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# The Post.

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### SELECT POETRY.

#### GRAY HAIRS.

Like the first flakes of snow,  
On some cloud reaching hill  
While the valley below  
Is blossoming still,  
Though the silvery sheen  
Mid the raven locks play,  
Still the heart may be green  
While the temples are gray.

Like the leaves that we first  
In the faded dress see,  
With the green interspersed  
Of the still fruitful tree;  
Though we gray hairs among  
The dark tresses behold,  
Yet the heart may be young  
When the head has grown old.

Like the first starry gleams  
On the brow of the night,  
While the Western sky beams  
With its strong mellow light;  
Though the ringlets may show  
How and there a white thread;  
Yet the heart may still glow  
Underneath a gray head.

Though the frosts of long years  
The life currents enfold,  
Till the thin form appears  
As impressive and cold,  
As the long frozen night;  
At the pole, still the head  
Never yet was so white  
That the heart was quite dead.

#### THE MOTHER.

BY JULIA M. TRAYER.

She sits in a splint-battered chair  
By the cozy kitchen fire;  
Smooths her nut-brown hair,  
And smiles her eyes  
She hums a quaint old rhyme  
To the baby at her side;  
And her busy hands keep time,  
As with a matron's pride,  
She sews and patches and darns,  
And makes her garments o'er;  
And sorts her cotton yarns,  
To carpet her cottage floor.  
The mangle cloth strikes five;  
From school the children come;  
Like the dinning of a hive,  
Is the kettle's cheery hum.  
Each eager mouth well fed,  
Awaiting their spots and jest;  
Then stroking each curly head,  
She sends them to their rest;  
And she darns and patches and sews,  
And makes old garments new;  
And toes and heels, and heels and toes,  
And cobbles the baby's shoe.  
—Little Corporal.

#### A BOLD STROKE FOR A WIFE.

BY JUDGE CLARK.

It was my first visit North since I  
had taken up my abode and entered on  
the practice of my profession in New  
Orleans.

In the city of New York I had a  
very dear friend, my old chum and  
cousin, George Dickson; and as he  
was the only person I knew in the great  
metropolis, of course I lost no time in  
seeking him up.

Three years had passed since our last  
meeting, but ten could scarcely have  
produced a change more marked than  
had taken place in the appearance and  
number of my friend.

Our first greeting and friendly in-  
quiries over, I longed, yet forbore, to  
ask the cause of my friend's melan-  
choly. I felt sure of being made the  
confident of the secret in due time,  
provided no motive of delicacy prompted  
to concealment.

That evening, in my room at the  
hotel, George told me his story. He  
had traced an attachment for a young  
lady, whose graces of mind and person  
he portrayed with all the fervor of a  
lover's eloquence. She had returned  
his affection, but her father had opposed  
his suit, having set his heart on the  
marriage of his daughter to a nephew  
of his.

This nephew was a young physician,  
of prolific character, my friend as-  
sured me—that that may have been  
prejudice—who had long but un-  
successfully wooed his cousin, to whom  
his profilers were as resolute as to whom  
his father they were acceptable.

Some months since, Mr. Parsons, the  
young lady's father, had gone south on  
business, accompanied by his nephew.  
At New Orleans he had been seized  
by sudden illness, which terminated  
fatally in three days.

On the day preceding his death he  
had executed a will, (which had since  
been proven by the depositions of the  
attesting witnesses,) containing a sol-  
emn request that his daughter, to whom  
he left the whole of his estate, should  
accept the hand of his nephew in mar-  
riage, coupled with a provision that in  
case the latter offered, and she refused,  
within a specified time, to enter into  
the proposed union, the entire estate  
divided to the daughter, should be for-  
feited to the nephew.

To sacrifice her fortune to her heart's  
choice would not have cost Julia Par-  
son's a moment's hesitation; and noth-  
ing could have more delighted George  
Dickson, than so fair an opportunity  
of showing how superior his devotion  
was to all considerations of personal  
advantage. But her father's dying re-  
quest, in Julia's eyes, was sacred. It  
had surprised and stunned her, for in  
her many conferences on the subject he  
had never gone beyond the most kin-  
d remonstrance, and had never even  
hinted at coercion.

