Bellefonte, Pa., May 15, 1903.

WHATEVER IS, IS BEST.

I know as my life grows older And my eyes have clearer sight, That under each rank wrong, somewhere There lies the root of right; That each sorrow has its purpose

By the sorrowing oft ungues But as sure as the sun brings morning.

I know that each sinful action. As sure as the night brings shade, Is somewhere, some time punished Though the hour be long delayed, I know that the soul is aided

Sometimes by the heart's unrest: And to grow means oftener to suffer But whatever is, is best. I know there are no errors In the great eternal plan,

And all things work together For the final good of man. And I know, when my soul speeds onward In its grand eternal quest, I shall say as I look back earthward,

Whatever is, is best.

—Ella Wheeler Wilco

DEAD AND DOWN.

When Billy Banks was convicted of selling liquor to the Indians, and sentenced to pay a fine of \$500 in addition to serving six months in jail, some said it was a shame to imprison a white man on Indian testimony. Others said the sentence was not heavy enough, seeing that two Chippewas had died from drinking a rare combination of "Pain-Killer" and wood alcohol obtained from him. But all said that when Billy was free again he would try to even up the score. He was a great fellow for keeping

up grudges.

When he saw that the case was likely to go against him, Billy sold out his store at a pretty fair figure; but he still owned a quantity of standing timber on the old reservation, and that is how he was now, for

ervation, and that is how he was now, for-the time being, a full-fledged lumberman. Since his release he had made no secret of his attitude towards his former dusky patrons. Every Indian within fifty miles patrons. Every Indian within fifty miles of the lake knew enough to keep clear of him. Old Mozomonie could testify to the wisdom of that course. So could Tayahta, who had to go around with a broken nose, because he thought Billy was only bluffing. So it could not be denied that Big-Moose was imprudent this particular morning—doubly imprudent, seeing that the week before he had been at the camp on the same before he had been at the camp on the same errand, and Billy had chased him off.

True enough, this morning Billy was supposed to have gone down to Section Ten to decide where he would run the logging road. He was an adept at this line of business, considering how short a time he had been lumbering. Under the provisions of the "Dead and Down" act the lumberman is licensed to appropriate as much green pine as he finds it necessary to remove while constructing his roads. Some of Billy's roads were manufacted backlift. Billy's roads were marvelous to behold. They twisted about and squirmed, and almost doubled on themselves sometimes. And it was singular to notice how they always went through the choicest clumps of

The mischief of it was, on this occasion, that when Billy was about half-way to his destination it suddenly occurred to him that he had failed to bring his compass along; and compasses are useful in the woods, when one is not quite sure where the section lines run. Thus it came about quarters, he made an angry dash for him. The Indian was earnestly engaged in bolting an assortment of breakfast-table scraps at the moment; but he was somewhat of a strategist, and had carefully thought out a plan of action for any contingency like the present—based upon the fact that the camp had two entrances. He quickly seized the most conspicuous rem-nants of his meal, and made an effective,

'Now look you here !" said Billy, turning ferociously to the cook, who was fat good-natured, "if I find you feeding that lazy, shiftless vagabond again I'll fire you right out of here after him. These Injuns has got the notion in their heads that Billy Bauks is running a free boarding-house and hotel; but darn me if I don't break them of that way of thinking ! The laziest lot of low-lived, lying hounds that ever went on two legs! If they won't work, let 'em starve. Do you hear what I say, Jackson?'' he demanded hotly, detecting signs of dissatisfaction in his em-

but undignified, retreat by the side door.

"I hear you," said Jackson, calmly, and turned on his heel. Billy looked sharply at him, hesitated a moment, and pass

When Pete Hansen came in to get his hand bandaged, Jackson gave vent to sundry forcible expressions of opinion.
"I'll tell you what, Pete," said he, "I'm

not anyway stuck on Injuns myself ; but when one of 'em that's starving comes begging a meal around here, he's going to get it as long as I'm cook. And if Billy doesn't like it, he knows what he can do." "He knows well enough that nobody

else would stay with him, the old stiff! Pete replied, 'and it's a wonder to me you stay yourself, with him hopping on to you all the time about the grub going too fast, the way he does."

