

JULY 4<sup>TH</sup> 1895.



DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE

SLEEPY HOLLOW.

IT MAY BE ABRUPTLY but truthfully stated that there is little love lost between the negro and the Indian.

The negro looks upon the Indian as a savage incapable of civilization. The Indian regards the negro as a savage.

ing the ways of the white man, and despises him for having allowed himself to be enslaved. Each may, more or less secretly, look up to the white man, but each openly looks down upon the other as something far beneath him.

Fortunately for the peace of races, the Indian and our negro have come into contact but little; and the Indian negro has touched has been almost exclusively the more peaceably inclined southern variety; and even this was chiefly, too, while the negro was in a state of bondage, unendowed with freedom and fire-arms. The Indian has always had both. The fact that, for these physical reasons, there has never been any trouble between the two races is an efficient excuse for the general public ignorance of their very candid opinions of each other.

It was as long ago as the summer of 1880, Harney's had been settled the fall before, on the completion of the railroad. It was settled in a manner similar to that adopted by a boy who goes out in the middle of the carpet and builds a card-board town, and peoples it with paper citizens. All of the wheat growing parts of the territory were colonized in this way, artificially as it were. That is, instead of pioneers and frontiersmen penetrating slowly in wagons and with mule-trains and building their homes in the wilderness, making the division between established civilization and unalloyed barbarism a broad and undefined belt, the railroad

came first across the level plain (costing nothing to build), and then it brought the settlers and dumped them down here and there, occasionally a town, with other townships, which was a town, the prairie judiciously peppered about on the settlers, which were the farmers. These were wanted to be prime eastern lots, immediately established the same grade of civilization they had enjoyed in the East; and the result was that the line as sharply marked as the edge of one of the white June clouds against the deep blue of the sky. You attended your Browning Club, and helped to

throw light into the dark corners of this ingenious poet as a matter of course; and then you rode out across the ridge a little way and admired a Sioux Ghost Dance.

The Fourth of July was approaching. It was decided by the patriotic citizens of Harney's that there must be a celebration. In casting about for attractions the chairman of the duly appointed committee hit upon the bright idea of a sham battle in the Sleepy Hills, just outside of town. This chairman was Mr. Waldon Hutchens. Then another member asked why not have the Indians from the Rolling Fork Agency, which was near by, take one side and the citizens the other? Then another member had an inspiration. Why not, he said, get some of the troops from Fort De Smet, also near at hand,

sis on the sham. Then, as he still looked off at the blue hills, a thoughtful expression came into his conspicuous white eyes, and he added: "But I s'pose, sah, that a sham battle might be better'n no battle at all. I will talk with the men about it, sah." The upshot of the matter was that the private soon came to the chairman and said, "I reckon, sah, that we would like the sham battle, sah, if the Kunnel don't object, and the folks here wants us to."

The chairman caught the reflection of a mysterious light in the other's expanse of eye as he rolled it away along the low tops of the Sleepy Hills. But he thought nothing of it, and hurried off to consult old Mad Wolf, chief of the Indians. Mad Wolf had a leading part in the Minnesota massacre in 1862, and was reputed still to have the scalps he took then hidden away, some of them covered with long fine hair—women's hair—or shorter, but still soft and silky—children's hair—babies' hair. But he had long since laid by the scalping-knife, and drew without complaint the neat but not gaudy rations dealt out by a paternal government. He was sitting on the ground, smoking a pale-face cigarette, when approached by the chairman, who duly set forth the sham-battle idea. He was careful to elucidate the sham point of the proposed affair, so as not to raise any hopes not justified by the facts in the bosom of the ancient warrior. But the Indian seemed to understand only too clearly. He snorted a cloud of cigarette smoke from his nostrils, grunted in a strong negative tone, and said, "No want to play with Niggers."

Then the chairman launched forth his most persuasive eloquence, using all the arguments which had availed with Private Yancy, and such others as he conceived would appeal to a more savage breast. He had at first proposed that the Indians fight with bows and arrows, to give the affair an early day tone, but thinking that the idea of guns might move the chief more easily, now told him that they might use their repeating rifles, the citizens to furnish them the same number of blank cartridges that they did the negroes. The chairman paused. The chief grunted less negatively, and looked at the horizon. The chairman clutched at his apparent advantage.

"Big time!" he exclaimed, throwing his arms about as if attempting to picture writing on the air. "One hundred blank cartridges! Heap noise! Shoot all day! Make believe you kill soldiers! Make soldiers heap rum! Whoop!" The Indian remained unmoved, but he gazed off at the hazy, far-away horizon, and seemed lost in thought. The blue smoke of his cigarette curled away and it went out between his fingers. Then he grunted—affirmatively—and rose to his feet gracefully, and as if it cost not the slightest exertion. He drew himself up to his full height, and said, scarcely parting his lips: "All right. We sham fight Niggers. Send up cartridges."

