

A SINGULAR BATTLE.

Four Indian Girls Whip a Warrior. [Poplar River (M. T.) Cor. N. Y. Sun.]

Recently there was witnessed near here one of the most singular scenes in Indian life—the punishment by four Indian girls of a young Indian who had assaulted one of their number. The following description is that of an eyewitness:

Now the lines are broken and the tribe forms a huge ring, into which the savage who provoked the animosity of the Pole-cat family is summarily thrust. He looks sullen and dogged. He has a hard fight before him, and he knows it, but he is a man of his hands, and he means to wear those girls out if it lies in muscle and prompt and effectual work. He may strike them anywhere above the breast, and kill them if a blow in the neck will do it, but bullets and arrows are ready for him if he strikes foul. The girls, on the other hand, must take of his apron. If they accomplish that, he is disgraced to the utmost moment of his life, driven from his tribe, left to starve on the prairie, and all Indians cautioned against harboring, feeding or associating with him. The injured woman is allowed to have such squaws as she may select to assist her. But if she chooses too many to effect her purpose it is a disgrace to her, and so she is careful to select only enough to make the battle nearly equal.

The Pole-cat girls are the belles of the Yantonnais tribe. If a squaw can be pretty, these girls are beautiful, and by virtue of their attractions and their father's possessions in horses and other satisfactory property they are the aristocrats of the camp. Perhaps for that reason they ask no help in their present undertaking; and, for that reason also, perhaps, their savage sisters giggle and exchange whispers as the four girls step into the ring and approach the waiting buck. All five are in full war paint. Down the hunter's cheeks and along his neck are alternate sepia and green and yellow strips on a background of brilliant red. While his chest, sides and back are tricked out with rude pictures of guns, bows and horses. The girls have smeared their faces with a coating of red, over which lies another of green striped with yellow. Their hair is unfastened at the back, and the front locks are braided with otter fur. Each wears a skirt and leggings, but their blankets are laid aside and their muscular brown arms are displayed.

There are no preliminaries. The girls dash at their enemy and attempt to grasp him. If all hands manage to get hold of him half the battle is accomplished. But he meets them squarely and fairly, planting a cruel blow between the eyes of the girl he had injured, knowing that if she is finished he can compel her to call off the rest. She is the General of the attacking forces and the prime object of his attack. Over she goes like a pinwheel, but she is up again, her face streaming with blood and her eyes swelling. The elder girl has contrived to secure a waist hold and locked her hands behind his back. His fists fell upon her upturned face with frightful force, but she keeps her hold. The other two girls are pressing him hard from behind, but his elbows work like battering rams, and one steps back with her hand pressed tightly to her breast, and a look of agony in her eyes. Now he whirls suddenly, planting ponderous blows upon the face and head of the girl who, on her knees, still clings to his waist with a death grip. He fairly raises her from the ground as he spins, but her hold never relaxes.

His earlier victim again dashes at him and is rewarded by a crashing stroke on the mouth. She recoils, put recovers and darts again to receive his fist on her neck with a force that whirls her half a dozen paces off and drops her like a log. Not a word is spoken. The thing of his fist, and the heavy breathing of the struggling contestants are the only sounds. The last rally of the prostrate girl has enabled the rear party to catch the buck, and one has twined her arms around his neck, while the other hangs to his right wrist. His left hand is still free, and it fairly twinkles in the air as he batters the maiden at his wrist. Her grasp is like iron, but her head reels and sways as his heavy hand falls on it with a noise that reaches the furthest side of the irregular ring. Her eyes are closed and her breath comes convulsively. Were the fourth girl there to grasp that arm, the fight would soon end.

The girl behind choking him, and he employs new tactics. Grasping the kneeling girl by the throat, he pounds the face of the one behind him with the back of his head. No vanity prompts her to let go. She tightens her grip and buries her face in the back of his neck. The fourth girl is up, staggering and dazed. Brushing the blood from her eyes with an angry motion, she approaches him, crouching as she moves. If the blow he has in store for her reaches the mark he will have another chance for the girl at his waist is growing faint, and he can easily dispose of the other two. She comes at him like a cougar. The blow is delivered full upon her breast, but she grasps his wrist and writes up his arm.

