FARCES, FADS AND FOIBLES. | print about costumes and fashions now ! I don't see how a gtri's dress can be so full of Jack-It is when you wear it.

again."

Time for Rest.

Probably Robert Ray Hamilton cares whother or not he is alive, as the sensational companyers say, but certainly the public

No Inducement. A man at the postoffice gave a newsboy 25 entryesterday to ge and get him, a paper, and when the lad returned he was hunded an

extra nickil with the remark : "That is for your honesty, my boy." "But but stammered." the boy as he

looked from the coin to the man and back

"Why, sir, it's only 5 cents, and 1 could have run away with the whole quarter"

A Good Boy.

Father-Well, what has Tommy been doing

today! Mother-He cut off a piece of cat's tail, broke three windows, blacked the cook's eye, and built a beadro in the cellar. Father-Is that all? Tommy must have been a good boy today.

Fancy and Fact. Puch How oft a vague presentment

Of comiting ill depresses us, When if we'd but look back we'd find 'The breakfast that distresses us.'

Leading Him On.

New York Ledger. Mammin-II scena to no that your future husband is a little too exacting. He wants this, that and the other, I consider him a

Violet-Well, dear mamma, we can afford to include him for once. Let him have his way now-you know it will be the last time

Youthful Scepticism.

Bjenkenson had just returned from church a a dim religious frame of mind, and for the estruction of his four-year-old manghter he

told her in graphic style the biblical story of Jonah and the whole. When he had finished Ethel looked up in his face, and eagerly said

"Now, pape, you listen, and see if I can't tell you a bigger he than that " Poor Birds. "There are no birds in last year's nests," There is no doubt of that:

Because the birds were killed last fall To trim the winter hat.

Atlanta Cor

Editor at Church.

"Will you pass the hat," said the parson, "I will," said the editor, "sare," But the parson frowned as the hat went

"And said: "Brethern, lock the door."

On a Decime.

St. Joweph Neura, St. Agedere – Did I understand you to say that Miss Waverly was 11? De Mascus (ruefully mindful of his rejec-

ion)-No; I said I found her going into a de

A Reasoning Faith.

"Are there trees in heaven, papar" asked

"Yes-I suppose so." "I should think the halos would catch in

the branches unless they are trimmed pretty

Overwhelmed Him.

Dry Goods Chronicle, To some pungent remarks of a professiona

To some pungent remarks of a professional brother a western lawyer began his reply as follows: "May it please this court: resting upon the couch of republican equality as I do, covered with the blanket of constitutional panoply as I am, and protected by the agis of American liberty as I feel myself to be, I de-spise the buzzing of the professional insect who has just sat down, and defy his attempts to nearcraft with his may sting the inter-

to penetrate with his pany sting the infer-stices of my impervious covering."

Don't Do It This Way. Phoenizville (Pa.) Messenger. "Are you the elitor of the paper?

"I am, What can I do for you?" "Well, I thought I'd step up and see how ou are. My wife and I are going to Cape

Monoscy's Weekly

erfect nubance

dine.

Willi

hligh.

ou are. May tomorrow

Hore's a Chance to Laugh at Your Neighbor's Weak Points and Failings.

BUT PERHAPS YOU'RE IN IT AFTER ALL.

What the Wits Have Been Doing to Show People How Ridiculous They Sometimes Appear

to Others.

Detroit Free Press brand new jest or happy chime f weil-turned wit from wag or mime We hear, and cay with Soloman "There maught is new beneath the

The joss is gray with age and time ?"

Q without of this sterner clime,

Some bear the ages' converse sublime with greater grace than thou hast

Thou old as could slime - A brand now jest.

Safer to Stay Lost. Washington Pre

"Hello, Willio," said a small boy, as he met a commade in the street about dusk, "yer mother's lookin' fer ye."

"Is she?" "Yes, she's got the whole family out and she's good 'on terrible. She says you was the pride of her heart and was goin' to be the

Comfort of her bear and was gold to be de Comfort of her old age." "Go way: she dida't." "Horest, She says she never did ace one to smart for yer age nor such a comfort pround the house. You'd better go on

"I was hurryin' with all my might. But are you sure she said all them thougs! "Yes; and a lot more. Go on, she's wait-

in' fer yo now." "Well I don't know. I tell ye, Jimmy, I'm plighty doubtful in my mind about whether I hadn't better stay lost."

He Was Proposing, Too.

