

Tramp Sees a Railway Company for Damages—  
Boys Capture a Wild Cat—Dyna-  
mite Creates Havoc.

Last week pensions were granted the following persons: Thomas P. Stephens, Indiana, \$6; Catherine Campbell, Rochester, \$8; Henry Veon, Beaver Falls, \$6; Isaac B. Rice, Zellenople, \$6 Benjamin F. McClure, Burgettstown, \$12; Ransford P. Robinson, Evans City, \$10; John W. Barber, Millfurnburg, \$10; Henry Reed, New Florence, \$12; Howard Kerr, Foxburg, \$14; Regina J. K. core, Fenfield, \$12.

An epidemic of diphtheria at Braeburn, the new manufacturing town upon the Allegheny river, has caused the closing of the public schools at that place. Two children have died recently.

Lindsay Miller, a colored man, was killed at the stone quarry of R. L. Hallam & Sons, on Brady Hill, near Washington. Twelve sticks of dynamite were being thawed by a fire and one commenced blazing. Miller picked it up and threw it down, when the whole twelve sticks exploded, putting out both of Miller's eyes, taking off his right arm and leg and crushing his head.

Pierce Wagner and Arthur Roberts, two 14-year-old boys, with their dogs, captured a wildcat in the woods near Bellefonte. Their only weapon was a sling shot, and the animal was only brought down after a running fight over a mile. The cat measured three feet six inches, and had claws two inches in length.

Stephen Kozlowski, a tramp and a patient in the Butler hospital, has begun suit for \$20,000 damages against the Pittsburgh and Western railroad. He claims his left leg is paralyzed as a result of being struck on the hip with a mace by a special railroad officer who was putting him off a freight.

At Wilkesbarre William Schaeffer, a notorious young criminal, escaped from the custody of the deputy sheriff. Schaeffer has just been sentenced to three years in the eastern penitentiary for burglary, and while the transfer was being made at the jail door Schaeffer slipped away.

An explosion of dynamite at the excavation for the new reservoir at Driftwood, killed Foreman Herman Smith, of Reading, and injured a dozen others. A man named Noll was most seriously hurt. Smith was thawing the dynamite when it exploded, blowing him to pieces. The whole town was shaken.

Mrs. Susie Anderson, wife of John Anderson, a well-known carpenter of Harnarville, gave birth to triplets, a boy and two girls. Mrs. Anderson is 44 years of age, the mother of eight children previous to the addition to the family. The babies are all doing well and aggregate a weight of 18 pounds.

The iron furnaces, known as the Powelton furnaces at Saxton, Bedford county, which have been idle for the past 10 years, have been rebuilt and put in first-class condition, sold to a company of capitalists and will be put in operation under the name of the Saxton Furnace Company.

The varnish works and tank storage of the Jamestown Paint and Varnish Company, limited, were totally destroyed by fire Friday afternoon. The buildings covered about an acre of ground. The loss will exceed \$30,000, with no insurance.

Henry Douchamp, manager of the Brownsville Window Glass Company, has submitted a proposition for the location of a 24-pot tank window glass plant at Charleroi. The company ask for a free site and agrees to employ from 125 to 150 workmen.

The following fourth class Pennsylvania postmasters have been appointed: Bishop, Washington county, Patrick Henry; Carr, Butler county, Mary A. Dunbar; Eagle Rock, Venango county, Peter L. McCrea; Summit City, McKean county, Ida Coulter.

Arrangements have been completed for free rural mail delivery for most of Beaver county, including Brush Creek, Duluth, Harshville, Holt, Frankfort Springs, Hookstown, Black Hawk, Shaffers, Barnesville, Love, Georgetown and Boyne.

An Italian employed on a pipe line trench near Waynesburg, picked up a stick of dynamite. It went off in his hands, and his eyes were blown out, his nose torn off, his jaw badly torn and his tongue cut in two. He was taken to a Pittsburgh hospital.

The will of W. F. Brinker, of Greensburg, makes the following charitable bequests: To St. Paul's Orphan home, Butler, \$1,000; Theological seminary of the Reformed church at Lancaster, \$1,000; Westmoreland classes, \$500; Second Reformed church, Greensburg, \$600.

The plant of the Hughesville Furniture Manufacturing Company at Hughesville was burned with its valuable machinery and a large quantity of manufactured goods. The loss is \$75,000.

H. S. Shaffer, of Big Beaver township, Beaver county, has been awarded a \$100 judgment against William Petrie for the killing of a coon dog. Petrie shot the dog on his own farm as it was following its owner across a field.