The elated chairman rushed back to Harney's and reported his success. At a public meeting that evening to consider further the celebration project a special vote of thanks was given him for his good work.

Long before the sun peeped over the Sleepy Hills on the morning of the

Fourth, Harney's was astril: It was to be the greatest day of the young town's existence. Crowds of people were expected from the surrounding country and the neighboring towns. It had been decided to hold the races and other minor amusements for the populace in the forenoon, with the great sham battle at 2 p. m. The morning program passed off acceptably. The most important "event" was the three-minute trotting race, free for all, best three in five, which was won by the county treasurer's bay mare, Mrs. Langtry, in 3.07, although the judges pronounced the track fully two seconds low. But the people merely endured these things, and held back their enthusiasm for the mock fight.

It had been arranged that the troops should mass themselves in the square in front of the Massachusetts hotel, there to await the attack of the Indians. They were to dash up from across the prairie, and shout madly and fire their guns as they circled around the town. At the second turn the soldiers were to dash out, and in a quick, sharp, engagement put the Indians to flight, who would retreat to the near-by Sleepy Hills, followed by the others, where all would dismount, and a general ambuscade and bushwhacking fight would follow as long as the blank cartridges lasted, the citizens in the meantime to have gathered in the grand stand of the race track to witness the mimic slaughter.

At 2 o'clock everything was ready. The troops, three hundred strong, were in the square, looking firm (and dark) and determined. The non-commissioned officers were bursting with martial pride. Each man carried his carbine, and the belts stuffed with blank cartridges looked formidable enough. Suddenly the first far-off whoop of the coming savages smote the ear of the spectator and soldier. At this precise second Colonel Poinsette, who had been observing his men from the balcony, was seen striding across the square as nearly on a run as was consistent with commanding officer dignity.

"Dismount!" he thundered, pointing a rattan cane at the first man in the line. It happened to be Private Yancy. With a movement like some sort of an ingenious factory machine the private obeyed, and stood gazing into space with a rigidity which gave the sympathetic beholder a crick in his back. "Take off that boot!" and the rattan cane, after a vicious swing, pointed at the private's left leg. Yancy gave a sudden start, drew a quick breath, but obeyed, balancing himself on his other foot and drawing the boot off slowly and with much care, keeping his leg upright.

"Turn it over!" roared the colonel. The poor private did so. Out on the dusty ground, with a dull rattle, rolled fifty regulation ball cartridges, long, heavy, villainous cylinders, with seventy grains of deadly powder packed back of nobody knows how much murderous lead. A glance showed the startled spectator that the leg of every cavalry boot in the line was of abnormal girthness.

"Stop those Indians!" shouted Colonel Poinsette, turning to Chairman Hutchens. The chairman rushed away, followed by half the crowd. He reached the edge of the town just as the Indians were beginning to circle about it, whooping and shooting promiscuously into the air. "Halt!" he yelled to Chief Mad Wolf, in a tone which made even that hardened savage think that it was best to obey. Around a loose blouse he wore the belt of blank cartridges, with the wooden scalping knife stuck in it.

"Get off!" said Hutchens. The chief slid to the ground, too astonished to remonstrate. The chairman strode forward and pulled open the blouse. Under it was another belt, bursting with ball cartridges, big, thick, bottle-necked Winchesters; and at the side was an old Hudson Bay company scalping knife, with deer horn handle, the long blade newly ground and polished. Every Indian was similarly provided. The great sham battle of the Sleepy Hills was declared off.

The most that either the Indians or the negroes would ever admit was that they took along the ball cartridges so as to have them "in case anything should happen." But nobody doubted that if they had got out in the hills something would have happened.—Hayden Carruthers in Harper's Weekly.

A Hint to Small Boys. It would be a great gain to the rising and the unrisen generations if we could lead the small boy to believe that there are better ways than day-long detonations in which to celebrate the Fourth of July, and that beautiful and attractive things are as eligible for purposes of celebration as things that annoy and disgust the neighbors and that frighten adults to flight. It is true that the refinement of the American small boy is a tedious and thankless process; but at the same time it would be good for him, and an inestimable blessing to his seniors, if it were gently but firmly explained to him that his methods of celebration are obsolete and barbarous.

Firecrackers. It is rather odd that the Fourth of July should have become such a day of terror, as it undoubtedly is, to the adult inhabitants of American cities. Indeed, the medieval description of the "day of wrath" is very fairly applicable. It is the day when the world seems to be dissolved in pitchy smoke. The coming of the national holiday is the signal for those that are upon the housetops for protection or refuge from the early heat, to flee into the mountains.—Harper's Weekly.

