

OUR FLAG.

At the recent sinking of the war ship at Agla... The men on board another of the doomed... Across the pearly blue sky of spring... The storm dark clouds are looming...

ed. Upon reaching the dugout, they found... Evidently the Indians had been some-... who had been dealing in good faith, and had...

continually as they sped on. The Indians whirled their ponies and gave chase... "Hannah," said Farmer Hall, as he bustled...

MADE OVER. "Hannah," said Farmer Hall, as he bustled into the faro house kitchen, "be you expectin' a letter?"

Bicycles for English Soldiers. The bicycle force that has been organized in connection with the English volunteers recently had its second field maneuvers...

MEXICAN PREJUDICES. DREAD OF FRESH AIR CARRIED TO A LUDICROUS EXTENT. Dwellings That Are Damp, Ill Smelling and Pestiferous—A Curious Dilemma of Cold Water—Childish Fear of Disease.

CRICKET SONG. Chirp, chirp, chirp, in the grass—Chirp, chirp, chirp, in the grass—If it chirping could be words, Tell me what the words would be!

BOYER'S STRATAGEM.

Prior to 1857 a large tract of lake territory lying between the Upper Des Moines and the Big Sioux rivers was infested by one of the most villainous bands of Indian outlaws which the Indian policy of the government has ever called into being.

These Indians, disaffected Wapekuta Sioux, had been outlawed from their own tribe for the murder of their chief, Tongi. They were the pest and terror of settlers in middle and western Iowa from the time that scattering colonies first came in until their depredations and atrocities culminated in the Spirit Lake massacre.

Previous to this massacre, which resulted in the capture and punishment of a part of them and the disbanding of the rest, those Indians subsisted by begging and plundering among the frontier settlements, by hunting and fishing about the northern lakes, and by a sort of blackmail upon the Wapekutas, whose village was in the pipe-stone region.

The village of Inkpaduta was on the upper Des Moines, near the Minnesota line. It was more than a hundred miles from any settlement, until the ill-fated squatters of the Spirit Lake tragedy settled about the lakes. There were no troops stationed within a week's march, and the frontier settlements were too weak and scattered to offer organized resistance.

Occasionally bold trappers, in spite of numerous warnings of the danger, established and maintained their trapping grounds within the hunting circuit of Inkpaduta's band. Among them was Jake Boyer, a fearless frontiersman, who went among the Indians regardless of danger.

On one of these excursions he carried a double barreled rifle which he had bought in Dubuque. It was a fine weapon of German pattern, silver mounted, and had cost him a hundred dollars. The Indians were much taken with this gun, and one of them, Fetu Anka (Big Face), wanted to swap a pony for it.

He found only a few old squaws and children at the Des Moines village, but was informed that the bucks were camped at Lost Island lake, where they had gone to hunt for elk.

It was but a half day's ride to the place, and he discovered the traces of the band as he approached the lake shores at sunset. The most of the Indians had got in from the day's hunt, and as he rode up he saw lying about the fires waiting for the women to boil some meat for their evening meal.

They got up and gave some grunts of surprise as he approached, but immediately broke into most cordial "How-How's" and grinned in a way that betrayed their pleasure that he should come among them in so friendly a fashion. He had always dealt more fairly with them than traders were in the habit of doing.

Big Face, One Leg and Inkpaduta were among those who greeted him. He shook hands with all, telling them he had come to "swap" again, and acted as though nothing had happened. They were immensely pleased, and one of the young bucks assisted him in unpacking and then picked his ponies with their own.

That evening and the next morning were spent in trade; and for a half dozen red blankets, some ammunition and beads, Jake came into possession of all the beaver, mink and muskrat skins the Indians had.

After the swap had been completed to the satisfaction of all parties, Jake proposed to Inkpaduta that he and a picked number of his men should ride over to his tepee on the Ocheyedan—a hunt elk at a half day's ride—and hunt elk at the head waters of Stony creek, where he knew that a big herd of them were feeding.

He had no winter's meat laid in, he told the chief, and since he had traded his large gun to Big Face he had no rifle that carried a tall large enough to kill an elk. If he would go over with his gun and kill him—Jake—two big elk, he would give the chief the smallest pony he had brought with him.

Later, he joined Williams at Fort Dodge, having passed through Inkpaduta's country in the night. After that he trapped west of the Big Sioux, as he considered the lake region "unhealthy" for him.—Frank Welles Colkins in The Youth's Companion.

Any one who expects to see in Sir Edwin Arnold a man who suggests the wild romance of his poetry will be disappointed. He is quite small, with a very thin face, the most striking feature of which is a long nose, which gives him a somewhat Jewish cast of countenance.

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On the hillside the country people are robust and rarely ill, unless they happen to be of that class who try to keep bedrooms hermetically sealed at night. The result is a miasma of the most very great and widespread. I suppose that eight-tenths of the inhabitants of this city shut up their bedrooms as tight as a drum every night of their lives.

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Temperance is superior to regularity, and there is nothing regular in nature; everything is governed by circumstances and environment. The animal, vegetable and mineral kingdoms are irregular; they may run by the season, but not to the minute or the hour. East the right thing at the right time, follow the dictates of your appetite, and eat and drink with moderation.

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"If I get out of this, Bridget, but I'll make you jump!" "Faith an' I know that same; so I'll just sit here till you change your mind, that's all." [And she does.]—Life.

A Mean Insultation. "I never explain my jokes, sir," said the humorist, curtly. "That's where you're wise, old boy," a bystander remarked.—Somerville Journal.

Laugh and Grow Fat. Merriman—"I'm getting stout, and I don't know how to account for it." Mrs. Merriman—"I guess it must be laughing at your own jokes."—Lowell Citizen.