RICHEST OF ALL SAVAGES

COMING DISTRIBUTION OF WEALTH IN INDIAN TERRITORY.

The Work of the Commission that is Reorganizing Its Government—Land and Money Are to Be Divided Among Five Tribes—How the Outlook is Viewed.

Affairs in the Indian Territory are now in rather a chaotic condition in consequence of the reorganization of its government, which is in progress. A commission made up of three members with 300 assistants is now engaged in making up the final roll of the Indians of the different tribes, appraising their land and placing them on their allotments. By Jan. 1, 1901, this work will have been finished and the Indians will be ready to take out their naturalization papers as citizens of the United States. To bring this to a conclusion has involved many years of labor and the expenditure of \$1,000,000.

"So long as grass grows and water runs," by the terms of this nation's promise made in 1832, the Cherokee, Creek, Seminole, Chickasaw and Choctaw were to have for their own this tract of land known as Indian Territory. So the Five Tribes set up their government, each holding to its own tribal forms. There was not even an Indian Commissioner sent to keep more or less paternal guardianship over them. But the whites came in, intermarried with the squaws, cheated the easy-going and indolent full-bloods and gradually gained control of the government. Then the United States Government stepped in to limit the power of the whites and preserve the rights of the Indians.

Despite disabilities imposed upon them, the whites kept pouring in, and as their number increased, they so vehemently demanded recognition that the Government decided on a readjustment in the interest of all concerned. The advances of the commission first appointed to visit the Five Tribes in 1893 were slow and halting, though well planned. For three years they could do nothing but ride over the Territory and meet the leading Indians, who promised to do much, but never did anything. Then they sent out the report that the Indians were harboring outlaws who committed crimes in other States, that the full-bloods were being deceived as to the real intentions of the United States toward their government, and the half-bloods, who at that time had control of the affairs of the Indian government, were using every means to thwart the purposes of the Commissioners, all of which was true.

Congress replied to this appeal by delving into the treaties with the Indians and there finding a clause whereby it could deprive the Indian courts of their jurisdiction whenever it saw fit. Certainly now was the opportune time, and an act was forthwith passed. The Indians squirmed and the full-bloods threatened to rise. Some of the old full-blood judges refused to quit their benches, but finally they learned it was of no use to kick—the act would be carried out. Other drastic measures were suggested by the commission, and the Indians began to make overtures. Little by little, they were persuaded to the steps which have led to the abolishment of the tribal rule. Though comprehending fully that the change would accrue greatly to their individual advantage the Indians held tenaciously to the traditions of the tribes and surrendered them only when they saw the new movement inevitable.

When the division is made those who have fought so hard and so long against it will be probably the richest savages in the world. The country which will be parcelled out among them is larger than the State of South Carolina, and of great beauty and variety. Most of the soil is very fertile. The water supply is ample. A belt of splendid oak forest thirty miles in width runs through the Territory, and many other valuable woods are found there. Rich pasture lands afford fat grazing for thousands of sheep and cattle. Two million dollars' worth of coal was taken out of Indian Territory last year. It is estimated that the products of the soil for the year 1898 amounted to \$6,000,000. Besides these things, petroleum in large quantities is known to lie beneath the soil and valuable veins of lead and zinc are indicated by rich outcroppings which have never been mined. A fine climate and beautiful scenery make this country one of the garden spots of the nation.

All this goes to about 87,000 Indians, 19,998,836 acres being divided about equally among the different tribes. There are Indians and freedmen (negroes whose ancestors were or who are themselves freed slaves of Indians) who have head rights in the different nations as follows: Cherokee freedmen, 4,000; Choctaw, 30,000; Delaware having head right in Cherokee nations, 1,000; Creeks, 10,000; Creek freedmen, 6,000; Choctaws, 16,000; Choctaw freedmen, 5,000; Chickasaws, 7,000; Chickasaw freedmen, 5,000; Seminoles, 3,000. The Choctaws have invested or lent to the United States \$2,635,000. The Creeks have \$2,900,000 thus lent, the Chickasaws \$1,300,000, the Choctaws \$546,000 and the Seminoles \$1,500,000. It is estimated by Tams Bixby, chairman of the Commission to the Five Tribes, that each Cherokee citizen will get 120 acres of land of average value as his allotment, the Creeks will get between 160 and 200 acres, the Seminoles about 160, the Chickasaws and Choctaws about 500 acres each. Besides this land they will get equal shares of the invested funds which are to be paid to them just as soon as they have all selected their allotments.

