

TED BRADY'S SHOT.

A Story of Indian Strategy in Pontiac's War.

Among the families that crossed the Alleghenies for settlement in western Pennsylvania a few years before the outbreak of the famous Pontiac war was one by the name of Brady.

The head of the little household was a stalwart Irishman, a man absolutely without fear, and it was but natural that his only child, a son, should possess the same bravery.

Ted Brady from the first was a fearless young rover of the woods, and, gun in hand, he was often to be seen in the forest, either in search of game or setting traps for the smaller animals that abound in that locality.

During one of these excursions into the woods the boy had the fortune to capture a very small bear cub, which he carried home without trouble. He raised the cub by hand, and had a good deal of fun with him as he grew older. At last he became the pet of the household, and often he would follow Ted in the forest.

At the approach of night, no matter where Jack was, he would turn his face toward the cabin, and in one corner of it was sure to find a sleeping place till morning.

With the uprising of the Indians, led by Pontiac, the Ottawa chief, one of the bravest and most relentless Indians of his day, the whole frontier passed from the sunshine of peace into the shadow of war.

Post after post fell before the strategy of the red kings of the forest, and at last not one of the many forts along the lakes, with the exception of Detroit, fell to the British flag.

In consequence of the war the frontier of Pennsylvania was in danger of the tomahawk, and the borders of Virginia and Maryland were threatened.

The Bradys heard the coming storm sometime before it reached them.

It was reported that Indian spies were abroad in the land, spying out the weakness of the settlement preparatory to swoop upon them, and one day several were seen in the vicinity of the Brady cabin.

Ted had been trapping along a little stream near home for some time. The boy, who was stout and quick for his 16 years, though not very large, had become an expert in trapping the fur-bearing animals of forest and stream, and his stock of furs was known to be the best and most valuable of any in the neighborhood.

On some of his visits to the traps Jack, the bear, went along with him, but for the most part the animal went where he pleased, and Ted did not see much of him.

Michael Brady, the father, thought that the whole frontier should be made acquainted with the true situation regarding the Indian uprising, and as he had picked up a good deal of reliable information, he deemed it his duty to spread the news. Therefore he set out on his mission one day, intending to be gone nearly a week.

"Watch the house well," said the old man, "and know everything that approaches it, and on no occasion open the door to anybody but Jack."

"That's pretty sweeping, father," said Ted, looking up from the trap he was mending on the floor.

"I know it is, and I want my instructions carried out to the letter. These Indians are the most cunning fellows on earth, and they will play all sorts of tricks on the whites to carry out their designs. Jack is all right, and so are the neighbors, but don't open the door to anyone you do not know."

For three days after the settler's departure nothing occurred to break the monotony of forest life.

Now and then rumors came to the settlement of Indian battles, but these were reported to have taken place so far away that the people began to laugh at the stories, and to conclude that perhaps the Pontiac uprising had been greatly exaggerated.

Ted attended to his traps as usual, and Jack, after roaming about the forest, would come home at sundown.

Mrs. Brady, if Ted was not in, would open the door to him.

One evening the boy went out to his traps. He had that morning carried them to a new trapping ground, and he thought best to take another look before leaving them for the night.

The night promised to have the light of the full moon. The sky was perfectly clear and the crisp leaves that littered the ground gave forth musical sounds as they crackled underneath the boy's feet.

That very day Ted had taken the rifle apart to give it a thorough overhauling, and every part had been inspected and oiled. With the weapon slung over his shoulder the Irish boy tramped through the woods, found the traps all right, and after seeing that the triggers were well set, turned and began the homeward trip.

By this time the sun had gone down and the long shadows of dusk were falling between the trees. But over the hill on his right rose the full orb of moon, and more than once Ted stopped and watched it in its stately ascent.

But he was expected home by his mother before night came fairly on and thinking of the Indians, he quickened his gait and ran nimbly over the trail.

He had reached a little stream near the cabin and set his foot on the foot log for the purpose of crossing it, when he caught sight of something moving toward the cabin.

He could see the house through an

opening in the forest. The moonlight fell around it revealing it in the little clearing with uncanny distinctness.

"It is Jack going home," said Ted with a smile, when he had watched the moving object a little while. "He's just off on another excursion, and is just getting in."

Then he thought of surprising the bear with one of his shrill whistles, and placed his fingers to his mouth to sound it when he suddenly stopped.

The bear had stopped, too.

Not only this, but the next moment Ted Brady's heart took a leap into his throat, for the animal rose on its hind feet near a tree and remained standing a full minute as straight as an Indian.

