A REMINISCENCE OF WAR.

In a city recently on business, having to wait an idler among a party of business men in the office of the gentlemen with whom I had to do, every moment seeming to stretch its slow length along to an hour; the situation became unbearable; and having ascertained when I might expect to meet my man with a degree of certainty, I went to occupy the time in a ramble.

I had been absent from the city several years, during which time the enterprise of man had wrought many changes. Interested in observing these, and having once followed the occupation of a seaman, about noon I found myself

among the shipping. The day was a "scorcher." Wilted and parched, I stepped into a restaurant of an inviting appearance, and took a seat by a table at a retired part of the room. While I was waiting for the refreshment had ordered, a man entered who drew my attention.

Above the medium height, slightly built, but evidently active and vigorous, all nerve and muscle, he appeared about fifty years of age, though I afterward learned he was seventy. Smartly dressed with diamond studs in his shirt front, and an elaborate display of gold chain festooned across his vest, he had a blending of the dandy, the business man and the sailor.

The other tables all being occupied, he came to that by which I sat. It may have been the particular notice I took of him that decided his choice; for I acknowlegde I am given to the impertinence of observing closely, if not staring at strangers who interest me. My companion of the moment, observ-

ing this, remarked: "You are admiring my beauty-spot." He had a scar on his face, extending

along the cheek to the mouth. "An honorable wound got in the late war," I replied, slightly blushing at my

"No," he answered; "I've carried it more than forty years.

"You must have been a mere boy at that time." "One of Tom Collin's boys; more-

I smiled equivocally, as the only answer I could make to a saying familiar to sailors, but unfit for print. "You seem to be an idler and curious."

(Here he drew out his watch-a massive gold article-and opening the case with touch of his thumb, glanced at the dial) "I have a few minutes to spare, and Il'I tell you how I got it."-referring to the scar.

"It happened in Florida, during the Seminole war. I was with a party sent by the navy department to explore the east coast in advance of the troops. Bayou, lagoon, a river, there was none of any size, from St. Mary's to Key West that we did not scour. Continually on the move, most of the time on short allowance, with none but swamp water to drink, in which one could have found an abundance of food, both animal and vegetable, if he could have digested it, we had a rough time.

We had ascended one of these rivers as far as we could go, and were returning, when we came in sight of an old squaw on a pony, coursing the bank. The instant she was discovered our commanding officer sent a party in chase, then sigfleet of light boats, to close at a certain point on the shore.

"We had with us a man who acted as both scout and interpreter. He was one of those queer chaps one occasionally meets drifting about alone in out-of-theway places; as fine a looking fellow as you could wish to see. Like most men who live alone, he was no chatterer. He let his eyes supply the place of his tongue; and they were wonderfully eloquent. They promptly and plainly told the lieutenant commanding that their owner thought our closing on the beach a bad manceuvre, notwithstanding the place where we landed was an open pine barren; the pines growing out of white sand that would yield nothing else-except fleas, plenty of them.

The old squaw was taken. Indeed, she didn't strain any of her driving gear in her attempt to get away. Accustomed to his man, the lieutenant consulted the scout's eyes. They said, 'She's a spy and a decoy.' And she acted the part to perfection. It was only when the rope was around her neck and thrown over the branch of a young pine that she would speak. A mile or so distant was a party of about a hundred Indians, with a lot of cattle and slaves they'd stolen from the planters. This was the old woman's story.

"The eyes, again consulted, said, Don't believe her.' But the officer, naturally headstrong, wouldn't listen. He had more whisky aboard than was good for him, and a Southerner, death on catching runaways. These must have gone into his brain with the whisky, and completely turned his head. For he was a gallant and a loyal officer, and would not else have gone beyond his instructions, which strictly forbade his seeking an engagement with the enemy.

"When the scout saw that the lieutenant was determined on the adventure, he proposed to go alone in advance, and reconnoitre. But the lieutenant would not permit him, apprehensive that the Iudians would take alarm and escape with the negroes. Drawing us up in a line like so many marines, he stepped to the front, and with the air of a Caser, made us a speech, in which he reminded us of our duty to the government, the honor of the flag, and the prize money we should gain by a recapture of the slaves. He then gave the word to ad-

"He stalking on before, leading the van, we crossed the barren at an angle of forty-five with the river, going about half a mile, when we came to a bog, or stream of black mud, so soft that we sank knee deep at every step. A good rifle shot across it was, with no signs of vegetation till we reached the farther side, where the more solid ground was occupied by a hummock-all kinds of trees and shrubbery interlaced, with vines.

