

THE RED CLOUD CHIEF

A. C. HOSMER, Publisher.

RED CLOUD, NEBRASKA

OUTWITTING INDIANS.



LD Thad Bairbridge, my guide and companion on frequent hunting and fishing trips among the lakes of the Park region of Minnesota, had paddled those waters when the Sioux, the original possessors of that beautiful section, were numerous. Not the least pleasure of these trips was that of listening to the old man's tales of those early days.

"I've played many a trick on the redskins," said old Thad, speaking in a slovenly dialect that I will not transcribe, "but the neatest scheme I ever worked on them was one I played on a couple of Sioux one summer in the forties.

"I had frozen my feet the winter before, and was not well able to get round on the prairie, so I made up my mind to take a good long rest and get ready for the fall trapping. With that idea I rigged up a brush camp on the creek that joins these two big lakes, and took things easy.

"I had been having a nice quiet time all by myself for a month or more before I knew there was an Indian within fifty miles. I could kill a deer any day within half a mile of camp, so I hunted just enough to keep meat on hand. Most of my time I spent fishing and paddling about and speculating where I'd be likely to find the best trapping that fall.

"Thinking about Indians didn't trouble me a bit. I had had so many brushes with the Sioux, and had always made them suffer so much and then got out of their way so mysteriously, that they had sized me up as a great medicine man, with a special manitou to look out for me. They meant to keep out of my way, and I knew it.

"But I didn't go round with my eyes shut. I can tell you, for I knew too much about Indians to expect them to stay in one mind.

"One warm morning I got into my canoe and started for the upper lake. You know there are lots of burrashes round that lake, and I needed about a canoe load of them to stop the leaks in my cabin roof.

"After I had cut a lot of the burrashes and tied them in bundles about as big around as my body, I laid them in the bottom of the canoe and paddled farther up the lake for a little fishing. You recollect that place betwixt the island and the point of timber where we struck that school of big black bass last summer? Well, there were far more bass there forty years ago.

"I cut me a good pole among the willows on the island, and tied a big rock fast to the rope at the bow of my canoe. Then I paddled close to the island, hoisted the rock overboard for an anchor and began fishing.

"It was about the first of July, and the hot sun made me sleepy. There I sat, nodding, and starting awake to pull in a fish whenever I felt a jerk. But caution prevented me



"BOTH OF 'EM FELL."

from falling completely asleep, and I tell you it was lucky for me that I did occasionally open my eyes wide and take a good look around. For one of those times I caught sight of a canoe crossing the upper end of the lake.

"There were two redskins in it, and they were about half a mile away. I guessed at once how they happened to be there. They had come from above, and started down the lake when they caught sight of me, and hurried up to get ashore and under cover before I'd see them.

"I knew they hadn't their eyes on me, and I knew it wouldn't do to let them know that I had sighted them. So I pretended to keep on fishing while I watched them out of the corner of my eye. I knew well what their game would be. The shores of the lake were all prairie excepting the island and the big wooded point. I was anchored between those two bits of woodland. The Indians meant to sneak into the mainland woods, and shoot me from that point.

"Well, these two reds made their paddles fly till they reached shore. Then they pulled their canoe up into the burrashes out of sight. Next they cut across the prairie, bending so low that I could see nothing of them in the tall grass except the hump of their backs now and then.

"I sat still as a mouse till they went out of sight behind the trees. By that time I had my plans all ready. I might have paddled behind the island and got away easily, but it wasn't in my style of those days to run away from two

Indians. Besides, I knew that I'd soon have a whole tribe of Sioux after me if I let those two carry away the news that they had seen me.

"The minute they went out of sight I pulled up my anchor stone, and put that big rock into one of my bundles of burrashes. I did not take the anchor rope off the rock, but just tied the burrashes firmly round the stone.

"Next I took off my buckskin coat and buttoned it round the bundle. Then I propped it up solidly in the middle of the canoe, just where I had been sitting, and I clapped my old hat on top of it.

"Finally I stuck the butt of my fishing pole among the other bundles of burrashes, and set it slanting out over the water in front of the dummy I had pressed up.

"In my pocket I had a heavy two-hundred-foot line that I used for trolling with live frogs. I tied one end of this to the dummy, and took the other end in my teeth. My intention was to swim ashore, but just as I was about to do so I reflected that the boat was not now anchored, and I might as well paddle the distance, because the Indians certainly could not see me from where they must have reached by that time.

