

SHORT STORIES.

AN INDIAN'S GLASS WAGON.

The Osage as a people are the richest on earth. From the interest on the money which the United States borrowed from them as a nation and from the rental of their grass lands, the Osage, men, women and children, collect about \$10 each every three months. The Osage, therefore, are very fond of large families, and it is to the material interest of every Indian to have as many children as possible. In this case every new child does not represent another mouth to feed, but another source of income. The father, on pay day, collects from the government paymaster the money coming to the family, and this often amounts to a considerable sum. The Indian has never fully realized the value of money—it comes too easily. When he gets his funds he goes around and pays his debts, for he is always given credit by the "traders," and he settles his accounts because he will shortly need credit again until pay day comes around once more. With the money he has left over he buys anything that takes his fancy and sometimes he makes remarkable and ludicrous purchases. An Osage, who had missed pay day until he had accumulated riches beyond his most extravagant dreams, went to Coffeyville, in southern Kansas, one day, with his pockets bulging with money. He shopped around in the stores, buying everything he fancied, until he had accumulated a larger load than his pony could carry. He was wandering among the streets, wondering how he would transport it to his home, when he saw a large black wagon with glass sides standing in front of a store. He looked at it wistfully for some time, examined the horses and harness and wagged his head in an appreciative manner. The undertaker, who had observed him, came out. "How much?" asked the Indian. The undertaker, for a joke, named a price. The Indian, who had never seen a wagon, took the money, mounted the box of the horse and drove away before the undertaker could remonstrate. And now Mr. Indian comes to town in style, with his squaw beside him on the seat and the inside of the horse's body, two lively little ponies, who look through the glass sides of their strange carriage. The hearse also does service when the Indian comes to town with a load of wheat, which looks very nice through the glass sides. It is not every man, Indian or white, who has the good sense to buy a wagon with transparent glassboards.

THE IOWA'S CLOSE CALL.

Captain Robley D. Evans of the battleship Iowa is authority for the story that had not Admiral Cervera made his disastrous sortie on July 3 the battleship Iowa and its crew would have gone to destruction in the harbor. Captain Evans told the story to a friend while traveling recently from Cincinnati to Washington. "Only luck prevented the destruction of the Iowa," said the captain. "The General Shafter made an appeal to the department at Washington for help on the part of the fleet. He desired that the fleet enter the harbor and create a disturbance, thus diverting the attention and preventing further slaughter of the Americans when the city was taken. Orders were sent that a battleship enter the harbor and a consultation was held. It was decided that the Iowa should enter the harbor the morning of July 4. Captain Evans told the officials that if they told him to go, of course he would go, but it meant the destruction of the Iowa and every man aboard. "I know the harbor to a dot," he said. "I have been there many times. The passage which reminds one of a letter 8, he said: "Right there," pointing with his pencil about the middle of the letter, "the guns of the enemy, 160 feet above the water, bear directly upon this point; the guns have an accurate range and when my ship reaches that range and when my ship reaches that range, I will be a roddy to the Iowa and Bob Evans." There was another consultation, and Evans was ordered to prepare to enter the harbor the morning of July 4. The Spanish fleet left the harbor the morning before, Cervera preventing the sacrifice by making his final dash for liberty. The Iowa was to send one man with the Merrimac's party, and Captain Evans lined up the men for the purpose of securing volunteers. The clerk of the ship called 150 names and each man responded. "Here I am; send me," Captain Evans remarked that he could not send the whole crew. "Who does not want to go?" he asked. There was no answer. "Well, boys, some of you fellows got to die. Murphy, step out here. You too, McLean." Taking a penny from his pocket he said: "Murphy, you're heads. McLean, you're tails. If it comes down heads you go, Murphy. If it comes down tails, you are to die, McLean." "I'll give you \$50 for your chance to go," said McLean. Murphy shook his head. The penny was flipped and it came down heads. "I'll give you \$100 for your chance," said McLean. Murphy only smiled and shook his head. "I'll give you \$150 cash," said McLean excitedly. Murphy shook his head again, and McLean burst into tears and sobbed like a child, then was led back to the ranks.

AN AUSTRIAN SURPRISE.

