



THE INDIAN'S LAMENT

HE MOURNS FOR THE VANISHED HAPPINESS OF HIS RACE.

A Chippewa Talks Familiarly of the Customs of His Tribe—He Feels That the Whites Did the Indian Grievous Wrong. The Paradise That Is Gone.

"Before the white men came we were men," said a Chippewa friend. These people look back upon their past as upon a lost paradise, in which there were happiness and innocence. They repudiate the descriptions of them written by white historians as the work of enemies, seeking to justify cruelties and wrongs.

"Our fathers always did what was right, and they punished bad men. They were kind and true to their friends and terrible only to their enemies. We were great warriors, and we fought for our own a long time. It was not the white men's arms, but their vices, which ruined us."

"What makes you think that the old times were so much better? You have good laws, no wars, and the government will not let you go hungry. Is not this better than the old precarious and dangerous way of living?"

"We did not go hungry. We had more than we wanted. You can see for yourself what we had from what is left after so much destruction. There was no end to the deer, moose, caribou, beaver, lynx and all the smaller fur bearers, and as for the fish, you said there was no fun catching them when you came, they were too plenty—trout, bass, pike, pickerel, sturgeon—the waters swarmed with them. Then look at the wild rice, nuts, blueberries, wild plums—oceans of them. And then we had cornfields, and for smoking the kinnikinnick. The plains were black with buffalo. We had no hard work to do. What we did was mainly sport, while it provided us with food and clothing. And then we were free, the freest people in the world, with a whole continent in which to enjoy it.

"I see that you have among your photographs the picture of a Chippewa grave. That is the grave of the last of the Five Brothers, great warriors. You may say that is the grave of the last of the Chippewas, because what were left after the Seven Brothers and the Five Brothers were no longer true specimens of our great and noble people. The Seven Brothers were Tecumseh's best men. They were known all over the Mississippi valley, and the Five Brothers, who came after them, were as good. They adopted me when my father died. The last one died 30 years ago, a very old man."

"I suppose you think the Seven Brothers made a president of the United States because he beat them at Tippecanoe?"

"Yes, they made two, and the Cherokees made two. The white men thought it was a great thing when, four or five to one, they could whip an Indian, and they made heroes of those who did it. That is what the white man thought of the Indian."

"What about your sign language and picture writing?"

"That is nearly forgotten. Only a few know anything about it, and they are old men. The sign language was what deaf and dumb people have, only it was simpler, and all the tribes understood it. For example, if you came a stranger to a tepee of a village, a stamp of the foot on the ground meant that you were welcome—two or three stamps, that you were very welcome. Hunting signals were made with the hands. Four fingers and the thumb down meant a bear—with the thumb up a deer. If a lynx or other climber, climbing signs. If the animal were running, the hand with fingers down made bounding motions. If a man, the forefinger was held up. If the man were hiding, the finger was closed down to the hand. Picture writing was done on bark and was a map with various signs and animals here and there upon it. A circle meant a yell—by which the reader was instructed to call when he reached a certain point."

"You had a freemasonry for your families, did you not?"

"Yes, I can recognize a relative, though I never met him before. The use for this has died out, but we cannot give it to any one not entitled to it."

"What was your totem?"

"The alligator. The alligator can live in the water and on the land. He lives to be very old. It means long life and good luck in hunting and fishing. It was the totem of the Five Brothers, and they gave it to me when they adopted me. My friend thinks that the Indians would have developed civilization by this time if they had been left alone. They were already cultivators of the soil and her no longer nomadic. One element of their success in war was their endurance and speed on foot. When he was a youth, he led a dog team on the snow 65 miles in one day. He walked from the St. Croix to Bayfield, 73 miles, in 28 hours, and this was not exceptional among them. The suddenness of attack and swiftness in retreat rendered them the most difficult native people ever conquered. But their paradise is gone.—Chicago Interior.

BLOOD SPOT IN ITS PULP.

The "Mike" Apple Thought to Commemorate a Murder of Long Ago.

