

INDIAN ENGLISH.

How the Red Man Expresses Himself in Our Tongue.

A Militiaman's Observations on the Peculiar Speech of the Western Indians—Some Quoted Constructions.

Lieut. Grote Hutchison, aid-de-camp to Gen. Copping, is in receipt of a highly interesting letter from one of his brother officers now in camp at Fort Hall, Idaho, the home of the Indians who were mixed up in the recent Jackson's Hole trouble. The letter is interesting because it has nothing to say of Jackson's Hole, which is a relief. Instead, it deals largely with conditions at Fort Hall from the standpoint of a student of ethnology.

"I am taken," says the writer, whose name Lieut. Hutchison does not feel at liberty to mention, "with the speech of the Indians in their communications with the whites. Having little to occupy time, I have bothered to look into the origin of the kind of language which I hear used by Indians and traders in their talk with one another. It suggests the slang of the Bowery, being a purely artificial adjunct to both the Indian and the English language. It suggests, too, the baby talk of young mothers, who insist on placing verbs where nouns should be, and who prefer mixing up their first, second and third persons to taking them straight. For instance, there is the word 'mebbe.' At first I thought this to be a sort of corruption of may be, meaning perhaps, or used in a doubting way. This is not true. The Indian and the white in conversation use 'mebbe' as an affirmative. 'Mebbe get wagon' is the strongest way of declaring that you will get a wagon. 'You eat mebbe' brings delight to the Indian, for that is a promise of giving him food, a promise which may by no means be evaded. A white man, too, in conversing with an Indian, when the Indian will converse, and when he knows even this patois, injects 'mebbe' into his talk at every fourth word, or, if he gets excited, he puts it in at the third.

"There is no pronoun in the mixed vocabulary of the reservation. The words 'white man' and 'Injun' will fill in for all the persons and all the cases, too, by the way. Somebody will write an Indian-English grammar some day, and it will be comprised in less than a hundred words. Simplicity takes the place of explicitness, I am bound to say, and sometimes you have to use a carefully-trained ear to know whether it is a threat, a command or a promise, or a request that is being flung at you. Mood is unknown in the grammar of the Bannock.

"I discover that the English language of Fenimore Cooper and Oli Coomes are nonexistent. I have dug profoundly into the 'Ugh' and the three-word sentences of the novelist, and I find they are out of fashion. If you succeed in getting an Indian to talk to you at all he will not shut off with three words ending in an exclamation point. Neither will he use the expression 'pale face.' No self-respecting Indian says 'pale face' now.

"Altogether the language is a study worth attention. Seriously, I imagine a text book could be compiled which would really result in a great good for the government in bringing the Indians to something like civilized habits. As it is, the instruction is based on the same conditions as prevail in the English language and with English-speaking persons. This does not fit the Indian. His language is simplicity itself, and there are no twists of case, tense or the like. As to tense, one illustration will show. Take the word 'Go.' We have it 'go, went, gone, going, will go,' while the Indian puts in two cases, 'go' and 'was go.' If he wishes to make it a future tense he simply puts in the specific time, as 'He go to-morrow, mebbe,' which to my mind is quite expressive of the idea. I seriously believe attention might be called to this situation among scholastic men and perhaps we would be able to get along without rascally and incompetent interpreters. One hundred words would be a good vocabulary."—Council Bluffs Nonpareil.

Geese from Shellfish.

Everybody in the whole civilized world between the 11th and 17th centuries believed that the "barnacle goose" hatched from that species of shellfish called the barnacle. The story was first told by Cambrensis and was devoutly believed by all christendom for more than 500 years. A well-known scientific writer, reviewing the opinions of Cambrensis, says: "According to our venerable authority, the barnacle goose is generated from logs of wood allowed to decompose in the water. When decomposition has fairly begun small bumps on the log may be observed. Little by little these increase in size and finally assume the form and shape of a mass of barnacles, which is well known as a kind of shellfish. Soon after the shell, or hunk, bursts open and a full-grown goose may be seen in the water clinging to the log only by the bill. A few days longer it continues to draw its nourishment from the log, then breaks away in the form of a perfect goose, exercising all the functions of its kind."—Detroit Free Press.

Rubber Boots for Doggies.

Across the water they sell India rubber boots for pet dogs to wear while taking their daily run in muddy weather. They lace up the side and are pronounced very neat and useful. As their price is two dollars a set, they are easily within the reach of those who, on occasion, pay two hundred dollars for the dog that will wear them. It will strike the person who is not an intense admirer of the toy dogs that the world could get along very well without this addition to their impediments, says the New York Times, but since toy dogs stay, they might as well wear rubber boots.

