

children into the court-house unless they preferred to remain at home, and then place a picket guard around the town to give the alarm in case of attack. A huge bonfire was built in the court-house yard and a bell rung to call the people together. When all had assembled and the picket line had been thrown out it was thought best to get the opinion of all present as to what had best be done to insure the safety of those present.

Squire Garvin mounted a dry-goods box and made a speech, trying to quiet the fears of the townspeople. He argued that "as the Indians had not already made an attack it was not likely that they would do so at all," and also that "it might all be a mistake and no attack was intended." This had a soothing effect upon the more timid ones, although it was plainly to be seen that the Squire was badly frightened.

This was followed by an address by Lawyer Slocum, who loudly denounced all Indians in general and the Musquakes in particular. As he grew more eloquent he seemed to desire a conflict and exclaimed eloquently that "the brave and patriotic spirit of true American citizens burned in the bosoms of all present" and that "when fighting for their homes and lives the victory was sure to be theirs." This brilliant burst of oratory had a good effect, and some of the braver ones even ventured a timid cheer.

Nancy Perkins, the old maid of the village, declared that she was not afraid. "Just let them come," she cried. "I'm going home and put on a boiler of water and have it hot, and if an Indian shows his head in my house he will get a warm reception." She denounced the government roundly for sending all the men away to war when "they were wanted so much at home." This caused considerable merriment among the young people, badly frightened as they were, and some of the boys laughed outright.

Rev. Goodhue suggested that the boys who saw the Indians be recalled and questioned. So Frank and Bert were brought before Lawyer Slocum and put through a severe examination, but the excitement made their story if anything more alarming than when first told.

As it was now past midnight, it was decided that if an attack were intended it would soon be made. So the only thing to do was to wait and be ready.

All sorts of weapons were to be seen, guns, pistols, axes knives and pitchforks were hastily gathered together.

Many now went home and darkened their windows so no light could be seen, barricaded their doors and prepared to defend their lives to the best of their ability. Others went into the court-house which was guarded by the main fighting force of the town. No one

slept and the warning alarm of the sentries was momentarily expected.

Thus the long night wore away and the first streak of gray announced the dawn of approaching day. It was now decided that as there had been no attack made during the darkness of the night there would be no disturbance before the next night, and probably not at all.

A committee of three was chosen to mount horses and venture cautiously in the direction of the Indian village. Early on that spring morning Silas Holt, John Cooper and Alexander Anderson rode silently away not knowing whether they would live to return or not. As they passed along not a living thing was to be seen except a few birds twittering their early morning songs in the tree tops and a couple of red squirrels chattering saucily on a branch by the roadside, little thinking that one of their kind had caused all this trouble and alarm. A log cottage now appeared around a bend in the road, the first that they had seen since leaving town. The farmer was just going to the stable with his milk pail on his arm, all unconscious of the danger through which he had slept. When told of the excitement in town he was nearly as much alarmed as the rest had been. As other houses were reached and it was found that no one had been molested, their courage arose and they rode on with less fear than at first. At last the tepees of the Indian village came into view. Smoke was issuing from the group of rude wigwams as breakfast was being prepared by the squaws, while the male population leisurely cared for their ponies or sat around and smoked.

When they saw the white men approaching the Indians were nearly as much frightened as the people of the village were the night before, for they thought the pale-faces were offended at something and that the Great Father in Washington was going to send them away from their lands. When the chief had heard the story that the boys had told, he called the Indians together and questioned them. Two of them promptly stepped forward and explained the whole matter. They said that they were lying under a tree resting when they heard the report of a gun and a squirrel dropped at their feet from the branches above them. They jumped up and seeing the boys, picked up the squirrel and started to carry it to them. As the boys began to run they ran also to overtake them and give them their game. When they suddenly disappeared around the hill, the Indians gave up the chase and returned to their village, carrying the boys' guns, hats and squirrel which they had picked up and cared for, and now brought forth.

When the committee returned with their report there was great rejoicing,

and it was impossible to find anyone who would admit that he was much frightened. Even Frank and Bert, when others laughed at them for making such a fuss because a couple of friendly Indians wanted to give them a squirrel, maintained that "they were not very much scared."

The events narrated occurred more than a third of a century ago; many of the actors in the scenes related have crossed the portals into another existence where fear of savage Indians never enters; others yet living will recall the events set forth.

The Indians are still on their lands and have ever since lived quiet peaceful lives, never in any way giving their white brothers any cause for alarm, or the Great Father at Washington any unnecessary trouble. They still retain, to a large extent, the ways and habits of their ancestors but engage in farming and stock-raising to a limited extent.

Recently the government has established an Indian school at Toledo which is supplied with a large modern building and all the appliances of a first-class institution of learning. Considerable interest is shown by the younger generation in their pursuit after knowledge and it is thought by the government authorities that this civilizing influence will work great good among its semi-savage wards.

Omaha, Neb., August 29, 1901.

#### PUSHING MR. BRYAN'S PRINCIPLES.

Whenever the Washington Post prints a cartoon it is pretty certain to be one that is worth its space. Its latest illustration of Mr. Bryan's declaration that "the principles I represent will be vigorously pushed," is the best that has illuminated its pages for weeks past. It represents Miss Democracy standing on a chair by an open closet door, vigorously pushing a bundle labeled "Bryan's Principles" into the remotest corner of the top shelf. Mr. Bryan himself is peeping around the door just in time to get a view of the operation. The Post's idea of the pushing process may differ a little from Mr. Bryan's, but it strikingly sustains his declaration that his principles will be "vigorously pushed."

Another and a more practical illustration of how Mr. Bryan's principles are being vigorously pushed, occurred in Boston last week, when the Massachusetts democracy, after a lengthy conference, decided to throw the free silver issue overboard, and did so without much ceremony. They then arranged to hold a state convention in October and start out on new lines. It is said that since the decision to eliminate the free silver issue from the state platform, Mr. Richard Olney has consented to preside as chairman of the state convention and use his influence in getting the Massachusetts democracy in shape again. This action of the Massachusetts democrats in dumping free silver into Boston harbor may not stir the country as did the throwing overboard of the tea issue on a previous occasion, but the same spirit of determination to get rid of an article that has brought trouble to the country was manifested in it.—Charlotte (N. C.) Observer.