

### Setting Bull.

Sitting Bull was not the inspiration of the great victory won by the Sioux. Up to this time he had no real claims as a war chief. Eleven days before the fight there was a "sun-dance." His own people have since told us these particulars, and the best story-teller among them was that bright-faced squaw of Tatonska-he-gie-ska—Spotted Horn Bull—who accompanied the party on their eastern trip. She is own cousin to Sitting Bull, and knows whereof she speaks. The chief had a trance and vision, writes Captain Charles King in Harper's Magazine. Solemnly he assured his people that within a few days they would be attacked by a vast force of white soldiers, but that the Sioux should triumph over them; and when the Crows and Crook's command appeared on the 17th it was a partial redemption of his promise.

Wary scouts saw Reno's column turning back down the Rosebud after discovering the trail, and nothing, they judged, would come from that quarter. All around Crook's camp on Goose Creek the indications were that the "Gray Fox" was simply waiting for more soldiers before he would again venture forth. Sitting Bull had no thought of a new attack for days to come, when, early on the morning of the 25th, two Cheyenne Indians who had started eastward at dawn came dashing back to the bluffs, and waving their blankets, signalled "White soldiers—beeps—coming quick." Instantly all was uproar and confusion.

Of course women and children had to be hurried away, the great herds of ponies gathered in, and the warriors assembled to meet the coming foe. Even as the chiefs were hastening to the council lodge there came a crash of rapid volleys from the south. It was Reno's attack—an attack from a new and utterly unexpected quarter—and this, with the news that Long Hair was thundering down the ravine across the stream, was too much for Sitting Bull. Hurriedly gathering his household about him, he lashed his pony to the top of his speed, and fled westward for safety. Miles he galloped before he dare stop for breath. Behind him he could hear the roar of battle, and on he would have sped but for the sudden discovery that one of his twin children was missing. Turning, he was surprised to find the spring dying away soon ceasing altogether. In half an hour more he managed to get back to camp, where the missing child was found, but the battle had been won without him. Without him the Blackfeet and Un. capapas had repelled Reno and penned him on the bluffs. Without him the Ogalallas, Brules, and Cheyennes had turned back Custer's daring assault, then rushed forth and completed the death-gripping circle in which he was held. Again had Crazy Horse been foremost in the fray, riding in and braining the bewildered soldiers with his heavy war club. Fully had his vision been realized but—Sitting Bull was not there.

For a long time it was claimed for him by certain sycophantic followers that from the council lodge he directed the battle; but it would not do. When the old binner was finally starved out of her majesty's territory, and came in to accept the terms accorded him, even his own people could not keep straight faces when questioned as to the cause of the odd names given those twins—"The-One-That-Was-Taken" and "The-One-That-Was-Left." Finally it all leaked out, and now "none so poor as to do him reverence."

Of course it was his rule to assume all the airs of a conqueror, to be insolent and defiant to the "High Joint commission," sent the following winter to beg him to come home and be good; but the claims of Tatonska-e-Yotanka to the leadership in the greatest victory his people ever won are mere vapors, to be classed with the boastings of dozens of chiefs who were scattered over the northern reservations during the next few years. Rain-in-the-Face used to brag by the hour that he killed Custer with his own hand, but the other Indians laughed at him. Gall, of the Uncapapas, Spotted Eagle, Kill Eagle, Lame Deer, Lone Wolf, and all the varieties of Bears and Bulls were probably leading spirits in the battle, but the man who more than all others seems to have won the admiration of his fellows for skill and daring throughout that stirring campaign, and especially on that bloody day, is he who so soon after met his death in a desperate effort to escape from Crook's guards, the warrior Crazy Horse.

### A Weather Reservoir.

Washington Star: It will sooner or later become a meteorological and well-known fact that somewhere in the northwest there is a great weather wave reservoir, where the waves are stored ready for use. This reservoir is undoubtedly on a: both ends, with the lid off and the bottom out, so that its contents are exposed to the rigors of the winter and the fervor summer, and whenever a slight breeze arises the wave that is ripe issues and comes sweeping down upon a defenseless community. In winter it is a "cold wave," so called by scientists, and in summer it is a "hot wave," of course. What we need is an exploring party to discover and capture this reservoir and put it away in our nation weather bureau drawer, where we can use its contents in we desire, after they have been out to fit the season.

