HOW WE PUNISHED THE SIOUX.

By BUFFALO BILL.

"The only way to fight an Indian is to be more of an Indian than he is."

This was my answer to Gen. N. A. Dudley when he asked my advice about his great Sioux campaign of 1874. You shall see how successfully we followed that advice.

Gen. Dudley was in command at Fort McPherson, Nebraska. It was in the early spring of 1874. The Sioux were on the warpath and had been murdering the ranchmen, burning small settlements, and otherwise discouraging pioneers from coming West.

The Sioux were clever in choosing their time, for the spring floods were out, and this made pursuit almost impossible. We located them on the opposite side of the Platte River from us. The usually shallow stream was a roaring torrent. The fords were impassable. The bridges were swept away. No horse could swim the river. Yet there we were, helpless on one bank, while the Sioux were plundering at will on the other. That was the situation.

Knowing the country and Indian customs, I was pretty sure where the Sioux had their camp. It was on a fresh water lake about thirty miles from the Platte. If we could strike and smash that camp they would go pelting back to their agency on the jump. But how to get to it.

Ordinarily, a bridge spanned a branch of the stream in almost a straight line from the place. But when we got to the place we found it gone. I scouted along shore. About ten miles down stream I found a crazy footbridge that had held in spite of the freshet. It had held because the waters found outlet beyond each end of it. The bridge was made of boards nailed across fallen tree trunks. Risky footing for man. Never intended for horse. Yet our only other chance was to ride for more than fifty miles south, to a place where a stronger bridge had once stood. If that were still there we might cross. It would mean at best a ride of a hundred miles before we could come to a point on the other bank opposite to where I now stood. Then forty miles more to the Indian camp. Long before that time the Sioux would have been warned of our coming and got safely away.

So, in despair, I put my horse at the crazy footbridge. It wabbled and heaved, and the waters swerved up to its highest boards. A hasty dangerous trip it was, but I made it. Then I recrossed and reported to Gen. Dudley.

I told him I believed he could get his troopers across if the men went single file and slowly, and if each horse were ridden with loose rein. A prairie horse, if his rider doesn't try to guide him, has an instinct for picking the safe spots.

At midnight we started across. I went first. The men gave their horses free rein and the surefooted beasts picked their way along that perilous, swaying, flood-swept footpath as daintly as minuet dancers. One by one the 300 riders, drenched and muddy, reached the far bank. Only one horse had fallen off. His rider had tried to guide him. He reached the shore by swimming, and went back to the fort.

We rode all night. As we neared the Indian camp I went ahead again. Dudley forbade his men to speak or even to strike a match.

Dismounting, I crawled forward and came upon the whole village fast asleep. Back I went with my report, but as the soldiers came up it dawn a few Indians had awakened. Their dogs scented us and barked. In an instant the Sioux were on their feet and scattering over the plain. The speed with which Indians can get up and scatter would amaze a flock of quail. We charged, sweeping through the village and after the fugitives.

Before the bugles sounded the recall we had killed thirty-two of the escaping savages. Then we halted to eat and to rest our horses. Taking up the pursuit again we caught up with the main band just before dawn. Before they could scatter we put fourteen more Sioux families into mourning.

Back rushed the remainder to their agency. They had had enough of fighting to last them a long time. And the lesson we had given them by "out-Indianing" them had more effect, I think, than the forty-five braves we downed.

Our Real Army.

No nation ever did or ever can maintain at all times a standing army sufficiently great to defend itself against all other powers. The strength and the dependence of every government is in her citizen soldiers, and is in exact proportion to their bravery and effectiveness. The "State Militia" or "National Guard" in our own country—the Ank llary Reserve in England, the Landwehr and the Landsturm in Germany—stand behind and form the great military reserve of the regular armies of these nations.—Army and Navy Life.

The estimated cost of a bridge over the Straits of Dover is $24,000,000."

BUTTONS THEY WEAR.