A peculiar species of fruit is the "Mike" apple. It has a fair skin, an excellent flavor and is extensively produced in the vicinity of Norwich, Conn. Each individual apple exhibits somewhere in its pulp a red speck, like a tinge of fresh blood, and thereby hangs a strange legend.

The apple obtains its name from Micah Root, a farmer who lived upon the outlands of the Connecticut town in the eighteenth century. The son of Thomas Root, one of Norwich's early settlers, Micah tilled his fertile acres with all the zest of youthful ambition.

But of a sudden his habits changed. He grew idle, restless and intemperate. He lost all interest in both work and worship. His cattle were neglected and his neighbors shunned. Some attributed the change to witchcraft. Others hinted at insanity.

Winter wore away, spring returned, and the orchard of Micah Root burst into blossom. On one tree, it was then observed, the flowers had turned from white to red. The superstitious neighbors wondered, especially as Root seemed drawn to this tree by some irresistible fascination. August came and the red blossoms developed into fruit. When the large yellow apples fell from the branches, each one was found to contain a well defined globule, known thereafter as "the drop of blood."

The freak of the apple tree deepened the mystery of Micah's behavior. Conjecture followed surmise, and soon it was remembered that during the previous fall a foreign peddler had passed through Norwich and had spent the night at Micah Root's. He had never been seen again. Some one suggested that the young farmer had murdered him for his money and buried the body under the apple tree.

Search was made for the body of the stranger, but in vain. Nor was any trace of his stock found among the possessions of the unhappy Micah. If a load of crime rested upon the conscience of the supposed farmer, it never forced a confession from his lips. His farm drifted gradually to decay, and, too broken down to reclaim it, he wandered about town, disordered in mind and body.

He died in 1788, but while the blood spotted apple continues to grow his name and history will be perpetuated.—New York Herald.

LI HUNG CHANG CARRIED HER.

China's Victory Took Literally an Invitation to Escort a Lady.

Speaking of the first meeting of Li Hung Chang and John W. Foster, on which occasion the Chinese viceroy entertained a woman at dinner for the first time in the person of Mrs. Foster, the Washington Capital vouches for the following story, which is one of the best illustrations of true oriental courtesy, combined with the peculiar seriousness and matter of factness of the Chinese mind, ever related:

When she was introduced to the viceroy, Mrs. Foster wondered how she was to be taken into the banquet room. Some time before, it seems, Li Hung Chang had been guest of honor at a dinner given by the Russian ambassador, and being asked to take the ambassador's wife to the dining room, proceeded to comply with a literalness which astonished all the guests. The viceroy is a giant in stature, and the ambassador's wife being a small woman, he had no difficulty in picking her up bodily and carrying her to the table.

Mrs. Foster did not yearn for such honor and called upon her husband's diplomacy to arrange that she should be escorted in a less vigorous manner. Mr. Foster's tact was equal to the occasion, and when the doors were thrown open Li Hung Chang led the way, and Mrs. Foster followed him.

Compensated. The epigrams of Voltaire, the French philosopher, were often ruthlessly sarcastic and severe. He could, however, exercise tact and gentleness, and as is usually the case with brilliant persons those qualities became him wonderfully well.

He met the famous statesman Turgot, and cordially inquired about his health. "It is as you see," replied Turgot, "I am tormented with gout. I can hardly drag my feet about."

"You remind me of the statue of Nebuchadnezzar, M. Turgot."

"Yes," assented the invalid sadly, "you are right, poet, the statue had feet of clay."

"And a head of gold," cried Voltaire warily, "remember that, a head of gold."—Youth's Companion.

Riding Astride.

The new woman is only copying after the ancient dame when she rides astride, as is now the fashion of the royal princesses and the leading equestriennes of both England and America. Jean of Arc rode astride at the head of the French army, and Queen Elizabeth used to ride to falcon hunts in this fashion behind Lord Leicester. It was only in the sixteenth century that the sidesaddle came into use in England, and women rode astride in Germany until the close of the eighteenth century. In most foreign countries the fashion of riding on one side has never been adopted by women.—Chicago Tribune.

