

HAMILTON COUNTY PRESS

ONE DOLLAR PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.

DEVOTED TO THE INTERESTS OF HAMILTON COUNTY.

J. R. ARROWSMITH, Publisher.

VOL. XVI

HOPE, N. Y., SATURDAY, APRIL 13, 1889.

NO. 15.

LOOK!!

We have just received from the Metropolis a full and complete line of FALL GOODS and invite you to call and see our

New Stock

LADIES' & CHILDREN'S CLOAKS,

MEN'S, WOMEN'S AND CHILDREN'S

UNDERWEAR,

Undyed, Natural and Scarlet Wools, Heavy and Light Merinos.

Dress Goods.

IN ALL THE LATE AND DESIRABLE SHADES OF HENRIETTA, TRICOT AND SEBASTOPOL.

DRESS TRIMMINGS,

BRAID SETS, PANELS AND GIRDLES.

Foot Wear

FOR GENTS, LADIES AND CHILDREN OF THE MOST DESIRABLE MAKE AND STYLES.

MEN'S, YOUTH'S AND CHILDREN'S

SUITS, OVERCOATS,

Hats and Caps,

of great variety and stability. A complete line of

RUBBER GOODS.

Do not wait, but come and be convinced of the great bargains awaiting you at the

N. Y. STORE.

Northville, N. Y.

A. ROBITSHEK, Agent.

Perseverance.
Finish what thou hast to do,
Prove thy right to wear the crown;
Bravely tread thy journey through
Ere the sun goes down.

Lay some stone each passing hour
In thy palace of renown;
Run the flag up on the tower
Ere the sun goes down.

Crowd thy bark, the storm-assailed,
Over seas that seek to drown,
To the harbor mouth, full sailed,
Ere the sun goes down.

Stand up bravely in the fight,
Play the king and not the clown;
Clear the trenches, storm the height,
Ere the sun goes down.

Plow thy furrow in life's field,
Tho the heavens may smile or frown;
Falter not, look back nor yield
Till the sun goes down.

If thou canst not reap, then glean
Midst the stubble here and brown;
Search the field and leave it clean
Ere the sun goes down.

Time enough to lay aside
Warrior's mail or priestly gown
In the dusk of eventide,
When the sun goes down.

AN INDIAN'S WRATH.

BY MRS. A. S. BURROUGHS.

Several years ago my husband built and conducted a hotel for the accommodation of the miners and teamsters at the terminal point of one of our California railroads. Like many other small towns in the northern portion of the State, it boasted of an Indian ranche, or settlement, within its environments, the half-civilized inhabitants of which played a more or less important part in the life of the community.

The Indian community—the men spending their time in hunting and fishing, and the women doing the drudgery, such as procuring fuel for their fires, the laundry work of their white neighbors, etc. Every now and then, however, the wild nature of the red men, either through the medium of fire-water or intense passion would become aroused, and at such times crimes of varying degrees of enormity were almost certain to be the result.

We had one child, a bright little fellow about two years old, who, by reason of his cute, babyish antics, had become a great favorite with the patrons of the hotel; and they, as a token of their affection, presented him on his second birthday with a diminutive iron bank, in which each of the miners and teamsters had dropped a silver dollar. As day after day came and went, dollar after dollar found its way into the little treasure box, till it became so heavy that baby could no longer lift it, and I placed it for safe keeping upon a bracket in my dressing room.

One evening, after old Julia, the Indian woman who did our laundrying once a week, had performed her usual hard day's washing, it occurred to me that I had done a very careless thing in permitting her to go into my room for the soiled clothes, and, knowing the propensity of her race to steal, I at once proceeded to ascertain whether anything was missing. Baby's bank was gone! Old Julia had stolen it.

It was too late to do anything that day, but early the next morning we had their hut searched, with the result that fragments of the broken bank were found, but no money. They were bountifully supplied with provisions, however, and inquiry at one of the stores elicited the fact that a large bill of goods such as found had been purchased there the evening before by old Julia and her spouse. The woman was accordingly arrested, and, after being convicted, was sent to the county jail in the adjoining town for a term of three months.

Many predicted that this would not be the end of the affair, as the woman's husband was a dangerous character, and might seek to avenge his wife's imprisonment; but neither my husband nor myself shared their fears, and the matter was forgotten after a day or two.

One day, about a fortnight after Julia's conviction, I was assisting the dining-room girls to prepare the table for luncheon, when suddenly the sound of a low, guttural, threatening voice at the window drew my attention. Looking up, startled and frightened, I beheld a savage, hideous-looking Indian glaring in at me. It was Indian Jack, old Julia's husband.

Seeing my frightened look, he advanced still closer, put his swarthy face in at the open window, and, shaking his fist at me, grunted out, "You no give me back my Julia, me kill you pretty soon!"

I had him driven off at once, and as I watched him slowly making his way back to the ranche on the river bank half a mile to the rear of our house, and saw his threatening, angry gestures, I confess I was badly frightened. This feeling soon wore off, however, and as my husband was inclined to think it no more than a game of bluff, his visit was quite forgotten by the time luncheon was over.