Captain Taylor gives an amusing account in the Century of his interview with an Austrian lieutenant who had boarded the Indiana immediately after the fight at Santiago. He was in full uniform, with a brilliant display of medals, a gold and white waistcoat and trousers. He found us covered with the smoke and dust of battle, groups of half-naked men lining up to salute him as he passed, their faces streaked with powder smoke and coal dust. He reached us on the bridge dully in a state of polite bewilderment, and presented his captain's request for permission to pass through our blockading lines and bring out from Santiago Austrian refugees desiring to leave that besieged town. Later referring him to Admiral Sampson, and telling him that he would find some distance to the westward he asked for news, and I told him we had just come out of action with Cervera's squadron. He showed great surprise and said: "Then there has been a battle?" "Yes," I replied. "And the result?" he asked eagerly. "We have defeated them." "But where is the Cervera's fleet now?" he inquired. "His flagship, the Maria Teresa, is in the bay," I answered, pointing at the same time, to the beach a few miles distant. "But I see nothing but some smoke." "It is the smoke of the Teresa burning."

ing. Lieutenant, she is a wreck upon the beach." He was silent, and I continued. "Close to her on the beach you will see another column of smoke; that is the Osage, burning. On this side nearer to us, is the Pluton, sunk in the breakers, and the Furor is near her, but she is on the bottom in deep water, and is not visible." "But," he interrupted, "you have then destroyed half those splendid vessels of Cervera's?" "Walt, Lieutenant," I continued, "and look a few miles further to the westward and you will see another column of smoke; that is the Viscaya, on the beach near Aserraderos. As to the Colon she is still further to the westward, and she is out of sight from here, but you will see her presently as your captain steers in that direction to find Admiral Sampson, who is at the end of our line." His eyes ranged along the shore as I pointed out the different vessels. "Mein Gott!" he exclaimed. "Then you have destroyed the whole of that splendid squadron? I did not think it possible." "After a moment more of silent astonishment," he said, with a polite sympathy which concealed eager professional curiosity. "And your injuries, captain? What losses has the American squadron sustained?" "None," I replied. "But, Captain, you do not understand it. It was a case of what ships lost or disabled—that I ask." "None, Lieutenant," I said. "The Indiana was struck twice, suffered no injury, no loss. The other ships are virtually in the same condition. We are all so perfectly ready for another battle—as much so as before Cervera came out this morning." His astonishment was now complete. "Mein Gott!" he exclaimed again. "Admiral Sampson's fleet has destroyed these great Spanish ships, and with only a few minor casualties. Sir, it is unheard of. I must go to inform my captain."

HE DELIVERED THEM.

A young village postmaster was hard at work when a gentle tap was heard at the door, and in stepped a bashful maiden of sixteen, with a money order, which she desired to cash. She handed it to the official with a bashful smile, and he, after closely examining it, handed her the money it called for. At the same time he asked her if she had read what was written on the margin of the order. "No, I have not," she replied, "for I cannot make it out. Will you please read it for me?" The young postmaster read as follows: "Send you ten shillings and a dozen kisses to the bashful girl, he said: 'I have paid the money and I suppose you want the kisses?'" "Yes," she said, "if he has sent me any kisses I want them, too." "It is hardly necessary to say that the balance of the order was promptly paid, and in a scientific manner at that and eminently satisfactory to the country maiden, for she went out of the office smacking her lips as if there were a taste upon them she never encountered before." After she arrived at home she remarked to her mother: "Eh, mother, but this postage system of ours is a great thing, developing more and more every year, and each new feature added seems to be the best. Jimmy sent me a dozen kisses and he sent me a money order, and the postmaster gave me twenty. It beats the parcel delivery system all hollow."

FUN WITH A BURGLAR.

