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Montana has chosen the bitter root as the State flower.

The London banks have \$1,150,000,000 locked up at the present time.

Berlin is one of the most cosmopolitan of European cities. Though it is the capital of Germany only thirty-seven per cent. of its inhabitants are Germans by birth.

The army authorities are rapidly getting rid of all Indian enlisted men. At the present rate of discharging them it is estimated that by the end of 1895 there will be none in the service.

A Boston school committee has raised a great fuss by trying to prevent the boys' eating pie for lunch. The boys held a meeting and adopted resolutions that they would rally around pie to the death.

Judge Colt, of Boston, has decided that the late George H. Corliss, the inventor and builder of the famous Corliss engine was a public man and therefore declines to enjoin publishing his picture in biographical sketches.

The London Mark Lane Express says: "The only comparison to be found to the present low level of the price of cotton is by going back exactly forty-six years, when the price of middling uplands cotton was six and six-eighths cents. The cheapness was then due to financial and political disturbances—the present cause to overproduction."

In the midst of the military crisis the erection of new spinning plants is serenely in progress in China. Some of the mills are being provided with the electric light, and there is every probability of an attempt being made to run the spindles themselves by means of electro-motive power. In these respects the Chinese are content with nothing but the best and the latest.

How the mighty are fallen, muses the New York Observer. The car of Juggernaut goes no longer forth in triumph but death-dealing procession. This year, for the first on record, the Jagannath car at Serampore, India, failed to find devotees enough to drag it over the usual route. On three successive days attempts were made which ended in failure. The persuasions and threats of the Brahmans were in vain.

"Mr. Peabody, who was an American," said Dean Hole the other day, "was one of the greatest benefactors of London. His houses built for and occupied by the workmen are models which every great city would do well to copy. At a flower and plant exhibition in London which I attended four or five years ago I was surprised and delighted to find that a large number of the prizes for the best plants went to people who were dwellers in Mr. Peabody's houses. That shows what a better atmosphere will do for the working classes. Public gardens and parks and workmen's clubs, I think, are always conducive to temperance. But people will never be made temperate by constraint. To secure temperance is impossible by mere human obligations and vows. Force of common sense, conscience and spiritual influence are necessary."

Police Methods in St. Louis.
A policeman in St. Louis encountered a sleep-walker who was on the street at night in his night shirt, and after arousing him took him to his room and made him dress. This done, the citizen was marched to the police station, where he protested indignantly against his arrest, offering as an excuse for his appearance when taken into custody that he was a somnambulist. With much display of authority in his voice, the police official replied he didn't care what church the prisoner belonged to, it was against a city ordinance to walk the streets without any clothes on. The somnambulist was finally allowed to go without being fined.—Baltimore Sun.

THE MERRY SIDE OF LIFE.

STORIES THAT ARE TOLD BY THE FUNNY MEN OF THE PRESS.

The Hired Girl of the Orient—Good Evidence—Getting Along Slowly—His Treat, Etc., Etc.

Japan's modern hired girl, A Nora or a Dinah; Whose pathway, through the work she does, is strewn with broken China.—Detroit Free Press.

GOOD EVIDENCE.
"Why do you think he is a crank?"
"He says I am one."—Puck.

THE CREATURE AND THE CREATOR.
Poet—"Why is it you love my poetry and do not love the poet?"
She—"Because you are poor and the poetry is not."—Detroit Free Press.

GETTING ALONG SLOWLY.
Mrs. Dix—"Have you met the people yet who have moved in next door?"
Mrs. Hicks—"N—No; I don't even know yet how much rent they pay."—Puck.

HOW HE GOT BLIND.
Tramp—"Please help the blind."
Passerby—"How did you become blind?"
Tramp—"Looking for work, sir."
—Dallas (Texas) Times-Herald.

SHORTENING THE AGONY.
"What in thunder have you invited Somers to speak at your dinner for? He can't talk at all."
"That's just why we put him down for a speech."—Chicago Record.

