

CHEROKEE AFFAIRS.

The Indian statesmen opposed to any changes in their territory by Congress—The Allotment Plan.

A Little Rock, Ark., telegram of April 18, to the *New York Herald*, says: The Cherokee legislature is now sitting at Tahlequah, capital of the nation, having been called together in extra session by Assistant and Acting Chief Bunch, the date of assembling being April 12. There are fifty-eight members in both houses—eighteen senators and forty representatives—nearly all of whom are taking part in the deliberations. The message of the principal chief has been read in joint session. It is very brief, simply stating that in his opinion public interests demanded a special meeting of the legislature and suggesting that legislation of some sort is deemed necessary upon certain matters which he names in regular order.

Advices received from Tahlequah today show that the action of the legislature is watched with the deepest interest by all classes of Cherokees, as well as by the more intelligent portion of neighboring tribes. The times are ominous of (as the Cherokees believe) evil. The solution of the Indian problem, in one form at least, seems rapidly approaching. The proposed legislation by congress, in the shape of Oklahoma and other measures, which virtually open Indian Territory to white settlement, has created widespread alarm, and this feeling is intensified by the fact that leading journals and apparently a preponderance of public sentiment favor congressional action looking to this end. Opposition to such proceeding is very great among the Indians. In fact, the prospect of allotting the lands in severalty and opening the Indian country to white settlers from the United States is repugnant to two-thirds of the Cherokee Indians, who desire to be allowed to work out the solution of the Indian problem after a fashion of their own, and without congressional intervention of white settlers. The remaining four tribes—namely, Choctaws, Chickasaws, Creeks, and Seminoles, which, with the Cherokees, constitute the five civilized tribes—are represented as being equally hostile to any attempt having for an object the settlement of any portion of the territory. It would seem that upon this point all the tribes will act in unison and present an unbroken and determined opposition.

The subject of allotting the lands in severalty, and selling the residue to the government has been discussed among the Cherokees for years past. Col. James M. Bell, one of the most eminent Cherokees in the history of the tribe, advocated allotment in accordance with treaty as a means of preventing sectionization by the United States government contrary to treaty. Col. Bell made an effort to educate the Cherokees to the idea that such policy would be best for the tribe, but the masses refused to be guided by his counsels and relegated him to private life. This was half a century ago. Since that period the views then advocated have made headway, and there are many Cherokees of sagacity who believe to-day that allotment will save the nation and tribe from common ruin. But popular sentiment and prejudice are strongly against these advanced views, and the friends of allotment are fairly swallowed up in the wave of public opinion. Not only are they silenced, but it is safe to say that as the agitation increases there will not be a voice raised nor a finger lifted in favor of any measure, no matter how favorable it may be, proposed by congress for the opening to white settlement of any land in the Indian country.

The Cherokees claim every acre of land embraced in their territory, excepting such as has been sold to the United States for the use of other Indian tribes. They assert that there is no vacant land in their country belonging to the government, and that the Cherokee title is flawless. In a special message transmitted by Chief Bushyhead to the Cherokee legislature last November in relation to the status of lands west of 96 degrees, the chief says:

"The lands lying west of 96 were never ceded to the United States, and the title, possession and jurisdiction ever remain with the Cherokee nation intact, except such portions as are sold and occupied. . . . In 1869 officers of the United States government had contemplated setting apart a large portion of our lands west of the Arkansas river for the Cheyennes and Arapahoes. In 1872 an act was passed authorizing the president to fix the price of the land, but it contained no provisions for the acceptance of its terms by the Cherokee nation, and consequently in no sense bound the nation to such an apportionment. The apportionment was made in that manner. Afterward the United States abandoned its intention of settling the Cheyennes, Arapahoes, Kiowas, and Comanches on all or any part of the Cherokee lands west of the Arkansas river, and thus the cause for the lands being appraised came to an end. The lands had first been appraised by certain commissioners and afterward by executive officers, first at 41 cents per acre and then at 47 cents per acre. . . . The United States government, in violation of the terms of the treaty, had settled certain small tribes on tracts of picked land. By act of congress, April 10, 1876, the Pawnees

were placed on a described tract and the act provided that 70 cents per acre of Pawnee money might be used to pay for it.

