LOVE OF WHITE FAWN.

However it may be now, whatever of demoralization has followed the true white race and the United States government picked them to the leggerly life of reservation, the time once was when the Sioux girl could not go astray without showing the same social sentence as that served out as a punishment for her sister. When the Sioux dwelt in and around the famous hunting grounds now known as Minnesota and Dakota, the same society of distinction prevailed among them as in any refined white community as between the moral and the immoral women.

Indeed, it has been hinted that these Indian women stood a step farther than the whites in their respect for virtue in their women, that one of their tribes, excluding Roman women, killed his wife and that one of them cleft her daughter for the unpardonable offense.

Nobody knew this better than Charles Dorr, a young Minnesota man, who went to Minnesota in the early 50's and found employment as a clerk in one of the shops at the adjacent settlements.

Dorr was fond of hunting and fishing, and his most natural and simple temperament allowed him ample time for the best of his inclination, when, on the occasion of his young man's first rally for game and fish, he returned full handed and with sufficient to support his family for a fortnight.

On one of these single handed expeditions from the settlement down the bluffs of the north, late in the fall, Dorr's stock luck seemed to upset by closing up upon a wounded buck suffering the more positively narrow stream, and Dorr took a bender into the cold water.

Knowing the stream so well, his quick eye would have noticed the accident under ordinary circumstances, but his eyes were elsewhere at the time, and taken upon the grounds form of a Indian girl who stood upon the wooded bank of the river, for the first time banks are prairie on one side and wooded on the other.

Dorr heard a startling laugh as he made the plunge, for he swam like a cork and could swim, shaking the water from his head like a terrier. He struck out for the shore, but as every stroke took a hold down stream before the girl with one of the canoes, which were drawn up on shore, was in his side, as quick were her movements. Turning it deftly as she neared him from, with one hand lightly placed on the side of the canoe and swimming alongside, was paddled ashore. Throwing aside the recovered the canoe and the paddle, but Dorr's side and a set of traps were at the bottom of the river.

Not an ordinary Indian maiden would have left Dorr to save or swim, and get his own alone as best he might, and would have stood laughing at the exhibition from the depth of the shore. The fate of Dorr went down, no matter that the easy swollen river caught the unfortunate helplessly along. It would have been as cruel, they knew a boaster would have been by being subject by women to anything but a battle where the foes were two to one, but it was no ordinary Indian girl who had helped Dorr out of his difficulty, as the dangerous predicament.

She was White Fawn, daughter of Gray Otter, chief of the principal band of the Minnesota Sioux, the injuries of whose kindly loom modified the strict observances of tribal forms and rules. Besides, her woman's instinct told her that she herself was not a little to fault for the accident, as she had observed Dorr's steady pace, which had pleased and had not shocked the Indian beauty, who, like all of her sex, had just the limited share of the opposite in her composition.

The accident had occurred opposite the encampment of White Otter's band, which was but a few rods back in the timber. Thither she carried him, and placed the kind hostess in the chief's tepee in charge of her father, and Dorr, before a roaring fire, dried himself inside and outside fashion, and stilled his chattering teeth with a swallow of whisky from a curiously carved one of silk horn.

Not a word had passed between them up to the moment when Dorr arose to go, and then he essayed to thank the lady to his best broken Sioux.

Now he it known the Indian possesses an keen a sense of the ludicrous concerned by human language as that concerned by the whites, and this was the sense that tickled the tongues of the young up to that moment. But being their tongues for the reason unknown another secret, and that was the secret of their admiration for the another. Dorr was smitten, and the White Fawn furnished another of the hundred ways to a woman's heart. She responded in English a timid "thank you," and looked into Dorr's eyes for any rules that might be there. But only saw glowing admiration in them, and she dropped her own.

Dorr went back to the settlement only to return late next day with an impromptu grappling hook, with which to recover his gun and fishing tackle. He never found them, but fishing only seemed to lead impetus to his industry. In fact he never knew of them after the first day's search, but he found their loss a convenient excuse for several days of absence and a return the chief without his usual quantity of game.

While ostensibly occupied in the search he continued to communicate with White Fawn, and he established a sweet meeting place, instead of openly entering the camp like a bold wooer. He lived in a mild delirium of satisfaction, only disturbed by any being made aware that he had lost the Indian girl.

