

THE INDIAN PAPOOSE.

How He Lives and What He Thinks of the Indian Question.

The vexed Indian question was never more brightly and pointedly stated and discussed than in the following sketch abbreviated from Harper's Young People.

I am a jolly little Indian papoose. I keep pretty close to my mother. She does not often like to face a responsibility of my size, but she will shoulder it any time, and so we are bound together by the strongest ties.

When I am at home I live in a wigwam which mother and I built. We made it of poles covered with bark and skins. We built it together. Mother did the work, and I backed her up heavily, and between us both we pulled through with the help of my father, who was busy sitting around basking in the sun and smoking. He works at basking and smoking and eating nearly all the time when he is not sleeping, unless there should be a war or a hunt; then he goes off with a gun.

Mother and I all the rest of the work; we plant and hoe and harvest the crops; we grind the corn between stones, or pound it in a mortar; then we make it into cakes, and roast them in the fire for father to eat. Mother does it, but I keep right around after her, and see to it all.

Sometimes we have nothing to eat—roots, berries, acorns, everything gives out. Then we start for the Agency to get rations. It is a long tramp, but I don't mind it, for mother does the walking. We form a procession of two—a double header. Mother heads the front and I head the rear. As the column moves forward I go ahead backward like a born leader of the hindmost, and I pass everything on the road that is not going my way. Of course I can not see what I am coming to till I am going away from it, and I can't dodge it till it is past. That is what comes of going ahead backward.

My people are pretty much like me. The old Mother Government straps them upon a board and shoulders them around from one place to another. If she hears them moan with hunger, she feeds them; if she sees them shiver with cold, she blankets them; when they shriek and kick with rage, she beats them. She lets them live on the hind side of somewhere till someone else wants it, and then she shoves them off to the other side of nowhere which nobody wants.

White men who stay home and make books say my people are dying out; but white men who look around and count say my people are living on, as many as ever. Oh! it is chaps like me that keep the Indian alive. There are thousands upon thousands like me, but we are always on the hind side and looking backward.

They say there are white babies who are sweet away from their mothers' hearts and next to their cheeks; these babies always look forward, and everything starts small and grows large and coarsens toward them, and they can catch it if they want it. These babies have their eyes and ears trained to find out what is coming, their foreheads bulge out to meet future events, and their noses are sharp as a needle as they whiz by. So these babies grow to be strong men.

Oh, old Mother Government, take up my poor people and bear them upon thy heart! Feed them with the milk of human kindness; give them justice, and teach them by example, the law of love. Then shall my people live up their heavy hands; they shall "look forward, and not backward, up and not down, and lend a hand."

Where Weeds Come From.

It is a question which will probably never be satisfactorily settled, whence come the seeds of the plants suddenly found starting up in out-of-the-way and desert places where none of their kind has ever been seen before. For instance, a space may be cleared away in the centre of a great forest, many miles from cultivated fields or clearings of any kind, and no sooner does the sunlight enter than various plants, hitherto unknown to the place, are found springing up everywhere. The common fire-weed is one of these sudden growths, and chickweed, burdock, and the dandelion are generally not far behind. It is not difficult to understand how the dandelion seeds might be conveyed to these isolated spots by the wind, but it is not so easy to explain the appearance of the other plants. It seems as if the seeds of some of them must have been waiting in the ground, perhaps for centuries, for the right conditions of growth. No sooner are the trees and other forest growths swept away than the strangers appear from the ground as easily and naturally as though it had always been their home. Up springs the fire-weed in dense array, silver-leaf and the liver-wort close upon the heels of the wilder forest plants, as much as to say, "Well, if you are not going to occupy this ground, we might as well have a chance." Various theories have been propounded to account for this curious upspringing of plants. One is that the seeds of the plants have been lying dormant in the ground for time out of mind, waiting, as it were, for the elements to appear in the direct heat of the sun and the sunshine, but this theory will hardly stand the test of rigid inquiry. Another explanation, and perhaps the most plausible of all, is that the new growth is brought about by the agency of those common carriers, the birds and the winds. But this explanation does not fully satisfy the queries which are raised by this phenomenon of nature.

The Highest Compliments in Montana.

Luther Ladin Mills, ex-State Attorney, has been out in the mountains of Montana. After his arrival at Butte City he was anxious to see one of the characters which has given the West its peculiar character. He didn't have far to walk, for the mountains run right down into the streets of Butte. Above a crown of snow, regal in the sun the year out; below the treasures which make men everything except contented, Mr. Mills came upon one of these characters in the fact that there was something higher than any "order" ever gave. Having stopped the old man and looked into his face, that appeared as honest as the hills, Mr. Mills said:

"I am looking for a man by the name of Yed Smith. Do you know anything about him, sir?"

