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A LOVE OF A BONNET.

"I promised to buy my wife a new bonnet," remarked the editor of the Recorder, as he crossed Canal street arm in arm with his bosom friend, Al Knowlton, dodging a truck as he uttered the words, and stubbing the toe of a tight boot in consequence.

"Well, now that you are in town, and on Broadway, you ought to keep your word, and buy her as nice a bonnet as you can find," answered the friend, as he steadied the newspaper man, restoring to him his equilibrium.

"Yes, I know I ought to; but you see we country editors are not blessed, usually, with as many dollars as there are quails in the case. I have come to New York to buy material and to see about commission merchant's ads, and I must not run myself short. Then, again, it is a matter of 200 miles too Freetown, and I must go up the river on business before I go home; so, that on the whole, the expense and the trouble of carrying the head-gear is too much. I guess Annie will have to do without it."

"Do without it?" exclaimed Knowlton, with a wealth of reproach in his tone. "Do without it! You are a pretty fellow to grumble about expenses and distance! Your generosity is about as poor as your grammar. You say you have come on to New York to buy printing material. Now I say 'come on and buy a bonnet for your wife. You can do the opposite, but she will bless the expense if it is a handsome hat, and she can let her neighbors know it came all the way from New York.'"

"No, I guess I won't get it this time," said Editor Bawlsley.

"But I guess you will, though," replied Knowlton. "I'll give you no peace until you purchase a very love of a bonnet for that charming woman to whom you refer so carelessly as 'my wife.' Come, now, we will begin with the first store where there is the least likelihood of finding one. Here, old fellow, is a place where they sell artificial flowers; let's go in and see if by any chance there is a bonnet for sale."

Somewhat against his will Bawlsley suffered himself to be drawn into the trap, and presently Knowlton was asking to "see some bonnets."

"Well," said the proprietor of the establishment, in reply, "well, we do not keep bonnets; our business is confined to artificial flowers; but perhaps we have one or two which have been used to display samples of our goods, which I can let you have at a low figure. Step this way."

In the rear of the large store five bonnets were found and duly inspected. The first four were unanimously condemned, but the fifth was charming. So thought the two male connoisseurs as they gazed at the delicate affair held aloft in the right hand of the merchant, who swayed it gracefully in curvilinear lines—giving it a sheer to larboard and now to starboard.

"Yes," quoth Knowlton—who was a bachelor, and of course "an fair" in all matters of this sort—"it is just the thing you want, Bawlsley—buy it."

Suddenly the proprietor was blessed with a happy thought.

"Here, Jenny," he cried, addressing a blooming young girl, the center of a group of five women (the same number as the stock of bonnets) who were engaged in arraying roses and leaves not ten feet away. "Here, Jenny, will you be so good as to try this one?"

Jenny was a lovely creature, who evidently could make any bonnet seem other than it was simply wearing it. She did not appear to like the idea of disporting herself before two strange men in order to show off the becomingness of an elegant head-covering as an inducement to them to purchase the same; it was a little out of her line; but she came forward and tried the bonnet on, blushing gloriously while, making a most fascinating picture, which the editor and his friend regarded with open and undisguised admiration.

The hat was pronounced "perfection itself," and the charming girl returned it to the merchant with a delicious air of confusion and embarrassment.

Bawlsley produced a roll of bills, thus apparently giving the lie to the legend about country editors' incurable impetuosity, and demanded:

"How much?"

"Any milliner in town would charge you at least \$25 for it; but as we don't sell hats, and this is something unusual with us, you may have it for \$5."

"Five dollars!" said Knowlton, under his breath. "Five dollars! About right as to value, but dirt cheap as hat prices go."

"All right," said Bawlsley, "all right; please put it up."

Knowlton hoped that the flowerman would prolong the process, for he was infatuated with the fair girl who had exhibited the article of dress in such a bewitching manner, and he could "hardly keep his eyes off her," as the phrase goes.

Bawlsley, married man though he was, furtively regarded the young lady as she plied her vocation, still as real as the roses she was at work upon.

"Smitten, eh?" said the editor, as the friends reached the sidewalk, with the handbox containing the treasure between them.

"Well, yes, I am, and no mistake!" retorted Knowlton. "That's the girl I have been looking for. I wonder how I can ever become acquainted with her?"

"That is easy enough," said Bawlsley. "You keep a fancy store, don't you? Well, open an artificial flower department and buy your stock at this establishment; ask the proprietor to let this beauty wait upon you; improve the acquaintance and trust to luck."