Harry-Dearest why this agitation! Why do you hide your face from met Can you not speak one little word! Carry-(in a choking yolce)-Really, Harry, 1-1-can not. Excuse me, but your emotion has caused you to burst your shirt collar!

The Way of the World.

Detroit Free Press The sweet, motherly face of Mrs. B., who always wore decorous black, appeared on the promenade lately in a Rubens hat-black, to esure but oh

17

"Twenty years too young for her," ejacu-lated one friend behind her back. To her face she said: "You dear thing! How becoming that hat

Is to you. Never wear a bonnet again?" "Did you see Mrs. B. at church today?" asked another lady of her husband.

"Yes, she never misses morning service," he replied. And did you notice her hat?"

"Why, no. I suppose it was the same one she always wears." "It was a round hat," announced the lady, In much the same tone she might have used If the headgear in question had been a

washtub. "That woman will wear a crown some day," answered her husband, "I do not know her equal in good works." "I am talking about earthly millinery pow," answered his wife, as she picked up the discussion nemin

now, answered his wile, as she picked up the discussion again. Meauwhile Mrs, B, had returned home and taken off the offending hat, which she handed to her daughter. "Thank you, Ruby," she said. "I suppose my bounet has come back."

"Yes, "ear," answered her daughter, "and Mrs. — was so grateful because you lent it to ber. She said she could not afford to buy mourning for her boy." "It was a small favor to do for one in

trouble," answered the nother gently. And 'he wagging tongues never reached her.

The Deacon's Retort.

THE NEBRASKA FUGITIVES

A Story of the Present Indian Upris-

ing. BY S. O. V. OHISWOLD.

CHAPTEB XIII. ON THE WAGON'S TRAIL.

The dark cuttine of the savage's form was any visible to the scout, and with a newledge of his exact position, his mode of in truth that utght was an awful one for

motionless a moment and then taking a step or two, stopped again, "What is it Pierre?" But as Mr. Barrett propounded the ques-tion, the reply came from the cause itselt. A single, long, portentous halloo swent over the intervening plain to the cars of the listening fugitives. Almost instantly after a wild chorus of yells arease back somewhere in the neigh-borhood of the desorted massion, plainly dis-closing to our friends that the energy had

closing to our friends that the energy had made some important discovery, "Listen) Ah' they've fired the house Mr. Jarrett. Too true. Looking again our friends by

actd a bright, lurad glare flash up toward the neavens, and they knew that their beloved prairie home was a mass of flames—that the prairie home was a mass of flames—that the frustrated savages were venting their wrath upon that harmless structure. Only a moment longer did our little party linger, when again they were speeding over the plain with all their energy. Baptiste had struck the wagon's trail and maintained it with the infallibility of instinct. The night had grown quite cold, and their vices one exercise alone keet our friends from

ignrous exercise alone kept our friends from vigerous exercise alone kept our friends from suffering physically, but mentally their tor-ture was almost unendurable. Finally they neared a small motte of timber, the identical grove where the party under Le Loup had found and ministered to the wounds of the young Cheyenne. At this unchare, to their dire alarm, they discovered immediately in their front a body of mounted Indians, com-ine directly toward them, it seemed.

their front a body of mounted Indians, com-ing directly toward them, it seemed. The scout hastily gave his orders, and stooping in the grass, which in this locality' was tail and exuberant, our little party ran a few hundred yards to one side, then dropped dat to the earth, holding their Winchesters ready for service at the slightest warning. By this time the wild Bedonins had ap-proached so close that it seemed inevitable but our little marty could not eccare deter. hat our litle party could not escape detec-

But the dauger passed. The painted and But the danger passed. The painted and bedeeked horsemen appeared to have abruid-by discovered some sign or signal away on the dim horizon, for after wheeling and cir-cling a moment, they came to a halt the heads of their ponies pointing to the northvest. The next moment they dashed turnal nously away. Then our friends again moved on.

An hour later, when the night was protty well advanced and the full round moon burst "Yes, but I wouldn't have anything said forth from the scattering seud above, flood-

Loup's party and studie rapidly along i loward the dark barration the distant woods It was long after midulight when they does near the best of timber, yet they do not half, until such dealy the Reen sighted half-breed discovered far back within the masy recesses the woods, the glimmer of a campfire.

CHAPTER XIV. AT THE TORN BE STARE.

