OETIC STORIES CONNECTED WITH PLACES IN IOWA.

Lerenas That Speak Well for the Morals of the Early Western Settlers-The Birth of the "Lone Tree"-Two Incidents is Which Providence Was Credited.

The legends of the west are as sturdy, as in dependent and as forcible as the men who created them, and for this reason, if no other, serve more than passing mention.
What could, for instance, be more poetic

What could, for instance, be more poetic than the story of the "Lone Tree," which was related to the writer not long ago by one of the oldest settlers of Eastern Iowa? The tale—or, to speak more properly, the legend—be based on an oak tree, for many years the only one standing within a radius of eight or nine miles. How did the tree come there? That the unsophisticated pioneers could not explain; so they resorted to invention, and gave currency to a story which will live long after they have been forgotten. Early in the year 1840, so the report goes, soon long after they have been forgotten. Early in the year 1840, so the report goes, soon after the so-called Blackhawk purchase had been consummated, a young couple emigrated from New York state to the west. The man (Bill Brewster was his name) was open hearted, hospitable and courageous, and his wife was a representative American woman of the middle class, industrious, kind and faithful. After their arrival in Iowa the property want out "prospective want out " and faithful. After their arrival in lowa the two young people went out "prospecting" (looking for suitable land) every day, and finally reached a tract of fat pratrie land which promised to yield rich crops. Here they decided to take up their abode; and the woman, relieved of all anxiety and worry, then and there gave birth to a son, and at the same moment—to commemorate the the same moment—to commemorate the event—an oak sapling sprang up, which was ever afterward called the "Lone Tree." The ever after ward called the "Lone Tree." The saping, in course of time, became a stout coak tree, and stood for many years in its isolated position, a mystery to the uninitiated, an object of never ceasing curiosity to the old sattlers, and a monument of interest to the student of American life and manners, until a vandal cut it down, four or five years ago, to obtain a supply of fire wood without the necessity of hauling it nine or ten miles. Scarcely less interesting is a bit of lengendary talk current in the region of the Wyoming Hills—a chain of mound like elevations located on the western shore of the Mississippippi river, between the towns of Davenport and Muscatine, Ia. These hills were once upon a time the meeting place of thousands of Indians, and hundreds of their dead were buried in gigantic mounds constructed on

buried in gigantic mounds constructed on the crests of the elevations. When the white

the crests of the elevations. When the white settlers first appeared they received a cold welcome from the red men who wandered through the country which was once their own, but had been ceded to the United States government by their chiefs.

The savages carried vengeance in their hearts and murder in their eyes; and many a bold agriculturist, who had braved the hardships of pioneer life to acquire some land for his family, never returned from his cornfield, and the wailing and lamentations of widowed women and fatherless children were echoed from one farm to the other almost every week. One of these went out one Sunday morning to collect his cattle. He ascended one of the sloping hills, not noticing the form of an Indian who was lying concealed among the tall weeds growing on concealed among the tall weeds growing on the summit. The settler's foot never crossed

the summit. The settler's foot never crossed the threshold of his home again. He was cruelly murdered by the hidden foe, and his body thrown in the waters of the Mississippi. His wife, growing anxious about his welfare, at non sent out her little daughter to hasten her father's return. The child, inured to danger, undertook the task, but had not proceeded far when she noticed a red man on the hill, and, turning around, one behind her. Escape seemed impossible; but just at that moment a crevice large enough to conceal her opened in the side of the hill. She sought the refuge thus providentially offered, and as soon as she had concealed herself the opening closed, and to her startled sight was revealed a cavern of large dimensions, of which she was the only occupant. which she was the only occupant.

which she was the only occupant.

Not until the following evening did the crevice open again. The girl, almost famished by this time, crept out of her hiding place, and, seeing that all danger was past, ran home, where she related her strange story to a number of neighbors who had met at the cabin to solve the mystery of her disat the cabin to solve the mystery of her di appearance. Subsequent search failed to re-yeal a cavern anywhere near where the girl had been so miraculously saved; but it would nevertheless, be a dangerous thing to doubt had been so miraculously saved; but it would, nevertheless, be a dangerous thing to doubt the veracity of this tale in the presence of the few survivors of those stirring times; and popular taste has applied to the bill, which will sooner or later be made famous by this story, the not very euphonic but very significant name of "Providence Hole."

by this story, the not very euphonic but very significant name of "Providence Hole."

