

Return Home of a Young Man After Twenty Years' Residence with the Indians.
Chicago Times.

WINONA, Minn., May 4.—The history of a singular case, one which might, by the phrase were not too hackneyed, be said to demonstrate that "truth is stranger than fiction," has just come into possession of the *Times* correspondent. In the quiet little village of St. Charles, in the western end of this county, there resides a lady named Mrs. Ruth A. Barber. She has been married twice. Her first husband was named Camp, and was one of the brave "boys in blue," who faced the music of rebel artillery, and who gave up their lives at the Union might live at the battle of Pittsburg Landing. His rifle then lived, with several small children, on the Big Wolf river, Waupaca county, Wisconsin. In 1864 one of her children, named Orton Morell Camp, about four years of age at that time, mysteriously disappeared. He was last seen by his mother playing on the river bank, and his little cap being found floating in the stream, it was generally supposed he had been drowned. A persistent search and dragging of the river failed to discover his body or any further trace of him. His mother did not for a time accept the drowning theory, a hope clinging to her, as it only will to a mother, that at some time the missing darling would turn up. In the neighborhood of her residence were camped a roving band of Pottawatomie Indians, the chief of whom, Nassana, had often tried to barter with her for the boy, he having taken a great liking to him. Mrs. Camp believed her boy had been spirited away, but no evidence, could be procured to fasten the guilt upon the Indians. The band was traced and their camp searched, and the whole country adjacent vainly scoured in the hopes of discovering some trace of the boy. At last even the mother's patience and hopes died, and she settled down to the belief that her boy was dead. She married again, and with her husband removed to this country. Her other children grew up about her, became men and women, and settled down in homes of their own. One of these, James W. Camp, located at Royalton, Wis. He was at work in one of the mills there a few days since when a roving band of Indians camped in the vicinity, and among the number Mr. Camp noticed one whose white skin clearly betokened that he did not belong to the tribe, although his garb was of the Indian fashion. Mr. Camp became interested in him, found that he could speak English clearly, and learned in conversation with him that he was aware that he had been stolen from his white parents when small. He had, to his own impulse, made frequent inquiries concerning the whereabouts of his parents, but all efforts in that respect had been fruitless. He could remember but very few incidents of his youth previous to being so unceremoniously adopted by the Indians, but he could recollect that his parents called him Morell. Such was the name of Mr. Camp's lost brother, and the conviction flashed upon him that at last the lost had been found. Two scars on the person of the newly-found brother established a chain of evidence which put the question of his identity entirely beyond doubt. His mother was at once notified, and, as might be expected, sped to him by the next train. The young man found it hard to break away from the life which he had led so long and the habits which he had formed, but the better promptings of his heart and the yearnings of love for the being who bore him weighed greater in the balance and he now begins a new existence among the surroundings of civilized life, the stay and support of a fond mother in whose heart during all these eighteen years there has ever been a niche sacred to his name and memory.

"There are a great variety of contributors to the newspapers. First, there is the classical writer. He is always on the lookout for obsolete and uncommon words and phrases, never heard or seen except in the most complete unabridged dictionaries. When he has collected a number of such words he goes to work and writes an article around them—that is, adapts the subject to the words. He can't write a half column article without introducing the names of a lot of old mummies, who were petrified a thousand years before the advent of the Savior, whether they be germane to the subject or not. He provides himself with biographical dictionaries, with the names, professions and achievements of the old fellows, all classified and arranged, and then turns himself loose upon them. If he fails to spell the names correctly in copying them, it is all right, for he knows the proof reader is bound to look them up and get them right in the paper or lose his job. He may write it—Johannis Schmeizer, but after a good deal of worrying and guessing it is found to mean Julius Caesar.

"Then there's the minister, who sends in a mere skeleton of a sermon, a page of which looks like the top of a tea box covered with Chinese hieroglyphics, all disconnected, with Scripture proper names written in dots and dashes, and the whole affair a complete enigma. However, he knows it will be all right, and that the printers and proof-reader will unravel it, no matter if they are fit subjects for the madhouse before they get through with it.

"Then there is the local reporter. Well, he is a good fellow and means well; he has troubles of his own. But if he spells a man's name four different ways in an item three inches long, he knows the proof-reader will drop everything, rush around and find a directory or something else, and fix it all right before it goes into the paper. Also comes the statistical fiend, with his figures all presenting the same appearance, he not having time to cast up his columns for totals, knowing the proof-reader is bound to fix them up.

"There are also country correspondents, the young poet, the scientist and the linguistic Smart Aleck, who can't write fifty lines without scattering in bits of French, Latin or Spanish, to show that he has been there. It matters not whether he gets his foreign words in right or not, the proof-reader must scratch around and get everything right somehow, or the next day he will hear from the powers in the sanctum. In fact, to be a success the proof-reader should be an animate cyclopedia, with the patience of Job and the endurance of adamant—but he is not, and hence his troubles.

"Well, papa, he has plenty of time to fix everything and correct all the mistakes of the writers and printers, has he not?"

"Oh, yes. That is, taking an article which has required the author half a day to write, the proof-reader has about twenty minutes in which to correct and put it into shape, with the foreman bobbing around like a hen on hot ashes, hurrying things up, calling for this or that matter, and crying out: 'What's the matter with that proof? Hurry it up or it'll be left out!'

