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Stopping the "Fire Wagon." When the first railroad was laid over the western plains and the cars began running to San Francisco the Indians viewed the locomotive from the hill-tops at a distance, not daring to come nearer the "fire wagon." A train of cars was to them "cheap wagon, no boss." An Apache chief gathered a party of warriors in Arizona and went several hundred miles to see the terrible fire wagon that whistled louder than the eagle's scream and poured out dense black smoke. W. M. Thayer says in his "Marvels of the New West" that the redskins grew bolder and once attacked a fire wagon, expecting to capture it. When they failed and many were injured they said, "Fire wagon bad medicine."

The Indians stretched a lariat across the track, least high, each end being held by thirty braves. "When the engine first saw it he didn't know what an earth was the matter," said the narrator, "but in a minute more he burst out laughing. He caught hold of that throttle, and he opened her out."

"He struck that lariat going about forty miles an hour, and he just piled those braves up everlasting promiscuous."

The Cabal. The term "cabal" as applied to secret factions of any kind had its rise in England about 1667, being first applied to the cabinet of Charles II, and formed from the initials of the cabinet members—Lord Clifford, Lord Ashley, the Duke of Buckingham, Lord Arlington and the Duke of Lauderdale—C. A. B. A. L. Since that day it has been customary, in all English speaking lands at least, to apply the name to any secret conclave, especially in politics.

The Way She Saw It. "You must not mock people, Hazel. Once upon a time, the Bible says, a crowd of little children mocked a good man named Elisha, and two braves came out of the forest and killed for 'two of them.'"

"Wasn't that an awful thing for their mothers?"—Newark News.

Women on Warships. In the British navy of Nelson's day it was not uncommon for wives to live aboard men-of-war with their sailor husbands. Scarcely one of England's "walls of oak" in Nelson's time but had some woman aboard who braved the perils and hardships of the sea in order to be with her husband. In nearly every one of the twenty-seven line of battleships under Nelson's command in the great battle of Trafalgar was one or more women, wives of sailors. Surprise may be expressed that English men-of-war's men were permitted to have their wives aboard. It was only by special permission of the admiralty that this could be done—and then permission was granted somewhat in the light of a penance for sanctioning the press-gang system, which was largely in vogue at that time. Men were seized in the streets and other public places and compelled to serve in British warships because "the king needed men." Some of the men thus seized had political influence and, being unjustly compelled to serve in the navy, were permitted to have their wives share their involuntary servitude.

What the World Lost. "It was the worst calamity that ever happened to me," sighed the pale, intellectual high-browed young woman. "I had written a modern society novel, complete to the last chapter, and a careless servant girl gathered the sheets of the manuscript from the floor, where the wind had blown them, and used them to start a fire in the grate."

"What a burning shame that was!" commented Miss Tartan.—Chicago Tribune.

Manners Versus Mannerism. There's a vast difference between manners and mannerism. For instance, manners takes its soup softly and quietly, while mannerism gorges it. Manners says, "Parse the battah, please," while mannerism bites a chunk out of a piece of bread and stutters, "Slip me the grease, will you?"—Detroit Free Press.

WIT OF THE INDIAN

The Dignified Red Man Has a Keen Sense of Humor.

STORIES OF STANDING BEAR.

The Race the Old Chief Was Willing to Run Against a Government Attorney—A Gallant Brave and His Mirror—An Invisible Bridge.

The impression prevails widely that the Indian lacks the saving sense of humor—"that most characteristic of all American qualities." To the creating and the spreading of this impression many recognizable traits of Indian character have indisputably contributed—his ancestral pride, his exclusiveness, his gravity of face and dignity of manner in public.

Nevertheless an injustice is done him, for among no primitive peoples is the sense of humor keener or more spontaneous and kindly.

Years ago I was conversing with a group of children of the Omaha tribe. They were on their way to a reservation school, and directly in their path lay a swamp an eighth of a mile wide, and straight through this they were required to wade twice a day.

"It is too bad," I remarked, "can you not go around the swamp? Your feet will be wet, and you will be uncomfortable and possibly ill."

"Oh," cried a girl of about twelve years, her dark eyes dancing with merriment, "we walk over the \$1,200 bridge."

They all laughed at this. What could it mean? I saw no bridge; there was no bridge to be seen. It made them merry to see me mystified, and I heard them laughing and chatting as they went through the water and mud. Afterward I discovered the humor in the remark. Some years previous to that time the government had appropriated \$1,200 to build a bridge over this swamp, but somehow the money had vanished into somebody's pocket and the work was not done.