"This here Big-Moose," Pete continued, as he held first one foot to the stove and then the other, "is as decent an Injun as you can find around here. I've knowed him five or six years; I know his squaw, too. Since their reservation was taken away from them, and the country is set-tling up, there ain't enough game left for these here Chippewas to live on, and they don't seem able to get down to steady work like a white man. To be honest about it, Jackson, Billy Banks is the last man to have any right to be mean with an Injun. Look how he treated them when be run his store down at Cove, and look at the pine he's stealing from them right around here every day!" and Pete banged his ponderous fist on the table, making its oose boards clatter.

"That's no lie, boys," said a jovial voice behind them. "Talking about Big-Moose, are you? You ought to have seen him light out into the woods with his grub a few minutes ago. I thought there'd be trouble when I seen the old man coming back. Say, you know where his wigwam is located, down on Sandy Bay—his squaw and paposes are with him this time, too. Well, I heard the old man say, as I came in, that is held so that a cattain the start antiting down. that's he's going to start cutting down there in a couple of days. What time is it, Jackson? That's what I came in to ask. I'm as hungry as a bear in April."

It was near the end of November.

Enough snow had fallen to soften the inequalities of the landscape. Even the pine stumps—angainly, desolate, hideous—were less obtrusive under their partial covering of white. The swamps were frozen and the ground hard. Down by the lake side

Big-Moose had erected his tepee.

This morning Big-Moose was absent. In fact, he had been away all night trying to get a deer, for he had seen a trail going into the big swamp the day before. Fresh deer trails were rare in those days. There was a time when he could have been sure of a fat buck or doe within half a mile of Sandy Bay any time of the year, to say nothing of partridges and other game. But now white settlers were coming in; most of the Chippewas had gone up to the White Earth Reservation, and the old hunting-grounds were noisy and crowded. Since the big fire had run through the woods, scarcely a rabbit, even, was to be seen. The noise of the swinging ax, the thud and crash of the falling tree, the harsh voices and shouts of lumbermen took the place of the primeval, unbroken hush. The lake abounded with fish; that could not be gainsaid; but one wearies of fish continu-

ally.

Monoma's thoughts were often sad.
They were only at the beginning of winter, and already food was scarce. What would it be in January and February? Some people think the Chippewas are dogs and have no feeling. That is a mistake. If they could have read Monomal's beauty have they could have read Monomal's beauty have have no feeling. That is a mistake. If they could have read Monoma's heart when she thought over her people's many wrongs and the ignominy that had befallen her husband lately, and could have seen how doggedly she hated one Billy Banks, they would assuredly have changed their minds.

Monoma was moving at daybreak. She honed for the sneedy return of Ric Mocean.

hoped for the speedy return of Big-Moose; and she hoped, above all things, that when he did return, it would be with a fat doe slung across his back. Not that she cared so much for herself, but little Bright-Eyes

—ah, there was the rub!

They had lived on fish now many days, excepting for the rabbit she snared in the cottonwoods, a loaf of bread given her by a excepting for the rabbit she snared in the cottonwoods, a loaf of bread given her by a kind-hearted Swede settler, and the scraps from Bank's camp; but these items did not last long nor go far. Although she had given most of her share to Bright-Eyes, he did not seem to recover his spirits. He complained of his head hurting him, too. Even the bead necklace did not interest him very much, though he used to laugh heartily at it, and stretch out two chubby hands when it was held before him.

"It is because we have too much fish," Monoma told her husband confidently. Even we who are strong and full grown sicken at the sight of fish continually. Go and seek venison to strengthen him."

The morning passed on, and he did not return. Evidently the chase had led him afar. When Bright-Eyes woke up, his mother fried some fish, but he could not eat, and only cried a little; and when she asked him anxiously what troubled him, and stroked his head, his baby tongue was not equal to the task: his head hurt; he

wanted to sleep.
Would Big-Moose never come? Monoma thought that she would go to Pine Point and look over the lake for some trace of him, although, to be sure, he might not come that way at all. Still, it was not far, and Monoma trudged along. What was that? Voices in the distance. She stopped to listen. Yes, the lumbermen, no doubt. Now she could see them through a clearing. There were a dozen or more of them, and they were talking and looking around. One of them who seemed to be

their leader spoke in a loud, gruff voice.