The scout and his companions had almost reached the edge of the timber, when the former came to an abropt halt, at tho same time throwing up his hand as a signal for prime difference in a little group, a short distance from their prime distance for the night, that time throwing up his hand as a signal for the others to do likewise. Not twenty yards in their front looned up through the dark-ness the form of a solitary Indian. The rig-liant half-breed had discovered alm not a moment too soon. He stood moveless as a statue. His neck was craned and his bead was turned to one side, with every faculty evi-dently concentrated in the one of attention. His acute hearing had doubtless detected some unusual sound. The dark withing of the savage's form was

In truth that itight was an awful one for determined upon, his mode of action was sneedily determined upon. Way, they have and for our friends to remain perfectly quiet, he handed his Winchester to Bob jr drew his long hife and crept away with the stafth of a parther. His movements were so guarded that no sound whatter was movinced, and the Sloux sentinel remained unconscious of his proximity.
The desired spot was finally reached by the crouching seout. He has there to watches are index moments were all his strength for the spring. In another moment our friends saw his dark form linge through the air.
The half breed's calculations had been mary velously exact. He clutched the helpless bock by the throat and bore him to the ground. Then there was a short struggle, a

The two girls, utterly exhausted and broken in spirit, reclined against a bruge of way through the timber. harrying back to his friends, Baptiate again led them forward and unmolested they made their way through the timber. Emerging out upon the priiric they con-tinued on for the period of an hour, when suddenly the scont halfed again, this time upon the summit of a slight elevation. A faint breeze was soughing through the build grass, but the ranchimen heard no sound but that. It was evident, however, that the acute ear of the scout had detected something else. He stood motionless a moment and then taking a step or two, stopped ratin. "What is it Pierre?"

ous rival to Sitting Bull himself. He was skillful in the classe, a terror on the warpath, and an elequent orator—a certain avenue to popular favor among the entitored children of the plains. He was the incarnation of every-thing wicked and fiendish, and addleted to the indugence of the most ferocious pas-sions of his people; he was never found on the side of mercy, but was always a chief in-stigator in all deeds of forture and revenge. With curning and artiful speech he impressed his brother warriors with the necessity of disposing of their male captives before the dawn of mother day. In his subtle address he made the deeds of Cam-eron and Scipio of the greatest and unremeeron and Scipio of the greatest and unreme-diable provocation. He pointed to the young New Yorker and described the death of one of their most distinguished braves, whese skull had been shattered to atoms by a blow from his clubbed Winchester, and lifting his voke to a nitch of terrific animation and in-passioned energy, he declared that the pale face and his black ally must die at once, in

itonement for the havee they had effected in

atonement for the havee they had effected in their ranks. As this evil declaration fell from the lips of the ferocons Cat, his voice was drowned in a wild burst of fury, and the whole wild crew, with brandished weapons, leaped toward our helptess friends, and instant death secured their inevitable portion. But the Black Cat was as quick as his feline namesake, and with a single bound he threw himself between the excited bucks and their intend-

with a single bound he threw himself between the excited bucks and their intend-ed victims, dashing the foremost back with some violence. Then with rapid enunciation and angry gesticulation he checked the blood-thirsty wretches, explaining to them what a deprivation of hideous delight their blind impetuosity had almost caused them. The captives must die a slow and lingering death, and thus the converse of their tor-

death, and thus the enjoyment of their tor-menters be prolonged for hours. As the Catceased, Jond yells of acclama-

tion arese from the braves, and casting them-selves upon Cameron and the darkey they jerked them radely to their feet, and shoving and dragging them to convenient trees bound them securely.

Cameron fairly ranged for breath as an over whelming sense of his horrible fate came over him, while Scipio stood like one in a

trance, obviously unconscious, through his overpowering fear, of his frightful situation. A short distance from these torture posts, Nan Burrett and Nell Brown-ing were bound together in such a minner, that, unloss they closed, their const they unless they closed their eyes, the must witness the whole appalling transaction about to take place. Pitiful creatures ' The were pale and horror-stricken and their suf ferings were even more intense than that of their doomed protectors. They closed their eyes and give themselves up to prayer. The Indians were now ready to wreak their rengance with all the barbarous ingenuity of heir race, and with a blood cardling whom the Black Cat snatched a flaming brand from the flack Cat snatched a flaming brand from the flack and thrust it beneath the circular pil of inflammable faggots heaped about our two heroic friends. [To be continued next Week.]

Sixteenth and Farnam Streets.