About 50 Per Cent. of New York's Men Belong to Some Society.

Any one who pays attention to the appearance of the folks he meets when out walking is apt to notice the number that sport lapel buttons of some sort. It looks as if about 50 per cent. of the men in this city are joiners; they belong to some society or other. The habit of joining is matched by the desire to show the token of the society.

Some man will come along with a Masonic button. Then there will be an Elk or so, an Eagle, a Forester, sandwiched in between a couple of high school buttons and closely followed perchance by an emblem of the Knights of Columbus.

The Holland Society lion appears now and then, and there are Republican club markers and indicators of membership in those pedigree institutions which go back to the Revolutionary and subsequent wars. Civil war and Spanish war buttons are to be seen.

Occasionally the glance shifts from lapel to waistcoat as a young man comes wandering by with his hands in his pockets. He is very apt to display a jewelled college fraternity pin.—N. Y. Sun.

The Optical Lever.

The delicate measurements demanded by modern scientific processes and machines have led to the invention of many instruments of precision that surprise the uninitiated by their capabilities, which are often based on extremely simply principles. Among these is a little apparatus recently put upon the market in France for determining the thickness, or, one might say, lack of thickness, of extremely thin plates, wires and threads. The inventor likens its action to that of a lever in which a ray of light takes the place of the beam. Essentially the apparatus consists of two carefully ground plates in contact with one another, the upper one being attached to a movable arm. When an object is placed between the edges of the places the upper plate is displayed a little in level, and the effect of this displacement is magnified by a reflected ray of light which falls upon a graduated scale. Thus the most delicate measurements of thickness are easily and quickly made.

The Ants of the Himalayas.

In the Himalayas, on the side facing India, the limit of perpetual snow is about 6,500 feet higher than in the Alps. One result of this is that various forms of life are found in the great Asian mountains at an elevation which seems extraordinary. Among these are many species of ants, which have been particularly studied by Dr. August Forel. Up to nearly 10,000 feet the ants are very abundant, and even at the elevation of 12,000 feet four species have been found, and it is believed that more careful investigation would show that they exist even at 15,000 feet or more. A unique fact, not found in any other great mountain range, is that the Himalayas possess an immense variety of local species of ants. Out of 110 forms recognized in the Himalayas, 50 are peculiar to those mountains.

Battles in the Blood.

An interesting record of what may be called, somewhat fancifully, and yet with a certain degree of truth, the battles that occur in the blood of a fever patient between noxious and benign micro-organisms was presented at a recent meeting of the Royal Microscopical Society by Doctor Bernstein. The patient in this case was suffering from malarial fever. The observations were made at intervals of a few minutes during a period of five hours. The defenders of the patient's life were a kind of leucocytes, which destroyed the malarial parasites. A leucocyte would encircle a parasite, which would then be seen undergoing a process of disintegration inside the leucocyte, and only the pigment granules were left. Afterward other leucocytes would approach and absorb even these granules.

The Arch.

The consensus of opinion among the learned is to the effect that the Arch was invented by the Romans. Some claim that Archimedes of Sicily was the inventor, while there are others who would make it to be of Etrurian origin, but there can be no doubt about the fact that the Romans were the first to apply the principle to architecture. The earliest instance of its use is in the case of the Cloaca Maxima, or Great Sewer, of Rome, built about 588 B. C. by the first of the Tarquin line of kings, a work which is regarded by the historians as being one of the most stupendous monments of antiquity. Built entirely without cement, it is still doing duty after a service of almost twenty-five centuries.

Influence of Water on Cement.

Accidentally an interesting discovery was made recently at Ashtabula concerning the influence of the composition of particular waters on the quality of concrete. In preparing concrete, water which had been charged by leakage from blast furnaces and slags was employed, and the product was found to be particularly good. Analysis showed that the water contained an unusual quantity of silicious and limy constituents, chloric of sodium, nitrate of sodium, thiosulphate of lime and of sodium. When compared with concrete made with water from the Allegheny River, that formed with the water just mentioned was found to possess a decidedly superior power of resistance.

