

SCARED THE RED MEN

HOW A CROWD OF CATTLEMEN DROVE UP A GHOST DANCE.

A Roman Candle Bombardment That Stampeded the Three Hundred Braves and Started Them on a Run That Lasted Into the Next Day.

"We never called Rooney by the name of Jack, although his Christian name was John, and in the cattle country there were few men named after Christ's chief disciple who was not known as Jack. We always called him John Rooney. The last I ever heard of him he was living up in Nebraska, not far from Ogallala, on the south fork of the Platte, just after the stream leaves the Colorado line."

Thus descended a former cattleman, who is now pursuing a peaceful and commonplace life in Kansas City, the other evening. He was talking of life on the big cattle range in the days when the fame of Dodge City, Abilene, Hayes City and Ellis was on the wane as tough towns of Kansas and their upbuilding as law abiding communities had begun.

"In them days," he continued, "our openings for fun was less frequent than national holidays are at present. It was mostly hard riding, and lots of it. It gave us all a sorter yearning to bust loose the cinches and raise hell at the first opportunity, and sometimes the way we did it was as unique as they was startling. The time I speak of in this pertickler yarn we was grazing a big bunch of cattle, mostly long horns, in the Cherokee strip, along the north fork of the Canadian river, within a day's riding of old Fort Supply. The Osages and some other tribes used to come in there for their green corn and harvest dances and have highfalootin ole times in general. We all remarks this and speaks of it sorter scornful because we did not like Injuns much no-how. When I say this, I don't mean that Rooney was the one to put the quirt to the Injuns. He was overquirt on the subject. He generally was peace-fullike and calm. He was a thinker, Rooney was, and with some schooling and a little politics would have been a great man in the city I tow."

"About this time the camp begins to get short on grub, and some four or five of the boys was sent to Medicine Lodge, across the Kansas line, with wagons to bring back a supply of necessities. Kansas was not a prohibition state then, and you could get most any kind of stimulant in Medicine Lodge—that is to say, they had rye and Bourbon whiskey, and I suppose they also had beer. In them days I never could see the virtues of beer."

"As I was saying, you could get about any kind of liquor you wanted in Medicine Lodge, and so we kept pretty well wet. Rooney here displayed his sagacity. While we all had forgotten all about them pesky Injuns he comes in one day we was to leave and puts in to the wagon about 20 of them big roman candles that shoot ten times, you know, each shot a big ball of yellow, red or bluish flame."

"What you going to do with them Fourth of July fixings now?" we all asks, seeing as how it was getting closer to Thanksgiving."

"Never you mind that," said John, kinder winking his eye southeast."

"So we all was mighty curious during the trip back to the Canadian, but says nothing. A few days after we gets back them Injuns begins gathering for a annual feast of some kind, and then one night they prepares for one of them dances. Of course, all of the boys what could be spared wanted off to see the monkey business of them redskins. Then John Rooney, he called a council of war and unfolded the secret of them roman candles. He tells all the boys, some 15 in number, to stay with him, and leads the way to the timber, where the ghost dance was going on. We all takes one of them roman candles and no one speaks a word or coughs or makes any loud signs."

"When them 800 braves was a-tearing up the ground and yelling at the height of the dance, we gets the word from Rooney and lights up them candles simultaneous, and they begin shooting fire and brimstone into them Injuns sure enough. The boys wasn't used to shooting off them things and was about half scared themselves at the devilish hissing and the sparks, but them Injuns—well, I can't say what they thought, but it was plain how they acted. Some of 'em took to the other side of the woods, some jumped straight up, a lot went for the north fork of the Canadian, running so fast it 'ud take four men to see 'em. Stop then? Well, I guess not. They jumped right in and swum for dear life. They never stopped to see that the blamed fire had quit, and fellers working on the range the other side of the fork said they saw them running the next morning when they was just starting their day's riding."

"That night's devilment like to got us all into trouble, though, and the most of us discreetly struck out for Kansas to avoid any unpleasant consequences. But laugh—say, I never laughed so in my life."—Kansas City Star.

A Good Law.

A law has just been passed in France forbidding any one to give solid food to infants under a year old without the written authority of a physician. In France, too, the long rubber tubes to feeding bottles are forbidden under heavy penalties. Every where people are warned not to use them, the reason being that it is impossible to keep them properly sterilized.

Original Sources.

Mrs. De Style—Dear me! What a lot of society news you've got hold of—even to a full description of Miss Tiptop's Paris trousseau! Where did you hear it all?

Miss De Style—At the symphony concert.—New York Weekly.

Turgenev's Admiration For Dickens.

