

## ALL CHAINS CAN BE BROKEN.

DR. TALMAGE'S FERVID SERMON AT THE BROOKLYN TABERNAACLE.

Gambling, Drinking, Smoking, Infidelity, Unreliability, Avarice and Irreligion. Are All Links in the Chain of Sin Which Shackles the Mind and Soul.

An unusually large congregation attended the Brooklyn Tabernacle Sunday. The Rev. Dr. Talmage never preached with greater vigor. He took for his text, Ezekiel vii., chap. 23, "Make a chain." Having spoken of the many uses to which chains were adapted and its symbolic character, the golden chains that were used as gems of honor in older ages, he said:

"What I wish to impress upon myself and upon you is the strength in right and wrong directions, of consecutive forces, the superior power of a chain of influences above one influence, the great advantage of a congeries of links above one link, and in all family government and in all effort to rescue others and in all attempt to stop iniquity, take the suggestion of my text and make a chain."

"That which contains the greatest importance, that which involves the most tremendous opportunities, that which, of earthly things, is most watched by other worlds, that which has beating against its two sides all the eternities, is the cradle. The grave is nothing in importance compared with it, for that is only a guilty that we step across in a second; but the cradle has within it a new eternity, just born and never to cease."

"When, three or four years ago, the Ohio River overflowed its banks and the wild freshets swept down with them harvests and cities, one day was found floating on the bosom of the waters a cradle with a child in it, all unharmed, wrapped up snug and warm, and its blue eyes looking into the blue of the open heavens. It was mentioned as something extraordinary. But every cradle is, with its young passenger, floating on the swift current of the centuries, deep calling to deep, Ohio and St. Lawrence and Mississippi of influence, bearing it onward."

Having spoken of and pointed out the means of properly educating and instructing the young, Dr. Talmage went on to show that so great were the temptations to which young men were open and the social follies of young women that the first eighteen years of their life should be tenderly cared for, he illustrated it by picturing the wandering of a young man through wildness and dissipation, but the molding of whose home life and instruction still cling to him.

"That a rough time that young man has in doing wrong," said Dr. Talmage, "carefully nurtured as he was! His father and mother have been dead for years, or they are over in Scotland, or England or Ireland; but they have stood in the doorway of every dram shop that he entered, and under the chandelier of every house of dissipation, saying: 'My son, this is no place for you. Have you forgotten the old folks? Don't you recognize these wrinkles, and this stoop in the shoulder, and this tremulous hand? Go home, my boy, go home! By the God to whom we consecrated you, by the cradle in which we rocked you, by the grass-grown graves in the old country churchyard, by the heaven where we hope yet to meet you, go home! Go home, my boy, go home! And some Sunday you will be surprised to find that young man suddenly asking for the prayers of the church. Some Sunday you will see him at the Sacrament, and, perhaps, drinking from the same kind of chalice that the old folks drank out of years ago when they commemorated the sufferings of the Lord. Yes, my lad, you do not have so much fun in sin as you seem to have. I know what spoils your fun. You cannot shake off the influences of those prayers long ago offered, or of those kind admonitions."

"At last that young man turns through the consecutive influences of a pious parentage, who out of prayers and fidelities innumerable made a chain. That is the chain that pulls mightily this morning on five hundred of you."

"The first chain bridge was built in Scotland," said the pastor, after describing a weak link in the chain of life. "Walter Scott tells how the French imitated it in a bridge across the River Seine. But there was one weak point in that chain bridge. There was a middle bolt that was of poor material, but they did not know how much depended on that middle bolt of the chain bridge. On the opening day a procession started, led on by the builder of the bridge, and when the mighty weight of the procession was fairly on it, the bridge broke and precipitated the multitudes. The bridge was all right except in that middle bolt. So the bridge of character may be made up of mighty links strong enough to hold a mountain, but if there be one weak spot, that one point unlooked after may be the destruction of everything."