AN EXPENSIVE BUG.

The Gypsy Moth Cost the Government \$20,000.

It Was Hunted for Months by an Expedition Throughout the Whole Country. The Insect Cost Massachusetts a Fortune.

The other day I made a trip with Secretary Morton about his preserves. Every once in two or three months the secretary makes a progress through his domain, which extends as far as the experimental station at Benning, near Washington, D.C., and about four miles from what might be called his headquarters in the Mall. As we stepped out of the door of the agricultural building Secretary Morton pointed to a small brick structure to the east.

"That's where we keep our insects," he said, "and no one need laugh at our collection. I regard it as fine an array of bugs as any on earth. Yes, sir," remarked the secretary, while his eyes twinkled, for he it known the secretary doesn't think much of bug investigations. I've got a bug in there that cost the government \$20,000; he doesn't look it, but he did. It's a fact. One day an outfit of scientists started in pursuit of this bug. They ranged all over the hemisphere and stuck to his trail like bloodhounds. They ransacked North America all the way from the isthmus to Alaska. After the most remarkable adventures by flood and field, they treed their bug and took him a prisoner. He was then brought captive to Washington and he's right there now, in that brick house, the highest-priced bug on earth. A roundup of the total expense of that one bug hunt came to over \$20,000. But we got the bug.

"There's nothing like science," remarked the secretary, "or scientists to bring some bald detail of government properly to bay.

"For instance, there was Prof. Harrington, at one time chief of the weather bureau. He was a scientist, and a good one, and used only scientific methods in everything to which he turned his hand. For example, one day our weather fellow at Baker City, Ore., failed to send in a report for four straight days. We didn't know whether he was in the midst of storms or calms; we couldn't hear from him. This Baker City silence grew tedious. My first notice of it, however, was one morning when I received a communication from Prof. Harrington, wherein he set forth the deathlike stillness which prevailed in the case of our Baker City man and wound up by recommending that a gentleman named Smith in San Francisco be instructed to proceed to Baker City at an expenditure not to exceed \$100, and explore the observatory, as well as the man in charge, and discover the reasons of his silence. It struck me as a scientific case of going all about Robin Hood's barn, and I remarked to the professor after reading his recommendation:

"I guess we'll follow your recommendation after I have wired him—that is, if it should then be necessary."

"Thereupon I took a telegraph blank and wired my tongue-tied friend at Baker City, and briefly asked why he had failed to send the weather report for the last four days. In about an hour his reply came in.

"Because the wires were down until this morning. They have just been repaired."

"That was all he said, but it was full enough for our purpose. Of course, we didn't get the information scientifically, but we got it just the same, and it only cost 75 cents instead of \$100.

"Still, there is nothing like science," continued the secretary, "only one should be mighty careful how he fools with it. A scientific mishap is apt to broaden into a disaster rapidly. It was only recently that some earnest French scientist imported from Europe an insect called the 'gypsy moth.' He intended to cross this foreign moth with some local bird of kindred feather, and, while I'm not clear as to his ultimate expectations, my impression is that he thought that this mole moth which he was after would take some important part in silk culture.

"So he brought a family of gypsy moths and established himself with these interesting insects in some town in Massachusetts. He had them all locked up in a sort of a mosquito-netting cage. This was hanging near an open window, in order to give the captives a chance at the fresh air, and a wind came along, when the Frenchman's scientific back was turned, and blew the whole business out of doors. The gypsy moths got away and since then they and their descendants have nearly eaten up every green thing in Massachusetts, except Congressman Morse. I hear the moths missed him. It's the truth; the moths simply laid waste the state, and the legislature has already been driven to appropriate over \$400,000 toward their extermination. That happened as the result of that scientific experiment. Oh, no! I am not saying anything against science; I only wish to emphasize the fact that people who fool with it ought to have a care."—N. Y. Journal.

Literary Men Who Were Shy.

Mrs. Julia Ward Howe tells two new anecdotes of the shyness of literary men—one of Hawthorne, of whom such anecdotes are common, the other of Irving. Irving, she says, attempted to make a speech at a dinner given to Charles Dickens, but after mumbling a few words indistinctly he remarked: "I can't go on," and sat down. Of Hawthorne's timidity she had a glimpse while calling with her husband on Mrs. Hawthorne in Concord. While they were in the parlor they saw a tall, slim man come down the stairs, and Mrs. Hawthorne called out: "Husband, husband, Dr. Howe and Mrs. Howe are here!" Hawthorne bolted across the hall and out through the door without even looking into the parlor.

