

The Indian Went West.

A few years ago Tom Croft was yard master or something at Omaha. He was full of business, but always had time to work in a joke here and there. The railroad men were troubled more by bogging Indians, lazy loafers that hung around to beg and steal, than they were by their money. Nobody wanted to inaugurate a war against the lazy creatures, so they were given money whenever they called for it. Each Indian was armed with a paper that somebody had written for them, asking for charity, and they would present the paper and rattle in the shackles. There was one mean, drunken red man who begged only to get drunk, and he was a dirty, impudent wimp that everybody disliked. One night while drunk he lost his paper, his "recommend," and he appeared at Tom's office and by signs showed that he wanted Tom to write him another paper. Tom said he would do anything to accommodate an Indian, so he took a pen and paper, and with a solemn face he wrote as follows:

"To WHOM IT MAY CONCERN: The bearer of this is the dirtiest, lyingest, thievingest wimp of a buck Cherokee that ever scalped a white man. He is a drunken coward, a vile, shameless cuss, and if he presents this paper to any person I hope they will kick his spine clear into the top of his hat, break his nose, black his eyes, and maul the everlasting stuffing out of him."

"Signed, Tom Croft."

The Indian took the paper, said "How" to Tom and marched off to the car shop. He went as the boys were sitting around eating lunch, and handed it to a big Irishman who had a monkey wrench in his hand. The Irishman read it out loud to the boys, and the crowd went for the Indian. The Irishman scolded him with the monkey wrench, a blacksmith tore his blanket off, and as the Indian started to run, the whole crowd broke after him. He was kicked by about forty different sized boots, hit by as many tin pails, in as many different places, doused with dirty water, and as he passed Tom's office he was the worst looking, and the most frightened Indian that ever was seen in Omaha. He shook his fist at Tom, and went over the hill out of sight, and for two days people who came into Omaha, from the West, told about seeing a red streak pointed towards the Pacific slope, and the air was filled with yells, was whoops and language that nobody could understand. It is said from that time to this no Indian has ever begged with a paper west of the Missouri River. If they want anything they go and steal, as it is less dangerous.—Peek's Sun.

A Beauty Factory.

My conversation with the proprietress of the "beautifying establishment" was interrupted by a lady of uncertain age and pimpled skin, who remarked that, having arrived at the conclusion that it was a woman's duty to make the most of her looks, she had come to madame for assistance. "That's right!" said the madame, cheerily. "I can make you as good-looking as your own husband won't know you."

The lady's expression grew a trifle dubious at this, but the professor began: "First, you won't learn to smile frequently; I notice your face is naturally grave. There is nothing man-like so much as a smile, especially when it comes from a pretty mouth, and a mere squeeze of my lip will make you fresh and red, and by rubbing a little extra on the middle of the lip you can obtain a positively voluptuous effect." But my companion interrupted the lecture suddenly. "Oh, I can fix all that. Just let me show you," and she seated the lady in front of a mirror, whipped out a piece of charoite skin, dipped it in a creamy liquid and painted off the lady's face; then she powdered it well, rubbed some rouge on the faded cheeks, tinted the lips, penciled the brows and, presto! there was another woman.

On the stage she would have looked very well, but near to, the cosmetics could not conceal either themselves, the harsh outlines, the dim eyes or the lack of youth's radiance. The poor thing hardly knew whether to be delighted or appalled, but when the madame went into an ecstasy and exclaimed: "Beautiful, beautiful; there could not be a greater success," she concluded to be delighted. "What do I owe you?" she asked. "Ten dollars for the make-up and materials which I will furnish you, and the woman, mockingly as a lamb, handed over a gold piece and departed with a packet of powders and salves.—New York Letter in the Chicago Inter-Ocean.

A Newshay's Death Bed.

I had looked at the boy, whose years numbered fourteen or fifteen, and saw in the white face, hollow cheeks and the unearthly bright eyes, the unmistakable marks of that dread disease which places its victims beyond all hope—consumption.

On the table lay an old Bible, its yellow pages lying open where the mother had finished reading. The boy's mind was wandering. He was too weak to cough, and the accumulation in his throat could not be removed.

