

HOW WE PUNISHED THE SIOUX.

By Is. FALO BILL.

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

This was my answer to Gen. N. A. Dudley when he asked my advice about his great Sioux campaign of 1874.

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 wobbled and heaved, and the waters swirled up to its highest boards. A nasty 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 reins. 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, food-swept footpath as daintily 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 at 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 sleeping 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 had fourteen more Sioux families in our morning.

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 "one-indianing" them had more effect, I think, than the forty-five we had 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" is our own country—the Auxiliary Reserve in England, the Landwehr and the Landsturm in Germany—stand behind and form the great military reserves of the regular armies of these nations.—A. My and Navy Life.

HOW INDIAN GIGGERS.

Does the Trick Easily and Seldom Misses His Fish.

The mountain streams of Indian territory, which abound in game fish principally black bass, have been as clear as crystal for the last ten days, and the Indians have been having great sport gigging them.

In a mountain stream in the Territory when the water is clear the bottom can be seen through six feet of water, and this makes gigging a great sport for the Indians. They are experts with the canoe and the gig, and spurn the finest fishing tackle in the way of rod and reel, as it is too slow sport for them.

It is interesting to watch a couple of Indians gig fish. With the long, slender reed, tipped and barbed with steel, one Indian leans over the prow of the canoe while the other with his paddle gently and noiselessly lets the canoe slide up to the big rocks and around logs in deep water where the bass and catfish lie. The Indian carries his gig upright and ready to strike at any time.

With his face not six inches above the water his keen eyes scan the bottom and he will locate a bass or catfish lying partly under a rock or log that would never be seen by the average fisherman. The stroke of the dexterous arm is like lightning, and in a flash the fish is speared through and lifted into the boat.

There is no struggle to land him, no excitement of winding in the line for the fisher's prize and no for sport.

An Indian seldom misses his fish when he throws the gig. And his motion is so perfect and his balance even that there is scarcely a tremor in the boat, while the amateur is likely not only to miss his fish but to fall and stand on his head in the water besides.

Quaint Wedding Customs.

Few people who marry realize the historic significance of the various phases of the tender compact. Giving of wedding presents, for instance, is a relic of the time when young couple upon being married were set up in housekeeping by their friends and neighbors who brought to their new home all sorts of household utensils, sometimes even building a house for them. In the Middle Ages the betrothal was the thing and the marriage ceremony of the ratification of the contract. The betrothal was a solemn ceremony of the church and any one violating it was liable to excommunication. The betrothal service is still preserved in some of the French and Italian rituals of the Catholic church and the marriage service of the Episcopal church down to the words "I will" is the betrothal service.

The history of the wedding ring is hard to trace, but our Puritan ancestors considered it a relic of heathenism—which very likely it is—abolished it. They would no more have a wedding ring around their necks than they would old women riding on broomsticks and bewitching the cows. But the Puritans are dead and the wedding ring survives out of a mysterious past.

A recent visitor to Ireland saw a curious survival out of the olden times at a wedding in the western part of the country. A party of young men of the "barony" disguised themselves by blackening their faces and tying straw about them, and so entered among the wedding guests, uninvited and, supposedly, unknown. When the fiddler began to play they danced, sometimes with one another and sometimes with the general company. They were called the "straw boys" and are a regular institution at all weddings in that part of Ireland. When the wedding feast was served the "straw boys" refused to sit at the table, or to eat anything inside the house, though pressed to do so. Food and whisky were given to them outside, however, and, after a "bite and a sup," they went away dancing and singing.

The Magdalen Islands.