"This act was also without authority of treaty and conveyed nothing. Another act appropriated \$50,000 to pay for a small tract for the Poncas, of which sum \$48,389 46 was put to the credit of the Cherokee nation, a protest being filed against it by the Cherokee representatives. This conveyed no title. Harassed and unjustly treated by these arbitrary proceedings, the Cherokee national council at last instructed her two delegates to obtain, if possible, even the appraised price. Had congress appropriated the money at that time, and the Cherokee council given authority to execute deeds therefor, the United States might have received the benefit of its unjust and arbitrary acts; but this it has in every case persistently refused to do, holding that it was in no sense bound to purchase or authorize to purchase save occupied tracts. In 1881 \$300,000 was appropriated. . . . Our delegation again endeavored to secure a settlement. In response Secretary Kirkwood wrote a letter, Feb. 28, 1882, taking the ground that the settlement of the Cheyennes, Arapahoes, Kiowas, and Comanches had never been effected, and that the United States could only pay for occupied lands. He admitted that the title is in the Cherokee nation, and suggested that steps be taken for acquiring the legal title from the Cherokees to the occupied tracts.

"These deeds were the first formal or binding action of the Cherokee nation on these lands west of 96 degrees since the treaty of 1866. They covered all the occupied tracts, which were the only tracts the United States was authorized to buy or that the Cherokee nation was under any obligation to sell. . . . After the completion of these transactions the Cherokee nation had no unsettled account with the United States in reference to any portion of these lands. There was not then and there is not now an acre of these lands that the United States is lawfully entitled to purchase. . . . Some parties made the mistake that the lands had been ceded, which was not true. Some of the officials made the mistake of supposing that because the United States could settle friendly Indians on certain parts thereof the United States could do what it pleased with them. If the Cherokee nation had held its land by occupancy title, and had their reserve be a detached portion of the public domain, it would have been subject to executive orders and congressional disposition. It was and is the property of the Cherokee nation, and can only be disposed of by it."

It will thus be seen that the Cherokees claim all the land in their territory, including the Cherokee strip, Oklahoma—in fact, every part or parcel of land within Cherokee country. It will further be observed that Chief Bushyhead asserts that no tracts of lands were conveyed to the United States other than that occupied by divers tribes of Indians.

Meanwhile everyone is watching the legislature as if to glean from its proceedings some hint of the policy to be observed in staying the tide of immigration which is ready to pour into the Cherokee country the moment congressional legislation will admit it.

The Newspaper Plant.

It seems that in certain far-away territories called New Mexico and Arizona, there are great tracts of desolate desert lands, where the very hills seem destitute of life and beauty, and where the earth is shriveled from centuries of terrible heat. And in these desert tracts grow a curious, misshapen, grotesque and twisted plant that seems more like a goblin tree than a real one.

Of all the trees in the world, you would imagine this to be the most out-cast and worthless—so meager a living does it obtain from the waste of sand and gravel in which it grows. And yet this goblin tree is now being sought after and utilized in one of the world's greatest industries—an industry that affects the daily needs of civilization.

Those wise folk, the botanists, call our goblin tree by its odd Indian name of the "Yucca" palm. This plant of the desert for a long time was considered valueless. But not long ago it was discovered that the fiber of the Yucca could be made into an excellent paper. And now one of the great English dailies, the *London Telegraph*, is printed upon paper made from this goblin tree. Indeed, the *Telegraph* has purchased a large plantation in Arizona, merely for the purpose of cultivating this tree, and manufacturing paper from it. So, you see, the Yucca is now a newspaper plant.—*St. Nicholas*.

She Knew Her Strong Point.

A little four-year-old girl, a resident of Minnesota's capital city, is not noted for her beauty, though possessed of a very sweet disposition and a remarkably bright mind. She was recently presented to a minister who chanced to be visiting at her home. He took her little face between his two hands and looked down at her in a most scrutinizing manner. She evidently anticipated that her face would not bear the close inspection, as, turning her eyes in the direction of his face, she lipsticked: "A ninth petty, Mither Brown, but I th mighty mart."—*St. Paul Glob.*

LOVE-LORN MR. JONES.