"Shine your boots—shine 'em for a nickel—morning paper, sir?" came in feeble accents from the pillow. "Paper sir? Morning paper! All about the —" And the sufferer made an effort to clear his throat, which occasioned something like a death rattle. The mother was on her knees at the lounge, sobbing, and Jack, her other son, who had brought me to the room, was by her side crying. I lifted the wasted frame and moistened the poor boy's parched lips and tongue with water from the cracked glass that stood on the window-sill. He felt the cool hand on his brow, and his mind came back to him. "Oh, Jack, I'm so glad you've come home. I shan't sell any more papers or black any more boots, Jack; but don't cry. Mother's been readin' somethin' better" newspaper to me, Jack, and I know where I'm goin'. Give my kit to Tom Jones, I owe him twenty cents. Bring all your money home to mother, Jack. I wonder if I'll be 'paper' or 'boots' up there? Good-bye mother; good-bye Jack. See 'em shine. Morning—Jim, the newsboy, was dead.

Nautical Nonsense.

"Father," asked Jonny, "what is a log?"

"A log, my son," replied Brown, stealing a hasty glance at Mrs. B., to see if she was listening for his answer, "a log, my son, is a big piece of wood or timber. Why do you ask, Johnny?"

"It tells in this story about hearing the log and it says the ship went four times know an hour. What does it mean by knots, father?"

"Knots, Johnny?—knots? Why, you have a long—almost always open with knots—haven't you? Well, that's what I mean by knots of them—in an hour."

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Felling Timber.

In our opinion it is not only a most sensible thing for every individual farmer to do something every spring in the way of planting timber trees, but it is even more than that. It is a patriotic duty, for the timber supply is so rapidly wasting away that its serious need will soon be felt in parts of the country. These vehicles are in many respects such a convenience that the public cheerfully pay the exorbitant prices charged for accommodation in them. Yet there are several respects in which these vehicles can be improved. When sleeping cars were first introduced the ordinary cars were far less comfortable than now, both in the shape of their seats and the softness of their cushions. The ordinary cars have been improved in such extraordinary ways that many of them are now quite as desirable as either the sleepers or the drawing-room cars.

In most cases the upholstery of the sleeping car is too stiff in appearance and too heavy in texture. The slumbering passenger is surrounded by curtains of such substantial material as to shut nearly all the fresh air from his couch.

The arrangements for furnishing light at night are bad. It is true that we do not need much light to go to sleep by. But the curtains shut out the glare from sleepy eyes so effectually that there is no need for the total or almost total extinction of the lamps which takes place soon after bedtime. This darkness is in the interest of sly thieves who want to help themselves to pocket-books and other portables which unwary passengers stow under pillows. He who would wash his face and hands on a cold morning finds a total lack of warm water for his comfort. Even if there are shower babies on the car they must be washed in ice-cold water. A coil of pipe passed around the heating apparatus and attached to a special reservoir would provide all the hot water passengers could need. The expense of such a reservoir and its spigot would be but trifling.

In the parlors, which are furnished with chairs, most of the chairs are too high in the seat, too straight in the back and too much like the official chairs of Magistrates or the thrones of Kings and Emperors. A low and easy chair, with its back so shaped as to be easy to recline in, would be incomparably better, even if it had not half as much curving or varnish on it. Yet with all their faults, the parlors and parlors are a boon, even if an expensive one, to the traveling community.—Philadelphia Times.

Arbitration.

The law has always been a curse when fierce controversies are settled by its process. We venture to state that there is not a county seat in the United States that is not monthly and quarterly visited by litigants who maliciously do all in their power to gain advantage over those who may be on the opposite side. Farmers, as a class, are often drawn into such petty lawsuits almost before being aware of it. An unusual degree of stubbornness, fancied wrong, or revengeful motives is often the precursor of a long, interminable warfare of a lawsuit that bankrupts both parties by the costs, periods of time, and vexations of its operations. Instances have been known in which the amounts spent by law in retaliation for injuries that were scarcely worth notice, have been larger than the tortures of the contestants, and human nature seems to prevent its dark side in these matters every time. The shrewd, sharp lawyers, who profess to understand law, and explain it, instead of endeavoring to amicably settle these disputes, as lawyers should mystify and cloud the case, and do all they can to prevent a comprehension of the matters under dispute.

What is there to prevent farmers, or other persons, from selecting arbitrators and settling their disputes? It is one of the easiest methods that can be adopted, is almost costless, and can be made by agreement, binding and lasting as any decision directly from a court. And the parties in dispute can state their case clearer, and make their wants better known in one hour than all the lawyers with their "learned jargon" can do in a year. As the law stands to day, we place too much power in the hands of judges, who force every man to hire a lawyer, and if they cannot find some ancient or modern law as a pretext for delay, resort to the usual plan of muddling the law by reference to decisions, which practice is now allowed to become paramount to expressed statutes. No matter to them if their decisions are specially manufactured for certain purposes, or come from a drunken imbecile or idiotic charlatan, they are used as reference, and nine judges out of ten give their opinions from them. This is a state of affairs that demands a remedy, and if we cannot cure the evil let us keep away from the courts. It is just as satisfactory to gain the advantage over our opponents by arbitration as by resort to law, and we know that by arbitration the litigant will get at least justice.