Young persons had not the magnani-  
mity to forego his ungenerous advan-  
tage. He might have been content  
with his cousin's fortune alone, but  
his right to that depended on his offer  
and her rejection of an alliance which  
she felt in conscience bound to accept.  
The brief season of grace, when she  
had been compelled to beg even with  
tears, had already most passed, and a  
few more days would witness the con-  
demnation of two lives to hopeless  
misery.

hereafter be developed, I felt a peculiar  
interest, I prevailed upon him to ac-  
company me to a place of amusement  
to which I had previously procured  
tickets.

When we reached the theatre, the  
performance had already begun; but  
we succeeded in finding seats which  
commanded a fair view both of the  
stage and the audience.

In a few moments George touched  
my elbow.

"Observe the gentleman nearly oppo-  
site, in the front of the parquette, seated  
next the column, leaning his arm on  
his cane," he whispered.

I looked in the direction indicated,  
and saw a face whose striking resem-  
blance to one I had seen before caused  
me to start with surprise.

"Who is it?" I asked.

"Eldridge Parsons," was the reply.  
"The nephew of whom you spoke?"  
"The same," my friend answered.  
"Does he resemble his uncle?" I was  
on the point of inquiring, but just then  
the stranger drew the glove from his  
right hand, and I saw that the first  
joint of the middle finger was wanting,  
a circumstance which, for sufficient  
reason, absorbed my attention.

"Do you know the exact date of Mr.  
Parson's death?" I asked, when we had  
regained the street at the close of the  
performance.

"Yes," said George, "it was the  
23d of December. His daughter re-  
ceived a telegram from her cousin an-  
nouncing the fact the same day. But  
why do you ask?"

"I have a reason which may or may  
not prove a good one," I returned;  
and stating that I had business en-  
gagements for the whole of the next  
day, I parted with my friend, prom-  
ising to meet him on the following even-  
ing.

Next afternoon found me at the  
office of Dr. Parsons.

"Dr. Parsons, I presume?" were  
the words with which I accosted the  
gentleman I had seen at the theatre.

"Yes, sir."  
"You may not remember me, Doc-  
tor, but I believe we have met be-  
fore."

"I beg pardon, sir, for not recollect-  
ing the occasion."  
"You were in New Orleans last Win-  
ter, were you not?"

"I was," he answered with some em-  
barrassment.

"I'm the gentleman on whom you  
called to draft a will."

He turned pale and made no reply.  
"I saw a record of that will in the  
Surrogate's office this morning," I re-  
sponded, "and I—"

"You speak of my uncle's will," he  
haughtily interrupted.

a happy evening we three spent to-  
gether, and what a happy marriage  
followed soon after.

Eldridge Parsons, I have just learn-  
ed, joined out of the Cuban expedi-  
tion, and was killed in an encounter  
with the Spaniards.

### A Remarkable Prisoner.

In 1861-2 there lived in Monroe  
county, Miss., a planter named Wool-  
ley. He was a half-breed, at least  
there was a good deal of Cherokee In-  
dian in him. He owned about 200  
slaves, and had all the worst habits of  
the old time planter—drinking, gam-  
bling and horse-racing. These pursuits  
sterminated for him his sole occupation,  
the plantation being managed by an  
overseer. He had the sole virtue of  
Indian veneration for the sacredness  
of his word. He would not execute a  
note for any purchase whatever, and  
held all men in sovereign contempt who  
violated their pledged word. He had  
no compunction in killing a man in  
what he deemed a just quarrel; but  
his word was his bond. This was his  
well-known character, and he could  
have got credit for thousands on his  
word easier than other men could  
have got hundreds. At the time we  
speak of he had killed several persons  
in gambling quarrels, and he was look-  
ed upon as a man not to be crossed  
except at the risk of life.

One night, while playing cards in  
Columbus, a quarrel arose about the  
game. His opponent was a known  
desperado, and he gave the lie to Wool-  
ley's statement about the game. Wool-  
ley's hand was cut simultaneously—both  
were slightly wounded, when a lucky  
blow laid Woolley's opponent upon the  
floor. Next morning Woolley was ar-  
rested—because he did not care that  
it should be otherwise, Woolley had  
carried his killing so far that the judge  
felt bound to commit him, in order to  
avoid imputation of being affected either  
by fear of his desperadoism or  
wealth. Accordingly to jail went  
Woolley. The jailer was a weak man  
—weak in courage and weak to resist  
the influence of a dueller. After  
bearing his confinement for a day or  
two, Woolley sent for the jailer.