Remarkable Antics at Detroit of the Quixotic Senator from Florida—Previous Exploits.

A Detroit correspondent of *The Philadelphia Press* writes: Senator Jones, it is generally believed by the people of this city, is insane. No one speaks to him; he is completely ostracised by society of all kinds, avoided and deprived of all human sympathy. Even the Catholic church and its priests have deserted him, although he is a member of that sect. His state repudiates him. The United States senate has eliminated his name from all committees, and has practically closed its doors against him. He is a man without a country, without a home, without a friend, and his case is the most despicable in some respects and the saddest in others in all history.

Senator Jones' rooms are on the parlor floor of the Russell house, the best suite in the hotel. Here he enters, throws open the blinds and windows, stations himself in front of a large mirror, which he imagines to be the senate chamber, and makes long, vigorous, and lusty speeches, while people gather on the walk below to witness the strange spectacle. His self-vanity is boundless; he struts up and down before the glass in a pompous manner, making sweeping gestures and oratorical flourishes. He dresses like a dandy, walks a half-dozen times per day up and down Jefferson avenue in front of the Palm mansion, maintaining the form of silent persecution with unvarying regularity.

He does not know Miss Palms by sight. He has passed her twenty times on the street without recognizing her. Often on such occasions he has glanced at her squarely without showing the least visible symptoms of recognition. This conclusively demonstrates the fact which has been presented to him by the friends of the lady, without sparing whatever profanity there exists in the language, that he has only a besotted ideal in his mind which Miss Palms no more resembles than the man in the moon. This is the painting of Charlotte Corday in the Corcoran art gallery. Miss Palms is a charming young lady, probably superior in personal characteristics to such an ideal, but possessing but little of the facial beauty depicted in the painting.

In order to show why the senator does not know Miss Palms by sight it is necessary to relate correctly some facts which have heretofore been put before the public in a garbled, hearsay form. Senator Jones and the Palms family are Catholics. In the winter of 1883, Miss Palms was visiting at the house of Mrs. Sands, in Washington, who formerly lived in Detroit. Mrs. Sands is a Catholic, and at her residence it was customary for leading society people of that sect to congregate. At one of these gatherings Senator Jones casually met Miss Palms. He was merely presented to the young lady and no conversation ensued. During the following summer Senator Jones stopped at the Devon house in Newport. At the same hotel ex-Mayor W. G. Thompson, of Detroit, was also a guest. The gentlemen were introduced, and in the course of some desultory conversation Mr. Thompson, who naturally presumed that a United States senator was deserving of the courtesy, invited the Everglades representative to call upon him if he should chance to pass through Detroit. Mrs. Thompson, nee Miss Compau, is a double cousin of Miss Palms by a double marriage in the Palms and Campau families.

In the fall of the same year Senator Jones passed through Detroit and was invited to a dinner party at the Thompsons, where he again was presented to Miss Palms, but no particular conversation was carried on between them. The next day he called on the young lady, proposed marriage, and was indignantly rejected. All of this occurred so long ago that the facial features of the lady have completely escaped from the senator's mental imagery, if he ever had any.

Up to last June the senator made several visits to this city. He was invited by the Sister Superior to deliver an address for the benefit of the Charity Orphan asylum, and on his way home after the Chicago convention made the address. He stopped here on several occasions, continuing a severe persecution of the young lady at all times. He wrote to her daily after his rejection the most endearing letters, which were placed in an envelope and remained to him. When in Washington he sent to her reams of his speeches and all newspaper articles about him—good, bad, and indifferent, all of which were returned to him by express. When in Detroit he sent flowers to her daily, which were returned to him by the messenger. Last June he arrived here and registered at the Russell house, where he has been the hotel's best customer ever since—so good a customer that naturally the proprietors oppose any move to have him taken away. From the moment of his last arrival his presents of flowers, deluge of letters, and walks in front of the Palm mansion were kept up with wonderful perseverance. Finally the friends of the lady devised a scheme to suppress some of the persecution. At their advice Miss Palms drew her pen through her name on the letters and packages, inserted his own and sent them to the hotel. After several doses of such treatment, and cowed by the merciless

ridicule at the Russell house, he ceased sending missives and flowers, and ever since has contented himself with walks past her door.