Now he is beset with danger. The two on his arms and the one at his waist pull him forward, the girl behind still strangling him, throws her weight on his back. In vain he attempts to straighten. The kneeling girl bends in her despairing struggle until her hair hangs on the ground. The other three show the muscles rigid in their arms as they press him down upon their kneeling sister. Suddenly he springs backward with a marvelous effort of strength. The fainting girl at his waist finds her hands torn apart. But that triumph was his defeat. With a crash he comes to the ground, three girls upon him. One plants herself on his face and the other two kneel on his arms. There a struggle, and then the youngest rises with a wild yell, waving the apron in her hand. Her yell is echoed by a low moan as the mother of the prostrate hunter staggers out of the circle, and by a grunt of sat-

isfaction as Pole-cat recognizes the victory of his girls. To-morrow, somewhere up the river, that disgraced buck will be found with a bullet in his brain.

UP THE WASHINGTON MONUMENT.

A Fearful Ascent of Nearly 400 Feet Rewarded by a Magnificent View.

Washington Letter in the New York Sun. If one desires to sup full on horrors in Washington, there is no way in which success is so certain and so speedy as an ascent of the 375 feet of the unfinished Washington Monument. Although no accident of any kind whatever has happened since the work was begun, owing to the admirable precautions that have been observed, the mere contemplation of the dangers to be avoided would give General Washington himself, if he were alive, the cold creeps. It must be remembered that the monument is already among the highest structures in the world, while the transportation of the gigantic blocks of stone to the top is something which has no parallel in this country and has seldom been equaled anywhere. Whether the ascent is calculated to inspire fear or not may be imagined from the reply made by one of the highest officials in Washington to the inquiry: "Were you—were you not just a little frightened going up?" "Frightened! I was perfectly terrified!" was the hearty response given with all the force of emphasis.

The ascent is made by the elevator, which runs through the middle of the great obelisk. This elevator is a mere open platform, which does not deserve the name of the alleviator, as Mrs. Gen. Gillyory put it; it is rather the terrorifier. Every time it goes up it carries from five to ten tons of stone, and the only way for visitors to get to the top is to huddle around the immense mass of stone on the diabolical looking machine. The platform begins to move slowly and laboriously upward, grinding and creaking at every inch from the enormous weight it lifts. In half a minute the light of day totally disappears, and at that moment the horrors of the position suddenly swoop down upon one. To be dangling hundreds of feet above a chasm with only a rope between a fall to the bottom with 10,000 pounds of stone is enough to appal any imagination. Although the darkness is blackness inconceivable and the intense silence broken only by the groaning of the great mass feeling its way painfully upward, yet the frightful abyss appears to become of itself both audible and visible. The last 150 feet of balancing between heaven and earth is like hanging between life and death. Even the elevator man gives up his heroic efforts to keep up the courage of the party.

At length light from the top begins to appear, and in a minute or two a pallid party of pleasure seekers step out on the platform at the top, nearly four hundred feet in the air. There is an enormous iron structure running through the middle of the obelisk and around this the stone is blocked. Six feet are added every week in three tiers of two foot blocks. The structure is thereupon raised, and the work of bringing it six feet above the level is recommenced. A net work of rope is securely fixed around the top of the shaft, extending several feet off, to catch any unfortunate man who might drop over—the workmen are compelled to be on the very edge in order to complete the outer layer of stone. A young lady not long since, in a spirit of bravado, threw herself into this life-saving net. A weak spot in the rope would have sent her nearly four hundred feet to the earth. A contrivance like the rigging of a ship is on top of the shaft, and the wind howls through it with enormous force. When a tier or two is laid the workmen are protected in a measure from the violence of the wind, but they acknowledge that when they are working on a level it is something terrific.