"Capital!" said Knowlton. "I'll do it!"

And he did.

The bonnet reached Freetown in due

course, and many blessings were invoked upon Bachelor Knowlton's head by the editor's delighted wife, who had been informed of the incidents of purchase, and who wore the husband's appreciated gift so daintily and with an air of such supreme elegance as to win at once the applause and envy of the whole village. Bawlsley himself had more solid comfort for his \$5 than any \$50 he ever spent.

And while this "love of a bonnet" was creating such a sensation in Freetown, it was exerting a powerful influence still in New York. Following his literary friend's advice, Knowlton became a customer at the store where the now famous example of the milliner's skill had been purchased. According to programme and arrangement with the owner the blooming young girl who had fascinated his senses at first sight waited upon him.

She was not as diffident as he expected. She served him with exquisite grace, answered his questions, listened to his diffusive and effusive remarks with an enchanting air, seemed to like the young fellow immensely; and, after a few weeks the proprietor thought he had not done a very good thing in allowing Jenny to wait on his new customer, as he took up too much of her time over very small purchases, and seemed to be waiting on her, rather than she on him.

At last he remonstrated. The next time that he dropped in to buy he found the charming young lady more cordial and merry than ever before, and his intoxicated senses reeled with delight, so that he did not know—as his grandmother used to say, whether he was "standing on his heels." All at once the fair girl's sweet voice startled him beyond measure. In silver tones of dulcet softness, with a world of insinuation in them, she asked, as she leaned over the counter, beaming upon him with a melting smile:

"You are becoming very fond to me, aren't you?"

Like Clark Russell's "Grosvenor" in a cross sea, his mind was taken "all aback" and, like the vessel, he was in danger of sinking wrong end first.

"Because," continued the lovely girl, "I don't want to create a false impression. I am married. My husband is an invalid at present but will not always be so, and I expect to leave this situation soon. I took it to keep the wolf from the door, but I haven't found it necessary to grow thin and pale over it; and, as I always believe in looking at the bright side, I am, my friends tell me, younger-looking than I am."

Knowlton was dazed, but he heard every word as she went on:

"Now, I like you very much—I liked you the first time I saw you; it seemed so good of you to urge your friend so earnestly to buy a bonnet for his wife. You continued a conversation about it, you remember, that had evidently begun in the street. Mr. Knowlton, my married life has been very happy, and, although my husband is sick, he is in a condition to get well again, and the future is bright with hope. I have thought all along that you only wanted a good wife to complete you, and I have picked out one for you, who, if you take to and are fond of her, will make your life happy. I have a sister who is just like me in everything—a counter-part, in fact—she is employed in a store something like this farther up the street. I will give you a letter of introduction, if you like. I sell flowers, she sells feathers; you can make her acquaintance—buy feathers, etc., and, in time, you may be intimate enough to ask if you may call upon her. I shall say nothing to her, meanwhile, unless you desire it; but if you make slow progress, I will arrange it so that you can meet her at my home. I am sure she will like you, and if you like me, you ought to like her. How does the proposition strike you?"

At last the merry little woman ended her speech, and waited until her would-be admirer had recovered sufficiently to make answer. The novelty of the whole affair, from the buying of the bonnet to the proposed introduction to a second fair one, caused the "dumfoundedly perplexed" bachelor to exclaim:

"Well, this is the oddest experience I ever had! I have always said that my state should be one of single blessedness—and here I am in the matrimonial net, caught fast! Yes, I'll see your sister!" said Knowlton, decidedly, jumping to his feet and giving the stool a whirl. "I'll see your sister! And if she is half as jolly and good as yourself, I'll do my best to wed her!"

Feathers were as good a pretext as flowers. Knowlton made extraordinary progress in a few brief weeks, and "sister Hattie," who was, if anything, more lovely than Jenny, was captured completely. Their first meeting was an example of simultaneous, strong, mutual liking, and as the days sped on it deepened.

Knowlton prospered in his business and prospered in his love. Jenny's husband got well, and there being nothing in the way, the generous bachelor became a benedict, married Hattie, built a small double cottage on Bergen heights, so that the sisters are next door neighbors; and, though he may have occasion to grumble at expenses as much as Bawlsley hereafter, he has registered a vow to draw the line at bonnets; for, how ever reasonable it may be for other men to complain of prices, and frequent changes in millinery styles, he will never say a word so long as his wife makes good selections, and his sister-in-law wears a "love of a bonnet."