Rarely does the world hear of the Magdalen Islands or of the people who occupy them, the descendants of Longfellow's Arcadians, immortalized in "Evangeline," many of whom settled here," writes P. T. McGrath to the Chicago Daily News. "This group of islands is in the Gulf of St. Lawrence, 150 miles from the coast of Newfoundland. This spring they have been brought into prominence because of the 30,000 seals that have been killed on their shores. The Magdalens are an aggregation of 14 islets, some so small as to be uninhabited, and others sustaining about 1,800 souls. The group is chiefly remarkable for its shipwrecks, for it lies right in the track of shipping bound to and from Montreal. The Gulf of St. Lawrence is filled with ice floes from December to May, and no ships but the Newfoundland sealers can force their way through these masses, so that the Magdalens are cut off from all communication with the outer world save by the telegraph. No intercourse is possible even with the neighboring coasts. Every fall a half year's stock of provisions has to be laid in, as there is no means of replenishing the stores until spring comes.

"An actuary insists," says the Rochester Post-Express, "that if Adam had saved a salary of \$175 a day for 6,000 years he would not be as rich as J. D. Rockefeller today." And the Smith County Journal says: "Certainly not. John D. would have gotten most of it away from him."

FLYING KITES UNDER WATER.

Object to Warn Ships When Approaching Dangerous Places.

The flying of kites was for many years regarded as childish sport, but those toys, as men were wont to regard them, have become in the present day most valuable aids to science.

But the strangest of all kites yet invented is one constructed by the famous Swedish engineer, Sjostrand. This kite is not to be flown in the air. It is to fly beneath the waters of the sea.

This novel kite is made of light canvas adjusted to a light but strong metal frame, and in shape is not dissimilar to the aerial kite except that it is made in two sections, the lower and smaller one depending from the upper, with which it is connected by a sort of coupling.

The object sought by Mr. Sjostrand was to provide ships with an ever ready automatic guard or watch that would give instant alarm if the vessel entered shallow waters and approached a spot where the depth was not sufficient for safety.

The under water kite is fastened to a thin wire cable attached to a winch on deck.

When the kite is thrown overboard it sinks in consequence of the oblique pressure brought to bear upon it by the water just as the land kite is raised and maintained aloft by the pressure of the air.

With the winch the kite is lowered or raised at will and forming a portion of this winch is a scale and a register that tells the depth in fathoms or metres at which it is floating. The curve of the cable to which the kite is attached never varies whatever the speed of the vessel or the condition of the weather so that the kite always remains at the exact depth fixed by the winch.

The purpose of the water kite is to float beneath or beside the ship at a depth that is sufficient to ensure safety.

At any time day or night, the lower section of the kite strikes bottom, the "signal pencil" as it is called, instantly releases the coupling with which it is secured to the upper section and an alarm bell is sounded on the deck of the endangered vessel.

Precautions can at once be taken to secure its safety.

The kite meanwhile is drawn up, readjusted and thrown overboard to maintain its faithful watch. During recent experiments with this submarine kite it was noticed that the vessel was followed by whole schools of fish, who seemed fascinated by the queer, new inhabitant of the ocean. The fish disappeared when the vessel came to anchor and the submerged kite lost its motion.

City Life is Longer.

It has been shown by statistics that the average duration of human life has increased in Chicago 129 per cent in the last 50 years. The health department of that city took as the basis of its computation the mean ages of the city's people at death. It divided the aggregate of the ages of decedents in 1855 by their number, giving the mean age of those who died there that year. By the same process the mean age of those who died last year was found to be 129 per cent greater than that of those who died in 1855. Hence the department concludes that the average duration of life in Chicago has increased to that extent.

It will readily be seen that this method of calculation is open to some objections. It would not, of course, be safe to aver that the average citizen lives more than twice as long as he did in Chicago 50 years ago. It is true, however, that the average expectation of life has increased, not only in Chicago, but in all parts of the civilized world. The time has gone by when a man was old at 50, aged at 60 and decrepit, if he survived, at 70. The women of the rural districts at least went into caps at 30 and were thereafter considered old; now they, eschew caps at 75 and 80 and are spoken of as "elderly."

The average length of life of the people of urban communities is increasing in all parts of the civilized world, and as by means of trolley cars, telephone lines and rural free delivery the suburban reaches out into the rural, the same increase in average longevity is noted. People may wear out in these days, but they no longer rust out, and man being, as William Allen White expresses it, a "tough beast," does not wear out early when the pressure upon his energies is equalized. The man in the rut rusts out and no rut is deep enough to keep modern energy in fatal bounds.