One evening I saw a gallant young brave making his way swiftly over the prairies of the Omaha reserve. He was dressed in all his finery, and at his side dangled a small mirror. Manifestly he was an ardent lover. This I should have surmised from his dress and eager haste, even if I had not known him. As he was a friend of mine, I had inside information of his hopes and purposes; also I ventured to stop him for a moment, precious as I knew him time to be.

"That mirror at your side," I remarked, "is to give opportunity for Prairie Flower to discover how lovely she is, is it not?" He considered the question, and then, with a twinkling eye, he replied:

"No. Maybe so she will talk too much to me, and then I will look into my mirror to see how tired I am."

This certainly was the humor of absurdity.

Examples of Standing Bear's humor I could give almost without number. During the trial of his case before Judge Dundy the contention of the government attorney was that an Indian is not a person within the meaning of the law. This puzzled the old chief greatly. It also amused him.

One day at my table he was vigorously plying a knife and fork when suddenly he paused in his eating, lifted up his hands, and a humorous smile lighting up his noble, storm-scared face, he remarked: "The attorneys say I am not a person. But I can use a knife and fork. Does a bear do that? If he, the attorney, is a person I am one also. We both eat with knives and forks. Indeed, I think I can use them faster than he can. If he wants to race me eating I am ready." We all laughed at this. When we were quiet Standing Bear added:

"That is, I will run an eating race with the attorney if he will pay for the beefsteak."

The first public address Standing Bear ever made was given in my church. In the course of it while he was pleading for assistance he addressed various classes of people present—the men, the women, the clergy, the business men, the children. When he was pleading with the women he said:

"I appeal to you because you are brave and patient. Whenever you have anything hard to do you never rest until it is done." This was a gallant sentiment worthy of a chief. But Frank La Flesche, who was interpreting, rendered the sentence thus: "You women are patient. When there is anything hard to be done we men let you do it." This was so true to Indian custom that the audience laughed.

Standing Bear was puzzled. As he stood silent a moment wondering what mistake he had made Bright Eyes, the beautiful Omaha maiden, stepped forward and said, "My dear friend, you have made a mistake in interpreting the chief's thought." Then she gave the proper rendering.

The Chicago papers took liberties with Standing Bear's name, one of them referring to him constantly as Upright Brain. When this was explained to the chief he took the matter with great good nature.

"What does it matter?" he remarked, his face beaming. "I am all tied up with names. I am like a pony tangled in his lariat. Father, Hamilton, the Presbyterian, calls me elder. The Episcopal clergyman calls me warder. For I am an officer in the little church in our village, where both these good men preach. And now the papers call me—what is it? Yes, Brain. No matter. The judge in Omaha says I am a person, and that satisfies me."—Southern Workman.

Liabon's Names. Lisbon, the capital of Portugal, sometimes claims to have been founded by Ulysses in the course of his wanderings. But, according to the London Chronicle, there is no doubt that Ulysses is only a fanciful version of Oisippo, the most ancient name of what was probably at first a Phoenician city. When the Romans absorbed and municipalized Oisippo it became Felicitas Julia, but in the hands of the Moslems it slipped back to Lashbuna. Byron's line in "Childe Harold": "What beauties does Lisbon first unfold?" the Portuguese spelling of the name today.

SMOKING MERRIHUANA.

It Fills Mexican Pecos With Something Like Delirium Tremens.

A FAMOUS RACE.

The Greatest Steamboat Contest on the Mississippi River.

The greatest race ever run on the Mississippi was between the Natchez, a boat built in Cincinnati and commanded by Captain T. F. Leathers, and a New Albany boat, the Robert E. Lee, under Captain John W. Cannon. There was spirited rivalry between the two vessels, and when the Natchez made the fastest time on record between New Orleans and St. Louis (1,278 miles in 3 days 21 hours 58 minutes) Captain Cannon resolved to beat it. He engaged the steamer Frank Pargoud and several fuel boats and arranged for them to meet him at various points up the river with wood and coal. Then he had his boat cleared of all her upper works likely to catch the wind or make the vessel heavier.

On Thursday, June 20, 1870, at 4:45 p. m. the Robert E. Lee steamed out of New Orleans. The Natchez followed five minutes later. The race had been advertised in advance and was now awaited with gathering interest at all the river towns. Large crowds were assembled at Natchez, Vicksburg, Helena and other large places.

