The Tioga County Agitator.

"The Agitation of Thought is the Beginning of Wisdom."

VOL. XVI. WELLSBORO, PA., JUNE 16, 1869. NO. 24.

The Tioga County Agitator

Is published every Wednesday Morning at $2 per year, invariably in advance.

COBB & VAN GELDER.

M. H. COBB.] [P. C. VAN GELDER.

ADVERTISING RATES.

TEN LINES OF MINION, OR LESS, MAKE ONE SQUARE.

No. of Sq'rs.	1 In.	3 Ins.	4 Ins.	3 Mos.	6 Mos.	1 Year
1 Square,	$1,00	$2,00	$2,50	$5,00	$7,00	$12,00
2 Squares	2,00	3,00	4,00	6,00	12,00	18,00
Half Col	10,00	15,00	17,00	22,00	30,00	50,00
One Col	18,00	20,00	30,00	40,00	60,00	90,00

Special Notices 15 cents per line; Editorial or Local 20 cents per line.

JOBBING DEPARTMENT.

The proprietors have stocked the establishme with a new a vario assortment of

JOB AND CARD TYPE

AND FAST PRESSES,

and are prepared to execute neatly and promptly

POSTERS, HANDBILLS, CIRCULARS, BILL-HEADS, CARDS, PAMPHLETS, &c., &c.

Deeds, Mortgages, Leases, and a full assortment of Constables' and Justices' Blanks on hand.

People living at a distance can depend on having their work done promptly and sent back in return mail.

MASONIC.

OSSEA LODGE, No. 317, A. Y. M., meets at their Hall over Dr. Roy's drug store, on Tuesday evening, on or before the Full Moon, at 7 o'clock P. M.

TYOGA CHAPTER, No. 194, R. A. M., meets at the Hall, on Thursday evening, on or before the Full Moon, at 7 o'clock P. M.

TYOGA COUNCIL, No. 31, R. & S. MASTERS, meets at the Hall, on the third Friday of each calendar month, at 7 o'clock P. M.

TYAGAGHTON COMMANDERY, No. 28, of KNIGHTS TEMPLAR, and the appendant orders, meets at the Hall, on the first Friday of each calendar month, at 7 o'clock P. M.

BUSINESS DIRECTORY.

WILLIAM H. SMITH, ATTORNEY AND COUNSELOR AT LAW Insurance, Bounty and Pension Agency, Main Street Wellsboro, Pa., Jan. 1, 1868.

WM. GARRETSON, ATTORNEY AND COUNSELOR AT LAW, Notary Public and Insurance Agent, Blossburg, Pa., over Caldwell's Store.

GEO. W. MERRICK, ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW. Office with W. H. Smith, Esq., Main Street, opposite Union Block, Wellsboro, Pa. July 15, 1868.

W. D. TERBELL & CO., WHOLESALE DRUGGISTS, and dealers in Wall Paper, Kerosene Lamps, Window Glass, Perfumery, Paints and Oils, &c., &c. Corning, N. Y., Jan. 1, 1868.-1y.

S. F. WILSON. J. B. NILES.
WILSON & NILES, ATTORNEYS & COUNSELORS AT LAW, (First door from Bigoney's, on the Avenue)—Will attend to business entrusted to their care in the counties of Tioga and Potter. Wellsboro, Jan. 1, 1868.

JOHN I. MITCHELL ATTORNEY AND COUNSELOR AT LAW, Wellsboro, Tioga Co., Pa. Claim Agent, Notary Public, and Insurance Agent. He will attend promptly to collection of Pensions, Back Pay and Bounty. As Notary Public he takes acknowledgements of deeds, administers orths, and will act as Commissioner to take testimony. ☞ Office over Roy's Drug Store, adjoining Agitator Office.—Oct. 30, 1867

John W. Guernsey, ATTORNEY AND COUNSELOR AT LAW. Having returned to this county with a view of making it his permanent residence, solicits a share of public patronage. All business entrusted to his care will be attended to with promptness and fidelity. Office 2d door south of E. S. Farr's hotel. Tioga, Tioga Co., Pa. Sept. 26, '66.—tf.

JOHN B. SHAKSPEARE, DRAPER AND TAILOR. Shop over John R. Bowen's Store. ☞ Cutting, Fitting, and Repairing done promptly and in best style. Wellsboro, Pa., Jan. 1, 1868-1y

GEORGE WAGNER, TAILOR. Shop first door north of L. A. Sears's Shoe Shop. ☞ Cutting, Fitting, and Repairing done promptly and well. Wellsboro, Pa., Jan. 1, 1868.-1y.

JOHN ETNER, TAILOR AND CUTTER, has opened a shop on Crafton street, rear of Sears & Derby's shoe shop, where he is prepared to manufacture garments to order in the most substantial manner, and with dispatch. Particular attention paid to Cutting and Fitting. March 26, 1868-1y

Dr. C. K. Thompson, [WELLSBOROUGH PA.] Will attend to Professional calls in the village, of Wellsboro and elsewhere. Office and Residence on State St. 2d door on the right going East. [June, 24, 1868.

D. BACON, M. D., late of the 2d Pa. Cavalry, after nearly four years of army service, with a large experience in field and hospital practice, has opened an office for the practice of medicine and surgery, in all its branches. Persons from a distance can find good boarding at the Pennsylvania Hotel when desired.—Will visit any part of the State in consultation, or to perform surgical operations. No. 4, Union Block, up stairs. Wellsboro, Pa., May 2, 1866.—1y.

Wm. B. Smith, KNOXVILLE, Pa., Pension, Bounty, and Insurance Agent. Communications sent to the above address will receive prompt attention. Terms moderate. [jan 8, 1868-1y]

Thos. B. Bryden. SURVEYOR & DRAFTSMAN.—Orders left at his room, Townsend Hotel, Wellsboro, will meet with prompt attention. Jan. 13, 1867.-tf.

