A BORDER HERO TO BE REMEM-BERED.

SAM DALE, THE VETERAN INDIAN FIGHTER OF BY-GONE DAYS.

A Monument Will Soon Mark His Lone Southern Grave in the Rude Soil of Central Alabama-Some of His Brave



OREMOST among the brave men who lived ou the Southeastern frontier during the early years of the present century, was Capt., after Gen. Samuel Dale, who for many years had carried on a trade with the

Creeks and Cherkees of Georgia. Gen Dale, whose bones rest 'neath the rude soil of Central Alabama, is to have is name kept green by a monument which will placed in position in the ly autumn. At the time when Sam Dale roamed the plains of the Mississippi Territory, which then embraced Alabama, the country was held by savage Indians. Chickasaws, Choctaws, Cherokees and Muscogees or Creeks all claimed the country as their hunting ground, and had done this since the expedition of De Soto in 1540-2, that bold explorer having then found them in possession. The capture of Fort Mims, on Lake Teusaw,



SWIMMING UNDER DIFFICULTIES. near the Alabama river, by the Creeks, August 30, 1813, rivaled or rather surpassed in atrocity the more recent Custer massacre, for besides the men killed numbers of helpless women, children and slaves were scalped and mutilated; or else burned alive, the whole number killed being more than

Sam Dale was of Irish descent, but was born in Rockbridge county, Virginia, in the year 1772. His father was well known in Virginia as an Indian fighter, but in 1784 he removed with his family to Georgia, where later the son joined a company of soldiers to fight against the Indians

In November, 1813, he was placed at the head of a detachment for the purpose of driving back small parties of the "Red Sticks," as the Indians were called from the color of their clubs, and was one of the three heroes of the once famous "Canoe Fight" of November 12, 1813, on the Alabama river. In this fight he and two members of his command, Jeremiah Anstell and James Smith-aided by a brave negro, named who rowed their canoe tacked a cance containing nine Indians and brained them all with their guns. This fight took place near the mouth of Randon's creek.

Having obtained possession of two boats, a large and a small one, Dale was having his men transferred from the eastern to the western side of the river, when a large cance containing sleven Indians was discovered descending the stream. The Indians were naked and gaudily painted, and their chief had adorned himself with a dressed panther skin, which partially povered his head and hung down his back, giving him a savage but impos-ing appearance. The greater number of Dale's men were already across the river with the large boat, only himself and about a dozen men remaining to be transferred. They fired upon the cance from the bank, but the Indians threw themselves down flat in

were exchanged without result. Finally two of the braves jumped out of the boat and, holding their guns high out of the water, swam toward shore on the side where the smaller party of white men were, but heading or a point which, was separated from the whites by the mouth of the creek. Smith and Anstell pursued them and the former shot one, but Anstell wore ekskin leggins which, becoming savy with water, broke the string hich confined them at the waist and

the bottom, and thus several rounds



INTO A COWARD'S HEART. all, thus the second Indian escaped in the thick cane.

I the men or the western

came alarmed at the odds and put back again to shore.

Dale, on the eastern shore, was infuriated by their cowardice that he sprang into the smaller boat, which was on his side of the river, and called for volunteers to go with him. All of the dozen men who were with him stepped forward, but the canoe was very small, and could only hold three persons besides the negro, Cæsar, who was rowing. Smith and Anstell were the two who finally put off from shore with him. When twenty yards off from the Indians they attempted to fire, but Smith's gun was the only one that went off, the priming of the others having been wet. The Indian chief recognized Dale as the canoes

drew together, and called out to him. "Now for it, Big Sam!" that being the name by which Dale was well known among the Indians from his great size and daring.

Cæsar, at Dale's command, rowed his boat close to the Indian canoe, and held them together with his hand, but before they touched the chief pointed down by it. The Chief was about to split open by blows from the rifles of Smith and Dale, his brains being scattered over the boat. Dale's blow was given with such force that his gun was broken, and during the rest of the fight he used only the barrel.

Anstell, who was only a youth of 19, now recovered his feet, and killed the next two savages by blows from his rifle. He was again knocked down by a blow from a tomahawk later in the fight, and would have been killed, but his assailant's skull was split open by a blow from Dale's rifle.

When the fight was over eight Indians lay dead in the bottom of their canoe and the ninth had fallen overboard when struck. Of the whites, Anstell only was hurt, he having several bruises on the head and arms. The boat itself was horrible to see, being filled to the depth of several inches with blood and spattered brains.