"Is he a friend of your'n?" was the quick query.

"I hope he is," replied Mr. Mills. "The old man looked the Chicago lawyer in the face just a moment, and answered: 'Well, stranger, I know him. And he'll stand without bitches!'"

Why the Crow is Black.

The Indians of the extreme Northwest have some very remarkable legends about the creation, in which the crow takes the leading part, bringing order out of chaos. Perhaps the most curious is that which accounts for the raven coat of the crow. One night, while making a tour of his dominions, he stopped at the house of Can-nook, a chief, and begged for a lodging and a drink of water. Can-nook offered him a bed, but, on account of the scarcity of water, he refused to let him anything to drink. When all the rest were asleep the crow got up to look for water, but was heard by Can-nook's wife, who aroused her husband. He, thinking that the crow was about to escape, piled logs of gum-wood upon the fire. The crow made desperate efforts to fly through the hole in the roof—here the smoke is so bad, but the Can-nook caused the smoke to be denser and denser, and when the crow finally regained the outer air he had black plumage. It was previously white.

MEMORIES OF BEECHER.

Some Examples of His Sympathy, Humor and Brilliance.

The following extracts are selected from the Beecher Memorial, a little volume edited by Mr. Edward W. Bok, Brooklyn, and composed of short tributes to Henry Ward Beecher's memory and delineations of his many-phased nature by a number of distinguished men and women, many of whom were intimate friends of Mr. Beecher. Says Dr. Talmage:

"Many a long ride had we together in the rail-cars, going to great distances. His anecdotes never gave out, and we never had a dull moment together as when we got into discussions in which we were diametrically opposed. He on the way to Cincinnati, and I on the way to Chicago, while nearing Pittsburgh, he said to me: 'Talmage, you don't know anything about mathematics.' I said to him, 'I know as much about them as you do.' So we went into comparative examination on the 'multiplication table,' and he tried 'eight-times,' and broke down, and I tried 'nine-times,' with similar discomfiture. We then agreed never again to make any allusion to the subject of mathematics."

Charles Dudley Warner thus describes a remarkable intellectual tilt, in which Mr. Beecher successfully defended himself against overwhelming numbers:

"Mr. Beecher on the platform, and excited—either by opposition, which roused the lion in him, or by the cause, which evoked a fiercer warrior, when he was intellectually attacked, he said to me: 'Talmage, you don't know anything about mathematics.' I said to him, 'I know as much about them as you do.' So we went into comparative examination on the 'multiplication table,' and he tried 'eight-times,' and broke down, and I tried 'nine-times,' with similar discomfiture. We then agreed never again to make any allusion to the subject of mathematics."

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GREELY IN BOSTON.

The Great Journalist's Impression Fifty Years Ago.

The Christian publishes the following among other letters written by Greeley. It is dated Anherst N. H., September 28th, 1832.

"Who says I can't go a-visiting, luck or no luck, money or no money? If there are any of your way just walk them over here and let me talk to them. You see, I jumped aboard the Boston, when I left you, and after a most infernal night of sea-sickness, rough water, and some rain, was landed at Providence on the next morning at 9. Rather a hard night, that same of Friday last. I could not go under shelter all night for sickness, though it showered some rain and a prodigious quantity of cinders on the deck where I stood. I had to stretch myself up against the side of the boat and hold my head over."

"We got into Providence in a cloudy, foggy, disagreeable morning, but I stayed till 1 o'clock and gave it a looking over. It is an inferior, ill-looking place, about half-way between Boston and Brooklyn in appearance. At one o'clock the stage for Boston, and dropped in at the Franklin House at half-past 8. The next day (Sunday), not being able to find my friend, I took the opportunity to give the renowned Literary Emporium a thorough running over, and to see the whole of it does not equal my expectations. The streets are miserably narrow and crooked, and the houses are built without any regard to regularity. However, in the matter of taste and neatness, the houses surpass those of New York; and the situation is superior in regard to airiness and prospect."

"One thing I could not help remarking—Sunday was really a Sabbath, as much so as in Poutney. This to a New Yorker looked singular enough, and so I remarked to one of the ladies belonging to the first circle of good society in Boston. It is because we are mostly Unitarians here, she answered. I bowed and was convinced."