R. E. OLNEY, DEALER in CLOCKS & JEWELRY, SILVER & PLATED WARE, Spectacles, Violin Strings, &c., &c., Mansfield, Pa. Watches and Jewelry neatly repaired. Engraving done in plain English and German. 11sept67-1y.

Hairdressing & Shaving. Saloon over Willcox & Barker's Store, Wellsboro, Pa. Particular attention paid to Ladies' Hair-cutting, Shampooing, Dyeing, etc. Braids, Puffs, coils, and swiches on hand and made to order.
H. W. DORSEY. J. JOHNSON.

J. G. PUTNAM, MILL WRIGHT—Agent for all the best TURBINE WATER WHEELS. Also Stewart's Oscillating Movement for Gang and Mulay Saws. Tioga, Pa., Aug. 7, 1868, 1y.

C. L. WILCOX, Dealer in DRY GOODS of all kinds, Hardware and Yankee Notions. Our assortment is large and prices low. Store in Union Block. Call in gentleman.—may 20 1868-1y.

PETROLEUM HOUSE, WESTFIELD, PA., GEORGE CLOSE, Proprietor. A new Hotel conducted on the principle of live and let live, for the accommodation of the public.—Nov. 14, 1866.-1y.

HAZLETT'S HOTEL, TIOGA, TIOGA COUNTY, PA., Good stabling, attached, and an attentive hostler always in attendance. E. S. FARR, ... Proprietor.

HILL'S HOTEL, WESTFIELD Borough, Tioga Co. Pa., E. G. Hill, Proprietor. A new and commodious building with all the modern improvements. Within easy drive of the best hunting and fishing grounds in Northern Penn'a. Conveyances furnished. Terms moderate. Feb. 5, 1868-1y.

IZAAK WALTON HOUSE, Gaines, Tioga County, Pa. HORACE C. VERMILYEA, Prop'r. This is a new hotel located within easy access of the best fishing and hunting grounds in Northern Pennsylvania. No pains will be spared for the accommodation of pleasure seekers and the traveling public. [Jan. 1, 1868.]

Bounty and Pension Agency. HAVING received definite instructions in regard to the extra bounty allowed by the act approved July 28, 1866, and having on hand a large supply of all necessary blanks, I am prepared to prosecute all pension and bounty claims which may be placed in my hands. Persons living at a distance can communicate with me by letter, and their communications will be promptly answered. WM. H. SMITH. Wellsboro, October 24, 1866.

HARKNESS & RILEY, BOOT AND SHOE MAKERS, Over Wilson & Van Valkenburg's Store, in the room lately occupied by Benj. Seeley. BOOTS AND SHOES of all kinds made to order and in the best manner. REPAIRING of all kinds done promptly and good. Give us a call. JOHN HARKNESS, WM. REILEY. Wellsboro, Jan. 2, 1868-1y.

CITY BOOK BINDERY AND **BLANK BOOK MANUFACTORY,** 8 Baldwin Street, (SIGN OF THE BIG BOOK, 2D FLOOR,) ELMIRA, N. Y.

OUR MOTTO: GOOD AS THE BEST, CHEAP AS THE CHEAPEST.

BLANK BOOKS Of every description, in all styles of Binding, and as low, for quality of Stock, as any Bindery in the State. Volumes of every description Bound in the best manner and in any style ordered.

ALL KINDS OF GILT WORK Executed in the best manner. Old Books rebound and made good as new.

MAGAZINE READERS COMPLETE YOUR SETS! I am prepared to furnish back numbers of all Reviews or Magazines published in the United States or Great Britain, at a low price.

BLANK BOOK & OTHER PAPER, Of all sizes and qualities, on hand, ruled or plain.

BILL HEAD PAPER, Of any quality or size, on hand and cut up ready for printing. Also, BILL PAPER, and CARD BOARD of all colors and quality, in boards or cut to any size.

STATIONERY, Cap, Letter, Note Paper, Envelopes, Pens, Pencils, &c.

I am sole agent for Prof. SHEPARD'S NON-CORROSIVE STEEL PENS, OF VARIOUS SIZES, FOR LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, Which I will warrant equal to Gold Pens. The best in use and no mistake.

The above stock I will sell at the Lowest Rates at all times, at a small advance on New York prices, and in quantities to suit purchasers. All work and stock warranted as represented.

I respectfully solicit a share of public patronage. Orders by mail promptly attended to.—Address, LOUIS KIES, Advertiser Building, Sept. 28, 1867.-1y. Elmira, N. Y.

John C. Horton, ATTORNEY & COUNSELOR AT LAW, Lawrenceville, Tioga County, Pa. Office over George McLean's Boot & Shoe Store. Business attended to with promptness. apr. 7th, '69-1y.

C. B. KELLEY DEALER IN DRY GOODS, Groceries, Hardware, Boots, Shoes, Hats, Caps, &c., &c., corner of Market and Crafton streets, Wellsboro Pa. Jan. 6, 1868.

E. S. Perkins, M. D. Respectfully announces to the citizens of East Charleston and vicinity, that he would be grateful for their patronage. Office at the Store of Cooper and Kohler. Mar. 24th '69-1y.

Smith's Hotel. [TIOGA PA.] E. M. SMITH, having purchased the hotel property lately owned by L. H. Smith has thoroughly refitted the hotel, and can accommodate the traveling public in a superior manner. March 24th. 1869-1y.

KEYSTONE HOTEL. SABINSVILLE, Tioga County, Pa., J. B. Benn, Proprietor. Convenient to the best fishing grounds in Tioga Co. Fishing parties accommodated with conveyances. Good entertainment for man and beast. June 9, 1869-tf.

New Tannery. THE undersigned has fitted up the old Foundry building, near the Brewery, Wellsboro, and is now prepared to turn out fine calf, kip, cowhide, and harness leather in the best manner. Hides tanned on shares. Cash paid for hides. M. A. DURIF. Wellsboro, Oct. 14, 1868.