The Maple Leaf

Tall, dark, tangled pines and spruces completely surrounded the beautiful Lac d'Amour; the blue sunny morning sky smiled at its reflection in the lake's clear mirror. Wild tuneful notes of hidden birds mingled with the perfumed whispered messages of the breezes and the musical dip, dip of oars.

Helen MacNole rested a few moments, allowing the light skiff drift idly towards the lily beds, while she eagerly and with extreme pleasure drank in all the uncultivated, primitive Canadian beauty of forest, lake and sky. Two whole months at Aunt Sophia's cottage meant a great deal to this Boston girl, for she had never before been in the fair province, and every scene was new and attractive to her.

Helen had half lost herself in a delightful reverie when the sound of splashing paddles aroused her, which was accompanied by a mellow tenor voice that was singing with the most enthusiastic, passionate earnestness the sleet song of "The Maple Leaf." The chorus ran:

"The maple leaf, our emblem dear,
The maple leaf forever.
God save our King and heaven bless
The maple leaf forever."

The rare voice that sang those words quite charmed Helen, yet she laughed softly, and a mischievous light came into her irresistible blue eyes as she threw back her head and sang in her pure soprano voice "The Star Spangled Banner." After she had concluded she said to herself, with a low laugh of sheer fun: "I'll show whoever it is that there is a Yankee on this little sea."

She had scarcely finished speaking when a pretty canoe glided around the ben of the Lac d'Amour. Its occupant, none other than the tenor singer, regarded his enemy with a half amused, half piqued look of surprise. He was handsome. His face was dark and vivacious; his smile, showing strong white teeth, was dazzling. There was a careless grace and motion about his movements. The wind had ruffled his soft black hair until it half tumbled into his sparkling brown eyes.

Helen looked at the tenor half confused, half afraid, for she had not expected to be discovered in her retreat—and by such a well-meaning young gentleman.

"Pardon, miss, if I have disturbed you and your song," the young man commenced.

"You have not disturbed me at all, sir—see, my boat has never moved an inch," Helen replied, with an attempt to look grave, but for some unknown reason she burst into a hearty and mirthful laugh.

"You are an excellent singer, miss. Excuse my frankness, it is my misfortune, not my fault," the tenor said, leisurely laying the paddle across the canoe.

"All Yankees are good singers," Helen responded concisely, trying to look utterly sincere.

"So you're a Yankee. Yes, I know so by your song which sounded a good deal like a challenge," the other said, as he calmly and with open admiration studied Helen's proud head, crowned with braided coils of gold-tinted brown hair, her pink cheeks and slender, straight form.

"Yes, I am a Yankee—Miss Helen MacNole, of Boston, Mass.," Helen replied.

"And I am Lester Lejarn, a French Canadian Frenchman," the young boatman retorted, with equal dignity. Then both the boaters laughed merrily, it was all so amusing.

It does not take long for two young, happy-spirited persons to get acquainted; when Helen's boat grated the shore beside of Lejarn the two had become quite intimate. Helen, for her part, felt in a childish mood of enjoying the adventure. As for Lejarn, he was very much in earnest; he decided that he would see more of this charming Yankee, this Helen MacNole, of Boston, Mass.

Helen found out from Aunt Sophia that Lester Lejarn was the son of an Englishman by birth and claimed his French descent on his mother's side. After the death of Lejarn's mother Mr. Lejarn had come to Canada, bringing Lester, the only child. When Lester was but fourteen his father became blind, and since that time the young Lejarn had worked in a Montreal business house and supported his father.

Helen firmly put aside the fact that she was the only daughter of the widowed, prosperous banker, Arthur MacNole, and allowed the French tenor to take her boating, driving and walking when he was home from work. Finally, a message came to the effect that Helen must come home, as a party of wealthy New Yorkers were coming to pass the winter season at the MacNole mansion.