Monoma looked at them angrily.

No, her husband was not in sight, and that when he returned to camp, in rather an unpleasant frame of mind, and found Big-Moose there, standing by the cook's ould eat. even though she was a squaw! She cautiously approached the group of men, flitting from tree to tree until she was near enough to scan them closely. Certainly that must be Billy Banks. She knew him to be short, thick set, and of dark complexion. He had a scar on his cheek, received in a drunken brawl. She could see that plainly, for her eyes were like a hawk's. Big-Moose had once said her name ought to be Hawk-

> Once assured of the man's identity, she withdrew, as carefully as she had approached, to a safe distance, then ran back to the tepee. Bright-Eyes was still sleeping. She called him softly, but he did not awake. For a moment she hesitated. She stood in the entrance, and looked once again in every direction. No one was in sight, but at some little distance she could hear the sharp blows of an ax descending upon its errand of destruction. Carefully re-entering the hut, Monoma gently drew a torn and ragged blanket across her child, thus concealing him from any cursory glance of an intruder, closed up the entrance to the tepee, and sped away swiftly towards Bank's camp.

Her course would have led her right by the chopping party. But she made a de-tour to avoid being seen. It was necessary for her purpose that Banks should not see her going in that direction. She also desired to be positively assured of his ab-sence. As she slipped by, she was glad this time that she could hear his voice. He was shouting—always shouting it seemed.
He seemed to be directing some one in the direction of Sandy Bay, though; and that was bad, for the tepee stood there, and Bright-Eyes lay within.

Monoma had intended to take him with her, and as she went on her way she won-dered if she had done well to leave him. on staying here after Christmas, anyway; and I feel like chucking up the job long before that once in a while."

Could one of these rough lumbermen do him any harm; if by chance he should discern that once in a while." in her mind several times. But no, it could not be. Was it not plainly to be seen that he was the dearest, chubbiest, brighest, brownest papoose that ever gladdened the heart of any squaw? For what reason, indeed, were his name Bright-Eyes, if he were not bright? Even Moon-Face had to admit that this was the finest papoose in the Knife River band. Besides, Big-Moose might return any minute now Anyhow, she could run nearly the whole way to the camp and back, so she would not be long absent. From Sandy Bay to a straight line, and half again as far by the

zigzag trail. "I want you boys to take in all the Norways up to the lake front"—it was Billy who was speaking. "The section line runs a little this side of it, but the rest's ways up to the lake front"—it was Billy ed, as he resumed his seat; "but," ne who was speaking. "The section line runs a little this side of it, but the rest's squaw to holier like that unless she was State land, and that don't count. Cornell drunk, and that squaw don't drink." and Nordstrom, you there! You might as well start in on the far end of the forty,

and work down this way." "All right, Billy," was the reply, "but you'd better come along and show us the exact spot where the line runs, seeing as we're always very particular not to cut over;" and Cornell gave him a sly dig. It could never be charged against Billy that he maintained any degree of icy re-serve of hauteur in his dealings with his men. They were all on free and easy terms with him

"I heard that my friend Big-Moose has located his shanty somewhere round here. If he has, he'll have to get out quick." "Maybe he'll turn ugly," Cornell sug-

gested meditatively.

"Oh, no fears," said Billy. "I've got him pretty well scared. I guess he won't bother none of my men. That's his outfit

over there, I expect, right by the water. There don't seem to be any sign of life round it. You might as well fall a tree across it to wake them up."

Both men laughed uproariously at this sally. After receiving the necessary instructions from their employer, they began a vigorous attack on the furthest tree. Within a short time their line of progress brought them in alone provinity to the brought them in close proximity to the

tepee.
"Now," remarked Cornell to his partremarked Cornell to his part-ner, "we'd better see if them Injuns is round the premises, for our next tree'll come mighty near falling there, unless I'm much mistaken."