UNION HOTEL. MINER WATKINS, Proprietor. HAVING fitted up a new hotel building on the site of the old Union Hotel, lately destroyed by fire, I am now ready to receive and entertain guests. The Union Hotel was intended for a Temperance House, and the Proprietor believes it can be sustained without grog. An attentive hostler in Attendance. Wellsboro, June 20, 1867.

E. R. KIMBALL, GROCERY AND RESTAURANT, One door above the Meat Market, WELLSBORO, PENN'A, RESPECTFULLY announces to the trading public that he has a desirable stock of Groceries, comprising, Teas, Coffees, Spices, Sugars, Molasses, Syrups, and all that constitutes a first-class stock. Oysters in every style at all seasonable hours. Wellsboro, Jan. 2, 1867-tf.

WALKER & LATHROP, DEALERS IN HARDWARE, IRON, STEEL, NAILS, STOVES, TIN-WARE, BELTING, SAWS, CUTLERY, WATER LIME, AGRICULTURAL IMPLEMENTS, Carriage and Harness Trimmings, HARNESSES, SADDLES, &c. Corning, N. Y., Jan. 2, 1867-1y.

HEAR YE! HEAR YE! HEAR YE! BARERLS, FIRKINS, CHURNS, BUTTER TUBS, &c., Kept constantly on hand, and furnish'd to order, by **W. T. MATHERS,** at his new store, 2d door above Roy's Building, Wellsboro. (June 10, 1868.)

Scales! Scales! Scales! THE Buffalo Platform Scales, all ordinary sizes, for heavy, and counter use, may be found at the Hardware Store of Wm. Roberts, Wellsboro. These Scales are the Fairbanks patent and have no superior anywhere. They are made in the best style and have taken the premium at all the great exhibitions. I have the sole agency for these Scales in this region. WILLIAM ROBERTS. Wellsboro, Feb. 12, 1868.

New Tobacco Store! THE subscriber has fitted up the rooms adjoining D. P. Roberts Tin and Stove Store for the manufacture and sale of *CIGARS, (all grades), Fancy and Common SMOKING TOBACCO, Michigan Fine Cut CHEWING, and all kinds of PLUG TOBACCO, PIPES, and the choicest Brand of CIGARS.* ☞ Call and see for yourselves. JOHN W. PURSEL. Wellsboro, Nov. 11, 1868—tf.

TO FARMERS! ELK RUN PLASTER.—We hereby certify that we have used the Plaster manufactured by Champney & Bernauer, at their works on Elk Run, in Gaines township, and we believe it to be equal if not superior to the Cayuga Plaster.

David Smith	S M Conable	A P Cone
M H Cobb	H E Simmons	J Bernauer
G W Barker	Asa Smith	E Strait
S B Davis	Albert King	John C Miller
J H Watrous	W H Watrous	L L Marsh
R M Smith	O A Smith	H M Foote
J D Strait	P C Van Gelder	J J Smith
Jared Davis	J F Zimmerman	C L King
L L Smith		

N. B.—Plaster always on hand at the Mill.—Price $5 per ton. Nov. 4, 1868.

Poets' Corner.

[For the Agitator.]

A SIMILE.

Out in the sea a drowning man
Is struggling with the wave,
His comrades stand upon the shore;
His loved ones cry, O, save!
Launch out the boat!' All hands on board,
The leader gave command;
Some promptly to the call respond,
Alas, some idle stand.

The little band their utmost skill
Put forth, the man to save;
For want of men to ply the oar,
He found a watery grave.
What think you of these idle men?
Methinks I hear reply,
"Murderers!" for they might have saved,
But let a brother die.

To-day is heard a cry for help,
Wrung from a mother's heart;
The widow's tear, the orphan's cry
Bid each one bear a part.
Within the sea of drunkenness,
Nearing a drunkard's grave
Is many a father, husband, son,
O, heed that cry of, *save*.

The boat is launched, the temperance boat:
Some to the rescue hie,
While others, by their actions say
I care not, let him die.
O, ye who strike the social glass,
Drink to the health of friends,
Why drink ye not the beverage
Which health and beauty lends?

Would every sober, earnest man
For temperance take a stand,
The foe would soon be overthrown,
And driven from the land.
Let your light shine and hide it not;
Is the divine command;
"He that's not for me is against;"
Ye cannot neutral stand!

Blossburg May 26th 1869. M.

Miscellaneous Reading.

LETTER FROM COLORADO.

DENVER, Col., May 6, 1869.
Correspondence of the Agitator.

The name by which that portion of our domain lying between the 37° and 41° N. Lat. and 25° and 32° W. Longitude from Washington, is known is derived from the true Spanish word *colo* and *cado*, signifying red color, and was applied to all that country that extended indefinitely northward from their possessions in old Mexico—a name doubtless suggested to them by the masses of brick colored rock that have been exposed by the mountain upheavals for hundreds of miles along their base. The first authentic account of discoveries into this region were made in 1540—42, when a party starting from Sinola penetrated to about the present northern boundary of the Territory, but without finding the glittering metal they came to seek. Had they discovered the mineral deposits near where they passed, how different would have been the making of our national history. The first explorer and chronicler that gave current information of the country was Capt. Z. M. Pike, who under Madison's administration made extensive examinations of the western border of the great plains, and a considerable extent of the mountains adjacent. He expressed the belief that minerals existed here, but furnished no proof. In honor of his discoveries one of the highest peaks of the range, then ascended by him, was named after him; a name it probably ever will retain, and one that was the central point around which thousands gathered when the actual existence of the precious metal was made known in 1858—59, when the great rush to the new Dorado began from the eastern cities, but mainly from Missouri river towns.

The general result of the stampede to the Pike's Peak mines, as they were then indefinitely known, is so familiar that no extended notice need be given to it. Until the great railroad made new starting points as it was pushed rapidly westward the three principal points from which trains started out were Atchison and Leavenworth, Kansas, and Omaha, Nebraska. Four weeks for a horse or mule train, and twice that length of time for oxen, were required to make the long journey across the treeless, dreary plains. Thousands came, many only to meet with disappointment, and none to realize at mining the sudden wealth they had believed only awaited their coming. But from the multitude that did come have remained those who are developing and producing wealth in mining or agriculture or other pursuits, that is fast placing our young Territory among the older States in wealth and population. Now obstacles that at times seemed too great to conquer have been overcome, the several departments of industry have extended, and those who have endured the hardships of the past see in the bright future a reward for all the toils and losses of other days.

