

## ABORIGINAL TAMMANY.

A CANONIZED INDIAN CHIEF OF THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY.

He Conveyed a Tract of Land in Pennsylvania to William Penn and Was Highly Esteemed by the Whites During the Revolutionary Period.

The chief whose name has been thus queerly canonized by, and perpetuated among the race which supplanted his own, was the most celebrated and illustrious in the whole history of the Delawares, though less is definitely known of him than of Teedyuscung, who was their great man in the middle of the eighteenth century, at the time of the French and Indian war and the various troubles in Pennsylvania consequent upon it.

Tammany or Tamamend, lived in the middle of the seventeenth century, and well toward its close; but that was the period merely of the beginning of the white occupation of Pennsylvania. Thus he was far less known to the colonists—less observed by them than was his follower in the line of succession, Teedyuscung. Perhaps his reputation for ability and virtue rests more upon the white man's ignorance than his knowledge of him, and the fact that he was held to be so good and great an Indian may be explained by that other fact that he was a long time and thoroughly dead Indian at the time public attention was called to him. His fame rested upon Indian tradition rather than extensive acquaintance of the whites with him, but, nevertheless, the pioneers of Pennsylvania, among them the Proprietor of the Province, actually saw and conversed with him.

In 1683 Tammany and a lesser chief affixed their hieroglyphical signatures to a deed conveying to William Penn a tract of land in Bucks County, between the Pennypack and the Neshaminy creeks.

It is traditionally asserted that the greater part of his life was spent in the territory now constituting the State of Delaware, and that assumption contains the elements of probability, because in the time of his early life at least, that was the region of the greatest Lenni Lenape population. There seems reason to believe also that at a later period he had his home in the lonely region of the Upper Delaware, on the west bank of the river in what is now Damascus Township, Wayne County, Pa., to which portion of the valley, together with the opposite bottoms where is now Cochecton, N. Y., the Indians had given the name Cushtunk.

It was round about the site of the present village of Damascus upon the bank of the Delaware that the first Connecticut settlers in Pennsylvania located themselves in 1757 (antedating Wyoming by several years). It is significant that to this locality the Yankee settlers who were destined to make much trouble for the Pennamites, gave the name "St. Tammany Flats" and that some years later the name of the famous chief, in its canonized form, to a Masonic lodge which they organized.

Tammany is not only claimed by Pennsylvania in life but in death, for there is made with some support the statement that the grand sachem was buried not far from a spring (as was a common Indian custom), three or four miles west of Doylestown.

While some of these matters are involved in obscurity the general fact remains clear and unanswerable that he was a great man in the estimation of his own people, and by some process became almost revered by the whites during the Revolutionary period. After he had been half facetiously and half in earnest canonized, his name became a synonym for "good Indian," and for much that is admirable in ideal manhood. The Indians revered him and when they were visited by Colonel George Morgan, of Princeton, they became such enthusiastic admirers of his that as the highest possible compliment they bestowed upon him with befitting ceremony, the name of the venerated Tammany. His name was for many years printed in the calendars, and figures in the pages of Cooper's "Last of the Mohicans," (chapters XXVIII, XXIX).

Tammany was according to the tradition of his people (and the limited knowledge of his white contemporaries), a remarkably wise and just ruler, an eloquent orator, and a mighty warrior, though he exerted himself chiefly for peace and was a warm friend of the whites. His favorite motto was "Unite in peace for happiness, in war for defence." Heckwelder, who simply sums up the Indian traditions of his character, says: "He was in the highest degree endowed with wisdom, virtue, prudence, charity, affability, meekness, hospitality—in short, with every good and noble qualification that a human being may possess."

### A New Cure.

A German doctor has started a theory that most drunkards can be cured by a very simple and pleasant course of treatment, namely, by eating apples at every meal. Apples, Dr. Euplett maintains, if eaten in large quantities, possess properties which entirely do away with the craving that all confirmed drunkards have for drink. The doctor says that in many bad cases which have come under his notice he has been able to effect a cure by this means, the patient gradually losing all his desire for alcohol.

### Where the Money Is.

There are fifteen National banks in New York city which have deposits exceeding fifteen million dollars each, the largest amount being thirty-three million dollars in the National City Bank, and the next largest amount twenty-five million in the Chemical National. Ten banks have over fifteen million dollars each loaned, the National Park having the largest amount, and the First National the second largest.