* * * * * * *

Later in the fall Gray Otter's band took up their long journey to the westward, in one of their great hunting expeditions and did not return till the spring. News came down to the settlement of their return, and with it also the news that the hunt had been a comparative failure. The whites were thinking of the game. This, together with the fact that the settlement was not worried by praise with the Indians, made the prospect anything but pleasant for the settlement. As the spring wanes the unknown news came that the tepees were up beside the bluffs and begun the war dance, and then that actual hostilities had begun.

But the rumors were vague, and there was not the slightest movement to indicate a change in the feelings of the speech by Gray Otter's band. All was quiet.

As may be well supposed, Dorr was not long in establishing his secret meetings with White Fawn, and, with the aid of her any guarding scalps, the trysting place being chosen, by the combined cunning of some members of the white and the red race.

On the occasion of one of these meetings and in the early summer, White Fawn startled him with the information that the Indians would go upon the warpath, as on his return he quietly gave this information to the people of the village. But several weeks passed, and the people allowed themselves to ignore the precautions which they had begun so actively. Meanwhile Dorr's attention drew him back upon his frequent visits, though he knew the agitation among the whites had put the Indians upon the alert, and that another outbreak was imminent. Such, his last visit was upon the night when Gray Otter's band held their remarkable war dance, after which began those scenes of horror and desolation in the outlying settlements with which all who are familiar with the country's history will well remember, but with which it is not the intention to this brief sketch to deal with, save into connection.

Dorr on the night in question had left the camp half a mile above, returned by the overhanging bluffs, and with true Indian art, insinuated entered the wind-flap enough to screen himself from any curious gaze as he stood, with bare weapon to catch the shimmer of the starlit stream to serve as his guide to the well known spot. Gray Otter's band were now creeping where the trees were thinly set, now creeping quickly from tree to tree and now pausing to catch the least sound. All was still as death. But a golden moon in his favor at first, and while creeping cautiously over a river in open, his eyes were arrested with the frightful pulse of the war cries, appalling even to the ears of those accustomed to the demons from three of Dorr.

Coming to the midst of a scattered village, startled and terrified, Dorr came and stood, as an involuntary exclamation, frantically realizing his error, he dropped to the ground prone and cursed to reach the cover of the nearest underbrush. It was too late. Two redskins, who had glided forward, threw themselves upon him, and in a moment he was a captive prisoner. There was not little struggle, but no chance to the trysting place of the same name that the cry roused White Fawn's quick ear, and listening from the shadows of the tepee she then knew and expressed the conclusion to the cause.

The war dance was interrupted by the entrance of the prisoner into the lodge, and Dorr was led into the circle of the fire before the chief. Gray Otter rolled up quietly at Dorr and then glanced inquiringly at some warriors. The latter shook some natural savage expression under the form of Dorr's capture. The other seemed satisfied with the statement.

It was not at the time was a spy caught in the act of creeping in upon the camp with an explanation to make, for Dorr had thought to have taken the chief, with the aim that at least a few moments had to elapse with the whites, asked impertinently, "What were you doing there?" Gray of white-faced Dorr had caused his features to set warrior as they served in consultation over the prospect of a few minutes by a slow fire and frowned with savage intensity when they had ended the consultation. It was so close near by the Mashee. But the end was not yet. White Fawn listened in the shadow unable to control her terror at the chief's question was asked, and seeing Dorr's head bowed to his arm each attention, leaped into the circle of light and stood beside her father. Love and intelligent.

With an unknown Too Gray Otter heard his question to Dorr answered by his daughter, who looked unblushingly into his face. In the Sioux tongue she said, "I asked him to come." It was love's answer. For White Fawn had pleaded pretty. The old chief looked keenly into the faces of his warriors to his hand sought the freebleth handle of the heavy knife at his side, but the faces showed no trace of a change of feeling, and he wondered. Then his eyes sought his daughter's face and held it a step toward her, and she did not stir. But before the chief could take another step Dorr sprang before the chief with pistol and knife and yelled: "I am her. I come here as a spy."

Gray Otter paused, irresolute, as with a purpose unfulfilled, and his face changed as he said nearly after the manner, "Unbind him and no time ask to the settlement."

Quick as the words were set, Dorr was quicker to the lodge to the side of White Fawn, leaving her hand he turned to the chief and wondering warriors and said: "This is my wife. I will stay with her people."

It was a simple ceremony, but valid in the tribe, and Gray Otter extended his hand.—J. W. W. in Detroit News.

No Rest for Weary Women.