"So far we had come with a degree of military order; but now we had to make our way as best we could. You may bet there was some scattering. We couldn't have much beyond a quarter of a mile, though it seemed a great deal farther from the difficulty we met in making our way, when it lightened up, as we came to an opening a couple hundred yards in width; the ground covered with tall, young grass, but not a tree.

"As I afterward discovered, for I could see no one, I was on the extreme left of the command, a little in advance, when I emerged from the hummock.

had advanced ten yards, perhaps, when I was startled by the report of a hundred rifles, mingled with which was the hiss of a storm of bullets, followed by that horrifying yell in which savage men, be they Indians or Anglo Saxon, give vent to rage. I confess that my heart never before, nor has it since, beat as it did at that moment; and I stood wholly dazed.

But the instinct of self preservation, or whatever it may have been, soon steadying my nerves and clearing my brain, I looked around for shelter. Though just then outside the main current of bullets, I did not know how soon it might spread to me. A few feet distant was a palmetto, or cabbage tree, that had been felled so long that nothing remained of the fronds but the stalks, which were dry and brittle as pipe stems.

As I dropped behind this I heard our lads cheer, returning the fire of the redskins; and their voices coming from the heart, so to speak, affected me as I cannot express. I felt like leaving my cover and rushing into the hummock where the red devils were concealed. It was the reaction after that fright.

crawled, snake fashion to the head of the palm where I could look through the tuft of stalks to the direction whence came the firing on the enemy's side. I could see none of the foe, excepting one of those blacks the lieutenant was after. Tall, rather slim, and straight as an arrow, he was entirely naked, except for a white cloth wrapped about his thighs and the lower part of his stomach. A sprinkling of gray in the close knots that covered his small round head (remarkably well shaped, for one of his race) showed be was advanced in years. He was, nevertheless, as lithe and active in his movements as a yuong, well-trained athlete. His position was far to the right of where I lay, the line of vision making an acute angle with that of the hummock iu which he stood behind the tree which concealed him from our lads more directly in his front. While the reds yelled incessantly, this black did a terrible execution in a grim and sinister

"I don't pretend that I was so cool as to make those observations at my leisure. The fact is a was in I sweat, thinking how I could escape from my perilous situation. I could have been behind that palm but a few minutes, yet more passed through my noddle than I could relate in hours.

"To return to the black warrior-he has just discharged his piece, and reloading it, when, drawing my rifle forward, as I lay at length and taking sight between the stalks I let drive. I saw my man drop his rifle and leap. The next moment my screen of stalks, crackling as if attacked by fire, was shattered almost into dust by rifle balls, one of which struck me in the face, happily without touching a bone. No knife could have made a cleaner wound. I scarcely felt it at the time, though it has left the ugly scar you see. The moment I drew their their fire I sprang to my feet and ran for shelter into the hammock where our lads

"Until that day I had but a poor opinion of the blacks as fighters. They were not admitted into the army at that period miled for the whole command, quite a only as servants and teamsters, but were Our sta any kind of material was good enough to make a sailor of. We had several were heart when we had been disposed to give way under the hardships and privations consequent to the service we were on. Upon this occasion he conducted himself as gallantly under fire as it was possible to any of whatever nation, color or rank.

"Our lieutenant had by this time discovered that he caught a Tartar, and must abandon the prize. He had no doubt made up his mind to die on the field rather than escape to disgrace. However, ordering the bugler to sound 'Sauve qui pent' he stepped out to a full view of the yelling red devils, as coolly as if on parade muster on board ship. It would have been a miracle if he had escaped that storm of bullets. When he fell, Sam, the mulatto, and one or two others, ran to his assistance. But the brave fellows never reached him.