But General Dale was the hero of an adventure still more remarkable, if possible, than this, which happened a few years previous. On returning alone from an expedition, unconscious of the neighborhood of any Indians, and feeling quite thirsty, he stooped to drink at a spring. As he did so two Indians sprang upon him from the bushes with a loud war-whoop and struck at him with their tomal awks. Though wounded, he succeeded in drawing his knife, and, after a short fight for life, killed first one and then the other of his assailants. He was bleeding from five wounds when the fight was over, but, binding them up as best he could, he carefully hunted for the trail of the savages.

Hav'ne lived so long upon the border he is said to have possessed the skill of an Indian in following a trail, and to have felt somewhat the same delight in tracking a foe. With the utmost patience he pursued the trial nine miles, notwithstanding his wounds, and was rewarded by finding a campfire, around which were sleeping three Indian warriors and a captured white woman, whose hands were bound behind her. He succeeded in killing all three of the Indians as they slept, and was cutting the thongs which bound the woman when he was attacked by a fourth Indian, who had been conceal-

Overcome by his wounds and all he e fell, and would have been killed had not the captive woman, whom he had succeeded in freeing, come up behind and split open the skull of the Indian by a blow from tomahawk which she had picked up. Gen. Dale was engaged in many other dangerous adventures which read like a romance, and make us realize that there were giants in those days as well as of yore. When the times were more settled he represented his county in the Legislature of the State, though even then (1836) so small was the population that only ten votes were cast in the whole county. He died in 1840 in the interior of Alabama. The place is now known as

WHIMSICALITIES.

Laconic Proposal — "Cook?" Yes."
'Piano?" "No." "Mine."

There are only three grades of people in the world. None of them belong to the first grade.

Suitor (persistently)-Why do you keep me waiting so long? Remember that you are growing older every minute.

There are men with natures so small that, if there is anything in transmigration, they will probably reappear as microbes.

Women are good because it comes natural; men are never really good until they have tried being bad and found that it didn't pay.

Bingo-What's the matter with your clothes, Bobbie? Bobbie (meekly)-I fell down on my way from school. Bingo-Who licked? "Silence gives consent, you know,

he urged gently. "Does it?" she replied, waking from a reverie. "Then I advise you to propose to a deaf mute." Travers-I want you to come around every week to crease my trousers. Tailor-When shall I come around to

collect my bill. Travers-Every day, if you like. "Why don't Hanks marry that Miss Perkins? He's in love with her, and she's only too anxious to get married." "He can't. He has a five years' lease of his bachelor apartments, and they

don't take ladies in the building." Visitor (after the introduction)-'Ah! You are the famous Dr. Twinley I have heard so much about. Are you still in active practice, doctor?" Rev. Dr. Twinley-"Oh, no; that is my brother who practices. I preach."

shore now put out in the larger cance, with the intention of attacking the Indians, but on getting near them be-THE TARM AND HOME.

EXPERIMENTS WITH CLOVER AS A FERTILIZER.

Decomposing Without Fermentation One Woman's Way of Raising Poultry ... Bumble Foot-Farm Notes, Etc.

Clover as a Fertilizer. I have been for a number of years xperimenting some on clover as a fertilizer. I have at different times plowed down green clover, expecting great results from it, but always was lisappointed in my expectations. The plowing down of green clover in June I think is a mistake, says a writer in the Ohio Farmer. It is not the right thing to do. My soil is a light sand very sensitive to manure, but the turning under of green clover does but little good. I find that in a short time after turning under it commences to heat, and fermentation takes place, and through the process of fermentation all of the saccharine substance in the clover is turned into his gun at Anstell, who struck it partiacid and thereby lost, and in some ally aside with an oar, but was knocked soils the acids would become a damage. I finally concluded to try an exbrain him when his own skull was periment of putting the green clover through the process of decomposition without fermentation to such an extent as to destroy its saccharine properties.

I had a six-acre field, the soil of which was light sand, and in its primitive state was covered with whortleberry brush and water. The native fertility had been about exhausted. and there was but little to begin with. But I got it into clover with a fair stand, but short. It would have cut about three-fourths of a ton per acre. I had been burning lime and had a quantity of slacked lime and ashes. which I put upon the clover at the rate of about seventy bushels per acre. The lime and ashes were about equal in proportion, and were spread from the wagon. I plowed it down, harrowed it, and rolled it down with a heavy roller. This was done in June. In August I cross-plowed it and could see very plainly where the clover, lime and ashes were. I gave it a thorough cultivation and sowed it to wheat about the first of September.