"And what multitudes have gone down for all time and all eternity because in the chain bridge of their character there was lacking a strong middle bolt. He had but one fault and that was avarice; hence, forgery. He had but one fault and that was a burning thirst for intoxicants; hence, his fatal debauch. She had but one fault and that an inordinate fondness for dress, and hence her own and her husband's bankruptcy. She had but one fault and that a quick temper; hence the disgraceful outburst. What we all want is to have put around us a strong chain of good influences. Christian association is a link. Good literature is a link. Church membership is a link. Habit of prayer is a link. Scripture research is a link. Faith in God is a link. Put together all these influences. Make a chain!"

Dr. Talmage then spoke of how a link was made on the downward path, and with characteristic humor described it. "First let him smoke, he said. 'If he cannot stand cigars, let him try cigarettes. Let him drink light wines or ale or lager, and gradually he will be able to take something stronger, and all styles of strong drink are more and more adulterated, his progress will be facilitated. With an old-time drinker a man seldom got delirium tremens before 30 or 40 years of age; now he can get the madness by the time he is 18. Let him play cards, enough money put up always to add interest to the game. If the father and mother will play with him that will help by way of countering the habit. Have a membership in some club where libertines go and tell about their victorious sins, and laugh as loud as any of them in derision of those who belong to the same sex as your sister and mother."

"Each your Bible overboard as old-fashioned and fit only for women and children. Read all the magazine articles that put Christianity at disadvantage, and go to hear all the lectures that malign Christ, who, they say, instead of being the Mighty One he pretended to be, was an imposter and the implanter of great delusion. Go, at first out of curiosity, to see all the houses of dissipation, and then go because you have felt the thrill of their fascination. Getting along splendidly now. Become more defiant of all decency, more loudly-mouthed in your atheism, more thoroughly alcoholized, and instead of the small stakes that will do well enough for games of chance in a ladies' parlor, put up something worthy, put up more, put up all you have. Well done. You have succeeded."

## TALE OF A SAVAGE BRAVE.

RED SHIRT TELLS OF MEN AND BABIES MURDERED.

Right to Kill Women and Children in War—Bad Hearts from Troubled Brains—A White Woman Captive—Wonderful Indian Revelation—Made to Whites.

In reply to questions put up by a Post-Dispatch correspondent, Red Shirt said his Indian's name was Ok-le-sa; that he was 41 years old and had been chief of his tribe eleven years. When asked about the traditions of the Sioux he gave a brief outline of his tribe's history, which was interpreted as follows: "The old man has told me that many ages ago the Lacotas (Sioux) lived here by the side of the great waters. They fought with other tribes who had many lodges and great warriors, and long, long before the white men came they were driven toward the setting sun and made their homes beyond the Smoky Water (Mississippi River). How long ago this I do not know; but I know it is true, for the old men have told me so. After a while the white men came into our country. They hunted buffalo and killed antelope upon the plains. They came into the camps of the Lacotas and slept in their tepees. They were well treated, for they were welcome. By and by more white men came, and then they came thick. They took the Lacotas' land and drove them from their hunting grounds."

"Then the heart of the Lacotas got bad, for their brains were troubled. They thought everything would be taken from them and their hearts were broken. They thought no land would be left for them to live upon, so they began to fight. They took white men's scalps and the white men's tepees, and scalped their women and children. They fought for many years, but the white men were too strong. If an Indian got killed no Indian grew thicker at the time. The Lacotas had no hope left, so they had to quit fighting and submit to the whites. There will be no more wars between the white men and the Lacotas, for the white men are many and the Lacotas few."

Red Shirt then related how the trouble began between the whites and his uncle, the noted Sioux chief, Young-Man-Afraid-of-His-Horses. He said that about twenty-five years ago an emigrant train was crossing the plains a short distance from Fort Laramie. One of their steers became lame, and it was left behind on the trail. In a short while a Sioux hunting party came upon the abandoned steer and killed it. A few days after a company of soldiers from Fort Laramie came to the Sioux camp on the North Platte to arrest the Indians who had killed the steer.

