

FROM THE WIGWAMS.

Fifty Indian Maidens Leave the Prairie and Go to Philadelphia After an Education.

Philadelphia Record.] The family of twenty-three Indian girls who have been living for some time at the Lincoln institution, Eleventh street below Spruce, was increased to fifty on Thursday afternoon by the arrival of twenty-seven girls from the Indian training school at Carlisle, Pa., from which place they were sent by order of the interior department of the United States government.

The new arrivals are apparently perfectly satisfied with their quarters. They ranged in age from 6 to 20, and were all neatly dressed and wore their jet-black hair in plaits. The fifty scholars are divided into two divisions, each of which goes through a regular routine of study and work daily. They rise at 6 o'clock, and after breakfast one division goes to the school-rooms and studies from 9 o'clock until noon, the other girls spending these hours in learning to sew, cook, and attend to the general household of the institution.

In the afternoon from 1 o'clock until 4 the second division attends school and the first is instructed in the useful branches just mentioned. Each day the scholars are taken out for an hour's walk, but as a general thing they do not like this, as they are very sensitive about the attention they attract. On Sundays they attend divine service at the Church of the Ascension. The hours when they do not have to be in school-rooms or at work are spent in the play-rooms of the institution.

Some of the girls are very clever at making Indian dolls, which they decorate with beads, bits of metal, and strips of bright flannel. During the day they are obliged to talk to each other in English, but in the hour that intervenes between supper and bedtime (8 p. m.) they are allowed to converse with each other in their native languages. This, however, is impossible, in many cases, as they represent a number of tribes, and do not understand one another's dialects. Prizes are given at the end of each month to those who have talked English only during that period, and they make rapid headway in learning the language. They are reported to be bright and quick at their studies.

Among the tribes represented by the fifty now at the institution are the Pawnees, Sioux, Cheyennes, Comanches, Diggers, Osages, Omahas and Delawares.

A large number have Christian names and civilized surnames, but some are still known by their Indian surnames, with a Christian name attached, the effect of which is often rather amusing, as in the following cases: Bessie Big Soldier, Edna Feather, Frankie Bear, Ella Man Chief, Maud Echo Hawk, Fannie Crow, Eunice Bear Shield, Sarah High Pipe, Lizzie Spider and Olive Battle.

The majority of the girls will remain in Philadelphia five years.

John Brown's Mission.

[Senator Ingalls in North American Review.]

Out of the portentous and menacing cloud of anti-slavery sentiment that had long brooded with sullen discontent, a baleful meteor above the north, he sprang like a terrific thunderbolt, whose lurid glare illuminated the continent with its devastating flame, and whose reverberations among the splintered crags of Harper's Ferry were repeated on a thousand battle-fields from Gettysburg to the gulf. From the instant that shot was fired the discussion and the debate of centuries was at an end. He who was not for slavery was against it. The north became vertebrae, and the age of cartilage and compromise was at an end. The nation seized the standard of universal emancipation which dropped from his dying hand on the scaffold at Charleston, and bore it in triumph to Appomattox.

Carlyle says that when any great change in human society is to be wrought, God raises up men to whom that change is made to appear as the one thing needful and absolutely indispensable. Scholars, orators, poets, philanthropists, play their parts, but the crisis comes at last through some one who is stigmatized as a fanatic by his contemporaries, and whom the supporters of the systems he assails crucify between thieves or gibbet as a felon. The man who is not afraid to die for an idea is its most potent and convincing advocate.

The Dancing Anaconda.

[Corpus Christi Critic.]

Baron Non Schoeler, of Corpus Christi, has a strange pet. It is an immense snake of the anaconda species. The baron's influence upon his horrid prisoner has been such as to reduce it to a fawning docility. At the merest sound of the baron's voice the reptile immediately manifests a sense of perfect delight by describing such a variety of evolutions as to amaze one. It will actually assume a perpendicular position, resting upon its head, and in a twinkling assume the reverse by resting upon its tail, and all this and much more while the baron stands in the den of the writhing, squirming, acrobatic monster.

A Leap Year Party.

[Jefferson City Tribune.]

The gentlemen were toilets of surpassing richness and elegance, shone in all their lovely and radiant beauty, and made themselves utterly and entirely irresistible. The young ladies all wore handsome hand-made gowns, purchased at a fire sale of damaged goods at Osage City, and were simply enchanting in their loveliness.

A TERRIBLE INFANT.

[Frederick Lockyer.]

I recollect a nurse called Ann. Who carried me about the grass, And one fine day a fine young man Came up and kissed the pretty lass— She did not make the least objection. Thinks I, "Aha!" When I can talk I'll tell mamma. And that's my earliest recollection.

How a Quack Got Ahead of the Doctors.

[Cincinnati Enquirer.]

