

PERSONS AND THINGS.

DR. CATTELL, ex-president of Lafayette college has gone to England.

PEZON, the French lion-tamer, keeps his money in a box in his lion's cage. The lion makes a very safe banker.

DREAMER TENNYSON is disturbed and angry because pushing capital proposes to invade his Isle of Wright with the iron horse and road.

In many fertile cereal-growing districts in southern Russia the crops, covering immense areas, are already beyond hope of recovery, owing to a long-continued drought and excessive heat.

CHARLES SPRAGUE PEARCE'S picture in the Paris salon this year—it is twelve feet and a half by eight—is hung in the "salle d'honneur," on the line and in the center of the best panel. Bonnat told him that he ought to have the medal, but wouldn't get it.

EDWIN P. WHIPPLE was buried on the thirty-ninth anniversary of his marriage day, and the coffin rested in the same parlor where the marriage ceremony had been celebrated, as the home of their wedded life was that of Mrs. Whipple before her marriage.

A WRITER says that "Matthew Arnold is the most astonished man in America to-day," and adds: "The unanimity with which he is over-looked by both press and public must prove startling to him, to say the least. 'Sweetness and Light' was good for one trip only."

WHEN John Lord, the historian, was examined for ordination he was asked by a disciple of Dr. Emmons: "Are you willing to be damned for the glory of God?" His answer came with the force of an unexpected cannon-shot, "No; but I am willing you should." He did not get ordained.

"He was a great big man like Gen. Butler, and weighed over three hundred pounds," said a witness in a contested will case in New York the other day. The general, who was counsel in the case, blushed all over his shiny bald head, and quickly cried, "But I do not weigh over 230 pounds."

THE eminent play-writer, Georges Ohnet, is only 38 years old. He was a lawyer, then a journalist, last a dramatist. He was dissatisfied with "Le Maître de Forges" and threw it into the fire. Mme. Ohnet caught the manuscript from the grate. It has made the author's fortune and reputation.

THE war ministry at St. Petersburg has published some interesting statistics respecting the number of offenses in the Russian army punished by court-martial. During the year 1884 2 per cent. of all the privates were punished and about 1/3 per cent. of the officers. Among the offenses were nearly five thousand robberies, and almost as many cases of desertion and infractions of discipline.

G. W. BALL, of Concord, Mass., is living proof in his own person that the world now and then honors other heroes than soldiers and statesmen. He has had nothing to do with grape and canister, but many years ago nursed the far-famed, palate-tickling, luscious Concord grape into being, and in view of that good piece of work he was the guest of honor at a dinner given in Boston by appreciated fellow-citizens the other day.

So far as Paris is concerned, the attempt to take the census of the French population does not appear to have been a success. It seems that about 80 per cent. of the inhabitants declined to fill up the forms left them by the registrars, who will thus have to collect their information from "concierges," taxpayers' returns, and other not strictly trustworthy sources. Some of the answers were jocular. One gentleman returned the form supplied him with the remark: "Ask my mother-in-law." Others described their professions as "expulseurs de princes," or "managers de republicains," while many thousands replied merely, "Vous etes trop curieux."

THE opening of the canal, which has been in process of excavation for the past five years, for the purpose of draining Lake Copais, was celebrated recently by a brilliant inaugural ceremony, in presence of the French minister and numerous distinguished persons from Athens. Lake Copais, which is situated near Thebes, in Boeotia, covers an area of over sixty thousand acres, or nearly a hundred square miles. The French company which has been engaged in carrying out the enterprise is now so far advanced with its work that two-thirds of the water of the lake are expected to be drawn off within the next two or three months. Hitherto this inland sea has been chiefly remarkable for the malaria and fevers regularly prevailing on its shores during the hot season. By its drainage, not only will this evil be permanently removed, but Greece will add to her territory many thousands of acres of arable soil of the greatest fertility. The lake is fed by the rivers coming down from Mount Parnassus, whose waters are heretofore to be employed, by help of a new system of canals, in irrigating the surrounding country.

ONE OF THE OLD GUARD.