If anything could repay one for the horrors of the ascent it would be the view after reaching the top. Even the most hardened sight-seer must be enthusiastic at the great panorama spread out before him. The vast Treasury building looks like a Lilliputian house. The plan of Washington becomes as well defined as a checker-board. The full grandeur of the Capitol is then for the first time realized. When it is remembered that the Capitol is of almost the identical dimensions of the great pyramid and of St. Peter's being perhaps a few feet longer than either, it may seem that it has nothing to lose by looking at it from any point of elevation. Everything else grows minute from the top of the monument except the white splendor of the Capitol. It seems to be on a mountain instead of a hill, and amid the diminishing of every other object the great white dome stands grandly out, so high that it looks as though poised in air.

A look at the elevator and a proposition to descend is enough to kill any enthusiasm, however. But it is by comparison with the ascent simply delightful. There is no mountain of stone to make one fancy how it would feel to go to the bottom of the hideous hole with it. To the simultaneous and earnest assurances made to the elevator man that nobody in the party would ever do so any more, he sardonically replied: "All of 'em says that!"

The name of a new book is "Bachelors and Butterflies." It is not until the bachelors get married and go to housekeeping that they find how the butter flies.

A Remarkable Dun.

A business man in New Carlisle Ind., has issued a circular letter to his creditors couched in the following terms:

MY DEAR SIR—I want to ask you a plain question in all kindness and sincerity, and I would like to have you answer it honestly and candidly, not in two or three years or months, but now, this week. Supposing you were as poor as Job's turkey and had invested \$2,000 or \$3,000 in an enterprise which you designed to make an exclusive cash business supposing, as a matter of accommodation and good nature you had trusted it out all over the country, from Carlisle to Jericho, supposing you had kept adding to your means and still putting it on the books until your funds were played out, supposing you had claims against you in the hands of business men who had accommodated you in good faith and need their money; supposing you had some pride in you, and meant to be square toed and punctual, and hated to see the man you owed when you didn't have the legal tender in your trousers to pay his just and lawful demands, worse than you would to see an Indian, and supposing those whom you had accommodated felt perfectly easy and contented, shied the track when you went to see them and told the wife of their bosom to answer "not at home," or come into town and left without even paying a part; supposing that they held your money and waited patiently for wheat to go up to ninety-cents or one dollar, or pork to bring five or six dollars a hundred, what would you do? Would you let your debtors go and smile and be a villain, or would you sue every mother's son of them that did not pay, if it was the last thing you did in town?

If you were an honest man you would do the latter, and that's just what I'll be compelled to do if there is a King in Israel. I don't want money to look at; I can earn enough for that, don't want any to salt down (I never could make it keep), but out of several thousand trusted out I humbly want a few hundreds, and I'll be hanged if I won't have it or an execution returned nulla bona. I love you myself as a mother loves her first born, but I love to pay my debts better than I love any man, woman or child on the face of God Almighty's green earth, and by the Continental Congress I propose to do it, if I have to make costs for every man in Olive township or in St. Joseph county owing me. Now, let us have the "spondulix" and see how sweet and pretty I can smile upon you.

Yours courteously,

A Dual Schoolmaster.

London Globe. A few months ago the reports ran the rounds of the press that the wealthy Duchess of Galleira had bestowed two splendid estates upon the Pope for use during his lifetime. The story of the enormous increase of this old lady's riches is not generally known, and it is certainly a curious one. The late Duke possessed a fortune of 300,000,000 francs and an only son. During his father's lifetime the heir declared his intention of renouncing the world. Instead of following the example of the kings and nobles of earlier ages when they were seized with this passion and retiring into a cloister, the young man, at the age of twenty, crossed into the territory of Nice and applied for a situation as a village schoolmaster. His father regarded it as a mere freak, and sent his son every year a sum of 300,000 francs. The young man accepted it, but refused to spend it upon himself, sending the whole to Paris with a request that it should be expended anonymously upon the poor of the French capital, while he himself existed entirely upon the income which he earned as a schoolmaster. The secret of the aristocratic origin and brilliant prospects of the village pedagogue could not be kept, and after he had been at work for three years the French Minister of Education sent him a nomination as "Officer de l'Academie." Meanwhile the father died, and the eccentric schoolmaster had become the Duke of Galleria and the rightful possessor of enormous riches. He determined, however, to adhere to his vow of renunciation. He wrote a polite letter to the French Minister, declining the honor which had been offered him, saying that his three years' service was too mean to be compensated with such a dignity. The young Duke is still contentedly teaching the children of the peasants in his Nice village, and never interferes with his mother, regarding himself dead to the world in which he once lived.

