

The Democratic Sentinel

RENSSELAER, INDIANA.

J. W. McEwen, - - - PUBLISHER.

Too often fall dress for ladies seem to be full and running over.

This proper thing to do with a crank in office is to turn him out.

The man who called "A spade, a spade!" probably needed one to fill his flush.

The exact facts as to Jerry Simpson's feet may be learned by inquiring of Santa Claus.

The Russians have reached the "roof of the world," and England intends to find out what they are rafting.

Down in Texas a fellow killed a man, and it cost him in "fine and costs \$37" to get out of it. Texas is moving.

St. Paul has a mighty strong name, but Minnie seems to have the knack of getting there when the bell rings.

From the newspaper pictures it is evident that even if Russell Sage's assailant was not a maniac he at least lost his head.

A fireproof dress for ballet-dancers has been invented. This will enable the sprightly coypies to have all the flames they want.

WARD McALLISTER thinks that marriages between literary persons are seldom happy. Probably not among the literary people of Ward's 400.

A NEW YORK scientist thinks he has discovered the language of monkeys. When he is fully at his command he might utilize it in writing a society novel.

THERE are a good many cranks in Congress this year, but if their presence there will frighten Wall street men away from the capital they may count upon re-election.

It is said that the man who cannot dance might as well resign claims to importance in New York City this season. All fashion has been on tip-toe studying the German cotillon.

HERE'S the crucial test. John L. Sullivan is going to Dwight and learn as to the efficacy of the gold treatment. If Dr. Keeley can reform the professor the institution will have to be enlarged.

ABOUT twenty-five hundred rabbits are shipped abroad every week by one firm in Eaton Rapids, Mich. Rabbits are not eaten rapidly enough in Eaton Rapids, and hence—but this is a digression.

SUBSCRIPTIONS are being taken up in England to provide a dowry for the princess who is going to marry "Colars and Cuffs." There should be a law prohibiting the marriage of persons with no visible means of support.

An outlaw was arrested in Memphis a few days ago who claims to have killed ninety-nine men. It might not be a bad plan for the authorities to hang him for the sake of making the number an even hundred.

"WAR has slain its thousands," exclaims the Buffalo Express, "but the deadly grade-crossing has slain its tens of thousands." Fiction never looks so insignificant, so helpless, so commonplace as when it bumps against a fact like this.

CONSIDERING the flood of reminiscences concerning the acquisitiveness and parsimony of Russell Sage with which the press is now deluged, it seems that the dynamite came out of that little affair with a better reputation than his intended victim.

It looks a little as though the Czar's persecution of the Christian sect known as the Stundists were intended to take the edge from his persecution of the Jews. It was hardly necessary, however, for him to show that he is not particularly discriminating in his tyranny.

A MAN has too much sense, as a rule, to build a ten-thousand-dollar house on a thousand-dollar income, but church people do it in the matter of churches. They think in their early enthusiasm that the Lord will provide, but the Lord never provides for anything that is lacking in good business judgment.

THE postoffice department is not always rapid, but it is sure. A citizen of a neighboring state has just had returned to him a letter mailed a year ago with a notice from the department that the person to whom it was addressed could not be found. The department has probably been employing Pinkerton detectives to hunt up the person.

THE New York correspondents are trying to make it appear that the opening of the opera season was more brilliant and fashionable in that city than in Chicago. This is simply incredible. No one will believe that people of wealth and refinement in the boxes in New York could have talked any louder during the pianissimo passages than they did in Chicago.

THE proper place for the Bancroft library is in this city, the commercial, literary, artistic and political metropolis of the United States.—New York Press. Outside people have been the crying need for a few good books in

the "political metropolis" for some time past. If the commercial, literary, and artistic center will agree to read, no doubt the Sunday-schools all over the country would chip in with funds enough to make the purchase.