Another and scarcely less interesting instance of providential interference with the affairs of men has many believers among the good folks inhabiting the bottom lands of the Cedar near its confluence with the Iowa river. In the early days of Iowa this part of the towickness, when inhabited by a wild designed. river. In the early days of Iowa this part of the territory was inhabited by a wild, desperate class of people, who lived on what they could steal from more industrious neighbors. Horse stealing was the favorite pursuit of the male portion of this community, and many enterprising men saw the fruits of their toil destroyed for want of live stock which disappeared at the most inopportune times. Horse thieves in those days expected no mercy when they had the misfortune to fall into the hands of the settlers; and when one bright June morning in the Year 1840 nine of them were caught by a de-

Cachment of outraged farmers they prepared themselves to meet death with bold faces.

The gang was conducted to a huge oak tree on the banks of the Cedar river, whose nine branches invited the settlers to finish their work of vengeance. One man after the other was supplied with a hempen necktie, and arrangements were made to send them to kingdom come at the same instant. The signal was given. A flerce stroke of lightning and a deafening roar of thunder followed the command which was to end the earthly existence of nine human beings. Eight bodies dangled in the air. The ninth was lying on the ground, saved by the lightning, which had ripped the branch on which he was hanging from the trunk of the tree. It was a miracle, for the man, after recovering from his stupor, proved his innocence to the satisfaction of the "vigilanta." The sight thieves had met their fate, but providence interfered in a way that could not be mment of outraged farmers they prepared mselves to meet death with bold faces. dence interfered in a way that could not be misunderstood to save the life of the guilt

The tree made famous by this incident is still standing—at least it was two years ago, and the strange tale here related has become a treasured legend among the old tettlers of the vicinity, which is no louger the hiding place of desperadoes, but a veritable Eden inhabited by intelligent and prosperous farmers—C. W. Weippiert in Jonapal of American Folit-Lore.

Doubles.
Philosopher—No, sir; I don't ballere mry man has a double.
Matter of Fact Friend—Nonsenss! Weren't you ever beside yourseld—New York Maring doursel.

"LAYING FOR INJUNS."

Fight with a Redskin Not Chronicled in

A Fight with a Redskin Not Chronicled in School Histories.

While we were lying at Fort Laramie in 1865 a Kiowa Indian from Kansus came on to act as a government scout. He could speak English first rate, and having lived among the whites for years he had picked up a good many pointers. We soon learned among other things that he could "put up his dukes" in first rate style. In fact, when put against our best man, "Joe," as the Indian was named, knocked him out in the seventh round. We put him on to a few extra dodges, and then waited for the fruit to ripen.

Troops were pouring in for the Indian war, and most of them were old vets from the Army of the Potomac. Most of these were in a great hurry to knock over an Indian, either with fist or bullet, and the half down redskins about the fort had to hustle to save their bacon. One day when the sign was right, we togged Joe out in true Indian style, gave him his cue as to how he should act, and sent him down among some Pennsylvania troops. They spotted him for a scalp raiser at once, and were hustling him around, when we appeared and demanded fair play. The leader of the hustlers was a big corporal of fistic fame, and the minute it was proposed to get up a mill between him and the Indian

we appeared and demanded fair play. The leader of the hustlers was a big corporal of fistic fame, and the minute it was proposed to get up a mill between him and the Indian he jumped clear of? the ground and yelled: "Whoopee! That hits me! I've been laying for an Injun! Fill give you my head if he stands through the first round!"

Arrangements were soon made. We went out where the wagons were parked, cleared a space, and the principals were soon ready. Joe was as calm as a May morning, having little to say, while the corporal was all "gab" and excitement, and kept calling out: "Watch him, boys, and don't let him run."

We had six ounce boxing gloves, and it was to be Queensberry rules. When Joe was ready, every one but the corporal could see that he had "been there;" the latter was in such a hurry "to punch an Injun" that he overlooked particulars. He weighed at least thirty pounds the most, and there was a grin of delight on his face as the call came. He went in to secure a knock out blow, but several surprises awaited him. He could no more hit that Indian than a boy could lasso a weasel; and when the first round closed his grin had given place to a look of astonishment.

When round second opened we gave Joe

ishment.

When round second opened we gave Joe the wink. He made a dodge or two, feinted, swung his right with a smash, and the corporal uttered a yell and went to earth to snore like a horse for five minutes before he came to. It was as clean a knockout as any one ever saw, and he was man enough to realize it. When he could keep his feet he reached out his hand to Joe and said:

"Don't set me down for a fool. I am simply fresh—too fresh. This has salted me,

ply fresh—too fresh. This has salted me, however, and if you'll come around to the tent I'll divide half and half with you, and then give you a revolver which I captured in Virginia to learn how to get that swing with the right."—New York Sun.

