

An Indian's Practical Joke.

About the year 1812, in our last war with England, several places on the Niagara frontier were burned by the combined forces of the British and Indians. These acts of barbarity were of course attended with many "coincidences" upon the defenseless inhabitants, for the savage allies of the enemy were under slight restraint, and ran their usual course of tomahawking and scalping.

The village of Lewiston was burned early one winter morning, and the affrighted residents fled for their lives eastward on the Ridge road. They were pursued for several miles, and many places along the way were plundered and ravaged.

The experiences of a farmer whom we will call Thompson was rather more ludicrous than tragical, and illustrated an Indian's idea of a practical joke, although it was rather a costly one to poor Thompson. His house was some distance back from the road, and upon learning from the first fugitives of the general peril, he made up his mind that his best course was to keep himself and his family out of sight, in hopes that the savages would overlook his place.

So the Thompsons hid themselves in the cellar, except the head of the family, who anxiously reconnoitred the distance through a crack in the door. He saw many Indians pass on horseback, and by noon they had commenced to return. His hopes grew brighter, for his danger would be lessened as the day advanced, and he was suddenly thrown into consternation by the sight of two savages, ferocious with war-paint and feathers, riding up the lane directly to his house.

With a sinking heart, the poor man went to the cellar-door and called up Mrs. Thompson, who appeared in the full expectation that she was to be murdered immediately. "Ugh!" the Indian looked at her, and then turning to Thompson again asked, "Pale face—name?"

"Thompson." "Pale-face—pappoose?" "There was no help for it, and the three trembling children came up. The Indian looked at them in a way that his face never once changed during the whole of this singular interview—and giving another grunt, he said: "Injun hungry much. Thompson meat, potato, whiskey. Injun meat, potato, whiskey. Thompson squaw—get him."

The idea conveyed by this broken English, that every thing in the house was to be considered the property of these unbidden guests, was perfectly un-derstood, and Mrs. Thompson promptly bestirred herself to get what they wanted. Her husband often asserted afterward that those two Indians then and there devoured two loaves of bread, a leg of boiled mutton, more than a half peck of potatoes, and left not a drop in a three-pint measure filled with whisky. Their tremendous meal was finished with mutual grunts of satisfaction, and the spokesman said: "Thompson Calumet, tobacco—Injun calumet, tobacco. Thompson get him."

Two cob pipes and a quantity of ammunition for them were produced, and for about two hours following the two visitors sat on the floor and smoked, all the time keeping their eyes watchfully on Thompson and their knives and hatchets handy, and once in a while exchanging a word in their own language. The wife and children stood by unnoticed, wondering what was to be the end of it. At last the Indians rose, with signs of satisfaction, deposited the pipes and surplus tobacco somewhere about their persons, and were apparently about to leave, when one of them happened to look out of the window. He gave another grunt, and taking Thompson by the shoulder, pointed to two handsome horses in the barnyard.

"Ugh!" he said, "Thompson horses, Injun horses. Thompson saddle, bridge, Injun saddle, bridge. Thompson get him." There was nothing to be done but to comply, and in a few minutes the horses were at the door. With undiminished gravity, the savage took Thompson once more by the shoulder, and remarked, in a kind of gracious way, pointing to Mrs. Thompson and the children: "Ugh! Thompson squaw, Thompson children, get them. Thompson pappoose. Injun pappoose. Thompson get him." And mounting his horses, the Indians disappeared, leading their own. And to his dying day Thompson never knew the reason of the unexpected clemency with which he was treated.

Journalism Twenty Centuries Ago.

The first Roman Journal, published over two thousand years ago, appeared only once a year. This paper, intended to be read by the public, was known by the title *Annales Maximæ*. The editor of this paper was the "Pontifex Maximus," whose duty it was to chronicle all the important events of the year. The news was written on white wooden tablets and attached to the residences of citizens. It must have been a curious sight to see the old Romans crowding around these tablets to get a look at the latest news. But the thirst after knowledge and the curiosity of the people grew rapidly, and in such a measure that the government, the only issuer of a journal, found itself obliged to issue a daily. It is interesting to know that some of these journals, having reached the age of 2,044 years, are still in existence. The name of the first daily journal was *Acta Populi Romaniæ*. It appeared daily either as "Album," i. e., the tablet hung out in public, or the contents were written with red chalk on the walls of the houses. The contents of the journal comprised what would be classed as daily news in our modern papers. From the want of the necessary material, political articles were not written, but, nevertheless, according to the views of the Roman government, it was a true journal, and it is interesting to read a reading matter for the public.