A Soldier Who Followed the Fortunes of the Great Napoleon from Egypt to Waterloo.

The other day there died and was buried at St. John's church, at Logan, Hocking county, "a last survivor" of the grand army of Napoleon. writes a Columbus correspondent of The Cincinnati Enquirer. His name was Christopher Stahley, and he was born in Alsace in August, 1783, and therefore fell only two months short of 103 years.

During the past quarter of a century I met the old hero frequently, and he was always full of French enthusiasm, and there was no one but the "great Napoleon" in his estimation. He was a man of considerable culture as well as French enthusiasm, and his description of his campaigns grew eloquent, intermingled with queer French interjections, expletives, and parentheticals.

He was a typical veteran of the wars. The thumb and index finger of his right hand were gone. His left elbow had been shattered and his arm was stiff and almost useless. Across his well-outlined forehead was a broad, red scar, a memento of some cuirassier's tempered steel. A crutch and a cane answered for a leg that was gone between the ankle and the knee.

Some years ago, one day when he was particularly communicative, I prevailed on him to tell me the story of his campaigns. That story was long, and fervid in its descriptions, full of glowing adjectives and French parentheticals and ejaculations, which could not be translated. Shorn of a large proportion of its flowers of rhetoric, the story may be thus epitomized:

"I became a soldier at 15, and was one of the thirty thousand men who went with Napoleon to Egypt, and was one of the first to enter the city of Malta. I was with my command at the pyramids, and participated in the terrible conflict with the Mamelukes. Thence across the desert and through the Isthmus of Suez to Gaza and Jaffa, and saw the 1,500 put to death for breaking their parole, and helped to annihilate the allied army of 18,000 at Aboukir. I returned with my commander to France, and saw him made first consul. In 1800 we went to Italy, and it was at Marengo that the man of destiny turned defeat into victory. The peace of Amiens gave us a holiday. It was in 1804 that we helped to proclaim him emperor and saw the preparations made to invade England. But England was spared and Austria punished instead. I was in the thickest of the fight at Austerlitz, and took part in most of the minor engagements that preceded it. I did my share in bringing Prussia to her knees at Jena in 1806. Taking a little breathing spell, we again turned our attention to Austria, and ended our triumphant campaign at Wagram by taking 20,000 prisoners. Three years of preparation and we were on the road to the capital of Russia in the memorable campaign of 1812. There were 480,000 of us who went forth to glory. Less than half that number returned, and the most of them after being detained as prisoners. I saw them fall by battalions at Smolensk and Borodino and perish by grand divisions on the retreat from Moscow to Smorgoni. I personally attended the emperor to France when he bade adieu to his soldiers at the latter city. At Lutzen and Butzen I saw him win new victories at the head of a fresh army. I saw the dastard Saxon allies desert at Leipzig, endured the fatigues and dangers of the retreat across the Rhine. Of 250,000 soldiers who entered Germany, only 70,000 answered roll-call on French soil. On the last day of March, 1814, the allies took Paris, the emperor abdicated, and was banished to Elba. His old soldiers then waited for his coming again, and in June, 1815, at the head of 120,000 heroes he met united Europe at Waterloo and lost his empire, but not his fame and glory. I was one of the old guard. There is a blank in my memory, and I do not know how I got back to Paris, but I found myself there and learned that my old commander was a prisoner at St. Helena. That came the news of his death. I had taken part in fifty engagements, great and small, and had seen men die by the thousand; but that death affected me more than all the rest put together."

"But you have omitted to tell where you received your wounds? You lost your leg at Waterloo, of course?"

"Strangely enough, during sixteen years of campaign and in fifty battles I never received a wound—not even a scratch. The emperor told me often that I bore a charmed life."

"But how did you receive all these wounds and scars?"