THE Rev. Lyman Abbott disposes of the charge that he has uttered grossly heretical doctrine by declaring that the heresy was in the reporter's ears, not in his sermon. It may be allowed to pass at that this time, but who listens to almost any clergyman of Dr. Abbott's ability, breath, and courage has always to strain his ears to catch the very microscopic thread of precautionary qualification which holds the orator to his theological moorings.

THE New York Sun thinks there is a "job" in the proposition to have Congress appropriate \$5,000,000 for the World's Fair. The Sun is mistaken. It's only an opportunity to let Uncle Sam do his share, or let the rest of the country contribute about one-third as much as Chicago has for the fair, which, even New-Yorkers have become convinced, is not to be a Chicago fair, but a world's fair, to celebrate the discovery of, not Lake Michigan, but of all America.

"SIR EDWIN ARNOLD has been tendered a reception by the Unquesbaughs." "Miss Frances E. Willard has been tendered a reception by the Daughters of Josh." "Rev. Dr. Noah Absalom has been tendered a reception by the Church of the Holy Shipper." And so it goes on. If Sir Edwin has been tendered, to whom has he been tendered and for what purpose? If Miss Willard has been tendered, to what is she offered and what will come of it? If Rev. Dr. Noah Absalom has been tendered, where shall we look for him hereafter? There is no more general ungrammatical or vulgar pest of bad English than tendering people and not explaining the aim, motive or object of the tender.

LATER details concerning the recent death of Caroline Beethoven, the last who bore the great composer's name, confirm the conjecture that she was the widow of his nephew, Karl, who caused him so much trouble while he was living. After his wife had borne him three daughters the graceless scoundrel deserted her, leaving her in straitened circumstances. Of late years she had been supported by her daughters, who are married, and by two musicians, who paid her money yearly on the anniversary of the composer's death. As it is reported that Karl Beethoven, when he ran away, came to this country, it would be worth the effort for some antiquarian to trace him out and find where he went and what he was doing here.

A CRANK is liable to be generally rational though he may be weak-minded on a hobby. As a rule he fully appreciates the results of violence. Men of this character should be severely punished for acts of violence. Fear of severe punishment is a great element in the prevention of crime, especially with men of hobbies. It is the man whose sanity is totally wrecked who knows no fear, simply because he cannot appreciate the results of crime or of violence. The only practical preventive against cranks is to punish those who resort to violence with the full extent of the law that fits the crime for the influence it has on the brotherhood of cranks, and to confine insane people in asylums as long as there is the slightest possibility of their doing any injury to society.

THOUGH Mid-Armagh, where the Tory candidate for Parliament, Mr. Barton, was allowed to have a walk-over, is undoubtedly Tory by a good majority, the Home-Rulers would have measured their strength there but for the unfortunate division in their ranks. The seat was carried by the Tories in 1885 by 1,500 majority. At a subsequent election the Home-Rulers put forward their leader in Ulster, Mr. Thomas Dickson, and he cut down the majority to 1,200, running against a most popular Tory of liberal ideas. Were the Home-Rulers united now they might be able to still further reduce the Tory majority, but as they are divided a contest would only result in an increase of the Tory majority. Mid-Armagh is one of the thirteen seats which the Tories can hold in Ulster for many years to come. They hold sixteen all told, but three by majorities not exceeding 100. The Home-Rulers hold seventeen seats—four of them by narrow margins.

FROGS as Food. Most people believe, says a daily contemporary, that the edible frog is the only eatable batrachian in Europe, and that we have not developed the taste for those creatures for the simple reason that they are rare in this country, being confined to certain localities in the Eastern counties. This is, however, not the case. The common frog—Rana temporaria—is eaten on the continent in much greater numbers than Rana esculenta; it is just as good, and easier to catch, as well as more abundant. Something might be done in recommending this creature as food; it is common enough not to want preserving. The two frogs are so much alike that it needs a careful examination to distinguish them. In this connection we may mention that we have more than once seen frog meat on the menus of London restaurants, and remember on one occasion to have quite enjoyed frog's legs a la polette at Gatti's well-known Strand restaurant. The dish ate like very delicate chicken.