Both Are Favorites.

"Your story is a little vague at one point," said the publisher, and the young woman naturally wanted to know the whereabouts of the alleged vagueness.

"Where you say," explained the publisher, "that 'she, defeated in argument, had no recourse but to woman's most effective weapons against the tyrant man.' Now, do you refer to tears or hairpins?"—Cincinnati Enquirer.

LEAKE BREAD DOLE.

A PRACTICAL CHARITY OVER ONE HUNDRED YEARS OLD.

A Bequest Made by a Long Forgotten Millionaire—Once a Week the Beneficiaries Are Given Loaves of Bread—Some of the Recipients Once Wealthy.

One of the most interesting charities in operation in this city, and one which is probably less known than any other, is that which is designated in the register of Trinity church as "the Leake dole of bread."

Since 1793 this practical benefaction has been in constant operation, and it would be exceedingly difficult to compute the great amount of good it has done and the number of hungry persons it has fed. The dole is a bequest by John Leake, a long forgotten millionaire and philanthropist, who, with John Watts, founded the well known Leake and Watts Orphan House, which is still in existence in this city. The portion of his will in which the bequest is made reads as follows:

"I hereby give and bequeath unto the rector and inhabitants of the Protestant Episcopal church of the state of New York \$1,000, put out at interest, to be laid out in the annual income in sixpenny wheaten loaves of bread and distributed on every Sabbath morning, after divine service, to such poor as shall appear most deserving."

This wish has been faithfully carried out with one exception. The regular communicants of the church will no doubt wonder, for not more perhaps than 100 of them have ever noticed the dispensation of "sixpenny wheaten loaves of bread" after the morning service.

Nearly 40 years ago, when the distributing station was transferred from Trinity church to the shadow of St. John's at 46 Varick street, it was deemed wise to change the weekly day of distribution from Sunday to Saturday and thus obviate the publicity and lessen the pain to the pride of the recipients, for some of them were, and even now are, not only communicants of the church, but people who at one time had been among the most wealthy of the congregation. Every Saturday morning between 7 and 8 o'clock there are delivered into a recess of the gaunt ecclesiastical structure 67 loaves of wholesome fresh bread of the kind known as "homemade," each loaf being worth about 10 cents. While not exactly "sixpenny loaves," they are as near that price as is possible to obtain, and no one has yet ventured an attempt to break the will owing to this slight divergence or the fact of the change of date of distribution.

The loaves are piled upon a long settee in the vestibule, where these lucky enough to be considered "either call or send for them. There are at present just 18 of these pensioners, and others are constantly waiting to take the places of those whom death has claimed. The loaves are distributed in varying numbers, some persons being entitled to four, while others receive only two, this being regulated by the size of the family. The loaves are distributed without ostentation, and although one of the official representatives of the church is present he is lax in the amount of vigilance displayed, allowing the pensioners to enter the vestry and help themselves to their allotted share, and it is a matter of record that not once has any one made the mistake of taking an extra loaf.

Shortly before 8 o'clock every Saturday the 18 chosen as deserving beneficiaries or their messengers begin to appear. The first one to call yesterday morning was an impoverished looking woman bowed with age, who, the sexton said, has been making the same weekly trip for nearly 30 years. While thin and emaciated she still bore the impress of refinement, and her dress, although threadbare, was remarkably clean and neat.

With a slight inclination of the head she wished the sexton "Good morning," and quietly dropped two loaves of bread in the basket she carried, after first carefully wrapping them in a piece of newspaper. As she slowly walked down the stone paved yard toward the gate she staggered under her load, and her evident refinement led The Sun reporter to ask who she was.

"She is one of our oldest pensioners," replied the sexton, "and has for over 30 years never missed a Saturday, rain or shine. She was once one of the wealthiest of New York's women residents, but an ungrateful son, after gambling away her fortune, left her destitute, and has never been heard from since. It is one of the pathetic stories most of these people could tell."