What will become of these Indians thus suddenly enriched? In the opinion of many, the outlook is not hopeful. Conditions at present are a chaotic state, and it does not seem likely that living conditions will improve when the Indians own the Territory. Towns with a population of five or six thousand people have no sidewalks at all and no roads worthy of the name. After a heavy rain business is practically suspended. The buildings are of the flimsiest character. In the farming districts the Indians will not improve their farms, because they have no positive assurance where they can take up their allotments. Few of the full-bloods send their children to school.

It is from this class that the danger to the Indians portends. These whites know the value of the lands. They have or can get money. As soon as the Indian takes up his allotment it is his to do with what he pleases. There is little doubt that in most cases, as regards the full-bloods, who make up about one-third of the total Indian population, they will sell out to the whites. It is generally predicted that they will sell out almost in a body, and emigrate to Mexico to find a wilderness wherein they can rear another edifice of tribal mismanagement, while the half-breeds will remain to become citizens of the new State that will eventually be made out of Indian Territory. Wily fellows are these half-breeds, who well understand the value of what is coming to them. Far and wide they have roamed, prospecting for lead, zinc, coal and oil and their discoveries they have kept secret, with a view to getting their allotments where these treasures lie. Then when local or Eastern capital comes with money in both hands the half-breed will be in a position to get about what he asks.

Tourists from the East visit Indian Territory rather expecting that wild Indians, clad in blankets and gorgeous paint, will be found hanging around the town and railway stations and avidly eyeing the scalp of the paleface invader. Instead one meets a race of dark-skinned people, some highly educated and glad to meet you, others a little stubborn with the deeply imbedded hatred of their race against the whites, but all far above the blanket Indian of the reservation.

They come quietly and peacefully to the enrollment places, making of the enrollment days a sort of picnic. Most of them, even the full-bloods, wear the dress of civilization. One of the men who will become a citizen of the United States is Zeke Proctor, a Cherokee and a bad Indian. Several years ago he killed seven men near Westville and shot the deputy marshal who tried to arrest him. As a rule the full-bloods are docile, and even kindly, but they have not the ability or energy of the half-breeds, and it is probable that they will soon become extinct. At present the Five Tribes are the plutocrats of the American Indian race. What they will be after they have come into the full heritage is a problem upon the solution of which may depend the Government's treatment of all its other wards. Should this scheme of naturalizing these Indians prove a success, it may be repeated with other tribes.—New York Sun.

Work of Gossips.

Men in large cities either do not marry at all or wait until late in life. This is the reason why people in small towns marr; young. Two people commune gol-g together. Within a month the gossips begin commenting on what a nice couple they are, and predicting that they will marry. Things drift along this way until the gossips become impatient, and then they begin abusing the man, and say that he is just fooling the girl and will cast her aside. The girl hears this, tells her lover, and suggests that they marry. The man gets mad at the gossips and marries the girl. Marriages are not made in heaven. They are made by the gossips in a small town. Not one man in ten wants to marry. The average man is in love with his liberty, independence and lack of responsibility, so if the girls want to marry they may consider the gossips their faithful allies.—Early Iowa News.

A Trolley in the Straits Settlement.

The Sultan of Johore has come under the mysterious influence of the American trolley, and like all other civilized and uncivilized rulers who have made its acquaintance, he at once sought to enlighten his countrymen. As a result he has placed an order with an American firm amounting to nearly \$1,000,000 for an electric street railway equipment, complete in every detail. This road is intended for Johore, a native Indian principality, situated in the extreme southern portion of the Malay Peninsula and separated from the Anglo-Indian city of Singapore in the Straits Settlements by only a narrow strip of land. The acceptance of the order, says the Electrical Review, carries with it the installation of the road and the training of the Malays in its operation and maintenance.

All Australian race courses are oval, and from one and a quarter to one and half miles each in circumference. The wedding ring always fits the hand of fate.

Trouble On Rebel Creek.

BY JAMES NOEL JOHNSON, Author of "A Romulus in Kentucky," "One Little Girl in Blue," Etc. (Copyrighted 1900: Daily Story Post, Co.)

I was riding up Rebel Creek, in Bell county, Kentucky, last August, when, suddenly, there came to my ear commingled voices—one passionately denunciatory; one of wailing and pleading.