A WISE man thinks before he speaks; but a fool speaks and then thinks of what he has been saying.

"THE GREAT HUNGER."

FAMINES ARE PERIODICAL OCCURRENCES IN RUSSIA.

Some Account of the Present Famine in That Country and Other Noted Starvation Crises.

Famine in Russia is periodical like the snows, or rather it is perennial like the Siberian plague. To be scientifically accurate, one should distinguish two different varieties of it, the provincial and the national, the former termed gold-dorka, or the little hunger, and the latter gold, or the great hunger.

Now not a year has elapsed this century in which extreme distress in some province or provinces of the empire has not assumed the dimensions of a famine, while scarcely a decade has passed away in which the local misfortune has not ripened into the national calamity.

Nor is the nineteenth century an exception in this regard. If we go as far back as the year 1100 and follow the course of Russian history down to the present year of grace, we shall find that while the "little hunger" is an annual occurrence, as familiar as the destruction of human lives by wolves, the normal number of national famines fluctuates between seven and eight per century.

It is curious that the circumstance that we can thus speak of the periodicity of this terrible scourge, much as the astronomers and meteorologists discourse of that of a comet or of an abnormally warm summer, should be hidden to the hearts of Russian shivers who are delighted to shift to the shoulders of Providence or Nature responsibility for the fruits of their own mismanagement.

The present century, which has yet eight years to run, has already had its full share of these visitations which some optimists regard as automatic checks on over-population. In 1801, 1808, 1811, 1812, 1833, 1840, 1860 and 1891. These are the national golds.

The provincial famines frequently equal them in severity. In extent, and so complete and child-like is the people's trust in Providence and the Czar, who, it is hoped, will utilize in good time the abundance of the harvest in the neighboring provinces to relieve their needs, that the crops are allowed to lie rotting in some places until the peasants in others are beyond the reach of hunger and of human help.

The fifth and sixteenth of the present century ushered in scenes of misery which would have provoked a bloody revolution among the peasantry had duty had implanted that spirit of manly resistance which is proportioned in most men to the wrongs they are destined to endure.

Travelling some five or six years ago through a large district afflicted by the famine of the goldolovka variety, I found myself behind the scenes of the lowest theatre of human existence which it is possible to conceive.

Multiplying by an enormous figure the sights one sees in the lugubrious wards of a typhus hospital and intensifying the horror they inspire by substituting hunger for disease, criminal neglect for medical necessity, one may form some idea of a state of things which should have rendered the system that produced it forever after impossible.

Kazan was then the center of the famine-stricken district and the country-folk found about journeyed hundreds of miles on foot, dragging themselves feebly along in search of food and finding only graves.

Many of them lay down by the roadside, in ditches, in the yards of deserted houses and gave up the ghost without a murmur against their Little Father, the Czar. "It was touching and edifying to witness their Christian submission and unshaken faith in God," exclaimed many of the higher tschinovniks, who seemed to feel that nothing in their life became them like the leaving it.

In 1887-1888, when the abundance of the harvest in Russia seemed to partake of the nature of the miraculous, the distress in certain districts was to the full as intense and disastrous as at present. "In many villages the people are absolutely destitute of food," ran the accounts published at the time; "large numbers have to take to begging, but as the same monotonous misery reigns all round, after having crawled from neighbor to neighbor, they have nothing for it but to drag themselves back to their hovels and sicken of hunger."

In the Government of Smolensk the peasants lived during the year on bread made partly of rye and partly of hushes of rye, often eaten with the worm-eaten bark of the oak or the pine, which still without satisfying the cravings of hunger. Lack of fodder killed the cattle in thousands, but not before a resolute effort had been made to save them by feeding them on the straw-thatched roofs of hovels.

Last year, writes E. B. Lanin in the London Fortnightly Review, there was another partial famine of considerable proportions, scarcely noticed by the English press, the progress of which was marked by the usual concomitants: mercurial homicide, arson, suicide, dirt-bred, typhus and death.