"Come off! I can fall that pine a hundred feet away from the shanty," Nord- this:

strom retorted "Well, that's all right, old man, I don't doubt but what you can do it if you want to ; but I'm going to nose round the place,

throat ostentationsly, and waited a while for developments before walking up. There was no response to a dubious "Bon jour, nidgee," the customary Chippewa saluta-

tion, and he ventured to glance inside.
"Nobody here, Nordstrom," he shouted, 'but there's still a little live fire inside, and I guess they haven't gone very far. So I guess you'd better fall the tree this side of the place. It would be mean to smash in the wigwam for nothing.

A hurricane of dexterous blows, a scattering shower of chips, a momentary cessa-tion, the insertion of a wedge, a few more swings of the ax, and with a sudden outburst of squeaks and groans, the lofty pine orashed towards the ground. But by chance a thick branch of the falling monarch caught in a dead oak tree, and pressed heavily against it. The strain was too much, and the two trees fell ponderously

"Gosh ' Cornell exclaimed. "We've smashed in the wigwam, after all. It's a good thing I looked in beforehand. If Bantu. Further they agree that the cusanybody had been in there there wouldn't be much left of him now, for the whole place is knocked to smithereens."

Jackson and his helper had just finished the energetic pastime of swinging a sackful of clashing, jingling cutlery to and fro, this for the dinner; for Jackson was kept on the run from morn till night, and pretty late at night, too. A minute later his assistant returned with an expression of face designed to set forth the fact that its owner was possessed of highly mysterious infor-

"What's got you now, boy?" Jackson demanded as the youth approached.
"Another of them blessed Injuns is

Jackson gave a prolonged whistle, mut-tered to himself, and looked out of the window. "That's her beside the tool-shed, is it? Look's like Big-Moose's squaw, if I ain't mistaken. Suppose he's scared to come around after the last time Billy got

'Well," said the youth, "I don't blame him for that, but it's a pretty smooth trick for him to send his squaw instead. Maybe he thinks Billy will be hypuotized. Going to feed her?" he suddenly asked, as Jackson returned to the pautry and made a rough parcel of bread and butter, a few slices of ham, and some cookies.

"Yep," said he. "If Billy was here, I

since he ain't, here goes, for I guess this ought to fix her." And he good-naturedly ambled out of the door.

"Seems to me," remarked Jack Hornish. as he sat with the rest of the gang in an irregular circle about a roaring fire, devouring his midday meal—"seems to me that I heard a yell down on the beach just now. See anything, Mike?"

Mike turned his head in the direction in

dicated, and was about to reply in the negative, when the sound which had first attracted attention burst upon their ears again, and this time too distinctly to be denied. It was a peculiar, agonized cry, and there seemed something uncanny in its wavering notes as they mingled with the murmur of the pines and the ceaseless plash plash of the lake.

"What in blazes can that be?" Hornish inquired solicitously, standing up to get a better view. "Sounded like a woman's voice." said

Nordstrom. "That's what it is, boys-a squaw exclaimed Mike, somewhat jocularly.
"And she's down by that there tepee you ellows knocked over this morning, just letting you understand ,don't you see, that she objects to your way of doing business round here."

"She seems to be looking for some-thing," added Cornell meditatively, removing a dirty cob pipe from his mouth. "Listen to her! Beats everything I ever heard! The old girl is decidedly worked up about something. Guess I'd better go down and see if we can't straighten thing out some way.'

"Aw, sit down, man!" Hornish shouted contemptuously. "Don't bother your head one way or another about an Injun. She not be long absent. From Sandy Bay to can put up another wigwam just as good as Bank's camp was a little over two miles in new inside of fifteen minutes. This'll teach her to have more sense than to build one where the pine might fall."

"Maybe you're right," Cornell conced-

An hour later Big-Moose trudged quietly past the lumbermen, toward his tepee, a fat doe slung across his back. He paid no attention to the half-jocular congratula-tions of one or two of the men upon his

So he laughed hoarsely before he added, his squaw is jumping round and hollering wait quietly for the result of their visit. to beat the band.