We ought not to look back unless it is to derive useful lessons from past errors, and for the purpose of profiting by dear-bought experience.—[George Washington.]

STRANGE STORIES.

"I used to know a lot of stories about animals and things," said the old man, dropping a Nevada paper and regarding the exchange editor earnestly. "Some of 'em was quite cur' and interesting," and he leaned back in his chair and joined his finger tips meditatively.

"Animals do some very strange things," assented the exchange editor.

"Which reminds me of my roan mare," continued the old man. "I think that roan mare know'd more'n a hired girl. She had a tail that reached the ground and you ought to see that mare catch trout."

"How did she do it?" asked the exchange editor, brightening up.

"Well, sir, she'd back up to the stream and dip her tail in the water, and out they'd come. Sometimes the air would just be full of 'em, and the old mare'd fish 'em and that tail flying around landin' the biggest fish ever seen. Oh, she was old Sagacity! Once a man stood watchin' her and doggin' the fish, and all of a sudden he referred to one as a speckled beauty. That roan mare jest turned around and kicked his brains out!"

"Served him right!" commenced the exchange editor energetically.

"But she died," sighed the old man.

"How did that happen?"

"The trout fixed it up on her. One day about a gross of 'em got hold of her tail to once and hauled her in. She made it pretty lively for 'em, and when she went under a good many fish came to the surface laughin'!"

"How does a fish look when he's laughin'?" asked the exchange editor.

"Didn't you ever see a fish laugh? He has to turn on his back to do it, 'cause the corner of his mouth is turned down. When he does over, they turn up, you see, and that makes him laugh. Them fish what comes to the surface was mostly on their backs!"

"Know any more animal stories?" murmured the exchange editor.

"Ever heard about our Old Dominion hen? Well, sir, she was on the set for keeps. Couldn't keep her off. Old door knobs, soda bottles, lamp chimneys, match safes, anything was good enough for her. Finally I put her on three mud turtles and I hope to die if she didn't hatch out alligators! Yes sir, three of 'em! One of 'em ate her up, and when we opened him, there was the hen settin' on his back teeth and they'd swelled up so they'd choked him to death!"

"Got her yet?" inquired the exchange editor.

"No, sir, replied the old man, dismally. "I lost her in a cur's way. She got to feedin' on broken glass and settin' on cartridges. We humored her until one day the nest of cartridges went off and that ended her. She'd got so thin that the glass in her condensed the rays of the sun and set fire to the powder. I lost a good cow by that explosion."

"How was that?" inquired the exchange editor, resting his head on his arms.

"You see, that cow had been into the family nigh onto forty year, and her horns was decorated with all the gates for miles around. Sometimes we'd find her down in the well, and sometimes we'd find her roatin' around the chimney. The only way we could get her out of church Sunday mornin' was by havin' the fire engine squirt on her, and when we wanted to milk her we used to h'ist her up a tree and milk her with corkscrews. She was very fond of that hen!" and the old man wiped his eyes.

"Go on!" maned the exchange editor.

"She was very fond of the hen, and used to bring her old stove lids and clubs and bootjacks that the neighbors flung at her, when she got into their melon patches, for her to set onto. Well, then, when the hen was settin' onto them cartridges, the cow was nosin' around, and jest before the business blew up, that cow came for'ard with a couple of old hymn books and a pew door. I suppose she had some new religion in her mind that she wanted latched out. When the cartridges went off they drove the hymn books clear into her, and stove her side out. I didn't know how powerful they was before!"

"That is pretty strong!" conceded the exchange editor.

"Speakin' of strength reminds me of how old brindle cat used to open clams. She'd come around, howl until the clam opened his shell to throw an old boot at her, and then she'd stick in her claw and tickle the holes of his feet till he got to sleep, and then she had him. Clams is a very sagacious bird, too. Ever watch one?"

"Not until he was cooked," sighed the exchange editor.

"I had one that was right up on himself. The flies and mosquitoes used to bother him when he opened his shell, until he caught a spider and made him weave web across his mouth and then he was happy. Cur's thing about that clam. After that he used to open himself in the back to feed. Opened on the hinged end so as not to disturb the spider. The darter claimed that he was a young female and hooked up behind, but weall know'd better."

"Can you show that clam now?" groaned the exchange editor.