The tribe refused to surrender them but offered to pay for the steer. A long wrangle followed, and finally the officer in command of the troops made an attempt to forcibly take the Indians whom he wanted. He charged upon the village; but he had miscalculated the strength of the Sioux, for there were many lodges behind a hill close by which he had not seen. The Indians fell upon the troops on every side, and the company of thirty-two men were killed and scalped. The great Sioux chief, Young-Man-Afraid-of-His-Horses, was also killed. That night the Indians had a big scalp dance, and a long, bloody war followed. Red Shirt next told some of his personal experiences while on the warpath, and spoke of the men he had killed with as much apparent satisfaction as a hunter would exhibit in relating his exploits. His first fight with the whites was twenty-five years ago, and this was his version of how the trouble came on.

A band of Cheyennes attacked an emigrant train, and after killing all the men, carried off a white woman captive. In their wanderings over the plains they met a party of Sioux, to whom the woman was sold. The chiefs, Two Face and Black Foot, paying two horses for her. Afterward a detachment of soldiers from Fort Laramie came upon the Sioux band, and, finding the woman in their possession, accused them of murdering the emigrants and carrying off the woman. Two Face and Black Foot were tried and hanged at Fort Laramie, and the balance of the band to which they belonged were ordered to remove east of the Missouri River. They started out under guard of two companies of soldiers, and got as far as the junction of Horse Creek and the North Platte before any trouble occurred. Here some of the Indians who were in irons complained of being tired, and that their legs were swollen from the chafing of the iron bands.

They asked to be allowed to ride in one of the wagons, but the request was refused. Then all of the Indians got angry and secretly concocted a plan to turn upon their guards at an unexpected moment. Just as the troops were preparing to break camp on the following morning the Indians attacked them. Red Shirt killed the commandment of the detachment, and this was the signal for a general assault. The soldiers were completely taken by surprise, and five of their number were killed in the first charge. The others saved themselves by jumping in the river and swimming across. Two men were killed in the water as they were trying to escape. After this fight the entire band of Sioux went on the warpath, and it was many months before they surrendered.

Red Shirt says he has made but one attack upon a wagon train. This occurred at Pole Creek, in Montana, about nineteen years ago. A party of five men, way through the hostile country when they were discovered by Red Shirt's band. The Indians bore down on them, and, after their usual fashion, began to circle around to draw their fire. The circle around to draw their fire, and the men abandoned their teams and attempted to run to a high hill which was close by, but they were all shot down before they could reach the cover they were making for. Red Shirt thinks the men were not experienced in Indian warfare or they would have kept under cover of their wagons instead of trying to reach the hill. The usually solemn-looking chief smiled as he related the easy task the Indians had in shooting down the men as they ran. The dead

## CAUGHT BY THE COMBINE.

THE PLANTERS CAN'T WHIP THE BAGGING TRUST THIS YEAR.

Pine Straw and Osanburgs May Take the Place of Jute in the Future—A Practical Test of Cotton Bagging for Cotton Bales at New Orleans—A Factor's Advice to the Farmers.

The cotton-growers of the South have certainly no reason to complain of the newspapers of the country, for, without exception, these have all taken sides against the Jute Bagging Trust. This is true of the newspapers North as well as those of the South. Even in distant Vermont the Legislature has called on Congress to abolish the duty on jute. The United States department of agriculture has interfered in their favor, the merchants generally are co-operating with them, the cotton factors have set to work to produce a cloth suitable for baling, and the underwriters suggest that more closely woven cotton bagging is superior to jute and less dangerous.