Mrs. Brown (pale, weary and half distracted)—That's the sixth girl I've had within a month, and she just threw a Saturday at me.

Mr. Brown—By the way, a party of us today were trying to evolve a scheme for co-operative housekeeping. Our plan was to rent a small family hotel, have our own servants, do our own managing and share the expenses.

"That's great! It would be just like living in an absolutely perfect home!" and at half the cost. Oh, I'm delighted! When will we talk it over?

"Well, there's Hicks, for one."

"His wife doesn't move in our set."

"And Winks."

"Mrs. Winks is a scandal monger, and you know it."

"And Mabel"—

"Catch me living under the same roof with that woman."

"Well, there's Binks, husband of your friend Mrs. Binks."

"Very nice in company, but they say she's a terror at home."

"And there's Finks."

"And Mr. Finks is a regular old cat."

"And Pinks."

"Hush! Mr. Pinks and her two pretty daughters, with no thought but dress and the theater! Now once they'd be in keep houses with."

"And your dear friend Mrs. Kinks."

"She didn't return my last call, and I've dropped her."

"But what shall we do?"

"Get another girl."—London Tit-Bits.

Yachting Ambition's Overleap.

Clarice—I'm going to paint myself all so lately much prettier than I am; aren's you?

Delia—Yes. What age have you decided on?

Clarice—Sixteen.

Delia—Dear me! Do you want people to say that you are old enough to be your own mother?—Harper's Bazar.

The Weight of Corn.

Professor Morrow, of the Illinois experiment station, has tested the weight of corn ears to determine the amount required to make a bushel. Eighty-eight bushels of fifty-six pounds. He found seventy pounds of the early, seventy-three of the medium, and seventy-eight of the late maturing varieties would produce each when from a bushel of air dry shelled corn by the end of October. The Country Gentleman, commenting on the foregoing, says: We have found quite a variation, however, in seasons and more difference in well seasons than in dry seasons, the former varying nearly 20 per cent, in the later note which do not ripen dry. The earliest varieties will of course have a better chance to become hard and dry than the later and more succulent, and there will be a diff. between the ripening in more northern region than under a longer and better sun further south. Farmers who have occasion to measure or estimate corn in the ear may easily make tests by weighing freshly husked ears, and again in winter and again the next summer, and may ascertain what may be of importance to them when dealing in large quantities.

First Savings Bank in America.

The first savings bank in America was the Provident Institution for Savings in Boston, which was incorporated Dec. 13, 1816, and transacted business during the latter part of January the following year. This bank is still in existence, and is one of the leading savings banks of New England, holding the honor of being the oldest savings bank in the world. The second bank for savings in this country was started in Philadelphia in 1816, and the same year in Salem, Mass., in the same year. The total deposits of these three banks at the close of the year 1818 were $61,000.—New York Sun.

Reanimation by Oxygen.

Lieutenant Colonel Elsdale, of the British army, writes in The Nineteenth Century a paper on this subject that should attract the attention of the medical profession everywhere. It is well known that when a person is suffocated by gas or is drowned that the cause is, primarily, absence of oxygen in the lungs. Elsdale's idea is, briefly, that oxygen should be forced in a strong current into the lungs of such a subject, then suddenly everything him and starting up again the circulation of pure blood.

The lieutenant colonel relates an incident from his army experience. One day a soldier engaged in emptying a war ball from filled with coal gas was overcome and fell to the ground, the heavy filled the balloon enveloping him completely. The officers and men brought him into the open air as quick as possible. He seemed dead already. Elsdale immediately began the oxygen cure for making the asphyxiated light. There was a pressure of 1,000 pounds to the square inch on the tubes conducting it from the receiver. The nozzle of the tube was placed in the man's mouth and the gas turned on as lightly and slightly as possible. But a stream of the pure gas almost sufficient to burst a man's lungs was sent through him. He revived in a flash and caught the nozzle with his teeth, so that it was difficult to remove. That accomplished, however, it was marvelous the effect the stimulating draft had on the apparently dead man.

In a quarter of a minute from the time the gas was turned into his mouth the man was seated with such violent and convulsive paroxysms that his comrades had to hold him to prevent him from dashing himself to pieces. But half an hour afterward the supposed dead man walked as calmly back to his quarters as though he had not been to all intents dead thirty minutes before. He was completely recovered.

