An Artist's Attempt to Secure the Picture of a Navajo Baby-A Cunning Little Savage-Obliged to Give Up the

As we know, the Navajos are an American tribe of Indians, scattered for the most part over the territories of New Mexico and Arizona. Quite a number of them live with their families, in the curious little habitations they erect, about the frontier military station at Fort Wingate, New Mexico. It is in this latter place that I have had the opportunity, for over two years past, of studying many of their ways and customs. And it was here, too, that a few days ago I went out among them with a photographic camera, armed with an English instantaneous shutter, with a view of taking a few pictures of them while they were actively engaged in some of their

very interesting games.

After having obtained four or five more or less satisfactory plates the Indians became quite restive, as they rather object to that sort of thing: and, as if by common consent, they gradually disappeared, a few at a time, making for one of their low, conical shaped mud huts, where they entered through the single small door at its side. In less than half an hour there was none of them to be seen outside at all, and knowing full well that they would not appear again so long as I remained upon the ground, I shouldered my instrument and prepared to come away. At the time I was standing between two of their huts, situated some 300 yards apart, with a well beaten though narrow footpath passing from one to the other. There were no trees within a quarter of a mile, the plain being sparsely covered with sage brush, the plants being from two to three feet high.

A LITTLE TEN-MONTH-OLD. Just then one of their babies toddled out o the doorway of the upper but; the child could not have been over 10 months old, and wore only a very dirty little shirt, which came about half way down to his knees. It looked more like an infant Eskimo than any child, not white, that I know anything about; and it started right down the path with a very unsteady baby waddle, making for the lower hut, where I imagine its mother had taken refuge from my merciless camera. I had often longed for a good picture of a Navaio baby in its native plains, and here was an opportunity not to be lost. So stepping a few feet out of the way, in an instant I had my instrument in position, focused on the path, and, with instantaneous snap ready, I stood quietly for my subject to pass. On be toddled until be came within thirty feet of me, when he suddenly stopped and, to my surprise, seemed to fully take in the situation. At this stage I felt quite sure that one of

our babies, especially at this tender age. would have begun to cry and more than likely retraced its steps to the hut from whence it had issued. Not so, however, this infant Navajo; and, mark the difference. He steadily watched my every movement, and was evidently determined to reach the lower the side furthest from me, he was, in the next instant, behind one of the sage brushes, which was something over a foot taller than the baby. From this position be peered through the leafless twigs at me to see what I would do about it. ' A little annoved at this turn'in affairs, I threw the focusing cloth over my head and turned the instrument on him. Taking advantage of this temporary concealment of my head, he ran, thoroughly baby fashion, to the next lower brush, a distance of some ten feet, where, hiding as before, be crouched down and stared at me like a young lynx through the twigs. He now looked, for all the world, the young Indian cub at bay, with all the native instincts of his ancestors on the alert, and making use of all the strategy his baby mind could muster. AN INTERESTING PICTURE.

It was a wonderfully interesting picture to study; but, fearing that I would lose a permanent memento of it. I turned to lift my instrument, with the view of taking a much nearer position, when, again facing the brush where I had last seen the baby, it was, to my great surprise, not there, but had scampered to the next lower one, in the direction of the but for which it was bound. A full grown buck of the tribe could not have possibly managed this last movement any better. As it ran to the still next lower brush, I was astonished beyond measure (for, I take it, I am a good stalker myself) how it took advantage of everything that lay in the short intervening distance, and how, after it arrived at the brush, it immediately took a position on the opposite side of it, from where it could make another quick start, and yet not lose sight of my movements. And, mind you, all this from a baby only 10 months old at the most. As it was rapidly gaining its point and approaching the lower hut, in sheer desperation I ran up on its last place of concealment, holding my camera in such a way that I could immediately place the tripod in position, which I led in doing with the lens leveled directly at its head, and not three feet from it. It now stood up to the full extent of its baby height, and giving vent to a genuine infantile bawl, it made a break for the final point of its destination, for there was nothing else left for it to do. It is almost needless to add that, before I could focus and insert a plate, my Navajo baby was out of range. And, fearing that its angered mother might appear at any point, at the cry of alarm of ber child, I immediately forsook the ground.

My object in making a record of such an interesting case as this is to simply draw attention to the fact that the native instinct of these American Indians is exhibited in their young at a wonderfully tender age; and in this particular they differ vastly from our own children at a corresponding time of life, and reared, as they have been for ages, in a civilized environment.-Nature

EDITING WITH THE SCISSORS. All Honor Should be Given to the "Sch

sors and Paste" Journalist. The above remark is frequently made i connection with newspapers, and is too frequently meant as a slur. On the contrary, under proper circumstances, it should be re-garded as a compliment of a high character. The same paper may be ably edited with the pen and miserably edited with the scissors. A mistaken idea prevails that the work of the latter is mere child's play, a sort of hit or miss venture, requiring hardly any brains and still less judgment; that the promiscuous and voluminous clippings are sent in batches to the foreman, and with that the editor's duty ends and that of the foreman begins.

