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Subscribers are requested to observe the date following the name on the labels of their papers. By referring to this they can tell at a glance how they stand on the books in this office.

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. Corlies, the inventor and builder of the famous Corlies 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 CREATOR 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—"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 TREAT. 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. Herdso—"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 can you 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 Blaetter.

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 rug."

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 is suffering from kleptomania 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 plot, 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

primitive savageness, and the early beliefs of idolatry and paganism are giving way to the Christian religion. Customs, manners, and even dress are becoming modern, and in half a century, or long before, every trace of earlier barbarism will be swept away entirely. Kamloops of to-day has some 2,000 inhabitants, and is the business center of the surrounding country from twenty-five to fifty miles distant. The town was formerly a Hudson Bay fort or trading post. It began to grow after the construction of the Canadian Pacific Railway.—Malibelle Justice, in Chicago Herald.

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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 autographed, 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

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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 which reaches far away to the lands 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.

Civilization, however, has made rapid progress, and these North American Indians are losing much of the

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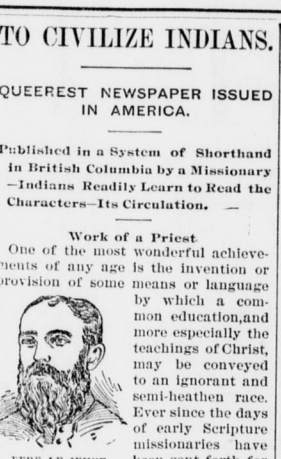
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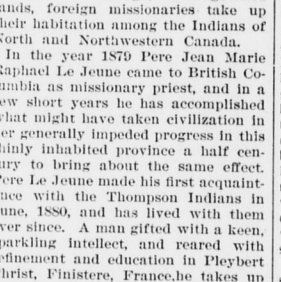
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PERE LE JEUNE



GROUP OF SHUSHWAP INDIANS.



NORTH BERO INDIAN WOMEN.

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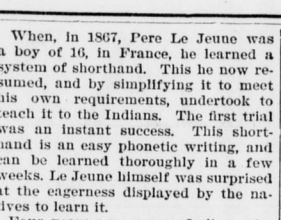
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me he still has in his possession copies of the original volumes for distribution. These in a few years, as well as in the present, may be considered valuable curiosities, for now the old process mimeographing has been abandoned and electrotyping on 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 which reaches far away to the lands 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.

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 Mayoos, 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 papers, 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 the 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, while 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.

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