"Obeying, in the liveliest manner, his last order. "Everybody shift for himself!" we made all sail for the boat. I had been in several uncomfortable positions since, but none that I would have been willing to exchange for that of beating Tom Cox's traverse through the bush with those Seminoles after me like a pack of hounds in full cry-except that of crossing the naked bog with the red devils dropping us right and left; speaking with relation to my own place in the straggling line of so many of us as got

back in it. "It was nothing else than a massacre. Out of a hundred and thirty-five we numbered when we left the boats, we mustered twenty-two when we reached

the post to which we made our way. Here he again glanced at his watch. "My time's up, and I'm glad it is. always feel mean when I think of that affair; though there were more than six hundred warriors, as we afterward learned, ambushed in that hummock, in wait for a large body of troops known to have been approaching; and of which they doubtless mistook us for the advance guard; else it's quite propable I should not be here to relate the story.

While he was speaking he rose; and, giving his glass a hasty twirl, to revive its drooping contents, he as hastily disposed of these. Then saluting me with a polite movement, he left with a quick, buoyant step that would shame many a man of thirty.

Ladies, as a rule, are not good judges of seal skin. They usually choose goods according to the price, and if they pay for the best, imagine that they have it. Manufacturers say that no one but an expert can choose between seal-skin varying twenty dollars in price, and that there is no material difference in the wear of one costing two hundred dollars and one costing two hundred and fifty dollars.

OUT OF GREAT TRIBULATION.

MARY REED CROWELL.

It certainly was a strange place in which to be married, elegant and luxurious fhough the suit of rooms was to which Erle brought his betrothed for the then the jealousy, the horror, the deceremony, and Lilian felt the unwonted spair, that overwhelmed him!

strangeness of it all even more keenly than she had expected to. But it had all been so strange—so strangely strange—that it was almost past realizing, even now, when the irrevocable words had been said, and Lillian Dale had signed her maiden name for the last time, and had been congratulated-well, the cold, half haughty, half-sarcastic well wishes of the dozen or so ladies who had been invited to witness the ceremony, seemed hardly like congratulations to her.

Of course, she could not but know that while beautiful Lillian Dale would have been cut dead by every one of the aristocratic women who had come to see her married, Mrs. Hubert Erle would be received and feted everywhere, envied, and perforce admired and courted.

And-she was Mrs. Hubert Erle; she who three little months ago had seen his handsome face for the first time in the "I soon cooled down, however, and orchestra chair of a Western town opera house, while she was singing on its

> That was what she was-a singer in a traveling opera troupe, a glorious-faced, glorious-voiced songstress who was making her manager's fortune and singing herself slowly into fame.

And Erle had failen headlong in love with her at first sight-not the first beautiful girl he had ever cared for, by a many, but the very first who had conquered him so utterly, wholly, entirely, that he not only lost his heart but his

head. He managed an introduction, and Miss Dale proved just as lovely and entrancing, face to face, as with the footlights etween them; just as intelligent, and reserved, and refined, and entertaining, in a tete-a-tete of an hour, as during a few minutes' flirtation.

So the result was-he told her just how it was with him, and offered her his pame, his hand, his fortune, his love, and thoroughly convinced her he adored

Do you think many women would have refused him? And although Lillian Erle, looking back from this hour just after the wedding ceremony, knew she never had loved him, also knew that she would do her best, her greatest best, to never let him regret what he had done.

It was almost heart-breaking that she did not love him, could not love him; for he was so entirely enthralled by her. so perfectly devoted, and was one of those handsome, gallant men who are so irresistible in their way with women.

Besides, he had done so much in taking her from her obscure position, and placing her where all his world of social exclusiveness, and wealth, and aristocracy might know, and admire, and envy her, as the wife of such a man as Hubert Erle would have to command admiration and envy.

But, after all, the half pitiful strange ness of her marriage in the comfortless hotel-room-for she had no home, had known no settled home for years, poor child!-after the half-shamed, halfwounded way in which she had, apparently, so haughtily and indifferently re-ceived the congratulations of her huswould appear, have always thought that band's guests-after it all, and the guests time it was shame's sake, and his influgone, and she and Erle left alone—then hurt and were with us. One, a bright mulatto, was a pained her so keenly, that, knowlwhich, by his good natured sallies and could receive so little at her hands-beconstant chierfulness, he had often put cause she did not, could not, love him. And there was such possibility of absorbing passion in even her face, in her thrilling tone. "I wanted you, too. I exquisitely-curved and colored lips, her had—I have—something—to—let you lovely, white-lidded eyes-passion and know. devotion that the master-hand had not vet aroused from its sleep-and she was his wife, and he loved her so dearly, and the picture in his furious grasp again.

accounted all things loss in the balance with her love. Something of such a feeling expressed itself in his handsome face as, the last guest gone, he took her caressingly in his arms.