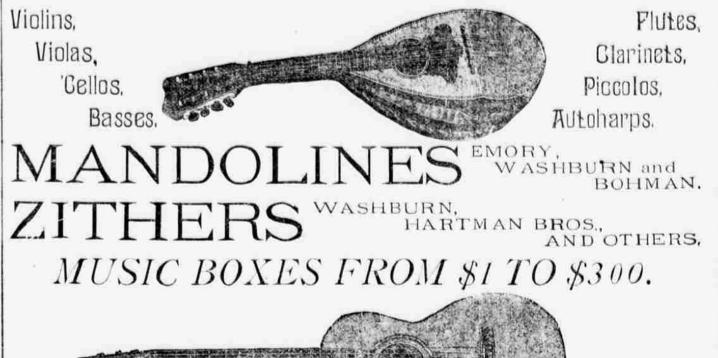
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5

15

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New York Herah It crieved the parson as he taught To see the deacon in his pew A holding as in sleep, he thought, Despite the hints he often threw That sleeping in the holy place Displayed a woful lack of grace.

At length, his patience quite worn out, He loudly to the deacon cried, "Wake up and think what you're about! The latter straightway then replied, "The Lord's rich gift I surely keep-He giveth His beloved skeep!"

The Boy Don't Kick.

Somerville Journ Whether a college education helps a young man who means to enter business life is an open question, perhaps; but there is no doubt that he can have a good doal of fun while he is getting the education.

How's This?

Puck. Jeweler-If you want to buy a watch, I think that an American movement is an American case takes the cake. Customer-Probably, but you will, no doubt, agree with me that a Swiss movement in Sweitzer kase is just about the cheese.

Poor-r-r Fido.

"Why, Janet! What in the world is the matter with Fide" "Ho's got a severe cold, dear. I think I must have left his muzzle off too suddenly, you know.

An Able Figancier,

"Uncle Ephraim why do you support Of ficeseeker: He's no statesman." "You's mistaken, boss. He am a great statesman."

"How sof" "He pays more for votes dan anybody else.

Jokes That Traveled.

Concord Monitor Not long ago a letter came through the postofice addressed to "Lard Mills, N.H., which found its proper destination at Oil Mills, N.H. A letter addressed to "Roast Pig, Mass.," was deciphered by the Boston mail clerks to be intended for Dedham, and there it was delivered to the person for whom it was intended.

These Three.

Somerville Journal. Diggs-1 am a victim of faith, hope and charity. Biggs-How sol Diggs - How sol Diggs - When I started in business a year ngo I had a hope that I should succeed, but no one seemed to have faith in me, and now I am an object of charity."

The Millennum Euroute.

New York Herald.

The lambs and lions shall lie down together, All things one day shall dwell in harmony; "Twill come when doctors praise and love each other. When streams run up and ministers agree

Name Him (1-veland.

St. Joseph News, "I have got a boy," said a proud father, "who is destined one day to shine brilliantly In the political firmament." "Shows an aptitude for statecraft, doe he "No, but he can't write a letter."

Her First Baking. Jester.

Young Husband-Did you make this cake, Maria ! Young Wife-Yes, George. Young Husband -Well, you take the cake-Young Wife (flattered)-O, George! Young Husband (continuing)-and throw

It away.

"Queer, Though True."

Puck Mirth is catching, so the say. My wife takes things the other way. When I am sober, she is gay. And vice versa: strange to say. When I get folly She's melancholy,

What's in It.

1my-How much nonsense the newspapers

ibout it in print, of course. Simplifies - Azariah Simplifies "Glad to meet you, Mr. Simpkins, I'm ure." "Now don't go to pattin' anythin g into the paper about our going away. We start at 4 o'clock, and I reason we'll be gone pretty near a month. I need the rest and Mrs.

Simpkins was getting run down. Of course I know how anxious you newspaper mer always are for an item, but we are plain people and don't want any notoriety. My wifa always likes to see "Simpkins' spelt withou a 'p,' but the eld fashioned way is good enough for me. Well, I know an o time is valuable, so I'll say good day.' an editor

A Rejected Candidate.

Chicago Inter-Ocean. "Uncle Ebenezer," said Hojack to Mistah Johnsing, "I understand that Madison Ciny Washington tried to go into the Midnight club, and that the members wouldn't have

"Dat am a fac', sah." replied Uncle Ebenozer; we whiteballed de wufiles niggah, sah:

No Doubt of It.