"So I paddled to the island. Then I took out my old double-barrel and my powder-horn, and gave the canoe a shove outward. The trolling line paid out nicely. When the canoe, with the dummy in it, had gone out to where it had been with me, I stopped it by holding the line.

"There was a gentle breeze from the island, which kept the canoe pretty steadily in place in the little channel between the island and the point the Indians were making for.

"When I saw that the dummy and fish-pole looked all right, I dodged back among the willows out of sight. Then I looked out again at my dummy.

"Well, Bob, I just had to lie down and roll and laugh when I squinted at that image. It sat up—facing me—as straight as a judge, and held that pole as natural as life.

"I lay in the bushes a long time, looking at the opposite shore, before I saw another sign of the two Indians. The breath of wind kept the canoe well out at the end of the trolling-line. The dummy was about fifty yards from me, and about the same from the opposite bushes, to which I expected the Indians to crawl.

"By and by I saw one of them put out his head from behind a tree a good way back from the lake. They knew who they were after, and that made them so cautious they were a good half hour in working their way to the point. Now and then I'd see them dodging from tree to tree. At last they reached the edge, and I could see them peeping out from among the bushes.

"Pretty soon I saw both of them poke out their rifles and take steady aim. Just when their guns cracked I gave such a pull with my line that the canoe capsized, and out tumbled the dummy head first on the side of the canoe that had swung round nearest to me. As the bowline was tied to the stone in the dummy, the canoe was now anchored. It sort of hid the tumble from the two shooters.

"I've seen some comical things in my time, but I never wanted to laugh more than when I saw that old hat go diving for the bottom. But I kept as still as a mouse, and so did those Sioux for a spell.

"The weight of that rock kept the dummy at the bottom, but my old hat came off and rose to the top, where it floated with the fishing pole.

"Still the two Sioux made no move. You see the rascals weren't sure they had killed me. They didn't know but I'd jumped overboard, and was hiding behind the canoe. But when they had waited long enough for me to be drowned if I hadn't come up, the wind turned the canoe round so that they could see both sides of it.

"That satisfied them, and they both came jumping out of the bushes to the edge of the water. Such a screeching and yelling with delight you never heard.

"They were both young fellows, and the idea that they had succeeded in killing the man that all their old braves half believed was protected by some magic, just tickled them half to death. A white man's scalp and gun, and that scalp my scalp, and my old double-barrel, to carry back to their village—why, they thought they felt the biggest kind of feathers in their caps already!

"When they got tired of yelling and dancing they took off their powder horns and bullet pouches—about all they had on except their paint and breech-cloths—and laid them on the beach with their rifles. Then they jumped in and swam for the canoe.

"As soon as they reached it, both of 'em climbed into it, and began to look round for their victim. The water was clear as crystal, but just at that place the bottom was covered with water-moss two feet deep; that's why it's such a good place for bass.

"The weight of that rock sunk the dummy so deep into the moss that the Indians could see no sign of it. They looked and looked, and at the same time inspected and jabbered about my hatchet and knife, which I had left aboard when I landed.

"After peering down into the water for a long time, and chattering away in Sioux, one of them took hold of the rope and began to pull up the anchor. I kept my gun on them all the time, and had the best kind of a chance at them while they were peeping into the water, but I knew I'd have as good a pop at them when they pulled up that dummy. I'd rather have let both of them get away than miss seeing their surprise when they clapped their eyes on that.

"Ugh! Ugh! they both grunted, and their knees knocked together so they came nigh falling out of the canoe.

"I didn't mean to kill either one of them, but to save myself from the rest of the tribe it was necessary to wound and capture them. So I drew a bead as close as I could on the shoulder of the biggest one.

"At the crack of my gun both of 'em fell. The one I had hit came slap

down in the canoe, the other fellow jumped head-first into the water before I could get a bead on him with the other barrel.

"I ran down to the beach and watched for the swimmer to come up. My notion was that he would dive and swim for the other shore. I meant to let him have it in the hip whenever he tried to go up the bank. The distance across was about eighty yards of water, and I knew I could hit him when I pleased.

"I could hear the one in the canoe groaning with the pain of the bullet in his shoulder. Sometimes he lifted his head and looked at me. But what had become of the other?

"While I was waiting I jammed a charge into the barrel I had fired. We had no breech-loaders in those days, but I calculate I had a knack of pouring in powder and ramming patch and bullet down as fast as any living man.

"Just as I opened my cap box I saw a black head come up close to the canoe. The unwounded one meant to hide behind the canoe till he could make up his mind what to do. But he came up on the wrong side.