"My precious little darling! my blessed little wife!"

And is ever a woman meant it, Lillian Erle meant it when she looked up in his face with her perfect blue eyes, clear, pure and shining as a summer sky, and answered him: "You are so good, Bertie-you are so

good to me! It seems as if it must all be some wonderful dream from which I will have to wake. He held her beautiful golden head

down against his breast, with a caress of such infinite tenderness. "And are you glad it is not a dream,

but a beautiful reality, Lillie?" She whispered her answer:

"Could I be sorry, Bertie? Would any woman be sorry?" "Lillie, look me in the eyes a moment -yes, there, like that, while you say something to me you never have said yet,

through all our courtship. But surely my wife will tell me that she loves me? Dear, did you know you have never, in so many words, told me that you love

The faintest little smile enried her lips. How her heart sunk at his tender words!

"Did I never-really? You know I am not very demonstrative, Bertie, but, but- Why, how absurd! Am I not your wife? Of course, I-I love you!"

And the sweet, hesitant words, that stired all his blood, carried with them none of the heart-breaking truth. The days and weeks went by, every

one of them teaching Hubert Erle to love his beautiful wife more and better; and so gentle, so good was she, that he never dreamed that the sometime restraint in her manner, the desperate, hopelessly patient look in her eyes, meant that her heart was starved, because he could not furnish it its nourishment. That summer time, he took her to his

villa at Long Branch-a spacious, mag-nificent home on the bluff, with every luxury at his command that devotion and money could devise and procure. Guests were invited, and among them was Felix Grace. That was the beginning of the end—the day Felix Grace crossed Hubert Erle's

threshold—yet it was a long time before Erle understood it all. Hysterics, n. A disease psculiar to women, which may usually be considered as a sign that the system requires a cocurring; and it was not very long after that vague discovery before he located

it, and learned that his wife was not as she had been, before Felix Grace came,

Then, when he saw the delicious light in her blue eyes that he had so often passionately wished to see there-when he heard her light, happy laugh, as he had so often wondered he did not hear it, ah,

He struggled manfully to conceal what he suffered, but he was not the same, for all his desperate efforts, to Lillian. He could not, to save his life, cares her and pet her as he was in the habit of

doing. Great heavens! to think she was in love with another man, and that mun the friend who was eating his salt daily What should he do? Was Lillian false to him? or-was it only his own mad jealousy that magnified innocent acts, and looks, and courtesies?

Until one cool, starlighted night, when he was lounging in a rustic chair on the upper veranda, and then he heard Felix Grace's voice on the lower onethat rich, caressing voice of his, that Eric suddenly remembered women loved to

"This cannot last much longer, Mrs. Erle, or I shall go mad! Be merciful! If you can bless me, bless me now. Is there any hope for me?"

Great heaven ! Felix Grace had dared-And then her voice-Lillian's his wife's

"Don't ask me-just yet. Be patient -just a little longer-for I think-you

Erle sank back in his chair, paralyzed with supreme auguish and horror, while they walked away-they two-guilty, vile and one of them his wife, the woman he

I do not think Erle ever knew how long he crouched there, in the crisp night air, with stars shining over him, in mute, pitying vigil. But some time af-ter that blow had falten so straight to his heart, he got up and went in-toward the room he had she occupied, to meet a servant on the stairs, carrying a valise

"Mr. Grace has just received a tel-egram sir, and left his regrets and adieux with me for you sir.' This in answer to Erle interrogatory

"He's gone, then, has he?" The well-trained man manifested no

surprise at the white, desperate face, or noarse, restrained voice of his master. "Just gone, sir. Mrs. Erle ordered the horses out for him."

"Yes, that's all right." And Erle walked on, half-dazedly, loward the lovely room where he knew he could find ber, and where he was re-

solved to confront her with her sin. She was there, just as he had pected, and in the dim light he saw her face was buried in her hands, and that on her dress lay a picture—a man's picture, he had no doubt, and Felix Grace's picture he could swear to without seeing, and his wife-his wife!-he set his teeth together hard-crying because her lover had gone,

She did not hear him until he was so near that he stooped and picked up the photograph, crushing it fiercely in his hand.