Yanke: Blade. She-You don't mind my talking so much, He-No indeed, but (facetiously) I may

mind after we are married. She-But I shan't mind then if you do. Slow but sure.

New York Ledger.

Father-Young Walker has been devoted o you for two or three years, hasn't ne! Daughter-Yes, papa. Father-Isn't he vory slow about pro-Daughter-Yes, George is a little slow, but

think he's sure. Gave it Away.

Epoch. Young Man (comptaining to his baker of the bread)—See here! Your bread's so hard I can't eat it." Baker (indignantiy) - Young chap, I made read long before you will born. Young Man-1 don't doubt it, sir, and I udge it's some of those same loaves you've been selling me.

Been There Himself.

Detroit Free Press. A policeman, who was investigating a dark hallway on Grand River avenue, heard some one snoring in the darkness and he rapped with his club and called out: "Now, then, who is it ! me," replied a voice as the snoring "It's ceased "Who's me?" "O, I used to be on the police force. Go along_it's all right. There's only room for one of us here?

A Wond rful Memory.

Boston Convier. Miss Sere-And so this is your birthday, is it, Mamie! Little Mamie-Yes, ma'am. Miss Sere-Mine is in June, the 18th of Little Mamfe-I think that is very won-Miss Sere-Wonderful! Why, pray! Little Mamle-That you can still remember it.

Takes No Chances.

Epoch, Old Gent (to dranken man) -Look here, ing friend, you should know better than to get drunk. Take a look into the future. Inebriate-Great Schott! 'f I did I'd go crazshy. My dead wife's waitin' for me. Tha's a pretty future, so 'tis.

What Could He Do?

Barbosa comes home wearing a hat so bug that it comes down over his nose. His better half raises her hands in wonderment and says: "Wy dear, where did you buy such a hat? It doesn't fit you at all, and is not becom-"I know that, and I told the hatter so, but he showed me the exposition medial, so what could I do about it."

No griping, no nausea, no pain when De Witt's Little Early Risers are taken. Small pill. Safe pill. Best pill. agam

radiance, the furitives descried som thing far in advance that suspiciously resem-bled a stationary wagon, the sight of which filled their hearts with a sickening dreat. "It is the wars with a sorting dread, "It is the wagon-used if Pierre," en-quired Bob. jr., in an unsteady volce, as they approached a little closer. "Yes, there is no mistake, and there's been devil's doings ahead." was the quick re-

ponse of the scout. A piteous cry escaped both father and son the half-preed's awful words fell upon their ears, and heedless of all expostulation they ran frantically on over the plain toward

the old conveyance, which looked gloomy and spectral in the weird moonlight, and stood exactly as Le Loup's wolves had abanloned it

What a spectacle met their gaze when they eached that wooful spot! The swellen carcasses of the horses, and and swonen carcases of the horses, and the dead and disfigured bodies of three half-naked savages lying where they had been stricken down by young Cameron and Scipio, made them shudder to the mar-row of their bones, and tremble with fear for

the precious ones for whom they wildly "Mother! Nan! Nell! whore are you !" And in his distraction Bob, jr., leaped into

the wagon. Instead of alighting firmly upon his feet, he slipped and fell, but instantly sprang up again, discovering the cause of his mishap. It was a ourk pool of sticky blood! Then the sight that greeted his eyes froze his blood with horror, and caused him to recall with horror, and caused him to recoil as if he had received a death-blow. Stretching out his hands, as if to shut out the appalling scene, he uttered an agon-ized cry, and fell upon his knees. Instantly he recovered from this wild paroxysm of receiver and with story clarge gread much the grief, and with stony glare gazed upon the gory pile before him. It was the ghastly and scalpless corpse of

his gentle mother and old Aunt Delilah, dis-figured by a mutilation too revolting for decription When the young ranchman arose there was

an instance look in his bloodshot eyes, but leap-ing to the ground, he looked at the wagon, then adding to Baptiste, threw his arm about his ather, and led him back from the spot. The scout watched them a moment, his rough countenance showing his own feelings, as well as the compassion he felt for the

father and son. Then motioning to Bona-pate, to assist him, he climbed up into the W1357(111) The interior bore the marks of the violent struggle that had occurred there but a few hours before. The brave old negress had not yielded up her life without a desperate resistance

was obvious to the scout's practiced eye. In ne cleached hand were threads of long wry, dack hair, which she had torn from the head of one of her assailants, and with the other she still grasped the heavy oaken seat that had proven such a terrible instrument of detense in her hands. The half-breed quickly rejoined the

releving Bonaparte, and with their matchets and knives, after much labor, succeeded in excavating a grave large enough hold both bodies. In an nour's time the two murdered to men had been laid to rest, and a huge

oulder, which was found convenientlynear, olled upon their lonely grave. Next the tireless scout turned his atten-

then to examining the signs about the wagon, and he wasn't long in discovering the trail of the Indians and their four captives, which led off to the north, toward the distant further.

