

OSAGE INDIANS.

Some Characteristics of This Tribe of Red Men.

They Can't Punish a Cripple Even if He Embezzles.

"About a year ago last summer," said A. H. Lewis, "I spent a day with the Osages. It was payment day at their capital, Pankuska. I suppose some twenty buildings, stores and agency structures, make up the capital. Out in a shallow valley, about half a mile from the agency, were camped the Indians.

There are some sixteen hundred Osages. About four hundred of these are half-bloods, or whites, admitted into the tribe. These wear store clothes of an inferior sort and attempt to distinguish themselves by civilized airs. The eight hundred others wear blankets, don feathers, decorate their faces with paint, and are proud of it. These are the full-bloods. The Osages are a very wealthy outfit. They have some 1,500,000 acres of good land as ever slipped from the Infinite. If any one were to buy it at anything like a value, it would be worth fully \$10 an acre as an average.

"Aside from this, the Osages have some \$9,000,000 in the treasury in Washington, \$8,000,000 of which is supposed to bear five per cent interest per annum. I don't know that the interest is ever paid, but, whether as interest or a donation, each Osage receives from his great white father in Washington \$140 a year in four payments. The head of a family draws this money. If there are ten in a family, he has \$1,400 a year, and spends it like a copper-colored lord. There are seven traders in the Osage nation. To the extent of the money due them, every Indian has 'tick' with these traders.

"The politics of the Osage government divided the Osages into five bands. They correspond to the states of a nation, or the counties of a state. The Osages have their chief—a sort of president—their chief justice, their treasurer, their attorney general and their congress. This last is called the national council. It is made up of three delegates from each band. One of the officers of the Osages gets a hundred dollars a year salary, is honored, and the opportunity it affords for 'skinning' somebody, is regarded sufficient without piling up any more monetary bait by way of standard. The national council has fifteen members, three from each band.

"All these officers were elected. And Indian election is a great scheme. The ballot box is inside of a sort of corral. This rope fence, made of pocket ropes and lariats tied to stakes, prevents anybody from getting within forty feet of the voting table; that is, any outside buck not employed in the actual business of the election. Inside are the judges and a few select friends of the candidates, with the interpreter and the clerk of elections. When an Indian votes, the ballot is opened and read, so that all the world may hear—read in English and in the Osage language, so that none may complain that it was not honest and understood. As a result, fraud would seem impossible.

"These Indians are very zealous politicians. They will rake a candidate's past with a fine tooth comb, and every story they can tell on him, whether true or false, is told and retold, talked over and commented upon every campfire in Osage land. They have a very good code of laws I am told. Some of the faults of their criminal laws are obvious. One was indicated to me as I stood looking on the day I was there. A little dry, dark, humpbacked Osage was standing near. He wore the clothes of a white man, and I took heed of him as the only crippled Indian I ever saw. What Indians do with their cripples is never explained, but there are never any about at any rate. This particular distortion, who had a shrewd, keen, weasel face, was named to me as a former treasurer of the tribe.

"He lopped off with \$30,000 of our money." My informant was a full-blooded Indian, with the commonplace name of Bill Connor, and was much feared and respected in the tribe for intelligence, as well as for traditions touching his bloody ferocity.

"How was that?" I inquired.

"Why, he was treasurer," continued Connor, "and the cattle company had just paid their rents for our land. Of course this man got it, and the next thing we knew he was away off in Florida spending the money like a drunken sailor. We didn't, in fact, know of his whereabouts for about a year and a half.

When we did locate him the money was gone."

"Did you punish him when he returned?" was asked.

"Yes," replied Connor, "he was tried for what would be embezzlement under your laws, and found guilty, but we couldn't do anything with him."

"Why not?"

"We have only two punishments," said Connor, "whipping and death, but the law excuses a cripple. If a man is crippled, the idea is, I suppose, that he has been punished in advance by the Great Spirit for anything and everything he can possibly do. So, no matter what crimes he may commit, the nation, under its laws, punishes him no further. All we could do with this gentleman was to stop his annuity. Payment day does not mean anything to him, for he does not get a splinter."

"The Osages, as a nation, never made a fight against the whites, yet they are known as very warlike, as prone to steal horses and cattle, as prompt to take scalps as the sparks to fly upward. They always had the sense, however, never to involve themselves in trouble as a tribe."—Washington Star.