MONEY IN PEARLS.

Some Valuable Gems Found in the Streams of Kentucky.

Quite an Extensive Business Done by the Pearl Hunters—The Late Dry Season Productive of Great Success.

The continued dry weather of the past summer and fall, which has caused many of the creeks and rivers in Kentucky to go nearly dry, has been very favorable to the pearl hunters in the Cumberland and other rivers, and quite a number of fine specimens have been found, especially in the Cumberland river, which seems to be the most productive of pearl-bearing mussels. One of the well-known pearl hunters told the writer that he had found several pearls during the past summer that were worth \$75 to \$100 each, and a large lot of smaller and cheaper ones.

The leading pearl hunters, who prospect up and down the Cumberland, send their pearls to Chicago, Philadelphia and New York, Tiffany getting the best of them. Several years ago an old man picked up a mussel from a sandbar in the Cumberland river near Point Burnside, a station on the Cincinnati Southern railroad, and upon opening the oyster-like bivalve found a magnificent pearl of fine size and color. A pearl hunter who ran across the old man shortly afterward, and to whom he showed the gem, at once recognized the value of it, and bought it for a trifling sum, afterward selling it for \$500. Such finds as this, however, are few and far between.

The pearl hunters work whenever the water is not too cold for them to wade in it. They find the mussels lying on the sandbars, pick them up, and prying them open, "feel" for the pearl, and if there is no pearl drop the mussel back into its place in the river. The pearl is found clinging to the wall of the mussel's shell, and close to the mouth of it. The large majority of the pearls, as a matter of course, are oddly shaped and irregular in form, and for that reason are worthless. Now and then pearls of beautiful color are found, but useless because of a lack of desirable form. The round pearls, usually found and put upon the market by these wandering pearl hunters, vary in size from the dimensions of the head of a pin to the size of a pea, and bring from 50 cents to \$50 apiece. Few of them reach the \$50 mark, however.

The pearl hunters who search the Kentucky streams is usually a shiftless, easy-going fellow, who is at home most any place, and makes his bed upon the banks of the stream as readily as he would in the most elaborately furnished mansion. When he has good luck on a trip he waits until all of his money is gone before he strikes out upon another journey. Now and then a more businesslike operator is found, who will carry a camping outfit, good tent, etc., and live in true sportsmanlike style while at work.

The pearl hunters say that one reason why the streams of Kentucky are more productive of pearls than the rivers in some other states is because of the limestone bedrock, which seems more adapted to the purposes of the pearl-bearing mussels than the formations underlying many streams in other sections of the country. Pearl mussels are, therefore, found in nearly every waterway in the blue grass state, but for some reason only a comparatively small number of men are engaged in the hunting of them, which frequently pays a great deal better than most any other form of common labor. The excitement and anticipation attendant upon the industry, too, has something of the effect of the fascination of the diamond fields, for the "next one" is always expected to be a \$500 beauty. One of the most valuable pearls ever found in the United States, the pearl hunters say, came from the Miami river, in Ohio.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Rye Whisky Tipples.

"Which one of the alcoholic liquors is the least injurious for man to drink?" This question was asked a Philadelphia physician of recognized eminence. He endeavored to answer it honestly in the light of his large experience; but since both the question and his answer implied that every alcoholic liquor is injurious, nobody who would not wish to inflict needless injury upon himself will care to know what was the reply. The doctor, however, told a story that is worth more than his answer to the question. When in the west several years ago, the physician spoke to a judge, who has since died, of the considerable number of rugged old western lawyers whose invariable tipple was rye whisky, and raised the question whether that was not the least harmful of strong drinks. "Doctor," said the veteran jurist, "you are a stranger here, and you see only the survivors."—Youth's Companion.

A Pompeiiian Boiler.

A tubular boiler 1800 years old has been discovered at Pompeii. It is made of sheet metal, probably copper, in the shape of a large amphora, or two-handled jar, with a hollow space running half way up the center of the jar. In this space was placed a cylindrical fire-box resting on five firebars, which are tubes three-quarters of an inch in diameter, connecting with the water space. The fuel seems to have been charcoal.