"Next moment he was down again, but in that instant I had fired.

"I missed him on purpose, for I reckoned he would think my double-barrel unloaded by the two shots.

"Next moment I had the cap fairly on the newly-loaded barrel, and up he came with a yell. He laid his two hands on the canoe from behind, and lifted himself in. Next moment he untied the anchor rope, and threw the end over.

"Then he picked up a paddle. I was afraid I'd have to shoot him, but I waited to see what he meant to do. Mind, I didn't want to shoot him less'n I had to; but if I had to, I shouldn't 'a' spent much time cryin' over it.

"Well, sir, if ever there was a brave, that young fellow was one. Instead of



"sow go!"

making off, he came straight ashore at me! You see, he was sure I had not another shot ready.

"He had my hatchet and knife, and I'll be hanged if he wasn't coming ashore to have it out against me with my own weapons.

"When he was within five yards I lifted my gun and put the butt in my shoulder.

"He laughed in ridicule and shoved the canoe ashore. At that instant I didn't see what to do except shoot him; but the other Indian gave a cry from the canoe. He had seen me loading, and his word told the young brave the fix he was in.

"Well, sir, that word and my mercifulness in kind of hesitating about shooting him was nearly the end of me, for the reckless young rascal flung my hatchet so suddenly at my head that I only just managed to dodge it. Next instant he sprang at me with the knife.

"But he jumped straight at the muzzle of my gun, and the force of the blow that he got took the breath out of him. He grabbed himself with both hands and fell forward. Before he could pick himself up I knocked him senseless with the butt of the gun.

"What did I do then? Why, I hauled at my trolling line, and pretty soon it came loose from the dummy. Then I tied the hands of the one I had struck—tied them behind his back—and tied his legs and left him to come to his senses.

"When I went to the other fellow in the canoe I found he had fainted from loss of blood. I lifted him out and tied him so that he could not move in case he should revive while I was off for their guns.

"By the time I came back they had both returned to their senses. I carried the one that I had hit on the head over to where the other one was and explained to them both, as well as I could with my limited command of their language, what I intended to do. Then I put them both into my canoe and made for my cabin.

"Well, sir, I got the bullet out of the wounded redskin and nursed and fed him for more than two weeks before he was able to sit up. Meantime I kept the other one bound firmly with thongs and chains from my traps. I wished I had not felt it necessary to do so, but I knew there was no trusting him.

"As soon as I thought the wounded one was strong enough to stand the trip I put them both in their own canoe, which I had recovered. I gave them enough to eat for a week and placed beside them their rifles, unloaded. I gave them no ammunition, for I did not think I could trust them. Then I cut the thongs that bound the unwounded one.

"Young braves," I said, "go back to your people and tell them the white man is their friend. If Indian does not try to kill white man, white man will not try to kill Indian. Tell your brothers how you tried to murder me and how I treated you. And ask them if they do not believe that a great spirit watches over me. If Indian hunts me Indian leap die. Now go."

"I tell you, Bob, it made me feel good for a week to see the look of joy and hope in the faces of those two young savages. Did I see them again? Yes, and their tribe, too, all good friends of mine after that.

"But it's bedtime, if we're going trolling early in the morning, and I'll tell you the rest another time."—Myron B. Gibson, in Youth's Companion.

THE GLORIOUS MARCH.

Dr. Talmage Tells of the Progress of Christianity.

The World Still Far From Being Up to the Church, the Source of Light to the World—Christ the Great Leader.

Rev. T. Dewitt Talmage, of Brooklyn, continues to delight foreign audiences. In a late sermon at London he took for his subject "The Glorious March," the text being from Solomon's Songs, vi. 10: "Fair as the moon, clear as the sun, and terrible as an army with banners." Dr. Talmage said:

The fragrance of spikenard, the flash of jewels, the fruitfulness of orchards, the luxuriance of gardens, the beauty of Heshbon fish pools, the dew of the night and the splendor of the morning—all contribute to the richness of Solomon's style when he comes to speak of the glory of the church. In contrast with his eulogium of the church, look at the denunciatory things that are said in our day in regard to it. If one stockholder becomes a cheat, does that destroy the whole company? If one soldier be a coward, does that condemn the whole army? And yet there are many in this day so unphilosophic, so illogical, so dishonest, and so unfair as to denounce the entire church of God because there are here and there bad men belonging to it. There are those who say that the church of God is not up to the spirit of the day in which we live; but I have to tell you that, notwithstanding all the swift wheels, and the flying shuttles, and the lightning communications, the world has never yet been able to keep up with the church. As high as God is above man, so high is the church of God higher than all human institutions. From her lamp the best discoveries of the world have been lighted. The best of our inventors have believed in the Christian religion—the Fultons, the Moores, the Whitneys, the Ferrys and the Livingstones. She has owned the best of the telescopes and Leyden jars, and while infidelity and atheism have gone blindfolded among the most startling discoveries that were about to be developed, the earth and the air and the sea have made quick and magnificent responses to Christian philosophers.