## WOMEN PAST FORTY.

Their Opportunities for Intellectual Improvement are Few.

"Why should a woman at the age of forty be, in any sense of the word, *passé*?" asked Mrs. Terhune, the other day, at the Monaca Lake assembly. And then she answered the question in a paper that was full of the simplest yet the saddest and most pathetic sentences that one is likely to hear for many a day.

Mrs. Terhune pointed out that after the age of forty the mental forces of woman are at their best, and yet the sunset of her life is darkened. Take the average case. A woman of twenty marries. She is handsome, intelligent and educated. She has read, she has bathed a little in the sea of thought, and looked with wonderment upon its billows. She has even dreamed of voyages out there where stately ships of splendid minds are grasping all the winds that blow, and are pushing for the port of progress. And then she turns to her duties as wife. At first she follows her reading and tries to keep up with the times, but it keeps her busier now than it did. Then the children come, and she is so hurried. Her work is so unending and so exacting. She finishes one task only to find it has brought her to the threshold of a hundred new ones. She thinks sometimes of the culture she is losing, but she has no time. Here are duties that will not be waved aside. She is a good mother, and her children shall not be neglected.

She loses her touch with the women whose cares are lighter. She forgets much that she once knew well. She bends every energy that the children may have advantages. She would feel that she had done a selfish, an unpardonable thing if she sat down to read or to study when there were tasks demanded of her by her husband or her children.

Presently she sees that the boys and girls have discovered that mother does not know.

How quickly children come to that! They compare her with some one, and she suffers. Without meaning it or knowing it, she loses interest in the things that interest them. She never would have thought she could do that. To avoid it is the very thing for which she sacrificed herself. She has made duty her slave so long that duty is her master. She can not escape from the treadmill she has builded. She goes her weary way till the day is done, and even in sleep she dreams of toiling. All her associates drift further and further from her. Her circle narrows till she stands in the center—alone. There is not a throb from her brain that is answered by a thought from the world, and she knows it.

Has she done best? Would it have been selfish for her to neglect the children a little in unconscious infancy to keep pace with them better in acute maturity? Does she not quicker lose hold of them, lose guidance of them when they can outrun her—outrink her? And when they have gone and left her alone, and the echoes are loud where laughter used to live, what has she? Neglected, forgotten, unrequited, unthanked, in many things ignorant, in many things dull, the measure of suffering that must be hers will simply be the measure of possibility that was hers the day she wed.

### Restraint of Juvenile Smoking.

It is time that the attention of all responsible persons should be seriously directed to the prevalence and increase of tobacco-smoking among boys. Here and there, as we have recently shown, there have been observed expressions of a strong repugnance existing in the public mind against this form of juvenile perversity; but we still lack the support of a general and outspoken objection to its continuance. At the same time, we feel assured that no man who has really given any thought to the matter would hesitate in condemning the injurious folly of this practice. Stunted growth, impaired digestion, palpitation and the other evidences of nerve exhaustion and irritability have again and again impressed a lesson of abstinence.

Not even in manhood is the pipe or cigar invariably safe. Much less can it be so regarded when it ministers to the unbounded whims and cravings of every heedless urchin. Clearly there is need of some controlling power here. The parent, in certain cases, is almost as ignorant of consequences and, probably, often quite as apathetic as his boy. Where he can be roused to the active exercise of his authority in repression, he should be. In very many cases he can not, and we have no hesitation in asserting our conviction that it is incumbent upon the Legislature to restrict this habit by an age limit which will fall outside this period.—Lancet.

### The Ideal Dining-Room.

"East and south," says an architect, "is the ideal exposure for a dining-room. That lets in the morning sun, than which nothing is more cheerful on a winter morning, and the southern exposure gets all the breeze going on a summer day." Persons in building do not half consider such questions, which is inexcusable in these days of multiplied sources of information on the subject. The saying of former times that "a first house has to be planned to know how to build the second" ought not now to be accepted. A three-thousand-dollar house may have the comforts and conveniences of a twenty-thousand-dollar one. One of the former seen lately had the "ideal dining-room" facing east and south, and the small piazza on the east corner was, in winter, glass-enclosed, and heated from the steam heat apparatus by sending a single coil of pipe around it. "Here we take sun baths on frosty mornings," explained the host. "With a rug and one or two easy-chairs and the inevitable growing plant, it is the most cosy and comfortable lounging place." Which may be a suggestion to others with such a nook as yet not utilized.