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Highest of all in Leavening Power.—Latest U. S. Gov't Report  
**Royal Baking Powder**  
ABSOLUTELY PURE

The Quality of Tact. Tact is not dishonesty, writes Frances E. Lanigan in the July Ladies' Home Journal. It does not mean the suppression of the truth nor the expression of an untruth, but it does mean the withholding of gratuitous disagreements from arguments in which they are quite superfluous; it also means the effort to induce an agreement kindly when possible, and if an agreement is impossible it demands a gracious acceptance of opposing views. Tact cannot be said to be synonymous with policy; tact is always honest and policy cannot invariably be said to have that distinguishing mark.

The Trust After No-To-Bac. Chicago Special.—Reported here today that a large sum of money had been offered for the famous tobacco habit cure called No-To-Bac by a syndicate who want to take it off the market. Inquiry at the general offices revealed the fact that No-To-Bac was not for sale to the trust at any price. No-To-Bac's success is marvelous. Almost every Druggist in America sells No-To-Bac under guarantee to cure tobacco habit or refund money.

Old Virginia Ketchup. Take one peck of green tomatoes, half a peck of white onions, three ounces of white mustard seed, one each of allspice and cloves, half a pint of mixed mustard, an ounce of black pepper and celery seed each, and one pound of brown sugar. Chop the tomatoes and onions, sprinkle with salt and let stand three hours; drain the water off; put in a preserve kettle with the other ingredients. Cover with vinegar, and set on the fire to boil slowly for one hour.

Don't Get Scared. If you should hear that in some place to which you are going malaria is prevalent. To the air poison which produces chills and fever, bilious remittent and dumb ague there is a safe and thorough antidote and preventive, viz., Hostetter's Stomach Bitters. The great anti-malarial specific is also a remedy for biliousness, constipation, dyspepsia, rheumatic and kidney trouble, nervousness and debility.

A Cheaper Grade. Jerome K. Jerome tells in his paper, To-Day, of giving a little dinner once, and discussing the matter of wine with the head waiter before the guests arrived. "Well," said the waiter, "if you take my advice you will give them a very good champagne to start with, let's say Mousseux Sec 1878, and let that go round twice. After that sir,—well—here's a very good wine that I always recommend at 5 shillings a bottle; and then, if I were you, sir, I would finish up with this," and he pointed to a modest little brand at three and six.

"And don't you think," Jerome said, "that they will notice the difference?" "Lor' bless you, no, sir," said the man; "we generally do it that way. I wouldn't undertake to tell the difference myself between champagne at 16 shillings and champagne at 5 after the first two glasses."

FITS—All Fits stopped free by Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. No Fits after the first day's use. Barnevou's cure. Treatise and \$2 trial bottle free. Fit cases. Send to Dr. Kline, 631 Arch St., Phila., Pa.

Woman's Greatest Charm. I am quite sure that men regard "sweet simplicity" as the greatest charm in women, and especially in girls, writes Ethel Ingalls in a delightful little dissertation on "The Girl in Society," in the July Ladies' Home Journal. This does not mean simplicity in the simpering sense, but an absence of that affected air of boldness and mannishness which has lately been assumed by too many really lovable girls. Then, too, sincerity of expression is one of the characteristics that charm men. To be sincere and candid the girl in society need never be abrupt nor self-assertive.

HALL'S CATARRH CURE is a liquid and is taken internally. Sold by Druggists, 75c.

Mrs. Burton Harrison describes "American Rural Festivals" in the July Century. These include such fetes as "Wash-Day" on the Jersey coast, the Ice Glen parade at Stockbridge, and the Harvest Home at Ontario. It makes quite an imposing list, and Mrs. Harrison thinks that it serves as a complete vindication against the charge, so often made, that Americans are an artificial and city-loving people.

Noah Built the Ark. The story is told of a congressman that he once declared in an address to the house: "As Daniel Webster says in his great dictionary, 'It was Noah who wrote the dictionary,' whispered a colleague, who sat at the next desk. 'Noah, nothing," replied the speaker; "Noah built the ark."

Hegeman's Camphor Ice with Glycerine. The original and only genuine. Cures Chapped Hands and Face, Cold sores, etc. C. G. Clark Co., N. Haven, Ct.

No man's religion ever appears a success to those to whom he owes money.

Billiard table, second-hand, for sale cheap. Apply to or address, H. C. AKIN, 511 S. 12th St., Omaha, Neb.

All men look in their photographs as if they would make good husbands.

**Dr. PIERCE'S**  
Golden Medical  
**DISCOVERY**  
Cures Ninety-eight per cent. of all cases of Consumption, in all its Earlier Stages.