The Rev. M. J. Savage of Boston preached a sermon on newspapers. "People often hold," he said, "that the world is more wicked now than ever it was before. An explanation of this, I believe, will be found in the fact that no man who is not so utterly alone and so far away that what he does and says cannot be reported as news is safe to-day in the commission of crime, for the chances are that very soon he will see his name in a newspaper telling all about him, and this, if you think of it, is the one thing that the average man fears more than he fears God, more than he hopes for heaven, and more than he dreads hell." On the other hand, Mr. Savage blames the newspapers because he thinks they are generally cynical in tone.

Lake Tahoe in a Tempest.

Tidal Waves and Waterspouts in Dramatic Action.

A few days ago, at the time when the recent general snow and rain storm was brewing, some gentlemen of the Comstock, who were at Tahoe City, witnessed a grand and remarkable spectacle. The day was windy and the lake rather rough; but a number of persons stopping at the hotel—our Comstockers among the number—concluded to go to the end of the long wooden pier and try their luck at fishing. They had not been long at the end of the pier before their attention was attracted by a great roaring. Looking across the lake, in the direction of Glenbrook, they saw a regular cyclone approaching. Before the hurricane came a long broken wave, at least fifteen feet in height. Knowing that this would sweep the whole line of the pier, all present beat a rapid retreat to the shore. When at a safe distance, the party turned to gaze upon the incoming wall of water. While thus employed they were startled by a tremendous roaring to the northward, and a moment after a cyclone from that direction struck the lake. This sent before it a huge wave, which had soon attained the height of that coming from the southward. In a few minutes the two waves came together. When they struck, a column of water and spray was sent into the air to the height of at least 100 feet. The collision of the two waves was followed by a report that sounded like a heavy clap of thunder. A moment after this grand shock of the waters five or six huge waterspouts made their appearance, all within an area of three or four miles, and carried great columns of water and spray to the height of several hundred feet. These circles to and fro over the lake for some ten or fifteen minutes, and then one after the other subsided, and for a time thereafter there was almost a dead calm. Waterspouts are very frequently seen on the lake at this season. This is owing to the peculiar situation of the lake, under the crest of the main ridge of the Sierra Nevada range of mountains.

Ex-Indian Agent Tiffany Arrested.

ADMITTED TO BAIL IN \$6,000 ON CHARGES OF EMBEZZLEMENT, PERJURY AND CONSPIRACY TO DEFRAUD.

J. C. Tiffany, formerly Indian agent in Arizona Territory, was arrested on Broadway yesterday on a warrant issued by United States Commissioner Shields at the instance of District Attorney Fiero, who made an affidavit upon a telegram from Attorney General Russell, charging Tiffany with embezzlement, perjury and conspiracy to defraud the Government of \$6,000. Deputy Marshal Bernhard has been looking for Tiffany for three days and had only a personal description to guide him in his search. Yesterday afternoon he saw Tiffany sauntering down Broadway and took him into custody. Tiffany was at once taken before Commissioner Shields and admitted in \$6,000 bail for examination. It is said that Tiffany is wanted in Tucson, Ari., where there are five indictments against him, and that his arrest was made at the instance of the United States Attorney General. Tiffany, in conversation with a reporter, said that he resigned his position in July last and has been in New York since April. He said he was engaged in the steel business and that he courted investigation. In answer to a question he said he had heard of the indictments, but he didn't think they would ever be pressed, as it wouldn't do for him to tell of some things he knew. He will demand an examination here.