HIS THREAT.
Mama—"It is no use; she is determined to marry him."
Papa—"Very well; tell her that I will support them in the style to which he has been accustomed."—Puck.

AN ACCOMPLISHED ARTIST.
First Restaurateur—"How do you like your new chef?"
Second Restaurateur—"Oh, he's a daisy! He can serve up hash under seventeen different names."—Puck.

DEPENDS.
Herldo—"They say every hearty laugh adds a day to one's life."
Saidso—"That depends; I had at least a week kicked out of me for laughing at a man who fell in the mud."—Puck.

A WISHED-FOR OPPORTUNITY.
"What do you think of my daughter's execution, professor?" ask the fond mamma, as her fair daughter pounded away at the piano-keys.
"Think, madam?" was the reply,
"why, that I should like to be present at it."—Tit-Bits.

A FINE OPPORTUNITY.
Modest Youth—"I have only \$5000 a year, sir, but I think I can support your daughter on that."
Father (enthusiastically)—"Support her, my dear boy? Why you can support her entire family on it."—Detroit Free Press.

HE KEPT HIS WORD.
"I tell you what it is," said the silly little fish to his long-headed mother, "I have been following your advice, and letting those nice, plump, juicy worms alone, long enough. I am now going off on my own hook."
And he did.—Life.

THE REASON OF IT.
Fond Husband—"Somehow, I don't seem to be able to enjoy your pies as I did those my mother made for me when I was a boy."
Loving Wife—"Perhaps you would, if you hadn't ruined your stomach by eating so many of those same pies when you were a boy."—Puck.

HOW THE PLANS ARE MADE.
"What are you doing?" inquired Hammerfest, as he saw his friend tip a dry-goods box on end and proceed to make a sketch of it.
"Attending to business," replied his friend, the architect. "I'm engaged in making a design for a new modern office building."—Chicago Record.

A GILDED SORROW.
Sympathetic Friend—"I am so sorry you were disappointed in your marriage!"
The Countess—"My dear, don't marry a foreign noble. If I could only undo what I have done I would be willing to give up all I have in the world, except my title."—Puck.

COVERED BOTH CASES.
Theatrical Manager—"I regret, gentlemen, that I cannot put your productions on the stage."
First Author—"Why not, pray?"
Manager—"Your play, you see, is so awfully simple."
Second Author—"And mine?"
Manager—"Is simply awful!"—Fliegende Blätter.

AN ABUSED GIRL.
"Yes, I gave him up," sighed the young woman.
"Did he prove unworthy of your affection?" inquired her sympathetic friend.
"He—he became a spelling reformer," rejoined the other, with a shudder, "and signed his name 'Jorj.' It took all the poetry and romance out of the name. So we parted."—London Globe.

INFORMATION.
"Speak and you are a dead man."
The pistol barrel gleamed under the nose of the patient looking party who was reclining on the combination sofa.
"Do your worst," he cried, leaping

to his feet. "I will speak. I demand to know how in thunder it is you walk all through this house without falling over the rugs."
But the burglar only laughed mockingly in his face and climbed out of the cellar window.—Detroit Tribune.

A CANDID CONFESSION.
Father of the Bridegroom—"Before cementing this close relationship I think it but right to tell you that I once had a little unpleasantness which involved the loss of my liberty for a considerable period. Both my daughters are, I am sorry to say, rather flighty; my dear wife suffering from kleptomaniacs and my son was mixed up in a little forgery affair. Won't that make any difference?"
Father of the Bride—"Not the slightest! From the fact that I am quite in favor of our alliance you may judge how matters stand in my family."—Der Schalk.