Although by many believed to be incurable, there is the evidence of hundreds of living witnesses to the fact that, in all its earlier stages, consumption is a curable disease. Not every case, but a large percentage of cases, and we believe, fully 98 per cent. are cured by Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, even after the disease has progressed so far as to induce repeated bleedings from the lungs, severe lingering cough with copious expectoration (including tubercular matter), great loss of flesh and extreme emaciation and weakness.

A Soft Answer. Mrs. Newcomer—Good Morning! Is this Mrs. Teacher's private school?

Mrs. Blinks (hotly)—Indeed it isn't! This is a private house and these are my own children. Mrs. Newcomer (hastily)—I thought it must be a school house, the children looked so cultivated and educated and scholarly, and—refined, you know. Mrs. Blinks (genially)—Oh, yes, of course. Come in and sit down. Lucy, call in your six brothers and five sisters, and introduce them to the lady, while I get ready to go around with her and show her where Mrs. Teacher's school is.—New York Weekly.

Make Your Own Bitters! On receipt of 30 cents in U. S. stamps, I will send to any address one package Steketee's Dry Bitters. One package makes one gallon best tonic known. Cures stomach, kidney diseases, and is a great appetizer and blood purifier. Just the medicine needed for spring and summer. 25c. at your drug store. Address Geo. G. BREKKE, Grand Rapids, Mich.

Stand Where You Are. In Philadelphia the other day, an old lady from the country took her stand directly in the center of a trolley track. She soon spied a messenger boy, who, with his hat perched on one side, was coming along whistling a popular air. "Say, little boy," she inquired, "would you tell me where I could get a trolley car?" "Yes, ma'am," was the prompt reply. "Stand where you are, an' you'll get one right in the neck."

There is pleasure and profit and no small satisfaction in abating troublesome and painful ills by using Parker's Ginger Tonic.

Romance is half cotton, and very soon becomes threadbare.

It is so easy to receive Corns with Hindercorns that we wonder so many will endure them, but Hindercorns and see how nicely it takes them off.

Every friend is a disappointment 'in trouble.

So few women know how to use dry goods after they get them.

If the Baby is Cutting Teeth. Be sure and use that old and well-tried remedy, Mrs. Winslow's SOOTHING SYRUP for Children Teething.

The man who would lead others must first learn how to stand alone.

"Hanson's Magic Corn Salve." Warranted to cure or money refunded. Ask your druggist for it. Price 15 cents.

Some girls who are a dream at 16, are a nightmare as married women at 30.

Fiso's Cure is a wonderful Cough medicine.—Mrs. W. PUGH, Van Sicklen and Blake Aves., Brooklyn, N. Y., Oct. 20, '94.

A Fast Train for Yellowstone Park leaves Omaha via the Burlington (B. & M. R. R.) at 4:35 P. M. daily. Lands passengers at the Park inside of 40 hours. Full information about the Park tour, what it costs, what's to be seen, how to get there, etc., is contained in our Yellowstone Park book. Send for a copy. J. FRANCIS, G. P. & T. A., Burlington Route, Omaha, Neb.

It tires an eagle less to fly than it does a goose to walk.



KNOWLEDGE

Brings comfort and improvement and tends to personal enjoyment when rightly used. The many who live better than others and enjoy life more, with less expenditure, by more promptly adapting the world's best products to the needs of physical being, will attest the value to health of the pure liquid laxative principles embraced in the remedy, Syrup of Figs.

Its excellence is due to its presenting in the form most acceptable and pleasant to the taste, the refreshing and truly beneficial properties of a perfect laxative; effectually cleansing the system, dispelling colds, headaches and fevers and permanently curing constipation. It has given satisfaction to millions and met with the approval of the medical profession, because it acts on the Kidneys, Liver and Bowels without weakening them and it is perfectly free from every objectionable substance.

Syrup of Figs is for sale by all druggists in 50c and \$1 bottles, but it is manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Co. only, whose name is printed on every package, also the name, Syrup of Figs, and being well informed, you will not accept any substitute if offered.

**DR. WINCHELL'S**  
**TEETHING SYRUP**

Is the best medicine for all diseases incident to children. It regulates the bowels; assists dentition; cures diarrhea and dysentery in the worst forms; cures canker sore throat; is a certain preventive of diphtheria; quiets and soothes all pain; invigorates the stomach and bowels; corrects all acidity; will cure griping in the bowels and wind colic. Do not fatigue yourself and child with sleepless nights when it is within your reach to cure your child and save your own strength. Dr. Jaque's German Worm Cakes destroy worms & remove them from the system. Prepared by Emmet Proprietary Co., Chicago, Ill. SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

**WANTED—LADY AGENTS**  
In every town to sell our Safety Medicine; used ten years in physician's private practice. Address, stating experience, Box 124, A. SPINDEL & CO., Topeka, Kansas.

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When answering advertisements kindly mention this paper.