Turning a sharp angle in the road, I beheld a log cabin a short distance ahead, hugged by a rail fence. Before the door I saw an under-sized man, hopping up and down in front of an over-sized woman. There seemed an intimate relation between the time of the leaps of the man and the falling of a hickory in the good right hand of the woman.

"This will teach you, you deceptions dog, how ter put up another job on a pore, innocent, motherless gal; won't it, eh? (Whack, whack). Won't it, eh? I think sorter it will!"

The poor fellow, now with a wall of agony, broke from the woman, and ran toward the fence. She followed like a maddened bovine, and, just as he reached the rails, her foot caught him with a force that sent him sprawling five feet on the outside. He arose instantly with an agonized groan, and a whirl of dust down the road quickly swallowed him.

The Amazon gazed a second in the direction he had gone with crooked brows, then from her stern lips broke such a laugh of cold malignancy that my blood was chilled.

I started to ride on, but she shouted: "Hold up, thar, stranger!" I obeyed—I feared not to.

"Mister," she said, fanning her hot face with a calico sunbonnet; "that was my ole man, who, as you see, has just now picked up an' left me all alone in the world."

"I want you to hear the cause of our little rupture, for I don't want no lyn tale to go out that I treated him so mean he had to leave me. No, sir, I'm a true, good woman—who longs to be a kind, lovin' an' gentle companion. I was forced into what I done. I'm gentle as dew in er morning glory's throat, when treated right, but people must not play no scaly tricks on me." Here she lifted her apron to swelling eyes.

"That thing come in here from Tennessee about a month ago. He set his deceptions eye on my little home here, my two milk cows, and three acre crop of tberacker. He come to see me every day or two, an' I soon seed that his love for my baked sweet taters, butter an' sweet milk was a growin' violent in him. When I'd cut all my tberacker, an' got it hung in the barn, he proposed to me. I feared his love didn't reach across the 'tater dish and rich, sweet butter, an' so I tole him 'No.'

"Then, Sal Patton—a gal what's bin a hatin' me all her life, jst cause my pore ole dad killed her'n for informin' on him—this Sal Patton, I say, took to goin' with him, an' she appeared to lean to him like er sick kitten to a hot jam rock. Woman like, when I seed my enemy so dead stuck on him, he appeared a heap purtier to me, an' my heart begin to whisper things that my brain wouldn't listen to.

"One day a stranger stopped at my house to rest an' git some water, an' this thing happened to go by, leanin' on Sal Patton's arm. The stranger looked out, an' his eyes sorter bulged when he seed the thing, an' he turned to me an' sed: 'Ain't that Hon. James P. Saddler, son of Judge Joe Saddler, a wealthy citizen of Carter county, Tennessee?' I tole him the thing

"I crept down through the thick brush, jst as easy t'ill I got whar I cude see 'em plain, an' hear every word they spoke. The stranger was the man who had stopped at my house that day an' give my man sich a fine pedegree. They was comparin' notes an' makin' other plans.

"I will have all her stuff converted into ready money in ten days, sed my men—that thing—'then I'll make an' excuse to git off with it, an' jine you where you say.'

"The gal I've got haltered,' said the other, 'is er high-toned sort of gal. She's got lots of stuff. A moided man don't catch her. Big family is what she's arter. Make me a grandson of Robert E. Lee and the favorite nephew of Stonewall Jackson when you stop to boost me up. That will clinch her. That will spill \$2,000 in our pockets—the best pile since I got you married to that Georgia widdar as the son in disguise of Lord Lansdowne.'

"Well, sir, stranger, that kind o' talk went on t'ill it was plain as A, B, Ab's the bizness they follered. I never hearn of no sich er perfesson before. They worked together in fashin' orphan gals an' widders with cash. One would go ahead an' spark a gal, the other would foller on in a few weeks an' make the first out to be sich a mighty man in wealth or station as would make the woman fear, he mout die suddin, afore she cude git haltered to him! It was all I cude do to keep from killin' 'em both. I had a pistol, an' I jst had to worry, in prayer, that the Lord would make the cup of murder pass. 'Hit passed, an' I sed nothin' t'ill this mornin', and you hearn enough then.

"All I want is that you will not go off an' tell that I'm a cruel-hearted woman. An' I know you can't think I done much wrong arter all I've tole ye. Wasn't it enough to rile me, stranger? Wal, I arter be thankful any whar. My property ain't sold, thank God! an' I've learned sumthin'. No more wealth an' greatness in disguise for me! Ole Widdewer Jim Stacy will do. He's got a good farm, lots of stock, an' a big, lovin', honest heart, er he does wear No. 13's on his kidney feet."