### Decline of Pugilism.

It is a sorrowful fact—at least some queerly constructed people may deem it so—but nevertheless it is true that prize fighting and prize fighters have seen their best days in the Empire city, says the Philadelphia Inquirer's New York Letter.

It is only a few seasons ago that they were the admired of all admirers. They were the stars of one hundred sporting houses and ruled a little world of their own, but now there are none so poor to do him reverence. The fault lies entirely within themselves. The moment they prosper they become ugly, patronizing, drunken and disreputable. Sullivan was the worst of the entire crowd. He had not one, but five headquarters in New York, in each of which he displayed a signal ability for becoming inebriated, insulting and using the most horrible billingsgate. He was followed, though at a considerable distance, by the other pugs who make a living not by the sweat of their brow, but by their clenched fists. The outcome is very palpable to every man-about town. Instead of wearing broadcloth and fine linen, the average fighter is now attired in the plainest and cheapest clothes. Where champagne was formerly not too good for him, he is now only too glad to get beer. In the saloon on the Bowery kept by Steve Bordie, the bridge jumper, there is a rear room which contains a ring and all the paraphernalia of fistiana. Not long ago the cost of a fight to order was not less than \$200. Today you can have a fierce and bloody ring display for \$25, and even then you make enemies of half a dozen hard-up boxers who consider themselves slighted at the employment of the two or four whom you have engaged. At Kelly's, which is a Sixth avenue saloon on the corner of Thirty-first street, owned and kept by the famous ten thousand-dollar beauty of the Boston baseball club, times are equally hard. The few fighters who do come in are poorly dressed, dirty, hungry and thirsty. They lounge around and loaf away their evenings in the hope that some wealthy swell will engage them for a parlor fight in his own home. Most of these pugilistic artists have bowed to the inevitable end have become bouncers, "special detectives" or "private deputy sheriffs" in saloons, hotels and summer watering places. There are three scores of them at Bath, Coney Island, Rockaway, South Beach, Glen Island and Jowery Bay beach. It must be confessed that they keep these famous resorts in a more orderly condition than was ever known to their histories.

### This Old Man Keeps Score.

A familiar figure in a down-town beany, where one finds no more elaborate menu than is comprised in such utterance as "Ham and!" "Draw one!" "Three sinkers!" is an old man with white hair and a certain something about him that suggests better days. This person generally makes his appearance in his favorite haunt about noon and sits there until 6 o'clock in the afternoon. He always has a pencil in his hand and a piece of paper before him on the table, or which he occasionally jots down a memorandum. Every now and then he chatters earnestly to himself. Many a customer has had his curiosity so far aroused that he has appealed to the proprietor for an explanation of the old fellow's mysterious conduct.

He learns that the mysterious habitue is an old Bostonian whose children live in New York and support their father. The old man used to be wealthy, but lost his fortune and his mind together some years ago.

His favorite amusement is to sit all day as described noting the orders as they are given by the patrons of the restaurant. Every time "pork and Boston" is the order he scores one for his native town, and when the toothsome bean is ordered New York tries he also reluctantly jots down the fact.

The proprietor says that he can always tell how the orders have run during the day, because when orders for "pork and Boston" have been in the majority the old man goes home with a satisfied air and a pleasant word at the desk, while when the case is reversed he goes out with a troubled face and muttering angrily to himself.—New York Herald.

### Diamonds Increasing in Value.

"Diamonds are nearly a third dearer than they were a year ago," says a Boston dealer, "and if the indications can be relied upon they are going still higher. I have been in the trade for a good many years and have handled three or four bushels of the 'sparks,' but during all my experience I have never known a time when diamonds were in greater favor than now. It seems as if everybody has a penchant for them. Why, I know a hundred young men in town whose salaries are not above \$15 a week who wear stones averaging in cost all the way from \$50 to \$100. They buy them on the installment plan."—Boston Herald.