Instead of this, the work requires much care and attention, with a keen comprehension of the fact that each day's paper has its own needs. The exchange editor is a painstaking, conscientious, methodical man, always on the alert, quick in appreciation, retentive in memory, shrewd in discernment. He reads closely, culls carefully, omits and amends, discards and digests, never ignoring the fact that variety is a great essential There are sentences to recast, words to soften, redundancies to prune, errors to correct, headings to be made, credits to be given, seasons to be considered, affinities to be preserved, consistencies to be respected. He knows whether the matter is fresh or stale, whether it is appropriate, and whether he has used it before; he remembers that he is catering for many tastes; he makes raids in every direction; he lays the whole newspaper field under contribution; he persistently "boils down," which with him is not a process of rewriting, but a happy faculty of expunging

without destroying sense or continuity.

His genius is exhibited in the department the items of which are similar and cohesivein the suggestive heads and sub heads, in the sparkle that is visible, in the sense of gratification which the render derives. No daily paper can be exclusively original; it would die of ponderosity. Life is too short, and hence an embargo must be laid upon the genius of its rivals. A bright clipped article is infinitely better than a stupid contributed article. The most successful paper is the paper that is intelligently and consistently edited in all its departments, whether by pen or scissors.—Philadelphia Call.

Where Napoleon's Son Died. One of the most horrible sights I have seen

was the field of the disaster of Isandiwana, in Zululand. It was four months after the disester. The 1,000 dead bodies had been lying ning in the hot sun unburied all that time. The Zulu vultures had not touched them. Their bodies had withered away to on encased in skins that had become like leather. One could trace how they had | farms are springing up everywhere.

fallen, and occasionally rallied in groups to make a desperate stand against their enemies. The corn which had fallen out of the wagon had sprung up among the dead. I have seen battlefields after the fight strewn with dead and dying, heard the shrieks and groans of the wounded, but that sight was nothing like the borrible field of Isandlawana. Later on I saw the dead body of the young prince imperial. He was a lad of great brightness, and on the voyage out he expressed anxiety about receiving a wound from an assegai. He lay on the field quite naked, covered with wounds. Round his neck was a thin gold chain and a locket, attached in which was a picture of his mother. We took this off and ent it to the empress and then carefully car ried him from the field. It was curious, and cast a gloom over me, that I should see this young prince receive, as his father called it, baptism of fire at Spicheren and then a few years later see him a corpse on a foreign field.-London Cor. New York Mail and Ex-

EUROPE AND THE ORIENT.

Conversation Between a Chinese and

Japanese Diplomat-Novel Conclusion. Some time ago a friend of mine, who speaks the Chinese language, listened to onversation between a Chinese and a Japanese diplomatist which forcibly illustrated the progress that European ideas have made in the far east. The two men were discussing the question as to how much of western civilization it was desirable to introduce into their respective countries. The diplomatist from China was greatly imressed with the immeasurable superiority of European sciences over anything of the sort existing in that empire. The Japanese fully agreed with his friend that both China and Japan should profit to the uttermost by the fruits of modern inventions and discovery; but he remarked that that was not enough and that something more was needed. Pressed to say what it was be replied that to the science they ought to add the religion of Europe The Chinaman differed from his friend or that point, but the latter repeated his opinion in yet stronger language. He said that although the Japanese government did not know much about the Christian religion and attached no more importance to it than they did any other form of supernatural belief they at one time seriously thought of taking it over and making it the religion of the state The Chinaman still expressed his incredulity as to the wisdom of such a proceeding, but the Japanese clinched his opinion by referring to the case of the Turks.

"Look at the Turks," he said; "they have vailed themselves of all of the benefits they could derive from modern science. They have gunboats and ironclads and artillery, but yet they are losing ground every day. Science it this instance does not suffice to arrest national decay, and therefore I am forced to believe that the Turks have made a mistake in sticking to their religion instead of adopting that

the stronger race." This remarkable conversation took place in London. As evidence that, so far as the apanese diplomatist was concerned, i not empty sound, I may mention that, at the request of the Japanese authorities, a committee has been formed in this country for the purpose of establishing female boarding see established institutions in which Christian ladies would impart instruction, both secular and religious, to Japanese girls of the upper classes, and I am assured by a friend who is interested in the matter that before long the experiment will be made. The Japanese agnostic, although utterly skeptical himself, is quite willing that his daughter should be taught any religion which would enable them to better their condition in this world. - New York Mail and Express.

The Story of a Play.