At twilight, when the sky was gaudily colored by sunset, and the Lac d'Amour was a sheet of pink crystal, Helen walked slowly, for the last time, down to the shore with Lejarn.

"I don't believe I care to go out on the lake to-night," Helen said, her voice rather low and tremulous.

"You are sorry to leave this place, that's it?" Lejarn asked kindly. Helen nodded.

"Why?" he continued. "I cannot believe you have grown to love the Maple Leaf better than the Star-Spangled Banner."

"Oh, no," Helen responded, trying to laugh. She leaned against the trunk of a huge maple tree. No particular thought came to her mind, but some strange, cold gloom settled over her heart. Lejarn looked at her very intently.

The sunset had faded away, leaving the sky a blue, shadowy expanse, where stars twinkled faintly. The moon was rising above the pines and shone upon the Lac d'Amour with a glorious light.

"Helen, it is because you love me," Lejarn said softly and convincingly. The tears coursed freely down Helen's cheeks.

"Helen, I love you. I've dared to, although you are a Yankee girl," he smiled, "but I cannot claim you—you would not marry a poor Frenchman, would you?"

Helen dashed the tears from her eyes and nodded, saying, in a pained voice: "But my father."

"Ah, I realize," Lejarn said abruptly, then, "Here, Helen, take this Maple Leaf Pin, and when I can stand on an equal footing with you I'll come to claim you. It will take time to build myself up in business, perhaps you may tire of waiting, but remember I will always love you," and Lejarn pinned the silver token onto Helen's dress; he clasped those strong arms about her for a moment, and only the lapping waves and her sobs were heard. She almost pushed Lejarn away and fled from the lake.

Hushed woodlands and tranquil bay met the tired eyes of the passengers on board of the boat which was slowly drifting into the Canadian harbor.

Helen, clad in black, her face rather pale and sad, looked back at the vast extent of ocean behind her and sighed. She would never return. Her father had died, and the heavily mortgaged estate had been confiscated, all within the year that she had spent since she left Canada the previous fall. Helen was returning to make her home with Aunt Sophia.

From the time she left the boat until she got out of the pony cart at her aunt's cottage, Helen mused doubtfully, hopefully. Lejarn was in that town yet, so she learned—but had he forgotten her after that brief summer acquaintance?

Although fatigued, that same evening Helen walked through the woods to the lake. She even donned the same muslin gown she had worn that night when she and Lejarn had stood on the shore, and fastened the little maple leaf pin to the collar. The little boat was still there and she got in. For a time she rowed aimlessly, gazing beyond the black pines, into the brilliant, glowing west.

Lejarn had forgotten her, probably, and she must forget him. Helen took off the pin and held it in her hand a moment. At that instant a rustling in the bushes disturbed her and looking up she saw—Lester Lejarn standing, the gleaming strand of the Lac d'Amour.

"Helen!" he uttered; his face grew pale with sudden surprise. With a hasty movement, he started to unloose the remaining craft that was tied to the stake, but Helen shook her head, and with a few strokes brought her boat to the shore.

"Pardon me, Miss MacNole, I have again intruded upon your solitude—and on a sadder occasion." Lejarn glanced at the black ribbon band on Helen's sleeve.

Helen nodded and stood silently before the tenor, who looked at her questioningly.

"I have not become wealthy enough yet to claim you—but—probably you had forgotten me—" he began in a choking voice. Then he told her how he had struggled to advance in business and how his father had died, too, and left him utterly alone. Helen told her own grief in a few words. Then there was silence a few moments; Lejarn searched for the pin, but did not see it. Helen, seeing the action, blushed faintly as she unclosed her hand and showed the little emblem.