Then she gave a little startled cry, and, accustomed to the dusky shadows, he could see a vivid flush surge over her cheeks, and he remembered how he had often wished he might be able to bring just such a conscious color to her face or love's sake, and here, the very first

and Erle ence and her fear, instead of affection. "I was looking for you; I wanted you," he said, tersely, even now wonderfavorite with all in the command into edge that he deserved so much and ing how he could say the words that would shut her out of his life.

"And-I was wishing you would come," she answered, in a strangely low,

Ah! he knew already, curses on Felix Grace's handsome face! And he crushed

"Do you remember once hearing me speak of my only sister, whom I had not seen since we were children? Well, and a rapid eagerness came in her voice, "it seems so strange, but Mr. Grace and she"-Erle started and shuddered-"have been engaged some time-until quite lately, when some foolish estrangement arose (it was Addie's fault, I be lieve, from what I can learn) and the poor fellow is heart-broken over it. He has prayed me to intercede for him with her; he has given me her address and her picture. Where did you lay it, Bertie? Only think my own, own little sister, I am so thankful! And I told Mr. Grace I thought-I was sure he might hope, after just a little."

Erle had sat there, listening with almost fainting pulses, his brain reeling with rapturous relief, but such an awful, dying sensation creeping over him that at last, when she had done, she looked eagerly into his pale face, to be terrified

into wild alarm. "Bertie! Hubert! What is the matter? You are ill, and I have thoughtlessly been talking about things that do not interest you. Bertie, what is the matter? Oh, my darling-my darling! don't die. just when I am beginning to love you

It was like a sudden clixir to him, in the midst of that awful nervous prostration. "Lillian! What! You love me

His voice trembled like a woman's and Lillian went down on her knees at his feet, her glorious face uplifted, her eyes endorsing the story her lips uttered. "Oh, I do-I do! It has come to me like a heavenly revelation. Oh, my nusband, I thank God for this great joy that He has sent to me! Take me in your arms, Bertie, and say, 'My Wife!'

the blessing of Hubert Erle's life.

A brave boy who kept twenty Indians at bay, died of his wounds at Denver, Col., a few days ago. It never happens that way in a dime novel of Indian warfare. The brave boy in the dime novel would have kept the Indians at bay until there was not an Indian left to bay at him, and then he would have rescued and married a beautiful white captive, with long hair kissed by the sunlight, ripe red lips, eyes of diamonds, a marble brow, and a good natured father worth 8900,000. There is too much reality in the real.

Children's dresses are made in simpler styles than formerly.

Spoop ndyke's Sardines.

"Look here, my dear," said Mr. Spoop-endyke, tossing over the laces and rib-bons in his wife's bureau drawer, "what's ecome of the can-opener? I don't see

it anywhere." "What do you want of it?" asked Mrs Spoopendyke, fluttering up to protect her trinkets, and trying to gain a little

"I want to open some sardines with it," returned Mr. Spoopendyke, aban-

one with it?"
"You might take your big knife," recommended Mrs. Spoopendyke. "The large blade is just the thing for that." Mr. Spoopendyke seized the knife and bored away at one corner of the box, while his wife looked on with considerable distress.

"Hadn't you better put a paper under the box? You'll get the oil all over the table cloth," suggested Mrs. Spoopen-

dyke. "No, I won't either," said Mr. Spoop endyke, as the knife plunged through and the oil spattered. "Serve you right if I did," he continued, plowing away at the tin, while the grease flew in all directions. "It would teach you to put the can opener where you could find it. What kind of housekeeping do you call this, anyhow?" he yelled as the blade slipped out and closed up on his fingers. "Did you hurt yourself, dear?," asked

Mrs. Spoopendyke anxiously.

"No. I didn't hurt myself," grinned
Mr. Spoopendyke. "The knife struck
the bone, or I would have been dead with agony an hour ago. Give me some ether," he howled. "Fetch me some chloroform! S'pose I'm going to saw at this box any more without an anæsthetic? Got an idea I'm going to chip off a couple dozen fingers without something to deaden pain? Where's the laughing gas? Give me some laughing gas while I extract these measly old fish," and Mr. Spoopendyke pranced around the room, and then jabbed the knife into the box again and ripped away as though he was run by steam. "No use to hide away from me!" he yelled, hacking away at the box with all his might. "I know you'r in there, and there can't be any sardine that ever was built get away from me. Come out I tell ye!" and he siezed a fish by the tail and slung him across

the room

"Won's you spoil 'em, dear?" asked Mrs. Spoopendyke. "They won't be very good if you open 'em that way."