While Jack was capable of doing a great many tricks, and could walk on his hind feet with considerable dexterity, Ted had never seen him get up with such grace of movement.

The bear appeared to be looking straight toward the house from the tree where he stood, and Ted, who jumped down from the log and sprang to a tree near by, looked on with a boy's keen curiosity.

"Maybe it's another bear," rushed through Ted's mind. "And what if it isn't a bear at all?"

The boy's own thought startled him.

He was not close enough to get a very good look at the animal, and in order to do so he crawled along the ground to another tree, from behind which he took another look.

By this time the bear had dropped to the ground again and all at once Ted saw that it had a cut ear, which was just what Jack had had for three years.

Once more Ted was in the act of whistling to his pet, when the animal started toward the house on all fours, running over the ground in a manner not exactly in accordance with the usual locomotion of bears, but not very unlike either.

"I never saw Jack run that way before," cried the boy as he bounded on. "He is heading for home, and will beat me there if I don't make better time. Maybe Jack has been wounded, the boys down on the creek shot at him twice last summer, and—"

Ted stopped, for once more the bear had checked his course and was moving across the clearing toward the little cabin, in one of whose little windows Mrs. Brady had set a light.

Ted watched the bear moving over the stump clearing with his head pointing toward the shanty, but all at once he saw more than this.

That which he saw was enough to thrill him as he had never been thrilled before. It was nothing less than a moose, where one of the hind feet of the supposed bear should have been, and the more he looked the surer he was of this.

All was plain now.

The skin before him was Jack's, but an Indian was inside it, and, of course, for some diabolical purpose.

Meantime the Indian must have been congratulating himself on the success of his trick.

He had not seen the boy in the rear, and now, with but a few yards between him and his victim, he looked upon his victory as certain.

The Irish boy had reached the fringe of the clearing, and in the brilliant moonlight, he saw the object that moved across it.

Well did the red man know that he could never get beyond the door of the Brady cabin in his own dress; therefore, probably knowing something about the boy settler's pet, he had killed Jack in the forest and had undertaken this stratagem to carry out his evil designs.

Ted knew that if his mother should see the supposed Jack in the clearing, she would hasten to open the door to him, without suspecting anything wrong, and when he thought of the peril that menaced her he could hardly suppress a cry.

A shot must tell, for if thrown away, the young marksman would have upon him one of the dreaded scourges of the frontier and he might be the first victim of savage fury in that locality.

As the boy trapper's rifle touched his shoulder, the cabin door opened and he caught sight of his mother.

She had opened the door for "Jack" and the redskin had only to spring up with a bound and carry himself beyond the threshold.

Controlling his nerves with the coolness of an old marksman, Ted covered the shaggy head and fired.

At the sharp report a dark object seemed to spring into the air and the next instant it lay on the ground, while the white-faced woman in the doorway gazed across the clearing, too frightened for a moment to stir.

Ted ran forward, so as to be seen in an instant, and as he cleared the ground between the scene of his shot and the cabin he was recognized and his mother cried out:

"It is Jack you have killed, boy! Don't you know the old fellow?"

Ted met his mother at the door and for a moment looking up into her face he could not answer her; but after glancing at the silent figure among the stumps, he made reply: "Jack never wore moccasins, mother. The bear out there happens to be an Indian."

Dead in the moonlight lay the scarlet trickster of the frontier, and when Ted pulled the bearskin from him he saw the painted face and the weapons of the warpath that he carried in his belt.

After a while mother and son dragged the body to a secluded spot behind the cabin. There a grave was made, and in it they placed the

corpse of one Indian who would never return to follow Pontiac across the frontiers.

The bearskin was removed to the cabin, and when Ted's father came back, as he did a few days later, he was shown Jack's bullet-bored hide, while he listened to the story of his boy's remarkable shot.

If the Indian had companions in the neighborhood, they retreated without seeking to revenge the death of their spy, and when the tide of war flowed into that region, the Bradys had taken refuge in one of the more eastern forts, where they remained till the uprising had been put down.

Ted Brady grew to manhood near the scene of his adventure. He became noted for his marksmanship, but he always called his best shot the one which saved his mother from the tomahawk of the Indian in Jack's skin.—T. C. Harbaugh, in the Washingtonian.

THE SALEM W. C. T. U. CONVENTION.

The twelfth annual convention of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union was held in Salem, commencing Monday, May 21st, and continuing until the evening of the 23d.

The M. E. church, where the convention met, was beautifully decorated with banners and flowers, and the Salem ladies served an excellent lunch in the church parlors at the noon hour, but best of all, the body of the church was well filled the most of the time with delegates and listeners as the work in different departments was reported and explained.