### At Home.

Kosciusko Murphy: "I understand, Miss Esmeralda that your brother Tom is becoming an artist. Does he draw well?"  
Esmeralda: "I reckon so. He drew a turkey at a raffie one day last week."—Texas Sittings.

### Prominent People.

During neither of President Harrison's visits to Boston was wine offered to him at any of the public dinners.

Modjeska is an accomplished musician. Her home is up in Santiago canyon, fifteen miles from Santa Ana.

Brigham Young's youngest daughter has announced her intention of entering on a lecture tour shortly. Her subject will be Mormonism.

Mrs. Elizabeth Peabody, who first brought to this country from Germany the kindergarten method of teaching children, is still living in Boston.

The Comte de Paris has had all his belongings moved from France into England, which is an indication that he considers all hopes of a monarchial restoration at an end.

John D. Rockefeller, the millionaire president of the Standard oil company, has denied the report that he is to endow with \$20,000,000 a national university in the city of New York.

The brother of Princess Dolgorouki, morganatic wife of the late Czar Alexander II, denies that his sister intends publishing her memoirs, alleged excerpts from which already appeared in print.

It is the boast of Mrs. John Wanamaker that there is a living plant in every room of her Philadelphia house. The postmaster general's love of nature is the source of these bits of living green.

Dr. George Wisley, a native Korean, has made application to be registered as a practicing physician in Philadelphia. He has a diploma from a Chinese medical college and from St. Petersburg, Russia.

Mr. and Mrs. Kendal have purchased for their next American tour a new act piece which contains a strong part for Mrs. Kendal. The new piece will not be played in England before it is seen in the United States.

William Black is about to start on a yachting cruise to the Levant and the Crimea, and he will also visit Tangier, Syracuse, Constantinople, Sebastopol, Balaklava and Malta in order to get material and local coloring for the novel on which he is engaged.

John Brown, son of John Brown of Harper's Ferry fame, lives quietly at Put-in-Bay, O., where he cultivates a small vineyard and fruit farm. He is an old man now, having been one of the prominent persons in the stirring period in which his father figured.

General Adolph Meyer, democratic nominee for congress in the First Louisiana district, is a native of New Orleans and of Jewish parents. He was educated at the university of Virginia and served in the confederate army. His wife is a sister of ex-Senator Jonas.

Sir Edwin Arnold no longer intends to revisit America, as he has parted with the American rights of "The Light of the World" to Mr. Harry Deaken of Yokohama. He will leave Japan shortly for Siam, gradually working his way back across Asia to England, which he expects to reach about May.

Murat Halstead is a shining type of the working journalist. Every morning he is at the Standard-Union office in Brooklyn by 8 o'clock, and sometimes earlier. A dozen pencils have been sharpened for him, and he throws off his coat and plunges into work without any fussy preliminaries. He writes steadily until 1:30 p. m. The result is over half a page of strong, yet graceful expression of editorial opinions. Then Mr. Halstead writes a column—often a two column—letter to his Cincinnati paper.

Mrs. Harrison, according to a Cape May correspondent, is strongly averse to leaving Cape May point for Cresson. She finds the "White house cottage" thoroughly comfortable, the air beneficial and the surroundings on the whole quite to her taste. It is therefore not improbable that she will remain until "the leaves begin to turn," and allow Mrs. McKee and Mrs. Russell Harrison to represent her at Cresson Springs. Mrs. Harrison will lead her patronage to several philanthropic movements during the next week.

### An Honored Woman.

Miss Concordia Lofving, the Swedish authoress, is vice-president of the Society for the Promotion of Good, whose aim is to insure by the formation of agricultural colonies the physical and moral welfare of outcast or uncared for children. The authorities of the University in Paris lately granted her the use of the great amphitheatre of the Sorbonne (never before opened to a private person) for a lecture explaining the need and the merits of her system. For her volume on "Physical Education and its Place in a System of National Education," Miss Lofving has received a medal from the distinguished minister of public instruction in France.—Harper's Bazar.