The reason why Senator Jones suddenly ceased his calls at the lady's door is worthy of note. After his rejection he was denied admission to the Palm residence. For several days he would call at the door, however, and the following conversation would ensue:

Senator—Is Miss—in?
Servant—Yes, sir. Who is it that would like to see her?

Senator—Senator Jones.
Servant—Senator Jones, eh? Well, Miss—is in, but not to Senator Jones, Good day, Senator Jones!

Then the door would slam in his face. It is needless to say that Senator Jones soon wearied of such receptions.

One of the strongest efforts made here to dislodge the senator from the city has been by the Catholic priests of Detroit and other parts of the country. He wrote to Bishop Borgess, of this diocese, begging the prelate to assist him in his love affair. The bishop wrote to him an indignant reply, reprimanding him for daring to address such a communication on such a subject. The senator then denounced the whole Catholic church as in a vast conspiracy to prevent his marrying an heiress whose fortune it was trying to secure. Since then he and the priests have separated, and he is violent against the church.

His eldest son spent two months here, trying by every artifice to lure him away. His friends have come here all the way from Florida; prominent democrats from all over Michigan and United States senators have expended in vain their energies at dislodging him.

When the Irish meeting was held here not long ago to raise funds for Mr. Parnell, Senator Jones was invited to address the assemblage. When called upon to speak, he arose and began a stump democratic speech having no reference to the Parnell matter and greatly disgusting the Irish republicans present. Finally the presiding officer called him to order and compelled him to sit down.

Why She Wore Her Dress Low.

What radically different notions of good conduct are held by girls living in separated classes of the same city. To go to a theatre with a lover and no chaperon, even in bright light, would scandalize a Fifth avenue belle; but she would quite innocently expose herself in a bodice so scant that an Eighth avenue maiden's self-respect would die of chill if so bared. But I am not going into discussion of a social topic already worn out. I simply desire to tell of a fair and fashionable creature who sat next to her male cousin at a dinner party. Her corsage was stylishly low. The relative had last seen her at the opera, in a bevy of décolleté companions, with herself covered to the neck, and on that occasion she had declared to him that she did not regard their garb as modest.

"Why, how's this, Maria?" he exclaimed at the dinner. "I thought you didn't approve of this sort of costume, and had resolved never to wear it."
"So I did," was the reply. "This is the first time in my life that I ever appeared in a low waist. I don't like it now, but I had to put it on in self-defense. A story got around that the reason for my invariably high-necked dresses was that I had a brown patch as big as a plate on my shoulder. Of course I had to refute such a calumny."

"And you have certainly made the evidence very broad and comprehensive," remarked the cruel cousin.—*New York Letter*.

A Rhetorician.

Professor (to his wife)—"My dear, I wish you would speak more carefully. You say that Henry Jones came to this town from St. Louis."

Wife—"Yes."
Prof.—"Well, now, wouldn't it be better to say that he came from St. Louis to this town?"

Wife—"I don't see any difference in the two expressions."

Prof.—"But there is a difference, a rhetorical difference. You don't hear me make such awkward expressions. By the way, I have a letter from your father in my pocket."

Wife—"But my father is not in your pocket. You mean that you have, in your pocket, a letter from my father."

Prof.—"There you go with your little quibbles. You take a delight in harassing me. You are always catching up a thread and representing it as a rope."

Wife—"Representing it to be a rope, you mean?"

Prof.—"For goodness sake, hush. Never saw such a quarrelsome woman in my life."—*Arkansas Traveler*.

An Application of Scripture.

Winnie's mother had been combing the little girl's long and handsome, but wind-tangled, romp-snarled hair. When the operation was finished—and it was not unaccompanied with several severe pulls—Uncle asked, "Did you get out many hairs, mamma?"

"Yes, dear," was the answer, "quite a good many."

"Then He'll have to number them all over again, won't He?"—*Harper's Bazar*.

CHINESE NEWSPAPERS,

Not Journals of the Celestial Empire, but of California.