Not the least obstacle encountered by the pioneer the moment he enters the great plains, and felt in effect throughout the whole great West, is the savage disposition of the Indian; that worthless object that never seems perfectly happy unless he is causing unhappiness to others.

A three years residence in their country, and frequent intercourse with those who have passed a greater portion of their lives among them, have given me many ideas concerning them, and though the subject requires a good deal of space to even present its leading points, yet there is so much that is erroneous in the public mind concerning them, that an attempt here to correct it may not be out of place.

The idea entertained by many that the Indian, or true American race is becoming extinct, is one not supported by the facts of the case; while this is true as regards certain tribes, it will not apply to them as a nation. They no longer occupy the broad domain in the east where they once held sway, but they still retain, with the exception of occasional places, a body of land larger in area than all the States of the Union, and where, from natural causes, the white man will have no desire to intrude.

Nearly all the region of the great plains on either slope of these mountains will ever remain in their present state, and there the savages will long remain unless a general effort is made on the part of our government to complete their extermination.

The origin of these nomads of the plains, how, when or where they first occupied this country, is doubtless, forever lost. That they are of Asiatic origin few will dispute. They, like all other savage nations, though far removed from each other, retain through tradition an account of a great flood by which all the people of the earth, save two who escaped to a mountain, were destroyed. Their way of depositing their dead in a sitting posture in tumuli is peculiar to that of the Mongols—many of their rites and symbols are the same. The Hebrew cross is often found painted on their shields, or wrought in metal as ornaments for the person. But a still more striking proof of their Asiatic decent is found in their observance of many of the rites of masonry which in its outlines, by the authority of many I may assert, is known to many members of several tribes. Their ideas of a future state are naturally drawn from their surroundings here. The great spirit Manito presides over the happy hunting-grounds, where game is plenty, and want never comes. There the degrees of happiness are regulated by the number of scalps they have taken here from their enemies; hence another incentive to send them on the war-path. At the death of a brave the band bury him with all his effects, place a quantity of meat at his head, kill and bury with him his finest horse, believing all will be needed on his journey to or arriving at his future home in the Spirit Land.

The life of the Indian woman is one of unceasing toil; that of man of unceasing idleness. The one brings wood and water, cooks the food, prepares the wigwams for removal or erection, dresses the hides of game, dries meat and berries for winter stores, and makes long marches on foot carrying a heavy load, while the other kills the game and does the fighting.

If we believe the records left us of the grace of motion and power of endurance of the warriors who once roamed in the eastern forest, we can but believe that those of to-day have sadly degenerated in every respect save natural cruelty of nature. If the present admirer of the "noble red man" whose ideas of the Indian of to-day are created by reading about Pocahontas or Hiawatha could see him in his indolence and degradation, in want of every atribute that tends to elevate the mind and heart, he would soon conclude that his beauties can be discerned only in the pages of song and story.

There are those who accuse the white man as being responsible for their abject condition. Nine-tenths of these never saw a savage, and their ideas of philanthrophy are borrowed from the writings of Cooper and Reid. That injustice has been done them no one will deny; but that they can ever be made civilized beings and conform to the laws and usages of civilization, is not for a moment believed by those who have long lived among them, and the repeated trials of our Government to better their condition, proves in their result the correctness of this belief.

In the Indian Territory are the Potawatomies, Choctaws, Cherokees, Creeks and the remnants of other tribes that once lived east of the Mississippi, and all have more or less white or negro blood in their veins. They own large herds of cattle and cultivate a little ground, but their labors in that direction are proportioned only to the amount of foreign blood they may possess. Large sums of money have been expended on them by the Government in its efforts to reclaim them from a barbarous state, but their scalping knives at the battle of Pea Ridge told the Government how futile is any effort to make other than savages of them.

Another erroneous idea is that the several tribes are at peace with each other, that they can roam and hunt wherever fancy leads them, and that whenever they go to war on the whites the cooperation of all can be relied on. Not only does each tribe have its recognized limit of territory, which in area is usually determined by their strength, but now, and according to tradition reaching into the dim past has there been a deadly feud existing between many of the tribes. Occasionally two or three were banded against one, as in the case of the Sioux, Cheyennes and Arapahoes, which, though occupying separate portions of the great plains, readily unite when a raid is to be made into the mountain country against their ancient enemies the Utes. The same holds good when the Utes make a decent among their enemies on the plains. When women or children are taken they are reserved as slaves by the captors; the men if captured, are always put to death. Of course one side always gets defeated, and the songs of the victors is equaled in noise only by the howls of the vanquished.

Two years ago while encamped on a tributary to the Atkansas, our camp for the night was made near that of a large band of (to us) friendly Utes who were then on their way to fight the Sioux to the eastward. All night long around their camp-fires they danced and sang, and at daylight departed on their work of death. But in a few days about one-half their number came slowly back, having met and been sadly defeated by those whom they went to defeat. Then their song of joy at starting was turned into one of sorrow, and again all night they kept up their dismal howlings.

Not many years ago a severe battle was fought by these same tribes, and with a like result, near the Garden of the Gods—a name given by us to a locality near the base of Pike's Peak, where the now vertical strata of sandstone rocks have been worn into the most fantastic forms by the action of water or moving masses of rock and ice. When the Utes were finally routed, two of their number took refuge in a cave in the rocks where the low and narrow entrance enabled them to successfully defend themselves for several days against all the devices of their enemies to dislodge them. Sixteen of the Arapahoes were slain by the arrows of the besieged as their enemies passed the entrance of the cave, before fire and famine had done its work. Now each year the Utes come from their mountain homes and hold a pow-wow around the place in honor of the departed in which their song of victory and dirge of death is blended strangely. The painted, swaying forms of the dancers when seen by the light of the flickering torch that is reflected from the red rock of wall and roof, and the wild unearthly wail or shriek of the savage gives them the appearance of a den of fiends incarnate.