The Lac d'Amour grew dark and pine fragrance filled the air. Again the moon shone brightly and the waters of the lake lapped a soft, tender song, not marred by sobs of sorrow, but a happy silence told the simple three-worded story more eloquently than ever before. Far across, on the opposite side of the lake, children's voices were singing:

"The maple leaf, our emblem dear,
The maple leaf forever.
God save our King and heaven bless
The maple leaf forever."

And Helen walked through the silent aisles of the forest with Lejarn, never more to leave the region of the Lac d'Amour.—EVA GORMLEY.

State Socialism.

State socialism, as the name fairly implies, is the theory that land and capital should be taken possession of by the State; that all production for distribution and all distribution should draw from the State his compensation, whatever it may be, for services performed, and that money and interest should cease to exist. Socialists do not advocate violence or any form of force, the opinion of many to the contrary, notwithstanding. They believe, as a body, that the object they are after is to be reached not by force but by the ballot, as the peaceable expression of free opinion.

Writing on the Wall.

Our boys in blue will teach the old heathen to speak United States and chow the young ones how to write old English names on front walls. On rocks and monuments of Asia there still are seen coarse old Greek names and naughty pictures, the work of Alexander's foot and horse.

BOYS AND TIPPETS.

Once All Boys Wore Them, Now Very Few; a Man Wants to Know Why

"Why," said Mr. Oldsby, "why, I'd like to know, don't boys wear tippets any more? When I was a boy every boy wore a knitted woollen tippet. Some of these were white, some of them were red, some of them were of mixed colors. Some were finished with fringe of the same material on the ends, more of them had on each end a tassel made of the wool; the fringe used to get ragged with wear and rough handling or one or both of the tassels on a tasselled tippet was sure soon to get torn off.

"Many of these tippets that the boys wore were knitted at home by their mothers; many of them were bought in stores; every dry goods store kept tippets; you could always see a line of them hanging up in the store; and in those days every boy wore one. They would take a turn or two of their tippet around their neck and then make one loose tie in it, not a knot, and let the ends hang down from front or back. See a lot of boys in winter going to or from school or sliding down hill or skating and you'd see around the necks of these boys as many tippets.

"But where are the tippets now, and why did the boys stop wearing them? Boys are not any hardier now than they used to be, are they? Or did they come to think that tippets looked girlish, sissified?"—New York Sun.

A Country With Only One Bank.

There are no public banking institutions in the Dominican Republic, and but one private bank with agencies in the more important towns which buys and sells drafts, makes loans, and is the repository of the Government funds. Buying and selling drafts is an important source of revenue to this bank and also to many private individuals. Money is easily placed at almost any time at 1½ per cent a month, and sometimes at 2 and 2½ per cent, with first class real estate or personal security. Long time loans of large amounts are placed at 12 per cent per annum. Municipalities, borrowing money for improvements and other purposes, pay 1 per cent a month. There are very few depositors in the local bank. Most of the well to do people, both among the merchants and farmers, never think of depositing their money but have small private safes or secrete their hoardings in some other manner.—Moody's Magazine.

Six Carloads of Chickens.

Thirty thousand chickens passed through Western cities recently from Nebraska to San Francisco. The fowls were sidetracked at various points and were fed and watered by many people. The shipment was made by J. G. Gaeschlin, who owns a number of poultry houses in different parts of Nebraska. It consisted of six carloads, every car carrying approximately five thousand fowls. Each car had a keeper, who gave the birds constant attention and saw that they were properly fed and watered. The trip is usually made in eight days, but in this instance it took fifteen days on account of snow.—Chicago Examiner.

How Birds Keep Warm.

The high temperature of birds enables them to resist cold more effectively than they could otherwise do. Whereas blood heat for man is 98.4 degrees Fahrenheit it is 107 degrees in the domestic fowl and more in some other birds. Nevertheless they feel the cold severely, as you may see any frosty night if you visit an ivy creeper clad wall with a lantern; the sparrows nestle together in a closely packed mass, and if there be a chimney you may be sure the birds will have chosen its exterior as their roosting place for the sake of such warmth as it may give.—Detroit Free Press.