A Reckless Remark "Farewell, dearest," she sighed, as she lay against the lapel of his double breasted coat, "and, George, you may kiss me once, on my

"and, deorge, you hay less he dee, see, forehead, ere you go."
"Thanks, Angelina," thoughtfully murmured the young man, "but the last time I kirsed a girl on the forehead I got a bang in the mouth." A moment later he left the house looking as if he had been eating marshmallows.—Harvard Lampoon.



She-What do the papers mean by the inderground electric system?

He—The underground electric system just the reverse of the one now in use. It is a system in which it is proposed to bury the wires instead of the citizens.—Life.

Dealer—Here, that poem I paid you to write about my one dollar hats is no good. You don't seem to have had the divine affla-

tus.
Poet—Naturally not, sir. You gave me only \$1, and the divine afflatus, like the hats, cannot be felt for any such money.—

Munsey's Weekly. Yes. Let Us Get at Him. 'Give me the man who sings at his work," says the old proverb. And every man who has tried to work within hearing distance of this individual no doubt entertains the same feeling. Give him to us till we can get the boiling oil and the molten lead to the proper intensity. We chierton Canife. intensity.-Washington Capital.

"Mr. Squibob, you have run up a large

bill in our tailoring department."
"Yes, I am aware." "Well, could you please run it down this norning?"—Detroit Free Press.

No Doubt of It. Husband—Here's an article in the paper which says there is a great deal of money in frogs.
Wife-Oh, my! Why don't you catch some of them, dear, and cut them open to find out?

I should. - Lowell Citizen.

Not After the Mote. She (laughingly)—Why are you looking so intently into my eyes? Are you looking for

He (seriously)—No; for the beam. Then she beamed .- Lawrence American. Flattering.

—I just met Randall, and he said I didn't look like myself at all. Smiles-Well, old man, you ought to con-

sider that a very delicate compliment.—Jour Will Take Immense Capita Larkin-Here's the biggest English syndi-

cate yet. Gazzam—What does it propose to buy? Larkin—The Niagara hackmen.—Harper's

On the Veranda. He-Do you object to my sitting here! She-Not at all sir! I'm going in -The SALMAGUNDI.

Crisp Cuttings Concerning Comical and Other Capers.

LINES BY A SPINSTER.

-The girls, since first the world began,
Have always sought th' ideal man:
But when they captured their ideal
They found him more ideal than real.

MADE POR IT. -"Most of the action in my story takes place in a cemetery."
"Indeed! Well that's a good place for a plot."

THE MATTER WITH BERTIE. -Gussie-Got the grip?
Bertie (on his way to the lodge)-Yaas, the gwip all wight, but I cawn't recolect the-aw-blooming password.

-All hall the gladsome winter So long upon the way! But unless the winter wishes It doesn't have to stay. - loved her deeply-praised her eyes, Compared her cheek unto the rose— But she, alas, my would-be prize Would give me nothing but her noes.

AN UNFORTUNATE MISTAKE. AN UNFORTUNATE MISTAKE.

"I wish to say to the congregation," said the minister, "that the pulpit is not responsible for the error of the printer on the tickets for the concert in the Sunday school room. The concert is for the benefit of the Arch fund, not the Arch fiend. We will now sing hymn six. "To err is human, to forgive divine."

A FALSE HOPE. -"Bessie, can you come over to see our

-"Bessie, can you come ever the decom-new border this atternoon?"
"With pleasure. Is he nice?"
"He? Why, I mean the new border on our hall paper."
"Oh! You will have to excuse me, dearry; I almost forgot my engagement with Florence this afternoon."

A STICKLER FOR FORM. "What is the matter with you, Mat "I don't wish to talk with you after what

you said about my smile."
"Why, I praised it. I think it is perfect, lovely, enchanting."
"That may be; but you didn't put it well. You said it was all wool and a yard wide." A QUICK METHOD OF COUNTING.

-Little Bertrand had promised his mother always to count 100 before speakone day his sister snatched an orange from him and his angry retort came in a suspiciously short time
"Bertrand," said his mother," did you count 100?"

"Yes'm."
"How did you count it?"
"Ten, twenty, firty, forty, fifty, sixty, seventy, eighty, ninety, hund'ed."

OF INTEREST TO WIVES. As noble women sometimes must— As noble women sometimes must— Your lords have toyed with liquor, Apply to them this certain test, And from their tongues the secret wrest, For nothing could be slicker.

First let them in a manner fleet And oft and hurriedly repeat These two words, "Truly rural"; Then follow up with this, "The sun Ehines on shop signs," and in each run See that they mind each plural.