A German medical charlatan, having a salve to put on the market, went to a respectable druggist and offered him the agency of it, telling him at the same time that if he wished to satisfy himself absolutely as to its freedom from deleterious substances he might send some of it to any two medical authorities and he (the charlatan) would pay them handsomely for the analysis and opinions. The druggist found the proposal reasonable, and the quack sent the samples to the druggist, who forwarded them, with a list of the ingredients of which they were composed, to the eminent doctors. It is true that the charlatan left out of his list the particular drug—arsenic—upon which the value of the salve depended, but this little trick remained undiscovered, from the fact that the doctors, knowing that the preparation came from a very respectable druggist, felt they were safe in taking the proffered fee without going through a troublesome analysis. They accordingly declared the article to be made up in consonance with the acknowledged rules of science, and to be wholly free from any deleterious substance. The sales were heavy and the profits were large. But when the Carlsberg sanitary council condemned the salve as composed largely of an arsenical compound, the eminent doctors found themselves in a bad fix. While the professional palaver over the matter was going on, the charlatan saved himself from fine and imprisonment by quietly slipping over the border with his money bag.

The Beecher Family.

[Chicago Tribune.]

The question was raised recently whether Henry Ward Beecher was younger or older than his sister, Mrs. Stowe. It was found that Mrs. Stowe was born in 1812, and Mr. Beecher in 1813; he is a little more than a year the younger. Catherine Beecher was born nearly twelve years before her better-known sister. While Catherine lost her lover, Prof. Fisher, of Yale college, by shipwreck, when she was still very young, Mrs. Stowe married, it appears, a widower, if we are to trust Mr. E. D. Mansfield's "Memories," which says that "Prof. Stowe had for a first wife a handsome New England lady." Mr. Stowe was ten years older than his wife, who wrote her great work at the age of 40, and her second important novel, "Dred," at the age of 44.

The Beecher family seem to owe their literary vitality to their transplantation to the west, where their father, Lyman Beecher, went about 1832, and he remained there many years. Mrs. Stowe lived in Cincinnati about seventeen years, or till the time she planned "Uncle Tom," which novel was not drawn from eastern or Virginia slave sources, but from Kentucky, and the escaping slaves who came up through Ohio and Indiana. Among these was "Eliza Harris," whose feat of crossing the river with her child on floating cakes of ice is fully testified to in the recently published reminiscences of Levi Coffin, the president of the Western Underground railroad, who sheltered her at his house.

Wandering Englishmen.

[London News.]

Although the direct purpose of a census enumeration is to determine the number of persons sleeping in the United Kingdom on a particular night, some attempt is made by the compilers of the general census report to ascertain the number of our countrymen who were living abroad, exclusive of soldiers and sailors. Our own returns on this head were necessarily imperfect, but the aid of other countries has been called into requisition, and from these it appears that there were in rough numbers nearly 4,000,000 of such absentees. Of these 2,881,157 were in the dominions of foreign powers, while 89,798 were in India, and 988,934 were in our colonies and dependencies. The United States, we need scarcely say, claims by far the largest share—the other four countries in which there were most Englishmen—namely, France, Germany, Italy and Russia, returning altogether only 108,998.

Talismanic Rabbits' Feet.

[Exchange.]

A book agent living near Savannah, Ga., spent Christmas in southwest Georgia. After selling an old darkey a bible he crossed his back with a rabbit's foot and told him that he could never now be conjured or harmed. The negro expressed great gratitude and wanted to buy the foot. "No, I can't sell this," was the reply, "for it is worth \$10,000 to any one. It is the left hind foot of a rabbit that was killed in a graveyard at Tuscaloosa, Ala., and possesses peculiar virtues; but I am looking for a fresh supply from there in a few days, and will perhaps sell you one." On going into the country the next day he shot two rabbits and cut off all their feet. When he returned the gentleman found the darkeys wild with excitement, and as fast as he could receive the money sold out his stock of rabbits' feet at \$2 each.

A Little of the Juice.

[Albany Argus.]

It was at Mrs. Simpson Hendricks' table, and Dumley was evidently mad about something. "There they are," he whispered to young Brown, "the same old canned peaches that we have had every night for six months."

Presently the landlady asked, "Will you have some of the peaches, Mr. Dumley?"

"No," he replied, "as shortly as he dared, being two weeks in arrears; 'I never eat peaches except in the natural state.'"

"But these are branded peaches," said Mrs. Hendricks; "some that I have just put down."

Dumley saw his mistake and faltered. "No," he finally decided, "I won't take any peaches, but you might give me a little of the juice."

In England a guide book to haunted houses is on the eve of publication.

"OLD MAMMY'S" CURSE.

Exploding a Gravestone—The Fright Given a Squad of Sacertigious Soldiers.