"You will not of course suppose that I allowed my anxiety to examine the capital of New England to prevent me from listening to the pure milk of the friend H. B. Ball's no means I walked into the first circle of good society in Boston. It is because we are mostly Unitarians here, she answered. I bowed and was convinced."

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SOMETHING WRONG.

Our Percentage of Criminals is Greater Than any Country in Europe.

In the United States today there are about 2,500 jails and prisons. Out of the 2,500 persons annually arrested, 170,000 are convicted and made prisoners for longer or shorter terms in the places of criminal confinement. It is shown that 4 per cent of these, which is a high estimate, are "repeaters." We will still have over 100,000 persons annually introduced and broken into what may be termed criminal experience and on the punishment of a criminal. More than 800,000 have been expended in building a jail equipping these institutions. Each year we expend over \$400,000,000 more for expenses of prisoners in jail. Add to this the cost of \$30,000,000 more for the government for arrests, imprisonment and support of criminals simply, and then \$20,000,000 more as interest on the capital invested, and even then we do not have the full total.

One would imagine that with this vast penal machinery, and expensive police, crime would be effectively repressed and property perfectly protected.

But the fact is far different. Each year the number of criminals increases more rapidly than the population. The young are not deterred, the vicious are not repressed, and crimes of the most revolting character are frequent occurrences. One per cent of the population of this country are engaged in crime. It is greater than it was in our own country a decade ago.

These facts suggest the pertinent query whether there is not something radically wrong in our penal machinery, and whether it is not founded or operated upon a fallacious principle, that it should yield such unexpectedly deplorable results.

How Bohemian Glass is Colored.

The ornamentation of the glass is done partly in connection with the exposure in the furnace, and partly in the finishing-shop, where the work is completed by cutting, polishing, finishing, etching, painting, and mounting in metal. The glass-makers have at their command a very complete color-scale for transparent, opaque, and colored glasses. But it must not be supposed that a color is placed in the furnace for each color, from which glass of the color is produced. In fact, the colors are worked out by means of what are called cakes, which are kept on hand in stacks or piles. From pieces of these cakes previously warmed till they are soft, suitable quantities are cut off, laid upon the incandescent white or colorless glass, and then pressed by drawing or blowing. By this means only is an economical use of such costly materials as gold and silver compositions possible. Some of the glasses thus treated—gold, copper, and silver glasses—remain still little, or not at all, colored after the coloring, shaping, and quick cooling, and do not take on their bright hues till they are reheated. This is the case with the yellow-silver glass, which contains anucleo-ferrous iron, and the coloring is effected by the intermingling of the silver salt till it is exposed in the furnace again. Very fine effects are produced by blending or over-curing of the paste-colors provided proper attention is given to the laws of harmony. A blue glass cup is, for example, overlaid with silver glass at its upper edge, and this is drawn down in gradually thinner lines till it fades away at the foot of the vase. Gold and copper paste-colors are thus combined with green glasses, etc. Another brilliant effect is produced when a still hot bulb of glass is rolled in finely pulverized aventurin glass, and after this is melted, and previous to the shaping of the vessel, is overlaid with a coating of either colorless or colorless glass.

A Sad Mistake.

The masculine girl makes the common error of confounding notoriety with popularity. She does not see that though she is named by her stony manner they are made more respectful and courteous thereby. She only sees that she is a favorite with men, and is invited everywhere. Men are at their ease with her; but, be assured, there is a mighty difference between the girl one leads and smokes with, and the girl one prefers for a wife or a mother. The very fashion that in moderation was charming, in excess is disagreeable. The stony, jolting, sprawling men-hunters—and some girls of the period are little more than that—have spoiled the liberty which it was delightful to see woman accepting in moderation. There is a liberty that makes us free, and a liberty that makes us slaves, and the girls who take liberties with modesty of speech and manner, and who cross well over the boundary into masculine territory, are not men, but slaves. And the appreciation of men, which is the end in view, is lost by the very means taken to gain it. There is one young woman who has been a belle for two winters. One day she remarked to the writer that she was obliged to do the marketing, that her mother had always done it but "at last she kicked." When the writer said to a friend of a young woman, that she would not get married for several years unless she changed her manners, he was told that she received more attention than any girl in her set. Nevertheless, that young woman has had two seasons and is still disengaged. She is a type of the shortsightedness of some of her sex. She has men about her in plenty, and she shall have music wherever she goes, but men are better than they appear. At bottom men love kindness, gentleness, modesty, purity in act and thought in woman.

A Sicilian Breakfast.

