

THE WOMAN ON CRUTCHES.

Who people rush madly in Washington street. Past a woman who goes upon crutches, And she hears the swift tramping of hundreds of feet.

White Rose of the Miamis

DOWN at Wabash, Ind., arrangements have just been completed for the erection of a monument to one of the strangest characters in American history.

No stranger story than that of Frances Slocum, whose descendants are about to immortalize her memory in bronze, has ever been told since the Pilgrim Fathers landed at Plymouth Rock.

Born of white parents, she was stolen while a little girl by the Indians. She was reared in an Indian wigwam, married an Indian chief and was given up as dead by the surviving members of her family.

Frances Slocum was the daughter of Jonathan and Mary Slocum, Quakers, who in 1771 moved from Connecticut to Wilkesbarre, Pa., then a mere hamlet in the wilderness.

They were constantly exposed to the attacks of the Indians, but it was not until November, 1778, that three Delaware Indians, during the absence of Mr. Slocum, stole up to the dwelling and murdered two of the children and the son of a neighbor, who were at work outside.

Frances and her mother fled into the house and hid, but Frances was found in a closet and was carried away by one of the Delawares, while the mother followed the red men and implored them to restore her daughter. Mr. Slocum on his return home undertook to follow the trail of the Indians, but was obliged in the dense forest to abandon the pursuit.

Repeated attempts were made to recover the lost child by Mrs. Slocum and her sons. They obtained clues to her occasionally through the reports of government agents, but when they visited the localities where she was said to be held she had disappeared, and the Indians themselves seemed to have entered into a conspiracy to prevent her return, for they refused to divulge the slightest information when questioned concerning her.

Long before the opening of the nineteenth century Frances had been carried west, as the Indians were forced to retire before the approaching civilization, and the discovery of her abiding place was purely accidental.

Col. George W. Ewing, an Indian trader, whose home was at Logansport, Ind., chanced one night in 1835 to be overtaken by darkness in the vicinity of the Osage camp, known as Deaf Man's village, in the western part of Wabash county. He applied at the home of the chief for lodging and was assigned the corner of the large room in the cabin occupied in common by the chief, his squaw and the two daughters. Ewing could not sleep, and as he watched the movements of the squaw attending to the household duties he noticed that her demeanor differed somewhat from that of the Indians, and also observed, when she raised her arms and the sleeves fell away, that the skin was white.

Astonished at this, he questioned her in the Indian tongue, and after some hesitation she admitted that she was not of Indian blood and spoke of her abduction and her journey from Pennsylvania west. Col. Ewing returned home and later made another trip to Deaf Man's village, where he was again entertained by Frances, who went further into the details of her romantic life.

Col. Ewing, with scarcely any hope of finding her relatives, wrote a letter to the postmistress of Wilkesbarre, who was also the editress of a local paper, but she paid no attention to the story of Frances Slocum or the inquiry concerning her relatives, and threw the letter aside. Two years afterwards it was found by the editor of the paper, John W. Forney, afterwards of the Philadelphia Press, who printed the matter, and a copy of the paper falling into the hands of friends of the Slocums, her brothers and sisters set out on a pilgrimage to Logansport.

They were met by Col. Ewing, who accompanied them to Deaf Man's village, where an affecting interview between them and the lost sister took place. She was stolid and indifferent and regarded the visitors with suspicion. They questioned her closely and she gave them the history of her strange career. The brothers and sisters asked her to go with them to Peru, but, evidently fearful of designs upon her, she refused. They went away and returned a day or so afterwards and pressed her to give up her Indian life and go back to Pennsylvania, but she firmly declined to do so. She said she was happy with her family and in the bosom of her tribe; that she was growing old and a change of conditions would shorten her days, and she desired, when she died, pointing to the cemetery where her body now lies, to rest with her husband and children in that spot. Sorrowing, the relatives bade her adieu and returned to Pennsylvania. One or two visits were made her afterwards, but she was not to be moved from her determination, and she died in the desolate Indian village in 1847 and was interred where she had directed her remains to be buried.