"Oh, won't they?" howled Mr. Spoopendyke. "If you den't like 'em that way, what'd you ask for them for? Maybe you want me to take 'em out in a baby carriage. P'raps you've got an idea I ought to climb under 'em and lift 'em out. Maybe you want me to get into that box with a boat and take 'em out with a seine. Well, I won't, I tell ye. Give me the tongs; I want that fish at the bottom. Where's the tongs? Gone to get married to the can-opener, haven't they?" and Mr. Spoopendyke grabbed another fish and fired him into the grate. "Be patient, my dear," said Mrs. Spoopendyke, soothingly. "Make the opening a little wider and they'll come

the-'dod gast the fish! Come out of that!" and with a wrench Mr. Spoopen-dyke hauled off the top and disclosed the mangled remains of his enemies. "Now give me a lemon," and he eyed the repast with anything but content-ment. "Stir around and get me a lemon, quick, now."

"Upon my word, my dear, I don't be-lieve there's a lemon in the house," stammered Mrs. Spoopendyke; "I had

"Oh, you had one!" proclaimed Mr. Spoopendyke, "only you're just out. If you'd been brought up right you'd only need an awning and a family on the top floor to be a grocery shop! S'pose I'm going to eat these sardines raw? Think I'm going to swallow these fish alive? Gimme something to put on 'em, will

"What would you like, my dear?" queried Mrs. Spoopendyke.
"Ink, dod gast it? Fetch me some measly ink! Got any nails? Can't ye find some laudanum somewhere?" and Mr. Spoopendyke projected himself into the closet and pranced out with a bottle of arnica. "There," he howled, as he dashed the contents over the sardines, 'there's your fish all ready for you, and the next time you want me to open the things you have a lemon, will ye? Find

a can opener, won't ye?" and Mr. Spoopendyke flopped into his easy chair and picked up the paper. "Don't you want some of the fish?" asked Mrs. Spoopendyke, after a long pause.

"No, I don't!" growled Mr. Spoopen-"But this is a fresh box," said Mrs. Spoopendyke, displaying the sardines in

nent layers. "How did you get it open?" demanded

Mr. Spoovendyke.
"With the can-opener," replied his wife, "I found it in your tool box, where

you put it to sharpen it."
"Maybe I put the lemon in there to sharpen that too," grunted Mr. Spoopenwell as that? You love me so well as dyke, pegging away at the box and looking up with his mouth full, but recognizing the taste of vinegar he made some remarks about'some people only needing a handle and a cork to be a fortunatus jug, and having finished the lot he demanded why his wife hadn't asked for 'em if she wanted some, and went to bed with some incoherent observations on the absurdity of folks sitting around like So, out of the dense storm-clouds came martyrs with fish within reach .- [Brookoftest sunshine-out of awful anguish, lyn Eagle.

A lawyer enjoys badgering a witness, but it is not so agreeable when the witness gives his answer in kind. Hunting bears is good sport, but when the bear hunts the hunter, it looks like carrying the joke too far. An old witness wa asked, in an insulting tone, by an attor mey, if his memory was good. "Yes," was the reply; "on some points it is extremely accurate, but on others I must confess that it is defective." "Won't you give the Court an illustration?" said the lawyer. "Well," drawled the aged witness, "I clearly remember that ten years ago you came to me and borrowed \$100, but, for the life of me, I can't re-member that you ever paid me."

A Serious Mistake

Gen. Nelson A. Miles, who was seen by a reporter of the New York Tribune recently at the Breevort house, was asked about the condition of the Ponca and

other Indians. He said: "I was appointed as one of the commissioners to investigate the condition of the Poncas. I found part of them living very comfortably in the Indian Territory on their grant of \$53,000-about the same as those Indians receiving aid from doning the drawer and hunting through the work basket. "Think I want to comb my hair with it? Imagine I wanted found, were earning their own living by the government. Those who had remained in Dakota, or gone back to it, I to write a letter with it? Well I don't.
I want some sardines. What have you various ways. They were receiving no done with it?" support from the government only a little aid from benevolent people in the vicin-

"Were those on the Indian reservation auxious to return to Dakota?" "They did not so express themselves. They had been repeatedly told that they could not return, and they considered their title null and void."