The News and Courier has been at pains to describe every substitute for jute bagging that has been presented since the outrageous squeeze commenced, and has also given to its readers the result of all the experiments that have been made. The only two substitutes that have thus far given any promise of success are the osanburgs, brought from New Orleans and the pine straw fabric from Wilmington. As was stated in the News and Courier yesterday, however, there is only one way in which these substitutes can be subjected to a thorough test, and the quicker this test is made the better for the farmer. In order to fill the bill a bale of cotton must be able to stand the compress, the cotton hook and the fire, and obviously the only way to test it is to try a bale of cotton baled with osanburgs or pine straw.

Alluding to the pine straw fabric, the Wilmington Star says: "An interesting experiment was made at the Exchange to test its inflammability as compared with jute bagging. A piece of each was ignited at the same time with a match, and left to burn. While the jute fibre burned freely and was entirely consumed the pine fibre burned slowly, and finally the fire died out before scarcely any of it had been consumed."

This was entirely at variance with the test made at the Cotton Exchange here and the result of which was published in the News and Courier yesterday. In this experiment the conditions were exactly reversed. The jute blazed up and went out at once, while the pine straw retained the fire which smoldered for fully fifteen minutes. It is proper to add that the experiment was conducted by the representative of the News and Courier, who visited Wilmington last year, and wrote up the pine straw industry at Conly.

But, it is repeated, the test was not a fair one. The pine straw will doubtless pass the compress and the cotton hook requirements. The only question now is as to its inflammability, and the only way in which that can be tested is to put up two bales of cotton, one in jute and one in pine straw; call in the underwriters and apply the match.

Of the Lane Mills osanburgs the New Orleans Times-Democrat says: "The test made of the cotton bagging produced by the Lane Mills of this city, proved it to be the full equal in all respects of the jute bagging, hitherto generally used. It has been experimentally tested with a material has finally been obtained, which will bear the roughest handling, can be jerked around, headed and reheaded and pressed without danger of any injury. Of its other advantages in keeping out the dirt and water we have already spoken; while as to price it can and will be sold cheaper than the jute is now selling."

The experiment is thus described by the Times-Democrat: "The trial began in the pickery. There three bales of cotton were shorn of their jute coverings and covered with cotton cloth by means of an old hand-worked press. The bagging was different from that tried Wednesday. It was composed of heavier cords with larger meshes, and averages thirteen ounces to the yard. After being roughly baled in the pickery it was rolled with hooks on a float and carted to the compress yard. Again the ties were cut off. A bale was trucked into the jaws of the great machine. The jaws crunched together with a force of 700 tons. The cotton was made smaller and smaller, from four feet to as many inches. Every thread was searched by anxious eyes for signs of bursting. There was no injury, and, as far as the pressing was concerned, the cloth was effective. But the tests were hardly begun. The bale was pulled from the press, rolled, headed, reheaded almost lifted by sheer muscle of stalwart negroes. Where a hook was caught in the threads alone it at times, but not always, tore its way out; when the hook was gripped into the cotton staple, as is usually the case with jute bagging, Water was thrown on the cotton bagging. It rolled off, leaving but little dampness behind. Another bucketful was emptied on a bale covered with jute. Every large mesh acted as a pore, through which the water got into the cotton and wet it to a depth much greater than in the case of the cotton covered bale. Then a practiced negro of magnificent strength plucked his hook into the jute bagging of a bale, braced himself, and jerked. A long tear was the result. He tried the same experiment on the cotton cloth. It gave way, but the tear was only a few inches in length. All being satisfied with the superiority of the Lane bagging, the bales, three in number, were carried to the scales and weighed. The first weighed 593 pounds, the second 427, the third 496."

"The Lane Mills," says the Times-Democrat, "can now turn out 12,000 yards a day, or 72,000 a week of this new bagging, enough to cover 7,000 bales. They alone can produce enough to break the power of the combine, and it is probable that Mr. Maginias and others will begin the manufacture of the bagging at early date. Samples of the

## THE BIG SALMON WHEEL.

The Latest Scheme Ever Invented for Capturing the Finny Trolleys.