If they say these without a miss
Then make them put their tongues to this
And see if 'twil detect them:
If 'she sells sea shells' they can say
You can console yourselves that they
Aren't drinking to affect them.

THE AVERAGE MOTHER-IN-LAW. -Thare is no femail woman now stationed in the buzzm ov this earth who iz more on the buzzm ov this earth who iz more anxious to please, and fails oftner, than the average mother-in-law.

Her motives are seldum construed right, and what iz often real good sense and genuine kindness iz called sticking her noze into things.

Thare iz no stashun in life more diffikult a bill, it is harder to be a fust-klass

Thare ix no stashin in life more difficult to phill; it iz harder to be a fust-klass mother-in-law, and do the subject justiss, than it iz to be a wife.

I would rather be an old maid than to be a mother-in-law, but i don't never expekt to be either.

I have seen mothers in-law who were as

I hav seen mothers-in-law who were hard to get along with az a bunyon; but hav seen skores ov them who were az gentle

hav seen skores ov them who were az genthe az the dew on the mountain grass, and az nice to hav in the house, reddy for use, az a bottle of glue.

The average mother-in-law haz mi sympathy; she also haz mi advice, and it iz this—don't liv with yure children until yu are obliged to.—[Josh Billings.

Why will you allow a cough to lacerate your throat or lungs and run the risk of filling a consumptive's grave, when, by the timely use of Bickle's Anti-Consumptive Syrup the pain can be allayed and the danger avoided? This Syrup is pleasant to the taste, and unsurpassed for relieving, healing and curing all affections of the throat and lungs, coughs, colds, bronchitis, etc.

The members of the theatrical company who were playing with John Wilkes Booth the night he shot Lincoln are more numer-ous, if possible, than George Washington's body servant.

body servant.

Consumption Surely Cured.

To the Editor.—
Please inform your readers that I have a positive remedy for the above named disease. By its timely use thousands of hopeless cases have been permanently cured. I shall be glad to send two bottles of my remedy FREE to any of your readers who have consumption if they will send me their Express and P.O. address Respectfully, T. A. SLOCUM, M. C., 164 West Adolaide street. Toronto, Ont.

Valelay—Wickwire, we have just been

Yabsley-Wickwire, we have just bee

Adelaide street. Toronto, Ont.
Yabsley—Wickwire, we have just been discussing the question whether married women really do go through their husbands' pockets. Does yours? Wickwire—Of course I can only give you my own experience, and that is she don't. When she gets to the bottom of them she stops.
"Ayer's Cherry Pectoral has given me great relief in bronchitis. Within a month I have sent some of this preparation to a friend suffering from bronchitis and as hma. I's has done him so much good that he writes for more. Charles F. Dumterville, Plymouth, England.
"It's strange," remarked Soaper, "how a waiter can carry so many dishes over his head at one time without dropping them."
"Yes," said Toaper, "it takes a pretty big tip to make a watter lose his balance."
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J. D. Kellogg's Dysentery Cordial is without doubt the best medicine ever introduced for dysentery, diarrhoza, cholera and all summer complaints, sea sickness, etc. It promptly gives relief and never fails to effect a positive cure. Mothers should never teething.
Great Britain now buys from foreign

Great Britain now buys from foreign countries one half of the food she eats, said pays for it in manufactures.

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria,

### Rheumatism.

BEING due to the presence of urio cured by the use of Ayer's Sarsapa-rila. Be sure you get Ayer's and no other, and take it till the poisonous acid is thoroughly expelled from the system. We challenge attention to this

"About two years ago, after suffering "About two years ago, arter sunering or nearly two years from rheumatic out, being able to walk only with great iscomfort, and having tried various emedies, including mineral waters, ithout relief, I saw by an advertisement in a Chicago paper that a man had een relieved of this distressing comient, after long suffering, by taking ment in a Chicago paper that a man had been relieved of this distressing com-plaint, after long suffering, by taking Ayer's Sarsaparilla. I then decided to make a trial of this medicine, and took it regularly for eight months, and am pleased to state that it has effected a complete cure. I have since had no re-turn of the disease."—Mrs. R. Irving Dodge, 110 West 125th st., New York.

Dodge, 110 West 125th st., New York.

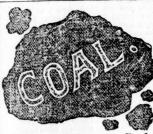
"One year ago I was taken ill with inflammatory rheumatism, being confined to my house six months. I came out of the sickness very much debilitated, with no appetite, and my system disordered in every way. I commenced using Ayer's Sarsaparilla and began to improve at once, gaining in strength and soon recovering my usual health. I cannot say too much in praise of this well-known medicine."—Mrs. L. A. Stark, Nashua, N. H.

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