That afternoon the table-girls went out in the woods for ferns; the cook also was out, and as my husband was seldom about the house except at meals, I was for the time being alone. To while away the time I picked up a paper, and was just becoming interested in some article, when I was startled by a loud, frightened scream from my little boy, who was playing in the back yard. Springing up I ran to the window, just in time to see Indian Jack snatch up my child in his arms, and hasten away to the chaparral. A terrible, frightful cry flashed through my mind. He was going to avenge the incarceration of his wife by taking the life of my poor, innocent boy!

There was no help at hand; if he was saved, I alone must save him, and with a desperate hope spurring me on, I bounded out of the door in frantic, determined pursuit.

Believing his movements had been unobserved, the Indian had not made as hurried flight as he might have done, and before half the distance to the ranche had been traveled, I was close behind him.

"Bring back my boy!" cried I in frantic tones. "Kill me if you will, but spare my child!"

An angry grunt was his only reply upon finding me in pursuit, and placing his hand over the baby's mouth to still his piteous cries, he quickened his pace so as to keep out of my way.

Still I ran on, begging in sobbing tones for my child, but if it had any effect at all upon the fiendish brute, it was to encourage him in his horrid purpose, for now and then he would pause, look back with an exultant expression upon his hideous face, and then swagger off again with a low, gloating chuckle that pierced my heart like a dagger.

In this manner the race was up until his hut was reached, when he bounded inside, closed the door with a bang, and then locked it. In vain I pounded upon the door, begged, wept, and pleaded; the brute was immovable as a rock, and I could hear my poor baby pleading in plaintive, wailing accents for "mamma, mamma, mamma!"

The sound of my lamentations attracted the attention of a score of half-naked, sleepy-looking Indians, who rushed pell-mell from their cabins to learn the cause of the unusual commotion, and to them I renewed my pleading. "No sabe!" was all I could get out of them, and I returned to the door again, knowing that Jack could at least understand me.

He gave me no answer, however, contenting himself with holding an animated confab in his own dialect with his comrades on the outside. What they were talking about of course I could not tell, but I was not to be kept long in ignorance; for I was suddenly seized, dragged to an adjoining hut, and rudely thrust inside. With the sound of the key turning in the lock as I was made a

prisoner, and the feeble wail of my child ringing in my ears, I fainted,—the intensity of my mental anguish was more than I could endure.

How long I lay thus I do not know, but when I awoke to consciousness all was silent. I listened, but I could not hear my child's plaintive cry in the adjoining hut. A horrible thought flashed into my mind: Had the demon Jack killed him?

My distracted mind had not yet found the answer when the sound of my door being unlocked was heard, and the next moment Jack entered my presence, locking the door after him. I rushed toward him, and frantically grasped his arm. "My boy! where is he? What have you done with him?"

The Indian shook me rudely away. "Ugh!" grunted he. "Boy no good! Too much yah! yah! all time."

I would not be thus put off, and still assailed him with my entreaties. He endured it with stolid indifference for several moments and then, as if prompted by an uncontrollable impulse, took one hasty stride toward me and rudely clutched my arm. "You tell jail man let my Julia come back!" demanded he savagely.

I told him I would do all I could, but that it was now beyond my power to effect her release.

"You tell Injun lie!" cried he. "Jail man let her go; you tell him to!"

I again told him, as I had before, that I was powerless to do as he asked.

The answer seemed to goad him on to greater fury; his grip tightened upon my arm, and his dark eyes emitted a fiendish gleam. He was going to avenge the incarceration of his wife by taking the life of my poor, innocent boy!

I saw the gleaming blade ascend and hang trembling above me, and then, with a loud, piercing, despairing shriek, I lost consciousness.

When I opened my eyes I found my husband bending over me, and a group of familiar faces all around me, whom I at once recognized as the regular patrons of the hotel.

The fight of Indian Jack and my frantic pursuit had been observed by some men working in a slaughter-house near the ranche, and, fearing something was wrong, they had notified my husband, who, with several miners, had rushed to my relief. My baby-boy was found fast asleep in Jack's cabin, which accounted for my not hearing him when I recovered from my swoon some time before.

As for Jack, after being mauled to the heart's content of the indignant miners, he was given notice to leave the community at once, which he did, making a bee line for the foothills lying beneath Mount Shasta.

The noble hearted miners and teamsters, not satisfied with ridding the neighborhood of Indian Jack, donated a larger and stronger bank to my boy, and showed no relaxation in their generosity until it was even heavier than the one old Julia stole.

As for myself—well, I am no longer a resident of that part of the State, and though I were to live a thousand years, I should never forget the horrors of that eventful day, or how nearly I became the victim of an Indian's wrath.—*New York Tribune.*

An Imperial Complaint.

"I have the carache this morning," remarked Mr. Struckitrich.

"Oh how lovely!" replied Mrs. S. "That is the most stylish disease there is now. The Emperor of Germany has it, you know. But you must call it otitis, dear."

Caught on the Fly.

Handsome Young Canadian—Are you in favor of annexation, Miss Oldmaid? Miss Oldmaid—Oh, this is so sudden! Y-e-s, I am yours.

Never resent a seeming slight, but smile and bear it.