James Barton Key tells an old story about the first English production of "Jack." which enjoyed such a prosperous run at the Grand last week. It seems that Mrs. Henry Becketi. the author, took her inspiration from an old French play, but her work on the piece was entirely original, she having changed the construction entirely and keeping only the motif. She originally sold the play ten years ago to Harry Montague and it was played by him in this country under another name. He, however, received his San Francisco offer and left to accept it. Sothern fell in love with the piece and was to have produced t had his death not occurred just then. By the terms of the contract it reverted to Mrs. Beckett and it was again sold by her to Mr. Plympton. About two months before it was produced in London she was asked by a publisher for whom she worked to write a short novel. The price was alluring, but she had no theme handy. In despair she took the play and turned it into a novel, putting in only enough description to connect the

"The novel came out before the play did, said Mr. Key, "and some back writer in Lon don perceived its dramatic value and turned it into a play. As luck would have it, our play was produced anonymously and the back writer was there. He was astounded, and when he saw Mrs. Beckett responding to the calls for 'author,' he raised such a row that we were obliged to conduct him behind the scenes to her. He was so enraged that he could hardly speak. He claimed to be the author of the play and threatened her with all sorts of terrible things. At last be said, Why, madam, I can bring you the novel I took it from.' 'Very well,' said Mrs. Beckett, bring the novel and play to my house tomorrow.' Sure enough he turned up with the ocuments, whereupon she produced her play with a United States copyright ten years old, together with a novel and a letter from the publisher certifying that she was the author, and her own play. 'This,' she said, holding up her play, 'was what my novel was written from.' He wilted at that, for this is the clinching clause of copyright law. Notwithstanding all this, however, he sold it to 'Fritz' Emmet for \$250."—Chicago News.

Barbarous Ballet at Tangler. One savage ballet I noticed; about twenty of these rufflans divided into two platoon face each other, and at the sound of pipe and drum, dance forward and back, passing through each other's lines, brandishing their guns high in the air, until at a point in the lance, when one platoon gives a wild shrick, reversing the muzzles of the guns to the ground, and giving a simultaneous leap in the ur, they fire off their guns all together. Then this platoon runs off to an attendant who stands by with an open bag of powder to reload, and its place is taken in the dance by a fresh troop. I saw this thing kept up for an

our to the intense delight of performers and The feet and legs of some of the partici pants were bleeding from wounds made by careless discharge of guns, but this was quite disregarded. Generally some eyes are put out and some lives are lost by explosions at these celebrations. I saw one fellow carried off bleeding, but I was told that he was the victim of a bloody feud, for this is the open in this country. Indeed, it is said that these that prey upon every man out of doors. feuds exist among the mountain tribes dur. Their number is legion and their ways are ing generations, and that a man feels it a the ways of brigands. If a man lets his son, in which he asserts that the G. A. R. point of honor to kill a few of the tribe which eyes fall on a boy who utters a peculiar was instituted and inaugurated in Indianapa hundred years before may have put an end street cry he is apt to have from two

to his great-uncle's mother-in-law.—Tangier to six newsboys leap for him like Cor. Boston Transcript. An Insane Woman's Strength. "One of the most striking things about in- once surrounded and bemmed in by cabmen, sanity is the wonderful strength of the luna- each seeking his custom, even by violence tics," said an ex-employe of the Buffalo State | If he turns his head to look at the mendicant insane asylum while detailing his experience | who addresses him he may not be able to get with the demented. "One day I was assisting | rid of the fellow for a block. Resting the to carry a trunk through one of the wards | eye for an instant on a group of well dressed when a little woman patient laid hold of my men (who may be interested in a "quiet coat and expressed the intention of putting game"), or on a boisterous drunkard or a volme in the trunk. I tried to pull away, but | uble crank, may prove to have very annoyher delicate hand held on with an iron grip. | ing results. I was talking the other day to Force was the only alternative of remaining there until some other whim took possession of her, so we resorted to muscular persuasion Would you believe that it took three strong in doors and her carriage on the street. In men and a woman to make her let go! We doors she was all affability and unconscious pulled her slender fingers back one by one, ease, and out of doors she was a poker. each man hanging on to a single finger, until finally the parting of the thumb and the first finger released the garment. To bend back a endless trouble as long as I yielded to my insingle finger was like bending a heavy telegraph wire. It appears as though the lunatic adventures that I had were quite alarming, I has the power of concentrating all his strength can tell you. But now I am on my guard as in a single part of the body at the expense of long as I am out of doors.—Minneapolis Triother portions in a manner impossible to a bune. rational person."—Buffalo Courier.

The grave of Capt. Crawford, who was shot by a Mexican troop while leading his command in pursuit of Geronimo last summer, is to have a monument.

ON THE CORAL KEYS.

ODD CUSTOMS OF PEOPLE IN THE GULF OF MEXICO.