## SEARCH FOR THE DROWNED.

Superstition Common to White Men, Indians and Asiatics.

Superstition everywhere has many curious modes of recovering the body of a drowned person. The universality of this form of superstition is shown by the fact that in one form or another it is shared in this country by white man and Indian alike.

Sir James Alexander, in his account of Canada, tells us: "The Indians imagine that in the case of a drowned body its place may be discovered by floating a chip of cedar wood, which will stop and turn around over the exact spot. An instance occurred within my own knowledge in the case of Mr. Lavery, of Kingston Mill, whose boat overset and himself drowned near Cedar Island, nor could the body be discovered until this experiment was resorted to."

Not many months ago a man was drowned at St. Louis. After search had been made for the body, but without success, the man's shirt, which he had laid aside when he went into the bath, was spread out on the water and allowed to float away. For a while it floated and then sank, near which spot, it was reported, the man's body was found.

A loaf of bread is a favorite talisman in most European countries. Sometimes it is found sufficient of itself and sometimes it needs the aid of some other substance. Thus in England the loaf is usually weighted with quicksilver.

In Brittany, when the body of a drowned man can not be found, a lighted taper is fixed in a loaf of bread, which is then abandoned to the retreating current. When the loaf stops there it is supposed the body will be recovered.

In Java a live sheep is thrown into the water and is supposed to indicate the position of the body by sinking near it. But the objects used for this purpose vary largely in different countries. A correspondent of *Notes and Queries* tells how a corpse was discovered by a wisp of straw around which was tied a strip of parchment inscribed with certain cabalistic characters written on it by the parish priest.

A curious custom is practiced in Norway, where those in search of a drowned body row to and fro with a cock in the boat, fully expecting that the bird will crow when the boat reaches the spot where the corpse lies.

It was a popular theory in days gone by that the body of a drowned man would float the ninth day, a notion which, Mr. Henderson informs us, prevails in the county of Durham. Sir Thomas Browne alludes to it as believed in his time, and in his "Pseudodoxia Epidemica" there is a discussion on this fanciful notion. It was also believed that the spirits of those drowned at sea were doomed to wander for 100 years owing to the rites of burial having never been properly bestowed on their bodies.

### The Ideal Theory.

From College class to class come down certain stories of men and customs which illustrate the ideas of different years. Here is one relating to mush and matter.

In the beginning of the Revolution, Doctor Witherspoon was president of Princeton College. He was a Scotchman by birth, and a man of strong common sense.

It was the fashion of the time to hold the ideal theory—a practical denial of the existence of matter. The ideal philosophy taught that external life, and what we call material world, are the creatures of fancy. This system of philosophy was even more prevalent at that time than materialism is at the present day.

It is said that Dr. Witherspoon, finding it impossible to reason upon this subject logically with people whose minds were on fire with the ideal theory, entered the class-room one morning, and in the course of his remarks said:

"Young gentlemen, if you think there is nothing but ideas in the world, just go out on the campus and butt your heads against the college walls! You will at least get an idea of matter."

On another occasion the students were at supper, at long tables, with a tutor presiding at each. There was one student of the senior class who did not believe in the theory of ideas. They had hot mush and milk for supper; all at once they were disturbed by this student uttering a dreadful cry.

Everybody started up to know what was the matter. The student said: "Mr. Tutor, I ask your pardon. I have just swallowed a red-hot idea."

The tutor bowed, and the apology was received without any evidence of amusement.

### Not in His Holy Temple.

During a trip to the Mediterranean, writes Kate E. Thomas in a Washington paper, when the late Admiral Goldborough was in command of the fleet, the chaplain, a zealous young man, preferred request to hold services on board the flag-ship on Sunday morning. The first Sunday after permission had been given, the young chaplain's trepidation gave place to supreme satisfaction when he noted that with the exception of the admiral the officers and men of the fleet were assembled in full force. After waiting a few moments for the admiral, who failed to appear, the chaplain opened the services in regulation manner: "The Lord is in his holy temple, let all the earth keep silence before him."

As the voice rang out in the opening words, the admiral walked on deck, and though his face betokened a storm, he took his seat in silence, and so remained until the congregation had been dismissed. Then he rose, and striding over to the chaplain, said:

"Young man, I want you to understand in future that the Lord is not in his holy temple until Admiral Goldborough is on deck."

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