

## TIRED OF PLAYING SQUAW.

A Missionary Abandons her Work—How Mrs. Amanda Barber Didn't Christianize the Noble Red Man—An Extraordinary Experience.

From the Chicago Tribune.

In 1867, Miss Amanda Barber was a clerk in one of the Departments at Washington. Her salary enabled her to dress fashionably. Her easy duties enabled her to devote much time to mental improvement. In 1872, she was a Cheyenne squaw in Dakota. Her flounces, and fluting, and turbelots had been exchanged for two old blankets and a pair of moccasins. Instead of spending pleasant hours in writing and reckoning, she passed weary days in pounding maize. Instead of daintily stitching at ravishing articles of feminine adornment, she made buck-skin breech-cloths for her copper-colored chief, sewing together the heavy skins with sinews for thread and a sharpened nail for a needle.

All this happened because, up to 1867, she had had much time for mental improvement, and because her idea of gaining that end was to read novels. With noteworthy patriotism she affected American literature. She devoured Fenimore Cooper's stirring scenes of savage heroism. She did not disdain the ten cent novelettes of border life. The civilization of the East palled upon her. She longed for the free, wild, natural life of the West. The prairies were peopled, in her imagination, with grave, majestic Sachems, models of manly beauty and of all manly virtues, who, freed from the sordid cares of money, lived in perpetual abundance. She pictured them as hunting the buffalo or routing some inferior tribe and then coming back to their luxuriously lodges, to toy with their passionately-loved wives, and pour forth the flood of poetical epithets which the writers of America, from Cooper and Longfellow down to Sylvanus Cobb, Jr., have conspired to attribute to that most prosaic being, the American Indian. It is not to be wondered at then that when Squatting Bear, a tolerably good-looking chief of the Brule Sioux, came with party of his fellows to Washington, in 1867, Miss Barber, in a fit of temporary insanity, yearned to wed him. Her earthly heaven was to be married and to be a missionary. Here was her chance and her Hiawatha. She embraced both. With due religious ceremonies she became Mrs. Squatting Bear, and left Washington for the West. From this time her life was a constant series of rude disenchantment. Her wedding trip consisted of a seven hundred-mile ride, from the Missouri to the White Earth country, on a wild, vicious pony. Despite her native modesty, the want of any saddle compelled her to bestride the steed. Even then she fell off, and fell off, until the grave, majestic Sachems ridiculed her mercilessly, and the particular one of them whose wife she had become tied her, Mazepa-like, on the horse, and finally brought her, in that disgraceful plight, into camp. When she crept, sore and tired, into the rude *tipi* which was pointed out to her, she was, to say the least, not pleased to be greeted by two dirty squaws, one 40 and one 14 years of age, and to learn that she was Mrs. Squatting Bear No. 3. However, she went resolutely at her missionary work. Her success was not brilliant. Beyond a large and varied stock of oaths, the Sioux were ignorant of English, and she was wholly ignorant of Sioux. When she mastered that language new difficulties arose. Her pupils would gamble, would cheat, would lie, would steal, would drink, and would not keep Sunday. She toiled on and on, but without result. Moreover, whenever her husband went off on a scout, his two other wives imposed the most menial duties upon her. In vain she tried to read the Bible to them; they preferred to have her scrape buffalo robes, and gather wood, and cook food; and they made her do it. Her life was varied by a grand spectacular entertainment in the shape of the burning alive of a white soldier. Soon after, Squatting Bear, in a fit of passion, killed his oldest wife, and beat a hurried retreat. Miss Barber fell sick and was left at a temporary camp, from which she fled and tried to walk sixty miles to Fort Fetterman. She was speedily caught. When Hiawatha beat her over her head, she turned to him the other cheek also, but failed to soothe his savage spirit by this act of Christianity. He knocked her down, and stamped on her, and performed an *extempore* war-dance on her, and finally, after she had crawled away, sold her for three ponies to a Cheyenne Chief, Bacon-sides. This was in 1870. For the next two years, her life was one of infinite degradation. She was treated as a mere animal, doomed to toil without ceasing, and made to yield implicit obedience to the whims of her owner, under penalty of brutal punishment. While with the Cheyennes, she was compelled to witness the torture of two teamsters from Fort McPherson, who were burned alive by their captors. Three weeks ago, she appeared at Fort Benton, and was taken care of by the officers' wives there. Her wretched attire was exchanged for decent clothing, and she was sent down the Missouri, on her way to her old home at Milford, Mass., where she probably is by this time.