Exercise.

All authorities that have treated on longevity place exercise, moderate and regularly taken, as one of the main factors of a long life. That there are many exceptions does not alter the fact that physical exercise is as useful in keeping one healthy as it is to prolong life. Good walkers are seldom sick, and the same may be said of persons who daily take a prescribed amount of exercise. Exercise is both a preventive and a remedial measure. In my own practice I have seen a case of persistent transpiration that followed the least bodily effort, and which annoyed and debilitated the person at night—this being a condition left after a severe illness—disappear as if by magic after a day or two of exercise on a bicycle. Pliny relates that a Greek physician who took up his residence in Rome was wont publicly to declare that he was willing to be considered a charlatan if at any time he should fall ill, or if he failed to die of any other disease but old age. Celsus, in speaking of the same physician, observes that his faith in the benefit to be derived from exercise was so great that he had in a great measure abandoned the administration of internal remedies, depending mostly on hygienic measures and exercises. As an evidence of the correctness of his views, Pliny tells us that this physician lived to be a centenarian, and then died from an accident.

A Wise Bird.

"There is a species of the bird known as the woodpecker in the far West that has an unusual amount of reasoning faculty," said Dr. Theodore Mayfield at the Laclede. "It is much tamer than the species of that bird found farther east, and frequents the towns rather than the woods. They make holes along the eaves of the dwellings, and in those holes they place acorns, not for the purpose of eating them, as I am told that the birds do not eat acorns at all, but for the purpose of devouring the grubs that germinate in the acorns. During a recent trip to the coast I was interested in watching these birds, and was told by a number of people about the characteristics of which I speak. This indicates a continuous train of thought, looking forward to the time of the creation of the worm and its desirability as food."—(St. Louis Republic).

Fire Under Water.

Fire under water may be produced by placing some small pieces of phosphorus in a conical-shaped glass tumbler, and then covering them with fine crystals of potash. Next fill the glass with water and then add a few drops of sulphuric acid—the acid to be applied directly to the phosphorus and potash crystals by means of a long tube. If the experiment is properly carried out tongues of bright red flame can be seen flashing up through the water, the intense chemical heat produced by the action of the sulphuric acid on the potash and phosphorus being sufficient to inflame the latter, although entirely covered with water."—(St. Louis Republic).

Tit for Tat.

Mr. Constant Signable.—What kind of a suit do you think I had better get for Sundays?

Mrs. C. S.—Well, if you want one to match your usual Sunday disposition, you had better get a pepper-and-salt-suit.—(Philadelphia Life).

Government officials have discovered new counterfeiters in circulation. One is a \$2 treasury note, the other a \$1 silver certificate.

BRITISH SOLDIERS.

They Are Jaunty Fellows Who Lead a Hard Life.

Their Pay is Poor and Their Prospects Worse.

The trim, well-built English soldier is met with at every known corner of the earth, and one is simply a counterpart of another. Outside of barracks, on the promenade and mingling with the passing throng—the English soldier is a marked and prominent figure. Erect and easy of carriage, chin-strap down, natty forage cap widely raking to one side, hair nicely done; chest like a peacock's, waist tightly belted, and boots shining clear as a mirror, not a trace of discontent is discernable on his sunburned features. His scarlet jacket fits like a glove, with trousers strapped, setting clean and smooth with scarcely a wrinkle, while in his sinewy right hand, a light bamboo stick is deftly twirled, which indeed forms the inseparable companion of the English soldier.

He gets four shillings a week—clear money—but out of that he has to provide butter for breakfast and tea, and something for supper, and all his underclothing and cleaning materials. If he becomes a sergeant, he will receive seventeen shillings and sixpence a week—married quarters—coal and gas, and two shillings will buy from the regimental stores enough provisions to supply a family for a fortnight.

He has about one chance in forty to become sergeant-major, and one in eighty to be appointed quartermaster. If he has aptitude for "drill," he may get the position of adjutant in some shattered, obscure regiment serving in deadly climates of the East or West Indies. But the soldier is out of place, discontented, and although treated civilly by his brother officers, cannot hope to be received in their circle on terms of social equality. As an officer he receives ten shillings per day, deriving far less comfort from his increased allowance than when he served in the ranks.

