

### Indian Scouts.

The use of Indian scouts in the Apache country by General Carr is being unfavorably commented on by many newspaper writers in California and the Eastern States. Some go so far as to assert that the use of Indians to fight against Indians has never been successful. Such assertions are grossly incorrect, as events which have transpired during the past twenty years unmistakably prove. Since General Albert Pike and Ben McCullough raised their Indian legion in the Indian Territory in 1861-2, Indians have been successfully employed to fight each other, and have, with two exceptions, proved themselves not only faithful to the Government, but made the very best of soldiers. A large number of Cherokees were enlisted in the Union service, and did effective work in Western Arkansas and Texas in opposition to Choctaws and Seminoles under Albert Pike. At the same time a battalion of Wyandottes, Shawnees and Delaware Indians was raised by a Major Ransom in Kansas, and proved themselves excellent cavalrymen when kept under proper discipline and restraint. The only instances known in which Indians have proved treacherous to their white companions in arms was when they have been used to fight against their own tribe and blood relations. In both cases they turned upon their white officers, and, after shooting them down, drove off the herds of horses and went off on the war-path. The late attack upon General Carr had its counterpart in the attack upon the Seventh Iowa Cavalry in Western Nebraska in 1855. Two companies of Sioux scouts enlisted, armed and equipped to fight the Cheyennes, were sent out with a company of white soldiers to fight against hostile persons of their own tribe. When brought within sight of the hostiles, these scouts turned upon the soldiers, shot Captain Fouts, the commanding officer, and most of his white cavalry men, and went forth on the war-path. The Apache outbreak occurred under almost similar circumstances. The Apaches cannot be depended upon to fight against Apaches. No further attempt was made to use the Sioux as Government cavalry. The Ute tribe was used in Colorado to drive out the Cheyennes in 1866 to 1868, and General Pat Connor, of California, used several companies of Omahas, Winnebagoes and Pawnees with good effect in his great campaign against their hereditary enemies—the Sioux—in 1865-'6 in the Big Horn, Yellowstone and Wind River country. The Pawnees became the terror of the hostile redskins. They were always permitted to ride in the advance, and were the first to overtake and strike the enemy, and never were defeated or allowed Connor to lose his horses. They would sometimes strip themselves down to their breechcloths, throw off saddle and bridle, and, revolver in hand and knife in teeth, gallop right into the midst of the Sioux and Cheyennes. The Omahas and Winnebagoes, under a Major Booth, proved themselves equally effective as irregular cavalry. In later Indian campaigns General Crook and General Custer used the Crows and Shoshone Indians against the Sioux and Cheyennes, and while the Crows were rather unreliable and difficult to keep within proper control, and the Shoshones were sometimes panicky and cowardly, still they were faithful to the Government. There are now about 300 Indians armed, equipped, drilled and in the pay of the United States and designated as "scouts." Of these less than 100 are in Arizona, while the balance are scattered through New Mexico and the Department of the Platte. They have proved themselves to be superior as scouts, couriers and messengers to the ordinary lazy white loafer to be found about all frontier posts, drinking and boasting and self-styling themselves "Government scouts." The only objection to the use of Indians in warfare on the frontier is their natural objection to serving against their own tribe. The Apache scouts could be used to good advantage in the Department of the Platte among the Sioux and Cheyennes, or even the Uncompagres and White River Utes, but it would be folly to attempt to use them against their own tribe and relations.—*San Francisco Examiner.*

### How Shoe Pegs Are Made.

It was the privilege of the writer to visit the picturesque little town of Arlington, Vt., which at the time boasted a population of 2,500, three churches, five stores, two hotels, an extensive car works, sash and blind, and chair factory; also a "peg factory," which, by the courtesy of the foreman, Mr. L. E. White (who had been employed there twenty-nine years), he was shown through, and received valuable information. The timber used is black and yellow birch, which is cut into pieces four feet in length, varying in diameter from eight to fourteen inches. These logs are placed in a building in winter and the frost extracted by steam. They are then run in on a tram railway to the circular saw department, and cut into slices or blanks of the thickness desired for the length of the pegs. These are sorted and the knots cut out, and are then passed on to a long bench which contains six machines composed of fluted rollers. The blanks are then run between these rollers, which creases both sides. They are then run through again to cross crease, or mark out the exact sizes of the pegs. They then go to the splitting machines, which are set with double knives, and cut the blanks into pegs. As they pass the last machine they are sorted, and all knots and discolored ones removed as they are brushed off into large baskets. These machines are under the care of