The burglar who had served a short time in the Bridewell for being caught while trying to leave a house, he entered without the authority of the owners was engaged in the practice of his profession again. "They don't catch me in no self-acting case this time," he said to himself, very lively in his mood. He had selected as the scene of his operations and cautiously insinuated his head through the opening. "I don't see no cards tellin' me it's all right, and not to make a noise, and will you please tell the pantry window so's the thing won't freeze. I guess it's all straight." With a whispered caution to his confederate, who was to remain on guard outside he crawled noiselessly in, stood a few moments to listen, and then proceeded to penetrate further into the interior. Finding only a few things worth stealing on the lower floor, he started up the stairway. One of the steps creaked and he stopped instantly. No the slightest sound came from the rooms above, however, and, after waiting a reasonable time, he moved forward and upward with great caution. Entering what seemed to be the main upper room, he glanced about him. Sufficient light came in from the street lamp across the way to enable him to see a bed in one corner occupied by a man whose deep and regular breathing furnished sufficient evidence that he was sound asleep. The man's clothing was hanging at the foot of the bed. The burglar moved in that direction. Instantly he heard a loud whisper: "Don't do that. You will wake him! Annoyed and alarmed at what he conceived to be a wholly unauthorized and bungling attempt on the part of his confederate to take a hand in the fine work of the job instead of remaining at his post of duty outside he turned his head and moved back a step or two. "St! st! st!" came the whisper again, louder than before. The burglar glanced at the sleeper, who had not stirred, and then moved toward the door, with the intention of administering a voiceless rebuke to his reckless confederate. "You blamed fool," whispered the voice again. "You haven't got sense enough to rob a bank! Let me do this!" The burglar peered into the gloom of the upper hallway. Not seeing his pal, he stepped out through the door. "Stop! exclaimed a loud, determined voice. "If you move another inch in this direction I'll put a bullet through you!" He jumped back and darted in the direction of the front window. "Hi, there!" spoke another voice. "Don't go that way. Can't you see you're running right into a gun?" Trembling in every limb, he stood near the center of the room uncertain what to do. He put his hand to his hip pocket. "If you make another motion with that hand," exclaimed a voice from somewhere in the darkness, "I'll shoot! I've got the drop on you!" He stole another glance at the sleeper. The man had not stirred. The burglar felt a cold sweat break out all over him. Then, as the savor yell of a fierce dog, apparently under the bed, came startlingly to his ear, he jumped with a yell of terror to the side window, five or six feet away, plunged through it carrying the sash with him, and rolled over the kitchen roof into the street, bank, from which he emerged a second later and fled like a deer, followed by his bewildered confederate. He had made the horrible blunder of trying to rob a professional ventriloquist, who happened to be awake.—Chicago Tribune.

THE HOBBO ON THE PILOT.

"It was way back in the '70s," said an old engineer. "I was pulling the 'limited' east from Council Bluffs to Chicago over the Rock Island. The night was bitterly cold. We had gone about twenty miles out and had stopped at a night office for orders and had started up again, when the fireman reached over and said: 'There is a hobbo on the pilot; saw him get on at the depot.' 'Sure?' said I, 'out on the running board and see if he's there yet!' The fireman did as he was ordered to do and returned with the information that the hobbo was still there. 'Well,' said I, 'it's a bitter cold night, and if he can stand it out there I am willing he should ride with me.' And on we went toward Chicago, with old '21' barking like sixty at the low joints ahead and forgetful of our 'head-end' passenger on the pilot. "By and by the faint glimmering of the headlights I thought I saw ahead what seemed to be a bunch of cattle on the track. As we approached it the bunch seemed to grow larger. It was now too late to do anything, so I just pulled her wide open, and old '21' hit that bunch of cattle 'as-is.' To paraphrase the language of Tennyson, who glides into raptures of admiration over the charge of the Light Brigade at Balaklava, there was just simply

entire to the right of an cattle to the left of us, cattle to the rear of us, but none any more in front of us. After it was over our thoughts reverted to the hobbo on the pilot. 'Go out and see if he is still there,' I said to the engineer. 'Well,' said an old brakeman, under whose feet the frosts of many winters had cracked as he wended his way in the dark over many a long train of box cars, and who had been listening to the story, 'Well,' said he, 'was he killed?' 'No,' replied the engineer. 'There he sat, as large as any hobbo could sit, on the pilot with an oyster can milking one of those darned cows.'"

TAXED FOR WEARING TROUSERS.

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AN INTERESTING DOG.