Frances had two daughters—Kicksqua, who married Peter Bondy, a Miami, and Osawshiquah, who married a half-breed, John Brouillette. Both daughters are dead, but their children have often heard from Frances' lips the story of her abduction. This is the story as she told it:

"The Delaware Indians, after taking me from the house, carried me over the mountains a long way and hid me in a cave. They had blankets and a bed of leaves, and made me comfortable for the night. We left early the next morning, the Indians carrying me in their arms. They gave me plenty to eat, and as I felt better I stopped crying. We finally reached an Indian village, where we staid some time, and the chief, Tack-Horse, placed me on a horse and we traveled a long way. They dressed me up in Indian garments and covered me with bright beads. We went to Sandusky and to Niagara and spent two years, and then went to Detroit. I was then about 13 years old. I was taught never to trust the white men and to avoid them at all times. When I saw a white I always ran away out of sight. I became a good marksman with the bow and arrow and engaged in all Indian sports. For three years at Detroit we went to Fort Wayne and staid there until after Gen. Harmer's defeat by the Indians, at which time all the women and children were run off to the north. I lived with the Delawares and married Little Turtle, a chief. He was cruel, and I left him and married Chepokenah, 'Dead Man,' the Osage chief. I remember the defeat of the Indians by Gen. Anthony Wayne. After peace was returned to Fort Wayne, and then, after the battle of Tippecanoe, we came here to the Mississinewa."

When the government order was made for the removal of the Miamis west of the Mississippi a special act of congress was passed excepting Frances Slocum and her family. She, in her last sickness, refused all medical aid. Her death, March 8, 1847, was due to pneumonia. Subsequently her relatives held funeral services in Sandusky, one of her brothers, a minister, preaching the funeral sermon.

Her grave is on a high knoll overlooking the valley of the Mississinewa river in Wabash county. The grave, at her request, was dug shallow, the foster mother of Frances having advised her that if the body were not buried deep it would be easy to throw off the earth in the event of burial alive.

An elaborate programme for the unveiling of the monument on May 17, 1900, has been prepared. All the surviving relatives of Frances will attend, and some of them will deliver addresses. Gov. Mount and the state officers, together with numerous pioneer residents of the state, have promised to attend and speak. The monument is a plain white bronze shaft, nine feet high, appropriately inscribed, and will be unveiled by two granddaughters of the "White Rose."—Chicago Tribune.

Power of a Child's Words.

"Deliver me from the unfavorable criticism of a child," said an old actor. "It hits the hardest. A year or two ago," he continued, "we were playing in a Cincinnati theater. I was cast for the part of a doctor. The 'business' of one of the scenes required that I should come on the stage deeply absorbed in thought and smoking a cigarette. I had noticed a family party in one of the boxes nearest the stage. The youngest member of the party, a little boy, was completely wrapped up in the play. It was all real to him. As I came from the wings during the scene in question I passed within a few feet of the box in which he sat. He turned to a lady who sat behind him, and I distinctly heard him say, with a gasp: 'Mamma, he's no doctor! He smokes cigarettes.' I have never smoked a cigarette in that scene since."—Youth's Companion.

Too Obliging.

The meercer of Afghanistan must surely be a very obliging man, if a story told of him be true. Not many years ago a queen's messenger, or some other official, was on his way to Cabul, when he had the misfortune to be robbed. He was in no way injured by the robbers, but the British government preferred a complaint, which came duly to the knowledge of the ameer. No reply was received, and the months passed. At last the ameer wrote, and his letter showed the earnestness of his desire to oblige the queen. "The matter you mention," said the letter, "has been thoroughly investigated, and not only have the robbers of your messenger been put to death, but all their children, as well as their fathers and grandfathers. I hope this will give satisfaction to her majesty the queen." Nevertheless, it is doubtful if it did.—Youth's Companion.

Domestic Tragedy.

Mrs. Grimes—How in the world do you get rid of your stale bread? I have to throw lots of mine away. Mrs. Smarte—There's no need for you to do that. Why not do as I do? I just hide it away from the children. Mrs. Grimes—Hide it away from the children? What then? Mrs. Smarte—Then the children find it, and eat up every morsel of it.—Tit-Bits.

A Cause of Action.

"Uxory has sued Soaksem, the furrier, for alienating his wife's affections." "You don't mean it! Why, I didn't suppose Mrs. Uxory ever knew him." "She doesn't. But he exhibited the finest sealskin ever in this town in his window, and she won't speak to Uxory because he won't buy it for her."—N. Y. World.

In Vino Veritas.

A corker boasted of his pull into a bottle that was full. The bottle said: "You must confess it's owing to your crookedness."—Chicago Record.

NOT WHOLLY UNEXPECTED.



Lord Potosoffin—Do you know what happened at your dance last night? No? Well, I'll tell you. I'm going to take away your sister. Does that surprise you? Tommy—No fear! Why, mother said it was 6 to 4 on about your popping; Sis said it was sixes; dad laid 2 to 1 against and I had a bet on at evens!—Ally Sloper.

The Non-Producer.

This world is but a fleeting show; The kicker, so they say, Performs no work to make things go And doesn't pay his way. —Washington Star.

Didn't Laugh with the Rest.