Types of Mon that Live in Mutual Mate. Business Habits of the Residents of and see what he did. Koy West-Facts About the Island. Fint as a Pancaka.

Perhaps there is no place in the United States so much talked about in New York and so little known as Key West. It is generally associated with cigars. It is the largest of a series of coral islands, called keys, which dot the ocean at the southern end of the peninsula of Florida. It is entirely away from the mainland, which is only to be reached by steamer. But on this coral reef is a city containing 20,000 inhabitants, consist-ing of Conchs, Cubans and negroes, with a few Americans. Perhaps the island has a bright future before it, for it has had no past and very little present. While other cities in the Union have been up and doing, this coral key has been asleep in the guif. It is the most southerly part of the Union—in fact, the very end of the United States. The city is the only one in the country where neither snow nor frost has ever been seen; the temerature is about 75 or 80 degrees in the day and about 65 at night. Communication is kept up with the rest of the world by means of a line of steamers from New York, another from New Orleans, and a mail steamer two or three times a week by way of Tampa, Fia. By the last we get New York papers about three days old.

PLAT AS A PANCAKE The island is as flat as a pancake; the highest point being only twelve feet above the level of the sea. One would think that during a storm the sea would roll over the island and drown out poor little Key West. The city proper is densely populated, but is as unlike an American city as possible. All the houses are made of wood and built quite plainly. There is no show of orname tion, to say nothing of what is called architecture. Once in a while you may detect comething that looks like lattice work, but it is plain, and is not intended to display anything. Many of the stores have no signs upon or about them, and the storekeepers look as if they did not care whether they sold anything or not. There are no botels, and those wh desire a temporary residence have to bunt about for a boarding house. When it is found, the boarders would con-

sider a New York boarding house, derided as it so often is, a palace in accommodation for eating and sleeping compared to one in Key West. The streets are wide and dusty, for there are no sprinklers. In fact, water such a luxury in the dry season that it cannot be wasted in sprinkling the streets. It is rain water caught in cisterns when the heavens furnish a supply, and is often carried from place to place in pails supported by a yoke from the shoulders. An attempt was one time made to drive an artesian well; but the water when reached was so brackish that it could only be used for the extinguishing of The dust flies continually. The roadway is hard, being the solid coral rock itself. There is no surface soil. What passes for soil is a nice thing to have blown over new black clothing, and still a nicer thing to get out of the cloth afterward. As before stated, the population consists mainly of Cubans, Conchs

and negroes. The Conchs are in reality na-

tives of the Bahama islands, but everybody

in Key West calls them by that name. A SOCIETY OF HATERS. The Cubans dislike the Conchs and the Conchs detest the Cubans, while both together hate the negroes. A happy state of society may therefore be imagined. They are as distinct as can be, but their localities are known as Conchtown, Niggertown and Cuban village. Each has its distinct amusements, occupations and turmoil. The few Americans seem always to be planning how best to get away from the island. Cigar making is the principal employment of the Cubans, and there is plenty of work for them, as Key West contains 125 cigar factories. It is said on good authority that 90,000,000 cigars are shipped away from the island every year.

The Cuban is not very strong looking. His sports are gambling and rooster fighting. The women are fairly good looking, given to wearing high heels, lace shawls and face powder. Both men and women smoke and chatter like magpies. They stand around it crowds and make a noise more like a lot of geese than human beings. Their food is principally oil, pork, bananas and coffee. Their coffee is good, but made so strong that it will tain the cup from which it is drunk. When in a restaurant the Cubans appear to talk all other's voice and gesticulating as if about to strike each other on the face. The odor of the Cuban restaurant is generally too strong for the olfactory nerves of one brought up in New York. The Conchs are the fishermen of the island and the gatherers of sponges. They are a large, rough class of men and apparently very ignorant. One marked feature is their accent, which is considered the characteristic of the Londoner-the dropping of the spirate where needed and using it excessively where not wanted. They use their fists when fighting, while the Cubans are too ready with the revolver or stiletto. The negroes are employed in Key West, as elsewhere, in menial abor, and are as lazy as in the other southern states. Together these three races form a very mixed and far from harmonious society -one that is not likely to be met with any-

CONTROL OF THE EYES.