A very interesting dog, which once belonged to the late General Gordon of the English army, better known as "Chinese Gordon," is being kept at the Gordon Boys' Orphanage at Dover, England. It is the property of Major Sell of the King's regiment, who says regarding it: "The dog's name is Wang. When General Gordon was recalled from China to go to Khartoum, about fourteen years ago, he brought three of these intelligent Chinese puppies back with him, and when he arrived at Gibraltar he gave Wang to Sir John Adie's daughter. Sir John was an old friend of General Gordon, and was then commanding at Gibraltar. Wang remained in the possession of this lady until her husband, who is in the royal artillery, got a staff appointment in London, when he gave the old dog to me. The other two puppies are believed to be dead, so that Wang is the only remaining one that General Gordon owned. "Very nearly as interesting as Wang is the killed dog who acts as his keeper, Robert Robinson. Three years ago Robert's father turned the starving lad out of doors at Crewe, England. The little fellow tramped from place to place, living as he could. Returning to his native village, he found his mother dead, and the home that he had been driven from broken up. Tramping again, he eventually got to London, and there a constable found him, a mere bundle of rags and bones, asleep at the foot of the Gordon statue in Trafalgar square. He is in the royal artillery, the Gordon Boys' home, and as Wang's keeper is one of that institution's most honored inmates."

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Constant change in occupation is the law of the growing child, because the work of his growing demands it. The work of the home and its environs is admirably adapted to this necessary constant change. Let the children work with you, share with them, and work with you in all the occupations of the home. Talk, explain, sing, while at work, and there will be no complaint. It is only when the little ones are left to work alone or with other children, on tasks which they do not comprehend that they become listless.

The healthy, happy child is naturally an enthusiast in anything which he undertakes. He likes work. His play is work—business—and he would prefer to spend his energies in some way that will "help," if he only knows how to do it. Of course he must not be kept one thing until the muscles and faculties become weary. He must be allowed to rest for a few minutes. He will change so as to bring other parts into play, unless he is arbitrarily prevented and when that happens he loses interest and becomes a dull, sullen, uninteresting "bother of a boy," judged by the ordinary onlooker, when, in fact, he is only tired out and suffering. Make the work light and pleasant and do not let the children be counted out of the homemaking and housekeeping.

PROPAGATING FISH.

There are two methods which are employed by fish culturists to propagate food and game fish. One is to catch the young fish, the fry, and transport them to other waters where it is desired to introduce them. The other is to strip the female fish of her eggs and to impregnate them artificially. All attempts that have been made to propagate black bass by stripping the female of their eggs have been failures so far, and the only method that can be applied to them is to catch the fry and nurse them till they are strong enough to be liberated. Other fish, notably the shad and the salmon, are readily stripped, and the results are wonderful, as the percentage of eggs that fail to hatch is exceedingly small. Were either fry of eggs left to nature only an exceedingly small proportion would grow to adult fishhood. Apart from those which would die naturally a tremendous quantity would fall prey to the host of enemies—insects, crustacea, fish, birds and mammals—that is waiting for the spawn or the tiny fish.

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A tiger cat belonging to Farmer Hassard of Herrick, Susquehanna county, Pa., was strolling out toward the barn a few days ago, carrying in her teeth a piece of meat for her young. A bald eagle, which had been hovering over the farm for a week, suddenly descended upon her and whirled her upward in a rapid vertical flight. The path of ascent, to the eye of a spectator, was a straight line, and was clearly indicated by loose feathers violently tossed from the point of combat. In a brief time the struggling pair came to a standstill in the sky. The eagle's wings had drooped now and then, and he had given up the idea of gaining the victory, yet not once had his awful grip appeared to relax. At length a descent was begun, with a rapidity which increased every moment, and the two animals struck the ground at the very point where they had at first encountered. No the slightest sound came from the dead, and the cat, as soon as she felt terra firma beneath her feet, shot away for the barn, still carrying her bit of meat. Investigation proved that the cat had caught the eagle's head and so increased its breast that its body was literally laid open. After the death in midair, however, the cat had been too clever to relax her hold and thus fall to the ground, but let her enemy serve as a parachute to ease her descent. The cat is in the royal artillery, for aerial flight and battle.