Steam as a Means of Defense.
A simple and effective method of repelling train robbers by discharging jets of steam upon the attacking party has recently been patented by William H. Reeve, an old tugboatman, of New York. The inventor has enlarged upon the plan long followed by railroad companies of attaching a steam jet to locomotives to scare cows and other animals from the track. The patent provides for running steam pipes along the boiler, one on either side from the cab forward. The ends of the pipes are supplied with small nozzles so formed that jets of steam may be projected through them a distance of fifty or sixty feet. It is claimed that these would prevent any person from approaching nearer than this distance. Similar pipes could be run to the rear of the train and be supplied with nozzles, rendering it impossible for any one to reach the rear platform. Other pipes could be arranged at the car doors, while by the use of flexible pipes or hose the steam could be carried and discharged from the windows at will. These pipes need not be so large as to be unsightly or inconvenient in any way.

A further use of steam as a means of defense, the inventor claims, would be in protecting banks against thieves. Since banks are usually heated with steam, the attachment could readily be made. Small jets of steam might be so arranged at the windows of the tellers that they could be projected into the faces of the robbers. These jets might be operated by hidden levers or by electrical attachments.

A more ambitious plan, however, is to utilize steam in the defense of forts, armories or arsenals. Powerful jets of steam could be discharged at doors and windows of arsenals. Forts could be protected in a similar manner, and as long as the supply of steam held out, the inventor claims, they could not possibly be carried by assault.—Scientific American.

He Never Served.
William Rufus King (born April 6, 1786; died April 18, 1853) was a Vice-President of the United States who never served in that capacity, and one who took the oath of office on foreign soil—something which can be said of no other executive officer which has ever been elected by the people of this country. King was an invalid, but his friends urged him to take second place on the ticket with Pierce in 1852. Both were elected, but Mr. King's health failed so rapidly that he was forced to go to Cuba early in 1853, some two and a half months before inauguration day. Not having returned to the United States by March 4, Congress passed a special act authorizing the United States Consul at Matanzas, Cuba, to swear him in as Vice-President at about the hour when Pierce was taking the oath of office at Washington. This arrangement was carried out to a dot, and on the day appointed, at a plantation on one of the highest hills in the vicinity of Matanzas, Mr. King was made Vice-President of the United States and the solemn "Vaya vol con Dios" (God will be with you) of the creoles who had assembled to witness the unique spectacle. Vice-President King returned to his home at Cahaba, Ala., arriving at that place April 17, 1853, and died the following day. His remains were laid to rest on his plantation, known as Pine Hills.—Chicago Times.

Remarkable Brand on a Horse.
Sometimes it takes about as much ingenuity to read a brand on an animal after it is written as it does to think it up before hand. This is especially the case when the designer gives up letters and figures and tries to represent some object, for the puncher is not always a strictly first-class artist. Not long since I saw a horse that seemed so weighted down with the burden of the letters ornamenting the whole of one of his sides that he had little strength for anything else. He read as follows: U. S. I. C. S. (X.)

This brand was a complete record of his history. In his younger days he had been bought for our cavalry service and branded U. S. After a while he was worn out, and then received the additional I. C. for "inspected and condemned." When the Government sold him it was recorded by an "S," and the man that bought him added the (X). If he is sold any more his next owner will have to begin branding him on the other side. The United States army officials will not purchase a horse that already has a brand on it. Whether it is because they consider branding an inhuman device, or because they do not want a horse so disfigured, or because they need all the space for their own brands, I do not know.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

TO CIVILIZE INDIANS.

QUEEREST NEWSPAPER ISSUED IN AMERICA.

Published in a System of Shorthand in British Columbia by a Missionary—Indians Readily Learn to Read the Characters—Its Circulation.

Work of a Priest.
One of the most wonderful achievements of any age is the invention or provision of some means or language by which a common education, and more especially the teachings of Christ, may be conveyed to an ignorant and semi-heathen race. Ever since the days of early Scripture missionaries have been sent forth for this purpose, and, strange as it may seem, while we are dispatching missionaries to foreign, unenlightened lands, foreign missionaries take up their habitation among the Indians of North and Northwestern Canada.