Mail and Express.

where else in the United States .- New York

Something That Is Particularly Neces sary in the City of New York. The greatest secret of enjoying existence in New York is that one must be absolutely the master of his own eyes. Hungry Joe, the arch confidence operator, used to say that he could distinguish a stranger by his hat or shoes. The idea that these betray men is so deep rooted that many strangers always buy New York hats and shoes as soon as they arrive, while others who expect to come often to town order these wearables from city shops. But you can get correct bats and shoes in any large city, and off styles in the

But whatever one looks like he must con trol his eyes or life will be a perpetual torment to him. Our dudes and Anglomaniac society carry the thing too far. They go about forever looking over every one's head. or else staring with a dead and live glassy look, insulting alike to whomsoever the glance at and to their own intelligence. This they think "the grand air" and their admirers dub it aristocratia. A ward politician the other day said to me that the leader of a certain political faction was "gitting 'ristocratic." asked him how he was showing this. "Oh," said the heeler, "he has a tired look and he don't seem to see you 'less he wants." But by eye control I mean the seeing of everything without being seen to do so. This necessity is bred by the borde of street bandits

so many human catapults. As he steps from a hotel, theatre, depot or club, if he allows his eyes to wander an instant he will be at lady whose receptions are very popular, and I remarked that people commented very curi-ously on the difference between her manner

"It's all put on out of doors," she said: "it goes on with my bonnet and wrap. I was in

Elopers Sure Enough.

"There had been an account of an elope ment in the morning papers," said the com-mercial traveler, "and I was thinking of it when a couple drove up to the country hotel The demand for frogs is so great in the winked at the boys and said: 'Here's for a vicinity of the larger eastern cities that frog joks.' The old hotel keeper was a very dear friend of mine and took my word for gospel

truth, so when I said: 'Look out for 'am! think I know 'em, and they are eloping and they are not married, etc., you ought to have seen the old fellow. He scowled and lifted his chin, and wagged it up and down half a dosen time, sort of as though he was thinking it over, and then he walked off. All

the joke and we agreed to watch the old man "Supper rang, and the party of traveling men took seats at one table and left the new arrivals to the sole occupancy of another.

The hotel proprietor, who helped serve at the table, took his station as much as possible behind the young couple, his eye all the time

watching their every movement. Will you have some sugar in your tea? at length said the young man to his com as he passed the saccharine for her use " 'No, thank you; I never use sugar in my tea.' was the sweet response.

"We were watching the old man as he stood near them and heard this answer. He grew about a foot in a second. 'He's got a clew.' said I to myself. And it was a clew such as would make the eye of a Pinkerton detective sparkle. The idea of a busband not knowing whether his wife used sugar in her tea or not! The old man didn't linger long about coming to a decision. He leaned over and said: Young man, you leave the table woman is not your wedded wife."

The couple never whimpered. They called for their team and drove on. The most prised party in the affair was ours hadn't dreamed that we were so near truth. The next day the same pair were arrested in a neighboring town and carried back to their homes. If I should tell that laudlord now that the Methodist minister that boards with him was Jesse James in disguise he would believe me."—Lewiston (Me.) Journal.

Teapet and Punch Bowl. Afternoon teas are filling up the remaining days of the season at Washington and the teapot and punch bowl still "draw," as beatrical people put it. A lackadaisical wouth who was making eyes and saying coulful things in a languid way to a pretty assistant at a reception was handed a glass of punch to change the conversation. Tasting the compound, he roiled his eyes up, and said, "This punch is a symphony." He was only equaled by a Kansas man who was taken to one of Mrs. Cockrell's receptions, and being given her famous punch did not know whether it was a symphony or not. In fact, he did not know what the stuff was that he was drinking, as he was a rigid total abstinence man. He was shy as well, and seeing that every one else had a little glass cup of the narmless looking liquid he took one too. The poor man thought it was some kind of tea, and the bowl seemed more innocent to him than a bottle. He remarked to a friend afterward that it was very nice, but that he believed that it made him feel very queerly. One hostess has introduced this winter fashion so common in Paris of having hot punch. She is an original woman all around. though, and caps the climax by giving he hot punch at her Sunday evening receptions.

—"Ruhamah" in Globe-Democrat.

A Host of Women's Clubs. It is noticeable that while the number are rapidly disappearing from the face of the earth. This is a natural result of the conditions which have released certain men from the necessity of work, even if it be referred back to that division of labor which has assigned the men the making of money and to women the spending of it. The in-crease in wealth brings with it an increase in those activities—social, educational, philanthropic-which are largely in the hands of women, and which make large demands upon time and strength. These causes would be enough to explain the nomenon I have mentioned, but there s an additional one in the host of women's clubs which have sprung up within the past few years, and which are now, let us hope, at their zenith. One lady of my acquaintance lesiongs to nine. I am by no means sure that his number is her limit; but these nine I know of, and all but three of them are of a severely disciplinary character. Of these three, the one nearest approaching a scheme for amusement is a whist club; and at the meetings of the other two, papers are read and the enjoyment is primarily of an intellectual character. Of the remaining six, two have perhaps some practical bearing-though there is nothing so mundane as a cooking club among them—and the rest are clubs for theorizing.-Boston

