

Native Reserve and Conservatism Keep Them Apart From Whites.

Even among the Five Civilized Tribes there still remain many communities wholly full blood. These people drift together, following their own ideas of life, speaking their own language and retiring before the whites with the same strange reserve and pride that characterized them in their wild state.

Although claiming the name of several Christian denominations and following certain beliefs with devoutness, their ways of thinking, their dislike of innovation and their aversion to work have made them withdraw to the mountain districts. Whether this so called reserve comes from pride or a distrust of the white man or timidity or merely a stubborn conservatism, it produces the same result, the backward and nonprogressive Indian.

There is, too, a certain mystic quality that holds the Indian aloof, says the Southern Workman—a quality that we do not understand and with which there is little sympathy in our everyday life. He is so much of a philosopher that he looks upon our strenuous life with some contempt, dismissing our efforts for personal comfort and material advancement with the remark that "the white man is heep trouble to himself." While people call him lazy because he does not care to exert himself for those things which seem important to whites, yet to some religious ceremonial or some artistic expression his application is persistent, and the "patience of an Indian" has passed into a proverb.

Many Things Concerning Them That Science Cannot Fathom.

A young girl in charge of two children, sheltering under a tree on Chishurst common, was struck by lightning and killed—one of those dreadful instances of the sort of personal touch with which lightning seems to select its victim, for, though one child is reported to have been thrown down, neither apparently was injured. There are many instances, of course, of this strange selection, due in most cases probably to some accident of clothing. There is a well remembered case which happened some years ago at Cambridge, when three young men were walking across an open space of ground, and the middle one of the three was struck dead, while the others were untouched. The inquest showed that the young man who was killed had nails in his boots, whereas the others were wearing boating shoes.

The phenomena of thunderstorms have been the subject of much study in America. But if thunderstorms can be classified, they are still not thoroughly understood. We do not yet know what are the exact conditions which lead to a discharge of electricity in the form of a lightning flash from cloud to cloud or from cloud to earth. We cannot reproduce thunder and lightning in a laboratory. We do not know what is the origin of the electrification manifested in a storm.—London Spectator.

Tickling the Debtors.

John Barrett was only twenty-seven years old when President Cleveland appointed him minister to Siam. The first important task which confronted the youthful envoy was to press a claim against the Siamese government for \$1,000,000. Experienced ambassadors warned him against using threats in obtaining the money. "Be cunning; avoid arrogance," they said. "That is," responded Mr. Barrett, "you favor tickling with a straw to pricking with a bayonet."

The statesmen nodded assent. When the young minister had finally succeeded in collecting the claim the ambassadors asked in astonishment, "How did you accomplish it?"

"By tickling," explained Barrett. "I had to tickle them almost to death, though, before they agreed to pay it."

Quaint Remedies.

Among the members of the Greek church in Macedonia the following recipes are regarded as highly useful: To pacify one's enemies write the psalm "Known In Judea," dissolve it in water and give your enemy to drink thereof, and he will be pacified. For a startled and frightened man take three dry chestnuts and sow thistle and three glasses of old wine and let him drink thereof early and late. Write also "In the beginning was the word" and let him carry it.

Plump Birdie.

She (after the service)—You dreadful fellow! Why did you smile during the offertory? He—I couldn't help it. There was Miss Addie Pose singing "Had I the wings of a dove." The mental picture of a 200 pounder trying to fly with a pair of four inch wings was too much for me.

In Bohemia.

"How did you enjoy her bohemian evening?" "It wasn't much. Both the epigrams and the sandwiches were stale."—Washington Herald.

Sure Sign.

"How do you know they're married?" "Can't you see? He's making her bait her own fishhooks."—Detroit Free Press.

The Added Part.

Church—Does your neighbor play that cornet without notes? Gotham—Yes, but not without comments.—Yonkers Statesman.

The Barber's Idea.

Bentley had been out late the night before, or, rather, he had stayed in a little affair, and about all he had left to show for it in the morning was an old-fashioned away-from-home-made headache. In hope of relief he had sought his old friend, the barber, and the latter had been busy on Bentley's head and face for the past hour.

