

THE SOUTH McALESTER CAPITAL

South McAlester, I. T.,
Thursday, June 1, 1899.
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W. G. D. Hinds, Proprietors
B. F. Jobe,

EDITORIAL ON ISPARHECHER

"It would be sardonic to suppose that there is to be no reparation for the elaborate insults of fate sometime and somewhere," said John J. Ingalls the other day. The Cherokee fullblood, as well as the other fullbloods whom fate has pursued with malignant and annihilating vehemence; the Indians who see their customs changed day by day through the infusion of the Anglo-Saxon blood; these are they who think with Jefferson "that government at best is but a relative good," and they know, these red men, that present civilization has not brought them the happiness like that which their forefathers enjoyed. Isparhecher selecting his allotment is not a triumph of civilization, but the verdict of fate, the decision, of destiny, and the compensation, the reparation is yet too far in the future to be grasped or understood by men of this century.

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EDITORIAL ON ISPARHECHER

Isparhecher has selected his allotment. The report does not say whether this includes his humble and unpretentious home in which he has lived so long, but there is every reason to believe that he will not leave it. Shiechie is not just exactly a counter part of Cincinnatus, but he reminds us of the old Roman who so compelled, worshipped the Æquians, and then went making garden.