The evil is undeniably chronic; the symptoms are always the same, and the descriptions of them published ten or fifteen years ago might be served up afresh to-day or next year as faithful photographs of the life in death of millions of Russian Christians.

Scarcity of food has long since come to be looked on as a necessary condition of the existence of the people who manage to supply a great part of Europe with corn.

The Czars have been aware of it for centuries, and have done all that they could be expected to do to prepare for it.

In 1724 Peter I. decreed the establishment of district granaries to reserve corn, and Catherine II. thirty years later, commanded her Minister to set about putting his ukase into execution.

There is a leap year in the annals of distress; the famine extends over a much larger area, but is not a whit more intense than it was last year, five, ten, or fifteen years ago.

The district affected extends from Odessa on the shores of the Black Sea through Little Russia, all the way to the black loam country celebrated for its marvellous fertility, straight through the country watered by the Volga, across the Urals, growing wider and wider till it reaches Tobolsk; in other words, it covers a tract of land 3,000 miles long and from 500 to 1,000 miles broad, which supports a population of only forty millions.

These Affares on whose shoulders a great part of the weight of the Russian empire rests, are, in a gradual way, undergoing the process of petrification which their prototype experienced on a sudden when he gazed at the countenance of Medusa.

Southern California is experiencing another hot building boom.

SURPRISED THE DEALER.

How a Dead Chicken was Made to Astonish Its Owner.

"How do you sell these chickens—live weight?" asked the man with the twinkle in his eye, putting his hand on a fowl which had its throat cut and its feathers plucked, and was apparently as dead as a chicken can be.

"Haven't any live chickens, sir," replied the marketman.

"Why, what do you call this?" As he spoke a low, dolorous squawk came from the bench where the chickens lay.

"The marketman started and turned a trifle pale. 'W-what's that?' he gasped.

"I say," repeated the other, "you don't call this a dead chicken, do you? Hear that?" And again came the squawk.

"The marketman fairly trembled. 'I—I,' he began, and then, as the squawk was repeated, he stood motionless, unable to say a word.

"Strikes me it's rather cruel to pull off a live chicken's feathers and leave it lying about in this way," continued the other. "I suppose you have to do it to assure your customers that the fowls are fresh. But you'd better not let the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals catch you at it."

"I thought it was dead; honest I did!" cried the marketman. "I bought it for a dead chicken. Why, I wouldn't have had this thing happen for anything. Suppose there had been a lady in here. She'd have fainted away."

"Oh, you thought it was dead, did you? I'm not so sure about that. On the whole, I don't know but it's my duty to report you to the S. P. C. A."

"Please don't, sir; please don't! I'll kill the chicken myself and you can have it for nothing if you won't say anything about it."

"Oh, I'm not to be bribed; but, as it may not be your fault, I'll let you off as you say, you'll cut the poor chicken's head off and draw it, and while you're about it you'd better make sure that these other chickens are dead by treating them in the same way. I don't care if you send one of them to my house when you've killed and drawn them."

"Yes, sir; yes, sir; I will," exclaimed the marketman, eagerly.

The wise-looking man walked out, smiling softly to himself.

"That's a trick that everybody doesn't know," he said.

"How did you do it?" I asked.

"Why, it is simple enough. You can make any dead chicken squawk by pressing its breastbone just right; that is, if it has been dead too long. I suppose the movement forces the air out of its lungs in such a way as to produce the noise. I startled that fellow a little, but if I've scared him into selling drawn fowls I've done a good thing for the health of his customers."—[Buffalo (N. Y.) Express.

Aztec Remains in Tennessee.