The world will not be up to the church of Christ until the day when all merchandise has become honest merchandise and all governments have become free governments and all nations evangelized nations and the last deaf ear of spiritual death shall be broken open by the million voiced shout of nations born in a day. The church that Nebuchadnezzar tried to burn in the furnace and Darius to tear to pieces with the lions and Lord Claverhouse to cut with the sword, has gone on, vading the floods and enduring the fire until the deepest barbarism and the fiercest cruelties and the blackest superstitions have been compelled to look to the east, crying: "Who is she that looketh forth as the morning, fair as the moon, clear as the sun and terrible as an army with banners?"

Yet there are people who are ashamed to belong to the church of Christ and if you ask them whether they are in such associations they say: "Yes, I sometimes attend the church," instead of realizing the fact that there is no honor compared with the honor of being a member of the church of God. I look back with joy to the most honored moment of my life when in the old country meeting house the minister of Christ announced my name as a follower of the Lord.

You are floating about in the world, seeking for better associations, why do you not join yourself to some of the churches? An old sea captain was riding in the cars toward Philadelphia, and a young man sat down beside him. He said: "Young man, where are you going?" "I am going to Philadelphia to live," replied the young man. "Have you letters of introduction?" asked the old captain. "Yes," said the young man, and he pulled some of them out. "Well," said the old sea captain, "haven't you a church certificate?"

"Oh, yes," replied the young man; "I didn't suppose you would want to look at that." "Yes," said the sea captain. "I want to see that. As soon as you get to Philadelphia present it to some Christian church. I am an old sailor and have been up and down in the world and it's my rule as soon as I get into port to fasten my ship fore and aft to the wharf, although it may cost a little wharfage, rather than have my ship out in the stream floating hither and thither with the tide."

O men and women, by the tides of frivolity and worldliness swept this way seeking for associations and for satisfactions for the immortal soul, come into the church of Jesus Christ. Lash fast to her. She is the pillar and the ground of truth. I propose to speak of the threefold glory of the church as it is described in the text.

First, "Fair as the moon." God, who has determined that everything shall be beautiful in its season, has not left the night without charm. The moon rules the night. The stars are only set as gems in her tiara. Sometimes before the sun has gone down the moon mounts the throne, but it is after night-fall that she aways her undisputed scepter over island and continent, river and sea. Under her shining the plainest maple leaves become shivering silver, the lakes from shore to shore look like shining mirrors, and the ocean under her glance with great tides comes up panting upon the beach, mingling, as it were, foam and fire.

Under the vitchery of the moon, the awful steepers lose their ruggedness, and the chasms their terror. The poor man blesses God for throwing so cheap a light through the broken window pane of his cabin, and to the sick it seems like a light from the other shore that bounds this great deep of human pain and woe. If the sun be like a song, full and loud and poured forth from brazen instruments that fill Heaven and earth with harmony, the moon is plaintive and sad, standing beneath the throne of God, sending up her soft,

sweet voice of praise, while the stars listen and the sea! No mother ever more lovingly watched a sick child than this pale watcher of the sky beads over the weary, heart sick, slumbering earth, singing to it silvery music, while it is rocked in the cradle of the spheres.

Now, says my text, "Who is she, fair as the moon?" Our answer is in the church. Like the moon, she is a borrowed light. She gathers up the glory of a Saviour's sufferings, a Saviour's death, a Saviour's resurrection, a Saviour's ascension, and pours that light on palace and dungeon, on squalid heathenism and elaborate skepticism, on widow's tears and martyr's robe of flame, on weeping penitence and loud mouthed scorn.

She is the only institution to-day that gives any light to our world. Into her portals the poor come and get the sympathy of a once pillowless Christ, the bereaved come and see the bottle in which God saves all tears and the captives come, and on the sharp corners of her altars dash off their chains, and the thirsty come and put their cup under the "Rock of Ages," which pours forth from its smitten side living water, sparkling water, crystalline water from under the throne of God and the Lamb. Blessed the bell that calls her worshippers to prayer. Blessed the water in which her members are baptized. Blessed the wine that glows in her sacramental cups. Blessed the songs on which her devotees travel up and the angels of God travel down.

