

A Mohawk Legend.

THE valley of the Mohawk is one of the most picturesque and beautiful in the world.

At one point a high mountain ends on one side in a terrible precipice of at least two hundred feet.

More than a hundred years ago Brave Bear was one of the youngest and handsomest warriors of a tribe of Indians which dwelt in the Mohawk Valley.

The young people assented to this, for it chimed exactly with their desire.

At this time white settlers had invaded some portions of the Mohawk Valley; and within a few miles of the hunting grounds of Brave Bear's tribe lived a family named Batterson.

One day Brave Bear, wandering near the clearing, came upon Mary. Probably he had never seen a white girl before.

With an Indian, treacherous by nature, the evil wish is father to the deed.

Stealthily watching her movements, he soon caught her at a sufficient distance from her house to suit his purpose.

Then she ran until, breathless with fatigue and excitement, she reached her own home in safety.

MARRIED CHILDREN.

ON last Tuesday the following marriage notice was published in the Public Ledger:

MATLACK-CROX.—At the Parsonage, August 4th, 1880, by the Rev. Wm. M. Gilbert, George C. Matlack and Elvia L. Crox, of this city.

On Wednesday the following was published among the marriage notices:

The marriage notice of George C. Matlack and Elvia L. Crox, published September 14th, 1880, is false, as no such marriage took place.

On Friday the following was published after the last marriage notice:

This certifies that George C. Matlack and Elvia L. Crox were joined together in matrimony by me at the Union M. E. Parsonage, on the 4th of Aug., 1880.

In investigating the facts which led to the above publications, a Press reporter discovered a very pretty and romantic story:

Last Monday a young lady friend of Miss Elvia L. Crox, who resides with her father and mother at No. 733 Spruce Street, called on Mrs. Crox and informed her that her daughter was married to George C. Matlack, a school-boy and would-be amateur actor.

Mary's first thought's were of escape; but a moment's reflection convinced her it would be impossible.

Union M. E. Church on the morning of August 4th. The scene which followed was a more dramatic one than is often witnessed in amateur theatres.

Mrs. Crox loudly announced her disapproval of her daughter's conduct, and when Miss Elvia began to excuse herself on the ground of her love, the story goes that Mrs. Crox cut the explanation short with a rattan.

"Then go and put your denial in the paper," said the stern father. Poor George meekly went to the Ledger office and wrote and published his denial of the story.

When Elvia asked him how he could deny the marriage, he said he did it because he was afraid of his father, who he continued had been extremely cross.

He assured and re-assured his dear Elvia that all was right, and that some day he would be 21, and until that happy time and forever after he would do nothing but love her.

White Deer led the way through the forest without hesitation, being perfectly familiar with every nook and dell. A silent walk of an hour brought them to the verge of the precipice described above.

Mary obeyed the command without a word. She felt that her escape depended upon the caprice of the Indian girl, and deemed silence and obedience the wiser course.

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Mary was about to thank White Deer for her services, but a strange, unnatural light in the latter's wild, flashing eyes restrained her; and she hurried away in the direction indicated.

Mary had gone but a few hundred yards when, upon looking back, she saw her preserver standing upon the very edge of the precipice. Her arms were extended as if in prayer, and her eyes were lifted towards heaven.

Mary, horrified by the spectacle, saw the body whirl down through the air, and fall in a mangled mass upon the rocks below.

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The principal parties to this affair, Miss Elvia L. Crox and George C. Matlack, are well known in amateur theatrical circles. Miss Crox is the daughter or adopted daughter of John H. Crox, who formerly kept a restaurant at No. 261 South Ninth Street.

Henry Herbert Crane lived childless at Grafton, Ohio, until he was 65. Then his young wife gave birth to twins. The joyful father hired a band of music and marched through the village bearing a banner on which was inscribed the word, "Victory."

Sausage that is not Desirable. Some boys at Oberlin, Ohio, had heard that sausage was made of cats and dogs. Getting into a sausage factory, they started a chopping machine, and threw a puppy and seven kittens into the hopper.

What Everybody Wants. Is a pleasant, reliable medicine that never does any harm, and prevents and cures disease by keeping the stomach in perfect order, the bowels regular, and the kidneys and liver active.

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know such a lady was in existence until the notice of the marriage was read at the family breakfast table. The parents of the young couple are reticent, and are sorry that publicity has been given to the affair. The Croxs seem to take a cheerful view of the situation, but Mr. Matlack is very much worried.

A Slippery Evening.

MARIA ANN went to the front door last evening, to see if the afternoon paper had come. She had been delivering a short address to me concerning what she is pleased to term my "cold molasses style" of moving around.

"I like to see a body move quickly, prompt, emphatic"—that was all; but I heard some one bumping down the steps in a most prompt and emphatic manner, and I reached the door just in time to see my better-half sliding across the sidewalk in a sitting posture.

Right in front of me, on the slippery sidewalk, strode two independent Knights of St. Crispin. They were talking over their plans for the future, and, as I overheard them, I heard one of them say: "I have only my two hands to depend upon, but that is fortune enough for any man who is not afraid to work."

Then I slid along behind a loving couple on their way to hear Madam Anna Bishop. Their hands were frozen together, their hearts beat as one. Said he, "My own, I shall think nothing of hard work, if I can make you happy."

The lawyers coming from the Court House next attracted my attention. "Ah," said one, "Judge Foster would rule this out. We must concede the first two points. We can afford to do it if the evidence sustains us in the third; but on this position we must take our firm stand"—his time was up.

I mused. What a lesson the ice teaches us. How easily is humanity controlled by circumstances—and the attraction of gravitation. What a sermon might be based—I got up and took the middle of the street to prevent further accidents.

A Girl's Mistake.

A Galesburg, Ill., despatch says: This town is greatly agitated over the marriage of Galesburg's most refined and highly educated young ladies to a colored man who was a servant in the family. She is highly connected, her father having been an eminent divine at the time of his death, and well known in Episcopal circles throughout the northwest.

A Proud Father.

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Some boys at Oberlin, Ohio, had heard that sausage was made of cats and dogs. Getting into a sausage factory, they started a chopping machine, and threw a puppy and seven kittens into the hopper. The local Bergh society has begun a prosecution.

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