

THE FRONTIER.

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This poor bird feels like most of the Holt county republicans. But cheer up boys, we will have better luck next time.

A STORY OF THE EVERGLADES.

Recalled by the Transfer of Billy Bowlegs' Last Refuge to Private Owners.

Up to a few years ago, says the Atlanta Journal, all that was known of that vast inland sea on the southern border of Georgia called the Okefenokee swamp was that it had once been the stronghold of "Billy Bowlegs." Even those who had heard the euphonious name often enough to form some idea as to the topography of the swamp received an entirely erroneous impression of its character. They regarded it as a mere waste of malarial waters, like the everglades of Florida or the Dismal swamp of Virginia. Within the last two years, however, the invasion of capital into the recesses of its cypress and magnolia groves has revealed a wealth of natural resources unsurpassed, and shown that instead of being an impenetrable swamp, the Okefenokee is a great inland sea of very much the same type in the quality of its water as Lake Superior.

Away back in the early days of the century, just prior to the Seminole war, General Clinch of Georgia marched into Florida and penetrated the everglades with a regiment of soldiers, his purpose being to induce the Seminole chiefs to sign a treaty relinquishing their possessions to the government. He pitched his tent in the heart of a swamp, and invited the Indian chieftains to a conference at which they were to sign the papers ceding the land to the United States. The chief of the Seminoles at that time was a half-breed named Smith—a man of strikingly handsome appearance, over six feet in height, and as straight as an arrow. This leader, together with two of his sub-chiefs, was standing in General Clinch's tent listening to the reading of the deed which took away their lands. At the conclusion of the reading the two sub-chiefs, who could neither read nor write, made their marks. Turning to Smith, who stood in contemplative mood, gazing with fixed eyes upon the papers before them, General Clinch asked: "You can write your name, Smith?"

"Yes," he replied quickly, "but this is one time when I intend to make my mark."

Quick as thought the powerful half-breed whipped out a long, keen knife, and, lightning-like, buried it to the hilt in the heart of one of the subchiefs, then in that of the other, and finally in the breast of the government agent, killing the three almost instantly.

The soldiers about General Clinch flew to arms, and were in the act of making Smith their prisoner when he calmly called to them to look outside the tent. Doing so, they found the camp completely surrounded by a band of at least 3,000 Indian braves ready to obey their chief's command. Smith did not order the massacre of the company, but without as much as harming a hair of the head of General Clinch or any of his soldiers, marched them to the edge of the swamp, and in parting said:

"Now, General Clinch, you and your soldiers may go, but I warn you that if ever a white man places his foot upon our lands again he had better beware of the Seminoles."

As General Clinch marched his men away the Indian braves enthusiastically crowded about their great chief and raising him high upon their shoulders cried out in a mighty chorus: "Ocoocal! Ocoocal!" which means "the rising sun." This was the beginning of the Seminole war, and it was in this way that the half breed chieftain received the name by which he is known to history.

The end of his career is familiar to all. The manner in which he was enticed to Washington, where he attracted much attention and was the "observed of all observers," under cover of a flag of truce, and his confinement until his death in Fort Moultrie, at Charleston, are well remembered.

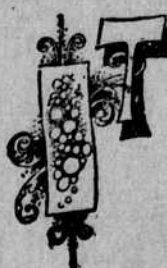
Smith's successor in command of the Seminoles was Billy Bowlegs, a chief of diminutive stature but undaunted courage. During the war which followed Billy found refuge in Okefenokee swamp, and one of the principal islands of this inland sea now bears his name.

Okefenokee swamp was, until 1890, the property of the state of Georgia. An act of the legislature, approved in October, 1889, provided for the sale of the swamp to the highest bidder, the minimum price being fixed at 1 1/2 cents an acre. When the bids were opened by Governor Gordon March 18, 1890, that offering 2 1/2 cents per acre was accepted.

MEALS IN TIN CANS.

COURSE DINNER IN CANNED FOODS.

No Besieged City Need Starve—Paris Has Stored Enormous Quantities of Them. Enough to Feed the City Eighteen Months.



HAT greatest terror of war, a starving garrison and a starving town, surrounded by a hostile camp, yet able to see far-off fields of grain and plenty, could not be repeated in this age of canned goods, meats, vegetables, puddings and fruits, all incased in tiny jars or boxes of tin.