Transcript. Physician and Patient. The question of how long treatment should be continued in a neurotic case when no eviat once, each trying, as it were, to drown the dent benefit is produced has recently been raised in a Hamburg law court. A medical man, having as a patient a merchant suffering from "nervousness," treated him by gal-vanism. Altogether he galvanized him 445 times, but the nervousness did not disappear. Then came the matter of fees. The sum claimed was \$556. The merchant disputed this on the ground that the treatment ought not have been continued so long, as it was not producing any benefit. The court re- and washerwomen. Their slavery to superferred the matter to the medical board, which stitions such as that of the night doctor, no gave as its opinion that the doctor ought to amount of education or reading seems to free tings, whether he would like to continue them, as it was doubtful whether the treatment was doing any good. The court, how- to eradicate it. ever, declined to accept this view, holding ! that it was for the patient to say when he had tried the treatment as long as he was disposed to pay for it, and so gave judgment for the full amount claimed. This judgment seems to accord with the principle that ap- few days ago I met a colored man who had plies to newspaper subscriptions. A man must pay for his paper as long as he takes it

from the postoffice.—London Lancet.

Not a day passes that some new club is not started here. Many of these organizations live but a season and then go to pieces like a house of cards. Some one with a gift for figures might count up these clubs and arrange them in alphabetical order, for one of these times, in after ages, archæologists may wish to know about them, and what do you suppose they will ever think of the "Manicure club," the very last to be born into the social circle, if nobody places it on record! This special club consists of ten members, devoted to the culture and improvement of finger nails, as its name implies. It meets once a week, and the prize condition of those 100 finger tips is something for the "professional" operator to dream about! After each fair member's nails have been duly examined and criticised by the committee," a paper on the subject of hands, their care and culture, is read, and then the club adjourns to a luncheon that drives filbert nails and half moons into the background for the time being.-Boston Herald.

Institution of the G. A. R. The fact that the Indiana G. A. R. an-The fact that the Indiana G. A. R. an-nounced its meeting this week as the eighth His fluid glory, from the far fine ridge campment was announced as the twenty-first, called out a statement from Mai. O. M. Wilolis in August, 1866, by Gen. Robert S. Foster, when twelve members were initiated, among them J. H. Holliday, editor and proprietor of The Indianapolis News, and C. A. Zollinger, now pension agent for Indiana. Gen. Foster got the idea from an Illinois officer named Stephenson, who said he didn't have money enough to push it, and that Indi-ana soldiers would take hold of the matter better those in Illinois. At the Pittsburg convention of soldiers in September, 1866, Maj. Wilson, as Gen. Foster's adjutant general, organized the G. A. R. in eight states.

-Cor. Chicago Tribune. Farmers in the Senate. The remark is current that "Judge Reagan of Texas will be the only farmer in the senate," but its propriety is most doubtful. There are numerous other senators who have farms. They do not work them personally, nor depend upon them for a living, nor yet derive any especial pecuniary profit from them. But then neither does Mr. Reagan. His wife runs the farm and says they lose money on it; for the farm and says they lose money on it; for lieve that the following advertisement ap-the soil is too sandy to raise any crops, and peared in The Evening Post of Boston in

THE "NIGHT DOCTOR."

A SINGULAR SUPERSTITION AMONG WASHINGTON NEGROES.

the other boys in the house were put on to A Myth Traceable to the Traditions Barbarism-Freedom and Social Equality Among the Colored People of the

> "I heard the night doctor go by last night and I knew the boy would die before morn-ing," said an old Washington darky once to the writer. And when I asked him who the night doctor was he rolled up his eyes in the most painful manner to behold, shook his head and muttered some gibberish which I could not understand and made some queer notions with his hands. Among a certain grade of negroes in Washington, particularly those who drifted there after the war from the extreme south, there prevails a superstition that is as ominous for them as the death tick used to be for the ignorant peasants of England. It is that there rushes through the street at midnight a supernatural being, formed like a man, having long, hook like fingers and a poisonous breath, and that whenever he turns and breathes upon a house where a child lies sick the child is doomed to death before another night. It is not ominous to one to hear the night doctor, as this being of superstition is called, and always after the death of a child the negroes get together and ask who of them heard the night doctor pass Some one is sure to assert that he or she heard the low, mouning, rushing sound made by the night doctor's quick flight. But it is regarded as a surely fatal sign if any one sees