The man who invented the Columbia River salmon wheel was a genius, says the Larimore Herald. The laziest fisherman who ever baited a hook could ask no easier way of landing fish. And the only fact that it can only be used at certain points on the stream prevents this machine from exterminating the salmon in one season. Imagine a common under-shoot wheel with the buckets turned the wrong way about. This is set in a high, narrow flume near the bank of the river, where the current is very swift. From the down-stream end of this flume, extended outward an angle of forty-five degrees, are two upright fences, formed by pickets driven closely together into the bottom of the river, and wired to keep them from washing away. Just above the wheel—which is some ten feet in diameter—at the up-stream end, is a platform, from which a box flume runs to the shore.

Now let us see how it works. When the salmon are running, as everybody knows, they come up in the Columbia River by millions. The stream is very deep, and a large percentage always succeed in getting to the breeding grounds in safety. When the salmon are running up the river they are constantly on the lookout for small streams in which to spawn. Also, where the current is very swift they are unable to make headway in the center of the stream, and consequently seek the more quiet water near the bank. Of these two instincts, the invention of the fish wheel took a mean advantage. At the cascades, for instance, where the water is very swift, he sets his wheel. Here come the fish, hugging the bank by thousands—great black fellows, from two to four feet long, heading resolutely up stream. Nothing can turn them backward. That wonderful instinct of nature which insures the preservation of species is now here better developed than in salmon. But in this instance it proves his destruction.

Now they are just below that wide-spread fence. The current which is rushing through the flume and turning the big wheel at a lively pace attracts their attention. The upper fence, which sets nearly square across the stream, makes quiet water here and this flow seems to come from the bank. This, to the salmon's mind, is evidently the mouth of a shallow creek. Here is a spawning ground to our liking and up this little stream we go. So they crowd up between the two narrowing fences toward the fatal wheel. The first fish reaches it, goes with a rush to overcome the current, is caught by a bucket and up he goes high in the air, while every bucket brings up another and another, till there is a procession of ascending fish. At the top the velocity throws the fish violently on the platform, from which he shoots down the flume to a great tank on the shore. Here come the fish crowding each other forward to that busy wheel.

None can go under nor to one side. None will go back. And once a school starts for a wheel, the owner can consider that he has a title deep to the entire lot. One wheel will run a cannery. Day and night, while the run lasts, they come flying up the wheel and shooting down the flume in a continuous stream. Fortunately there are but few places on the river where the wheels can be worked with this result. Where the fish can keep in the middle of the river few can be caught in this way. But the men who control these points are making fortunes. As it is, salmon are rapidly disappearing from the Columbia. Many canneries are idle this season and the fishermen's price per fish is raising every year. Surely this engine of destruction is largely the cause.

Another test was made at the Cotton Exchange here yesterday of the pine straw bagging sent from Wilmington, with results that were considerably more favorable than those attained at the first trial several days ago and published in the News and Courier at the time.

The first experiment, it will be remembered, was made with a square foot of pine straw and a square foot of jute bagging. The first held the fire and the last threw it off. On that occasion a piece of jute bagging was cut from a bale of cotton lying on the wharf. It was perfectly new bagging.

Yesterday several of the members of the Exchange repeated the test, taking a piece of the pine straw fibre and a piece of jute cut haphazard from one of the bales on the wharf. Fire was applied to both pieces and they were placed on the counter and watched. Both pieces retained the fire for some time. The conclusion was reached that so far as the inflammability of the two materials was concerned, the difference, if any, was too infinitesimal to take into consideration.

But, as has been said, there can be no fair test except such as was tried in New Orleans with the osanburgs, and an account of which is given above. This test will be made to-day, at least so far as the cotton compress and cotton hook are concerned. The roll of pine straw bagging will be taken to the Hydraulic Press, on Church street, and a bale of cotton will be covered with it and then "handled." This will show whether the new covering will stand the compress and the hooks, and after that the underwriters will be asked to apply the fire test.