Formerly large cities were not self-supporting in a vital sense. That is to say, their deaths outnumbered their births. Improved sanitation has greatly reduced the percentages of mortality and "race suicide" has not affected the birth rate adversely—alarmists to the contrary notwithstanding. The time is coming when the city will be no less healthy than the country. The main difference now, in fact, is that it is possible to be healthy in the country without giving much thought to it, while the only chance for healthy conditions in the city is through the strict observance of sanitary laws.

Young Waldorf Astor is "engaged." Entire family seems to be "engaged" in collecting rents in this country and sending them in some other country.—Jacksonville Citizen.

A PROMISING SISTER

"She is absolutely perfect, Billy," said Billy's younger sister with enthusiasm. "She's just the kind of a girl I should love for a sister, but of course I don't expect you to appreciate her at all. You haven't got a bit of sense about girls. I'm sure I don't know what would become of you if I didn't watch over you a little."

Is she blonde or brunette? asked Billy with lazy interest for he and his sister had little similarity of taste when it came to girls.

"She's the dearest little blonde, with the most appealing face and big, baby blue eyes. There's this about her, too, she has a lot of good common sense, and makes nearly all her own shirwalets and she sings beautifully and her father owns a steam yacht."

"That's plenty about her, thank you. I have read all about that kind in books. You forget to mention that she is matrimonially inclined and is liable to try to marry a promising person like myself."

Why, she wouldn't consider you for a moment. If you will only be nice to her while she is visiting, it won't be at all necessary for you to do anything more. Don't forget her though, for I want her to like you."

Next day the little blonde arrived with much fuss and feathers. Oh, she'll pass in a crowd, was Billy's verdict a little later when his sister anxiously sought his opinion of her friend.

"Please don't be gruff, Billy. Be nice to her, for she won't be here long."

Billy gave the desired promise with an air of martyrdom. He kept his word beautifully during the next ten days and donned his dress clothes six nights out of the seven without a word of complaint. His sister felt conscience stricken at times, knowing how wretchedly bored Billy must be.

The little blonde visitor accepted Billy's devotion together with that of all the other men who crossed her path, as a matter of course. Billy's sister felt a little piqued at such indifference, because if she did say this submarine kite it was noticed that the vessel was followed by whole schools of fish, who seemed fascinated by the queer, new inhabitant of the ocean. The fish disappeared when the vessel came to anchor and the submerged kite lost its motion.

"I don't think Ruth need have upset the whole party the way she did last night," complained Billy's sister to Billy the next day. "She is going home to-morrow and I'll really feel relieved, for she is so hard to entertain."

"Poor little girl!" said Billy meditatively. "When'll she be back from the hair dresser's? She's been gone an hour and forty-five minutes."

"She may stay there all day for all I care," remarked Billy's sister, indifferently. "I suppose you might take her a little ride in the machine when she comes in, for we ought to be nice to her, even though we are so tired of her. We never will have her to visit us again anyhow."

"I hope Billy doesn't compromise himself with her," said Billy's sister to her mother a little later as she waved her hand at the couple departing in the machine.

"Why, you were so fond of her and so anxious he should fall in love with her," said her mother with a puzzled expression. "I think she is sweet."

"She is a snippy little cat and so weak and washed-out looking," stormed Billy's sister. "She is so impudent and independent and orders Billy round right in front of my nose. If Billy becomes engaged to her I shall feel it my duty to break off the engagement and open his eyes as I did with Esther."

When the little blond girl and Billy returned that night his sister was waiting up for them and met them with a worried frown.

"What a naughty girl to stay out so late without a chaperon!" she said playfully.

ANCIENT BURIAL OF CROWNS.

Many Have Undergone This Experience, Others Still Underground.