After serving twenty-one years the English soldier is supposed to be entitled to a pension of one shilling per diem for life, and a sergeant to two shillings. But at the end of twelve years, his first term, he is subjected to so rigid a medical examination that, if his system is in the least impaired by hard service, disease or dissipation, he is rejected and discharged with a temporary pension of sixpence or tenpence a day for a couple of years. Not more than 30 per cent. succeed in holding out the prescribed time, and escape being mercilessly turned adrift after having become disqualified for the duties of a civil life.

Every soldier of the English army must go to school until he has mastered to a certain degree the rudiments of reading, writing and arithmetic, which largely transforms him from the slovenly, illiterate clodhopper into a trim, smart-appearing soldier. But despite the fact that England's prestige, at home and abroad, has been largely through the deeds and prowess of the English soldier, he has no standing with the trades people or the masses generally in civil life. There are those who will drink and carouse with him at the public house, but he is never invited to the homes and family circles of those whose interests he defends. He is excluded from all such influences, is made to feel, whether he be sergeant or private, upright or besotted, that for him outside of the barracks, there is a certain taint enveloping his scarlet coat and trappings that stamps him as coming from the dregs of the great city's drifting surplus of human beings, with whom there can be no social communion.—(Detroit Free Press).

A Montana Gold Plate.

Commissioner Merrill, who is one of the owners of the Liverpool silver mine, ten miles from Helena, told a strange story of the finding of crystallized gold, which illustrates the queer luck of men engaged in mining, and how close a call he had in the finding of gold himself.

"I was mining in St. Louis gulch," he said, "and had got down four feet of the seven required to reach the pocket, when I went away to another locality to work some claims I had there. The stage rumbled in the next night, and a fellow new from the states got off. He didn't know a thing about mining, and had never seen a mine, but he went out the next morning, bought a pick and pan and shovel, and struck out for the hills.

"He stumbled that day on my prospect hole, and without a word went to work. Well, he only dug three feet;

till he struck a pocket, afterwards celebrated as the Uncle Sam's Pocket from which he took \$80,000 worth of gold. Mark you, he didn't get more than a third or a quarter of what the crystallized gold was worth. He did not know that it was worth three or four times as much as ordinary gold. He took it to T. C. Kleinchemid. The latter, with his experience, saw at once what it was, and snapped it up. The pocket was in the shape of a pumpkin seed, 5 feet long and 3 feet high, and about 6 inches wide in its widest part. It was pretty full of gold, and made a bonanza of Brown. He took an early stage out of Omaha, bought a livery stable and settled down. I heard from him not long ago. He was still in Omaha and running his livery stable.—(San Francisco Chronicle).

Glass for Aquarium Tanks.

One of the remarkable features of the new aquarium down on the Battery wall is the glass which forms the front of the tanks. On ordinary inspection, when the tanks are filled, it appears very thin indeed; but it is in reality an inch in thickness. To a person unacquainted with the reflective tendency of glass, this may not seem strange, but even the uninitiated will open their eyes when told that the test which proved this glass satisfactory was to place twenty slabs, each one inch thick, on top of each other and try to read ordinary newspaper print through them all. Certainly the fishes cannot escape the inspection of the multitude through such crystal as this.

The glass is made in England. It was found impossible to make it in this country, owing to influence of climate and temperature. Neither the French nor American article was able to stand the test of strength to which each slab was put before it could be trusted to hold the water in the tank. Why this should be so, the makers do not explain; they are handicapped by nature, they say, and cannot help themselves.

H. T. Woodman, who has charge of the installation of the aquarium, has been endeavoring to obtain some slabs of glass one and a half inches thick. So far he has not been able to do so, though he had eabled to a dozen factories in Europe. They all reply that it is impossible to make such large slabs of that thickness. Mr. Woodman, however, who knows about glass for aquarium tanks, says it can be made, and hopes yet to be able to obtain it.—(New York World).

The Chinaman's Sign.

A Washington Street Chinaman changed his sign the other day, name and all. Everyone has the sign fever nowadays, and he thought he would be in line with the Melicoman. One of his customers stepped in to see if a new Chinaman had taken possession of the place. He found the laundryman that had been there for a good many months.

"Why did you change the name on your sign?" he asked him.

"Oh, that nothin'. Only sign name that's all."

"Why don't you put your own name on the sign?"