The next harvest I had the biggest crop of straw I ever saw grow out of the ground. It was higher than an ordinary man's head and stood thick on the ground. The wheat went thirty-eight bushels per acre, and of a good quality. From previous ex-perience I am satisfied that if I had plowed the clover down without the lime and ashes, I would not have got more than ten or twelve bushels per acre; or if I had put the lime and ashes on without the clover I would not have got any more. The clover, lime and ashes together were what produced the crop. Lime is a neutralizer. It neutralizes the acids in the decomposition of the clover, and the soil absorbed all the fertilizing properties in the clover and made a plant food for the wheat.

From the above facts and reasons. I think the plowing down of any green crop-corn. oats or buckwheat-is of but little use as a fertilizer unless lime is used in their decomposition. I have been experimenting in the way of mowing down the clover in June and covering it up with a heavy coat of straw as soon as the wheat is threshed, the success of which I will report soon.

Bumole oot.

Bumble foot in poultry is thing as a stone bruise on a boy's foot The fowl troubled with it has a swelling on the bottom of the foot which is very painful and finally breaks and suppurates freely. Very frequently it permanently cripples the afflicted fowl unless it is carefully treated. The probable cause of this disease is from a bruise received from jumping from some elevation and a prolific cause is having the perches too high. When the lameness that precedes the visible swelling shows itself the fowl should be watched and as soon as the swelling becomes soft it should be carefully opened with a ery sharp knife and the fowl confined on a floor covered with soft litter until the lameness disappears. The lighter breeds are not subject to this disease.

American-Grown Tea.

Forty of fifty years ago an attempt was made to introduce the tea plant into this country. Some were imported and planted in the upland regions of North and South Carolina. The trees or shrubs grew, and were found hardy, but the enterprise never paid, or rather cotton paid so much better that it occupied all the attention of the planters. Now cotton is under a cloud, and these old tea plantations are coming to the front again. They yield a much better, stronger tea than we can or do import from China. Apparently the Chinese keep the best for themselves and send us only the poorest. We hope to hear that this industry is growing until the time comes when this country will be independent of China and Japan for its tea supply. - American Cultivator.

If you will allow me space, I will give my experience in the poultry I am a lover of chickens, and I think in my flock of sixty hens I have all colors from snow white to jet black and all sizes. My hen house is 14x16 feet with strips on the outside, which makes it perfectly tight and warm in winter. I have eggs all winter. This is the way I manage: First I see to the cleanliness of all surroundings by keeping all of the nests and walls whitened and nests filled with fresh straw. I use straw because it is the best thing I have convenient. My nesis are all movable. and five in a row. When I set a hen I remove her first and make her a fresh nest, then I put her eggs in and let her go on at her will. I alway

try to move her. The first thing I do after she hatches is to remove her nest and burn it. This I do at intervals in the win hens setting. I is cleaned I slacked lime on a thing is their the droppings signs of sickness which detected by experience part turns yellow in t be as green as grass. is when I begin and I any serious cases. My pepper and salsoda of salsoda in two gallon don't let them have drink. I buy my red grocer's by the pound my scraps of bread a from the table, chop night and thicken with four tablespoon. with four tablespoons of personal gallon, and give it in the moral gallon, and give it in the morning before I turn them out. I have tried
several remedies but this is the best
one I know. It is splendid for little
chickens, a spoonful in their feed
twice a week. I never keep my hens
two years as I think young hens lay
the best; old hens accumulate too
much fat to lay well. For winter
layers early pullets are the best,
hatched the first of April. I change
my cockerels every spring. Have four
with my sixty hens and my offer hatch
splendid. My chicken have free
range.—Journal of April March

Sheep for mily decad.

Wherever sheep are betured they require some elevation of ground on which to feed and sleep this is no doubt a relic of time when sheep were the prey of many all animals, and sought elevated plus that they might more easily discorrected reading at a distance. On his idea also the grass is sweeter and river their enemy at a distance. On his idea also the grass is sweeter and river that it is on wetter lowlands, on the latter, aside from the poerer quality of their pasture, sheep are liable to contract diseases in their feet. This often loses to the sheep owner more than he can gain from the source that they many the source than they many than the source than the source that they many the source than they many the source that they many the source than they many than the source than they many they are source than they many the source than they many they are source

Farm Notes Good mangers for hay and straw and boxes for grain.