"See here, Jim," said he, "you  
know me; you know I never break my  
word. Now, I want you to have a  
social game with the boys. You can  
just leave me the key, and when it  
gets bed time I will come, look my-  
self in, and it will be all right."

This arrangement was enforced by  
material considerations; and night  
after night Woolley used to come out  
and enjoy his nocturnal liberty.  
One day, when he got the case put  
off and giving bail in the sum of \$10,-  
000, was released.

At the next term of Court, Woolley  
was upon trial; the jury returned a  
verdict of guilty, the judges sentenced  
him to one year in the penitentiary at  
Jackson. The papers were duly made  
out, and the Sheriff proposed to start  
him for Jackson, but Woolley de-  
murred.

"You know, Sheriff," said he, "that  
the county is poor—can't afford the  
trip—and so I'll just let my boy Caesar  
drive me down to Jackson, and save  
all the expense. Got the papers?"

The Sheriff produced them, and ere  
he was aware, Woolley seized them  
and put them in his pocket.

"All right," said he, "I shall be off  
to-morrow morning."

The Sheriff knew he had a desperate  
man to deal with, but when he re-  
flected that Woolley never broke his  
word, and had, besides, over \$100,000  
worth of property he could not more,  
he made a virtue of necessity, and left  
things to take their turn.

True to his word, Woolley left for  
Jackson, and in time arrived. Putting  
up at the Mansion House, he sallied  
out, visited all the gambling halls with  
which that town abounded, and the  
next morning drove up to the peni-  
tentiary. Entering the ward room,  
he inquired:

"Where shall I find the Warden?"  
"I am the man," said Col. Dickson.  
"Well, I've brought you a prisoner."  
"Where is he?" inquired the War-  
den.

"Here: I am the man," and Woolley  
handed over the Sheriff's mittens.

The Warden was amazed. Had he  
a lunatic to deal with, or had the man  
killed the Sheriff, and then come to  
his prison to die? He could not tell;  
but he determined quickly to keep  
the man, since he offered himself.

"Now," said Woolley, "let us go  
through this place and so how it  
looks," and through they went. As  
they returned to the guard-room,  
Woolley had talked so pleasantly that  
the Warden felt reassured, and said  
casually:

"Now, Mr. Woolley, what branch  
of the business do you think you would  
like best?"

### "Fast" Life—The Irretrievable Ruin of Youth.

(From the Springfield Republican.)

Nestled in one of the numerous pic-  
turesque valleys of Berkshire is an old  
fashioned village of true New England  
type, with its single and shaded street,  
quiet almost to loneliness, a church or  
two with scattered cemeteries, now  
and then a store, scattered farm-houses  
the inevitable post office, hotel and  
bridge; to which but a few public  
buildings can be added. There were,  
however, a town house and a bank in  
the village. In this secluded place  
Janus Deo first saw the light in about  
the year 1835, and in pining him mor-  
tality his mother gave her life. To  
the father this was most severe. The  
boy, however, survived his mother,  
and as he grew up the whole of the  
love and affection of the remaining  
parent were lavished upon the child—  
Time passed, and the youth was found  
at school, a bright, quick, active,  
and intelligent pupil. Every attention  
was bestowed upon his education. At  
fourteen he was clerk in the bank of  
the village, of which his father was  
cashier. He was found to be well fitted  
for such a responsible place, particu-  
larly as he was exceedingly rapid and  
correct in his calculations. After four  
years of duty there, both father and son  
were called to enter a banking house  
in a larger and more thriving town,  
in the capacity respectively of cashier and  
teller. Here both remained about five  
years, and both could have made many  
years more with profit to themselves,  
and satisfaction to all concerned, had  
it not been that the young man was  
ambitious of going into business for  
himself in the city. The father was  
loath to have him go, but after repeated  
solicitations, and having an opportu-  
nity to form a partnership with an old  
and trusted banker friend, the two  
went into the banking business in New  
York, under the name and firm of Bar-  
Deo & Co.