That the Indian is not wanting in presence of mind in seasons of great peril is proved by the following anecdote related to me by one of the early settlers who saw of what he spoke:

An Ute was riding leisurely along without other weapon than his bow and arrows, when he was made aware of the presence of a foe by the whistle of a bullet that passed close to his head. Instantly falling to the ground he awaited the approach of his enemy who, without taking the precaution to load his price and running up with loud whoops to get his scalp. But when only a few yards off the Ute suddenly came to life, sprang up, and drove an arrow through the Arapahoe who thus lost his own top-knot instead of securing another's.

The most sorrowful sound I ever heard is that made by the Indian mother, when she mourns for her dead. Then the pent-up emotions of perhaps a life-time find expression in a wail of anguish never heard from a pale-faced woman. More than a year ago I went alone on a long ramble among the mountains and rivers of the Pacific slope. One night I was awakened from a deep sleep by a most unearthly sound that proceeded from the center of a small glade or opening in the forest where a small band of Pi Utes had that evening made their camp.

The howl of the wolf, the cry of the panther, the moaning of the wind throl a narrow canon were all combined in one continued sound that now sunk to a low murmur, or rose almost to a shriek that re-echoed with a dozen voices from the many crags and chasms of the mountains.

I approached the spot, and by the light of a flickering campfire saw four Indian women seated on the ground, who with swaying bodies but undimmed eyes gave expression to their sorrow for the lost one, which wrapped in its robe of beaver and having a basket of meat by its head to keep cold and hunger away while on its way to the happy hunting-grounds, lay by the side of a rudely made grave having a lining of evergreens. No notice was taken of the pale-faced intruder, who stood near as they lowered the body down to its long rest, and who a few hours later saw the mother depart with the band, never again, perhaps, to look on the spot where her offspring lies buried. Strange and weird was the scene as those dusky children of the forrest held their midnight watch beside the form of a little Indian child that sleeps in an unmarked grave on the banks of the Blue River.

The result of every effort of whatever kind as yet attempted by our Government to better the condition of the savage tribes has been one of failure in every instance. This is due partly to the dishonest mode of dealing on the part of those empowered to pay them their annuities, or protect them against the cupidity of the trader, than whom as a class no greater rascals ever lived, but mainly due to the fact that they are savages, always were, and always will be. Treaties time and again have been made with them at which they bound themselves by the most solemn promises to observe peace; but no sooner are they in want of any material possessed by the whites, then their savage nature throws off all restraint, and without warning the settlers or emigrant trains are made to endure the horrors of an Indian war. Military posts have been established, and are maintained at an enormous expense, but the nomads, mounted on their hardy ponies will swoop down on a train, perhaps in sight of a Government fort, secure scalps and plunder, and laugh with derision at the puny efforts of those who may attempt to overtake them. And even if an opportunity is given any of our post commanders to severely punish the marauders it is not embraced, for if, as the result of a fight a few more or hundred of the fiends should be exterminated, a cry would at once be raised in the east that would result in a court martial by eastern generals, the offender would be cashiered and perhaps dismissed from the service. Such, at least has been the fate of Harney, Chivington, Penrose, and every officer guilty of a like offence. Last winter Sheridan's troops at the battle of Washita disposed of one hundred and two hostile Arapahoes, but the fact that they were then on the war-path, that scalps taken from messengers and not yet dry were found in their camp, was not sufficient to convince the eastern Indian worshipers of their hostile natures, but who thought Sheridan was an inhuman monster, and should be relieved at least. It was due only to his popularity and the influence of Sherman and Grant that he was not thus disposed of by those who besieged the officials at Washington with the same old story of "poor persecuted red man." If a few hundred of these would-be philanthropists would [illegible] their pets and lose their scalps it would be a blessing to the country at large.

A single case will illustrate the doubting, vacillating spirit of those sent here to protect (?) the whites. Sixty miles down the Platte Valley, at the mouth of Cache Le Poudre River, are residing several families in what is known as the Latham settlement, their principal wealth consisting in herds of horses, mules and cattle. During the past season the Indians made several raids on these ranchemen, and finally succeeded in running off nearly every horse and mule from their owners. Repeated efforts were made by the pioneers to receive military authority whereby their actions would not be considered as those of outlaws in case the red thieves suffered by those who wished to regain their property. Finally an order from the commander of the district was issued directing a captain then stationed at Fort D. A. Russell, near Cheyenne, to proceed with his command, reinforced by one hundred men from the settlement, to the head waters of the Republican, or wherever the Indians could be found, and endeavor to recover the stolen horses—the pioneers were required to obey the orders of the commanding officer the same as enlisted men. A few days marching over the plains to the south-east brought the command to the vicinity of a large Indian village. A close inspection by the scouts proved it was occupied only by old men, squaws and children who were left in charge of large herds of horses, taken at different times from the whites, while the warriors were away on the war path, rigidly observing their treaties made a few months before by stealing and scalping whenever an opportunity was presented. Not only was the defenceless condition of the camp ascertained by the scouts, but they even went so close that they recognized many of their own horses taken but a few weeks before. Now they thought they would be amply repaid for their horses and trouble; but judge, if possible, of their astonishment and anger when the officer in charge decided it was not advisable to make any attack and gave the order to retreat. Words of expostulation and entreaty from the farmers were unavailing—their leader even offered him one thousand dollars for the use of ten men for five hours—he was only answered by a peremptory command to return with the expedition. So back they came without having fired a gun or captured a horse, their pusillanimous commander doubtless congratulating himself on not having been guilty of any act whereby his straps would be endangered, or by which the voters who put the man in office to whom he owed his appointment could raise a louder howl because of the wrongs inflicted on the "noble red man" by the barbarous whites. 'Tis true he might have enabled the settlers to recapture hundreds of horses, but they might also have hurt some of the Indians had they got in the way, and that would never do; if there were no Indians there would be no further need of keeping him in commission, he would be obliged to go to work for a living, and that would never do. The train of thoughts that doubtless actuated this officer were an index to those of four-fifths of the regular army officers now stationed on the plains. They seem prompted by a desire to advance the interests of the whites, but to continue in existence a great evil which, for its apparent suppression, must call for and give employment to many who are now enabled to play the petty tyrant over a handful of mutinous men.