As the moon goes through the midst of the roaring storm clouds unflushed and unharmed, and comes out calm and beautiful on the other side, so the church of God has gone through all the storms of this world's persecution and come out unharmed, no worse for the fact that Robespierre cursed it, and Voltaire caricatured it, and Tom Paine sneered at it, and all the forces of darkness have bombarded it. Not like some baleful comet shooting across the sky, scattering terror and dismay among the nations, but above the long howling night of the world's wretchedness the Christian church has made her mild way, "fair as the moon."

I take a step further in my subject—"Clear as the sun." After a season of storm or fog, how you are thrilled when the sun comes out at noonday! The mists travel up hill above hill, mountain above mountain, until they are sky lost. The forests are full of chirp and buzz and song; honey makers on the log, bird's beak pounding the bark, the chatter of the squirrel on the rail, the call of a hawk out of the clear sky, make you thankful for the sunshine which makes all the world so busy and so glad. The same sun which in the morning kindled conflagrations among the castles of cloud, stoops down to paint the lily white, and the buttercup yellow, and the forget-me-not blue.

What can resist the sun? Light for voyager on the deep; light for shepherds guarding the flocks afield; light for the poor who have no lamps to burn; light for the downcast and the weary; light for aching eyes and burning brain and consuming captive; light for the smooth brow of childhood and the dim vision of the octogenarian; light for queen's coronet and sewing girl's needle.

Let there be light. Now, says my text: "Who is she that looketh forth clear as the sun?" Our answer is, the church. You have been going along a road before daybreak, and on one side you thought you saw a lion, and on the other side you thought you saw a goblin of the darkness, but when the sun came out you found these were harmless apparitions. And it is the great mission of the church of Jesus Christ to cast forth "clear as the sun," to illumine all earthly darkness, to explain, as far as possible, all mystery, and to make the world radiant in its brightness; and that which you thought was an aroused lion is found out to be a slumbering lamb; and the sepulchral gates of Heaven; and that which you supposed was a flaming sword to keep you out of Paradise, is an angel of light to beckon you in.

The lamps on her altars will cast their glow on your darkest pathway, and cheer you until, far beyond the need of lantern or lighthouse, you are safely anchored within the veil. O, sun of the church! shine on until there is no sorrow to soothe, no tears to wipe away, no shackles to break, no more souls to be redeemed. Ten thousand hands of sin have attempted to extinguish the lamps on her altars, but they are quenched; and to silence her pulpits, but the thunder would leap and the lightning would flame.

The church of God will yet come to full meridian, and in that day all the mountains of the world will be sacred mountains, touched with the glory of calvary, and all streams will flow by the mount of God like cool Siloam, and all lakes be radiant with gospel memories like Gennesaret, and all islands of the sea be crowned with apocalyptic visions like Patmos, and all the cities be sacred as Jerusalem, and all gardens luxuriant as Paradise, with God walking in the cool of the day. Then the chorals of grace will drown out all the anthems of earth. Then the throne of Christ will overtop all earthly authority. Then the crown of Jesus will outflame all other coronets. Sin destroyed. Death dead. Hell defeated. The church triumphant. All the darkness of sin, all the darkness of trouble, all the darkness of earthly mystery, being themselves to their dens. "Clear as the sun! clear as the sun!"

Further, "Terrible as an army with banners." I take one more step in this subject and say that if you were placed for the defense of a feeble town, and a great army were seen coming over the hills with flying ensigns, then you would be able to get some idea of the terror that will strike the hearts of the enemies of God when the church at last marches on like "an army with banners."

You know there is nothing that excites a soldier's enthusiasm so much as an old flag. Many a man almost dead, catching a glimpse of the national ensign, has sprung to his feet, and started again to the battle. Now, my friends, I don't want you to think of the church of Jesus Christ as a defeated institution, as the victim of infidel sar-

casm, something to be kicked and cuffed and trampled on through all the ages of the world. It is "an army with banners." It has an inscription and colors such as never stirred the hearts of any earthly soldiery. We have our banner of recruit, and on it is inscribed: "Who is on the Lord's side?" Our banner of defiance, and on it is inscribed: "The gates of hell shall not prevail against us." Our banner of triumph, and on it is inscribed: "Victory through our Lord Jesus Christ!" and we mean to plant that banner on every hill top and wave it at the gates of Heaven.