All prospered, and after a year or  
two of success the two senior partners,  
who had gone into the arrangement  
more to secure the firm establishment  
of the younger member upon a sure  
and safe foundation than for any other  
reason, withdrew, and the whole busi-  
ness fell into the hands of the junior  
partner. Business continued prosper-  
ous. He bought and sold millions at  
the brokers' board. The mere he had  
to buy and sell the more easy it seem-  
ed for him to do the business entrusted  
to him. Very rapid, unaccountably  
accurate in all his transactions, the  
president of the board of brokers once  
said of him that there was not one of  
the great number of the members of  
the board who could equal him. He  
would buy "Eric" of numerous parties,  
in rapid succession, to the price, often  
being attached the fractional parts of a  
cent; but his accounts were the first  
to be ready, and always the most  
correct, and that, too, without the aid  
of pen or paper. One day a stenog-  
rapher was secretly employed to  
record all his transactions, and before  
the reporter could write them out  
young Deo had his accounts correctly  
made up, greatly to the astonishment  
of all who were in the secret.

He grew rich, and alas, as he grew  
rich, reckless. Wealth led to wine,  
wine to women, and fast horses and  
gambling followed. In fact, to ex-  
press it rather inelegantly, the young  
man went it with a rush for a time.  
Indeed, he seemed determined to see  
how much and how foolishly he could  
spend. In a drive to the Central Park  
he has been known to spend \$500.—  
He would get the best team and order  
the driver to allow none to pass him.  
He would stop at the most fashionable  
saloons on the route and indulge in  
the most costly wines. Money was  
easily made and more easily expended,  
and he seemed to think it would al-  
ways be so. But there is just where  
he was mistaken. Few men are able  
to stand disipation of the character  
here indicated for any length of time,  
and Deo could not indulge therein  
without affecting himself as well as his  
business.

Depositors became suspicious,  
friends warned, and many withdrew  
their deposits and securities, while  
others, either ignorant of his course  
or still having faith in him, permitted  
things to remain. But, too late, they  
found their confidence had been be-  
trayed. Not satisfied with using his  
own money, or that not being sufficient  
for his demands, he drew from the  
immense sums with which he had been  
entrusted, perhaps honestly believing  
at first that he would be able to re-  
place them when needed, until he had  
run through in a year a million and a  
half of dollars. But the terrible mor-  
tality he had forced upon himself  
could not be overcome. More and  
more rapidly he went down, until all  
hope of retrieving the losses he had  
entailed upon his friends was un-  
dermined.

His father, himself wealthy, en-  
deavored to stem the flood, throwing  
in his whole fortune, but the current  
was too powerful, and it was swept  
away forever. Unrelenting creditors  
pressed their claims; the young man,  
knowing that it was useless to try and  
satisfy them—to evade arrest and  
prisonment, fled the country, and now  
pursues a fugitive in a foreign land.  
The father, morally ruined, and hu-  
miliated that he could not restore the  
losses his friends had suffered, soon  
became insane, and finally died in an  
insane asylum, and was buried by  
kind friends in the village cemetery, by  
the side of her who had given her life  
for him.

I was in love once, with a fat girl,  
says Don Platt, she was very fleshy  
She was enormous. But the course  
of my true love came to grief. I was  
sitting with her in the dim twilight  
one evening. I was sentimental; I  
said many soft things; I embraced  
her. She seemed distant. She fre-  
quently turned her lovely head from  
me. At last I thought I heard the  
murmur of voices on the other side,  
I arose and walked around, and there  
I found another fellow courting her  
on the left bank. I was indignant,  
and reproached her for her treachery in  
leaving me. She said she had never  
loved me, and she would never love  
me again, and she would never love  
me again.

Consumptive Children.  
As a general thing, too much care  
is taken of children who have coughs  
and colds. Mothers, in their anxiety  
to protect their children against colds,  
confine them too much within doors,  
allowing them only to seek the air  
when the weather is fine, and then  
only after much bundling up of the  
body. This is particularly the case  
when there is any reason to suspect  
tubercular disease in the child. If  
it can be taken to have the child's skin  
well protected from cold, by having it  
wear flannel drawers and undershirt,  
with an extra thickness of flannel about  
the chest; if its limbs are encased in  
warm, woolen stockings, thick shoes  
and rubber overshoes in wet weather,  
it is by far the best plan to allow them  
to run out door in all sorts of weather.  
Consumptive children need air—pure  
air, and lots of it. This can only be  
had out doors, and no matter what  
the condition of the weather is, the air  
is always more wholesome than that  
within the living room. No harm can  
come to the child if it is properly clad  
its limbs will always feel better, and  
perform their function better, in the  
form, than in the ill ventilated house.