"I didn't think they'd make so much fuss over the smash-up, but since they do, why, I'm just as well satisfied that we are

Their line of work led them further from Their line of work led them further from the lake for a while. A full half-hour later Jack Hornish passed their way. "Say," said he, gravely, "there's something wrong with that squaw. She acts like a crazy woman. I was up on the section line a few minutes ago, and I saw them both. She's laying down flat beside the old wig-wam, and he's standing there with an ugly

look on his face."
"I wouldn't wonder if there's trouble brewing," Nordstrom remarked. "Me neither," Cornell ungrammatically

assented, as he resumed his work. The two woodsmen were right. Trouble came, and came speedily, and in due time news of it reached the outside world. The Minneapolis Blower's version of it was

ANOTHER GOOD INDIAN.

DESPERATE AFFRAY IN THE WOODS.

anyhow, to make sure. These Injuns get real fighting mad sometimes, and I don't mean to take any chances. One of these days Billy will wish he hadn't been quite so sure of himself. He stands a fair show of having a knife sticking in his ribs when he isn't figuring on it."

So saying, Cornell forced his way through the intervening bush and approached the tepee. It had every appearance of being deserted, but he coughed and cleared his throat ostentatiously, and waited a while PINEVILLE, MINN., Nov. 26th

Several shots were exchanged between Several shots were exchanged between them, and when assistance came it was found that Banks was slightly wounded, while his assailant was killed outright. The latter is not known to have had any other motive in making the attack than a desire for revenge, his wigwam having been accidentally destroyed by the lumbermen. It is supposed that he had been drinking.—By John R. Gill, in the McClure's Magazine for May.

Zulus a Strange People.

Africans Who Still Live Just as Their Fathers Did. Owe Allegiance Both to Great Britain and the Na-tive Chiefs—Betrothals and Marriages Affairs of Greatest Ceremony.

The chief native races of South Africa are the Bantu, the Bushmen and the Hot-tentots. The last two are found in the lower part of South Africa. All those who have studied the three races carefully agree that the Bushmen and the Hottentots are of the ancient Egyptians and that therefore, they must be a part of the Egyptian or Coptic family. Further it has been proven very evident that the occupation of this part of Africa by the Bantu race began being the most approved method of drying the articles with despatch. After wiping out the pots and pans, the cook sent his helper out to empty the slop buckets, while he bustled around with preparations for the dinner of the large portions and the dinner of the large portions are the south has carried a large portion. course to the south has carried a large portion of the sundered family before

> will not guess. In this great Bantu family are a great many tribes, each having its own peculiar and interesting characteristics. One of these races is the Zulu Kaffir.

The Zulu at first formed a very small

Whence came this sundering wedge? I

tribe. They were just at the mercy of other stronger tribes until their greatest chief. waiting out there, old man, a squaw this Chaka, came to the throne. He was then time, and a good-looking one, too! She seems kind of backward about coming up, and said something about being hungry. I guess you'd better go out and see what she own. Pursuing his one tribe after another, locating here and there among them his own people, establishing his miltary kraals or villages among them and governed them so as to hold them in the most complete awe and subordination to himself. For about six years he continued this policy. Each tribe conquered meant new strength for his own army, because he cut off all the royal family by the sword, together with all the old element, took the young men into his own

eran regiments. The regiment thus honored was permitted to retire from active service and its members to settle down and get married. suppose I'd lose my job for doing it; but Only under such conditions could anyone

army and gave the country over to his vet-

In 1822 his conquering power was felt even beyond the Umzinskulu. Today, almost through the whole of South Africa, if you speak Zulu the native will understand you. Chaka's name will never pass from memory so long as there is any Zulu left to swear, even by the terrors of his memory. Of all the Zulu kings Cetywayo was the

only one who had the same genius.