"Amid the security of peace. In 1822, in company with my wife, I emigrated to America. We reached Pittsburg by stage. From there we floated down the Ohio on a flat-boat to the mouth of the Muskingum, and ascended that river to Zanesville in a canoe. From Zanesville I trundled all my earthly possessions in a wheelbarrow to St. Joseph's, near Somerset, where I bought a farm and settled down. Then began my disasters. My eldest son was with me in the forest hewing logs for a barn, and by a false stroke of the broadax cut off my thumb and finger. A few years later a vicious horse kicked me and left that scar that looks like a saber cut. The next year I fell from a tobacco-house I was helping to raise and broke four ribs and my collarbone. Ten years later I slipped and fell into a thrashing-machine and I had my foot torn off. A few years ago I was on my way to church and my horse ran away, threw me out of the carriage, shattered my elbow and left me with a stiff arm. I am in constant dread of meeting a fatal accident. Had I remained in the grand army of the emperor, I would feel perfectly safe."

The old hero who had escaped the hail-storm of death upon a hundred battle-fields, and survived the accidents of pastoral peace, grappled unsuccessfully at last with the grim conqueror upon his quiet couch, guarded round about by his children and his children's children, whose love and devotion could avail nothing. And thus passed away another of the few survivors who helped to write that "purple page in the history of Belgium," and saw the future history of Europe turned from a new channel at Waterloo and keep along the sluggish course of reactionary monarchism.

WITH FORTY-EIGHT WOUNDS.

A Battle-Scarred Veteran of the First Maine Battery.

Among the battle-scarred veterans of the civil war who went from Maine to John F. Chase, of Augusta, says The Lewiston (Me.) Journal. He was a rugged farmer's boy, 18 years of age, when, prompted by a sense of loyalty, he rallied to his country's defense. He was the fifth one who enlisted in this state under the first call for troops in 1861. Four brothers of his enlisted, two of whom were killed, and two were wounded. He took part in all the battles of the Potomac from the first Bull Run to Gettysburg. During his entire term of service the post of duty and of danger always found him present. This is the testimony of his captain, which has often been expressed. He never aspired to rank, not even to wearing the chevrons of a corporal. He was content, as well as proud, in simply being cannoner No. 1 of the 5th Maine battery. Two weeks ago Private Chase was in Washington, when Gen. Black, commissioner of pensions, in introducing him to his friends, said: "Here's a man who probably has more wounds on his person than any other soldier living."

Gen. Black did not speak unadvisedly. For nearly three years Private Chase went through every arduous and trying campaign of his battery without a scratch, to be at last battered and broken by a rebel shell on the bloody field of Gettysburg. He bears forty-eight wounds as the mementos of that battle. It scarcely seems credible that one could have passed through such a fearful baptism of blood and still survive. The story may be told in a few words:

The 5th Maine battery was attached to the First corps, under Gen. Reynolds. It was the third day of the fight, and the battery was posted on Seminary or Wood's hill. The rebel Gen. Pickett was making his famous charge on our left center, and a terrible artillery duel was in progress. The battery was in a hard place, being between cross-fires. The air was full of the missiles of death. The heroic Chase, with his shirt sleeves rolled up and his face black with powder and smoke, was in the act of ramming home a cartridge when a rebel shell fell about three feet from him and burst. The fragments flew in all directions. Chase was thrown nearly a rod from his gun and fell insensible. His clothes were literally stripped from his body. His right arm was blown off, his left eye literally torn from its socket, while his breast and shoulders were gashed with wounds. He was carried to the rear. Two days after, when the dead were buried, he was being conveyed with others to the grave. A groan from him attracted attention, and he was discovered to be alive. Upon recovering consciousness the first words that came to his lips were: "Did we win the battle?"

Private Chase's pluck at Chancellorsville received the commendation of Gen. Hooker. His battery was facing a most destructive fire from the enemy's batteries. All the officers and men of his battery being either killed or wounded, he, with another brave comrade, fired his gun seven times after the other guns of the battery had ceased work. The gun was then dragged off by the two, the horses having been shot or disabled, to prevent its capture by the enemy, which shortly afterward occupied the position that had been vacated by our retreating forces.