Consumptive children should have  
the skin sponged daily, in water of such  
a temperature as not to produce shock  
or chilliness. The body should be  
thoroughly dried and briskly rubbed  
with a coarse towel. A diet of best  
steak, roast beef or mutton chops, to-  
gether with baked or mashed potatoes,  
with milk and coars bread, should be  
strictly observed. Pies, cakes and  
pastry must not be allowed. No gross  
or greasy of any sort, should be eaten.  
The simplest articles of food are al-  
together the best.

The child should sleep in a large  
apartment and alone. The window  
should be down three inches at the  
top and the bed so heated as not to  
subject the sleeper to draughts of air.  
The underclothing should be removed  
at night and a thick, cotton flannel  
night shirt, reaching to the feet, should  
be worn. In the morning the sponging  
above referred to should be given  
in a moderately warm room. Then  
have the child don the flannels and a  
rump in the open air, before break-  
fast.

Never send a consumptive child to  
school. The air in the crowded school  
room will play sad havoc with its  
lungs. Employ a teacher at home, or  
if this cannot be afforded, father and  
mother must act as teacher for the  
hour or two that the child should be  
confined to study, daily.

If the child is thin and puny, ask  
your family physician to prescribe cod-  
liver oil and iron, for it. A favorite  
formula of ours is to add two ounces  
of the fracture chloride of iron to eight  
ounce of pure cod liver oil. Of this  
we give a child, ten years old, a tea-  
spoonful morning and evening.

But above all, let the child live out  
doors as much as possible—give them  
warm clothing and wholesome, plain  
food, and we believe that very many  
infirmitudes will grow to useful men and  
womanhood, that otherwise would  
find an early grave, under the kind but  
unwise care of a fond mother.—The  
History.

### Heroic Conduct.

A well-known gentleman of this city,  
passenger on the Pacific Express train,  
Pennsylvania Railroad, coming west on  
Saturday last, has as the following  
interesting item:

This Saturday morning (March 23d),  
about twenty minutes past 3 o'clock,  
one and a half miles west of Altoona,  
as the Pacific Express going west was  
rounding a curve on the mountain side  
at a rapid rate, a deep precipice on one  
side and high impending rocks on the  
other, a weel had been seen ahead  
waving his hat and tooting his little  
arms aloft. The train was stopped  
within a few feet of a mass of rock and  
dirt upon the track sufficient to have  
thrown passengers, engineer and cars  
over the precipice. The lad (whose  
name I gratefully record is Willie Cahko,  
not ten years old) had seen the fall,  
and hastened to signal the approach-  
ing train.

While this act of forethought and  
humanity in one so young and mean-  
less bred deserves especial public re-  
cognition, and will ever be a source of satis-  
faction in his after life, yet we have  
no doubt he will receive from the rail-  
road company a more substantial re-  
cognition, as he would have done from  
the passengers had they known at the  
time of his provident interference—  
Mr. Thomas Watt, the conductor of the  
train, was highly elated and gratified  
at this worthy specimen of Penn-  
sylvania's youthful benevolent fore-  
thought. All honor to the mountain  
boy Willie Cahko.

The Company cannot do less than  
provide for the education of this boy,  
and give him a start in life.—Pittsburg  
Commercial.

### A California Romance.

It would seem from the frequent occur-  
rence of remarkable incidents, that  
there is nothing of an improbable na-  
ture, judging from the following won-  
derful, strange and hardly creditable  
story, which came to our ears a few  
days since: In the spring of 1849,  
when the gold fever was at its highest  
possible state of excitement in California,  
there lived in the State of Virginia,  
on the banks of the York river, a few  
miles below Yorktown, a gentle-  
man of culture, whose parents were  
in moderate circumstances. It was  
during the gold excitement that he left  
the comforts of a home, his friends,  
relatives, a loving wife, who he had led  
to the altar but a year since, and an  
only child—a daughter of two months  
—and took up his lonely journey to  
seek his fortune in the wild, distant  
West, over and beyond the Rocky  
Mountains, where the bright and gold-  
en sun sinks down to rest amid the  
blue waves of the grand Pacific.