A good share of the time was taken up by reports of officers, county presidents and superintendents.

Much missionary work has been done in Portland, through meetings held in the poorer portions in the city. One woman has conducted three industrial schools, through which the children in these localities have been taught how to do different kinds of work. Mother's meetings have also been held for the benefit of the mothers of these children.

At the refuge home much has been done to assist the despoiled calves, for whom it has been built. During the past winter of distress and want, it has been full nearly all the time. A Sabbath afternoon service has been conducted nearly every Sunday by Mrs. Amelia Meade, of Mt. Tabor.

The result of these meetings have been most salutary and blessed to the inmates of the refuge home.

Nearly all have entered upon a Christian life and leave the institution well grounded in these principles which will be a safeguard in the future.

Forty-two homes have been founded for homeless, destitute children by the W. C. T. U. Work has been done in prison and for the sailors.

At the next session of the Oregon legislature, the women of Oregon will try to secure an amendment to the temperance instruction law—to have the age of consent for girls raised to 18—they will also try to secure municipal franchise for the women of Oregon.

A resolution was passed opposing the election of men of licentious and impure lives to public office, and pledged their moral support and influence to the election of men of correct life and pure principles.

The first evening, Mrs. Wallace, of Salem, gave the address of welcome, which was responded to by Mrs. Amos, of Portland. The second evening, a dramatic contest for a gold medal was held, Miss Lena Parker, of Forest Grove, being the successful contestant.

Mrs. Narcissa White Kinney, of Astoria, was elected president; Mrs. Susan Foster, corresponding secretary; Mrs. Harford, recording secretary; Mrs. Hossie Shane, treasurer; Mrs. Minnie Thomas, state secretary of the Y. W. C. T. U.; Mrs. Unruh, secretary of L. L. T. U. work.

Mrs. A. B. Briggs, who has served the state very acceptably as state president for eight years, retired to take the management of the refuge home. The next convention will be held in Roseburg.

Search Lights and Torpedo Boats.

A test of the value of search lights for naval purposes was lately made at the naval station, Newport, R. I. It was arranged that during the evening of the 15th inst., the torpedo boats Cushing and Stiletto should endeavor to enter the harbor while search lights should be employed in detecting them if possible.

The Cushing was painted nearly a black, while the Stiletto was left a dark green. The test took place at 9:30 in the evening. The boats entered the range of the search light and passed to their anchorage while the officers were still looking for them at the entrance to the bay.

For ten minutes the boats were in the open channel, but the deep color of the vessels blended with the color of the rocky shores so they were not detected.

In general, the search lights may be depended upon to show up the presence of vessels at a distance, but in this case there was a failure.

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CEDAR FOR PENCILS.

Ask the next wise man you meet how many lead pencils are consumed per capita by the inhabitants of the United States and see if his wisdom will stand by him. If he answers correctly, says the Northwestern Lumberman, he will say something less than four for every man, woman and child.

The wood of which these pencils are made comes from Florida. It is red cedar, straight grained and comparatively free from knots.

One of the manufacturing concerns has a mill in Florida where cedar logs are transformed into strips about seven inches long, three-eighths of an inch thick and three inches wide. These strips are crated and sent North. Each strip represents a half of six pencils. Six grooves are made lengthwise; into these grooves the graphite is placed and two strips are glued together. The block is then split into squares and the pencils finished either round or hexagon as desired.

Maybe you have never thought of it in that light, but the pencil industry uses up a large amount of cedar. An average red cedar log contains about four cubic feet of wood, and there are on an average 25 trees to the acre. If no mistake has been made in the rapid computation, it requires the timber from not less than 2,600 acres to supply the pencil manufacturers of the country.

In addition considerable cedar is exported to Germany. Alabama was once the great pencil cedar producing state, but the cedar which was clearer and larger than that found in Florida, is exhausted. Manufacturers have tested other kinds of wood with a view to finding a substitute for cedar, but so far without success.

It doesn't take long to make one pencil. The graphite is ground and mixed with great care, and in this mixing is the pencil maker's secret. The mixture is placed in a machine that might properly be called a little sausage stuffer, from the end of which is forced a constant stream of lead the proper size for a pencil. These threads of lead are cut in lengths, baked in an oven, and when hard are glued into the little grooves. The rough pencils are shaped either round or hexagon at the rate of 75 a minute, or 45,000 a day; 125 pencils a minute, or 75,000 a day, are cut, and the finished pencils are stamped and stamped are done at the rate of 100 a minute or 60,000 a day. This work is done by machinery operated by girls not more than 12 years of age, and who, no doubt, earn as much as a dollar or two a week.