AN INTERESTING DOG.

A very interesting dog, which once belonged to the late General Gordon of the English army, better known as "Chinese Gordon," is being kept at the Gordon Boys' Orphanage at Dover, England. It is the property of Major Sell of the King's regiment, who says regarding it: "The dog's name is Wang. When General Gordon was recalled from China to go to Khartoum, about fourteen years ago, he brought three of these intelligent Chinese puppies back with him, and when he arrived at Gibraltar he gave Wang to Sir John Adie's daughter. Sir John was an old friend of General Gordon, and was then commanding at Gibraltar. Wang remained in the possession of this lady until her husband, who is in the royal artillery, got a staff appointment in London, when he gave the old dog to me. The other two puppies are believed to be dead, so that Wang is the only remaining one that General Gordon owned. "Very nearly as interesting as Wang is the killed dog who acts as his keeper, Robert Robinson. Three years ago Robert's father turned the starving lad out of doors at Crewe, England. The little fellow tramped from place to place, living as he could. Returning to his native village, he found his mother dead, and the home that he had been driven from broken up. Tramping again, he eventually got to London, and there a constable found him, a mere bundle of rags and bones, asleep at the foot of the Gordon statue in Trafalgar square. He is in the royal artillery, the Gordon Boys' home, and as Wang's keeper is one of that institution's most honored inmates."

NOTHING UNUSUAL.

It was in a Duluth court, and the witness was a Swede who was perhaps not so stupid as he seemed to be. The cross-examining object was a smart, young man, who was bent on disconcerting the witness and discredit his testimony. "What did you say your name was?" was the first question. "Yahn—very Celerately—" Peter- sen." "John Petersen, eh? Old man Peter's son, I suppose. Well, John, where do you live?" "Where Ah live? In Duluth." "Now, Petersen, answer this question carefully: Are you a married man?" "Ah tank so. Ah was married." "So you think because you got married you think you are a married man, do you? That's funny. Now tell the gentlemen of this exceptionally intelligent jury whom you married." "Who Ah married? Ah married a woman." "See here, sir! Don't you know any better than to trifle with this court? What do you mean, sir? You married a woman? Of course you married a woman. Did you ever hear of anyone marrying a man?" "Yas. Mah sister did."—Life.

TO INTEREST CHILDREN.

Constant change in occupation is the law of the growing child, because the work of his growing demands it. The work of the home and its environs is admirably adapted to this necessary constant change. Let the children work with you, share with them, and work with you in all the occupations of the home. Talk, explain, sing, while at work, and there will be no complaint. It is only when the little ones are left to work alone or with other children, on tasks which they do not comprehend that they become listless.

SOME CLEVER CHILDREN.

It has been contended that precocious cleverness foreshadows a career the reverse of brilliant. But this is not always the case. For while it is undoubtedly true that most men and women do their best work at about the period of middle age, there are plenty of instances of persons who have risen to positions of eminence who displayed signs of genius at a very early age. At the age of 9 Dickens used to delight his companions by telling them stories, while Scott composed a number of interesting tales when he was only 12. Charlotte Bronte, too, wrote numerous stories, poems and plays when he was 14, and at the age of 15 Macaulay compiled a universal history. Writers in other lands have not infrequently given similar evidence of precocious cleverness. The great Scandinavian poet, Adam Wehlgren, when quite a child, evinced unusual skill in writing verses, and in his ninth year produced several short comedies for private theatricals. John Payne, an American actor and dramatist, was another prodigy from childhood. He wrote for the Press and was editor of the New York Mirror when only 13.

The musical world has brought forth many infant prodigies. Before he was 8 years of age Mendelssohn excited the wonder of his teachers by his incredible facility in playing music at sight, and when he was 15, and Beethoven at 7, attracted attention by his phenomenal performances. The distinguished German musical composer, Robert Schumann, also showed at a very early age remarkable talent for playing and composing. Although at the outset of his studies he worked steadily on, struggling against all obstacles, and achieving success by his indomitable energy and genius. Among artists, Raphael worked in the studio at 12, at which age Titian painted a Madonna. Leonardo, the great artist, exhibited his pictures at 13, but he had previously given early indications of his genius by drawing animals well before he was 5 years of age.