An Irishman named Paddy Doolan, a ready-witted wag, who always had a word for everybody, let it hit whichever way it might. Paddy went into a grocery store one day to buy eggs. "How are eggs to-day?" he asked of the clerk, who was one of those over-smart fellows, by the way. "Eggs are eggs to-day, Paddy," replied the clerk, looking quite triumphant upon two or three young lady customers who happened to be in the store. "Faith, I'm glad to hear yez say so," replied Paddy, "for the last ones I got here were chickens."

## Hints for Summer.

From the Philadelphia Ledger.

After a springtime of unusual and protracted rigor, we feel warranted, in the presence of a thermometer languidly oscillating between 95° and 100° Fahrenheit, in the conviction that we do not assume too great a degree of license in assuring our readers that summer is again come. This is quite as it should be. The wavering grain, the swelling fruits, the illimitable areas of undeveloped "garden seas," all need the mollifying and maturing influences of the summer sun, and they mean to have it. To those who may be restive under the 95 degrees Fahrenheit, we take the liberty of saying that all this is in harmonious accord with the wise provisions of nature's law. We are now engaged in storing up the superfluous caloric to meet the needs of the system in January, 1873, when the thermometer shall indicate -13. The only precaution to be observed at such times is to be careful not to accumulate heat too fast. It is a conceded principle in science that heat is only another form of motion, or motion only another form of heat, we cannot now say definitely which. But admitting one of these propositions to be true (a thing which is inevitable if you deny the other) we see that all forms of motion which are in any degree accelerated, are to be strenuously avoided. In this man should follow the example of the great mother, nature. During the spring months she has busied herself in sprouting leaves and tender twigs, and in putting up unripe fruit in small packages, and now she permits the sun and air to do the work. The inference is obvious. If a man would keep cool during the scorching days of summer, he should leave to some other man whatever there may be of labor. If no other man will do it, he has still the last resource left to all mankind—an appeal to his wife.

One great detriment of hot weather is excessive perspiration. This, it is needless to say, is caused by taking water into the system, and our advice is to avoid water as much as possible. When it is absolutely necessary that it be taken, it should be diluted as much as possible with sugar, or something else, and even then used in small quantities.

Very few people are really aware how much the health and temperature of the human body depends upon diet. It is estimated that to carry on digestion it is necessary that the assimilating apparatus of the system (we dare not write stomach) should be raised to a temperature of 100 degrees. This, with the thermometer at 95 to 100 degrees, creates a heat which is fearful to contemplate, and the aggregate of which we leave the reader to ascertain for himself.

Logically, the conclusion would be that it is better during the hot weather not to eat at all. But as there are, doubtless, those who would resent any advice of this character, however reasonable, we refrain from proffering it.

On the other hand, a few suggestions would not be amiss.

For breakfast, dry toast and cold fried potatoes;

for dinner, bone soup, pickled herring;

*entrees*, cold corned beef with chow chow;

and gooseberries *au naturel*; dessert,

peeled ice, with or without salt. For supper, iced tea, with sugar. This course, if carefully followed up, will enable the most obese individual to go through the hottest day with impunity.

It may be said, in conclusion, that the best way to preserve one's health is to take pains to remain always well.

Indeed, by following this injunction strictly, one may avoid cumbering the mind with needless rules, and many a physician's bill.

## A Highly Educated and Talented Family of Felines.

From the Nashville American.

A young lady friend of ours, who is not an old maid nor will ever be, provided our feelings are well-respected, has three educated cats, whose trained instincts render them interesting animals. One of those cats will, when she hears the door-bell ring, run to the room of the lady, and indulge in various gymnastics, such as arching its back and turning somersaults, apparently expressing a knowledge of the enjoyment she must feel upon "receiving a call." Upon one occasion the young lady went out driving, when the cat followed the buggy as far as the outskirts of the city, when it was invited to and given a seat in the vehicle. One of the other cats, a William Varden, awakes his mistress at a certain hour—before 10 o'clock—every morning, and it is dangerous for a servant or any member of the family to enter the room before this time. When a lady calls and William sees her, he immediately goes in search of his mistress, bounding up stairs and through every room till he finds her, when he seizes her with his teeth. Should a gentleman call, this cat finds his mistress and makes such known by mewing only. The third cat, which is much younger than the rest, takes great interest in music and goes into various antics when any one plays on the piano. When there is vocal music this cat will prance about the floor, and occasionally joins the chorus. Being rather hypochondriac, this cat likes mournful music, the sad strains of which usually cause the animal to crouch to the floor, where it remains as if in deep sympathy with the melody. The principal and certainly the most useful, if not beautiful, habit of these cats is catching mice and chasing rats. Their owner resides on North Sumner street, and it is said the cats came from Spain.