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A Remarkable Case of Contentment in Adversity.

One man, an American, living in a little quaint attic at No. 16 Peters street, was a marvel of philosophy. He could give "pints" to Dickens' Mark Twain. He was discovered by Officer Smith. The room was not high enough to stand upright in, and had but one window—a little one. In one corner was a mess of wretched straw on the bare floor; no bed; no chair; no anything, except a little stove, with a date of candles picked out of white ash-heaps. On the only shelf, a rude one, were three plates, two cups, and a saucer, with a little pot on a stand in it, and a bottle partly filled with kerosene. A tin pan lay near, a useful article, it seems.

"Hello, here," said the officer, "you are in a room too low between joints to live in!" "But Providence orders it all for the best, I am a short man, you see." "Is this room all the place you have?" "Yes, and it's enough for me and the old woman." "You have a wife, then?" "Yes; she's out with the bag—but she'll be back by and by." "Is that all you have, on that shelf?" "Yes; all but those two tin pails out there. We cook in these." "In those rusty old tin pails? Where did you get 'em?" "Oh, I found 'em on the ash-heaps. The Lord provides for all, as you say." "That old woman washes clothes in, and we use it for other things." "I suppose you wash your feet in it?" "O yes; it's real handy for all sorts of things. We wash our backs in it, we get any flour, which we seldom do."

Everything looked neat, though utterly forlorn and poverty-stricken. There was even an attempt at feminine ornamentation, a little "colored" paper on the shelf, and a pair of shoes, which were, bare walls, not even lathed and plastered. "And you two sleep on that straw?" "O yes. We get along—when we can get anything to eat. The old woman generally gets a bone or two; she calls it house-cake, and she really needs it." "What do you do?" "I go out picking up paper and sell it. One day last week I sold ten cents' worth. That was a good day. That was the first I got this year; I picked up waste paper in the street and made five and six cents a day; that was a good day, till I got two dollars and fifty cents, and bought this little stove. It's a capital stove."

"You have no bed—have you no candle or light at all?" "Well, that's a question that bothers me; but I haven't any lamp. But we get on very well, the old woman and I, when we get anything to eat." The only chair was a piece of scantling nailed across the end of the bed. "Will you tell me who you are?—your name and history?" "My name is Lewis—I was the first man who ever did a piece of scribble work here in Hartford, for the late Colonel S. C. Jones. I worked for him as a fancy joiner and scroll-sawyer, and did well. After that we thought we'd buy a farm, and there I lost two of my children. They were sick long, and my wife got rheumatic from watching and exposing herself to the weather. I after the other child died, I was left with only my money. We had to sell our place and come back to town—let our three remaining children go out to families there."

"Do they there now?" "Yes, all three." "And you have never made your condition known? Never asked for help?" "Only at the houses I speak of, for a chance bone or potato. It is enough. We enjoy life." Officer Smith promptly induced Mr. Stryker to furnish the couple with a bed, blankets and some chairs; also a dish to cook on and some decent food. While Mr. S. was there the "old woman" came in, and she wrapped up about the hands and chest with some old flannel, to guard against more rheumatism—a disorder which had so affected her throat as to greatly impair the clearness of her speech. "Not exactly, but quite as jolly as your husband, and I am explaining. There are men worth their millions and not far away—who are scarcely so happy as this man and his 'old woman' living in this that florum little attic.—Hartford (Conn.) Times.

NOT EXACTLY THAT.—Saturday evening a laboring man waited at the City Hall for a car up Michigan avenue, and he had a bundle under his arm, and seemed to be the father of an interesting cottage household. So thought a good man, also waiting, and he said: "So after the toil of the long week, you are returning to your little family with your Sunday dinner under your arm, eh?" "Not exactly, but the man with the bundle is the father of an interesting cottage household. So thought a good man, also waiting, and he said: "So after the toil of the long week, you are returning to your little family with your Sunday dinner under your arm, eh?"

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A Result of Obstructed Digestion.

Among the hurtful consequences of obstructed digestion, is the development of the vital fluid not only produces dangerous organic weakness, but, according to the medical authorities, sometimes causes apoplexy, it is apparent that to improve the quality of the blood by promoting digestion, Hostetter's Stomach Bitters is precisely the remedy for this purpose, since it stimulates the digestive processes, promotes the assimilation of the food by the blood, and purifies as well as enriches it. The signs of improvement in health in consequence of an accession of vigor, a gain in bodily substance, and a regular and active performance of every physical duty.

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