"No, sir," replied the man solemnly. "He came to grief, too. You see, that clam was very fond of rats, and he used to sit in front of a rat hole all day long and smell like cheese. We never could get on to how he did it, but he did. That was his sagacity. When the rats came out he'd go for 'em, and I've seen him get eighty to a hundred a day. One time he nipped a stager, and that was the last of him."

"Make it short," muttered the exchange editor.

"Yes, sir; well, he got the rat by the

tail, and the rat climbed over and tickled him on the other end. He opened and caught the rat's foot, but of course he lost his grip on the tail. The rat began to scratch him pretty badly until the clam opened and took in another foot. In that way the rat got all four feet inside the shell."

"Well, what then?"

"The rest wasn't very hard. The rat sprawled around until he got his head and body in. Then he had him."

"I don't see how," remonstrated the exchange editor.

"Just here; there wasn't room for 'em both in that shell and the clam had to get out, and out he came."

"Where did he go?" inquired the exchange editor.

"I don't know," answered the old man impressively. We never saw him afterwards, but I learn that he was sittin' around a printin' office pokin' fun at old men who dropped in with items, but I never believed it."

And as the old gentleman pattered out, the exchange editor rolled up a handwad of country weeklies and dropped them on the head of the editor in chief who was passing under the window.

Meat by a Bummer.

The philosopher of the Boomerang of Laramie plains thus tells how a philanthropist of the road went through him:

It begins to look now as though Major F. G. Wilson, who stopped here a short time last week and week before, might be a gentleman in disguise. He has done several things since he left here that looks to a man up a tree like something irregular and peculiar. The Major has not only prevaricated, but he has done so in such a way as to beat his friends and make them yearn for his person, in order that they may kick him over into the inky night of space. He has represented himself as confidential adviser and literary tourist of several prominent New York, Chicago, Omaha and Tie Siding dailies, and had such good documents to show in proof of his capacity, that he has received many courtesies which, as an ordinary American dead-beat, he might have experienced great difficulty in securing.

We simply state this in order to put our esteemed contemporaries on their guard, so that they will not let him slip in their overshoes and enjoy himself as he did here. He wears a white hat on his head and a crooked tooth in the piazza of his mouth. This pearly fang he uses to masticate and reduce little irregular fragments of plug tobacco, which he borrows from people who have time to listen to the silvery tinkle of his bawoo.

When last seen he was heading Nevada, and will probably strike Eureka, Nevada, in a week or two. His mission seems to be mainly to make people feel a goodness in their exchequer and to distribute tobacco dodos over the office stoves of our great land. He is a man who writes long letters to the New York Herald that are never printed. His freshly blown nose is red, but his newspaper articles are not. He claims to represent the Mutual Reserve Fund Life Association. The company represents the insurance and he attends to the mutual reserve fund. He has mutually reserved all the funds he could get hold of since he struck the West, besides mutually reserving enough strong drink to eat a horse through the Ames monument.

Such men as Major Wilson make us suspicious of humanity, and very likely we next man to come along here and represents that he is a great man and wants five dollars on his well rounded figure and fair fame will have to be identified. We have helped forty or fifty men to make a bridal tour of Wyoming, and now we are going to saw off and quit. When a great journalist comes into this office again with internal revenue on his breath and nineteen dollars back on his baggage, we will probably pick up a fifty-pound chunk of North Park quartz and spread his intellectual faculties around this building till it looks like the Custer massacre.

Marrying Under Difficulties.

Elaborate preparations for a marriage ceremony had been made in Providence the other night. The minister was present to tie the nuptial knot, the guests had arrived, and the bride, with palpitating heart, awaited the arrival of the man who was to be her partner for life. The marriage was to have taken place at seven o'clock and the groom went away a short time before, stating that he wished to do another suit of clothes. The hour for the ceremony arrived, but the groom did not appear. The bride grew anxious; the guests gazed at the good things and wondered at the delay. Finally scouts were sent out. The Central Station was visited, in the belief that, in the excess of his happiness, the would-be husband had imbibed too freely of the oil of joy, but the guardians of the peace had not seen him. After considerable time spent in search he was found and brought to the house. Matters began to look brighter, and immediate preparations were made to complete the marriage. But it was not to be, for the groom discovered that he had forgotten his marriage license. Again he started on the run to procure this passport to his future happiness, with which he returned after some delay, and at half-past ten o'clock the knot was tied, and everything went as merrily as a marriage bell.