Private Chase talks with enthusiastic earnestness about the splendid record the 5th Maine battery made during the war, but in his modesty rarely if ever alludes to the gallant part he bore in its many sanguinary contests. He is now 45 years of age, and receives a pension of \$36 a month from the government, which will shortly be increased to \$46 a month by a special act just passed by congress upon the recommendation of Gen. Black. During the past two sessions of the Maine legislature he has served as a messenger in the house of representatives.

California Gold.

In early days California was peopled with miners. Men did not come to this state to farm. When they did cultivate the soil it was merely for the purpose of supplying the people already here with food. No one dreamed of the fertility of the California valleys. Gradually, however, the land was brought into cultivation, and wheat became of more importance to the state than gold. The state became so agricultural that men, unless brought actually in contact with the mines, hardly realized that they were still being carried on as of old. Then came the Sawyer decision, which, it was predicted, would put an end to mining in some of the richest parts of the state. But all the time mining has been prosecuted with all its old vigor. The product of gold was, it is true, seriously affected by the Sawyer decision, and declined in the same time from \$18,200,000 in 1881 to \$12,996,594 in 1884; but the silver production of the state increased from \$750,000 to \$1,504,705. The Sawyer decision paralyzed certain parts of the state, but the paralysis was only temporary. Miners being unable to use water as before developed the quartz mines. All through the country blighted by the famous decision a revival is occurring. Old abandoned mines are being worked and prospectors are looking for ledges. Miners are going back again to the regions from which they fled. The gold is in the California mountains and will be taken out. If water cannot be used as heretofore other means will be devised. California has led the states and territories as a gold-producer for many years, and will continue to do so for many years to come.—San Francisco Daily Report.

A year ago last February John Ertel, of Blesker, N.Y., started to go to Saker lake alone. He was never seen again, and it was thought that he had been frozen to death. The other day a party of Gloversville fishermen found, not far from the lake, an Indian-rubber boot containing the bones of a human foot. The foot has been identified as one worn by Ertel.

THE SMOKING-CAR.

It Is Necessary to Ride in One to Experience the Full Interest of Railway Travel.

Nothing is more noticeable in the summer travel, which grows yearly and is now getting lively as the season advances, than the extent of the smoking habit in this country. On every train bound for the suburban places or to Atlantic City or the Long Branch range of resorts, no matter what other car has room in it, the smoking-car is almost sure to be crowded. There are, indeed, summer trains going out of Broad street station that require two cars to contain the lovers of the fragrant weed that "cheers but not inebriates." The smoking-car is the one remaining relic in steam-railway travel of the early days of railroading, in which so many American characteristics found a place. It is one of the last relics of what may be termed the shirt-sleeve age. Palace-cars and boudoirs and drawing-rooms and restaurants on wheels have multiplied, and one by one the free-and-easy traveling habits of early railroad days have been driven from one end of the train to another until they have sought and found final refuge in the smoking-car. It is there that in hot weather sweeter humanity sits in shirt-sleeves and even throws down his suspenders, while the fat man—and fat men are almost always great travelers—finds relief by a general loosening up of horizontal straps and equatorial buckles. Dusters are not infrequent, but such is the love of comfort and such the latent rebellion against all conventional restraints on the part of the natural man in warm weather that he loves the smoker and rushes for it on all occasions. Married men have been known to resort to the most desperate expedients and to promise their wives new bonnets and all sorts of things for the privilege of getting away for half an hour or so in the smoking-car.

Not all men who love the smoking-car are smokers, some seeking only the freedom and deshabille of the one spot on the train where fair and particular womanhood can not enter; but as a rule a necessary adjunct to every man in the smoking-car is a cigar or a pipe, as that once-considered plebeian form of tobacco consumption is now considered quite fashionable. Cigars, of course, predominate, and their narcotic effluence represents every shade of natural and artificial flavoring, for the chemical doctoring of cigars is fast becoming one of the familiar sciences. No one can have any adequate idea of the extent of the manufacture and consumption of bad cigars until they take a trip in a smoking-car. Another institution associated with the smoking-car is the private bottle. Gradually the pistol is being boycotted, and the private flask, often nickel-plated and incased in leather, like some more deadly weapon, is taking its place in the masculine hip-pocket. Some surprises greet the unsophisticated mind in the smoking-car. The most svelte and pious-looking traveler, who, in a parlor-car, might be mistaken for a deacon, takes his swig from his suddenly revealed facon de poche with all the gusto of a tipping grenadier.