(To be continued.)

Any business is more respectable than what is termed loafing. A young man had better sell clams by the pailful than hang around public resorts, murdering time and his own reputation.

There is a man so intensely polite that as he passed a hen on her nest, he said 'Don't rise ma'am.'

A Story for the Little Folks.

THE PRAIRIE-HOME ON FIRE.

A little brown log-house, on a great, wide stretching prairie, was the home of Mamie and Kitty Clayton. Mamie was seven and Kitty a little over four, and they were as sweet a little pair as ever you saw. They had never seen a country with hills and valleys, rocks and rivers. All the landscape they knew, anything about was the wide plain reaching afar to the horizon, where it seemed to blend with the sky, only dotted here and there with a cluster of oak trees, which we called "oak openings."

One quiet Sunday afternoon in winter the two little girls were spending at home with their mother. Their father and brother John had gone to church in the little log meeting-house, three miles distant; but Mrs. Clayton had not felt well enough to go, so the little girls had been keeping very quiet at home. It was a cold afternoon, and the snow, thick and white, covered the face of the prairie.

Mamie sat by the open fireplace, where the oak logs burnt brightly, reading aloud from her little Testament; and Kitty was listening eagerly to the story of the tempest on the water which grew calm when Jesus said unto it, "Peace, be still." The twilight was deepening so rapidly that Mamie was obliged to stoop forward, that the firelight might fall on the page of her book. Suddenly she stopped reading, and seemed to listen.

"Mamma," she said, "I smell something burning, and the room is all smoky."

"Doesn't the fire smoke?" asked her mother, raising her head a little anxiously from the lounge where she was lying.

"No, the fire doesn't smoke, I think," answered Mamie. "I'll go out in the kitchen, mamma, and see if there is any fire in the stove which can make a smoke."

A fire on the prairie was something they had all learned to fear. Even the children were taught early to dread it. They knew if once a fire broke out there was no means to check it; and they had all heard many sad stories of families suddenly driven out of doors by the flames, who had found themselves homeless and destitute in a few hours.

Mamie ran out into the kitchen, and a moment afterwards rushed back, with her eyes wild with horror.

"O, mamma, mamma!" she cried. "our shed is all on fire!"

Forgetting in that moment the blinding headache, which had been torturing her all day, Mrs. Clayton sprang from the lounge and ran into the kitchen, whose little window looked out upon the shed where the grain and straw for the cattle was stored. What Mamie had said was too true. Great curls of smoke were wreathing out through the cracks, and now and then a little sharp jet of flame was plainly seen.

Both the shed and house were built of dry logs, which burned as radidly as firewood, and the two buildings stood close together. Mrs. Clayton looked about her almost distractedly, and tried to think what could be done. The children were her first thought. They must be put in a safe place, and the nearest neighbor's house was a mile and a half away—too far to trust them to go alone over the snowy, trackless prairie. Hastily taking their little woolen hoods and cloaks from the peg on which they hung, she wrapped the two children warmly. Then she took a feather-bed from the high-post bedstead in the front room, and began dragging it out the front door.

"Come, children," she called; "come after me as fast as you can, and mind to do exactly as I tell you."

The children followed her to a considerable distance from the house—far enough to be safe from all danger of fire. Then she threw down the bed, and placed the children on it.

"Stay here till I come back," she said.

Then, returning to the house, she seized another bed; and, dragging it after her, in the same way, she came back to the children again.

"Now, Mamie and Kitty," she said, laying them down in the soft feathers, I shall cover you all over with this other bed; and you must not get up till I come for you, else you might freeze to death this cold night. So lie still, and I will try and put the fire out."

The children, who were filled with awe at the situation of affairs, lay down obediently, and their mother covered them snugly, even to the tips of their noses. Then she ran back to the burning house.

By this time the sparks from the shed had fallen on the roof and side of the house, and it had begun to take fire. Mrs. Clayton ran in-doors, and taking a chest, which contained many of her most valuable possessions, she drew it out into a snow-bank. She ran to her cupboard and took a little tray of silver spoons and placed them beside the chest. Then she seized her water-pail from the kitchen to see if she could do anything toward stopping the flames.

The place for drawing water was several yards from the house; but, dashing over the smoking logs the contents of her pail, she ran to the well, drew one pailful, and running round the house dashed it on the flames. They seemed to be checked for a moment, and she hastened to repeat the deluge. So back and forth, unconscious of fatigue, or headache, or the piercing cold, she worked against the fire. But the strong element baffled her weak, unaided efforts, and he saw the flames constantly gaining on her. In her excitement she had forgotten to put on either hood of shawl. Her long, thick hair had fallen from its fastenings, and, drenched with the water which had frozen on her dress and person, it hung a sheeted mass of ice over her shoulders. Insensible to all this, she was preparing to dash on last pailful on what was now little more than a smoking ruin, when she heard a voice close behind her. It was her husband, returned from church; and, overcome now by the terrible excitement of the last hour, Mrs. Clayton fell into his arms perfectly insensible.

When the afternoon meeting was over, the first thing Mr. Clayton had seen, on coming out of the church door was a bright light glowing in the distance across the prairie.

"I fear the prairie is on fire," he said, turning to the nearest neighbor; "and my wife and children are all alone at home."

"That isn't a prairie fire," answered Mr. Harkins. "It don't spread round enough. It is a house a-fire. In the direction of your house, too, isn't it Brother Clayton; I reckon three or four of us will drive round with you, and see if anything is the matter."