Some men are always wanting people to tell them how good-looking they are, but a woman will stand up in front of a mirror and see for herself.



"Won't it, eh?"



"I crept down through the thick brush, just as easy."

called himself Saddler, but I didn't know about him bein' a son of er wealthy judge.

"Well," smiled the stranger, 'he is jst who I thought. He allers was an odd chicken. He is the pride of Tennessee, an' the pick of all the gals, but he waived 'em all aside. He sed the gals was only arter him for his wealth an' position, an' that he never intended to marry no one that knewed of his high station. He would go far, far away, somewhere an' marry some poor gal who could love him for himself alone. Don't you say nothin' about what I say, though, good woman. Let him have his way an' marry that gal if she is worthy of him—an' she's a fine lookin' gal—er that's any sign of worthiness—no, say 'nuthin' about what I've sed, or it wouldn't be treatin' him right, an' it would make him angry at me for meddlin' in his worthy scheme."

"I pledged him my honor I'd say nothin', an' he went off. But he dropped a seed that found rich lodgment in my simple, innocent heart. The next day, the thing come back, an' I staid for supper. He wouldn't hardly taste none of my fine baked sweet 'ta-

The Parisian duelist who killed his man will probably be prosecuted for criminal carelessness.

The skeleton of a mastodon 80 feet long is said to have been found lately in our arctic territory. At last one may realize what is meant by the expression, a "big thing on ice."

They may call him "Judas" and "Brummagen Joe" all they please, but the Right Hon. Joseph Chamberlain seems to have the British nation pretty solidly at his back, and is just now feeling particularly well.

The Chicago Tribune has compiled a table showing the character of the weapons used by women in several hundred cases of assault and battery which were brought to the attention of the magistrates during the past year.

A hypnotic institution in Chicago calling itself a school of psychology claims to cure merely by suggestion, and even claims to have effected a cure of a young man who had been for two years a victim of what was supposed to be an incurable aversion to work.

A Chicago woman has been driven mad by the noises of the streets, especially the cable-car gongs. The wonder is that the number of cases of stark insanity from street noises is so small relatively to the number of cases of nervous frenzy and nervous exhaustion which they produce.

A prize of 1000 francs has been offered by a French society for the invention of a glove. Manufacturers of kid gloves, however, are not likely to compete for the award, as the glove required is one which will safeguard electrical workmen from accident, not adorn the hand of the American woman.

Mr. Thomas Moran, the celebrated American painter, speaking for the excellence of American art, declares that when the rich American gets over his desire for foreign paintings, the future of American art is assured; for when worthy work is in demand at home our art will develop itself to the requirements. There is not a line of endeavor in which we have not at home better talent than is to be found in any part of Europe. This is a fact which will make itself felt sooner or later, when the new-rich will become more conservative and not go off in a mad race after foreign rainbows.

Professor Starr of the Chicago university says that people living on the American continent will in the course of ages be so wrought upon by climatic and geographic influences that they will revert to the aboriginal type and become Indians. This is a pretty theory; but it probably does not take into account the fact that people of this era are not compelled to eat exclusively what they raise on their own soil, and that their associations are not circumscribed by crude facilities for travel. Railways and steamboats are now bringing the various nationalities into such close relationship that the probability of a universal and highly developed type seems stronger than that of retrogression in separate localities.

The most remarkable feature of the western states, through the corn belt, in winter, has been the interminable stretch of unused stalks, standing in the snow, and liable in the spring to be in the way of the plow. These stalks do not easily rot, and therefore remain in the way of future efforts of the agriculturist. They are more than a dead waste, they are a hindrance. Millions of tons of this material have been burned, or otherwise lost to human welfare. The great agricultural discovery of the closing years of the century is the fact that all this material can be utilized, every ounce of it. The shredding machines slit it into fine fodder, which the farmers report is not only well relished by cattle, but is as good as clover hay for horses and costly mixed feeds for cattle. It is not only fed from the fields, but is preserved in silos, and fed the whole year around. It is as good a food for sheep as for cattle, and lowers the cost of fattening these animals nearly one half. Shredded corn costs not above \$2.75 per ton when stored. So the farmer has a new feed at half the cost of hay, and almost unlimited in its supply. It is made of one of the wastes of the farm, at the same time converting a nuisance into a blessing. American agriculture has a grand opening before it as the old century passes into the new, reflects the New York Independent.