William Mason of Bluehill Village, Me. thinks he has a gold mine on his farm. He keeps ducks, and the ducks spend most of their time in a certain newly-deepened pool of water not far from the farm-house. Several ducks killed this winter have had bits of gold in their crops, and William thinks this rich food comes from the pool, so he is going to dig it out this spring.

### A Bit of Romance.

Chief Engineer James A. Hamilton, of the British steamer Castlegate, relates a bit of romance about his wife and himself which will be interesting to the people of Cambridge, Md., where Mrs. Hamilton lived up to about two years ago. The young engineer and his wife were playmates in Edinburgh, Scotland, and when they got to be man and woman Cupid had kindled a tender feeling between them. But Mr. Hamilton went off to sea, and in his roaming about the world he forgot the maiden in Scotland, and that she ceased to think of him is shown by the fact that one day about ten years ago Miss Lizzie Kerr (that was her name then) married a young physician, Dr. Edward Graham, who had been Hamilton's rival for the lady's favor in boyhood. The young doctor had settled in Cambridge, and after going back to Scotland and getting his bride he resumed his practice there. About two years and a half ago he died, and the widow returned to Scotland. On going home to Edinburgh one day at the end of a long absence Mr. Hamilton found his old sweetheart there. Their love revived and "so they were married" one day in May, 1889.—Baltimore Sun.

### Discharging a Man.

Discharging a man for any cause is a duty that most employers dislike, says the Pittsburgh Dispatch. To get around the disagreeable part of this obligation some men resort to subterfuge more or less amiable. For instance, a certain firm in New York had a letter form which it always used when bouncing had to be done. Here it is:

"Dear Sir: The condition of our business will not permit us to avail ourselves of your valuable services after next Saturday. Blank & Co."

Another large employer of labor told me not long ago that he never discharged an employe.

"What, never?" I inquired.  
"Never," he repeated. "I always ask a man to resign, and if he doesn't resign I resign from the place of paymaster."

That reminded me of a foreman in a factory who was so soft-hearted that he never could bring himself to fire a man in so many words. When it became necessary to get rid of a hand he used to send for the victim and address him thus: "I'm sorry, Wilhelm, but I lays you off for awhile."

"How long for?" is the usual rapone.  
"Oh! I don't know—maybe six months—maybe a year—or two years or ten years—I don't know!"

### Cure for Consumption.

A Missouri correspondent sends the Youth's Companion some professional but sensible suggestions upon a topic of deep and general interest.

"The article on 'Cure for Consumption' in a late number of the Companion recalls the fact already passing away from all memories that before the railroads were built across the plains, it was a common thing for consumptives as a last resort to take the overland journey in ox carts, and that the experiment was often successful, sometimes to all seeming miraculously so.

"Today thousands try the trip by rail way, and suddenly arriving on the coast, in a climate most fatal to consumptives, a climate whose natives have as much consumption as people have anywhere, are loud in their expressions of disappointment.

"It is easy to see why the old method was so favorable to a cure. No region has less of consumption than that formerly called the plains. For 600 miles west of northwest Missouri or western Iowa, where the elevation is about 1,000 feet, the elevation increases nearly ten feet to the mile; the air is pure, dry and thin, and is constantly in motion.

"The old-time wayfarers started in wagons, with comfortable covers for use when necessary. Their whole life was passed out of doors. The journey was a slow one. The voice was exercised in calling to the oxen. The travelers often walked slowly along behind their wagons, laughing, talking and singing. About mid-afternoon they made a halt, prepared their suppers and let their team forage and rest till morning, when after breakfast, they started on. Sometimes they halted for days at favorite places, resting and amusing themselves or making needed repairs.

"Who cannot see that the case is hopeless indeed for which such a life does not work a cure? Now when the people go west, if they do not take the cars they have carriages and horses and spin along, stopping at hotels. It needs the slow going teams, the occasional walking and talking, the out door cooking and sleeping.

"In days long before the railway had ever reached the Missouri river the writer lived where he had the opportunity of seeing numbers of far gone consumptives starting on such journeys. Many of them he saw return cured, and he heard of many more.