The little blocks which are frequently used inside of the bunches of pencils are made of poplar, each block being grooved to fit the pencils. Twenty years ago you paid more for a pencil than you do today.

The invention of machinery and the discovery of a graphite mine have reduced the cost of them at least 50 per cent. Foreign pencils have been gradually ousted, and at present, if I am not mistaken, we export about as many lead pencils as we import.

The few factories in this country hang together like brothers, and the chances are that if we should put our spare money into a lead pencil factory, they would make it warm for us. Whether you think a pencil is a good one or not, depends. If the profits on lumber are rolling in and you are making money hand over fist, you would be satisfied to figure with a burnt stick, but when it is uphill business to make the two ends meet, it takes an A 1 pencil to call out favorable comment.

Lieutenant G. N. Chase, of the U. S. Army, and H. W. Krehner, of St. Louis, Mo., have lately devised a new scheme of transportation that they predict will soon make our present railway system as obsolete as the stage coach now is. They propose combining various elements of the elevated railway, the electric trolley, and the long-hoped-for aerial in such a manner as to enable us to travel 125 or more miles per hour, with far greater safety than we now go 40 to 60 miles. Derailments and collisions, they say, will be impossible. The cars will all be fireproof. The track will not interfere with farms and cattle can travel under it without danger. There will be no flying sparks to set fire to grain or hay. The time from New York City to San Francisco will be 24 hours or less. A traveler can go to Paris by way of Behring's Strait in less time than it takes to cross the Atlantic by the fastest steamers. The fruits of California and the far South can be placed on New England tables with their bloom unshaded and their flowers with the dew still upon them.

Deserving Praise.

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Residents along the South Santiam say that some wicked and lawless fishermen have been killing trout in that stream with dynamite, and that many dead trout have recently been observed from this cause.

DEMOCRATIC FIELD IN THE SOUTH.

The conflict in the democracy in Texas between the elements headed respectively by Judge Clark and ex-Senator Reagan is of interest to the whole country, because it is a part of the factional fight which rages in the party in almost every state of the South and West. Clark says in an open letter to his party in his state that the northern democrats "have proven their fidelity to us in times that tried men's souls. When the rights and liberties of the South have been in peril not a single northern or western democrat has proven traitor. In return for all this our brethren of the North and East have only made one request of us, and that is that we save them and ourselves from the evils of dishonest and debased money. The party is torn with dissension and stands almost a hopeless paralytic in the hour of victory." For this state of things Clark blames "Reaganism," which, he contends, leads inevitably to Coxeism.

It may be said that the fight is between the Cleveland and anti-Cleveland elements of the party, Clark representing the former in Texas, and Reagan the latter. In Missouri the Cleveland wing is led by ex-Governor Francis, and the opposing faction by Representative Bland. The Clevelandites are strong in ability, character and social standing, but they are weak in votes. They comprise the dignity, the solidity and conservatism of the party, but their opponents dictate the party's policy. Their pronouncements are applauded by the respectable element of their party throughout the country, but the other side capture the caucuses and run the conventions. The Cleveland branch of the democracy in the South and West has the respect of the republicans and deserve well of the country, but the anti-Clevelandites name the party's candidates, bear the brunt of the party's conflicts, and win the party's victories.

Pictureque and explosive language comes from the leaders of each of the democratic factions, but the feud will not seriously hurt the party. The Reagans will continue to formulate the party's policy and carry out its purposes in Texas, and the Blands will do that some thing in Missouri. This will be true also of the other states in the section called the solid South. In this section locally the democrats will continue to win victories for a while longer, and the winning will be done by the men like Morgan, Reagan and Bland, and not by Francis, Clark and Hoke Smith. The vendetta is of interest to the whole country, nevertheless, and will have some influence outside the section in which it is waged, for the tactics and purposes of the dominant element of the democracy in the South will alienate thoughtful democrats in all the states of the North and West, and give that whole region to the republicans in 1896.

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NOTICE is hereby given, that the undersigned has been by the county court, of Washington county, Oregon, appointed administrator of the estate of John D. Lebeck, deceased, and has duly qualified as such. All persons having claims against said estate are hereby notified to present them to me, with proper vouchers, at my office in Hillsboro, Oregon, within six months from this date. W. D. WOOD, 302

A great time will be had on the Unatilla reservation next Fourth of July. There will be many Indian visitors from the Nez Perce and Fort Hall reservations and from the Columbia river. Chief Joseph is expected.

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