The majority of the Chinese merchants and business men in this city, as well as their clerks and book keepers, can read and write the English language, and quite a number of them are subscribers to the daily papers.

That those, however, who are not so gifted may have an opportunity of knowing what is transpiring in the busy world, there are at the present time four newspapers printed in Chinese characters regularly published in Francisco. They are all issued weekly and have an average circulation of 2,500 copies. The majority of these papers are sent into the interior of this state, to Washington territory, British Columbia, and the Sandwich islands. Only about one-fifth of the whole number is taken in this city. The subscription price of each is \$2.50 per annum, delivered by carriers in the city, and \$5 a year if sent through the mails to the country or abroad.

The oldest paper of the quartet is *The Recorder*, published by Mun Kee & Co. It has been in existence eighteen years, and has a subscription list of 530, of which eighty are delivered in the city and the remainder mailed to the interior. Mun Kee, its first editor and proprietor, made a fortune out of *The Recorder*. Selling out three years ago, he returned to China to spend his declining years. *The Oriental* is published by Wah Kee & Co. It has been in existence five years, and has a circulation of about 400. *The Weekly Occidental* is now in its fourth year, and Horn Hong & Co., its proprietors, claim that it is the "live" paper and has the largest circulation. It has 200 city subscribers and 800 in the country. Cum Shoo, its translator and reporter, is well educated in English and Chinese, and nothing of interest occurs in the Chinese quarter that he does not report for the paper which he represents.

The staff of a Chinese newspaper consists usually of four persons—viz.: an editor, a sub-editor, a translator, and a printer or pressman. The editor and sub-editor are generally the proprietors, and each usually edits one-half the paper. The translator is a most important person. His duties are to pick up news around the Chinese quarters, and read carefully the American daily papers. From these he culls the market reports, accounts of outrages on Chinese, the passage of any laws or ordinances particularly affecting the Chinese, and any other item which he thinks will interest his countrymen. These he translates into Chinese characters, and hands them to the editor for insertion.

The editors copy the characters so supplied them with the ordinary Chinese pen and specially prepared ink on what is called transfer paper. The sheet of transfer paper is the same size as the paper to be printed. When the editor has his sheet of transfer paper filled with characters his labor is done, and he hands the paper over to the printer.

This functionary has a lithographic stone already prepared, and to it he transfers the characters on the paper. After "setting" the ink on the stone with nitric acid and gum he is ready for printing. After passing a wet sponge over the stone he rolls over it an ink roller, the ink from which only adheres to the written characters. He then lays the sheet of paper to be printed on the stone, placing on top of it a metal cover. An iron bar is now placed across this cover and tightened down by a lever worked by the foot of the operator. The frame on which the stone is set is then, by means of a strap and pulley worked by the printer, made to slide under the bar its whole length. The pressure of the bar on the cover causes the impression of the inked characters to be transferred from the stone to the paper. The process is repeated until the required number of copies is printed. Then the stone is cleaned off and smoothed down, and the characters for the other side of the paper are transferred to it, and the printing of the other side of the printed sheets commences. One side only of a paper can be printed at a time. A smart printer can print one side of four hundred sheets in an ordinary working day. Five working days are required to get out an edition of one thousand.

The American and Chinese Commercial News, the latest aspirant for journalistic honors among the Chinese, was started by Suey Kee & Co. a little over three years ago. Its proprietors intended to revolutionize the Chinese newspaper business in this city, and engaged a large staff of reporters, etc. Their purse, however, was not as large as their ideas, and a year ago they gracefully retired—bankrupt. The present proprietors now have the paper on a paying basis, and have a circulation of 700. The title of the paper is printed in old Roman text, and above it is a representation of a flaming dragon.

The papers are printed with black ink on single sheets of thin white paper, except at Chinese new year, when either red paper is used or the characters are printed in red ink on the ordinary paper, red being considered the lucky color among the Chinese.

The charge for advertisements is regulated by the number of characters employed. The price would average about 5 cents a word in English, or \$2

for one inch square for one insertion, with a reduction for "ads" running for over six months. The advertisements generally consist of notices of sailing days of steamers, notices issued by the Chinese Six companies, and prices of sewing machines, lamps, firearms, and other commodities which find a ready sale among the Chinese. These are inserted by white merchants.—*San Francisco Chronicle*.

