

SO THERE WAS WAR.

The Tragic Events of the West Re-Enacted Out on Uncle Benjamin's Farm.

LITTLE TOM PLAYS AGENT

And His Country Cousin Gets the Worst of It as Ben Injun.

STARVED AND FROZEN INTO A ROW

And Then Unmercifully Walloped by the Great White Father.

A TALK WITH A MORAL BY MR. FIELDING

(WRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCH.)

LITTLE TOMMY had gone out into the country to spend a few days at the house of his Uncle Benjamin, and to furnish cheerful companionship for Ben's youngest boy, Johnny.

holes all on the ice side, so that there wouldn't be so much draught through it. Like the Regulation Agent.

When he saw the smoking piece of gingerbread, tears of rapturous anticipation washed gullies in his war paint.

"It will not be necessary," said the agent. "Let the red man hunt the buffalo and covote. The agent will take care of the rations."

Then he divided the gingerbread into two equal parts, one of which he bit with the right side of his mouth and the other with his left.

"When does the Great Chief come in?" asked Young-Man-Not-Afraid-of-Rat-Poison.

"He doesn't come in," retorted the Pale Face. "He stays on the reservation."

The spectacle of the smiling gingerbread was too much for little Johnny. He had not realized before how hungry he was; but now every time the agent took a bite,

With a wild war whoop, he sprang to his feet, leaving a liberal supply of his trousers in the icy grasp of the bucket, and clasping his scapular knife with deadly ferocity.

"It's the fat man," said Uncle Ben. "He's the one who's got the knife. He's the one who's got the knife."

Under the circumstances Fat-Man had no choice. He gave up the gingerbread, and was afterward tied to the hitching post here an imaginary fine was built around him, and he was subjected to various tortures, some of which were not so imaginary as the fire.

"Oh, no," said Tommy. "The reservation is on the other side. This is the agency."

Then he led Johnny to the colder corner of the barn where it was colder than Siberia and made him sit down on the bottom of a bucket which was frozen into the ground.

"The windy wind whistled through little Johnny's hair and he remarked that if this is 'gin' to be the reservation, there'll be an attack on the agency in about a quarter of a minute."

"No, that's all right," replied Fat-Man. "The windy wind whistled through little Johnny's hair and he remarked that if this is 'gin' to be the reservation, there'll be an attack on the agency in about a quarter of a minute."

So little Tommy went into the barn and got two new coats for himself and a thin one full of holes for the poor Injun, Young-Man-Not-Afraid-of-Rat-Poison, and he was afterward tied to the hitching post here an imaginary fine was built around him, and he was subjected to various tortures, some of which were not so imaginary as the fire.

When little Tommy perceived this condition of affairs, he at once pointed out the fact that it was all in the name. He believed in playing games right down to the cold facts, and he had read of many cases where similar but more extensive misad-

back to the reservation, and having found a large, thick shingle, he applied it in a manner to make little Johnny regret the tenacity with which his natural protector had adhered to the bottom of the bucket.

Uncle Benjamin played the part of the Great White Father at Washington until little Johnny wished that he was a cherub with no necessity for sitting down and nothing to do with it, if the occasion should present itself.

Then Uncle Benjamin settled the Indian question by saying: "If you ever act like that again I'll whack ye within an inch o' yer life."

Howard Fielding.

CELERY IS BEING ABUSED.

The latest phase in the disease germs are said to exist in celery, says Dr. H. Jacobson in the St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

The magnificent bullocks are a branch of the features of Corea. It would do Brahmin's heart good to them, although he would doubtless take exception to the ring through the nose and the load on the back.

The method of shoeing bullocks is cruel in the extreme. The feet are firmly roped together and the bullock cast on his side; then the head is pulled around until it lies flat along the side, and in this painful attitude he has to lie until the slow Corean blacksmith concludes the torture.

Boston's Great Act.

Mayor Hart takes great pride in the fact that during his administration the city of Boston has not paid for a single bottle of wine.

BUMPED INTO A KING.

Lillian Spencer Has a Thrilling Experience in Sunny Italy.

ALMOST KNOCKS HUMBERTO DOWN.

Her Impressions of That Picturesque Young Duke, the Prince.

A BRISK ENCOUNTER WITH PLEAS

(CORRESPONDENCE OF THE DISPATCH.)

FLORENCE, Dec. 21.

I said, I've just stumbled over the King of Italy.

I'm a girl whether I am excited or not. A king-fancy!

A real live fish and blood king! I say stumbled over—I mean stumbled into. Yes, I did.

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ENJOYING A SLEIGH.

The Metropolitan Idea of a Good Time When the Snow Flies.

NOT LIKE THE OLD-TIME PARTIES.

Plenty of Toddy Takes the Place of Elder and It Comes High.

A SPIN THROUGH THE CENTRAL PARK

(CORRESPONDENCE OF THE DISPATCH.)

New York, Jan. 10.—No man has ever really gone sleighing until he has tried Central Park.

For the first time in the history of the city, the sleighing season has been a success.

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A ROMANCE OF LIFE AS IT MAY BE MADE. BY JOAQUIN MILLER, Author of "Songs of the Sierras," "Songs of the Sun Lands," "Life Among the Modocs," and Other Poems and Stories.

STORY OF PREVIOUS CHAPTERS. The author meets the Princess, who is the heroine of the story, in Poland. Her father had been sent to Siberia by the Czar.

CHAPTER VII. My serene and ruddy-faced visitor seemed loath to rise from the table even after a very long and elaborate repast.

"You will forgive me," he began quietly, "but I think we worked quite two hours in the olive grove. That was quite enough for one day, eh?"

"Quite enough, if you say so, Mr. Madoc," said the Princess.

"I am well used to seas and deserts, but I know nothing about balloons; so if you please a horse's back is good enough for me."

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