

Indian Chambers

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DEVOTED TO INDIAN AND STOCK NEWS.

VOL. I. NO. 1

ATOKA, INDIAN TERRITORY, FEB. 23, 1884.

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**He's Got Adopted.**

"Why don't you get somebody to  
adopt you?" asked one elegantly attired  
young man of another, as the two lolled  
in graceful attitudes on a sofa at the  
Grand Pacific. "Several of the nicest  
boys in town who are in hard luck have  
told me they were going to try it."  
"Good idea, b' George," exclaimed  
the other young man, brightening up as  
he thought of it.

"It's much more genteel, you know,"  
the first young man said, "than to make  
your own living, as you just now said  
you were afraid you would have to do.  
A young fellow of good form ought to  
have little trouble in becoming a rich  
man's son by adoption, if nature hasn't  
done the proper thing and supplied him  
with a real father who has plenty of  
money."

"Very true," murmured the other  
young man. "Think of the rich merchants,"  
replied the first young man, "who have  
Heaven knows how many thousands to  
spend, and who haven't any gentle-  
manly sons to spend them. Think of  
them, dear boy. There's a promising  
field for you. Why shouldn't every one  
of them have a handsome fellow like  
you in the family to give it social  
standing?"

"Very true," said the other young  
man, hesitatingly. "But aren't those  
dreadfully rich people inclined to be  
vulgar?"

"Well," slowly answered the first  
young man, "there's no denying, my  
dear fellow, that one must run across  
vulgar people everywhere. Old folks  
never have elegant manners. If you  
don't associate too much with the ones  
that you allow to adopt you, a little  
vulgarity on their part may be over-  
looked. Vulgarity, dear boy, can be  
more easily endured than hard work."

"Work!" gasped the other young  
man. "Yes, to be sure, I'll get adopted  
right away." Work is disgusting."  
*Chicago News.*

**A Funny Man Who Was Not at All  
Funny.**

"Is the man that gets up the funny  
column here?" asked a smirking little  
chap as he poked a bulbous little nose  
into the room.

"O, yes," said a bald-headed man  
with a disordered necktie, grizzled  
beard and face like that of an under-  
taker at an expensive funeral. "Walk  
right in," and he caught the little man  
viciously by the collar.

"Want to see the funny man, don't  
you?" and he butted the little fel-  
low's head through a seventy-five-cent  
looking-glass.

"Like to look at the 'comic,' wouldn't  
you?" and he tore the intruder's coat  
down the back and took a fresh grip on  
his shirt.

"Come down from the country to see  
the 'old clown,' haven't you? Like to  
see him stick his head through a paper  
balloon, say 'Hey, diddle diddle, the  
fool's in the middle,' and get cut  
around the legs by the ring-master, I  
suppose," and a No. 12 boot collided  
with the seat of the little wretch's  
trousers with a shock like that of a  
dynamite bomb.

"The 'buffoon' ain't in; he's training  
new jockeys. Come right in. Child-  
ren half price. Just going to begin.  
Sit down," and he jammed the terrified  
little visitor into a keg of printer's ink.  
"The 'queen's jester' will be along  
pretty soon. Wait for the great show!"  
he yelled, as the little man madly tried  
to escape through two closet doors, and  
finally rolled down stairs, accompanied  
by the water-cooler, two ink jugs and  
the paste pot.

"Want one more paragraph, Mr.  
Graves," said a voice through the  
speaking tube, and the solemn man  
wound a wet towel around his head,  
sat down at the desk, and wearily  
wrote:

"Is a man getting up stares when he  
buys an eye-glass?"—*Boston Bulletin.*

**A False Impression.**

A Detroitier who was taking a newly  
arrived Englishman around town the  
other day happened to pass a carpenter  
shop, and the Englishman remarked  
that he had always heard that Ameri-  
can workmen were rather slovenly and  
careless.

"We will go in and see," was the  
reply, and they entered and sat down  
to wait for the boss. The carpenter  
was using his brace and bit to bore  
holes in a frame of some sort, and after  
each hole was bored he had to insert a  
wooden wedge. When he had bored a  
hole he would walk off two feet and  
hang up his brace, which would be  
used again in about two minutes.

After whitening out each wedge he would  
turn and place his knife on a shelf, and  
every time he wanted his hammer he  
was on the bench six feet away.

"Ah! I find I was sadly mistaken,"  
said the Englishman, as they finally  
departed. "Why, that man had a  
much order and system as any work-  
man I ever saw in England. He must  
have occupied four-fifths of his time  
walking back and forth for and with his  
tools."