The farmer is farthest from market who has nothing to sell. Well rotted and fined mature produces the quickest results.

In planning the crop consider the market as well as the crop. Learn as much as you can and prove on what you already know. Or advantage in cutting the bedding is that the manure is easier to

Farming is one thing and farms so as to make it pay a profit is another. Cross breeding is the bridge up of two well established brods and is

rarely successful. It is poor economy to move to town to give the boys a chance unless you want them to loaf.

One advantage with a diversity of Philop Barton Key, the district attor-crops is that the farmer is more independent of the season.

Whenever you use a scrub sire are grading down, depreciating the

Home Hints

Green tea will revive rusty black lace and render it as good as new While cleaning up bedrooms the closet doors should be kept closed to teep the dust out

Although china for table use cannot be mended, as yet—there is no co-ment that will hold in hot water—yet china for decoration can be nicely

sewed around it.

Smother fire with carpets etc. water will often spread burning oil and increase danger. Before p through smoke take a full breath and then stoop low, but if carbonic gas is suspected walk erect -- Prof. B. C.

Wilder. Melt a pound of white castile soap over the fire with a little water. When melted perfume slightly with any one of the extracts, and stir in half a cupful of common oatmeal. Use this preparation when washing your hands and you will be surprised at the improvement in their appearTHE SEWARD HOUSE.

RUIN AND DESOLATION FOL-LOW ITS OCCUPANTS



MID ALL THE genuine sympathy of the American people for the Blaine family, the people of Washington seem to view the family misfortunes in only one light. Had the Blaines never moved into

mansion, they say, Walker Blaine and Emmons Blaine and Alice Blaine-Coppinger would still be alive. The house has had many tenants in its day. None of them have ever had any luck. Death, desolation and ruin seem to follow those who even enter its portals.

The Blaines have lived there ever since their return to Washington with the Harrison administration. When they moved in the superstitiously inclined shook their heads and said that James G. Blaine had been none too fortunate of late years to tempt ill fortune by living in a house with a blight upon it.

This house, known as the Seward mansion, although it was built years before Mr. Seward lived in it, stands in Lafayette square, and is seen and noted by visitors to Washington almost as much as the White House itself. It is a house with no pretension to elegance in its exterior. It stands even with the sidewalk, and the grounds, which are ample and beautiful, are at the sides and at the rear. It is three stories and a half high, and gives an impression of gloom, although the architecture is severe and simple rather than gloomy.

The first occupant of this house was



THE SEWARD MANSION.

moved into it his son, a Lieutenant in the navy, was hanged at sea for taking part in an alleged mutiny. During President Buchanan's administration the Washington club occupied it. days, was a member of this club. He spent there the earlier hours of that afternoon in which Gen. Sickles shot him, and went out of the club house to die within an hour. After this the one advantage with the creation is that it puts the milk and business on a cash basis.

For garden and creation cuts was the next to live in it. And on business on a cash basis.

For garden and orchard culture agentle horse and one that goes well is almost indispensible in doing food way into one of its bedchambers where the secretary was lying ill and stabbed him nearly to death. For four years this the war department kept a stable and this Clover is a natural restorative heads it is a good plan to rotate in clover as frequently as possible. This is the cheapest plans of building up. bouse.

There is really no best time to sell successful to market; waiting for the best had hardly got his household settled market is too much like speculation. there when his wife died quite unexthe house next with the officers of the commissary general, which were there in til the new building of the war department was done. During their occupancy three clerks died suddenly.

After this the house was empty for Tarmshed gold embreidery and the cleans of water of the bouse was empty for some time. In the latter part of 1889 the Blaines moved in and began to entertain brilliantly. They remodeled the house throughout, destroying the furniture with salt and water the house throughout, destroying the old lines of the rooms and furnishing and adorning so that the house, which had been as simple and severe on the tertain brilliantly. They remodeled the house throughout, destroying the old lines of the rooms and furnishing and adorning so that the house, which had been as simple and severe on the inside as it is on the outside, was trans-

The durability and brightness oilcloth are increased by a coat of varnish semi-annually, or by rubbit over with kerosene once a month.

Well dried, clean corn husks make a very good wholesome bed, the best bed next to wool or hair. But they are altogether too hard for pillows.