The factors and buyers of Charleston are anxious to aid the farmers in their just fight against the jute bag combine, and should the pine straw fibre stand the test will do their share in recommending it to the powers that have the regulation of cotton baling in their keeping.

A Little Woman Did It. When Edison, genius and inventor as he is, had given two weeks of his valuable time to going up and down on the New York Elevated railroad, trying to discover what caused its noise and cure for it, he gave up the job. Then a little woman took it. She rode on the cars three days, was denied a place to stand on the rear platform, laughed at for her curiosity and politely snubbed by the conductors and passengers. But she discovered what caused the noise, invented a remedy which was patented and she was paid a sum of \$10,000 and a royalty forever. Her name is Mrs. Mary Walton, and she lives in New York city.

The Silver Bags Rotting. The large new silver vault in the Treasury Department is so damp that the canvas bags containing the silver stored there are actually rotting away. Measures are being taken to improve the ventilation of the vault and arrangements are also being made to substitute small rough pine boxes for the canvas bags for holding the silver. These boxes will each hold 3,000 silver dollars and it is proposed to store 32,000 of them in the vault. The silver is still coming in at the rate of \$500,000 a day.

An Australian football club has arranged with an accident insurance company to pay any of its members who are disabled while playing the game \$7.50 per week as long as they remain on the sick list, and \$1000 to the relatives if the injuries received in the football field should terminate fatally.

The French sugar makers have commenced a campaign against saccharine extracted from coal tar. Experiments have shown that it is not noxious, but the Society of Agriculturists have petitioned the government to forbid its manufacture, as prejudicial to the beet root sugar trade.

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## THE PRESIDENT FISHING.

He goes at it with ardor, rises early, and wants to be off as soon as necessary preparations are made. Frequently he will run away, very early in the morning before breakfast, while the other members of the party are still in bed. And his luck in fishing is due to the fact that he devotes his whole time to it, as he does to other things he tackles. He understands the habits of game fish thoroughly, and takes as much pride in his tackle as the most devoted disciple of Izak Walton could desire. He knows all about tackle, too, and insists on having everything just so, and once he makes a cast there is nothing in the world for him but fishing. He is never very talkative, just so, and after he has settled down for a day's sport with rod and line he becomes even more silent than usual. Occasionally he will look up and gaze around him, especially if he is not getting many strikes, and make a remark in that subdued, thoughtful tone habitual with anglers and hunters. When he gets a strike he seldom fails to land his fish. He is a man of wonderfully steady nerve, as the politicians have learned, and when he makes a move it usually means something. He is never recklessly or willing to take chances with a fish, but plays him carefully and skillfully, and when he gets him just where he wants him it is all up with the fish.—Waterbury American.

men were scalped, the wagons destroyed and the males driven off. Red Shirt has been in several bloody battles between his own tribe and the Omahas on the Upper Missouri River, and he thinks they are better fighters than the white men. In speaking of fighters among his own people, he says that Crazy Horse was the bravest man he ever saw. He never went into a battle without taking a scalp, and during his life killed more than sixty men with his own hands.

When asked about his own deeds, Red Shirt seemed ashamed to admit that he had no greater number of dead men on his list. He said that he had taken only eight scalps in his life, five of these being of white men and the other three Omaha Indians. His first scalp was that of the officer whom he killed in the fight at the junction of Horse Creek and the North Platte River.

When asked why the Sioux scalp those slain in battle, he gave the following reasons: In former times the Sioux cut off the heads of their victims, but when they began to fight the white man they took to scalping, the same as they saw the white man do. The scalp is taken as indisputable evidence that a man has been killed, and whenever an Indian warrior recounts his bloody deeds he must produce the scalp to prove that what he says is true. If he fails to do this he is not believed. The scalps are usually kept for a time and then thrown away. Some of the old men wear scalps on their shirts or leggings, and have them buried with their bodies when they die. In concluding his remarks on scalps, Red Shirt said, with a touch of sadness in his expression: "I don't like to keep scalps to look at them, for they always make me think of fights in which some of my friends have been killed."