Mr. Clayton and John jumped into their sleigh, and half-a-dozen other stout men and boys prepared to follow this road. Every man in this country stood ready to help his neighbor, for he knew not how soon he might need help himself.

As they drew nearer, they could see it was Mr. Clayton's house which the flames were devouring. Only one thought possessed him—to find if his wife and children were safe; and when, jumping from his sleigh and running around the house, he saw his wife apparently unharmed, his heart was too thankful for words.

Mrs. Clayton was immediately wrapped in overcoats and mufflers, which all the men were ready to take off their own persons to shield her from the cold; and still almost insensible, she was lifted into a sleigh and driven rapidly to the shelter and warmth of the nearest house. Then Mr. Clayton began to look eagerly for Mamie and Kitty. He ran from one side to the other of the house, which now lay flat, a confused mass of burnt and charred logs, searching wildly for the children; while John, the oldest, hardly less anxious than his father, aided in his search.

"Mamie!" they both cried again and again.

One of the neighbors at that moment caught sight of a confused mass of something a rod or two distant from the ruins, and pointed it out to the father. Mr. Clayton ran hastily to the place, and found the feather-beds piled one on the other. Just above the edge of the upper one peeped the scarlet border of a tiny hood.

Turning down the bed, he beheld the two little girls cuddled close to each other and fast asleep, in the midst of all the noise and confusion.

Never did father clasp his children more joyfully in his arms than did Mr. Clayton that moment. The loss of house and of his stock of worldly goods seemed nothing in comparison with the joy of finding all his dear ones alive and safe. Getting into the sleigh, they all drove to join Mrs. Clayton round their friendly neighbor's warm fireside; and that night they all thanked God with full hearts that their lives had been spared.

Now a pretty white cottage, surrounded by a blooming garden, stands in the place of the little log house. Mamie and Kitty are growing to be young ladies; but they will never forget that night when their prairie-home took fire.—*N. Y. Independent.*

The Difficulty About That Dog.

BY JOHN QUILL.

This was the cause of all the trouble:

LOST.—On the 10th instant, a small Terrier Dog, with a brass collar upon his neck, and the tip of his tail gone. Answers to the name of "Jack." Five dollars reward will be given to the person who returns him to John Quill, No. 84, Rickety Row.

I inserted the above in the *Daily Flipflap*, in the hope that I might recover the animal to which I was much attached. The *Flipflap* goes to press at 5 A. M. At half-past six I was awakened by a pull at my door-bell. I got out of bed and opened the window.—As I looked out I saw a man standing in my front yard with a mongrel dog tied to a rope. He gazed up and observed:

'Hello! are you the fellow who lost a dog?'

'Yes, I am.'

'Well, then, I've fetched him," said the man.

I then explained to this wretched human being that my dog was a terrier, while his looked more like a log of wood with half the bark off and propped up on four sticks, than a dog of any kind.

'Well, ain't you a going to take him?'

'I wouldn't have him as a gift. And I want you to move off now, or I'll call the police.'

'Now, I guess you think you're smart, don't you? I'd bust you over the jaw for five cents, I would. You don't know a good dorg when you see him, you don't," and he went out, after ripping the palings off the fence.

In about a half hour there was another ring at the bell. I went down.—There was a man with six dogs of a variety of breeds.

'Wh-wh-which of 'em's him, b-b-boss,' said this feller, for he stuttered as if he would strangle on a small syllable.

'Neither of them.'

'Y-you said h-his n-na-name was J-Jack, d-didn't you?'

'Yes, that's it.'

'W-well then, wh-wh-what d'ye call that?' says he, as he sung out 'Jack' and the whole six dogs looked up and wagged their tails like a lot of spavined oxen in fly time.

'Why, I call it confounded nonsense to expect me to take the whole six dogs because they're named Jack. I don't want to start a sausage mill you understand. Mince meat isn't in my line.'

'W-w-well, ain't you goin' to take him?'

'Certainly not, do you suppose I am a gibbering idiot?'

'W-w-w-well, you sh-shant have him now, if you want him. I w-w-wouldn't trust a decent d-dog with a m-m-man like you, anyway.'

And the six canines fell into line and trotted down the street after him.

I had not got fairly into the house, before there was another ring. Seedy-looking man with a semi-decayed yellow dog. His ribs stuck out so, that he looked as if he had gorged himself with a spiral spring.

'You advertised for a dog, I believe. Well, I caught him around here in the alley, after a desperate struggle. Fine dog, sir.'

'Well, I don't think he is. He looks to me as if he wasn't well. He is too ethereal for this world, young man, depend upon it.'

'Oh, not at all, sir. Only shedding his coat, sir; all good dogs do it at this time of year. See that, sir,' said this seedy Caucasian, holding the dog by the cuff of the neck. 'See how he yelps; that's a sign of pluck; that dog would fight a million wild cats, he would, and lick 'em too, sir.'

'Get out!' I exclaimed, and the dog put his tail between his legs and ran for the gate.'

'See that, sir? see that?' said the man, as he seized him, 'that's a sign he's well trained; no raw dog behaves like that, I want you to know. Now, s'pose you fork over that five.'

'Not much! I don't want him, my friend.'

'You won't do it? Well, then, take him for seventy-five cents, and say no more about it. He's a valuable animal. You'll never get another such a chance.'

'I tell you I won't have him.'

'Well, don't then,' said the man, as he kicked the animal over on my flower pots and broke three of them, while the brute rushed madly down the middle of the street.

Just then a big ruffian in a slouch hat came up with a bull dog, sprung in the knees, and lamenting the entire loss of his tail. When the ruffian spoke to him he wagged the whole of the last half of him.

'I've brought that there dog,' was the observation made by the ruffian, 'and I'll finger them there stamps, I reckon.'

'My friend,' said I, 'that is not my dog.'

'Yes, it is, though.'

'But it is not.'

'Don't I tell you it is? Didn't you say the tip of his tail was gone? Well, jest look at him, will you?'

'Well, I won't have him, anyhow.'

