the southeast of the town, and from which it takes its name, were covered several feet with water.

When all this immense body of water started on its return to the sea with the falling tide, it was impossible for it to get out quickly enough by the shallow and devious way through the mouth of the river, so it went out in the way most of it had come in, by the break made by the sea over the promontory, and the scouring of this strong tide undid in a single night the work of many years. When the Marshfield folk visited the place the next day they found, where there had been solid ground 48 hours before, a clean-cut channel, 250 feet wide and 13 feet deep for its full width, through which the tide ran like a millrace, while in the older mouth of the river there was hardly a movement. For a mile or more outside of the cut the water was discolored by the dirt and refuse which were being carried out by the current, and even then it was evident the bars and islets which had filled the harbor were being washed away.

The work that began then has been going steadily on ever since. Many of the little islets which had formed in the harbor have entirely disappeared, and others are growing smaller every day. There is a straight, free entrance to the sea, which is in a more direct line with the flow of the river than even the old mouth of years ago, and through which a good-sized vessel can enter at any stage of the tide. Inside of it is a harbor large enough for quite a fleet to anchor, with good holding ground and from 30 to 40 feet of water in most places, while the rush of the tide appears to be deepening both channel and roadstead.

If matters continue as favorably as they have begun, the harbor thus strangely created will be a very valuable one, not only to Marshfield itself, but to our coast shipping, and even more to our yachtsmen. Up to now there has not been a single good harbor on the south shore, as the outer harbor of Plymouth is not a safe anchorage

MISCELLANEOUS ITEMS.

The force of waves breaking on the shore is equal to 17 tons to the square yard.

More women than men go blind in Sweden, Norway and Iceland; more men than women in the rest of Europe.

Between 7,000 and 9,000 pounds of plug tobacco are yearly furnished to the penitentiary inmates in Mississippi.

A tiger with a glass eye is in a menagerie at Stuttgart, and looks as fierce with his glass eye as with the real one.

A prisoner in the Lackawanna county, Pa., jail, has been there for three years for contempt of court in refusing to testify in a civil case.

Bills for carriage hire by Boston aldermen in 1898 amounted to over \$12,000, although the appropriation was only \$5,500. One alderman expended \$2,213, or over six dollars a day.

About 200 tons of ballast which Capt. Anderson had in the hold of his bark Austria, a British vessel which recently reached Boston from Manila, were rock from the fortifications of Cavite that were destroyed by Dewey.

The rarest bird in existence is a certain kind of pheasant in Annam. For many years its existence was known only by the fact that its longest and most splendid plume was in much request by mandarins for their headgear. A single skin is worth \$80, and the living bird would be priceless, but it soon dies in captivity.

The throneroom of the sultan at Constantinople is a gorgeous sight. The gilding is unequalled by that of any other building in Europe, and from the ceiling hangs a superb Venetian chandelier, the 200 lights of which make a gleam like that of a veritable sun. At each of the four corners of the room tall candleabra in beccarat glass are placed, and the throne is a huge seat encased with red velvet and having arms and back of pure gold.

CITY BOYS GOOD SOLDIERS.

An Old Citizen Says Restaurant Fare and Street Car Travel Fit Them for Roughing It.

"It takes country boys to make soldiers," said the grizzled old man who had scraped his feet on the bricks outside the lunchroom with great care before he entered. "It takes boys that's been used to work as long as the sun'll shine, and well into the night if the moon happens to be full."

"I've heard that," remarked the man who was neat in dress and nervous of manner. "But I have my doubts."

"It's true. Look at the discipline a country boy gets. He's out in all sorts of weather and he gets his muscles as hard as iron. He has endurance."

"Yes. He builds up a splendid constitution. But he has no means of insuring himself against the perils which surround an army."

"That's the point I was just trying to make. He puts fresh air into his lungs and good plain food into his stomach and makes himself a set of muscles that pay no more attention to a heavy load than the fly-wheel of an engine pays to a speck of dust on its rim."

"The country boy is good as a soldier, I'll admit. But he hasn't had any practice in digesting things that call on a man's stomach to stand up and do its duty with all its might."

"He doesn't rush away from his work and drink a pint of coffee and swallow a chunk of any kind of pie that happens to be left every day at noon. He doesn't ride on the back of a street car, with snow water dripping down inside his coat collar, nor stay up half the night going to theaters and parties."

"He doesn't eat ice-cream and drink strong coffee at midnight, and then start in for a day's work the next morning as if nothing had happened. Your boy may beat ours for natural strength, but I tell you we've got the seasoning."

And the other said he guessed that talking the matter over and averaging things up would explain why they were pretty much to be depended on, no matter where they came from.—N. Y. Journal.

Plenty of Rubber Trees.

According to information received at the British foreign office, the fears recently expressed that the supply of rubber from the Amazonian forests may be exhausted in the near future, are not very well founded. Para rubber is produced over an area amounting to at least 1,000,000 square miles, and while overproduction exhausts the supply in particular localities, nature quickly reproduces the trees when an opportunity is given her.—Youth's Companion.