If many judgments are (heaven know) mistaken enough in the matter; they are most disarming, not in themselves, but as symptoms. And whenever a young author begins to bore you with peevish disparagement of his fellows you may pity him even more than you pity yourself, for he is unconsciously parading the first and all but infallible indication of intellectual barrenness. That querulous note foredooms him. It is the buzz of the predestinate drone. Conversely, it is the first sign of usefulness that it recognizes and is attracted by usefulness. Except by this simple truth you will find it hard to explain, for instance, Turgenev's enthusiasm for Dickens. What attraction, you will ask yourself, could the creator of such characters as Neshdanoff and Bazarof find in the creator of such characters as Mr. Pickwick and the Cheeryble brothers; the mild and melancholy Slav in the obsequious, vigorous British optimist? Roudine and Mr. Micawber are, each in his way, studies of the sanguine, unpractical temperament which feels on its own illusions. But the mere collocation of the two names raises a smile. The two stand as wide apart as the poles, and can only, you would say, have come from imaginations as wide apart as the poles. Turgenev's whole theory of his art was a point blank denial of Dickens' whole theory. And yet Turgenev's admiration of Dickens was fervent and constant. "It does not matter," somewhere observes Mr. Birrell, "what the little poets do, but great ones should never pass one another without a royal salute."—A. T. Quiller-Couch in Pall Mall Gazette.

Disappearing Guns.

The disappearing carriage are built in accordance with any one of a number of mechanical principles, but whatever system be employed, the practical operation is the same. In front of the gun is an immense shield of sand and concrete presenting no projection or angles which would reveal its location. Behind this the gun lies hidden. It is loaded, given the proper elevation and direction, rises, discharges its projectile and the recoil returns it to its hidden position.

To test the value of such mountings, the English conducted experiments at Portland in 1885. A pit was dug in the natural slope of a hill, and in this pit a wooden model of a large gun was mounted upon a disappearing carriage. It was arranged to appear for half a minute at intervals of three minutes, emit a puff of smoke and disappear. The Hercules at 800 yards fired in ten minutes 6,910 rounds from the machine guns and 29 rounds from its six pounders. The gun stuck at the seventh minute and could not be hauled down. In spite of this it was struck only 16 times and had it been steel the effect would have been simply to scratch the paint. Besides this, twenty-eight 10-inch shells were fired at it from a distance of 2,500 yards, and no hits were made, the shell striking from 300 yards short to 300 yards over and from 120 yards left to 120 yards right. This was under circumstances unfavorable to the gun, since it did not return the fire. A fixed gun subjected to a similar test was struck over 200 times.—Collier's Weekly.

A Young Housekeeper.

"Have you two or three nice beef tongues?" asked the new housekeeper. "Not today, ma'am," replied the butcher, "but I can order them for you. How many did you say you wanted?" "Two or three."

"Whole tongues?" "Yes, sir."

"You must have made a mistake. Have you any idea of the size of a beef tongue? I know there are only two in your family, and I can't see how you could eat all that."

A Remarkable Foster.

The posters of "Julius Caesar" that are decorating some of the London boardings contain probably the most remarkable evidence of the prescience of the Romans that has ever been recorded. On the right hand side of the sheet is a coin, intended to be Roman. It bears a head, under which is the name "Julius Caesar," while surmounting it is the date B. C. 48. Evidently the Roman mint had prophetic powers denied to similar institutions in a later age.—London Chronicle.

Advice.

Winkle—I wonder what becomes of all the boys who leave the country and enter the great struggle of life in the city?

Kinkle—They make big fortunes, and then lie back in their easy chairs and advise country boys to stick to the farm.—New York Weekly.

Five is the great sacred Chinese number. There are five virtues, five colors (yellow, white, green, red and black), five household gods, five planets (Saturn, Venus, Jupiter, Mars, Mercury), five ranks of nobility, five tastes, five cardinal points (the middle, east, west, south and north respectively), and five tones.

On the average, and taking England and Wales, one person in 73 is a Smith, one in 76 a Jones, one in 115 a Williams, one in 148 a Taylor, one in 162 a Davies, and one in 174 a Brown.

CANNY INSECT WORKERS.

They Fertilize Flowers For Strictly Utilitarian Reasons.

A correspondent writes: "The theory of the origin of flowers by the selection of insects in one which has attracted much attention both in scientific circles and from the general public. Set forth by Darwin in the 'Origin of Species.' It has been largely developed in a series of interesting publications by Sir John Lubbock and Mr. Grant Allen. Some fresh and interesting light has now been thrown on it by a series of experiments recently carried out by Professor Plateau of the University of Ghent. Professor Plateau has arrived at the conclusion that insects are indifferent to the colors of the flowers they visit, and that they are guided to them in a very subordinate way by sight. The experiments on which the Belgian professor bases his far-reaching conclusions are briefly these: Having covered the brightly colored flowers of single dahlias in his garden with bits of green leaf, he found that they were still visited by insects. This seemed so much at variance with the generally received view that insects are attracted to flowers chiefly by their color that Professor Plateau instituted a prolonged series of experiments and observations to put the matter still further to the proof. The result has been to confirm and strengthen the conclusions drawn from the first experiments. Cutting off the brightly colored corollas of such flowers as lobelia, evening primrose, foxglove, etc., he found the remaining green parts were still visited. Again there are some brightly colored flowers which are seldom or never visited by insects owing to their lack of honey. Notable among these is the scarlet geranium of our garden. But when a little honey was placed on geranium flowers bees came to them at once, those blossoms which had not received honey being passed over."