A Missouri legislator clinched an argument against dogs the other day, by swearing that the money expended in supporting 21,000,000 dogs in the United States would buy 1,340,000,000 whisky cocktails every year.

## A Menagerie Mashed—The Animals Loose in the Woods.

A New Haven dispatch says: John Robinson's circus met with an almost irretrievable disaster on the New York and New Haven railroad early this morning. The cages containing the wild beasts, the tents, and all the paraphernalia had been shipped from Bridgeport on a freight train to this city.

As the train was passing under a roadway bridge, two miles west of the city, the bridge fell. The falling timbers first struck the platform cars, on which were the cages. Twelve of the latter were smashed, and six of the largest were swept off in an instant, strewing the track for several hundred feet with their broken fragments.

The caged brutes thus suddenly freed from their imprisonment broke loose in every direction. The monkeys were the first out, followed quickly by two young lions and a wildcat. A valuable tiger, three striped kangaroos, and several of the animals were crushed and instantly killed. Most of the eagles, of which there was a valuable collection, flew away, as did also several of the smaller birds.

The train was promptly stopped, and it was ascertained that four of the drivers had sustained severe injuries. G. N. Robinson, treasurer of the company, had a narrow escape. He was asleep in the ticket wagon, which was smashed into splinters, scattering the money in every direction, but he escaped without a scratch. The loss to the company is estimated at \$50,000.

The rear car and its inmates escaped uninjured. The spectacle at the instant of the overturning of the cages was at once ludicrous and alarming. The monkeys chattering and screaming scampered up the sides of the broken bridge, and seemed to enjoy the fun!

The tigers, Blondin and Dick, after lapping up the blood of several of their less fortunate companions, sprang across the ditch and disappeared. The bear, crippled, limped off up the track, scaring the engineer and fireman nearly out of their wits. The conductor, chased by a hyena, saved his life by climbing a telegraph pole at a critical moment.

The wolves dined off the smaller members of the happy family, and then disappeared in the same direction as the tigers, and, it is feared, after more prey.

One of the large rattlesnakes

was cut in two, but his companions,

a dangerous boa constrictor and two

smaller snakes, were last seen shooting off in the grass toward the city.

As it is known that several of the most dangerous and blood-thirsty members of the menagerie are loose, the utmost consternation reigns here.

## Jesuitism in Germany.

A Roman Catholic Professor of the University of Prague has written a book giving some interesting statistics about the membership of religious orders in Germany. He makes it tolerably obvious that the great Protestant Empire is, in many parts, as much priest-ridden as Spain or Italy. In Prussia, the Professor's figures show that there is one priest or member of a religious fraternity for every 584 Catholics of all ages; in Bavaria, the proportion is one for every 300, and for all Germany, one for every 481. Coming down to particular towns, the relative numbers of Catholic ecclesiastics and laymen are still more surprising. Taking the adult

population of Cologne, it seems that out of every 105, there is one clergymen.

In Aix-la-Capelle there is one ecclesiastic to every thirty-eight adult

Catholics; in Munster one to twenty,

and in Treves one to every ten!

Such data help us to understand how huge a task has been undertaken by Prince

Bismarck in his struggle against Ultra-

montane and Jesuits.—*New York*

*Times*.

## Murderer Shot While on Trial.

On the 21st of June a noted horse thief by the name of James Douglas was traced to a small body of timber in the vicinity of Thayer, Kansas, and surrounded by the Sheriff and a score of men or more. He made a desperate resistance, and fired on the party, and succeeded in mortally wounding Sheriff Rose, who died inside of twenty-four hours, before he was captured.

On Friday, the 28th inst., Douglas was in the court-room undergoing trial, and a Mr. Ross, brother of the murdered man, who had but just arrived on the cars, came into the court-room, and presenting a pistol in the rear of the thief's head, blew his brains out, the ball from the revolver passing through his head from behind the ear out near the temple on the opposite side. A profound sensation was created in the court-room at this sudden interruption, but public sentiment soon sided with Mr. Ross, and the matter in all probability will rest there.—*Kansas City Bulletin*.

## Lightning's Freaks.

During a recent thunder storm Mrs. Louisa Whittington, a widow lady, residing some six or eight miles west of Paulding, Miss., accompanied by her little son, a lad of eight or nine years, stopped at a residence near her home to escape the rain. She had been sitting on the portico with her son by her side but a few minutes, when a flash of lightning struck a shade tree immediately in front of the house, killing them both.