young women who appeared much more happy and useful than do many of those who, thumping at the piano, would consider such employment menial. The next process is bleaching, which is accomplished by the fumes of brimstone, which is unhealthy (those who labor here shorten their lives). They are then placed in large cylinders, which hold eleven barrels, and have six hundred steam pipes running through them, and revolve one and one-half times to the minute, drying two charges per day to each cylinder. They are then passed in large wooden casks, or cylinders, which, revolving rapidly, polish them by the friction, the refuse falling through wire sieves on screen openings, after which they are again passed into a sifter, which separates all the single pegs and drops them into tubs, or boxes, leaving those which have not been separated in the machine. They are then put in barrels ready for market. The factory running on full time turns out one hundred and fifty bushels, or fifty barrels per day. The sizes go from eight up to sixteen to an inch. The lengths go by eighths, two and one-half to twelve. Twenty-six hands are employed, half of them being women. The products of this mill are mostly shipped to Germany and France, and enter largely into the manufacture of toys and fancy goods as well as into the shoe manufacturing. Thus the "genius of Mechanism" converts, as by magic, the trees from the Vermont mountains into articles of use, which, floating off through the channels of commerce to far away countries, anon return to sparkle the eyes of happy children in toys in which these pegs have become important factors.—*N. Y. Mail.*

### Hedges.

The discussion upon the desirability of hedges will, probably, always go on, and upon our prairies, where fencing material is scarce, there will always be those who will conclude to adopt hedges to a greater or less extent. All the advantages and disadvantages of this mode of fencing have been stated over and over again, and are pretty thoroughly understood. A good hedge is lasting and effective, and if properly cared for—which it must be in order to make a good fence—it is ornamental. The osage orange has increased in popularity among the hedge plants, and its hardness has recommended it to those who live no further north than the latitude of Chicago, and even further north. When a good hedge is once grown, a good fence is not only constructed, but it has been more cheaply constructed than any other fence can be. It requires some little time to get a fence of this character, but when it is got you have one that will not blow down or rot down, and the time spent in trimming and caring for it is not greater in the long run than that expended upon common fences. The objections urged against hedges are that they shade the land and bank are snows, neither of which we regard as well founded. If the hedge is allowed to grow to the size of trees the shade will of course be detrimental, but it is not supposed that a farmer will permit such growth, which will not only destroy the value of the hedge as a fence, but will do the damage complained of. And as to the banking of snow the hedge is no more the cause of that than a board fence is; and even a rail fence will do it. But the thing itself is not objectionable. On the contrary it is desirable. It is better to have snow banked than to have it blown entirely off. We are not the only one who has had a fine growth of wheat along fences where the snow has been banked, while other portions of the same field upon which the snow did not lie produced very poorly. It will not do to object to snow lying upon the ground, and upon second thought no one will do so. During such late seasons as our last spring was, it may be inconvenient to have snow preserved upon the ground as it was along hedges late into the season; but such experiences are exceptional, and do not furnish sufficient basis for the utter condemnation of hedges. Of the kinds of hedge which have been tried, as we have already said, the osage orange has proved the most satisfactory and will be the hedge of the future. There are some, however, who, either through an imperfect knowledge of the merits of the osage orange or from a satisfactory experience with other hedges are not inclined to try osage. We now have before us a communication relative to buckthorn, and are especially asked as to the method of sowing the seed to plant. If the seed is gathered and dried they will keep indefinitely. But we would not advise its cultivation. It is of very slow growth, and it is said by those who have tried it that it is not suited to this climate. Drouth affects it very much. It requires three times longer to bring it to maturity than it does the osage orange, and during two-thirds of the time it must be cultivated with great care. We repeat that if anything is to be used for hedging, use the osage orange.—*Western Rural.*

A dog that hears through an ear-trumpet and wears spectacles belongs to Patrick Nichols, of Milwaukee, Wis. This animal is said to be thirty-five years of age, and has lost his hearing and sight, and his master, for his many years of fidelity, procured these aids to cheer him. A set of artificial teeth are also being made for him.