Other conspicuous flowers were tried in a similar way with like results. The experiment of removing the honey bearing parts of a flower and leaving the brightly colored part, which was supposed to be attractive, was also tried with the single dahlia. Its inner florets were removed, leaving the conspicuous outer ones, a piece of yellow leaf being placed in the center. No insects went to these honeyless flowers. But as soon as a drop of nectar was placed on them they visited them as freely as before. Again, Professor Plateau made artificial flowers with pieces of green leaf, each furnished with a little honey. These were freely visited by insects. But artificial flowers made of colored material were neglected, even when supplied with honey."

In further support of his views Professor Plateau is able to bring forward the following facts as to the habits of insects in visiting flowers: They will pass freely and with apparent indifference from one color to another of varieties of the same species growing together in our gardens; they visit a great number of green and greenish colored flowers; there are many small and inconspicuous flowers which are also freely visited. Such is a brief outline of Professor Plateau's observations and experiments, from which he believes himself justified in drawing the conclusion that sight plays a very subordinate part in attracting insects to flowers. Their bearing on the theory of the insect origin of flowers is obvious."—London Times.

The Old Man Was Cured.

"Talk about curing people of bad habits, one of the funniest cases I ever knew occurred on the south side some years ago," said Detective Thomas McQuaide. "There was an old fellow over there who would insist on fussing with his wife, who would invariably give him the worst of it. Then he would run up stairs and hang out of the second story window, holding to the ledge, shouting like wildfire that he was going to drop and kill himself. Of course the wife would relent and set up a noise that would bring out the neighbors for blocks, and the man would be pulled in the window by friends."

"This got to be coming too frequently, and some of the boys who lived near, and who had lobesed several joints in their spines at different times pulling him in, decided to stop it. One fine day it came again. The old fellow hung out of the window, shouting that he would surely jump and end it all; the wife came rushing into the street in hysterics, and the neighbors ran as before to pull him up. The first man who got there hit the man's fingers with a stick, making him loosen his hold, and, to the horror of all, he dropped to the hard pavement with a howl that was pitiful. He was not badly hurt, but it cured him of that bad habit."—Pittsburg Dispatch.

Queen Wilhelmina's Oath.

The coronation of the young queen of Holland will take place, according to a recently published decree, on Sept. 6. On that day the young woman, with right hand raised, in the presence of the states general, will pledge herself to the following formula, which is a strange contrast to the oaths administered to the Russian and German emperors:

"I swear to the people of the Netherlands to observe and always maintain the fundamental law. I pledge myself to defend and to preserve with all my power the independence of the kingdom, to protect public and private liberty and the rights of all my subjects and to employ for the preservation and advancement of individual and general prosperity all the means which the laws place at my disposal as the due of an upright queen. And may God aid me in my work."

Still They Tramp.

All but four states in the Union have tramp laws. England sends the tramp to the workhouse. France makes him do convict labor. Germany and Belgium put him on penal farms. But in all countries and in all states the tramp goes marching on.—Boston Globe.

Some Famous Benefits.

It was as far back as 1668, according to Samuel Pepys, that one Knipp came to him about the "woman's day" at the playhouse, which he was expected to patronize in order to increase the profits. Perhaps the first organized benefit for a particular favorite, however, was that given to Mrs. Barry in 1687. On such occasions it was customary to charge for admission to the stage, which in consequence often became so thronged that when a player to whom the distinction was accorded had to make his appearance before the footlights to take up his part in the piece it had not infrequently to be stopped for several minutes while the attendants forced a passage for the unfortunate actor through the throng of his admirers.

Thus on the occasion of Quin's benefit at Covent Garden, in 1753, the old actor, who was incumbered with the heavy dress of Falstaff, was several minutes before he could pass on to the stage on account of the crowds that were assembled in the wings. Perhaps one of the most of the many benefits which have been celebrated at Drury Lane was that given on June 27, 1828, for Grimaldi, the greatest clown the stage has known, when the heartbroken old man was wheeled on to the stage in an armchair and hopelessly broke down in his endeavor to sing his once famous ditty "Hot Collins." The old man's memory had completely forsaken him. On that occasion a sum of £1,700 was realized, which for many years remained a record.—St. James Gazette.

The Modern Agnostic.

We look at our churches with their congregations, growing in numbers and dwindling in faith, says H. G. Chapman in The Atlantic, and we ask ourselves: In all these buildings, cheap or costly, what real prayers rise, and of those that rise do any get above the roof? What God hears them and has there ever been an answered prayer? We look at the face of the dead and repeat a burial service. If after the manner of men I have fought with beasts at Ephesus, what advantage it me if the dead rise not? And as we say the words we ask ourselves, "Do the dead rise?" And if any one is found who believes these things he knows that there is another at his elbow who believes them act a whit or an atom, and these two can hit on no universe that shall satisfy both, nor can one be poet to the other.

Suspicion.

"Do you remember that girl who came here and said that what she most desired was a good home?" asked the housewife. "What is the matter now?" responded her husband. "Have you missed something else?" "Yes, I guess she has a good home pretty nearly paid for by this time."—Washington Star.

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