Another necessary adjunct of the smoking-car is the enclose deck and kindred poker-chips, though, so far as known, these furnishings are invariably the result of private enterprise. As yet the railroad companies have gone no further than to provide adjustable tables to place across the seats for the accommodation of all the lovers of the little joker and such as worship at the shrine of the jack-pot. There is hardly a train bound for the seashore that is without a premeditated or improvised card party in the smoking-car, and once in a while some would-be player representing an incomplete party goes around soliciting a partner to "make up the game," though this is looked upon somewhat as a violation of the ethics of travel.

The inevitable newspaper is another smoking-car institution. The boy who carries around books transacts but little business in the smoking-car. The average man, and especially the average traveling man, is not much of a book-reader. He finds all he wants, and sometimes more than he wants, in the daily newspaper, which furnishes a complete and entirely satisfactory mental pebulium.

One of the things that can not fail to be noticed in a smoking-car is the anxious look, the haggard expressions, the exhibitions of the tired-out feeling among the men who are trying to escape, perhaps for only a day or two, from the terrible business tension and ever-increasing pressure of professional and commercial cares. The wear and tear of modern manhood comes out strong in the smoking-car. The great increase of orders and societies, secret and otherwise, which men join from benevolent motives or to make provision for sudden death, the dangers of which are increased by the complications of modern life, is also a very noticeable feature. Almost every man wears some sort of symbol, as a scarf-pin, a finger-ring, or more generally as a watch-chain. The extent to which the cross, the symbol of Christianity, enters into these ornamental evidences is one of the indications that the religious spirit, which is so weak in many of the churches, may possibly be finding some manifestations through other agencies that have as their basis the essence of all religion—charity.

Another very noticeable thing in a smoking-car is the decay of the dude. When the dude was prominent the pungent odor of cigarettes filled the air. Now there is hardly a cigarette to be seen. Once in a while some faint, modified relic of dudedom may be seen in a parlor-car, but in a smoking-car never. The healthy, common sense, thoroughly American atmosphere of the smoking-car is not congenial, and in it the dude, even if he still existed, which he does not, would feel exotic. The dude has departed. Instead of the smooth chins and dainty little mutton-chop side-whiskers, which were an accompaniment of the dude era, men are to a great extent wearing full beards, and in their clothes and general get-up have a practical, business-like, common-sense air that is manly in the extreme and as remote as possible from

effeminaey or dilettanteism. All in all, no one has experienced the full interest of railway travel until they have ridden in a smoking-car.—Philadelphia Times.

Big Jim Was There.

"He's a bully!" "He's a coward!" "He's got to hang!" "That's his third man!"

The one narrow street of the frontier town was filled with a surging crowd of excited men. There were Indian fighters, scouts, gamblers, tramps, miners, speculators—everything and everybody.

Every town has its bully—every frontier town. Big Jim was the Bully of Hill City, and the story of his last adventures stamps him as a man whom some would call heroic. He could drink more, curs louder, shoot quicker, and start a row sooner than any other man. When he shot Limber Joe it was a standoff. It was rough against rough. Whoever went under the town would be the gainer. The death of his second victim brought him a certain respect, for he had given the man a fair show. There was a limit to the number of men one might kill in Hill City. It was three times and out. Big Jim had killed his third.

Two hundred men—all excited—some half crazed—all indignant—some terribly aroused, surged down the street to the Red Star saloon bent on vengeance. Big Jim and the man he had killed were alone in the place. "Bring him out!" "He's got to hang!" "Bring out the bully and coward!"

There was a rush, but it was checked. Men had pistols and knives in their hands, but the sight of Big Jim with a big "navy" in each hand cooled their ardor. A life for a life is no revenge. They lied when they called him a bully. Bullies strike and run, or bluster and dare not strike. They lied when they called him a coward. Cowards do not remain to face death.

