

RED AND BLACK.

Indians Have Always Had a Dread of Colored Soldiers.

It is a curious fact, vouched for by various army officers whose experience qualifies them to testify in this regard, that the Indians have always feared the black soldiers more than they have the white.

The cavalry troop to which a certain veteran, now on the retired list, was once attached soldiered alongside a couple of troops of the Ninth cavalry, a colored regiment, during the Sioux troubles. The white men were performing chain guard—that is, hemming in duty—and their task was to prevent the Ogallalas from straying from the reservation. If any of them were to attempt to pass the whites were to prod them with bayonets. The result was that the white troop often had to perform the risky task of forcing back armed six foot savages with the bayonets, and there were some very dangerous moments, but the black troops alongside had no such trouble. While the Indians were continually crowding upon the white soldiers, they let the blacks completely alone.

Moreover, the black troops obtained from the Indians a general obedience tenfold that accorded the whites. The Indians fairly would jump to obey the uniformed blacks. One day a black sergeant saw a minor chief, who was sunning himself at the door of his tepee, send his squaw with a couple of pails down to the creek to get water. The black sergeant walked up to the lazy savage and prodded him.

"Look heah!" he exclaimed. "Jest shake yo' no 'count bones an' go tote dat watah yo'se!! Yo' heah me!"

The Indian did not understand the words, but he comprehended perfectly the gesture, especially when the black man took the pails from the squaw's hands and put them in those of her lord and master. The Indian went after the water at an astonishingly rapid pace.

At the time of the Pine Ridge troubles, when the Indians were on one occasion in line of battle, the duty of charging them was confided to two black troops. The negroes began to yell as soon as they started, and their howls increased in volume with every jump of their horses, until it seemed that the air was being rent with the screams of a thousand demons.

Just as soon as the red men caught sight through the cloud of alkali dust of the black faces and open mouths of the charging negroes they broke and fled, but were soon surrounded and disarmed. The chiefs afterward confessed that the braves were badly scared by the awful howling of the black troopers. —New York Press.

Peer Tom.

A very youthful and entirely unknown musical composer read some verses by the renowned Thomas Moore which he liked very much. Forthwith the buzz of inspiration circulated through his brain, and the next thing he knew he had evolved a tune which went right prettily with the words of the Irish poet. Much elated, the very youthful composer took the product to a publisher of popular songs and sang it to him. The publisher shook his head.

"The music's all right," he opined, "but the words are bum." —New York Times.

The Plural Germs.

Dorothy, aged five, had been fully instructed in the dangers that might arise from germs and had been warned especially never to put anything in her mouth except legitimate food. One day two-year-old, sitting on the floor, found a piece of candy and promptly put it in her mouth. Dorothy rushed to the rescue. "Oh, you must not do that," she insisted. "Take it out. Now, don't you know your mouth is full of little Germans?" —New York Press.

Sick, All Right.

"Henry, I want you to tell me instantly where you have been!"
"I've been sitting up with Binkley. He's sick."
"Sick? Humph! I saw him this afternoon, and he wasn't sick then."
"Well, he's been sick all the evening just the same."
"What made him sick so suddenly?"
"The cards he held." —Chicago Record-Herald.

Just a Lovers' Quarrel.

"Hello, Chumley! Where did you get that black eye?"
"Oh, only a lovers' quarrel."
"A lovers' quarrel! You don't mean to say your girl did that, do you?"
"Oh, no; it was her old lover, I mean."

A FEAST IN TURKEY.

Meats and Sweets Alternated in Bickening Succession.

Mrs. W. M. Ramsay, in "Everyday Life in Turkey," gives the following account of a feast in which she once participated:

"Pillows were placed about the table, on which we sat Turkish fashion. A large metal tray heaped with bread which resembled scones was placed on the center of the table. The first course consisted of pishmish, a lukewarm compound of rice, onions, sour milk, cheese and fat, eaten with black wooden spoons set with colored beads. One small spoonful sufficed for me.

"The second course was a calf whole, head and horns, boiled and smothered in a mass of garlic. It was eaten with the fingers, and it was very good. I did not know what was to follow, and on the principle of making hay while the sun shines made a meal with a recklessness born of ignorance.

"Next a huge cream tart was set before us. I will not attempt to describe the exquisite lightness of the flaky pastry or the delicate flavor of the rich cream. A dream of my childhood was realized. Smilingly I awaited the signal to rise from the table. Alas, pride goes before a fall! The dish was removed only to make room for a mixture of mincemeat and rice wrapped in young vine leaves—a delicious dish when one is hungry, but I was not hungry. This was succeeded by a great bowl of cherries cooked in honey. I abandoned hope and, sadly grasping the tiny spoon, pretended to enjoy the sweet. Memories haunted me of other occasions when the refusal of some delicacy by my husband or myself had caused a dish to be removed untasted, hosts being too polite to eat of a favorite dish declined by guests.

"The cherries were followed by a kid roasted whole and stuffed with pistachio nuts; then another dish of sweets, then fowls, vegetables, meats and fruits—always a dish of meats and one of sweets alternating in hideous succession until I lost count. A kind of nightmare oppressed me. I ceased even to hope for the end. Suddenly I woke to the fact that pilaf was on the table. A thrill of joy ran through me, for pilaf is always the last dish of a Turkish dinner."

Foiled the Hotel Clerk.

"The only way you can legitimately keep out undesirable persons from a hotel is to raise the price or to assert that your house is full," said a hotel clerk, "but you never know when this may fail.

"A couple once came up to register whom I sized up at once as the kind we were particularly anxious not to take in. 'I am very sorry,' I said to the man, 'but the house is absolutely filled and the only thing I could offer you would be a small snit.'

"What's that?" demanded the traveler, and I explained that it consisted of a small parlor, bedroom and bath.

"What's the price?" he asked.

"Twenty-five dollars a day," I replied.

"I guess that will be all right," said the stranger calmly, and he registered. He had me." —New York Sun.

Robinson Crusoe.

"Robinson Crusoe" was inspired, it is said, by the true story of Alexander Selkirk. Selkirk, a native of Scotland, was left ashore on the island of Juan Fernandez by his captain in 1704 and lived there alone until he was discovered by Captain Rogers in 1709. Selkirk composed a narrative of his solitary experiences on the island, and it was from his story that Daniel Defoe got the idea of his immortal book. Selkirk died in 1723, a lieutenant in the British navy, and a monument to his memory was erected on the island of Juan Fernandez in 1868.

Johnson and the Smart Children.

Full of indignation against such parents as delight to produce their young ones early into the talking world, Samuel Johnson gave a good deal of pain by refusing to hear the verses the children could recite or the songs they could sing. One friend told him that his two sons should repeat Gray's "Elegy" to him alternately, that he might judge who had the happiest cadence.

"No; pray, sir," said he, "let the dears both speak at once."

Hardy.

"A nice husband you are!" said madam in a passion. "You care less about me than about those pet animals of yours. Look what you did when your poodle, Azor, died." Husband (quietly)—Well, I had him stuffed. Wife (exasperated)—You wouldn't have gone to that expense for me—not you, indeed!

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