Dr. A. P. Clarke, of the Smithsonian Institution, Washington, D. C., recently passed through Nashville from Cleveland, Tenn., where he and other gentlemen have been investigating alleged Aztec remains. In an interview Dr. Clarke said: "It is a genuine wall similar to some found in Central America and Mexico. Such formations are peculiar to tropical climates only, and none have ever been found so far north of the equator as this one. The wall was found buried beneath the earth, enough of it was uncovered last spring to give the geologists of the country some idea of what it was. We uncovered more of the wall, and on one stone, twelve feet under ground, we found the imprint of a man's foot plainly and distinctly marked, thirteen inches long and five inches wide, with some mystic characters in the heel and foot. If these characters had been in the ball of the foot they would have been identical with the curious hieroglyphics found only in India. We have some splendid photographs of the wall and the marks, but have been unable to decipher the characters as yet."

Shiah's Sacred Shrines.

A curious account of the sacred shrines of the Shiah Division of the Mohammedan faith is given in the report of Brigade Surgeon Bowman of the Bombay Medical Service. The most important of these is Karbala, or Mashad Husain, some fifty miles from Baghdad, which contains the tomb of Husain, son of Ali, and that of Abbas, his half-brother. It is a place of pilgrimage for large numbers of Indian, Persian, and other Shiaks, but it is also a spot to which thousands of bodies from every country where the Shiah faith exists are brought for interment, so that the place has become "one vast burial ground." Its population is estimated at between fifty and sixty thousand. Kadhinain, another Shiah shrine, is about three miles only from Baghdad, and about 13,000. The insatiable condition of this town is said to be "beyond description." At both these shrines several outbreaks of cholera during the year are reported.—[London News.

A Diminutive Woman.

Mr. Nathan Harris, living on the Lyons Gap farm, in Rich Valley, this county, belonging to Mr. V. S. Morgan, of Marion, has a daughter, nineteen years old, who is only 2 feet 10 inches in height and weighs just forty and a half pounds. She is well proportioned and intelligent and her hair is very beautiful and glossy and sweeps the floor when standing erect. She is the eldest of four living children, two sisters and one brother, who are all well grown and intelligent. She has been living in the valley all her lifetime with her parents, but very few have known of her existence until recently, her parents not desiring any notoriety for her. Her parents are medium size, healthy, well-to-do and highly respected people. The above is a true bill, and vouched for by many Rich Valley people on last Monday (court day), as well as several citizens of this town who have seen her.

Nervous Traits of Royalty.

Both Emperor William and King Humbert have the habit of twisting their mustaches, the difference between the two sovereigns consisting in the fact that whereas the Italian monarch strokes his with deliberation, the German Kaiser twists his with brusque, quick and jerky movement, which threatens to tear it out by the roots. Emperor Francis Joseph of Austria himself, with soft stroking his snow-white whiskers. The Czar of Russia has a peculiar way of passing his right hand over the top of his head when absorbed, and it may be that his baldness is due to his having worn the hair off in so doing.—[New York Tribune.

A QUEER BUSINESS.

A MAN WHO SELLS SECOND-HAND FURNITURE.

His Method to Attend a Sale, Buy in Goods, Then Repawn—After That He Floats the Tickets With his Friends.

Dobson is a queer little man, who lives in a queer little room, in a certain queer little street on the east side, who has some queer friends and who follows a queer little business.

Dobson is a pawnbroker. Did you ever hear of the like before? There are, of course, any end of brokers, good, bad and indifferent, in big New York. They deal in oil, in wool, in tallow, in leather, in peanuts, in water-melons, in real estate, in ships and in almost everything under the sun. But who ever before heard of a man who deals in second-hand pawn tickets?

That man is Dobson. He said to me the other day, with a shrewd twinkle in his eyes, that, now the dull summer is gone, "business would be lively again."

"Dobson," I rejoined, "with every mark of honor, sir, for in your dealings your friends say you are the pink of courtesy and the soul of integrity, with every honor, sir, let me attend you for a day and see how you handle the tickets."

"With pleasure," said the little man; "come right along now; I am on the trail of several good things."

We went over to a pawnbroker's place in the Bowery where a sale of forfeited chattels had been announced in the World, the bargains to be offered without reserve.