St. Olaf's crown, with which King Haakon was invested at Dronninghjem, in obedience to the demands both of the National Constitution and of popular sentiment in the land of his adoption, has undergone many strange vicissitudes since the days, more than 1,000 years ago, when it surmounted the beauteous manes of the earliest Christian ruler of Norway. It has been lost, stolen and carried off among the spoils of war by foreign invaders. It has, on several occasions, been almost destroyed by fire, has been shipwrecked, and has been buried.

The latter, indeed, is an experience to which most of the older crowns of Europe have at one time or another been subjected. The burial has usually been for purposes of concealment, and there are several notable instances where those who have hidden this most important of all emblems of sovereignty have done so without revealing their secret. What remains, to this day, an unsolved mystery. Many indeed are the chapters of fascinating romance contained in the history of these European crowns, two, at least, of which have been buried in America.

It is interesting to call attention to this just at a time when the searches pursued throughout many years for two of the missing crowns of England seem to be on the verge of a successful issue. One is the crown of King Edward the Confessor, which was worn in turn by King Harold, William the Conqueror by his son, Rufus, by Richard Coeur de Lion, the Crusader fame and by King John, whose principal claim to a place in the history is to be found in the fact that he is granted that Magna Charta, which is the basis of the English Constitution and that he lost the crown of Alfred the Great with the scepter the orb, the Sword of State, and all the other insignia of royalty in his disastrous journey from Kings Lynn across the Wash on the east coast of England. He was overtaken by the tide and by a terrible storm in the Wash, narrowly escaped with his life, and when some days later a search was made, no trace of the missing treasures could be found.

It was taken for granted that they had been swept out to sea by the storm. But this presumption now appears to have been erroneous. For the discovery of a superb silver cup bearing the name and spher of King John near Gedney Drive End on the border of the Wash has not only served to demonstrate the fallacy of this belief, but also to indicate the location of the missing treasures beneath the sand, the mud and the stones piled up over them during the 700 years that have elapsed since their loss.

Americans are engaged in pursuit of the search for the other missing crown of England, which was constructed for the coronation of King Charles II, and which the notorious Colonel Blood endeavored to steal during the reign of the "Merrie Monarch," but which was eventually carried off by his brother, James II, to France, along with other treasures, when deprived of his throne and compelled to seek refuge at St. Germain. The much-vaunted hospitality of Louis XIV of France to his exiled brother sovereign was not of such a generous character as has been asserted. James was more of a prisoner of state than an honored and welcome guest and is shown by letters and memoirs of that epoch, published in recent years, not only to have cruelly resented the restrictions and the lack of liberty which he was subjected by Le Grand Monarque, but also to have been troubled with a wholesome distrust and even dread of the thoroughly unscrupulous Bourbon King. He realized that were Louis to become aware that he had brought him some forty cases of treasure, to the tune of \$10,000,000, comprising a vast quantity of jewels and the Charles II crown, His Majesty would not only put a stop to the pension grudgingly paid to the exiled sovereign of St. Germain, but would likewise take immediate steps to possess himself of the valuable in question. That King James had this treasure in his possession is an historical fact. That he neither discovered it, nor was robbed thereof, is equally well established. But what has become of it is a matter of speculation.

Dandies of Papua.

Even the natives of Papua have their fine gentlemen, their dandies. To rank in this class the young man is compelled to lace his waist and to have a nose ornament of polished shell. But, as an explorer says, "very few young blades can afford to possess one, and accordingly it may be just, either for a consideration or as a special favor. The possessor of one of these ornaments could easily buy a wife for it, sometimes it is paid as a tribal tribute by one should he have to pay blood money or be unable to give the statutory pig as atonement for a murder." Papuan husbands, too, have a primitive way of dealing with their recalcitrant wives. A man named Gedon had a shrewish helpmate whom he attempted to tame according to this method: "He would pick up a billet of wood when she was half way through a tremendous scolding and give her a terrible blow over the back. Thereupon ensued pandemonium; the other men and women would gather round jabbering, but they would make no attempt to stop the beating once it had begun."

FINE DOG HOSPITAL.