THE NIGHT DOCTOR COMING. Sometimes at midnight darkies who are on the street will suddenly turn their faces to a wall and stand with their hands over their eyes for some moments. They have fancied that they have heard the night doctor coming and they believe that if their eyes rest upon him he will turn and blow his mal blast upon them and that death will surely speedily follow. These people are singularly tant, too, to speak to any one but the of their own superstition about the night doctor, and if they are tempted to my anything they speak with undoubted manifes tion of terror. I once heard an old colored man who was head waiter at one of the hotels say that he knew that a man of whom I inquired would not recover from his sickness use the night before he was taken he had seen the night doctor go flying through the streets. The man did die in a day or two, and had been dying for a year with consum but no reasoning could persuade these colored people that he was inevitably doomed before he had the vision of the night doctor. But the victims of this creature are children, except when an adult sets his eyes on it, and there occurs no death among the children, according to their belief, which was not on the night before indicated by the passage of the night doctor. The myth seems to be traceable to tradition brought by the ances-

tors of these people from Africa.
The Washington pegroes offer ngton negroes offer mo esting opportunities for study of the effects of freedom and political equality, and it is not them to the extent that it does further south. There are more opportunities for making and saving money in Washington for these people than anywhere else in the country, although the negro population is one-third that of the city, and no city in the United States has a larger colored population. They are very enacious of their civil rights, especially public, on the horse cars, in the theatres and at the Capitol. They are very anxious to own homes, and they are divided into social sets with as much rigor, if not by stricter lines, than the white people of the city. The coal black negro despises the mulatto, while the mulatto is disposed to snub the pure blooded African. But they are all clannish and are most abject imitators of the white people, even in the matter of social etiquette, and are slaves to superstitions as much as they ever were upon the plantations, though nany of them strive to conceal this trait. LITTLE ORIGINALITY.

They show but little evidence of originality of thought, though many of them have received fair rudimentary educations. The majority of the younger generation can read and write. There are, of course, some exceptions to this rule, but these exceptions prove it. They show as a rule no aptitude for mechanical work, and though there are a few good carpenters and other mechanics among them the colored man's hands seem to be clumsy with any skilled tool except the razor and shaving brush. They have had twenty-five years of freedom and especially favorable opportunities to develop under this new condition, with strenuously exacted and willingly given civil rights of all kinds, and yet the great mass of these people continue to be laborers, barbers, waiters, servants, cooks have asked the patient, after some fifty sit- them from, and if their churches do not directly encourage, they at least do not frown down such disposition. It seems impossible

> There seems to be a feeling among the negroes all over the country that Washington is their true home, and you will find i expressed here and there if you talk with negroes of comparative intelligence. Only been living in Bridgeport for nine years, and be said he was going to Washington to live. Said he: "I thought when I came to New England that a colored man, if be behaved himself and was a thrifty citisen, would be treated like other men. But I find that everywhere in New England the colored people are compelled to live in settlements by themselves. I wanted to buy and build a iouse in a nice, respectable part of Bridgeport, for I did not want to live in the dreary and unpleasant quarter where colored people are obliged to go. But when it was found that I proposed to live among these white people, such a breeze was raised that I had to give it up. They told me that it would ruin property on that street if I went there; not ecause I was a bad or worthless man, but because I was colored. It is so everywhere is the north. We have been made free, but no power but God can make us equal." And there was a note of despair in this man's con-versation which I fancied would not be very hard to change into one of desperation. - Cor.

> > SUNRISE.

undingly up through Night's wall deuse and dark, Embattled crags and clouds, outbroke the sun Above the unconscious earth, and one by one Her heights and depths absorbed to the last

Laughed at first the thanks back, to the vale's dusk fold On fold of vapor-swathing, like a bridge Shattered beneath some giant's stamp. Night

Her work done and betook herself in mist To marsh and hollow, there to bide her time Blindly in acquiescence. Everywhere Did earth acknowledge sun's embrace sublin Thrilling her to the heart of things; since there No ore ran liquid, no spar branched anew, No arrowy crystal gleamed, but straightway grew Glad through the inrush—glad nor more nor less

Than, 'neath his gaze, forest and wilderness, Hill, dale, land, see, the whole vast stretch and spread.

The universal world of creatures, bred By sun's munificence, alike gave praise—
All creatures but one only; gaze for gaze,
Joyless and thankless, who—all scowling can—
Protests against the innumerous praises? Man,

Sullen and silent. Stand thou forth, then, state Thy wrong, thou sole aggrieved—disconsolat While every beast, bird, reptile, insect, gay And glad acknowledges the bounteous day!

And This in Boston. Boston people will find it difficult to be

Child at Washington—Who are all those men loanging around outside the Capitol? Parent—They are United States senators,

"Only one

A man without self-restraint is like a

parrel without hoops, and tumbles to

With Asiatic cholera raging in South America and several cases reported at ifferent parts of the United States, reently at Detroit, Mich., people began to onsider what they would do in case it should appear in epidemic form here and to ask what can be done. First, the sanitary condition of the premise should be looked to; all decaying ani nal and vegetable matter removed second, drink no water until after it has seen boiled. Third, procure a 50-cent bottle of Chamberlain's Colic. Cholera and Diarrhosa Remedy and you may consider yourself and family fortified against the disease. Sold by Dowty &

A fact that has been the cause of satisfaction to the republicans and disappointment to democrats has been the almost total failure of the administration to justify the plea on which it was put into office.—N. Y. Sun, dem

The Population of Columbus s about 3,000, and we would say at least me half are troubled with some affection of the Throat and Lungs, as those complaints are, according to statistics, more numerous than others. We would adrise all not to neglect the opportunity to all on us and get a bottle of Kemp's Balsam for the Throat and Lungs. Price oc and \$1.00. Trial size free. Respectfully, Dr. A. Heiniz.