A maple tree one foot in diameter grows out of a solid rock, three feet from the ground, on the farm of Judge Bronson, of Seymour, Allegany county, N. Y. A cedar limb about two inches in diameter juts from the trunk of the tree about a foot from the ground. It is as flourishing as any of the other branches.

Pelton's Obituary.

I never turned my hand to writing about the dead for the reason that the living monopolize my overplus of time. But the other day I was sitting meditating upon a subject of vast importance to me—that is, if the comet should strike the earth what would become of me? when the door opened, and in walked a lady who was darkened by the "weeds" of mourning, her head sandwiched between a big black hat and a long veil. In a musical voice she said:

"Are you Mr. Prindle?"

"Yes, madam," I replied, very politely.

"Are you the man who has made a vast fortune writing for the newspapers?"

I was abashed; I knew not what to say. I make a fortune? Why, I had borrowed three cents not more than half an hour before to mail a gratuitous article to a starving editor. She took my blushing silence as an admission, and went on:

"I want you to write something for me."

"Yes, madame," I thought I could "small money."

"You knew my husband, Mr. Pelton?"

I bowed. She extracted from her pocket a large handkerchief, and began to rub her eyes vigorously.

"He—he is gone!"

"When?"

"Last night, boo—hoo. Oh, dear."

"To stay?"

"Sir!"

"Another woman?"

"What?"

I thought her keen, black, flashing eyes would pierce me to the soul.

"I did not understand you," I said.

"My poor, dear—here she broke down in sobs; soon the tempest had passed. She began again:

"My poor, dear husband, Mr. Pelton is dead, boo—hoo—Oh, boo—hoo!"

"Oh, I see," my idea was you see that he had eloped with his wife's aunt, or some one else.

"Will you write something?" she asked. The fact was that learning that she was a widow her beautiful black eyes had become very bewitching.

"Oh, yes, an obituary," I replied.

"That's it, an obituary. You see he was a class leader, and very active, he was an honest man—an honest man. My poor dear departed husband, the lamented Mr. Pelton."

"Yes, yes, you wish me to say that our fellow citizen, the honored Mr. Pelton, has got his just deserts."

"What?" she screamed.

"That the honored Mr. Pelton is dead. That he has gone to the bright world of glory."

"Yes, that's so."

"That he was honest, owed no man, was active in his church relations, always performed his whole duty."

"How beautiful!" she exclaimed— "missed by the church, and by all who knew him. He had no enemies, his charity was great, and that we mourn with his family their great loss, but the good, and the honest must die."—how's that?

"Beautiful, splendid, that will be fine, just what I want; twill please his friends so much. There's Bacon the banker, and his friends."

"Yes, madame, I'll do my best."

"Thank you ever so much."

She tripped out of the room and I lost all my smell of money. But I would write it, nevertheless. I would see Mr. Bacon and get some more valuable points in this good man's character. Perhaps, after all, the money would come. So I straightway repaired to Mr. Bacon's bank and began:

"Mr. Pelton, our most worthy citizen, is dead. I came to—"

He sprang from his chair like a madman.

"Dead!" he exclaimed, "that miserable cuss dead. He let all his notes go to protest, and owes half the men in town. The dishonest—"

I waited to hear no more. My dream of future compensation was at an end.

Are You a Man?

One day a young man was teasing a little girl, when she, becoming tired of him, exclaimed, impatiently:

"If I wore as big clothes as you do, I'd be a man."

Her mother overbearing her remark, called her away, and chided her for being so saucy, but soon the tears caused by the rebuke were brushed away, and the cause forgotten by the little girl. A few years later the same girl, then a young lady, was returning home from school, and in making some changes of the train was obliged to stop at a hotel over night. A rising and popular lawyer of the place chanced to see her name upon the register, and at once called upon her. As soon as he greeted her he said:

"I called to thank you for what you have done for me."

"She replied:

"You must be mistaken about my help, for although I do remember you as a clerk in my father's store, when I was a child, I cannot recall one single favor I ever did you, or in fact remember that I had seen you since then."

He then referred to the impatient remark before quoted, and said that day he resolved to be a man, and from that time had honestly tried to make something of his life. He also said he had never been tempted to do a mean thing without hearing the warning, "I'd be a man."

In Mt. Pleasant, Pennsylvania, Jacob D. Madeira has a grape vine that produced a second growth of grapes, and Michael Knoll has a pear tree blossoming for the second time. The tree has more blossoms than it had in the spring.