Today the Zulus live in Zululand and
Natal both British colonies. Under the British rule, they enjoy a more peaceful life, and are far greater in number than be-fore. They still have their own chiefs, but these chiefs are responsible to the British magistrate. The great portion of the peo-ple still live just as their fathers did. They address their chief as king, and whenever they come near him or see him they praise him with all the huge titles of honor they can think of and also with all the names of terror, such as the tiger, the lion, the ele-

phant, or "the black one."

My people hold "black" as the color of honor. None of my people would count it a compliment if you should tell him he was light colored. One of the most common and yet choicest of the titles of honor, with which we attempt to praise and extol our kings is to say: "Thou art black." An Englishman who lived for fifteen years

among my people says about them:
"You will not find any of then, especially among the young, a whit less indifferent than the whit man as to their complexion, not a white less proud of clear deep brown bordering as close as possible upon a pure black, than any Anglo-Saxon is of the fairest white? is of the fairest white." When one ap-proaches a chief he salutes him with these vords, and as he says them he approaches n a stooped fashion

Bayede, mungane! wena ukose; weno munyama! Wen 'okula belibele; wen 'ongange utaba. That is-

Hail my lord; thou art king; thou art black! Thou hast outgrown others; thou art like a mountain.

These chiefs are their leaders and judges. They settle all questions of dispute which the underheadmen fail to make straight. Then, if even here anyone does not find satisfaction, he appeals to the British

success, nor the raillery of others, for he was both tired and hungry.

"Wonder how he'll act when he finds the shape things are in," Cornell remark-In the first place, after a man finds that he

into arms and they, too, sit together in one through with that end of the forty for a body within hearing distance of the strange day or two;" and Cornell picked up his ax again. the party becomes impatient of waiting and exclaims: "Tell the news!" Perhaps even then the same silence may still follow and after some time the party of the plaintiff goes over their points and then

selects the best orator to present the case.

He then rises up and carefully gives their grounds for complaint. The other side attacks him with numerous questions and after they have sifted and cross-examined his arguments they tell the party that ined his arguments they tell the party that the men of the kraal are not at home; they are only children present, and so the party "better come back again some other time."

The next day the party comes back arm-The next day the party comes back armed as before, and sit down, in the same spot. Now the defendant's party comes up with more reinforcements and, sitting down with arms on their side they demand that the other party again state their complaints. This is patiently done and the defendants present their side. A great debate follows and perhaps two or three different sessions may be consumed in it. Now, after both parties have exhausted their arguments the side that feels that it has been worsted tries to end the case by offering some payment, of course, making it as small as possible. This is refused in expectation of an advance of the offer, which takes place in proportion to the defendant's anxiety to prevent an appeal.

fendant's anxiety to prevent an appeal.

If they cannot agree here they proceed to the 'omkulu;" viz, to the chief of the tribe, and his counsel. One of the plaintiff's party, as soon as they come within shouting distance to the "omkulu," shouts at the top of his voice: "Ngi zo mangala" ("I lodge a complaint"). "Umanga lelani?" ("For what do you complain?") comes back the answer. Then as they approached the counsel, he presents the case from the beginning. After he is through and has been fully cross examined the othand has been fully cross examined the other side then brings in their defense, and they, too, are put under a heavy fire of

During all this time the chief is lying on a mat, perhaps asleep or in a dignified state of indifference as to what is going on. Sometimes he takes part with his counsel.

At any rate, after both sides have finished he pronounces the judgment.

The party that have been favored rush up to him, kiss his feet, praise him and extol him to the skies for his justice and great wisdom. He then gives them a band of men to go with them to enforce the de-

cision and to bring back his share of the fine imposed by the judgment. The social life of this people is affected very much by the caste system that is among them. To a Zulu "equality" is an impossible dream. He does not find it in the forest and not on all nature; then whence this assumption? We see this caste system even in the same family. Children must account to their mothers, mothers or wives to their husbands, husbands to the indunas and the indunas to the chief of the tribe. Brothers and sisters cannot sit down and eat together, because the former, conscious of his superiority, would not like his companions to see him with a woman.