In direct opposition to this case was that of a gray haired negro, who, although more than 80 years old, is still quite spry, and entered the vestibule with a "Mornin, massa," in a manner which indicated that she very probably is a manumitted slave. After a slight interchange of conversation she shuffled away, apparently happy.

One noticeable peculiarity was the fact that there were no men. The bread was claimed either by very old and decrepit women or by young children who invariably staggered under the load. Of the children who called, not one wore a hat, and when the sexton was asked for an explanation of this he replied that, although he had noticed it, he was unable to give any reason "unless," he added, "they haven't any."—New York Sun.

The Spiritualistic societies of this country number 234. They own 20 churches and in addition use 307 halls for their services. They claim a membership of 45,030.

The voice of conscience is so delicate that it is easy to stifle it, but it is also so clear that it is impossible to mistake it.—Mme. de Staël.

THE MYSTERIOUS HAYSEED.

He Didn't Talk Much, but When He Did He Frightened the Cook.

It was while Tom Byrnes was superintending of police that one day a middle aged man walked into a popular Greenwich street restaurant and called for a broiled beefsteak. Men do that every day, but this particular man wore long hair, which was brushed behind his ears, and had a smooth face, save a little tuft of chin whisker. He was dressed in a gray suit and carried a carpet satchel.

There was no question that the man was from the "rural district," for one could almost see the hayseed in his unshorn locks, and his pockets were apparently bulging with corn husks. The stranger had no more than started himself when a well dressed, smart looking young man entered and took a seat at the same table. He also ordered a steak. In due time they were served. The countryman went to work industriously and was soon enjoying his meal. Not so his vis-a-vis. The young man complained that his meat was tough—tough as sole leather.

"How's yours, stranger?" he asked.

"Mine's all right," was the reply, with a nasal twang.

But try as he would the young fellow couldn't induce the other to talk with him. Finally he said it was a shame to serve such a steak. He declared he believed the cook had wiped the floor with it, it was so full of grit.

The stranger looked up, and fixing a piercing gray eye on the young man quietly but significantly remarked:

"If Byrnes knew you were down here, you would be eating worse steak than that."

The young fellow turned pale and dropped his jaw, also his knife and fork. His appetite seemed to have suddenly left him. He called for his check, paid it and left the restaurant in a hurry.

It was Ike Vail, who was "sent up" afterward for swindling a man with a Confederate \$50 bill.

The mysterious strange man was none other than—"but that's another story," as Kipling would remark.—New York Journal.

COUNT ITO'S HEROIC WIFE.

Dragged by the Hair, She Would Not Betray Her Lover.

Of Count Ito, the distinguished Japanese statesman, Sir Edwin Arnold gives this interesting incident: "I sat at table with the ex-premier and his wife and children. The countess quiet, gentle, motherly and wearing spectacles, carrying the tai and the kamao with such matronly severity, had yet a history of romance and devotion which could make the wildest fictionist's fortune."

"Long ago in those dark and bloody days when the minister was her lover and a fugitive from his enemies there came a time when they had tracked him to her house and had chosen a band of Sashis to assassinate him. The noise of their clogs and the rattling of their scabbards were heard, and the count, trapped like a stag in his mountain pleasure, drew his Bizen blade and prepared to die as a Japanese lord should amid a circle of dead foes. But while he murmured 'Saganore!' and knitted his fingers around the shark skin girth of his sword that brave lady whose guest I was whispered: 'Do not die. There is hope still.' Upon which she removed the hitchhitch, or firebox, over which they were sitting, and lifting up the matting and planks beneath induced her lover to conceal himself in the hollow space which exists under the floor of all Japanese homes. The murderer broke into the room, a ferocious band, just as the firebox had been replaced, and the countess had assumed a position of nonchalance.