Detroit Has One That Rivals Those for Human Beings.

In almost every city and town in the United States there are veterinary surgeons, a part of whose business is doctoring sick and injured dogs and cats, but in Detroit there is a dog hospital where dogs have their rooms and numbers, their nurses and special diets, and are treated and studied like so many human beings. When a dog is brought to this hospital he comes in an ambulance, unless his owners bring him. If the animal is a valuable one, and if his owners can afford the expense, he is carried to a private room. If the dog's owners are economical he goes to a "ward," where he may be in company with a dozen others.

When an animal enters the hospital its name goes into a ledger, together with its owner's. A long slip, such as is used in hospitals for human beings, is filled out. The age of the dog, its breed and the nature of its malady or injury are first recorded. Then the dog undergoes a thorough examination by the doctor in charge, instructions for its treatment and care are given and the animal has become a patient.

With the exception of appendicitis, dogs are subject to ailments that beset human beings, and in the treatment pills, hypodermics, nerve tonics, heart stimulants and nearly all other drugs and medicines used by human beings are employed. In this hospital surgical operations are of daily occurrence. Legs are amputated, tumors are cut out and internal organs repaired. Pulling and filling teeth are done almost every day. There are many persons in every city who possess old pets that they would part with for a great deal, but which suffer greatly, and usually die, because they have lost their teeth. A doctor at this hospital is now working to invent a set of false teeth which may be clamped to a dog's jaws.

Did the Chinese Discover the Compass?

Some Asian people, perhaps the Chinese, discovered, many centuries ago that a kind of iron ore possessed a very peculiar quality, says a writer in Harper's Magazine. We call this ore magnetic or, in more common language, lodestone, and it is very widely distributed, especially in the older crystalline rocks. It was found that if a bit of lodestone were placed in water upon a piece of cork or straw braid it would turn till the axis of the stone assumed a north and south position. A phenomenon of magnetism had been discovered by means of an ore that is peculiarly susceptible to magnetic influence.

It is an open question whether the Chinese utilized the directive power of the lodestone but it is certain that the first rude compass was not used on European vessels before the twelfth century of our era. By that time the true magnetic compass had been evolved through the discovery that if an iron or steel needle were stroked on a lodestone, it would receive the attractive and directive power of this ore. With this wonderful appliance placed at the service of navigation the vessels that had hugged the coast soon dared to venture even out of sight of land. A new impetus was gradually given to cartography, for now the true directions of the coast lines might be charted with some approach to accuracy. It was the happy fortune of Italian sailors to make the surprisingly excellent surveys of the direction and lengths of the Black Sea and Mediterranean coasts and along the Atlantic to British waters that have come down to us in the so-called Portulan maps.

Shipping Fish Without Water.

Consul-General Richard Guenther writes that experiments made in Germany in the transportation of live fish have demonstrated that fish can live out of water for days.

The gills of fish are similar to the human lungs, and are constantly washed by water containing oxygen. The thin membrane of the gills separates the blood in them, vitiated with carbonic acid, from the water containing oxygen, and the practical result is the same as with the human lungs.

It had been noticed long ago that many kinds of fish could live out of water for some time provided that the gills remain wet. In order to keep the gills wet the evaporation of the moisture had to be prevented; for this purpose the fish were placed in an atmosphere thoroughly saturated with water vapor. An hermetically closed wooden box was filled with water to the depth of about one-third of an inch, or the bottom was covered with wet rags, which through evaporation kept the air in the box always saturated. The fish were placed in the box, which was then shut hermetically by the lid.

Through a tube oxygen was introduced. Before entering the box the oxygen passed through several water bottles, which thoroughly saturated it with vapor. In this way the fish are always in a pure oxygen atmosphere. The result of the experiment was surprising. Carp, tench, bial and other fish remained in the box for from three to four days perfectly well. When they were then placed in water they swam about in a lively manner and appeared perfectly fresh. This mode of transportation is much more economical than shipping live fish in water tanks. By the latter method the weight of water was 92 to 94 per cent water.