The Cook's Accommodating Lover.

Detroit Free Press. When a certain family on the Brush farm took a new cook last month it was specifically stated and fully understood that she was not to have any men hanging around the kitchen. She held to the agreement for three or four nights, and then the family discovered that she had a beau. He came regularly every night after that, and three or four nights ago the Colonel was at the gate waiting for him. When the young man appeared the Colonel threw a whole iceberg into his tones as he inquired: "Well, sir, did you come here to spunk?" "I did," was the calm reply. "In love, are you?" "Yes, sir." "Who with?" "Sarah, the cook." "Oh, I didn't know but you loved one of my daughters," sneered the Colonel. "No, I don't at present," said the man as he seemed to catch a sudden idea, "but the thing hasn't gone so far with Sarah but what I might break off in case you had something better up stairs for me!" Sarah doesn't work there any more, but the Colonel won't get over being mad for several weeks yet.

The Oldest Pensioner.

Maryland can probably claim the oldest pensioner in the United States in the person of Mrs. Elizabeth Creizer, who resides in the North District of Baltimore County, upon the York road. She was 103 years old last December, and is the widow of John Creizer, of Captain Perry's company of Maryland militia, who served in the war of 1812. Notwithstanding her advanced age she can walk about the house and attend to household duties. She has the record of her birth and of her marriage to John Creizer in the year 1781. Her sight and her hearing are good, and her mental faculties are in excellent preservation. On Tuesday she was driven in to receive her pension payment at Mayor Adreon's office on Calvert Street, and as he would not give her the trouble to alight he carried her check to her at the office, and found her thoroughly cheerful and in the humor for quite a talk. She is believed to be the oldest pensioner, if not the oldest person, in the United States.—Baltimore American.

NOT WORTH IT.—A citizen of Michigan who has something of a reputation for his indie views and arguments happened at a railroad station as they were waiting to take the train to attend a conference, and introducing himself to one of them he said: "I want half an hour's talk with the smartest one of your crowd. Who is he?" "Well, Brother White, is pretty smart," was the reply. "The infidel walked up to the clergyman named and bluntly began: "Preacher White, you hold that there is a God, don't you?" "Yes, sir." "And a heaven and a hell?" "Yes, sir." "And that none but believers can be saved?" "Just so." "Well, sir, I don't believe any such thing, and I will defy you to convince me?" "I shan't try to, sir." "You won't? Don't you want me to be saved?" "No, sir—no, sir! I wouldn't waste five minutes to send you straight to heaven." "Why not?" "Why, sir, folks have been going to heaven by the million for thousands of years, and there is such a crowd up there that a small soul like yours could no more be found or heard than an atom of sand thrown into the middle of the ocean. It's too small potatoes to pay for the hoeing!"

ACCORDING TO THE Boston Globe the following incident occurred in that city; but it might have happened almost anywhere else. An out-of-town druggist entered an apothecary store and handed a clerk a simple receipt. "One dollar and fifty cents," said the latter, as he handed the medicine over. "Isn't that pretty steep?" asked the customer, adding: "I'm in the business myself, and know somewhat about the cost of these ingredients." "Oh, that alters the case," was the response; "seventeen cents, please."

A MEDICAL MATTER: An old lady, hearing that John Bright contemplated visiting this country, hoped that he wouldn't bring his "disease" with him.

THE man who has the weaker side of an argument always makes the most noise. If you want to hear a pig squeal get him penned in a corner.

SPEAK ALWAYS according to your own science, but let it be done in terms of good nature, civility and good manners.

THE Rothschilds are said to hold sixty millions in Egyptian bonds.

IGNORANCE IS one of those infirmities that are inseparable, and, though it be ever so desparately sick, feels no pain or want of health.

WOMEN ARE never so color blind that they can't see the make-up of a new bonnet passing along, fifty feet away.

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Table with columns for route and time. Includes entries for BELLEVILLE & SNOW SHOE, BALD EAGLE VALLEY RAILROAD, and PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD.

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