—Fur, after some years' wear, will look much improved if cleaned with white bran previously heated in the oven. Rub the hot bran well into the fur with a piece of flannel, shake the fur to remove all particles, and then brush thoroughly. The fur will clean more easily if the lining and wadding are first removed, but such removal is not absolutely needful. The flat, oily look which mars the appearance of the neck portion of furs long in use is mostly, if not wholly, removed by the means of hot bran. Rub the fur the wrong way.

THE TROUBLESOME HUNS.

Their Unsightly and Unruly Colonies in Pennsylvania.

Mining Towns That Are Like the Slums of Our Great Cities—Lawlessness and Bloodshed on Sunday and Pay Day.

A recent number of the American Magazine of Civics contains an interesting article on the Pennsylvania Huns by W. F. Gibbons. These troublesome residents of the Keystone state are not genuine Magyars, not, strictly speaking, of the Hungarian race, but Slavs, like Russians and Poles. Their first introduction in Pennsylvania was the work of employing corporations, which imported them to cheapen labor. The law soon interposed a barrier against this importation, but the immigration of Huns was not interrupted. The wages they get in Pennsylvania, although too small for Americans to live on, are greater than they receive at home, so they continue to arrive. Coal miners meet them in New York and offer them work in Pennsylvania.

Mr. Gibbons cites the census tables, showing that at the latest enumeration Pennsylvania contained 24,901 Huns, and the United States but 62,425. The Pennsylvania Huns are mostly collected in the comparatively small anthracite coal regions of the Wyoming and Schuylkill valleys. A single county, Luzerne, contained in 1890 as many Huns as the entire state of Ohio. Since 1890, despite hard times and the return of many immigrants to their own country, the number of Huns has largely increased.

The mining towns where these people live are like the slums of our great cities. The streets are filled with garbage, and riots, often resulting in homicides, are expected on the Sunday after every pay day. Of course most of the original inhabitants have left. They did not stand upon the order of their going, but got out with dispatch. In some towns only a few voters remain. The murder of a Hun by one of his own race creates no demand for justice in the minds of his surviving countrymen. "If the survivors be approached," says Mr. Gibbons, "and urged to call in the law they will grunt expressively and remark with more or less distinctness: 'Dead Hungari no good.' Indeed, an ordinary murder passes 'almost without comment.'

But these people are not incapable of learning some lessons in the school of experience. They have been cheated and blackmailed outrageously by dishonest officials at the mines and by English-speaking miners, but they have gotten their eyes open at last and are extremely alert. They have learned the art of saloon keeping and they are getting into politics. Mr. Gibbons says that already in some communities there is "the shadow of the coming Hungarian political boss." "In every list of honorary vice presidents at the great political meetings prominent places are given the men bearing such names as Arsenius Tsrnoievitch or Kubo Zlotlorzinski." Huns have been made postmasters in some places and have begun to elect their own justices of the peace. It is noted as a hopeful indication that they have begun to leave the company houses and the boarding houses and to establish themselves in homes of their own. Some of them have grown rich—that is, rich for Huns.

The second generation is not, in Mr. Gibbons' opinion, an improvement on the first. He states that the immigrants, with few exceptions, could read their own language, but that their children are taken from school and put to work before they have made much progress in rudimentary education. Few of them go to the public schools and there is a slim attendance at the parochial schools. These are the inevitable results of the great reduction of wages in the coal and coke regions.

Almost every evil is productive of some good. The Huns are better off in Pennsylvania than they were in their own country. But it will strike the general reader that Pennsylvania has paid, in paying and will long continue to pay a heavy price for the betterment of the Huns' condition.



The advantage of a policeman over a burglar is that the officer has the law on his side. Health has the same advantage over disease. The Law of Nature is for people to be healthy. When they are sick, Nature helps to cure them. Nature's law is the guide for curing sick people. There is no way but Nature's way. What the doctors call many different diseases: Nature cures in one way; by nourishing the whole body with good, pure, rich blood. That is Nature's way of curing scrofula, erysipelas, kidney and "liver complaint," consumption and every form of eruptive and wasting disease. When you want to help Nature with medicine the medicine must work the same way as Nature works, then it has the laws of Nature on its side to make it powerful. That is the secret of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery's wonderful cures. It assists Nature according to her own laws; it is on Nature's side and Nature helps it; it imparts new power to the nutritive and blood making organs to create a large quantity of fresh, red, healthy blood which drives every germ of disease out of the system and builds up strong healthy tissues and solid flesh. The "Discovery" completely cures away every form of blood-disease from the system; it cures cancer consumption. It is the only true radical cure for that disease; facts and testimony to prove it.

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