It used to be easy to beleaguer a city and starve it into submission with hardly an ounce of shot, for it was a foregone conclusion, that if all avenues of food supply were shut off only a few weeks would elapse before both garrison and citizens would have to capitulate, though they might eat ruffish and horseflesh first. But now, so cleverly are provisions compressed and packed away into tins, and so long will even the foods that most usually spoil quickly keep—for years in most cases—that no city or town could be starved out if it only had a chance to provision itself properly.

The city of Paris has stored away hundreds of thousands of packages containing canned and compressed food enough to supply the entire population for at least eighteen months. This outfit of canned food is not permitted to be touched, though at times it is tested to see that it still remains unspoiled.

Other cities in Europe have built up stores along much the same lines, though Paris has by far the most important assortment of canned food held in reserve.

Outside of these preparations the manufacture of canned articles has grown to be something enormous, especially in meats and vegetables. In many cases the canned goods seem to be actually preferred to the original products. Nearly every wise housekeeper nowadays emulates Paris in a small way, for she keeps on her shelves any number of these little boxes and thus finds herself always ready for any emergency should company suddenly drop in or the butcher or grocer fail to turn up.

It is really surprising the variety of things to eat that are put into cans. As a matter of fact one can live, and live comfortably, on canned foods alone. "I can stock your house," said a big wholesale grocer to a World reporter, "so that you need not make another purchase of food for five years, and you shall have every day a perfect dinner of soup and fish, entrees, roasts, fruits, pudding, cheese and coffee, all canned goods."

Canned goods, though, have proved themselves of the greatest value to travelers from the fact that an enormous amount of nourishment can be carried in an exceedingly small compass. The Arctic explorers first found out the value of canned meats and vegetables, and in this way were able to travel with less hardship and to do things which would have been impossible had it been necessary for them to depend upon food in its original form.

When the Greely expedition went away in 1881 a large quantity of pemican was put on board. A large part of it was not consumed on the trip, and on the return of the explorers it was sent back to the firm from which it was bought. When the Peary expedition was being fitted out ten years later and the same firm was doing the providing, they opened sample cases of this pemican and found it to be in as good condition as if fresh made. So it was sent out with Peary, and on that explorer's return to New York what was left proved to be as good and as nourishing as it had been in 1881.

No expedition of recent date has plunged into the Dark Continent without being well equipped with tin boxes of all sizes and varieties. It is said that there is no desert plateau in any part of the earth where one is not liable to run across an empty beef can.

Transatlantic steamers and sailing ships about to start out on long voyages use these goods in great quantities because they keep so well and because they can be stored so easily. When prepared by a skillful cook it is impossible for the diner to distinguish between fresh meats and vegetables and those that are canned.

One-Armed Woman Tennis Champion. The woman tennis champion of New Zealand is one-armed. She is Miss Hilda Maule Hitchings. Her arm is the left one. In three fingers she holds the racquet, and between the remaining finger and the thumb she grasps the ball. A slight toss of the ball, followed by a smart rap of the racquet, results in a fast, low service, which is anything but easy to take. Besides her ability at tennis the New Zealand champion is noted for her dexterity in everything she undertakes, and especially with her needle.

Slang Dictionaries. There are plenty of dictionaries of French slang in existence, in which a slang word is explained in good French, and the first dictionary in which the slang equivalents for good French words are given is to be published in Paris. It is needed apparently by the writers of stories.

Faith. The time has come when a man must be ready to show reasons for the faith that is in him if he expects others to accept it.—Rev. Dr. MacAfee

AN ENGLISH OPINION.

American Women Snarled at by a London Newspaper.

From a London paper: The American woman must surely be the vainest creature that struts about the earth. Compared to her Yum-Yum, in the "Mikado," admiring herself in her mirror and congratulating herself on being the most beautiful woman in all the world, is modest. She, at least, utters her conviction only to herself, whereas the lady from Chicago, Ill., or Cleverville, Me., goes up on the housetops and publishes hers abroad to all who care to listen. Nay, she screams so loud that we are compelled to listen whether we will or no. But, having given ear to her appreciation of her own charms, we go away and think over what we have heard. Then, after due consideration, we go forth in spirit and, finding an imaginary American woman of the sort which writes to the newspapers, we take her gently by the unsubstantial hand of hers and address her—politely, we hope, but above all firmly—"Dearest madam," we say, "you are not bad-looking, and it must be confessed you have gone to one of the best modistes in Paris for your clothes. But you are not a lady—the word is out of fashion, but the thing never is—and it is to be feared that nothing could make you one. You are absolutely self-satisfied and you show it every minute of your life, or, as you would say, 'all the time.' You are quite without charm of manner, yet you think that all men worship you. Your education has been of the sort that our board schools give our coachmen's children at our expense. Your own comfort is the one thing you think of—and here is a piece of comfort for you. So long as you cover yourself with diamonds in the morning; so long as your voice can be heard from one end of the Rue de la Paix to the other so long as your one topic of conversation is your frock and what you gave for it; so long as you sit about in the public rooms of a hotel in a gown in which you might go to court; so long as you are not afraid to state en plein table d'hôte that the room was not stuffy and the women smelt that strong you'd have been sleek right there; so long as you do all or any of these things, believe me, you need have no fear of being taken for the only kind of English woman worth considering."