"Oh, see, if I sellee place can't sellee sign, see? Any name good sign. That's all."

He then explained that it was a common practice among Chinamen to change their signs frequently, and that they believed it encouraged trade and thus reimbursed them for the expenditure in red paint and unpronounceable characters.—(Buffalo Express).

A Crowded Corner in the Metropolis.

Mulberry Bend is a narrow bend in Mulberry Street, New York, a tortuous ravine of tall tenement houses, and it is so full of people that the throngs going and coming spread off the sidewalk nearly to the middle of the street. There they leave a little lane for the babies to play in. No, they never get run over. There's a perfect understanding between the babies and the peddlers who drive their wagons in Mulberry Bend. The crowds are in the street partly because much of the sidewalk and all of the gutter is taken up with vendors' stands, which give its characteristic feature to Mulberry Bend.—Scribner.

A Sincere Prayer.

A little boy in Woodford County got into trouble with a school-fellow the other day and agreed with him to "have it out" before school next morning. That evening when Dick knelt to say his prayers, after the usual "now I lay me," he added this special petition: "And O God, please make me as strong as lions and things, 'cause I've got to lick a boy in the morning. Amer."—(Louisville Courier-Journal).

KEYSTONE STATE CULLINGS

KILLED IN A WRECK.

A FAST FREIGHT ON THE P. R. R. BREAKS DOWN NEAR TYBONE.

TYBONE.—An east-bound freight, running fast on the Pennsylvania road, left the track at Tipton tower, a few miles west of here, involving one of the most disastrous freight wrecks of recent years and resulting in a number of human deaths.

An axle broke under a car close up to the tender, and 34 cars were piled together. Most of them were loaded with coal, but there was some merchandise. Front brakeman John Sussman, of Altoona, was caught in the wreck and killed at his post. Harry Marks, a coal miner living at Robertsville, Huntingdon county, was terribly smashed and will die in the hospital at Altoona, where he now is.

A BRIDGE GIVES WAY.

HENSTON.—A township wooden bridge near Cypher, in Bedford county, blew down during a terrific hail and wind storm Saturday night. Several men returning from a delegate caucus at Hildesburg at one time were on the structure at the time. Levi Binard was fatally injured and George Binard, his son, Cyrus Binard, W. T. Young, Jesse Young and J. D. Smith were badly injured, George Young escaped injury. The animal was killed.

PROMINENT, BUT AN ALLEGED THIEF.

SHARON.—On receipt of a telegram from Constable Cornelius, of New Castle, Chief of Police John arrested Charles W. Fury, a prominent Wheatland citizen, on a charge of highway robbery. The crime of which Fury is accused is holding up and robbing James Abraham, a picture agent, at Bolton, Beaver county, a week ago. Abraham was relieved of \$65 and some valuable papers. Fury was formerly constable at New Castle. He will be taken to Lawrence county for trial.

AN EDITOR'S REVENUE ON SOCIETY.

ELWOOD CITY.—In February, 1883, Editor W. K. Faulkner, of the Elwood Eagle, was sent to the Western Penitentiary by Judge McMichael, of New Castle, for shooting into a crowd of young fellows who were harrasing him with a hallooing serenade. He was released last February, and now he has taken to the platform to lecture on "Prison Life as I Have Found It."

AN EXODUS TO TOPOLONGAMEO.

BEAVER FALLS.—Frank Linderman and John C. Brown will leave for the Topolongameo colony at Sinaloa, Mex. They will be joined at Pittsburg by 18 others, from other places. These men are the advance guard of an exodus which is expected to take place this summer from the Beaver Valley.

EXAMINING FULTON'S MINERAL WEALTH.

MCONEILLBURG.—E. C. Rosend, a resident of Philadelphia, with an office in Pittsburgh, has been in late looking up the mineral resources of Fulton county. He is favorably impressed with the surface indications and predicts an influx of capital when railroad facilities are afforded.

NEW CASTLE MAN SUED FOR SLANDER.

NEW CASTLE.—Thomas L. Morehead, an insurance man and real estate agent, has been sued for slander by J. P. Byers, a wealthy farmer of this county, who asks \$10,000 for defamation of character. It is alleged Morehead said Byers had set his house on fire to get his insurance money.

ALEXANDER BLAIR, who was found dead along the railroad tracks near Larimer, the other morning, is now believed to have been murdered. His gold watch was gone as well as his pocketbook and money.