Now a very interesting feature in their customs is the wedding. A young man, before he can get a wife, must have cattle enough to pay for the girl he has pointed out. The price is from ten to fifty or more heids of cattle. Rank and beauty general-

her father should give her away for nothing. She wants to know her value and nizes it, a hint to American girls. Now when a young man considers himself of age to marry, and sees other young men of his age getting married, then he, too, begins to see that his own time has come for his series of marriages. He then tells his father about it. This he does soon after he has located his first wife. Then if the father thinks that he is of one than the father than the f thinks that he is of age to marry and likes the boy's choice he takes the whole matter into his own hands, because according to custom a young man can never ask the father of a girl for his daughter.

The father then selects three well known men from his relatives and sends them to taken to town and given every attention, introduce the subject to the girl's father. but died within an hour of his arrival. Now as soon as these men enter the yard they address the father in a style peculiar to such occasions only. After they have been admitted before the girl's father they declare their message. He gives them a very unfavorable reply. First he tells them that his daughter is not of age and again he would never let his daughter go to such people as they. Then he definitely tells them that he does not want them, so they better go away from his presence at once and must never come back again for that purpose.

The party then leaves, not at all disappointed because they know that it was simply a formal reply. After they leave he does all he can to find out how many cattle or how much property the young man's father has, because this would guide him in his next reply.

The party returns after a few days. This time he again repeats his first reply and wonders at their most daring obstinacy. They try to talk him down this way and that way until, as is the custom, he cools down. Then he calls the daughter into the room and asks if she knows these people. She answers yes and then she is

The father then turns to the party and sets his price. The most common price is the herds of cattle; but they are supposed to bring one or more than he asks. that is for the girl's mother as a reward for her kind services in bringing up the girl. If he found that the young man's family was well-to-do he adds some additional requests, such as a good overcoat, blank-ets, and so on. Then, after all this has been paid in, the wedding day is fixed and the bride is prepared for the occasion.

The wedding day is one of greatest excitement. Nobody asks himself as to whether or not he is invited; that right is reserved only for the relatives. The bride-groom, fully prepares to feed from one thousand to three thousand people. The numbers rise according to his rank and to his popularity. Several oxen are slaugh-tered because meat is made the chief part of the feast. The crowd began to pour in from early in the morning of that

The ladies that attend on the bride are called out and shown their ox. If they do not like the looks of it, they refuse it wait until another has been found that just wait until another has been found that just suits their fancy. This ox is then killed and its breast is cooked for the ladies. The other oxen for the rest of the people are slaughtered and boiled in large pots. Their laws of etiquette have fixed certain portions of the meat to different persons, these ed. "Can you make out, pardner?" his adherents and they, all fully armed, "Yes," replied Nordstrom, from his coign of vantage. "He ain't doing a thing but standing there like a wooden man. But standing there like a wooden man. But laws or estiquette nave fixed certain portions of the meat to different persons, these proceed to the kraal or residence of the portions being cooked separately. The labration of the meat to different persons, these proceed to the kraal or residence of the one charged. At their arrival they sit to-dies have the breast of an ox, and it must be dressed and cut only in a certain man-

The people of the kraal readily see that this is a law party and they in turn call together all the adult males of the family ner, if not they will reject it and therefore women, and the heart and lungs are given to the small boys, who always take their portion raw to the fields and roast it over the flame. All eat lungs together: but when it comes to the heart, only the best

ighters taste of it, and the strongest one present is judge and ruler of the feast.

Now at home, while the meat and other foods are still cooking, the young people are engaged in dancing and talking and in all sorts of amusement, such as looking around for the next bride.