In the year 1879 Pere Jean Marie Raphael Le Jeune came to British Columbia as missionary priest, and in a few short years he has accomplished what might have taken civilization in her generally impeded progress in this thinly inhabited province a half century to bring about the same effect. Pere Le Jeune made his first acquaintance with the Thompson Indians in June, 1880, and has lived with them ever since. A man gifted with a keen, sparkling intellect, and reared with refinement and education in Pleybert Christ, Finistere, France, he takes up



NORTH BENO INDIAN WOMEN.

and was able to express himself in these tongues in a very short time. All the elements of education he found when he first came to this forlorn country was that a dozen or more Indians knew a few prayers and the catechism in the Thompson language. Beyond this they were as ignorant as brutes. Henceforth he took up his great philanthropic work.

From 1880 to 1882 he traveled only his abode in a lonely, cheerless country among a tribe of Indians who know nothing outside their provincial jargon of Chinook language to devote the remainder of his life toward lifting up a hopeless and down-trodden race and to establish between these brethren and their Maker a divine faith.

Pere Le Jeune at once began to study the Chinook and Salishan languages, between Yale and Lytton, a distance of fifty-two miles, trying to make acquaintance with as many Indians as would receive a white man into their habitations. His struggles and efforts were many, for it is well known that these Indians are both stubborn and superstitious, and to this day there exists between the reds and the whites that smoldering enmity which may at any moment break out in treachery and foul play. To reach their hearts was to become one of them—learn their languages and advance civilization among them through the comprehension of their own tongue. This of course required untiring patience and energy, but Pere Le Jeune is at last rewarded for his sacrifices, for now hundreds of Indians look up to him as the means of bringing into their narrow settlements news of the great outside world.

Since 1882 his mission has extended to the Nicola Indians, who also speak the Thompson language, and to the Douglass Lake Indians, who are a branch of the Okanagan family, where he copied and revised most of the prayers they have in use up to the present day. Since June, 1891, he has had to deal with the Shushwap tribe, and as their language is similar to that used by other Indians, he very soon became familiar with it. In 1892, the Fraser Indians and sea-coast Indians came under his notice. He tried several years ago to teach the natives to read and write in the English language, but without avail. He soon found the race very impatient and impetuous, and it was an utter impossibility to teach them to speak, read or write, or even to write their own language in English characters. Everything they did learn, they were required to memorize by repeating it over and over again, and as soon as their instructor was out of sight the Indians either neglected their lessons altogether, or, in sheer inability to learn forgot the first rudiments taught them. As Pere Le Jeune's district was so extensive and he could only visit each tribe three or four times a year, one can see how difficult it was to impart any solid instruction. It took years after years to make them understand a few instructions, only to be forgotten as soon as he was gone.

When every means had been exhausted and the priest was discouraged almost to complete dejection, a happy thought struck him, and by that thought hundreds of Indians in British Columbia to-day have profited and taken their first step toward education. Why not invent a system by which the most simple mind might be taught to read and write?

When, in 1867, Pere Le Jeune was a boy of 16, in France, he learned a system of shorthand. This he now resumed, and by simplifying it to meet his own requirements, undertook to teach it to the Indians. The first trial was an instant success. This shorthand is an easy phonetic writing, and can be learned thoroughly in a few weeks. Le Jeune himself was surprised at the eagerness displayed by the natives to learn it.

Four years ago, a poor Indian cripple named Charlie Alexis Mayos, from the lower Nicola tribe, saw the writing for the first time and got the intuition of the system at first sight. He set to work to decipher a few Indian prayers, and in less than two months had learned the whole method thoroughly. He soon began to help the priests by communicating his learning to his friends and relatives. From this time on the Indians took up the system and were anxious to learn on all sides. They have now become aware of its priceless benefits derived from an assiduous attendance to their school, and are as eager to receive an education as any white pupil. When once a few Indians know the system in one camp, their ambition is to teach it to others. During the summer the progress is slow, but when winter comes they spend whole nights at it. One young Indian, especially bright, took interest in the writing as soon as he saw it. He spent the whole night in repeating the lesson over and over again with two or three companions, and in two or three days more completed his studies. In less than a month he could read the Indian language as well as the Chinook, and soon was able to read and write English in shorthand. Not only do little children learn to read and write readily, but even old people study with success.