ALFRED C. PHILLIPS sued the New Castle steel company for \$10,000. He was an employee of the company and while at work was severely burned. He holds his employers responsible for the accident.

JUDGE DOTT, of Greensburg, has renewed the injunction granted against the New Kensington colliery, an injunction from proceeding with the work on the town hall.

The clothing of John Springer's 7-year-old daughter caught fire from the stove in her home at Ligonier, Sunday night and she was burned to death.

MRS. JOHN DANIELS died at New Kensington. An autopsy showed that death was caused by cherry seeds which she swallowed several years ago.

SEVEN-YEAR-OLD LURA Springer was burned to death at Ligonier. She was lying asleep beside a stove. A spark from the fire ignited her clothing.

THE safes in Greensburg have been cracked by robbers during the past fortnight. No big hauls have been made by the robbers.

BURGLARS beat John Bangarner near Beaver Falls on Tuesday night and got \$2 which were hidden in an old boot.

HENRY HAYN, an undertaker of Monaca, on Tuesday night killed himself because his parents objected to his marrying.

A HEAVY object for rods has resulted. In the closing of the Carnegie mill and wire mill, at Beaver Falls, will next Monday.

J. M. McDOWELL's general store and dwelling house at Percy, Fayette county, was destroyed by fire. Loss \$10,000.

SEVEN furnaces at Sharpville are idle through lack of coke. The Sharon Clay manufactory is also idle.

BENJAMIN WOLF, of Sharon, has been pronounced insane. The loss of \$2,000 is stated to be the cause.

JOHN STOLTZ, of Carrollton, hanged himself at his hotel barn the other night.

THE annual meeting of the Lake Erie dental association is in session at Warren.

PROMINENT PEOPLE.

ALAN G. THURMAN is eighty years old. Mrs. J. S. GRANT has an annual income of \$20,000.

The Astor family is going in extensively for literary pursuits.

Mrs. GEORGE W. CHILDS will make her permanent home in Washington.

The composer of "Nellie Gray," James R. Falce, is now Professor of Music at Harvard.

SENATOR CALVIN S. BRICE, of Ohio, wears but a watch chain in about two years by constantly fingering it.

JAMES A. GARFIELD, a nephew of the late President Garfield, has been elected a justice of the peace for Jamestown, Mich.

A WORLD'S FAIR souvenir officer, enclosed in a silver case, has been sent to the Queen Regent of Spain by Mrs. Potter Palmer.

THE late General Slocum's fortune is estimated at \$1,000,000. He was at his death the richest of all the generals of the late war.

PRESIDENT HARRIS, of the Maine State College, is said to be the youngest college president in the country, being only thirty years of age.

THE betrothal of the Czarevitch and Princess Alix of Hess is regarded in Germany as a voucher for Germany's friendship for Russia.

JOHN JACOB ASTOR has written a novel in which he glorifies electricity as the controlling force in the world at the close of the twentieth century.

REV. H. WELLS WALKER, who has been appointed by Queen Victoria tutor and governor to the Duke of Albany, is a lineal descendant of John Wesley.

ABOUT seven years ago President Cleveland's wealth amounted perhaps to \$50,000. Now his property, as estimated by the assessors' books of New York, will amount to over a quarter of a million.

SOLDIER

The Valley of D



The sunshine falls bright and clear on everything. Looking to the right or left we see battalions forming and artillery going into position. A yell in the crash and roar of battle; its stillness is oppressive. Look away out yonder—see it flashing, gleaming sunshine on the polished steel of the bayonets and on the flanks—it is the coming of the enemy! In close columns by division, with flags fluttering, and its army moving on echelon. See how distinct every rifle barrel, bayonet and sabre, like the gleam of silver and shimmer of brass! In the very front is a regiment of Zouaves. A grand sight no man ever saw thus coming of the Confederate army. We see the swinging motion noticeable when great bodies of men move together. Thus comes this human battering ram, with artillery trailing in its ranks, presenting the appearance of a huge monster clothed in folds of flashing steel. On comes the enemy in its grand, full pride, surmounting the beaten broken Army of the Tennessee in perfect step with arms at right shoulder—shift, seeming conscious of its might.