"It is not necessary to go far as the mountains. Today one can journey all throughout central Kansas and Nebraska and find settlements wherever he may like to halt. Why doctors persist in sending patients to the south or to the Pacific coast, where no disease is more common or native to the soil than consumption, and why they send them in close, stuffy Pullmans, are among the mysteries. Long live the ox team!"

### Causes of Poverty.

Edward Atkinson, the political economist, on being asked by the N. Y. World on the causes of poverty said, concisely, "Ignorance and incapacity." Chauncey Depew replied as follows:

"There are a good many causes of poverty," he said, after reflecting a moment, "and they are by no means perfectly clear. There are hundreds of men whom I have helped, and am helping continually. They seem to be utterly unable to earn a living for themselves. I never could discover why. They have had the same advantages and opportunities as I have had.

"Lack of self-confidence is often the cause of failure. Many men seem to have no faith in themselves, consequently no assertiveness, no independence, no pluck, and no push. They seem to be afraid to stand up and speak for themselves, and prefer to lean on others. Poverty in such cases is inevitable.

"Another cause of poverty very prevalent in this country to day is that many young men are wanting in decision and fixity of purpose. If they get into a good place at the start they should stick to it, knowing that by perseverance, industry, and ability they win promotion in due course as vacancies occur. But they see or hear of some one making a fortune in Wall street or in ranching or mining, and they go to try their luck. When they lose, as they do in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, that is the end of them; they can never settle down to ordinary ways of earning a living after that, and their descent is rapid.

"It is the greater cause of poverty: it is the cause of more poverty than all the other causes put together. When a man drinks to excess he lets go of everything. He loses his position and is unable to secure other employment. A drunkard can not be trusted with work or responsibility. He and those dependent upon him, if he has a family, become paupers. They have to be helped, first by the neighbors and then by the town. In my own personal experience I have known about fifty thousand men who have been ruined by rum. These causes account for the failure of men who are willing to work, but are unable to secure and keep regular employment. There is a vast amount of poverty caused by men who would rather loaf than work. When a man finds his mission in the world he should remain constant to it and not leave one trade or business to engage in another for which he may be unfitted. Poverty often results from such aimlessness. But the lazy man is always a poor man."

### Victor Hugo's Granddaughter.

Jeanne Hugo's is just about twenty years of age. She is a pretty and stylish blond and has had a good deal of social success since her debut in society, which took place two years ago, says a Paris letter to the St. Louis Post-Dispatch. She has one fault, however—she is addicted to tight lacing, a habit which rather spoils the grace of her carriage. She was the idol of her illustrious grandfather, who used to spend hours in watching at her bedside whenever she was ill, a contingency that not infrequently happened. For in her early childhood Jeanne was a very delicate little creature. Victor Hugo had at one time a vision for his darling of an alliance rendered impossible at that time by the youth of the parties, and there is no doubt that had his life been spared some five or six years longer he would have tried to carry out his project. Mrs. John W. Mackay was presented to him about a year before his death, and he was so charmed with the beauty and grace and intelligence of his fair visitor that he remarked afterwards to a gentleman (by whom I was told of the incident): "If my little Jeanne had been only a few years older I should have endeavored to arrange a marriage between her and Mrs. Mackay's eldest son, particularly if the young gentleman resembles his mother."

### Henry Ward Beecher's Love for Gems.

Henry Ward Beecher was very fond of gems of all kinds and was a constant purchaser. I don't know that he had any special superstition regarding them, but he loves them as one may love any beautiful thing. To him they meant something more than mere adornment. They represented not so much money value as artistic merit. And that, by the way, is always true of your genuine gem lover. Anything like ostentation or display is hateful to him.—New York Letter.

### Took Captain's Cattle's Advice.

Somerville Journal: "Now, see here my friend, I want you to pay that bill," said one citizen vigorously to another. "All right," said the second citizen. "I'll make a note of it."  
And he did, at 6 per cent, for ninety days.