'You want to cheat me, do you? I'll fix you. S-sick him, Bull!' said this outrageous ruffian, as the dog flew at me, giving me barely time to get inside and shut the door on his frontispiece.—I guess I squeezed the nose off of that dog. But the man cursed me for about five minutes, and then flung a brick at the door and went away.

In less than twenty minutes another ring. Small pock-marked man in a red shirt, this time. Had a speckled dog that looked as if he had been out without an umbrella when it was raining ink. Says this victim of the small-pox:—'You know that dog you advertised for? Well, here he is.'

'O pshaw!' said I, 'you know that isn't my dog.'

'Your name's Quill, ain't it?'

'It is,' said I.

'Well, then, this here is the dog.—He's the best ratter you ever seen.—Slings them around like he was amusin' himself, he does, and——"

'But he is not my dog.'

'And he is a bully watch dog. Look at him! Look at him now—he's watching now! Why, he'll sit there and watch and watch, until he goes stone blind, he will. He'll watch all night if you only let him. You never see a watcher like him. I guess I'll jest chain him up while you go in and get the V.'

'No you needn't,' said I. 'I'll blow his brains out if you don't take him away.'

'Well, say, stranger, I'm a little strapped to-day; jest lend me five on him this morning, will you? I'll pay you to-morrow.'

'See here, now, you just get out of here, or I'll take the hide off of you,' I said, for I began to get excited, you know.

'Aw! you ain't worth a cent, you actually ain't,' said the pock-marked man, as he walked off, after clipping the dog over the head with one of my fence palings, and then putting his fingers up to his nose.

Not a minute after, up comes a man with a mastiff as big as a small horse.

'Say, boss, I want that five,' was all he remarked, by way of introducing the subject.

'Well, you can't get it, and if you don't leave I'll call the police,' I exclaimed in despair.

'Watch him, Zip!' said the man, instantly, and the dog flew at me, threw me down, and bit a slice of muscle out of my leg, and disfigured my nose for life. Then the assassin who owned him called him off and went away laughing.

I didn't answer any more rings that day, but about four o'clock in the afternoon I looked out of the second story window, and the yard was full of men with all kinds of dogs. Black dogs, white dogs, yellow dogs, variegated dogs, flea-bitten dogs, dogs with tails, dogs without tails, rat terriers, bull pups, poodles, fox hounds, spaniels, Newfoundlands, mixed breeds, pointers, setters and a multitude of other varieties, all growling, yelping, barking, snapping and jumping about until there wasn't a flower pot left in the place, and the noise was worse than a menagerie at meal time.

I haven't got my dog yet. I don't want him either. I I don't care if I never see another dog between this and the silent grave. I only wish that all the dogs from here to Russian America were collected into a Convention, and had hold of that man with the mastiff, that they might gnaw on him until he hadn't a morsel of meat left on his skeleton. That is all I want in the dog line in this world.

A BASHFUL BRIDE ON HER WEDDING TOUR.—While we were making arrangements to pass the night (we cannot say sleep) in the sleeping car which carried us from Macon to Montgomery, Alabama, and just as we had begun to wish for a better bed, the cars stopped at a small station, and a blushing couple, "hold of hands," came into the car. Their appearance as they stood hesitatingly in the doorway, showed that they meant "mischief," and were just starting out on their wedding tour.

"Would you like a berth sir?" said the lively jolly-faced conductor of the miserable sleeping car. "No, sir—I reckon—as may be—that 'aint what we want," stammered the bridegroom.—"Haint you got no bridal chamber on this ere kear?"

"Oh, the bridal chamber!" exclaimed the conductor. 'Come this way, sir.'

The couple went trembling through the car to the 'state-room,' which looked about as much like a state-room on a northern sleeping-car as a cell in the county jail appears like the Parker House parlor.

'Does that door shut up?' anxiously inquired the bridegroom.

'Oh, yes. See how it slides,' said the conductor.

'But I'm dogged if I see any place to sleep,' suggested the applicant for the chamber.

'Oh, we'll fix that, if you will be seated,' said the conductor, pointing to a low, hard sofa on the opposite side of the car, close to the head of our curtained couch.

'I don't like it; so there——," whispered the bride.

'Don't like what?' said the partner.

'I won't go no further, I won't if you keep talking so.'

'What have I done, I'd like ter know?'

'You told him you didn't see no place to sleep, and I don't think it was usin' me right.'

'Well, I don't see no place now, neither. If we've got to be tucked away in that little hole, we'll haft ter stan' up all night, that's sartin.'

'Let's go back, Johnny; I'm afraid to go any further.'

'Oh, no, don't let's go back. Let's stick er eout.'

'I can't, I won't, I don't like ter. I can't stay here. Ther's lots of men behind those curtains. I'm sick. I won't go no further. Say, Johnny, let's do go home. Do, I want ter so much.'—And the fair one began to weep as though her heart would break.

'Wall, don't cry, Mollie, we'll get right eout at the next place. But you hadn't orter be so fraid 'o folks, now we're married.'

This seemed to quiet her grief, and at the next station the afflicted couple left the cars, having paid for the 'state-room,' and we heard him, as he stood on the platform outside, remark that:

'That ar sleepi'n kear was dog goned small quarters for married folks.'—*Correspondence of the Boston Traveller.*

WANTED—AN EASY PLACE.—Rev. Henry Ward Beecher some time since received a letter from a young man, who recommended himself very highly as being honest, and closed with the request. 'Get me an easy situation, that honesty may be rewarded.' To which Mr. Beecher replied:

'Don't be an editor if you would be easy. Do not try the law. Avoid school-keeping. Keep out of the pulpit. Let alone all ships, stores, shops and merchandize. Abhor politics.—Keep away from lawyers. Don't practice medicine. Be not a farmer nor a mechanic; neither a soldier nor a sailor. Don't study. Don't think. Don't work. None of them are easy. O my friend, you are in a hard world! I know of but one real easy place in it. And that is the grave.'

It is easy to say grace, but not half so easy to posses it.