Our ranchman philosopher says that on withdrawing herself from the hole in which she has deposited her eggs the female seals up the top of it with saliva and dirt. In a short time this dries and the clay becomes as hard as cement. On digging out one of these cells after it has had time to dry it is found to be a sort of tube closely sealed at both ends and able to withstand both moisture and cold. The male hoppers that dig the hole in which the eggs are to be deposited evidently deposit in it the viscous matter that is to form the lower part of the egg case, leaving to the female the task of closing it up as her part of the work.

It is only a patch of ground here and there that seems to fill all the conditions required by the hoppers in their egg-planting business. On these they swarm, and may be seen industriously at work on almost every square inch of ground, all the males at work like beavers at digging holes, boosting up and planting the egg-layers.—Virginia (Nev.) Enterprise.

Old-Time Sleighing Parties.

There is a vast difference between the sleighing parties of to-day and the sleighing parties of old times. Then they had but one sleigh. It was a square box, very heavy, and the back of the sleigh was higher than the head when seated, over which a coverlet was thrown. The sleigh was so heavy that two horses were required to draw it. The sleighs were all painted yellow and were called the "family sleigh." They would not accommodate more than two persons. Then they frequently had good sleighing for a couple of months, and sleighing parties were the order of the day. The farm wagon-boddy was placed on the runners of the wood-sled, a lot of straw was put on the bottom, and the young men and women seated themselves on the straw. The fiddler always accompanied the party. They would drive to some tavern, (there were no hotels then) when the first thing in order was to get a glass of "flip." Flip was simply cream beer, which was served up in large mugs. Every landlord had an iron rod about two feet long, with a ball on the end about the size of a walnut, which was heated redhot and run in every glass of beer, which heated it and made it foam. This was called "flip." After drinking flip the music struck up and there was a dance, and those who did not desire to dance played games of different kinds.

Then there is another case in your town, that of Mrs. Mary A. Barnes, who has long suffered with rheumatism. I think she lived through a whole year without relief, although she used remedies all the time. Her druggist recommended St. Jacobs Oil. The lady bought a bottle of it and has since been using it. She experienced wonderful relief, and claims that she will soon be beyond all fear of a return of this awful malady.

ALEXANDER STEPHENS says it took him ten long years to learn that nine men out of ten who want the favor of a small town, have no intention of repaying it until they want a larger one.

Contra (to prosecutor)—Then you recognize this handkerchief as the one that was stolen from you?" Prosecutor.—"Yes, your Honor." Court.—"And yet it isn't the only handkerchief of the sort in the world. See, this one I have in my pocket is precisely like it." Prose-
cutor.—"Very likely, your Honor; I had two pieces."

Romantic temptations is like breaking up your house to keep out the cold.

Comforts of Modern Travel.

The companies which run passenger and sleeping cars over our railroads have made a good out of the public. They are now talking of consolidating their interests and thus forming a greater monopoly than they have enjoyed. Their cars are in many respects such a convenience that the public cheerfully pay the exorbitant prices charged for accommodation in them.

Yet there are several respects in which these vehicles can be improved. When sleeping cars were first introduced the ordinary cars were far less comfortable than now, both in the shape of their seats and the softness of their cushions. The ordinary cars have been improved in such extraordinary ways that many of them are now quite as desirable as either the sleepers or the drawing-room cars.

BACHELOR JONES.—"The State would be better off if every Chinaman was kicked out of it to-morrow." His married friend—"Where would you get your washing done then?" Bachelor Jones—"Marry some nice girl and have it done at home." Chorus by six eligible young ladies who happened to overhear Jones and his friend talking—"The Chinese must go!"

Uncle Sam's Men.

Uncle Sam's letter-carriers are a hard-working set of men, and are liable to contract rheumatism because of the constant exposure to which they are subjected. Calling at the postoffice the reporter had a pleasant conversation with Mr. J. H. Mattern, one of the most popular and clever letter-carriers in Indianapolis. Mr. Mattern said that, while in the army during the civil war, he sprained one of his ankles, which was always worse in the spring during the period of the rapid changes in the weather. He did not find much relief from the several remedies he applied. But two years ago he hit upon St. Jacobs Oil, and experienced wonderful relief from its use. Several applications of the Great German Remedy relieved him entirely. The reporter talked with others among the letter-carriers and found that the letter-carriers are hard-working set of men, and are liable to contract rheumatism because of the constant exposure to which they are subjected. 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