"Did they seem to feel embittered against the government?"

"A portion of them seemed to be. appeared to me that the treatment of the Poncas was a mistake, resulting from incompetency and selfish motives. They were wronged. The removal of any portion of our peaceable population to a distant part of the country and holding them there are contrary to justice and our system of government, and are inexcus-able. I know of no good or substantial reason for their removal, nor have I ever

heard of any." "Will the government policy toward the Poncas affect the other tribes?"

"I think it will be very injurious, especially with the friendly tribes, as it has created the idea in their minds that the government disregards its treaty obligations, and that it is disposed to move the tribes on to the Indian reservafion. The northern Indians look upon the reservation as a sort of Botany Bay or Siberia, and think that the government will pick up a tribe whenever it can put them there and let them die off."

"Why die off?" "Because the Indian Territory has a great deal of malaria at times, and if a man lives there long enough he is sure to be attacked. I have had command of men and horses in that section for a good many years, and know something about it.

"If that is the case, why does the gov-ernment continue to put Indians on the

reservation?" "I can see no good reason for it. the government protect them where they are. They are much more attached to the country where they are born than we are. In my judgement it would be bet-ter to give them a small allotment of land where they live than to move them into one territory, because of this pecu-liarity in their nature, and because there is no justice in removing them any more than there would be in putting the negroes or Chinese into one State and keeping them there. There is no longer any frontier east of the Rocky mountains. Settlements have sprung up beyond the Indian reservaion, and are surrounding them on every side; so that the Indians must become a part of our population, the law-abiding to be protected by the same authority, and the evil-disposed to be governed by the same laws that "Ain't I patient?" shouted Mr. Spoopendyke. "P'raps you want me to sing to em, 'I wish I was an angel, and with Indian question, popular opinion will be so strong that the putting of a pertion of our population under the control of one irresponsible, inexperienced man, and surrounding them with a Chinese wall, as it were, so that they cannot communicate with the outside world, will be an impossibility. Then the Indians will be treated justly. When they are they

will give the government very little trou-

"How does the army look upon the Indian question?" "Under the present system the army is very much embarrassed from the fact that it is required to stand aloof and have nothing whatever to do with the management of the Indians until they break out, although the officers are undoubtedly better informed about the matter than any other officials of the country. They know the character of the Indians; their way, mode of reasoning, and by long years of service on the plains they become acquainted with the different men of the tribes, and know who can be trusted and who are treacherous. Yet when at outbreak occurs, or an Indian agent has something to accomplish, the army is called upon to do the disagree-able work, to endure all the hardships of a campaign, to engage in the most dan-gerous enterprises, and then has to bear all the odium of any transaction that may not be founded on law or prompted by good judgment. If the government would but try the experiment of letting the War Department manage the In-dians, I think much good would result. Let it turn over some of the wildest, most warlike and most troublesome Indians to the care of the army, and see whether or not an improvement would not be made. A good

seen in the great success of Capt. Platt.
After the war of 1874 we picked out
seventy-five of the greatest robbers,murderers and cut-throats and he took them down to Florida. They were the worst men in the Cheyoune, Kiowa and Co-manche tribes. The change in those Indinus have been marvelous, and out of that, partly, have grown the Indian institutions at Hampton, Va., and Carlisle, Penn., which might have been very successful. This proves that when in charge of army officers the Indians have made more progress than they have under other control at any time during the history of the country. Let the peaceable tribes remain where they are, and be under the control of the civil authorities in the States where they live. There will be more or less trouble, until the Government, the State, Territorial and county authorities, and the white settlers respect the rights of the Indian the same as those of the white man. As to any serious disturbance, there is less likelihood of that now than there has been for years, because those Indians living east of the Rocky mountains are under con-

illustration of what might be done is

"Yes," said Michaelangelo Brown, his eyes beaming with loving pride upon his latest creation. "The Pensive Poetess,"
—"Yes, I draw all my figures from life."
"Do you, my boy?" bluarted out Jones; "but who the deuce is it that draws the life from your figures, you know?"