After years of toil, drudgery, and  
reverses of fortune in the mines, he  
came to San Francisco and engaged in  
business. He being successful, soon  
amassed an immense fortune. His  
beloved wife had died, during a pre-  
vailing epidemic, while on a visit to  
some relatives during the yellow fever  
season at New Orleans, as at the same  
time did a little girl of another fam-  
ily of the same name, and age as his  
little daughter. He visited the States  
but could find no clue to his deceased  
wife's sister; he thought, naturally,  
that she too had died. He returned to  
the Golden State, and time and the  
whirling excitement of business soon  
healed his sorrows, and effaced, appar-  
ently, all recollection of his old  
home on the banks of the placid York.

Shortly after the completion of the  
Pacific Railroad there arrived at San  
Francisco a gentleman, his wife and a  
beautiful, well educated, and graceful  
young lady, just blooming into middle-  
hood, apparently and really about  
eighteen summers. It was by chance  
the young lady and aged widower met  
—and to meet was to love. They were  
daily married after a short acquain-  
tance, the ceremony being celebrated  
with great eclat, and creating no little  
falter in the fashionable and wealthy  
circles of that city. The fact that both  
parties bore the same surname excited  
no comment or inquiry, as it was one  
almost quite as common as that of  
Smith or Brown. A few weeks after  
the marriage, as the husband and wife  
naturally inquired into each other's  
past history and antecedents, and were  
gradually becoming better acquainted  
with each other, the document came—  
they were father and daughter.

WOMAN'S RIGHTS IN TERRY.—Mas-  
sachusetts, although usually regarded as  
behind the times in the recognition of  
women's rights, seems to have taken  
a step in advance. Three women have  
been added to the *delectis* *plures* in  
Constatinople. There was once a  
woman, named Delah, in the last,  
who served the Lords of the Phari-  
sians in the same capacity. No doubt  
there have been many ungodly De-  
lahs since that day. But these women  
detectives in Constatinople are offi-  
cially recognized, to operate against  
their own sex. The Bay's commission-  
er gives them position. They mingle  
with women without betraying their  
official character, and make use of in-  
famous revelations to the confusion  
of the unfortunate whom they betray  
into conversation. In this way a mur-  
dered witness refusing to testify was  
shown into a room where several other  
women were seated.

A woman detective was among them  
unperceived, and soon managed to ob-  
tain the information which the male  
officials could not extract from the re-  
fractant witness. Now here is the  
light of woman to serve on the police  
and somewhat in advance of the ap-  
pointment of a woman as Justice of the  
Peace in Wyoming Territory in our  
own country. Truly the wife works;  
but we suspect this move is in a direc-  
tion which the advocates of woman's  
rights will hardly eye. But the greater  
includes the less, and if women has  
the right to be President, Governor  
and legislator, she is certainly privi-  
leged to join the detective force.

General Pleasanton used to tell an  
amazing little Indian story. He was  
once, while stationed at a frontier post,  
quite surrounded by threatening bands  
of Cheyennes. He wished very much  
to negotiate a treaty with the chiefs,  
but they were so suspicious of his ob-  
ject, that they were to suspicious of his  
power. At last he succeeded in capturing a young  
Indian of rank, whom he held as a hos-  
tage. One day this captive, sullenly  
stalking about the fort, came upon a  
soldier who for want of better amuse-  
ment, was playing with a child's jump-  
ing jack. The noble savage was trans-  
fixed with wonder and admiration.—  
He watched the antics of the little fig-  
ure in breathless silence for some min-  
utes, then turned and ran like one mad  
past the sentinels, leaped all the ob-  
structions, and escaped from the fort.  
In an incredible short time, however,  
he returned, heading a deputation of  
chiefs, who, after spending an hour or  
so in wrapt contemplation of the jump-  
ing jack, held a solemn council, and  
negotiated the desired treaty, stipulat-  
ing that as the most important condition  
of the surrenders little and big  
—and that the little should always  
remain at the fort, and the big should  
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