The more advanced Indians understand the value of the letters and the spelling of the words, but the greatest number begin by reading the words, then the syllables by comparing the words together, and at last come to the letters. They learn by analysis much quicker than by synthesis. After 600 or 800 Indians had learned the system, it became necessary that their interest should be kept up by placing instructive matter before them. As Pere Le Jeune was always on the go, visiting each camp at intervals only, it occurred to him to edit the Kamloops Wawa, the strangest little newspaper in America.

The Wawa is really a full-fledged newspaper, and it first saw the light of day in the month of May, 1891. "Wawa" is an Indian word meaning "talk, speak or echo." Hence the title signifies "Kamloops Echoes." "Kamloops," the name of the town in which it was inaugurated, is a Shushwap word, meaning "the forking together of rivers, in this instance the north and south forks of the Thompson River. The accompanying reproduction is the fac-simile of the original paper, which proves to be a curiosity in itself. It contains four pages, and is about five by seven inches in size. At present over 1,050 subscribers look forward to their paper. The Kamloops Wawa is issued weekly. At the start, when funds were scarce, Pere Le Jeune printed the news on any kind of paper donated for the purpose, and sometimes the Indians received their news on blue, red, yellow, and again on white material.

The printing of the paper is marvelous. It is all done by hand, Pere Le Jeune doing the work originally all himself. At first the news was photographed, then duplicated on the mimeograph by the priest during the leisure hours of his missionary labors. As the subscriptions grew larger, a few Indian women were called in to help with the printing, but this did not last long, as the funds were still so low that they had to be discharged, and the work all fell back on the priest again. The first volumes of this wonderful little paper have been bound, copies being sent to the Smithsonian Institution; also libraries in the East hold copies as premiums. Some of the original papers were lost or destroyed by the Indians, but as many as could be collected were bound. Many of the pages of the little volume I have in hand and from which the accompanying cut is taken have been badly torn and soiled by the Indians as they studied its text. Pere Le Jeune informs

me he still has in his possession copies of the original volumes for distribution. These in a few years, as well as in the present, may be considered valuable curiosities, for now the old process mimeographing has been abandoned and electrotyping on a small scale, by which three times as much material appears weekly, has been substituted. The new Kamloops Wawa contains sixteen pages. Its contents consist chiefly of news from the surrounding towns and wigwams, notices of births, deaths, and marriages of the Indians, with a new lesson or two of the system, while a special feature is made of the bible stories and religious instruction. The white settlers in Kamloops take little or no interest in the paper, and the means with which Pere Le Jeune carries on his noble work are either donated or procured by subscriptions to the little weekly. During the winter Indians take infinite delight

in sending letters from camp to camp. Kamloops is situated on the north and south branches of the Thompson River, and the scenery around the quiet little town makes it one of the garden spots of the earth, especially in the summer. In summer, the evening sunsets are gorgeous, and as far as one can see down the broad, mirrored surface of the Thompson, nothing meets the eye but the most magnificent glorious scenes of nature's painting. In this little known region where perpetual night and everlasting snow are common sights, there is a touch of romance and mysticism which cannot be described. The country is thinly settled yet, and many a landmark remains which speaks with thrilling vividness of an earlier race. It is a new occupation for them, who till a few years ago did not know what it was to read another man's "talk on paper," and the idea is so novel that they resort to many amusing schemes in order to get correspondents. Seventy-five to 100 natives sent out letters to correspondents whom they never saw or knew.



SOME MEMBERS OF THE SKWAMISH BRASS BAND.

Dr. Marey, the inventor of an apparatus for making series of photographs of animals in motion, conducted the experiment with the French cat in question. Do not fail to observe the expression of the cat's tail in the last photograph. It is eloquent of triumph and of rejoicing after a danger past.

NEWS & NOTES FOR WOMEN.

Bryn Mawr's Freshman class is hard at work on the basket ball field.