MISCELLANEOUS ITEMS.

The proudest day in a woman's life is her first son day.

The cotton market is booming again. Jersey waists have been revived.

The thistle and the milk-weed are new flowers for art needlework embroiderers.

Somebody says that "women would never do to run railroads, as the trains would always be behind."

The most pronounced lie on record is that of a young man who asserts that he likes his girl's smart brother.

There are over 600,000 acres of tobacco field in the United States. The crop is valued at about \$45,000,000.

The longest cucumber ever grown in the South is now on exhibition in North Carolina. It is 47 inches long.

It is said that there are upwards of 3000 steam plowing machines now employed in England and Scotland.

A French physician says that raw oysters and chicken soup will nourish any girl through at least six disappointments in love.

The fashion of short sleeves never made pretty arms, but it is more probable that pretty arms made short sleeves fashionable.

Faladeen's political conduct and opinion, were founded upon that line of Sadi's, "Should the Prince at noon-day say, 'it is night' declare that you behold the moon and stars."—[Lolla Rookh.]

There are 12,000 head of Jersey cattle on the Isle of Jersey, and 6000 on the Isle of Guernsey. The exportations from both are nearly 3000 head per year. Several hundred come to the United States.

"I think I shall have to ask your escort this evening," said a sister to her big brother. "Well, I guess not. Do you suppose I'm going to let folks know I can't go with any girl but my sister? I'll stay at home first."

A Pennsylvania inventor has evolved a new rat-trap, in one end of which is a mirror. This may do for the female rat, but when a male rat notices that the bait looks double he will think he has had enough and go home.

A rosebush bearing over 1000 buds is the pride of a garden in Charlestown, Mass. It is 35 years old, and it covers over 100 square feet of ground. A single stem has sixteen buds, and stems having twelve, ten, or less are quite numerous.

A very large and fine cotton plant is on exhibition at Lancaster, Pennsylvania. The plant is 7½ feet high, and contains sixty-five balls of cotton, several of them in full bloom. It was raised by Richard Avant on the farm of Henry Clark, Marion Court House, South Carolina.

A lecturer who struck a town in Illinois with "A Lecture to Men Only" is in a way to make his fortune. He had an audience of about fifty men, and those fifty men have since received so much attention from women anxious to find out what was said that if the lecturer visits that place again every man in town will go to hear him.

The will of the late Mary M. Perkins, of Boston, reads: "I leave to my husband," etc., meaning Ezra G. Perkins, though she did not describe him by name. John Hardy, from whom she supposed herself divorced before marrying Perkins, now claims the property, on the ground that he was her lawful husband, the divorce proceedings having been fraudulent. The Probate Court decided that the estate should be divided between the two men, and the case is before the Supreme Court on appeal.

Western Miscegenation.

Among the Northwestern tribes of Indians innocence is as marked among the girls as their color. Educated in the faith that she was ordained to work, she trains herself to hard labor, and at sixteen years of age is sturdy and strong, brave against fatigue, and a perfect housewife. She may not possess New England notions of cleanliness, but she takes not a little pride in her personal appearance, and in the arrangement of her lodge she displays some crude ideas of taste and a certain amount of neatness. If she marries a white man she makes him a good wife as long as she lives with him. Her home is her comfort and his comfort her sole ambition. She thinks of him and for him, and makes it her study to please him, and makes him love and respect her. She recognizes in him one of a superior race, and by her dignity and devotion endears herself to him and struggles to make him happy. At the agencies of the upper frontier thousands of men are employed, and it is not an exaggeration to say that the majority of them have Indian wives and live happily.

The aspiring bridegroom must be well known in the tribe before he can hope to win a wife; her people want to thoroughly understand him, and know if he can support not only her, but all of her relatives in the event of a pinch. He must be a warm-hearted man, with a temper warranted to keep in any domestic climate; and he must have a good lodge and at least half a dozen horses. If he be and have all these he can a wooing go. Then selecting a lady he makes application to the mother, and at a council the price is fixed upon. If the girl is especially pretty the mother will demand a gun, two horses and a lot of provisions, blankets and cloth. A gun is valued at \$50, and he must furnish the material to bring the amount up to from \$100 to \$150. Then he tries to beat the dame down, and he if he succeeds he knows there is some reason for her letting the girl go, and if not he understands he is making a good choice. The courtship is left entirely to the mother.