The Vanishing Pigtail.

A large number of Shanghai officials, merchants and others cut off their queues, and every day the new fashion is coming more into popular favor. Time was, and that within the last two years, when any reference to this subject among representative people in this country was taboo, while to-day it is a subject comprehensive of discussion, and similarly to the vicious practices of opium smoking and foot binding, the wearing of a "pigtail" is rapidly becoming bad form.—Shanghai National Review.

The Pocahontas Delegation.

Clarence W. Watson, the new Senator from West Virginia, was a delegate some time ago to a Congressional convention down in his district. Pocahontas county was represented in the convention by only one delegate. The chairman asked for a roll call on a matter that many did not understand. Whereupon the lone Pocahontas delegate arose and said in all seriousness to the assembled multitude: "Wait! The Pocahontas delegation desires to hold a consultation."—Washington Herald.

Modern Hewers of Wood.

We hear our fathers speak of how the broadaxe used to be in use and what great things they could do with it, but we do not have to go back to their times to see some first class work. George and Clyde Brown, two strong young men of the Stephensport community, sharpened their axes early one morning, went to the woods, and when night came they had made sixty-one crossties. No culls and only one second was found when they were spotted.—Hardingsburg Leader.

TREE OF AGATE AND TOPAZ.

Beauty and Wonders of the Petrified Forest of Arizona.

The petrified trees in Arizona that are red moss agate and amethyst and smoky topaz and agate are nearly or entirely transparent and so beautifully preserved that all the veins and even the back can be plainly seen. The hardened dewdrops of this enchanted wood, says the Raja Yoga Messenger, are purple and amethyst and topaz crystals such as one traveler found in the heart of an ancient king of the forest.

In an outlying part of the forest are different logs. They are perfectly opaque and tinted in soft browns and grays. They are partly covered by a great deposit of limestone and strange bluish clay, whose depth shows how many millions of years they have been there.

The most striking part of the forest is called Chalcedony Park. Here is the greatest number of petrified trees found in any one place in the world. One of them has fallen across a deep canon fifty feet wide, thus forming the only bridge of solid agate in existence.

The wood of these trees makes beautiful ornaments when polished, but it is so hard to cut that even modern methods find it extremely difficult to saw through it.

Hare Pursued by Gulls.

As I walked over the golf course at Dunbar my attention was directed to a flock of seagulls screaming loudly and making frequent dashes at something on the turf. This proved to be a hare running at top speed which the gulls seemed to be teasing in sport.

The hare plunged into a pool about 40 yards wide near the seashore and swam across in good style with the gulls flapping around him and screaming their loudest. He reached the outer reef in safety and made a crevice in the rock his shelter for the time being. The gulls tried their best to set him going again, but like Brer Rabbit he "sat tight and said nuffin," so his tormentors flew away leaving him in peace.—Scotsman.

A Wasted Warning.

It very often happens that in strolling along the wharves in Havana you will observe a huge box or barrel containing glassware with this inscription: "Handle with care—fragile." It is plain that the shipper, filled with a most laudable patriotic enthusiasm, imagines that the English language is universal and that away off, 800 or 900 miles from the shipping point, the workmen on the wharf will be able to read and understand the recommendations that these words carry with them. How easy it would be to put those words in the language of the country to which merchandise is going.—Exporters Review.

HOLSTEIN CATTLE

In the next 30 days, I will offer for sale 200 head of high-grade Holstein heifers running in age from one to three years old, a number of them springing bag to freshen now, well marked, and in good condition. They will run 7/8 and 15/16 Holstein and are bred to registered bulls. Will also offer 100 head of fully developed, heavy milking cows, part of them fresh, and balance due to freshen soon. Also have 25 head of registered and high-grade bulls of no relation to the above cows or heifers. I will have a few choice heifer and bull calves to offer in the near future that are 15/16 and 31/32 Holstein, at $15.00 each. First draft takes them.

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