Between Cairo and St. Louis the Natchez afterward claimed to have lost seven hours and one minute on account of a fog and broken machinery. The Robert E. Lee, however, was not delayed and arrived in St. Louis three minutes ahead of the previous record established by her competitor. Fifty thousand people from the house-tops, the levees and the docks of other steamers welcomed the winner as she steamed into port. Captain Cannon was the lion of the hour. The business men gave a banquet in his honor.—Travel Magazine.

Queer Skits in Yap. In the "Island of Stone Money," Dr. W. H. Furness tells of the female fashions of the natives of Yap, the most westerly of the Caroline Islands, and expresses wonder that the women are so rarely burned to death.

"In the first place, their skirts are composed of four or five layers of dried leaves and strips of bast and are so voluminous and distended that they stand out all around the body, outrailing the old-fashioned hoopskirts. Even when sitting down the women are surrounded by a mound of veritable tinder. In the second place, they are forever striking matches to light their cigarettes; nay, worse even, they carry about with them, for the sake of economy, the glowing husk of a cocoon, and neither to matches nor husk do they give the slightest heed, striking the one recklessly over their own skirts or absentmindedly resting the other against the skirts of their neighbor.

Yet in spite of this wicker recklessness never did I see a skirt catch fire. One month at longest is the life of a woman's dress; then the old skirt is burned and a brand new one plaited, with no tedious stings at the dressmaker's nor depressing bills to pay."

Use Short Words. Literary aspirants should religiously eschew polysyllabic orthography. The philosophical and philological substructure of this principle is ineluctable. Excessively attenuated verbal symbols inevitably induce unnecessary complexity and consequently exaggerate the obfuscation of the mentality of the peruser. Conversely, expressions which are reduced to the furthest minimum of simplification and compactness, besides contributing realistic veridicality, constitute a much less onerous handicap to the reader's perspicacity.

Observe, for instance, the unmistakable and inescapable expressiveness of onomatopoeic, interjectional, monosyllabic utterances, especially when motivated under strenuous emotional circumstances. How much more appealing is their euphonious pulchritude than the preposterous and pretentious pomposity of elongated verbiage.—Life.

A Shock For Tenyson. If any one asked Holman Hunt about persons he would tell delightful frank anecdotes concerning, maybe, the great men he knew and loved and measured exactly. He liked a spice of fun in everything, too, and his face beamed as he described a walk with Tenyson he had lately taken. They heard footsteps behind, and the great man frowned. "How they dog us, Hunt! How shall we escape them?"

"Just sit on the stile till they pass," said the matter of fact artist. They did so, and two lads in knickerbockers marched by swinging their sticks and not even turning their heads. Tenyson was chafffallen.

"Do you know, Hunt," he said, "I do not think they know who I am."

"Very likely, my dear Tenyson, and they would not even know if you told them."—"Recollections of Holman Hunt" in London Academy.

Provided For in Advance. A playwright in an interview in New York said that without attention to the minutest details theatrical success could rarely be attained.

"And yet," he added, smiling, "even this grand virtue of attention to details may be carried to excess. Thus a certain playwright said at rehearsal to his leading man:

"Now, remember, John, after you speak this line, 'Helen, I will save you though I perish,' pause and wait for the applause."

"But the leading man sneered and answered cynically:

"How do you know there'll be any applause?"

"That is my business, not yours, John," the playwright answered with calm confidence.—Washington-Star.

His Specialty. "That clerk of yours seems to be a hard worker." "Yes, that's his specialty." "What—working?" "No. Seeming to."—Boston Transcript.

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takings, warns you of coming dangers, averts trouble, sickness, etc., guides you aright in all affairs of life, marriage, divorce, love, law and speculation; tells of friends true or false. The future plainly revealed, lovers reunited, troubles healed, names of friends and enemies, and does give the name of your future husband or wife with day of marriage, and is positively the only medium who does this correctly, reunited the separated wife and husband and secures for you the hand and heart of the one you love in marriage, brings you success and good luck in all undertakings; gives you lucky days, weeks and months and years, and tells all about your future family and domestic life; gives excellent and reliable advice on all things pertaining to married life, teaches clairvoyance and develops mediums in from one to six months, so that you can tell everything, including names. Special attention given to the development of weak and partially developed mediums.

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