

LEGENDS OF THE WEST.

POETIC STORIES CONNECTED WITH PLACES IN IOWA.

Legends That Speak Well for the Morale of the Early Western Settlers—The Birth of the "Lone Tree"—Two Incidents in Which Providence Was Credited.

The legends of the west are as sturdy, as independent, and as forcible as the men who created them, and for this reason, if no other, deserve more passing mention.

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—is based on a real 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 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 two young people went out "prospecting" (looking for suitable land) every day, and finally reached a tract of fat prairie 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 event—an oak sapling sprang up, which was ever afterward called the "Lone Tree." The sapling, in course of time, became a stout oak tree, and stood for many years in its isolated position, a mystery to the uninitiated, an object of never ceasing curiosity 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 legendary tale current in the region of the Wyoming Hills—a chain of mound like elevations located on the western shore of the Mississippi 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 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 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 noon 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 admit a body 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.

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 disappearance. Subsequent search failed to reveal a cavern anywhere near where the girl 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 hill, which will sooner or later be made famous by this story, the not very euphonic but very significant name of "Providence Hole."

Another and scarcely less interesting incident of providential interference with the affairs of men has many believers among the good folk inhabiting the bottom lands of the Cedar near its confluence with the Iowa 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 threatened 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 detachment 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 halberd and taken to kingdom come at the same instant. The signal was given. A fierce 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 "vigilantes." The eight thieves had met their fate, but providence interfered in a way that could not be misunderstood to save the life of the guiltless.

The two 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 settlers of the vicinity, which is no longer the hiding place of desperadoes, but a veritable Eden inhabited by intelligent and prosperous farmers.—C. W. Weigert in Journal of American Folk-Lore.

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"LAYING FOR INJUNS."

A Fight with a Redskin Not Chronicled in School Histories.

While we were lying at Fort Laramie in 1865 a Kiowa Indian from Kansas 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 dinks" 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 redskin about the fort had to hustle to save their bacon. One day when the sign was right, we tossed Joe out in true Indian style, 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 a big corporal of the line of the line was a big corporal of the line, and the minute it was proposed to get up a mill between him and the Indian he jumped clear off the ground and yelled: "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 corporal came to secure a knock-out before he was hurt. Several surprises awaited him. He could no more hit Indian than a boy could lasso 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.

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SALMAGUNDI.

Crisp Cuttings Concerning Comical and Other Characters.

LINEA BY A SPYGLASS.

"The girl's name first the world began, Have always sought an ideal man; But when they found their ideal man, They found a more ideal than real."

MAJOR WILKES.

"Most of my attention in my story takes place in a cemetery."

"Indeed! Well that's a good place for a plot."

THE NATURE WITH HERTIE.

"Cousin—Got the grip?"

Bertie (on his way to the lodge)—Yas, but the grip all right, but I can't recollect the aw—blooming password."

A LITTLE WILL DO.

All hail the glaucous winter, So long upon the way, But unless winter wishes I don't have to stay."

"I loved her deeply—praised her eyes, I loved her eyes, my would-be wife, Would give me nothing but her noes."

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 field. We will now sing hymn six. To err is human, to forgive divine."

A FALSE HOPE.

"Bessie, can you come over to see our new border this afternoon?"

"With pleasure. Is it nice?"

"Yes. Why I mean the new border on our hall paper."

"Oh! You will have to excuse me, I'm sorry I forgot my engagement with Florence this afternoon."

A STICKLER FOR FORM.

"What is the matter with you, Matie?"

"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 speaking after becoming angry."

One day his sister snatched an orange from him and his angry retort came in a surprisingly short time.

"Bertrand," said his mother, "did you count 100?"

"Yes."

"How did you count it?"

"Ten, twenty, thirty, forty, fifty, sixty, seventy, eighty, ninety, hundred."

OF INTEREST TO WIVES.

"Kind, patient wife, my dear minister—As a wife woman sometimes must—Your lords have toyed with liquor, And from their tongues the secret weast, For nothing could be sicker."

First let them in a manner fleet And off and hurriedly reply rural; Then follow up with this: "The sun shines on that which they mind each plural."

If they say these without a miss Then make them put their tongues to this By the time they have said the words, If she sells sea shells they can say You can console your griefs to them."

THE AVERAGE MOTHER-IN-LAW.

There is no small woman now stationed on the buzzer of this earth who is more anxious to please, and fails often than the average mother-in-law.

Her motives are seldom construed right, and what is often real good sense and genuine kindness is called sticking her nose into things.

There is no stush in life more difficult to put away than to be a wife—kiss mother-in-law, and do the subject justice, than it is to be a wife.

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

I have seen mothers-in-law who were as hard to get along with as a bayonet; but I have seen scores of them who were as gentle as the dew on the mountain grass, and as nice to lay in the house, ready for use, as a bottle of glue.

The average mother-in-law has no sympathy; she also has no mercy, and it is obliged to—[to John 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 Bickel's Anti-Consumptive Syrup the pain can be allayed and the danger avoided? This Syrup is pleasant to the taste, and unsurpassed for relieving the cough and curing all affections of the throat and lungs, coughs, colds, bronchitis, etc.

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

Consumption Surely Cured.

To the Editor—Please inform your readers that I have a positive cure 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 gratis to any of your readers who have consumption if they will send me their Express and P.O. address. Respectfully, T. C. SLOAN, M. C., 161 West Adelaide street, Toronto, Ont.

Valebury-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 I 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 seen this preparation to a friend suffering from bronchitis and asthma. 19 has done him so much good that he writes for me, Charles F. Dunsterbury, Plymouth, England."

"It's strange," remarked Snapper, "how a waiter can carry so many dishes over his head at one time without dropping them."

"Yes," said Toaster, "it takes a pretty big tip to make a waiter lose his balance."

We have no hesitation in saying that Dr. J. D. Kellogg's Dysentery Cures is without doubt the best medicine ever introduced for dysentery, diarrhoea, cholera and all summer complaints, sea sickness, etc. It promptly gives relief and never fails to effect a positive cure. Mothers should never be without a bottle when their children are teething.

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

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.

Rheumatism,

BEING due to the presence of uric acid in the blood, is most effectively cured by the use of Ayer's Sarsaparilla.

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 testimony:—

"About two years ago, after suffering for nearly two years from rheumatic gout, being able to walk only with great difficulty, and having tried various remedies, including mineral waters, without relief, I saw by an advertisement in a Chicago paper that a man had been relieved of this distressing complaint, 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 return of the disease."—Mrs. R. Irving Dodge, 110 West 123rd St., New York.

"One year ago I was taken ill with inflammatory rheumatism, being confined to my house six months. I came where it has been thoroughly 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.

Ayer's Sarsaparilla,

PREPARED BY Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Price 61, six bottles, \$5. Worth 50 a bottle.

McCULLOM'S

Rheumatic Repellant

Has an excellent reputation for the relief of the rheumatic cure, and is the most reliable remedy for this distressing complaint. It is really put up in 81 bottles, agreeable to take, operates well, and is a powerful purgative, and is sold by wholesale and retail drug stores.

COAL

Genuine Scranton Coal.

THOROUGHLY SCREENED.

ORDERS PROMPTLY DELIVERED.

A. D. CAMERON & SON,

SOLE AGENTS.

Spring Skates,

Spring Skates,

NO. 5,

65 CENTS PER PAIR.

Carvers, Carver Sets, Cutlery

Spoons, etc.,

AT BOTTOM PRICES.