Big Jim advanced a little. The crowd fell back. He stood in the door and surveyed the mob as another man might have looked up at the pine-covered crest of Carter's Peak. The mob grew quiet. There were 200 right hands clutching deadly weapons, but not a hand moved. Two hundred to one is appalling odds, but the one was master. Seemingly to face every man of them—seemingly to cover every breast with the black muzzles of his revolvers—the man backed away up the road into the darkness, out of their sight and hearing. He said not a word. There wasn't a whisper from the crowd until he had disappeared. Then men drew long breaths of relief. A terrible menace had passed away.

Out into the darkness—down the rough road—over the rude bridge, and there Big Jim put up his revolvers, turned his face square to the west and stepped out without a look back to the camp. It was ten miles to Harney's Bend. Men driven from the one camp took refuge in the other. The half-way landmark was a bit of an antelope skirted by a creek. Wayfarers who were journeying by team many times halted there. On this night there was a lone wagon. Under the canvas cover slept a mother and four children. Resting against a wheel was the husband and father, his eyes peering into the darkness—his ears drinking in every sound.

Big Jim had not reached the valley yet when the still night air was rent with war whoops, the crack of rifles, the screams of a woman and her children. Indians had discovered the lone and almost defenseless family. There were five scalps to adorn their lodges. The bully and the coward had not been discovered. He could find a safe hiding place. Did he?

A half dozen screaming, yellow fiends were dancing about the wagon—shooting, striking, dodging, closing in on the one white man, who somehow escaped their blows and bullets—when there was a cheer and a rush and the nays began to crack. Sixty seconds later dead silence had fallen upon the valley.

One—two—three dead Indians. The immigrant leaned against the wagon, faint, with a wound in his head. Bullets had clipped and splintered wheel and body.

"Who are you?" asked the immigrant, as a figure approached him from the darkness. "Big Jim." "You have saved us from a massacre." "Yes, and there is no further danger."

When the blaze caught the fresh fagots and lighted up the little valley the immigrant counted the dead Indians again—two—three. He turned with extended hand, but Big Jim had departed. Next day, when men from Hill's and Harney's found his dead body beside the rocks a mile away, with five wounds which had led his life blood out, they whispered to each other:

"We thought we knew him, but we didn't."—Omaha Bee.

She Was Loaded.

In many places young ladies are learning to shoot revolvers, and if they don't kill anybody that ought not to be killed it is all right enough. If all young ladies understood the use of a revolver, it would be a good thing. At Whitewater, one evening last week a young lady was walking on the street unattended, when she was accosted by a man who proceeded to make himself quite fresh. She asked him to go away and let her alone, but he laughed ha ha! She told him that she was only a poor girl, an orphan, and that he ought to be ashamed of himself to interfere with her. He smiled, and was about to put his hands on her, when she drew a revolver from her pistol pocket, cocked it, and pointed it at his eye, with her delicate finger on the trigger. Well, the man dropped that girl like a hot potato, and he lit out so quick that she missed him very much. There was never a man in the world that was as scarce as he was, and the girl laughed ha ha! He did not know she was loaded, but she was.—Pook's Sun.

The Indian Sun Dance.

The wild Indian sun dance, which was held for the last time during June, 1883, with its barbarous and cruel inflictions, is one of the historical parts that will never again be repeated. The writer was present at that sun dance, and the only scenes that will again greet his or any other eyes are views that were taken on the spot, and which, but for the iron will of the Indian agent, would never have been taken, so superstitious were the Indians against it.