Although ching for table week before he attended a reception. week before he attended a reception iven by Mrs. John R. McLean. He took cold and was attacked by the rip, with the result already told. wery one was surprised at the rapid mended with a little china coment.

A good quality of scrim with a broidered ferns scattered over it makes a pretty dressing-table cover or scarf. The edge can be ben-stitched, and then have a lace frill the scattered over it may be a sense of the disease, although he was in a weakened physical condition in the illness attending a broken less and subsequently from malarial.

He was a notably brilliant was a notably brilliant was a notably brilliant was a notably brilliant was a sense old having been sense of the disease, although he was in a weakened physical condition in the illness attending a broken less and subsequently from malarial was a notably brilliant was a notably brilliant was a sense of the disease, although he was in a weakened physical condition in the illness attending a broken less and subsequently from malarial was a notably brilliant was a notably brilliant was a notably brilliant. 35 years old, having been Augusta. At Yale college brilliant record, and almost as he entered the practice. a 35 years old, having been as he entered the prac-Alebena Claims commission high at once in the front-ale. When the there entered Presi-ting and the commission of the c inet, Walker was eretary of State was pe alfarly a knowledge of in

the Secretry was again bowed to ary Mrs. Alice Coppinger, his eldest daughter, passed away also. The event a fixed in the minds of many by Washington by on home of Sec Mrs. Coppinger had unappered it was a terribe stood his wife, James Misses Hattle and Col. Coppinger.

Lead Col.

and while yet suffering the death of her tower railied. Her grief that it undoubtedly was mass of the development of the that killed her—congestion of dise the Mrn Coppinger was thirty d all be love he had given his

daughter.

Another alefortune that has helped to make the great man's life unhappy was the mattal difficulty between his son James G. Jr., and the latter's wife.
While the fother said as little about
the matter a possible, it is certain
that he felt the sorrow of it keenly.

that he felt the sorrow of it keenly.

Then came the crushing misfortune of all, in the death of Emmons Blaine. It of course lad no direct connection with the Blaine mansion, but it was there that his father resigned his portfolio and decided to re-enter the race for the Presidential nomination. The Blaines have given up the house entirely, and if Washington report is true, it will be torn down within the next few years and replaced by one more substantial.

A BOCIETY SCANDAL.

The Dumes Affair, Which is Just Now

Parisian tashion circles has been somewhat startled of late by the announcement of the divorce of Colette Lipmann, the eldest daughter of Alexandre Dumas, after a union of some twelve years' standing, which was pre-sumably a happy one. M. Lipmann was particularly devoted to his illustrious father-in-law. When, several years ago, the irascible painter Jacquet sent to the annual Water Color exhibition a picture representing the dramatist in the costume and with the accessories of a Jewish vender of brica-brac at an Eastern bazas, calling his work "A Jew Merchant," in revenge for the sale by Dumas of his large painting, "First at the Rendez-vous," it was M. Lipmann who took the matter up with considerable energy. He assailed the offensive work with his cane, smashing the glass wherewith it was covered, and considerably damaging the frame Jacquet was turned out of the Water Color society in consequence of his libellous work—what became of that once notorious picture remains a mys-

tery.

It is true that the divorce has been pronounced in favor of Mme. Lipmann, showing that her husband was the erring party, but I rather imagine that there were faults on both sides. For the lady has always been looked upon as a decidedly fast and flirtatious personage, of unspotted reputation be it understood, but always given to flirting outrageously with some one or another of the many admirers that her father's celebrity and her own wit and vivacity drew around her.
Some few years ago M. Dumas quar-

relied seriously and irretrievably with an elderly married lady who had been his stanch friend for many years, to whose elegant and hospitable home both he and his family had always been made welcome. The quarrel took rise in one of Mme. Colette's flirtations, the hero of which was an assiduous frequenter of the drawing room of Mme. -, the old friend of M. Dumas. To that lady M. Dumas addressed the rather unjustifiable request that she would close her doors in future against the young man in question. But that Mme. X-- positively refused to do. "His mother," quoth she, "is one of my oldest and most intimate friends, and I have known the young gen-tlemen in question from his boyhood. I cannot refuse to invite



him to my house simply because pays a certain amount of attention Mme. Lipmann. Had you not be try, M. Dumas, to control your da ter instead of asking me to strike h name of the son of my old friend from my visiting list?" Thereupon Duman waxed exceedingly wroth, and told Mme. X— that she must choose be-tween his friends on the acquain-ance with her describes guest. The spoken to