With Christ to lead us we need not fear. I will not underrate the enemy. They are a tremendous host. They come on with acutest strategy. Their weapons by all the inhabitants of darkness have been forged in furnaces of everlasting fire. We contend not with flesh and blood, but with principalities and powers and spiritual wickedness in high places; but if God be for us, who can be against us? Come on, ye troops of the Lord! Fall into line! Close up the ranks! On, through burning sands and over frozen mountain tops, until the whole earth surrenders to God. He made it; He redeemed it; He shall have it. They shall not be trampled with hoofs, they shall not be cut with sabres, they shall not be crushed with wheels, they shall not be cloven with battle-axes, but the marching and the onset and the victory will be none the less decisive for that.

With Christ to lead us, and Heaven to look down upon us, and angels to guard us, and martyr spirits to bend from their thrones, and the voice of God to bid us forward into the combat, our enemies shall fly like chaff in the whirlwind, and all the towers of Heaven ring because the day is ours. I divide this army with banners into two wings—the American wing and the European wing. The American wing will march on across the winds of the wilds of the west, over the tablelands, and come to the ocean, no more stopped by the Pacific than the Israelites were stopped by the Red sea, marching on until the remaining walls of China will fall before this army with banners, and old Siberia will be turned to the warm heart of Christ, and over lofty Himalayan peaks shall go this army with banners until it halts at Palestine.

The European wing will march out to meet it, and Spanish superstition shall be overcome, and French infidelity shall be conquered; and over the Alps, with more than Hannibal's courage, shall march that army with banners, and up through the snows of Russia, vaster in multitude than the hosts that followed Napoleon into the conflict. And Hungary and Poland, by the blood of their patriots and by the blood of Christ, shall at last be free. And crossing into Asia, the law shall again be proclaimed on Sinai, and Christ in the person of his ministers will again preach on Olivet, and pray in Gethsemane and exhibit his love on Calvary. And then the army will halt in front of the other wing, the twin having conquered all the earth for God.

History tells us that one day the armies of Xerxes shouted all at once and the vociferation was so mighty that the birds flying through the air dropped as though they were dead. O, what a shout of triumph when all the armies of earth and all the armies of heaven shall celebrate the victory of our King—all at once and all together: "Hallelujah! for the Lord God omnipotent reigneth. Hallelujah! for the kingdoms of this world have become the kingdoms of our Lord Jesus Christ."

When the Prussian army came back from the war they were received in 1866 at the gates of Berlin and a choir stood above the gates and as the first regiment advanced and came to the gates the choir, in music, asked them what right they had to enter there. And then the first regiment, in song, replied, telling over the stories of their conflicts and their victories. Then they marched in and all the city was full of gladness and triumph. But, O, the greater joy when the army with banners shall come up to the gates of our King!

It will be choir to choir, music to music, hosanna to hosanna, hallelujah to hallelujah. Lift up your heads, ye everlasting gates, and let them come in. Then will be spread the banquet of eternal victory, and the unfallen ones of Heaven will sit at it, and all the ransomed of earth will come in and celebrate the jubilee, with unfading conquests. All the walls of that celestial mansion will be agitter with shields won in victorious battle, and adorned with the banners of God that were carried in front of the host. Harp shall tell to harp the heroism in which the conquerors won their palm, and the church that day will sit queen at the banquet. Her wanderings over, her victories gained, Christ shall rise up to introduce her to all the nations of Heaven; and as she pulls aside her veil and looks upon the face of her Lord the King, Christ shall exclaim: "This is she that looketh forth as the morning, fair as the moon, clear as the sun, and terrible as an army with banners."

About Even. American Eagle—That roaring of yours every time you hold an election makes me tired.

British Lion—How did you get that sore eye, and that lame wing, and all those tail feathers singed, and half your claws torn off?

American Eagle (with dignity)—Celebrating the Fourth of July, sir.—Chicago Tribune.

Heartless Birdie. Gus De Smith—Miss Birdie, if you refuse to be my wife I shall do something desperate. I shall take a pistol and shoot myself.

Birdie—Dear me, how dreadful it would be if the bullet were to hit somebody else.—Texas Sittings.

Looked Up to by Every One.—Wagg—"Do you see that man? I suppose he is the most looked up to man in this city." Hownow—"I want to know! Who is he?" Wagg—"Why he is the man who goes up in a balloon and comes down with a parachute.—Boston Courier.