"By Jove, Karl," said Bentley as the barber rubbed the top of his head, "that feels mighty good. I can tell you. The man who invented massage was not only a genius, but a benefactor to the whole human race. They ought to put up a statue to him. There's nothing like it when a fellow feels seedy. There's only one trouble about it."

"'Vot iss it?" asked Karl, hoping that perhaps he might overcome the difficulty. "Why, it's all on the outside," said Bentley. "If there were only some apparatus that would enable you to get inside a fellow's head and clear out the pains of the morning after, what a blessing it would be."

"Vell," said Karl, "I think that maybe some day dose vacuum cleaner feelers will do dot already. 'Vot?'"—Harper's Weekly.

The Practical Goat.

M. Jules Henari was the mayor of Corbigny, in the Nièvre. Every Sunday he contributed to the Journal de Clamecy, and this is the sort of things he used to give the peasants. Writing of the Journal Officiel, posted up on the wall of the mairie and which no one ever reads, he said:

"I had forgotten the goats. One of them never misses a number. Standing on its hind legs, with its front legs resting on the poster, it moves its horns and beard from right to left, like an old woman reading. When it has finished reading, as the official sheet has an appetizing smell of fresh paste, the goat eats it. After nourishing the mind one must feed the body. Thus nothing is lost in the commune. What a pity that all novel readers have not the stomach of this practical goat! They might then eat the books they had read, buy more, and so the man of letters would in the end be able to eat in his turn."—Paris Letter to London Globe.

The # in Farington.

The spelling of the ancient name Farington with the small "f" found in old manuscripts is merely the retention of the old form of capital "F." Deeds of conveyance in the time of George II. and III. recite, "George of Great Britain France and Ireland king," etc. The form could not therefore be due to ignorance, as has been said, for in days when gentlemen of estate were gentlemen of quality such a spelling in deeds could hardly arise from lack of a knowledge of spelling. The Faringtons of Worden Hall, Lancashire, prefer, like several other well known families, including the folkes and frenches, to retain the archaic capital "F." The family trace their descent from Hugo de Meulis, who came to England with the Conqueror, and they have been associated for generations with the court, army and church and with public life.—London Court Journal.

A Persian Hotel.

Some years ago an effort was made to establish a European hotel at the junction of the two most traveled roads of Persia. Each room of this hotel contained some articles which I at least have never found in any hotel in either Europe or America. Among them were a nightcap, a hairbrush and a toothbrush. Perhaps it was on account of this extravagance that the scheme failed. An American missionary as he was leaving this hotel one morning was asked by a servant what he had done with the hotel hairbrush. This dignified man in clerical attire with his wife and children was prevented from leaving the hotel until it was ascertained that he had spoken the truth when he said that he threw the brush under the bed to scare away a cat.—Mrs. Colquhoun in Los Angeles Times.

Fifty Men and One Elephant.

Interesting tests were recently made in London to determine the respective pulling power of horses, men and elephants. Two horses weighing 1,600 pounds each, together pulled 3,750 pounds, or 550 pounds more than their combined weight. One elephant, pounds each together pulled 3,750 pounds, or 3,250 pounds less than its weight. Fifty men, aggregating 7,500 pounds in weight, pulled 3,750 pounds, or just as much as the single elephant, but, like the horses, they pulled more than their own weight. One hundred men pulled 12,000 pounds.—St. Louis Republic.

Difference Defined.

Mrs. Muchwed (reading paper)—Can you tell me the difference between a visit and a visitation? Mr. Muchwed (dryly)—A visitation, my dear, if one may judge by the spelling, is something longer than a visit. For instance, when your mother comes to see us it would be correct to call it a visitation.

Character.

Character is not cut in marble—it is not something solid and unalterable. It is something living and changing and may become diseased as our bodies do.—George Eliot.

Conscience.

In the commission of evil another is but one witness against thee; thou art a thousand against thyself. Another thou mayest avoid—thyself thou canst not.—Quarles.

It is better to suffer wrong than to do it, and happier to be sometimes cheated than not to trust.—Johnson.

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