"No, I am glad that war is at an end. There are too many white men. The Indian must do as they say. I do not want to see any more of my people killed. It is useless to shed their blood, for in the end they must lose."

"Why do you have scalp dances?" was asked. "When we come back from a big fight with many scalps we make a big feast. Each man tells what he has done in the war, and we rejoice. If we take no scalps and have some of our people killed we come back sad and have no dance."

"He says, 'I have killed a man. I am very glad. I have another scalp. I have scalps now (mentioning the number), and I am going to get some more.'" "Does an Indian feel bad when he kills a woman or child?"

"No, not when he does it in war. Our enemies kill our wives and children and we do the same. If an Indian kills one of his own people he feels very bad, because it is wrong. It is not wrong to kill an enemy."

"What is your idea of heaven?" "At this question Red Shirt's face assumed a very puzzled expression, and for some minutes he seemed to be in a study. He then answered very slowly: "I have heard the old men say that there is a heaven somewhere above us. I have seen many dead men, but all that I have seen went down into the ground. I have never seen any of them go up to heaven. I don't know what becomes of them."

This speech was greeted with grunts of approval all around the circle, and his remark must have been funny in the Sioux language, for all of the Indians present laughed much more than they generally do. Mr. William Irving, one of the interpreters present, said that if the Sioux Indians had any conception of heaven he had never been able to find it out, although he is married to a Sioux woman and has lived for many years among the tribe. He says they believe in the existence of a God, and when one of the tribe dies the relatives punish themselves by cutting their bodies with knives, and call on God to vent his wrath upon the living, to spare the departed spirits. Notwithstanding this, they seem to have no idea of any kind of future existence. Red Shirt was last questioned as to the impressions made upon him during his stay in England, and his reply was a characteristic one.

"I liked the people," said he, "because they were good to me; I like them better than the people here; but this is my own country and I wanted to come back." During the interview Red Shirt did not refuse to answer any of the questions which were asked him, and it was evident that he tried to be accurate in everything he said.

He goes at it with ardor, rises early, and wants to be off as soon as necessary preparations are made. Frequently he will run away, very early in the morning before breakfast, while the other members of the party are still in bed. And his luck in fishing is due to the fact that he devotes his whole time to it, as he does to other things he tackles. He understands the habits of game fish thoroughly, and takes as much pride in his tackle as the most devoted disciple of Izak Walton could desire. He knows all about tackle, too, and insists on having everything just so, and once he makes a cast there is nothing in the world for him but fishing. He is never very talkative, just so, and after he has settled down for a day's sport with rod and line he becomes even more silent than usual. Occasionally he will look up and gaze around him, especially if he is not getting many strikes, and make a remark in that subdued, thoughtful tone habitual with anglers and hunters. When he gets a strike he seldom fails to land his fish. He is a man of wonderfully steady nerve, as the politicians have learned, and when he makes a move it usually means something. He is never recklessly or willing to take chances with a fish, but plays him carefully and skillfully, and when he gets him just where he wants him it is all up with the fish.—Waterbury American.

Captain Rivers of the ship A. G. Rope, that recently left New York for San Francisco reports from Providence that while sailing with a six-knot breeze from the east-northeast, the top spars suddenly began falling. There was no perceptible change in the wind or atmosphere before or after the accident, and he can account for it only on the supposition that a whirlwind passed, just high enough to strike the spars, of which he lost nineteen.

The New York World observes: "The man who claims to be the youngest war veteran in the country is Charles L. Stone, of Philadelphia. He was 14 years of age when he carried a gun at the battle of Gettysburg. At that battle he was wounded in the arm by a rifle ball. Part of the 'funny bone' had to cut away, and he says that his appreciation of a joke is not as vivid as it should be. But he still has the humerus of his right arm. That ought to help him in a good deal in keeping up with American wit."

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