"Yes, he was working by the day,  
you see!" explained the citizen as they  
walked on.—*Detroit Free Press.*

**Relics of Recent Old Times.**

Charles J. Huss, of West Dresden,  
Me., while excavating for a cellar for a  
house, opened what seemed to be an old  
cellar. In one corner and below the  
bottom of the original cellar, he found  
deeply embedded in the soil a small  
iron box, the contents of which are of  
some value and quite curious. Among  
the articles was a gold cross curiously  
engraved and with a Latin inscription.  
There are two Spanish dollars, one  
American dollar dated 1804, a number  
of English and American copper coins  
prior to 1801, and some papers which  
are so much decayed that nothing can  
be deciphered. There is also a very curi-  
ously wrought gold ring, somewhat  
blackened, but still very beautiful, and  
a few small silver and copper foreign  
coins.—*Boston Globe.*

—Tavara (Fla.) fishermen have in-  
stituted a new and novel method of  
catching fish, which seems, however, to  
be very successful. A fire is built on a  
board laid across a long row-boat, and  
the fish, attracted by the bright light,  
leap toward it, fall into the boat, and  
are captured.

**How to Marry a Rich Girl.**

Next to tiger hunting there is nothing  
so exciting as making love to a rich  
girl. Of course, you are supposed to  
be a poor young man, and how to com-  
pete with her rich and accomplished  
admirers is a question that haunts you.  
Success will be easy if you know how  
to go to work. In the first place, you  
must get all mercenary thoughts out of  
your mind. To do this there is nothing  
like early rising and a cooling diet.  
Having gotten yourself into a woeing  
condition set about the task with  
new determination.

Improve every opportunity of getting  
into the company of the millionaire's  
daughter, but always appear entirely  
unconscious of her presence. If you  
chance to find yourself near her, go to  
another part of the room and pay court  
to the homeliest and most neglected  
girl in the house. Tell your best stories  
and display your choicest wit; presen-  
tly you will have a crowd of listeners  
who will hang upon your words and be  
swayed by your eloquence. The rich  
young lady will hear the murmurs of  
applause and for a time remain obli-  
vions to the sensation you are making;  
then she will grow uneasy, and give  
nonsensical orders to the servants.  
She will ask foolish questions about the  
weather in Scotland and the fashions  
in Holland, and finally, with an ingenu-  
ous air of indifferent surprise, remark:  
"I wonder what that young man is  
saying to those foolish girls."

Of course you hear the young lady  
talking, but you must effect entire  
ignorance of her presence, while you  
continue your eloquence. It will not  
be long before the beautiful heiress will  
slyly ask what you are talking about.  
The reply will be entirely unsatisfactory.  
Then the heiress will invite you  
to sit near her. If you are wise you  
will be brilliant and further excite her  
curiosity by a few words, pointing a  
witticism or two and speedily returning  
to your friends. This will pique the  
rich young lady, and her heart will  
turn with anger. As soon as you dis-  
cover that she is really interested in  
what you are saying and seeks your  
society, make preparations to depart.  
Go through a grand flourish of leave-  
taking with your neglected listeners,  
keep them amused and smiling until  
the very last moment, then politely  
take leave of your friends and go home.

This little maneuver of yours will  
end her pleasure for the evening.  
Precious little sleep will she get that  
night. All the fine phrases and flowery  
compliments of her wealthy suitors  
will be lost in the thought of how you  
sighted her.

Unlike men, women are impetuous.  
They do not wait. On the very next  
day the heiress will send you an invita-  
tion to attend a party. She will be  
there and so will you. On this occa-  
sion you must pay her your finest ad-  
dress. Do it in a fine, delicate but in-  
different way. Your conduct will again  
perplex the heiress, but never mind  
that.