Prior to the completion of the sun dance circle, when three days are taken to feasting on dog soup, giving away ponies, cattle and everything else that gives evidence that the "heart is good," the chiefs, sub-chiefs and head men meet in council in some woodland, where they select twelve virgins who are to do the honor of cutting the pole. A number of young Indians are appointed to make search for a good pole for the occasion (which has, however, been selected a long time before; but they must go through certain pretensions so as to make themselves appear proper), and finally, after considerable delay, the twelve virgins each take an axe, and give the pole one cut, the young bucks finishing the job. The crossing of a stream is superstitiously forbidden, and when the young Indians are ready they march in triumph to the place selected for its "planting." Before them rush a thousand young braves on ponies, who fire off rifles and revolvers until outside the limits of the encampment, which together with their yells, would drive off any evil spirits that might be hanging around; and that is their part in the play. The pole is raised and green brush is placed in a circle about it, while the pole itself is gorgeously decorated with strips of calico in all the brilliant hues, which have been placed there as offerings from some dusky maiden or old squaw.

The sun dance among these wild people is a barbarous religion with them. During the year an Indian has prayed to the Great Spirit for fortune in hunting, restoration of health or some other wish, for which he promises, if the prayer is granted, to make some sacrifice or dance at the annual sun dance, which was usually held during the month of June. It is composed of fasting and feasting combined, the ones who have made vows fasting for several days, and those are to "see them through" feasting on delicious young dogs made into soup. Mothers who have asked the Great Spirit for some favor bring their babes and young children to be "sprung" in the ears with anything but sharp knives by the "medicine men" (who are on hand in great numbers), the girls receiving two inflictions in each ear and the boys one, for which the medicine man receives a pony or two. Women have their arms, shoulders or faces cut as they may have promised at the time. Groups of men and women dance with upturned faces to the burning sun, tooting continuously a whistle made of an antelope's bone. All these are preliminary to the most barbarous and painful task of being brave. The young men who have fixed their hearts upon this torture by going through the ordeal of being cut in the two breasts and a sinew passed through the wounds, are tied to a rope attached to the stationary sun dance pole, which they endeavor to break out by continuous dancing and jerking. Their faces are lifted to the scorching June sun while they blow on the antelope bone whistle. To contribute to their success, some near friend or relative throws out sticks to the surrounding crowds, and a scramble is made to secure them, as each stick entitles the holder to a pony. Invoking the Great Spirit for success is general by the medicine men, while groups of dancers with whistles and bands of nearly naked wild men, painted in all colors, yellow, green, red, blue, black, white or purple, in whole, in part or combinations, with the designs of hands, horse shoe prints, horses, Indians, etc., go through mournful singing to the beats of a dozen great drums, making the conglomeration of noises anything but what a band leader would term "harmony." On the occasion to which this article refers but one out of the three succeeded in breaking the flesh from the breasts—and he proved the meekest as well as bravest—the others fainting; and some of the few whites present became faint themselves during the progress of this horrible torture.

At the close of this festival, lasting about eight days, the Indians returned to their homes to find themselves either richer or poorer than when they left; but a large store-house of rations furnished by the government supplied their wants to at least a limited extent. On their return home they found what few crops they had put in before they left had either got behind the growth of the weeds or eaten by stray stock. Thus the progressive Indian failed to progress, and the government did a most sensible act when it abolished the sun dance, which every Indian was compelled to attend or be held in disgrace by the leaders.—Creston (Iowa) Pioneer.

A Harvest Song.

Ho! ye reapers! Harvest reapers! Through the fields a singing go, And the summer wind in whisp'ers, Bends the wild flowers to and fro. List! The song of scythe and sickle, Mingle with the reaper's plaint, While the magpie, wise and sly, Soils and soils in language quaint. Now the bearded grain is falling, Golden grain with bearded head; Hark! Yon meadow-lark is calling: "Spare my babes their trundle bed!" Ho! ye reapers! Harvest grand! Sing and toll this summer day; There is plenty in our land, Peace and plenty holdeth sway. —Gay Davidson, in Chicago Times.

A church at Great Barrington, Me., was recently given a \$100,000 parsonage and \$30,000 organ by a lady, but the congregation does not relish the idea of raising the pastor's salary so that he can maintain the palace parsonage. The organ is of peculiar construction in the power of making combinations. It is continually getting out of repair, and there is no available organist who can get any better effects from the organ than from one costing \$3,000 or thereabouts.