There was a dense jam in the rooms. The sale had begun before we arrived. It was the usual unloading of the thousand and one effects left in an every-day pawn shop. The auctioneer offered several watches, then put up a diamond ring.

Dobson examined the ring with his little microscope and then cautiously bid three dollars.

"Five," said a voice in the corner.

"Five twenty-five," repeated Dobson.

"Seventy-five."

"Six."

"Ten."

"Twelve."

"Take it, Mr. Dobson," said the auctioneer.

Then the broker bid in two gold watches at \$10 each, and a chip diamond for \$2 more. A cake basket was then offered.

Some one bid 40 cents. Dobson made 50, then 60, then 70, then \$1, then a quarter more, then a half, then three-quarters, and—

And Mr. Dobson shrewdly dropped out, for, as he said afterwards, some one was only leading him on in the interest of the house.

In half an hour Mr. Dobson, the broker, had invested about \$50, and in turn had received four watches, two rings, a gold brooch, three razors, a pair of second-hand trousers, a rusty set of surgical instruments and a violin.

Mr. Dobson then withdrew from the sale.

Later in the day he attended another foreclosure and purchased five more watches, three rings, two gold chains, a marine glass, a dress suit and a set of boxing gloves and foils. He packed all his goods in two satchels and started for home, as it was now too late to do any business that day.

Bright and early next morning I went by appointment to Mr. Dobson's room, and, assisting him with one of the satchels, we started out. Mr. Dobson to ply his strange calling. We trudged along over towards the Bowery.

"What will you give me for this fine hunting-case watch?" asked Mr. Dobson of a pawnbroker friend near Chatham Square.

Felix eyed it critically, applied a bit of acid, glanced at the works, but said nothing.

"What do you want on it?" he finally ventured.

"Thirty dollars."

"I'll give you twelve."

"Take it."

Felix made out a check for the watch. "You'll have to redeem it in thirty days," he said, "or there'll be interest to pay."

"All right," said the genial broker, "I'm good for it."

He offered Felix two rings and a chain, and after some bargaining the deal was made.

In each case tickets were given. We then passed on to half a dozen pawnshops. In one we sold the dress suit for \$7, the boxing gloves and foils went for \$2 more, two more rings were disposed of at \$5.10. Tickets were obtained in each instance.

In the next half hour we had sold three more watches, the marine glass, the razors, the clothes—and all that remained was the set of surgical instruments. These proved difficult to dispose of to any advantage, but finally Mr. Dobson let them pass at a close sacrifice.

Mr. Dobson, his goods all placed, disposed of the two satchels at a fair figure, and was now ready for his business proper as a broker in pawn tickets. He eyed them narrowly, wondering how much profit there was in them.

We counted over the tickets and found that they were sixteen in number and aggregated about \$75.64 value.

It was now about 6 o'clock. "Come with me," said Mr. Dobson, leading the way into a tenement in Hester street.

"What for?"

"I have a customer up here."

"Jake," said Mr. Dobson to a young man upstairs, "are you still going with Hannah?"

"Why?"

"Well, it's nearly time that you bought her a present. Do you want a chance?"

"Have you a bargain, Mr. Dobson?"

"Look at this: Here is a ticket for a lady's gold watch, twelve carats fine, good machine movement, enamelled case, stem-winder. I saw the watch myself. It is a beauty. This ticket will redeem it for \$7. Give me \$3 for the bargain, Jake, and you can make Hannah happy."

Jake hesitated.

"It's only \$10, and I tell you it is a real bargain."

The deal was closed and Mr. Dobson and I went away.

Next the pawnbroker led me to a saloon where he was known. There was a large crowd at the tables. Mr. Dobson was gone about half an hour, during which time I saw him offer ticket after ticket, here and there, to the men at the tables, all the while explaining in a low tone the value of his goods.

When we went out he had sold five tickets, making something on each, the net profit being \$7.50.

As we passed along the genial broker never missed his opportunity to greet a friend and offer tickets. In an hour he had sold two more.