Mrs. Shaw, the daughter of Prof. Agassiz, and wife of the Boston millionaire, has established over thirty free kindergarten schools in Boston and the neighboring suburbs.

There are now over four hundred boat clubs in this country.

### Youths' Department.

#### TRAPPER JOE.

How strange it all seemed to little Winnie! One year ago, or, as she reckoned it, one snow-time and one Bower-time ago, she was living in Boston, and now she was in the wilds of Colorado. It was a great change—this going from comfort and luxury to a place where comfort was hard to find, and luxury not to be thought of; where they had a log hut instead of a house, and a pig in place of a poodle. But, on the whole, she enjoyed it. Her father was better, and that was what they came for. Yes, on the whole, Winnie liked Colorado; and so did her little brother Nat; though, if you had told him Boston was just around the corner he would have started to run there without waiting to put on his cap.

Such a little mite, a fellow Nat was, and so full of sunshine! Only one thing could trouble him—and that was to be away from mother even for half an hour.

See these two children now trudging to the little stream near by, quite resolved upon having a fine rocking in father's canoe! This queer boat, made of bark, and sharp at both ends, was tied to a stake. Now that the stream was swollen and flowing so fast, it was fine fun to sit, one in each end, and get "bounced about," as Winnie said.

"You get in first, because you're the littiest," said Winnie, holding her dress tightly away from the splashing water with one hand, and pulling the boat close to the shore with the other.

"No, you get in first, 'cause you'm a girl," said Nat. "I don't want no help'n'. I'm going to take off my toos and 'tookies' first, 'cause mammy said I might."

Nat could say shoes and stockings quite plainly when he chose, but everybody said "toos and tookies" to him; so he looked upon these words, and many other crooked ones, as a sort of language of Nat, which all the world would speak if they only knew how.

In at last—both of them—and a fine rocking they had.

At first they talked and laughed softly. Then they listened. Then they talked a very little. Then listened again, lying on the rushes in the bottom of the canoe. Then they ceased talking, and watched the branches waving overhead; and, at last, they both fell sound asleep.

This was early in the morning. Mother was very busy in the cabin, clearing away the breakfast-dishes, sweeping the room, making the beds, mixing bread, heating the oven and doing a dozen other things. At last she took a plate of crumbs and scraps and went out to feed the chickens.

"Winnie! Nat!" she called, as she stepped out upon the rough door-stone. "Come, feed the chickens! Then she added, in a surprised way, to herself: "Why, where in the world can those children be? They must have stopped at the new clearing to see their father."

At dinner-time she blew the big tin horn that hung by the door, and soon her husband came home alone, hungry and tired.

"Oh, you little witches!" laughed the mother, without looking up from her task of bread-cutting. "How could you stay away so long from mamma? Tired, Frank?"

"Yes, very. But what do you mean? Where are the youngsters?"

She looked up now and instantly exclaimed in a frightened voice, as she ran out past her husband: "Oh, Frank! I've not seen them for two or three hours! I thought, to be sure, they were with you. They surely wouldn't have stayed all this time in the canoe!"

He followed her, and they both ran to the stream. In an instant, the mother, hastening on ahead through the bushes, screamed back: "Oh, Frank! Frank! The canoe is gone!"

All that long, terrible day, and the next, they searched. They followed the stream, and at last found the canoe—but it was empty! In vain the father and mother and their only neighbor wandered through the forest in every direction, calling: "Winnie! Winnie! Nat! Nat!" In vain the neighbor took his boat and explored the stream for miles and miles—no trace could be found of the poor little creatures, who, full of life and joy, had so lately jumped into father's canoe to "have a rock."

Where were they? Alas! they did not themselves know. They only knew that they had been awakened suddenly by a great thump, and that when they jumped out of the canoe and started to go home, everything was different. There was no foot-path, no clearing where trees had been cut down, no sound of father's ax near by, nor of mother's song—and the stream was rushing on very angrily over its rocky bed. The canoe, which had broken loose and, borne on by the current, had floated away with them miles and miles from the stake, was wedged between two great stones when they jumped out of it; but now it was gone—the waters had taken it away. After a while, in their distracted wanderings, they could not even find the stream, though it seemed to be roaring in every direction around them.