ROCHEFORT'S INFLUENCE.

What He Said About Starting a Newspaper in Brussels.

M. Rochefort is known in England as a Boulangist, as the editor and proprietor of the Intransigent newspaper, as the wild political agitator who opposed the government of Louis Napoleon in the '60s as bitterly as he attacked the actual republic at the close of the '80s, says the Saturday Review. Englishmen can scarcely understand M. Rochefort's position as a newspaper editor and agitator, and his power is to them almost incredible. Yet the signs of his influence are not impalpable. The Intransigent has a larger circulation than any French newspaper except the Petit Journal. The truth is that there are only three or four men in France who have made their pen a whip, and so become objects of fear and respect, and of these M. Rochefort is the chief, for neither M. Cassagnac nor M. Drumont can be compared with him in wit or power of vituperation. His reputation in this sort of journalism dates back to his youth (he is now a gray-haired man), but was first established by the success of La Lanterne, the paper he published in Brussels when he was exiled from France by Napoleon III.

Chicago Girls and Matrimony.

I have no doubt that the remaining cause of the low marriage rate is that many men dislike intellectual women—whether because such women are really disagreeable or because man's taste is at fault, I shall not try to determine. And even among those who like them as friends many feel as the young man did who made this confession: "I never expected to marry the sort of a girl I did. You know I always believed in intellectual equality and all that, and had good friendships with the college girls. But you see, you girls hadn't any illusions about us. After you had seen us hanging at the board on problems you could work, and had taken the same degree yourselves, you couldn't imagine us wonders just because we had gone through college, and when I met a dear little girl that thought I knew everything—why, it just keeled me right over; it was a feeling I had no idea of."—Century.

Costly Entertainment for a Prince.

The Prince of Wales recently paid a visit to Lily, Duchess of Marlborough. It was for a few days only and "very quiet," yet this little informal stay, it is rumored, cost the duchess \$50,000. The suite of apartments which his royal highness occupied was newly upholstered in pale blue satin, and the prince's bath was of plated silver. The main hall of Deepdene was entirely transformed. The statuary was removed and the walls were hung with trophies of the chase.

War Against the Wicked.

Police Commissioner Lee of St. Louis recently sent a letter to the pastor of the different churches of that city asking them if they would uphold him in an heroic effort to enforce the Sunday law in St. Louis on the lines pursued in New York. Most of the pastors have promised a zealous support.

A Remarkable Man.

"At that moment the worthy pastor appeared on the threshold of the manse. His hands were thrust into the pockets of his large, loose coat, while he turned over the leaves of the prayer book and wiped his spectacles."—Paul Linau.

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Here we can do you lots of good. We carry a good line and sell at low prices. You can see what you are getting and save the freight. A fair article, Ingrain, 35 cents. A good heavy two ply 40c. A beautiful half wool 50c. A first-class all wool two ply 65c. Extra quality two ply 70c. Brussels 65 to 90 cents. A handsome assortment of rugs in new patterns. Heavy oil cloth at 40 cents per square yard. Cheaper one 35 cents.

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A full assortment at prices that will get your business if you look us over. A good plush cape, fur trimmed \$4.75. Black Kersey cape \$2.50. Black Kersey cape \$3.00. Black Beaver, nicely trimmed \$2.75. A beautiful Beaver \$8.75. A rich Astrichan, full length, \$10. Extra good silk lined Astrichan \$15.00. Jackets \$3.75, \$5.00, \$5.50, \$6.50, \$7.50, \$8.75, \$10.00, \$11.75, \$13.50 and \$15.00. Everything in the new and styles. Big line of misses jackets \$3.50 to \$7.50, for girls 12 to 18 years old.

In conclusion let us say all we ask is a fair inspection of our goods and a comparison with anybody, at home or abroad, and if we can't sell you as cheap or cheaper we will not expect your trade. Our entire stock is bought for cash and we are confident our prices are better on the whole than you can find anywhere in Holt county and equal to those you can get outside.

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