Then business became somewhat depressed. In the next two hours only one ticket was sold.

Mr. Dobson then visited in quick suc-

cession half a dozen saloons where he was known favorably.

By 11 o'clock that night he had disposed of the entire stock of tickets at a profit of \$24.30. I could not but marvel.

"It is a phase of human nature," said the shrewd broker, to try to get something for nothing. Each man is after a big bargain and is willing to pay a dollar or two to secure the coveted opportunity. All amounts over and above full values are, of course, my commissions."

"You live in this way?"

"Yes, live well, year by year."—[New York World.

A BLACKFOOT CEMETERY.

Tepees of the Dead and Tents of Indian Mourners.

Presently, as we journeyed, a little line of sand hills came into view. They formed the Blackfoot cemetery. We saw the "tepees of the dead" here and there on the knolls, some new and perfect, some old and weather-stained, some showing mere tatters of cotton flapping on the poles, and still others only skeleton tents, the poles remaining and the cotton covering gone completely.

We knew what we would see if we looked into those "dead tepees" (being careful to approach from the windward side). We would see, lying on the ground or raised upon a framework, four or five bodies in the middle—an Indian's body rolled up in a sheet of cotton, with his head buried in a blanket and gun in the bundle, and near by a kettle and some dried meat and corn-meal against his feeling hungry on his long journey to the hereafter.

As one or two of the tepees were new, we expected to see some family in mourning, and, sure enough, when we reached the great sheer-sided gutter which the Bow River has dug for its course through the plains, we halted our horse and looked down upon a lonely trio of topees, with children playing around them and women squatted by the entrances. Three families had lost members, and were sequestered there in abject surrender to grief.

Those tents of the mourners were at our feet as we rode southward, down in the river gully, where the grass was green and the trees were leafy and thriving; but when we turned our faces to the eastward, where the river bent around a great promontory, what a sight met our gaze! There stood a city of tepees, hundreds of them, showing white and yellow and brown and red against the clear blue sky. A silent and lifeless city it seemed, for we were too far off to see the people or to hear their noises. The great huddle of little pyramids rose abruptly from the level bare grass against the flawless sky, not like one of those melancholy new treeless towns that white men are building all over the prairie, but rather like a mosquito fleet becalmed at sea.

There are two camps on the Blackfoot Reserve, the North Camp and the South Camp, and this town of tents was between the two, and was composed of more households than both together; for this was the assembling place for the sun dance, their greatest religious festival, and hither had come Bloods, Piegan and Sarcis as well as Blackfeet.

Only the mourners kept away; for here were to be echoed the greatest ceremonies of that dead past wherein lives dedicated to war and to the chase inspired the deeds of valor which each would now celebrate now in speech or song. And at each recurrence of this wonderful holiday-time every night was spent in feasting, gorging and gambling. In short, it was the great event of the Indian year, and so it remains. Even now you may see the young braves undergo the torture; and if you may not see wives disciplined, you may at least perceive a score who have been, as well as hear the mighty boasting, and witness the dancing and carousing.—[Harper's Magazine.

Modern Rifles.

One of the most striking features in the development of nations is the modern military equipment—supposed to be of appalling power, yet so changed since the last conflict as to be practically untried. In a recent lecture to his students, Professor Bilroth, of Vienna, showed a collection of bones from persons wounded in the wars of 1866 and 1870. He stated that the damage done by the rifles then in use could be compared to the terrible effect of the repeating rifles of to-day. A bullet from a Mannlicher rifle pierces a brick wall at a distance of 500 to 600 paces, and it would be well nigh impossible to obtain shelter from an enemy's fire. There can be no more marching in dense lines as the ball would go through three or four men. Smokeless powder affords better means of correct aim, and vove to the army that should cross the road in the face of an enemy, or that should attack an enemy in a sheltered position. "I am thankful," concluded the lecturer, "I cannot show you any bones that have suffered from the weapons as they now are."—[Trenton (N. J.) American.