Turning to individual instances of youth precocity it is recorded of a Hanoverian lady named Dorothy Scholer that she had the degree of doctor in philosophy conferred upon her when she was only 17 years of age. Before she was 3 years old she was taught German, and three years later she had acquired the rudiments of the French language. She was very precocious in rapid succession, and before she was 14 she had become an excellent classical scholar. In addition, she made herself acquainted with every branch of polite literature, as well as many of the sciences.

Another prodigy was Thomas Malin, who learned to read and write with a rapidity that enabled him at the age of 3 to compose letters. A year later he had acquired remarkable proficiency in Latin, and in his seventh year he wrote tables which he presented to the academy at the university. His compositions were very creditable. But his most celebrated achievement was the conception of an invention country called "Allestone," in which, in a series of letters, he gave a vivid and intelligent description. He drew a map of the country, and gave imaginary names to the principal mountains, rivers, towns and so on. This, however, was one of his last efforts, for he died at 7 years of age.

Of an individual named John Barretier it is declared he was the possessor of five languages at the age of 7. When in his 14th year he published a learned letter in Latin and translated "Travels of Rabbi Benjamin" from Hebrew into French. Four years later the fame of his learning and writings attracted the notice of the professors of the university of Halle, who were so delighted with his wit and knowledge that they offered him the degree of doctor of philosophy.

Bianese Pascal, one of the most profound thinkers and accomplished writers of France, was a prodigy in mathematics, from his earliest childhood. At the age of 15 he composed a treatise on conic sections which excited great admiration, and before he was 25 he had composed the greater part of his mathematical works. He was a brilliant experimenter in hydrostatics and pneumatics for which he is renowned. At the present moment the 4-year-old son of a butcher is attracting considerable attention in Germany by his wonderful gifts. Only recently he was presented to the Anthropological Society of Berlin as a remarkable example of early intelligence. His chief delight is reading, in which he showed himself exceptionally proficient at the age of 2 years. He evidently possesses a retentive memory, for he can repeat a large number of historical facts, geographical dates, including the dates of the births and deaths of innumerable generals, poets and philosophers. All this knowledge, it is stated, has been self-acquired.

Fine Horsemanship.

A very thrilling exhibition of superb horsemanship and brute sagacity was witnessed on the Brightwood road near Washington. A young farmer from Montgomery county, who was driving some from the city, the horse attached to his buggy being a magnificent animal, about three years old. When about opposite the car sheds at Brightwood one of the old woodmen came down the road, a sack and reached the spot at the same time. The horse, who was attached to the car and it made almost as much noise as a locomotive, added to which was the humming of the motor. The fine young, thoroughbred pranced and pawed the earth as the car approached, but refused to advance. Just at the instant the car was passing the driving outfit the post thoroughly frightened animal wheeled around on the track and directly in front of the car. At the same instant the horse made a dash for the track, the young man handling the reins gave a mighty pull and the horse was instantly drawn the frightened animal straight upon his hind legs. There he stood pawing the air, not more than a foot from the car, and in that position he remained until the grating conveyance, crowded with shrieking woodmen and spectators, was swept by. During these thrilling seconds the driver in the buggy kept his seat and in the most matter-of-fact way allowed the horse to place his forehead upon the earth when all danger was past.

Had the driver wavered for an instant and allowed the animal to be hit by the car, it would have thrown the magnificent brute off his hind legs and undoubtedly smashed the buggy and more probably killed the horse.

An assistant chief of the fire department and several of the men attached to the Brightwood engine house witnessed the incident, and were loud in the praise of both driver and animal. Several of the passengers, in the event of the horse being badly scared as he realized the importance of the horse staying in the air and not descending upon them with his forehead.

Visitor (in St. Louis).—They told me in Chicago that I would find this town distressingly quiet. The roar of traffic here is something tremendous.

Native (listening with some uneasiness to the other's another remark).—Chicago Tribune.

Admirer of the late Mr. Charles Darwin will hear with regret that his old home at Down, where he lived from 1842 to the time of his death, is to be given up and the contents dispersed. Those who desire