The Caricature Plant.

One of the most remarkable plants in the whole vegetable kingdom is that known to botanists as the *Justicia Picta*, which has also been well named "The Caricature Plant."

At first sight it appears to be a heavy, large-leaved plant, with purple blossoms, chiefly remarkable for the light-yellow centers of its dark-green leaves. When I first saw this odd plant and was thinking what a sickly, blighted appearance the queer, yellow stains gave it, I was suddenly impressed with the fact that the plant was "making faces" at me. And my first impression was correct. This curious shrub had indeed occupied itself in growing up in ridiculous caricatures of the "human face divine," until it now stood, covered from the topmost leaf down, with the queerest faces imaginable. Nature had taken to caricaturing. The flesh-colored profiles stood out in strong relief against the dark-green of the leaves.

A discovery of one of these vegetable marks led to an examination of a second and a third leaf, until all were scanned as closely and curiously as the leaves of the comic papers that form the caricature plants of the literary kingdom.

What a valuable plant this would be for one of our professional caricaturists to have growing in his conservatory! When an order was sent to him for a "speaking likeness" of some unhappy politician, he could simply visit his *Justicia Picta* with pen and paper in hand, and look over the leaves for a suitable squint, grin, or distorted nose to sketch from. He could, moreover, affirm with truth that the portrait was "taken from nature." Cutbert Coltingwood, the celebrated naturalist, says of the *Justicia Picta*: "One of these plants in the garden of Gustave Dore would be worth a fortune to him, supplying him with a never-failing fund of grotesque physiognomies, from which he might illustrate every serio-comic romance ever written." I have never heard of the cultivation of the Caricature Plant in this country; but botanists tell us that it is a hardy shrub. I think we should be glad to see the funny faces on its leaves. After all the lovely flowers we are called upon to admire, I am sure that a plant evidently intended to make us laugh would receive a warm welcome.—*Alice May in St. Nicholas*.

Vegetable Clothing.

About two hundred years ago the governor of the island of Jamaica, Sir Thomas Lynch, sent to King Charles II. of England a vegetable necktie, and a very good necktie it was, although it had grown on a tree and had not been altered since it was taken from the tree.

A gentleman who witnessed two natives manufacturing this lace, thus describes it. A tree about twenty feet high and six inches in diameter, with a bark looking much like that of a birch-tree, was cut down. Three strips of bark, each about six inches wide and eight feet long, were taken from the trunk and thrown into a stream of water. Then each man took a strip while it was still in the water, and with the point of his knife separated a thin layer of the inner bark from one end of the strip. This layer was then taken in the fingers and gently pulled, whereupon it came away in an even sheet the entire width and length of the strip of bark. Twelve sheets were thus taken from each strip of bark, and thrown into the water.

The men were not through yet, however, for when each strip of bark had yielded its twelve sheets, each sheet was taken from the water and gradually stretched sidewise. The spectator could hardly believe his eyes. The sheet broadened and broadened until from a close piece of material six inches wide, it became a filmy cloud of delicate lace, over three feet in width. The astonished gentleman was forced to confess that no human made loom ever turned out lace which could surpass in snowy whiteness and gossamer-like delicacy that product of nature.

The natural lace is not so regular in formation as the material called illusion, so much worn by ladies in summer; but it is as soft and white, and will bear washing, which is not true of illusion. In Jamaica and Central America, among the poorer people it supplies the place of manufactured cloth, which they cannot afford to buy; and the wealthier classes do not by any means scorn it for ornamental use. The tree is commonly called the lace-bark tree. Its botanical name is *Lagetta lintearia*.—*C. J. Russell, in St. Nicholas*.

It Wasn't a Rabbit.

Doctor—Well, do you think the dog was mad when he bit you?

Solomon—Wall, sah, I guess he war rudder put out by the way he 'ducted hissef.

Doctor—No, I don't mean angry; I mean rabid.

Solomon—Oh no, sah, it wa'n't a rabbit. I's shuah 'twas a dog, sah.—*Harper's Bazar*.