When the feast is ready all the people separate into different groups, according to sex and to ages. There each group receives its prescribed portion. The small boys form their group near the men and receive from them whatever they offer. But here, as an exception to the rule, certain favorite young men accept kind invitations from the young ladies to come to their company. And since the young ladies always have the best part of the feast such favored young men are generally envied by the less fortunate ones. After all have feasted they form a large

oircle and sing favorite airs. The centre is always used by those who are specialists in the art of dancing; compliments and loud cheers are paid to the successful performers. After they begin to feel weary the bride's father with dignity and measured strides steadily makes his and measured strides steadily makes his way through the crowd into the center. The great throng is bushed. He then in the most dignified manner presents his daughter to the young man's father. He begins first by citing all the heroes that are found in her lineage, calling her honored fathers, and great appearance to the property of the strike in the control of the fathers and great ancesters by names. Then, after he has established for her a high ancestral record, he in brief gives her own history, her health and all her good traits. Then finally he declares that he resigns his great charge and now leaves her into his care and commands him to keep

her and provide for her. The young nan's father, with no less dignity, receives her and pledges his protection. Then the ceremony is ended. All the crowd then steadily begins to disperse until only the bridal party remains. These leave the next morning, only a small girl, usually the bride's youngest sister or some relative, remaining to keep her company until she is used to her new

Baker-Howard Feud Resumed. Baker, Jim Howard's Brother-in-Law, Killed in a Battle in Clay County.

Almost at the same hour when James B. Marcum was shot by an assassin in the court house of Breathitt county Ky., Sid. Baker, who married the sister of Jim Howard, recently convicted for the third time of the killing of Governor Goebel, was assassinated, and Hugh Burns, who accompanied Baker, was shot through the arm in a thrilling encounter in Clay county.

The battle took place near Enedina, and when the smoke of the encounter cleared away it marked the reopening of the

Baker-Howard fend that has long been one of the bloody features of Kentucky mountain life. News of the killing of Baker comes to London, the nearest telegraph station, in piecemeal. Men are afraid to be heard talking about the tragedy, for each clan of the feudists has its spies ever on the alert. In this case the murderer is known William McCollum is his name, but he has not been caught, and no officers have gone ly decide the value of a girl.

A Zulu girl would feel very slighted if

the Baker faction of Clay county, while,

strangely enough, Sid. Baker was allied with the Howard faction. The facts as they have developed are as follows: Baker and Burns were riding along the road on the same horse, Baker behind. McCollum came in sight. According to reports, Baker opened hostilities, slid from vanced, and shied, brining Burns directly in range. He was shot in the arm. Baker fired again, but missed. By this time Mcbullet striking Baker in the abdomen. He fell to the ground and lay mortally wounded, while McCollum got away. Baker was

In the last trial of Jim Howard, whose sister married Sid. Baker, McCollum had

McCollum is a man with a record. Baker is the fourth to fall under his pistol. One of his victims was his own brother. Dennis McCollum, for killing whom William was acquitted in Manchester a few months ago. He also killed Clad Hall and Ace Gilbert. For the murder of the former, which took place in Clay county, he was tried in London on a change of venue.

McCollum is not twenty-four years old. He is a youth with iron nerve, an unerring aim and quick trigger-finger. He seldom, if ever, wastes a bullet, and is dead shot under any circumstances. He is a nephew of Jule Webb, who was shot to death through the window of the Manches-ter jail, in which he was a prisoner.

Teacher's Salary Bill.

The teacher's salary bill which goes into effect June 1st is as follows: "Section 1. That on and after the first day of June, 1904, the minimum salary of school teachers teaching in the public schools of this Commonwealth shall be \$35

per month.
"Section'2. It shall be the duty of the president and secretary of the school board of each school district in this Commonwealth to make report under oath to the superintendent of public institution that the requirements of this act have been ful-

ly complied with.

"Section 3. Every school district of this
Commonwealth failing to comply with the
requirements of this act shall forfeit its state appropriation for the whole time during which this act has been violated.

Mrs. Burdick to Get \$25,000. A. R. Pennell's Insurance To Be Paid Widow of

By an order handed down by Justice Kruse, in the New York supreme court, last Tuesday Attorney Wallace Thayer gets \$10,000 insurance left by Arthur R. Pennell.

A decision of the court some time ago gave Thayer \$15,000 insurance from another company. The \$25,000, it is understood, goes to Mrs. Burdick. Mr. Thayer

sued for the money as trustee of a secret charge left by Pennell. Opposition to the suit instituted by J. Frederick Pennell as administrator of his