Mrs. Astor gave a Thanksgiving dinner to 800 New York newsboys.

Ribbons are profusely used as garniture for corsages as well as skirts.

Susan B. Anthony wants to start a big daily newspaper exclusively for women.

Mrs. P. T. Barnum complains that \$40,000 a year does not pay her living expenses.

The court plaster patch on chin or cheek has been revived by modern "grand dames."

One of the most famous folklorists of the world is Miss Mary Alicia Owens of St. Joseph, Mo.

About sixty foreign women have been naturalized in New York during the last three years.

There are about 170,000 women in Connecticut. At the recent elections less than two per cent. voted.

The wise father of marriageable maidens will insist on a cozy recessed window seat in his new house.

Mrs. Bradley Martin, a New York society leader, has bought the diamond crown of Marie Antoinette.

Princess Louise, of Denmark, sister of the King, is dead. She was abbess of the convent of Itzehol, Holstein.

The Czarina of Russia is an accomplished typewriter. All her family correspondence is indited on that machine.

The Young Women's Christian Association of Michigan includes nineteen associations, with a membership of 2000.

Mrs. Gladstone is eighty-one years old and she possesses that vigor and vitality which is so remarkable in her husband.

Carous Duran, the French portrait painter, is to visit New York this winter to paint the picture of Mrs. George Gould.

The Turkish fez for little boys has become fashionable to the extent of being common. Now mammas look for something new.

Twenty-four young women are taking graduate courses at Yale College this term. The number is increasing each year.

Velvet collars in all shades and shapes are very popular this season. Some of these stocks have one large or two tiny buckles.

Miss Isabella Lockwood has been appointed Deputy County Recorder at Munice, Ind., and the courts will decide as to her eligibility.

Lena McClellan, of St. Paul, Minn., is the youngest stamp collector. She is four years old and pursues her fad with untiring energy and interest.

The women's clubs in and about Washington have federated under the title of "The Federation of Women's Clubs of the District of Columbia."

The newest lace pins have bullet heads, either iridescent, green, mauve or deep blue, sold in pairs, united by a chain—an old fashion which revisits us.

Washington will have among its permanent residents this winter a coterie of not less than a dozen widows of social celebrity and apoplectic bank account.

The class of '97 at Wellesley is the most athletic class in the college. Its members excel in every kind of sport, and have earned honors both at home and abroad.

Lillian Russell, the opera singer, instead of bonbons, keeps a dish of boiled carrots constantly on her dressing table, and declares that they are fine for the complexion.

Countess Giannotti, who is mentioned as one of the favorites among the ladies in waiting to the Queen of Italy, in an American, daughter of a cigarette maker of Newark, N. J.

Misses Judson and Lamson, of wealthy Cleveland (Ohio) families, the former the daughter of a judge, have joined the Salvation Army, and are living in the army barracks in that city.

Mrs. Oscar Beringer, one of the leaders of London literary society, was born in America, and, as she says, can boast of a mixture of English, Irish, Spanish and French blood. Her childhood was passed in California and Mexico.

At a recent bazaar of all Nations, the clever thought was carried out of showing the time all over the world. Above every booth a clock was set that was regulated to the hour then passing in the place represented by the stall.

A Miss Sterling, at Aylesford, Nova Scotia, has an industrial farm and schools, established at her own expense, where she brings waifs from Scotland, and teaches them how to make a living. She has something like 100 of the unfortunate children there now.

An enterprising organizer has formed a foot-ball team of women in north London. The players will be "professionals" and receive a share of the gate money. It has not been decided whether the referee shall be a man or a woman. The novel team has already booked a number of games.

The custom of having women pallbearers at funerals will probably be permanently established here, says the Louisville Courier-Journal. There have been several of that kind in the last year. At a recent funeral the pallbearers were eight young girls, dressed from head to foot in white. The young ladies wore white caps, gloves, dresses and shoes.

The busier a man is the harder it is for the devil to get into conversation with him.