You must now talk constantly of her  
to her friends. Tell them that you  
would like to shoot three or four of her  
lovers; that if she were not rich you  
would walk over ten acres of bayonets  
to make love to her. In a few days  
you will get an invitation to another  
party. If you are wise you will send  
regrets and decline to go. Explain to  
her friends that you are madly in love  
with her, and that your sense of honor  
keeps you from intruding upon her  
presence. Send her anonymous bou-  
quets—merely writing "From a friend"  
on the card. Your star now begins to  
rise upon the horizon; you must go  
away for a few weeks. While you are

gone write ardent but very respectful  
letters to her friends from your place  
of exile. On your return you will get  
an invitation to call on her. You must  
go at once, talk to her as if you owned  
her, give her good advice, explain your  
views about self control, then change  
the conversation until it concerns your-  
self, finally hesitate, stammer a little,  
blush a good deal and make the girl  
your confidant. Tell her in a warm  
gush of enthusiasm how much you love  
a rich girl, but add that you are poor  
and feel that it would be dishonorable  
to propose to her. In conclusion,  
say that you intend to leave  
the city in a week—forever, never  
to return again. This will make the  
heiress tremble. She will ask you to  
name the girl. While she catches her  
breath, blush again, let your heart  
swell and the tears flow from your eyes.  
Say with a sob that she is the one you  
love, and then rush for the door. Your  
sweet, beautiful heiress will give one  
cry, fling her arms around your neck  
and sob: "I love you with all my heart;  
take me," etc., while you clasp her to  
your breast and rain kisses upon her  
lips. During this period of divine ec-  
stasy (which will seem about two centu-  
ries), suddenly come to your senses,  
tear yourself from the girl and wildly  
exclaim that the sacrifice must  
not be. Say that her friends will re-  
proach you and justly accuse you of de-  
stroying the life of a poor girl, say that  
you love her too well to drag her down  
to poverty, cheap laundries, etc., etc.,  
etc.

That night you will go home a Caesar  
with Caesar's crown upon your brow,  
and in a few weeks you will be married  
to a woman who truly loves you with  
her whole soul. But not until you have  
taken possession of a noble palace on  
the Hudson, with luxury and fine horses  
all around you, will you begin to realize  
into what depths of contempt a scold  
man can descend.—*N. Y. Journal.*

—A gloomy dun encountered a  
broker's clerk on the street this morn-  
ing and presented him for the nine-  
teenth time with a little bill. The  
clerk smilingly excused himself for an-  
other week. The collector put the bill  
in his pocket, and said to the importun-  
able debtor: "Do you know why you  
are like the weather?" "Because I'm  
so sunny," replied the clerk, showing  
all his teeth. "No," said the dun,  
"because you're a little more than  
sunny."—*Chicago Herald.*

—It takes from twenty-eight to thirty  
days to hatch ducks' eggs; twenty-  
seven to twenty-nine days for pea-fowls;  
twenty-seven to thirty days for geese,  
and twenty-seven to twenty-nine days  
for turkeys.—*Moose Farmer.*

"Mary! didn't I tell you to come  
into the house half an hour ago?"  
"Yes, ma'am," responded the little dis-  
obedient. "And didn't you say you  
would mind?" continued the mother.  
"Yes, ma'am. I was coming in, but  
I—" "But you disobeyed me, child."  
"Oh, no, mamma," exclaimed the little  
one. "I didn't disobey you; I only  
changed my mind."—*Home Happenings.*

—There is something peculiar about  
Irish wit, and something peculiarly  
agreeable in it. When a skeptic had  
been persuaded to attend mass he was  
either impressed or befogged by the  
ceremony, no one could tell which, but  
he turned to his companion and in a  
hoarse and solemn sort of a whisper ex-  
claimed: "Pat me boy, this bates the  
devil!" Pat did not even turn his face  
to his friend, but reverently making  
the sign of the cross, answered: "Jimmy,  
me boy, that's the intintion!"—*N. Y.  
Herald.*

—On a Highland ear a half dozen  
fathers were matching babies. To the  
anecdotes of prize children a listener  
whose offspring had grown to the age  
of talkativeness contributed an account  
of his boy's experience in peeling an  
orange with his thumb. With great  
difficulty the rind was taken off, but to  
remove the inner lining or film without  
breaking into the pulp was harder.  
Finally, in vexation, the little fellow  
cried out: "Papa, what makes oranges  
wear flannels?"—*Boston Globe.*

—Some twenty-five years ago a lady,  
now living in Salem, N. C., fell into a  
thorn bush and stuck a thorn in one  
of her ankles. A physician, in ex-  
tracting the thorn, broke it off, leaving  
about a half inch of the sharp point re-  
maining, being unable to find it. The  
wound healed, and nothing more was  
thought of the piece of thorn that re-  
mained, as it gave no inconvenience.  
The other night, however, the lady dis-  
covered a bluish looking pimple on one  
of her ankles, which soon became pain-  
ful. She applied a poultice to the place,  
and, on removing it next day, was as-  
tonished to find the piece of thorn.—  
*Chicago Tribune.*

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