[Chicago News.]

"During the first year of the war," said the captain, as he took a mighty chew of tobacco, and then squinted along his wooden leg to see if the thaw had sprung it, "I and four or five other fellows got such a fright that it fairly loosened our teeth. We were in camp at Elizabethtown, Ky. My company's quarters were in the middle of an old graveyard. There were funny old tombstones all around my tent. The weather was cold, and the government had not yet furnished us with the little sheet-iron stoves that were so common during the closing years of the war. We fellows set to work and built ourselves a nice stove. We made the sides of it out of mud and sticks, and took a big flat marble gravestone for its top. When we had finished it and built a roaring fire we had reason to be proud of our ingenuity.

"Just as it was growing dark that evening here came an old colored mammy to our tent door. We had seen her searching among the graves some minutes earlier. When she looked in on us she had pulled her red turban off and stood crushing it in her hands. Her kinky, white wool stood up over her head and her black features worked with such rage that she looked like a fury.

"Well, mammy, hadn't you better be getting outside of the lines?" I said to her, in a friendly sort of way.

"She never said a word for a minute. Then her eye fell on our new stove. As soon as she saw the top of it she gave a yell and rushed into the tent. She grabbed the gravestone, but it was nearly red-hot, and she had to let go. We pulled her away, or I reckon she would have carried that stone off without waiting for it to cool.

"The old girl's crazy," said one of the boys, as we shoved her out of the tent.

"Crazy!" she shrieked. 'Lef de Lawd's cuss come on you sojer mans fo' stealin' my missus' gravestun. Lef de Lawd's strike yo' dead wid His lightnin', and lef de debil scrunch yo' bones!'

"Well, she gave us a lot more of that kind of talk. She was either crazy or else she was a hoodoo, or something of that nature. We had to drag her outside of the lines, and she scratched and bit and cursed us all the way. When we got back to the tent and had settled round our fire, we talked and laughed a good deal about the angry old woman. After awhile we got to playing poker, and forgot about her and the gravestone. Suddenly there was a terrific report right in the midst of us. The candle went out, and we pitched through the sides of the tent on our heads. 'That was the time that we were scared. For my part, I thought the devil was bombarding us with hot shot at short range. I was afraid to move for several minutes. Everything was pitch dark. Finally I remembered I was alive, and scrambled to my feet and ran. I reckon the other fellows did the same. An hour afterward we met in another tent and compared notes. Several of the fellows were badly hurt and had to be banished up. When we finally ventured back to our tent we found out what caused the trouble."

"What was it?" asked a listener.

"The gravestone had exploded with the heat of the fire. Pieces of it were scattered everywhere. It is a wonder some of us were not killed. I suppose several of the boys believe to this day that the old mammy's curses caused that stone to explode. We built another stove, but we didn't put a gravestone on top of it."

Actresses' Divorces Encouraged.

[Chicago Times.]

The domestic infelicity characteristic of theatrical people, instead of being altogether due to themselves, is encouraged by the enterprising managers. The public appetite for scandal is strong, and the actress who comes out of the divorce-mill, while perhaps injured socially, is often better off professionally. A well-known dramatic agent with whom a New York reporter chatted about the people of the stage, a few days ago, says: "As a rule, a divorce suit is equivalent to an advance of at least 25 per cent. in the actress' salary." As salary is considerable of an object with actresses, the temptation to become the heroine of a divorce suit is, therefore, strong. A divorce will not only relieve her of a husband whom she often supports and who frequently squanders her money, but will bring her a substantial increase of her earnings. While this is the case, the position of husband to an actress, must remain a ticklish and uncertain one. In his wife's desire to make herself popular with the public and valuable to her managers, he may suddenly be thrown upon the heartless world to make his own living.

New Process for Melting Iron.

[Chicago Times.]

It is claimed that \$10,000 has been spent at Ticonderoga, N. Y., in arranging for melting iron by a new process devised by a French inventor. The iron, instead of being melted and run off into pigs, is heated to what is called a sponge heat, and all impurities are then extracted, leaving the refined product so soft that it may be cut with a knife. It is said that by this new process a saving of \$24 a ton is effected.

Spain and Cuba's Cable.

[Chicago Journal.]

The new cable to connect Spain with Cuba is to be laid in three sections; from Portugal to the Azores, 1,000 miles; thence 1,700 to the Bermudas, and then 750 more to Havana. The plan also includes a cable from Havana to New York, and another to the Venezuela coast, with lines to the Spanish American republics.

Volcanic Upheaval.

[Chicago News.]

A lady named Torfildur Thorstein-Dottir Holm, of Reikjavik, has written an Icelandic novel entitled "Brynjolfur Sveinsson." Every little while something occurs to substantiate the theory that Iceland was formed by volcanic upheaval.

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