timber. Approaching father and son Pierre said: "Well, folks, this is oad, but we've no time to waste; we have done all that can be done now for the dead, and the living call on us for help. The two girls, your friend Cameron with the darkey, have been carried of cap-tives."

Mr. Barrett and Bob jr. stood pale and moveless, and without a word signified their willingness to follow the scout in what-soever he judged best to do. "Come we'll follow them, come what may, We can't hardly expect to reach Pine Ridge

in safety, so we may as well do what we can, if it is possible to do anything for the rest of our friends, then hide in the sand-hills and trust to Providence." A moment later they were on the move

The scout took the broad trail of Le

EDUCATIONAL.

A full blooded Sioux Indian has just grad uated in medicine at the Boston university.

The university of Helsingfoers, in Finn-land, has opened the doors to women. Columbia law school is in a forment over the rumors that President Low wants to aspirants no chance to study.

Archbishop Ireland has received a gift o \$500,000 from President James J. Hill of the Northwestern railway, for a new theological seminary, which is to be erected in Mirjam Park, which is equally convenient to St Pau and Minneapolis.

The trustees of the state (North Carolina) university received the recognition of Kemp P. Battle, president of that institution, and at once elected him professor of history, to fill the chair recently created. He had illica-the position since 1875.

Mrs. Macy Copeley Thaw has given \$30,000 Airs, Mary Copercy Tailw and given \$80,000 for the founding of a Harvard fellowship for a woman and has named Miss Allee C. Fletcher as its holder, Miss Fletcher has lived among the Omaha, Ponca, Winnebago, Sioux and Nelz Perces Indians for many ears

Five years from February 25 Union college will be 100 years old. It was the second col-lege incorporated in New York and the first outside of New York city. Although it ac quired by its charter full university powers it did not avait itself of them until 1873, and its prevent official name of Union university still has an unifamiliar sound. treet

Prof. C. L. Smith of Harvard, who has resigned the office of dean of the college, to take effect at the end of the present acade-mic year, became dean of the college faculty n 1882, rotaining that position until the ormation of the faculty of arts and science last spring, when ho was given the new title of dean of the college. He is engaged in compaing several books. His professorship of

Latin he will retain. The college treasurer, s report shows a flourishing condition in Harvard's flauncial affairs. The total income for the year ending July 31, 1800, was \$851,080, excluding \$162,-225 received in numerous gifts for immediate

use. The total amount of funds availabl for the year were, therefore, \$1,013,306. Th The total expenses were \$1,028,654, or \$15,348 in excess of the meane. The gifts to form new funds or increase old ones amounted to \$277, 282. Thus the total amount given to the un-iversity was \$439,507. On July 31, 1890, the total of the funds controlled by the corporation was \$7,121,855. On August 1,1880, it was \$1,874,046. This made a total increase during the year of \$247,808.

Dr. Birney cures catarrh, Bee bldg.

MAY BE TIMELY TODAY.

New York Journal. A man may be prouder than Lo. But his dignity disappears When he steps on a hummock of snow And his feet play tag with his cars.

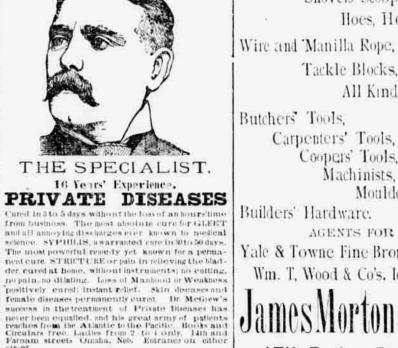
AN ICE SCENE. "What caused that big lump On the back of your heat?

"I fell with a thump On the ice pond," she said. "Was anyone near The place when you feil?" "If there were, Charlie dear,

Do you think I would tell ?"

Not by Messenger we Trust. Cape Cod Rem.

She's given me up, but understand She's the most honorable of misses, For she returned my letters, and Likowise my aisses.



DR. J. E McGREW,





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