Now they were in the depths of the forest, wandering about, tired, hungry and frightened. For two nights they had cried themselves to sleep in each other's arms under the black trees; and as the wind moaned through the branches, Winnie had prayed God to save them from the wolves, and little Nat had screamed: "Papa! Mammy!" sobbing as if his heart would break. All they had found to eat was a few sweet red berries that grew close to the ground. Every hour the poor children

grew fainter and fainter, and, at last, Nat couldn't walk at all.

"I'm too tired and sick," he said, "and my feet all rut. My toos and 'tookies' is in the boat. O Winnie! Winnie!" he would cry, with a great sob, "why don't mamma 'n' papa come? Oh, if mamma 'd only come and bring me some bread!"

"Don't cry, dear—don't cry," Winnie would say, over and over again. "I'll find some more red berries soon; and God will show us the way home. I know He will. Only don't cry, 'at, because it takes away all my courage."

"All your what?" asked Nat, looking wildly at her, as if he thought courage was something they could not have.

"All my courage, Nat." And then, after searching in vain for more red berries, she would throw herself upon her knees and moan: "Dear Father in Heaven, I can't find anything more for Nat to eat. Oh, please show us the way home!"

What was that quick sound coming toward them? The underbrush was so thick Winnie could not see what caused it, but she held her breath in terror, thinking of wolves and Indians, for there were plenty of both, she knew, lurking about in these great forests.

The sound ceased for a moment. Seizing Nat in her arms, she made one more frantic effort to find her way to the stream, then, seeing a strange look in the poor little face when she put him down to take a better hold, she screamed:

"Nat! Nat! Don't look so! Kiss Winnie!"

"Hello, there!" shouted a voice through the underbrush, and in another instant a great, stout man came stamping and breaking his way through the bushes.

"Hello, there! What on airth's up now? Ef old Joe ha'n't come upon queer game this time. Two sick youngsters—an ef they aint a-starving! Here, you youngsters, eat some uv this 'ere, and give an account uv yourselves."

With these words, he drew from somewhere among the heavy folds of his hunting-dress a couple of crackers.

The children grabbed at them frantically.

"Hold up! Not so sharp!" he said; "you must have a little at a time for an hour yet. Here, sis, give me the baby—I'll feed him; and as for you, jest see that you don't mope'n' slobber!"

"Oh, give me a drink!" cried Winnie, swallowing the cracker in two bites, and for an instant even forgetting Nat.

### WHAT IS GOOD FOR MAN IS GOOD FOR BEAST.

MR. J. A. WALTON is one of the most prominent stable proprietors and bloodstock owners in the northern part of the city of Philadelphia, 1246 N. Twelfth street. Mr. W. has devoted the best years of his life to the study and training of horses, and he is considered an authority in all matters pertaining to horsemanship. Feeling the strong of having what he had to say in regard to persons regarding the merits of Dr. J. Bull's Tonic Syrup as a remedy for some of the ills that beset horses, he has written a resolution to go direct to Mr. Walton's stables for the purpose of interviewing him on the subject. Mr. Walton talked freely upon the matter and said: "After many years active experience I can safely say that I consider Dr. J. Bull's Tonic Syrup a remarkably good remedy for horses for anything like colic, sprains in the limbs, bruises and similar affections. I have used Dr. J. Bull's Tonic Syrup on dozens of horses, and can state that I never knew it to fail. It is



months since I first commenced using that on my horses, and I shall continue to use it. I happened to commence using Dr. J. Bull's Tonic Syrup in this way: My father is over eighty years of age and is subject to many of the ailments incident to old age. Among other things he has rheumatic attacks, pains in his limbs and joints, and aches in different parts of his body. He commenced using Dr. J. Bull's Tonic Syrup several months since, and after rubbing himself freely with the liniment night and morning, according to the printed directions, he obtained the most decided relief. Whenever he has any pain now he uses Dr. J. Bull's Tonic Syrup, and the pain away. Now I fully know from personal observation that 'What is good for man is good for beast.'—Further reports being the gratifying intelligence that Aristotle Welch, Esq., of Edenheim Stock-Farm, near Philadelphia, Pa., a breeder of that famed race, Iroquois, above represented, uses and strongly endorses Dr. J. Bull's Tonic Syrup as a wonderful remedy in its effects upon his stock. His experience with the great German Remedy justified him in giving his unqualified endorsement of it, and in saying that his chief groom should always use it on the farm. (3)

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