With blaze of band and bugle the line advances; we see it coming and wonder if some one will raise a white flag. I load my gun and lie down flat on the ground, head downward; with teeth tightly closed I await what seems our sure defeat. Behind the front line comes another, and still another, the woods are alive with them. On they come, soon their lines begin to unfold upon the ground, movements are executed with exact step, and arms still at right-shoulder-shift.

I live an age in a moment. We are startled by a cannon shot above us—a signal for more. It is answered by a blinding flash—a mighty roar. The earth trembles, something strikes me; a darkness falls about me; smoke, and leaves and twigs, and gravel, and earth, all the air. I start up, aghast, wondering if the heavens and earth are coming together. It is the "second evening" of Webster's great guns above us to the solid, defiant Confederate host. Artillery along the line opens, and the final struggle has begun.

No white flag there! Our cannoners are planting their shrapnel where it will do the most harm, and it falls amid the crowded mass of the enemy, as true as if it had been carried by hand. The smoke before us lifts, and we see beneath it the lines of the enemy with great gaps torn in them, closing up and still advancing. We open upon them a line of fire, the guns behind us are still throwing case-shot, the round-stones and the smoke blinds us for a time. Again it lifts and we see the gray line staggering under the awful fire it faces. The gunboats take the light, but on coming to the shore, until only a corporal's guard remains. We look again. It has vanished—gone! Another pushes on, to disappear like the first. Our line in blaze of fire—it is a volcano. It hurls defiance with it an heroic deed, the splendid bravery of the enemy, who die but refuse to retreat.

The fight becomes fiercest; the enemy concentrates his fire, and brings into action every available man and gun. Arms are no longer at the right shoulder, but are held by experienced men. The stubborn resistance of the seemingly broken Federal army is a surprise to the legions of Beauregard, who can neither crush nor shudge the blue. The gray line from the shore, as it halts, sways for a moment, and then suddenly falls back, the way that are left are firing as they go until the supporting line is reached. Then we see real discipline in battle. The retiring line halts, closes up, reforms on its support. See how deliberate and full of action it becomes, maddened at the repulse, and burning to avenge those fallen comrades! The fiery sons of the South are again in perfect form, ready to hurl themselves with their angry impetuosity against the blue, but undaunted fore. For a moment the gray line is motionless, then all at once it leaps forward with a mighty yell, and sweeps across the bloody space separating the blue from the gray. Following the yell comes a storm of leaden hail full into our faces. It is a battle of the giants.

A wild cheer from our line is hurled back upon them, and shot answers shot. The roar of the artillery is incessant. The crash of musketry is deafening, and the air is filled with the concussion and shock. Watch the play on the faces of the men! The eyes flash, the face grows wild and grand, the form rounds out to its fullest limit, and the plain, dull soldier boy rises into the grandeur and glory of an heroic deed as he springs to his feet, with no thought of white flag or defeat, full of a desire to meet and destroy the coming enemy. All individuality is lost in this wild dance of death. The gray line again halts, trembles, and is gone, followed by a wild cheer that bursts from the heroic line in blue, telling in its own glad way that they are victors on the bloody field. You may point to the skulls that line the river bank, with a Hippant expression of disdain. I answer by pointing to the heroes who met the shock of Beauregard's battalions that Sunday night, and rolled them back in bloody route and defeat. No braver men ever faced an enemy.—Blue and Gray.

Feats of Divers.

Many fabulous stories have been told about diving. If a man in a state of nudity should undertake to dive with the assistance of weight sufficient to carry him to the depth that a diving-bell or other apparatus reaches, he would most probably die in the effort, because the actual pressure against him is greater than he can sustain. Siebe states the greatest depth to which a man has ever descended to be 204 feet, equivalent to a pressure of 85½ pounds per square inch.

The depth, however, to which a diver can descend and the length of time he can remain under water, depends to some extent, on personal physique. One hundred and fifty feet is considered the ordinary limit for safe work. Slight men of muscular build, with good circulation, sound hearts, steady nerves and temperate habits make the best divers. The greatest diving feat ever achieved was in removing the cage of the ship Cape Horn, wrecked off the coast of South America, where a diver named Hooper made seven descents to a depth of 201 feet, and at one time remained under water 41 minutes.—Brooklyn Eagle.

Most men look out for number one; most women claim to look out for number two—at the shoe store.—Texas Siftings.