"They demanded their victim, and when she protested against their intrusion and bade them search if they wanted Ito, the wretches dragged her around the apartment by her long, beautiful black hair, now touched with silver, and grievously maltreated her, but could not shake her resolute heroism. Thanks to this, Count Ito, the hero of many another strange adventure, escaped from the chief peril of his career and has lived to give his country a new constitution and to be one of the foremost and best respected statesmen of modern Japan."

Brooch and Chatelaine.

The day of the brooch and chatelaine for watches is over. The watch chain again asserts itself. Watches no longer swing from enameled flowers or jeweled bars. Instead they are hidden away in a watch pocket, and a black silk cord or a narrow ribbon is their main support. Old fashioned brooch and watch chains are not yet the vogue, but as time goes on they probably will be. At present silk cords in black and dark shades are considered the proper thing. Summer girls, however, are substituting for the gold watch chain a narrow satin ribbon which matches in color the gown with which it is worn. A few exceedingly fine gold chains are seen.

A Good Plan.

The Rock Island railroad has adopted an excellent plan to test the honesty of its conductors. They were informed that spotters would no longer be employed on the road, and that the money thus saved would be applied to an increase in the wages of the conductors. The plan is said to be working to the entire satisfaction of both the company and those directly affected.—Philadelphia Ledger.

Defense of a Purse Thief.

A delightful defense was tendered recently to a charge of stealing a purse from a lady's pocket. "The prisoner pleaded that he was tempted by the purse protruding," which justified him, he seemed to think, in intruding.—Westminster Gazette.

The Imperishable Feel.

It is a curious fact that the supply of foolish people never gives out, although they are dying of their folly every day.—Hartford Courant.

A GOOD THING - PUSH IT ALONG



BATTLE AX Plug Tobacco A Great Big Piece for 10 Cents.

NEW PROCESS Gasoline Stoves. Favorite Gas Stoves, Gurney Refrigerators, Ohio Ice Cream Freezers, The Prince Lawn Mower.

All of the above are the best of makes. If you are interested call and see them. Prices never were lower. Everyone guaranteed.

—SOLD BY—

JOHN T. NOFTSKER, Corner Third Ave. and Twentieth St. Rock Island, Ill.

DR. ROBBINS' A Positive Written Cure for RHEUMATISM and all other forms of Rheumatism. Guaranteed to cure in 10 days. Price \$1.00 per box. 6 boxes for \$5.00. DR. MOTT'S PENNYROYAL PILLS

DR. MOTT'S PENNYROYAL PILLS The only safe, sure and reliable Female Pill ever offered to Ladies. Especially recommended to married Ladies. Ask for DR. MOTT'S PENNYROYAL PILLS and take no other. SEND FOR CIRCULAR. Price \$1.00 per box, 6 boxes for \$5.00. DR. MOTT'S CHEMICAL CO., Cleveland, Ohio. Sold by T. H. Thomas, druggist.

BLOOD POISON HAVE YOU? Sore Throat, Pimples, Eruptions, Itching, Swelling, Ulcers, and all other forms of Blood Poison. BLOOD POISON CURE. Price \$1.00 per box, 6 boxes for \$5.00. DR. MOTT'S CHEMICAL CO., Cleveland, Ohio. Sold by T. H. Thomas, druggist.

Rheumatism. Gen. Helmann, Major of the 24th Illinois Infantry, says: 'I was sent four times during the war, and have suffered 3 years from Rheumatism. There is nothing but "Serravallo's" \$1,000,000 Rheumatic Cure' completely cured me, and I cheerfully and heartily endorse it as being all it is claimed, and being the best thing I know of for the Rheumatism which I have recurred to.'—77 Fifth Avenue, Chicago.

Major Helmann has a challenge gold medal for conspicuous gallantry on the battlefield.

Guaranteed the best remedy on earth for Rheumatism and Neuralgia. Write today. Never fails. SWANSON RHEUMATIC CURE COMPANY, Owners.

287 Dearborn Street, Chicago. Sold by T. H. Thomas and Marshall & Fisher, Agents for Rock Island.

30,000 Persons Cured.