While out in a storm in the vicinity of Big Island, Bedford county, Va., riding a horse and leading another, the Rev. J. J. Price was struck by lightning, the fluid passing down the handle of his umbrella, boring an inch hole through his hat, thence down his right cheek and side into the body of the horse, killing both instantly. The led horse was not hurt. Mr. Price was found by Mr. Martin after the storm had passed.

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## Military Ballooning—Story of the Paris Siege Balloons.

The London *Echo* summarizes an interesting account just published of the doings of the Paris siege balloons, which show that ballooning is by no means so dangerous a mode of traveling as many would have us believe. Out of sixty-four balloons which left the French capital, only two came to a bad end, and as these were lost at sea in trying to escape the enemy, it is but fair to suppose that they would otherwise have descended safely. Curiously enough, a northerly wind, which would obviously have been the most favorable for driving the balloons to the south of France, and therefore out of the reach of the enemy, seems rarely to have helped the besieged. This fact alone added much to the difficulties to be encountered by the aerial navigators in keeping out of harm's way, and really the only wonder is that so many of the voyages, being made in a northeasterly direction, there were not more captures effected.

Only five balloons were actually taken by the Germans, although, as may be supposed, many had very narrow escapes, sixteen in all falling within the enemy's lines. Two of these there was no chance of saving, for they went right over into hostile territory; one of these unfortunate conveyances descended in Prussia and the other in Bavaria. Several accidents happened to the aeronauts in their descent, but if we except the two instances of balloons going out to sea, only one of these ended fatally. Of the sixty-four balloons dispatched, fifty-seven reached a safe destination, carrying 150 navigators and passengers. The duration of the voyage was, on an average, but three hours at the commencement of the service in September, 1870, but as the German troops approached nearer and surrounded the capital more effectively, it was deemed desirable to make a longer journey, and in January the average voyage was between six and seven hours. At this period, too, it was found necessary to dispatch the balloons during the night, so that they might get a fair start and be well out of rifle shot when passing over Versailles and the outposts of the German army.

The most memorable voyage was thus made on the 21st November, when the North Sea was traversed by a balloon which reached Christiania, after a voyage of some fourteen hours. The distance traveled was certainly not less than 1,000 miles and at the rate of seventy miles an hour—beyond a doubt the fastest rate of locomotion on record.

The balloons themselves were constructed of oiled silk, and mostly contained some 2,000 cubic meters of gas. They were designed and manufactured under the superintendence of M. Godard, whose fame as an aeronaut was well established before the siege.

A number of volunteers from the French navy, chosen for their peculiar fitness for the service, were trained to navigate the balloons. Most of the balloons carried passengers, and generally several hundredweight of dispatches, together with a basket of pigeons, to be employed as return messengers. In some instances, too, dogs were carried out, in the hope that these would find their way back into Paris, laden with letters for the besieged; but there was no instance, we believe, of these animals fulfilling the hopes of their sanguine owners.

The manner in which news was conveyed by aid of these balloons at very regular intervals from the 23d September, 1870, until the 28th January, 1871, will long be remembered.

The 50,000 messages which were actually sent into the beleaguered city, between the same

dates, by means of pigeons brought out by the aeronauts, must all be put down to the credit of the balloon service, so wonderfully organized and effectively carried out.

## How It Feels to be Blown Up.

A survivor of the recent disaster to the tug-boat McDonald, on the Mississippi, thus tells the story of his experience: I was awakened from sleep by a heavy concussion, followed immediately by a second and heavier one.

Everything seemed to give away. There

was a rush of hot air, and I found myself going through the air. Something

struck me in the side and broke my ribs.

I knew in a minute what was the matter, and I had all my senses about me.

It seemed to me that I went up a frightful distance. How far, of course, I can't tell.

I felt the hot air that started with me, and struck a cooler current.

I went up head first, and, as I stopped, turned over and came down head first.

The thought passed through my mind that this was unfortunate, for I might

strike a piece of the wreck and injure myself.

Just then a stick struck me, and whirled me over so that I struck the water first.

The blow left a mark on my right leg about eight inches long,

and crippled it so that I could not use it.

I took in a full breath of air as I

touched the water and soon began to rise.

The thought struck me, what if I

come down just in time to be hit by a

falling timber. As I came up I thrust

up my hand over my head to protect it,

and caught it on a piece of the roof,

cutting it somewhat. My theory is

that it was a part of the roof over me. I