It is safe to say that the sardines of Messina are not to be surpassed, though they may possibly be equalled. Like Greenwich whiting, they are rather a specialty of the place, that he might give them the last whither, through the speaking tube which communicates from the ground floor to the kitchen. A satisfactory response comes very promptly in the shape of a faint sound of frying. As the whiting are merely immersed for some time in a wirework cage in boiling oil, so the sardines are sent up with a startling eclat, considering the Italian habit of prostration.

The tiny fish, delicately browned, are served on a soft bed of fried parsley. By way of condiment, there is simply a sliced lemon, and the result is so tempting, so fragrantly appetizing, that you scarcely take time to bestir the fish from the bones. Should you have followed up the sardines by the real outlet the water will surely have recommended, or by what is pleased to call a diet, you will have cause to repent it, though the man is not to be blamed for suggesting them, as both dishes are popular with the ordinary patrons. If you are wise you have ordered green peas or asparagus, which seem to flourish in the Sicilian gardens all the year round.

After these you eat hardy do better than call for macaroni a la creme or with tomato sauce, having taken the precaution of turning the cook to best the macaroni sufficient with the ordinary patrons. If you are wise you have ordered green peas or asparagus, which seem to flourish in the Sicilian gardens all the year round.

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MEAT MARKET in connection.

Granulated Sugar 8c a pound All other... Good bargain in all grades... Finest New Orleans at 80c per gallon... Fine assortment of Coffees, both green and roasted... Coffees are always fresh... All the new and desirable brands... Special attention given to our cigar trade... Young Hyson, 60c, 80c, \$1 per pound... Imperial, 60c, 80c, \$1 per pound... Gunpowder, 60c, 80c, \$1 per pound... Oolong, 60c, 80c, \$1 per pound... Mixed green and black, 60c, 80c, \$1 per pound... A very superior Japan tea... Also, a good bargain in Young Hyson at 40c per pound... Finest full cream cheese at 16c per pound... Pure old cider vinegar made from whole cider... One gallon of this goods is worth more than two gallons of common vinegar.

WILLIAMS' GODEY'S WALL PAPER and Window Shades. EMPORIUM, FOR 1887.

We are now ready for spring trade. Our line is now full and complete; choice goods of all grades from 10c to \$3.50... BROWN BACK 10c; PATENT BACK 12c; WHITE BACKS 15c; SATINS 20c; MICAS 30c; BRONZES from 40 to 50 cts; EMBOSSED GOLDS from 60 to 90c; HAND PRINTS and VELOURS, from \$1.00 to \$3.50... A FULL LINE OF WINDOW SHADES AND FIXTURES... Can put them up at short notice.

W.R.CAMP FINE FURNITURE, UNDERTAKING and Embalming. A SPECIALTY.

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Carbolic Acid on the Field of Honor.

A triumph of antiseptic surgery which was probably unforeseen by Sir Joseph Lister is recorded by the French papers. As is well known, the duello still flourishes among our neighbors with a vigor that would delight the Captain Bobadil. As a rule, honor is very easily satisfied in these encounters, and all the scientific thrusts and lunges end usually in wounds which are well within the range of minor surgery. It appears, however, that in a recent affair of honor the principals were "fighting business," and were completely through the body. Great, therefore, was the amazement of their friends to see both the heroes of the fray walking about a few days after as if nothing had happened. This fortunate result is attributed to the fact that the surgeon who was in attendance on the ground had taken the precaution to dip the swords in a strong solution of carbolic acid before they were used. This humane idea might possibly be still further improved upon, and the combatants might be compelled to fight in suits of antiseptic gauze and protection, and under a cloud of carbolic spray. The sterilization of pistol bullets may follow, and the impetuous politicians on the other side of the Channel will then be able to indulge in their favorite recreation with even less risk than at present.

And the Cock Crew.

Why should cocks figure on the tops of steeples? Christians connect the custom with the reproach the cock once conveyed to St. Peter. But the cock used to be placed on the tops of sacred trees long before it was transferred to church steeples, and in North Germany it still stands upon the Maypoles. It was partly a watchman and partly a weather prophet, and by its crowing it could dispense evil spirits and all the other things of its kind. Its life was sacred in Italy and Persia, and Cicero speaks of the ancients regarding the killing of a cock as a crime equal in blackness to the suffocation of a father. Our weather cocks are doubtless the survival of these old ideas.

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Use Baugh's \$25 PHOSPHATE... ACTIVE, PERMANENT, CHEAP ANIMAL BONE MANURE

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