"Well, the proof-reader must be well paid for all that hard work and vexation, isn't he?"

"Oh, certainly. In some offices he gets as much as \$12 per week, and in some he gets more. At 4 o'clock in the morning he goes home with his head buzzing like a bee-hive, and feeling like a freight train had run over him; then the next day he goes down to the office trying to feel resigned in expectation of the G. B. (which means the grand bounce), for failing to properly edit some fellow's hog-wash. But he doesn't live long, and his martyrdom on earth secures to him a soft thing in the next world. Let's take a street car and go home."

MISSING JEWELS.

Careless Way of Shipping Goods from London. CHICAGO, April 28.—The American Express Company and Government officials seen by an *Associated Press* reporter agree upon the following as the facts in the matter of the lost package of jewels imported from London and shipped in bond to the Elgin Watch Company: The case delivered here as received at New York by the Express Company and taken by the Government and express employe in a wagon direct to the bonded warehouse; there were three separate invoices on the package, and in order to get at them the examiner had to open it; it was of old boards which had been used before, and had nail holes in them; the box, not a strong one, was bound with wooden hoops; in it were two wooden boxes containing watch jewels from London; the missing one contained Swiss jewels. The Government Appraiser is of the opinion that the missing package was either not included in the consignment at London, or that it was taken out on board ship. Which is correct can only be determined after investigation in London.

Stopped His Paper.

Nowadays, when a subscriber gets so mad because an editor differs with him on some trivial question that he discontinues his subscription and 'stops his paper,' we are reminded of a good story of Horace Greeley, the well known editor of the *New York Tribune*. Passing down Newspaper Row, in New York City, one morning he met one of his readers, who exclaimed:

"Mr. Greeley, after the article you published this morning, I intend to stop your paper!"

"Oh, no," said Mr. Greeley, "don't do that."

"Yes, sir, my mind is made up. I shall stop the paper."

But the angry subscriber was not to be appeased, and they separated. Late in the afternoon the two met again, when Mr. Greeley remarked:

"Mr. Tompson, I am very glad you did not carry out your threat this morning."

"What do you mean?"

"Why, you said you were going to stop my paper."

"And so I did; I went to the office and had the paper stopped."

"You are surely mistaken; I have just come from there and the press was running and business was booming."

"Sir," said Mr. Tompson, very pompously, "I meant—I meant I intended to stop my subscription to your paper."

"Oh! thunder!" rejoined Greeley, "I thought you were going to stop the running of my paper, and knock me out of a living. My friend, let me tell you something: One man is just one drop of water in the ocean. You didn't set the machinery of the world in motion, and you can't stop it, and when you are underneath the ground things upon the surface will roll on the same as ever."

A GOOD fellow, a little deaf, went into a theater in London the other day where a pantomime was going on. For five minutes he contented himself with listening with all his might, leaning forward, making an ear trumpet of his hand, etc. At last, finding himself still unsuccessful, he rises, and cries out in a rage, "Louder! Louder! I tell you! Nobody can hear that!"

A LECTURER is telling "How We Hear." It is easily told. Somebody tells a friend of ours and tells him not to tell. That's the way we hear.

The Pains of Proof-Reading.

Boston Globe. "Papa, who is that sorrowful, sad-looking man we just met?" "He is a proof-reader on a morning paper, my son." "Well, I should think he would be very happy, reading all the news and pretty stories. Why does he look so miserable?" "There's where you're off, my son. Happy, indeed! He has cause to look miserable. I'll tell you. He is an asylum for feeble-minded people who imagine they were sent into the world to enlighten it through the columns of the newspapers. He is a kindergarten for veal young men and 'cranky old fellows who think the newspaper world would cease to exist should they fail to contribute to its support from their storehouse of general knowledge, brilliant ideas and classic lore. He is also a hothouse for the propagation of young compositors. He is expected to know the name, nativity, date of birth and death of everybody, from a constable to the President, and all the officials and dignitaries of the world, especially in Russia, Turkey, China and Japan—which he does not know by a large majority. Some innocent people are under the impression that writers prepare their manuscript correctly, as the articles appear in the paper. Not so, my son. In many cases, if an article should appear as originally written, the author would refuse to father it and never make another effort. But they must be encouraged, and so their productions are trimmed up in the office and made presentable.

The Veiled Picture.

Two artist-lovers sought the hand of a noted painter's daughter. The question which of the two should possess the prize so earnestly coveted by both having come finally to the father, he promised to give his child to the one that could paint the best. So with the highest skill his genius could command each strove for the maiden. One painted a picture of fruit, and displayed it to the father's inspection in a beautiful grove where gay birds sang sweetly among the foliage, and all nature rejoiced in the luxuriance of bountiful life. Presently the birds came down to the canvas of the young painter and attempted to eat the fruit he had pictured there. In his surprise and joy at the young artist's skill the father declared that no one could triumph over that. Soon, however, the second lover came with his picture and it was veiled. "Take it, veil from your painting," said the old man. "I leave that to you," said the young artist, with simple modesty. The father of the young and levelly maiden then approached the veiled picture and attempted to uncover it. But great was his astonishment when, as he attempted to take off the veil, he found the veil itself to be a picture. Plainly he who could so veil his canvases with his brush as to deceive a skillful master was the greatest artist.

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