### Stinging Report.

Widower (who has presented to Miss Keene a heart shaped pendant for her queen chain)—Now if you will allow me to give you a watch, you will have me, heart and hand.  
Miss Keene—Thank you. I'd rather have a second hand. Jewelers Weekly.

### Good Farms in Virginia

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### Left-Leggedness.

A paper under this title has recently been read before an English scientific association, by a physician who says that man generally characterized as a right-handed animal is also popularly supposed to be right-legged. The theory is, however, as he maintains, not supported by fact. When a man is standing, and is working with the right hand, there is a tendency to use the left leg for balance.

Many persons find it easier to go round circles to the right than to the left. Race-courses are almost always made for running in circles to the right, and it will be noticed that the majority of movements, like dancing and running, are more readily performed in that direction.

The general rule in walking is that of keeping to the right, and it appears to have a foundation in nature. Of a large number of intelligent people who were asked about the existence of this rule, only sixty-seven per cent. among men and fifty-three per cent. among women were aware of it. This supports the fact that it is unconsciously obeyed.

All crowds tend to bear toward the right. The left leg being stronger, it is more readily brought into action, and for this reason, troops start with the left foot. It is the foot which is placed in the stirrup of a saddle, or the step of a bicycle, in mounting, and is that upon which a man rests in making a jump.

In a series of experiments made by bandaging the eyes of boys, and then telling them to "walk straight," the right-handed ones diverged to the right, and the left-handed ones to the left. In short, all the evidence thus far obtained by this writer tends to prove that man, being either naturally or artificially right-handed and left-legged, tends unconsciously to bear to the right, while the lower animals, on the other hand, appear nearly always to circle to the left.

These are at present but curious speculations, and it may be that the author of the theory is too much occupied in finding facts to support it to see those which teach the reverse of his doctrine. Certainly the left legs of all right-handed persons are not the stronger. Right-handed men and boys kick a foot-ball with the right foot, do they not.—Youth's Companion.

### The Iowa Meteor.

Jens Johnson, traveling agent of the Northern Pacific, has brought to St. Paul several specimens of the famous meteor picked up from the spot where it fell, twelve miles from Forest City, Ia. The specimens out-charcoal charcoal in blackness where they have been exposed to the air, and the inner substance is a steely gray. The wonderful thing about them is their weight. Though undoubtedly metallic, the specimens are remarkably light for their size, about one-quarter as heavy as an ordinary pebble of correlative proportions. As will be remembered, one piece, the largest found, weighed 110 pounds and was purchased by Professor Winchell, of Minneapolis, for \$105. But the professor only reached Forest City with his prize. He bought it from Peter Hogan, who found it on a farm of which he is the lessee. The owner of the farm has sued Hogan to gain possession of the huge air traveler, and the specimen is held until the decision of the suit.—St. Paul Pioneer Press.

### Stanley's Austrian Admirer.

One day an Austrian enthusiast called and sent in a polite note asking Stanley to fix a time when he might bring forty of his compatriots with him, all anxious for the opportunity of shaking him by the hand. This astute gentleman accompanied his request by a very handsomely mounted cigar case as a souvenir. This elegant little present obtained for the preserving stranger a brief interview for himself, but the hand shaking of his forty friends could not possibly be entertained.—Edward Marston in Scribner's.

### Walked Across the River in a Kettle.

As a sirup maker was peacefully preparing for work among the maples he became aware that Indians were stealing upon him, and were already in possession of his canoe. Whatever was to be done had to be done quickly and frontiers wit was equal to the emergency. Snatching up his deep kettle he inverted it over his head and boldly waded into the river. The inverted kettle acted, of course, as a diving bell, and with his head in this air chamber he walked across the river, which in the middle was many feet over his head to the utter amazement of the Indians.—Philadelphia Times.

### A Female Nihilist.

There is a real, live Nihilist in New York. It is Mrs. Ratner, and she has just been released from a Siberian prison three months ago. Her husband is there still, with two other men, to serve. The government confiscated her property, and when he was released she shipped him to Siberia. Mrs. Ratner will live in Wichita, Kan., where her husband will join her when he is released.—Exchange.