"My dear," said Punster to his wife. the breakfast table one morning "can ou tell me why George Washington is ike Napoleon?" "I am sure I don't know," said she. "Because he is dead." remarked Punster. Then followed fully five minutes of silence.

Where are we Going!

If you have pain in the back, pale and allow complexion, billious or sick head che, eruptions on the skin, coated ongue, sluggish circulation, or a hocking cough, you are going into your grave bad wife. if you do not take steps to cure yourself. If you are wise you will do this by for a rapid and happy development when the Discovery," compounded of the most Fever Sores, Tetter, Chapped Hands, colored people had equal chances with the whites. Most of them have learned to be efficacious ingredients known to medical thrifty, or at least to rely upon daily work science for giving health and strength to tions, and positively cures Piles, or no for support. Laziness does not prevail among the system through the medium of the liver and the blood.

The masses against the classes the world over.

You are feeling depressed, your appe tite is poor, you are bothered with head ache, you are fidgety, nervous, and generally out of sorts, and want to brace up. Brace up but not with stimulants, spring medicines, or bitters, which have for their basis very cheap, bad whisky, and which stimulate you for an hour, and then leave you in worse condition than before. What you want is an alterative that will purify your blood, start healthy action of Liver and Kidneys, restore your vitality, and give renewed health and strength. Such a medicine you will find in Electric Bitters, and only 50 cents a bottle at Dowty & Becher's drug store. A man who does not love praise is not

full man. Why will you be troubled with

Sprains and bruises. Old sores and ulcers. Neuralgia and toothache. Salt Rheum or Eczema, Scald head or ringworm, Pain in the back or spine, Swelling of the joints, and not try Beggs' Tropical Oil, if it does not re-

eve it will cost you nothing as we warrant every bottle. Dr. A. Heintz, drug-It takes longer for man to find out man than any other creature that is

Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhœu Remedy can always be depended upon, it is pleasant to take and will cure cramp, cholera morbus, dysentery and diarrhosa in their worst forms. Every family should be provided with it during the summer months. 25 cent. 50 cent and dollar bottles are sold by Dowty & Becher.

horoughly for Teaching, for Business Life, for Flowers are the sweetest things that Admission to College, for Law or Medical Schools, for Public Speaking, in Instrumental God ever made and forgot to put a soul and Vocal Music, in Drawing and Painting, and in Elocution, Short-hand and Type-writing.

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That cannot be a healthy condition in which few prosper and the great mass are drudges.

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Whoever makes home seem to the young dearer and more happy is a public enefactor.

the sand is too poor to make into glam.—New York Tribune.

The Sewers and Catacombo.
The prefect of the Seine allows 800 excursionists a day to visit the sewers and catacombo in the south of France.

The south of France.

The germany during a year are made 540,600 real meerschaums and 500,000,000 wooden pipes.

The means and catacombo in the south of France.

The germany during a year are made 540,600 real meerschaums and 500,000,000 wooden pipes.

The same is too poor to make into glam.—New the pare of the Paper, the very best Negro Woman in this Town, who has had the Smallpox and the Measles; is as hearty as a Borse, as brisk as a Bird, and will work like a Beaver. August 28, 1742."—Atlanta Constitution.

Consideration of Mercy.

"Have you anything to my before the court passes sentence upon you?" Prisoner — Well, all I got to my is, I hope yer would not the work, and live at home also. Better will satisfied we count passes sentence upon you?" Prisoner — Well, all I got to my is, I hope yer hope. The Judge.

The sewers and Catacombo.

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Consideration of Mercy.

"Have you anything to my before the court passes sentence upon you?" Prisoner — Well, all I got to my is, I hope yer would not the work, and live at home also. Better will sent you for their passe with employment at home, the whole of the time, or for their sparse moments. Business, the will prove of lifetong value and in prove gold, it will prove of lifetong value and in prove your gold, it will prove of lifetong value and a proportional sum by devoting all their my of the trouble of well and their many prisons and the thome also. Business, the way, has the electric light, as gennine as in the e Worth Your Attention.

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ing like it as an antidote for the dangers to life

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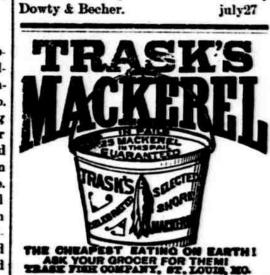
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