Jones—What were the boys all laughing so heartily over? Brown—Smith got off one of his jokes. Jones—Why didn't you laugh with the rest? Brown—It was on me.—Ohio State Journal.

Anticipated.

"You ought to take time by the forelock," urged his friend. "I try to do it," replied the man who was down on his luck, "but I generally find that somebody else has got hold of it."—Brooklyn Life.

He Knows the Kind.

Jones—There goes one of the best business men in the city, and I don't suppose there is anybody in the office who takes more risks. Slowboy—Indeed! What line is he in? Jones—Insurance.—N. Y. World.

Another Mind Relieved.

"Pa, what are allied forces?" "A man's wife and his mother when he attempts to say a good word for the woman in the case. Now run upstairs and play with your little hose cart."—Chicago Times-Herald.

Not Fashionable.

It was the first time Dorothy had ever seen a bull with a ring in his nose. "Mamma," she exclaimed, pityingly, "just see in what an unbecoming place he wears his jewelry."—Judge.

"If I were sick and wanted to get well, I'd find out how some one else got well who had the same sort of sickness as mine."

If your sickness is like hers, Mrs. Jacobs' story will interest you.

"I was very sick indeed," writes Mrs. Mollie Jacobs, of Felton, Kent Co., Delaware, "and our family doctor said I had consumption. I thought I must die soon for I felt so awful bad. Had a bad cough, spit blood, was very short of breath, had pains in my chest and right lung, and also had dyspepsia. Before I took your Golden Medical Discovery and Pleasant Pellets I was so weak I could not sweep a room, and now I can do a small washing, and I feel like a new person. I believe that the Lord and your medicine have saved my life. I was sick over two years. I took 13 bottles of the 'Golden Medical Discovery,' and four vials of Dr. Pierce's Pellets."

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The Coming of Man.

In his article on "Secrets of the Earth's Crust," in Knowledge, Prof. Cole says we have already advanced since Zittel wrote, in 1895: "The problem, where man first appeared on the earth and from what form he sprang, has, in spite of all efforts of modern geology and anthropology, up till now found no solution." Dr. Dubois has recently published his discovery of the remains of a man-like animal in Java, styled by him Pithecanthropus erectus, associated with extinct Pliocene mammals. These Javan remains would seem to indicate an anthropoid of exceptional zoological position, and probably of exceptional faculties. Dubois' discovery is, however, as yet a single step, founded upon a single skeleton. To some thinkers this step provides a field of vision surpassing all that went before; to others, the coming of man remains, to this day, one of the profoundest secrets of the earth's crust.

Cuban Postal Clerks.

Of the 600 clerks employed in Cuba by the post office department fully 500 are Cubans.

"The Strength of Twenty Men."—When Shakespeare employed this phrase he referred, of course, to healthy, able-bodied men. If he had lived in these days he would have known that men and women who are not healthy may become so by taking Hood's Sarsaparilla. This medicine, by making the blood rich and pure, and giving good appetite and perfect digestion, imparts vitality and strength to the system.

The non-irritating cathartic—Hood's Pills.

If the doctor never takes his own medicine the undertaker surely never has charge of his own funeral.

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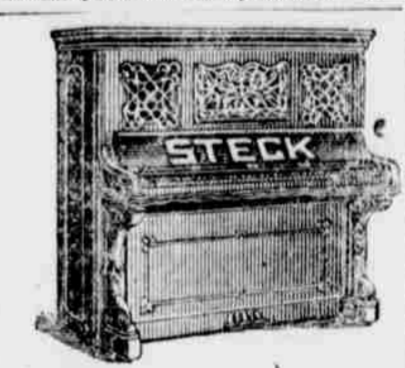
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THE MARKETS.

Table listing market prices for various goods including Butter, Eggs, Lard, Ham, Pork, Beef, Wheat, Oats, Rye, Wheat flour, Potatoes, Turnips, Onions, Sweet potatoes, Hay, Tallow, Shoulder, Side meat, Vinegar, Dried apples, Dried cherries, Raspberries, Cow Hides, Steer, Calf Skin, Sheep pelts, Shelled corn, Corn meal, Bran, Chon, Middlings, Chickens, Turkeys, and Ducks.

Advertisement for Chamberlain's English Pennyroyal Pills, claiming to cure various ailments.

Advertisement for Parker's Hair Balm, claiming to clean and beautify the hair.

Advertisement for Biggle Books and Farm Journal, listing various farm-related books and the Farm Journal publication.

Advertisement for Alexander Brothers & Co., dealers in cigars, tobacco, candies, fruits, and nuts, with agents for various brands.

Advertisement for W. H. Brower's carpet, matting, and oil cloth, located at 2 doors above Court House.