The suggestions here thrown out are certainly worthy of all consideration. Many a person may be saved who is apparently drowned, if the oxygen be applied in the method suggested in the paper. How to do it Elsdale describes, mentioning also the way to guard against oxygen explosions. He believes every mine ought to be fitted with the apparatus he describes. Patients overcome with choke damp in a mine or by carbonic acid from an old well can be resuscitated in the same way.

Speech Without Words.

Julian Hawthorne has hit on an idea that is worthy of his illustrious father. It is that civilized individuals have outgrown the means of communication by the tongue-talker method, and need some other way of expressing their thoughts. Speech is clumsy, laborious and ill adapted to its end. The vowels express emotion naturally, but the consonants are mere artificial, arbitrary, meaningless sounds, like the printed alphabet, and are wholly inadequate to the wants of the race that is already here, saying nothing of the coming one. Therefore, says J. H., let us throw audible speech overboard and adopt some means of communication more worthy a race that is highly developed intellectually and psychologically.

Then language can no more be used to conceal thought. We shall speak mind to mind, soul to soul. The best part of this kind of communication would be that it would do away with lying. Mr. may tell his friend a whopper by audible speech now, but if mind speaks to mind in the way Mr. Hawthorne suggests then the friend would read the other man's mind in a flash, and whopping even of the most influential kind would be impossible. If the bell boy said you were not at home when your creditor called, the creditor would read by intuition the bell boy's mind and would know it was not so. In short, if Mr. Hawthorne's method of talking mind to mind should come into fashion the foundations of society would be broken up. For this reason let us all hope it will not come in our time.

Two ways of communicating are suggested by the writer. One is the method of telepathy or mind reading, thought transference. Then the thoughts of every human being will be an open book to everybody else. The other method suggested is that of conversing by the expressions of the face. This method the writer prefers. We shall see the delicate nerves of the face, says Mr. Hawthorne, especially those of the eyes and mouth. Our faces will then grow beautifully subtle and expressive. But how we shall talk in the dark Mr. Hawthorne does not explain.

Hon. John S. Clarkson, president of the National League of Republican clubs, advises his young men to make the most of women's influence for the cause. He says the young men can do the talking and the young women can do the singing and the recitations, and thus the full intelligence and enthusiasm of the neighborhood will be brought out. It must be remembered, however, that this hint can be taken by Democrats as well as Republicans. Then for a fact the neighborhoods would hold over.

Felix Oswald writes that the mountains of East Tennessee and western North Carolina and Georgia are immeasurably superior to the Apennines, the mountains of Spain or the Mexican Cordilleras in point of climate and scenery. The part of our country named is safe the Italy of America.

Edward Atkinson predicts that the southeastern portion of the United States will become the most prosperous place on this continent. Moreover, a large part of this region is still practically unoccupied. There is room here for thousands of energetic young men to go to and make their fortunes. Here are mineral, manufacturing and agricultural facilities unsurpassed.

"German Syrup"

Here is something from Mr. Frank A. Hale, proprietor of the Ida Witt House, Lewiston, and the Pacific Hotel, Brunswick, Me. Hotel men meet the world as it comes and goes, and are not slow to sizing people and things up for what they are worth. He says that he has lost a father and several brothers and sisters from Pulmonary Consumption, and is himself frequently troubled with colds, and he thinks it is the best cough syrup in the market.

Hereditary Consumption often complexing, to make him sick at his stomach. Whenever he has taken a cold of this kind he uses Boschee's German Syrup, and it cures him every time. Here is a man who knows the full danger of lung troubles, and would therefore be most particular as to the medicine to use. What is his opinion? Listen! "I use nothing but Boschee's German Syrup, and have advised friends, more than a hundred different persons to take it. They agree with me that it is the best cough syrup in the market."

NOTICE.

In the Probate Court in and for Salt Lake County, Territory of Utah.

In the matter of the Estate of Catherine Allen Piggott, deceased.

Order appointing time and place for settlement of final account and for final petition for distribution.

ON READING AND FILING THE PETITION of Alice A. Piggott, administratrix of the estate of George W. Piggott, deceased, praying that the last final account of said administratrix upon said estate in this Court; that all the debts of said estate are paid; that the portion of said estate remaining in the hands of said administratrix upon said estate be distributed among the persons entitled thereto; that the order of said Court, made on the 10th day of April, 1891, be modified so as to order and decree that said administratrix be discharged from her office of administratrix of said estate; and for other and further relief in the premises, and for