The Bee

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The Bee.

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Church Directory.

CATHOLIC CHURCH OF THE IMMACULATE CONCEPTION.

First mass, 8:00 a. m.; second mass and sermon, 10:00 a. m. Rosary instruction and benediction at 2:30 p. m. every Sunday. A. M. Coenan, pastor.

CHRISTIAN CHURCH.

Services regularly held, morning and evening, every Sunday in each month. Prayer meeting Thursday night

MISSIONARY BAPTIST CHURCH.

Services second Saturday evening and Sunday each month. Prayer meeting, Monday night

M. E. CHURCH.

Services first Sunday each month. Sunday school at 2:00 p. m.

ZION A. M. E. CHURCH.

Services every Sunday morning at 11 o'clock, and evening at 7 o'clock. Sunday school at 9:30 a. m. W. W. Dawsey, pastor.

MT. ZION BAPTIST CHURCH.

Services Sabbath at 11 a. m. and 7 p. m. Sunday school at 9:30 a. m. W. W. Foster, pastor.

M. E. CHURCH, SOUTH.

Services every fourth Sunday night by J. W. Love, Pastor. Prayer meeting every Thursday night.

Madisonville.

BAPTIST CHURCH.

Preaching every first and third Sunday, morning and evening by T. N. Compton. Prayer-meeting Wednesday evening. Sunday-school every Sunday morning at 9:15.

M. E. CHURCH, SOUTH.

Preaching every first and fourth Lord's day, morning and evening, by T. C. Peters. Prayer-meeting Thursday evening. Sunday-school every Sunday morning at 9:00 o'clock.

CUMBERLAND PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH.

Preaching every second and third Lord's day, morning and evening, by P. A. Lyon. Prayer-meeting Wednesday evening. Sunday-school at 9:15 a. m.

PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH.

Sunday-school every Sunday morning at 9:15. Preaching every third Sunday afternoon at 4 o'clock by J. S. Cox, of the M. E. church.

Lodge Directory.

F. & A. M. E. W. TURNER LODGE, No. 548, F. & A. M. Stated meetings the first and third Saturdays in each month at 7:30 p. m. Transient brethren cordially invited to attend. JAS. R. RASH, W. M.
CHAS. COWELL, Secretary

ST. BERNARD LODGE, No. 249, I. O. O. F. Meets every Tuesday night at 7:30 p. m. Visiting brethren cordially invited to attend.
J. W. TWYMAN, N. G.
C. H. HUNT, Secretary

HOFFMAN LODGE, No. 507, I. O. G. T. Regular meeting of members every Wednesday evening at 7:30 o'clock. Visiting Friends especially invited to attend. MRS. J. E. DAY, C. T.
C. H. HUNT, Secretary.

VICTORIA LODGE, No. 84, KNIGHTS OF PYTHIAS, meets every Monday night in the Masonic building. All members of the order are cordially invited to attend.
JESSE PHILLIPS, C. C.
THOS D. HARRIS, K. of R. and S.

HOPKINS LODGE, No. 61, A. O. U. W. meets every Thursday evening at 7:30 o'clock p. m. Visiting brethren cordially invited to attend
N. W. HUFF, W. M.
BENJ. MYERS, Recorder

Musical Organizations.

THE ST. BERNARD CORNET BAND meets at the Masonic Hall every Tuesday and Friday night. All musicians are invited to attend. Meetings begin at 8 o'clock. DAN M. EVANS, Manager of Band and Hall.

Official Directory.

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Lieutenant-Governor—Mitchell C. Alford.
Secretary of State—John W. Headley.
Assistant Secretary of State—Edward O. Leigh.
Private Secretary to Governor—Arch D. Brown.
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Superintendent of Public Instruction—Ed. Porter Thompson.
Register Land Office—Green B. Swango.
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Assistant Adjutant General—F. B. Richardson.
Supt. Arsenal—Capt. David O'Connell.
State Inspector of Public Trusts—W. H. Gardner.
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Public Printer and Binder—E. Polk Johnson.
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Railroad Commission—Chairman, C. C. McChord; Secretary, D. C. Hardin; Chas B. Poyntz, Urey Woodson.

County.

Judge of Circuit Court—C. J. Pratt.
Commonwealth's Attorney—John T. Grayot
Circuit Court Clerk—John Christy.
Judge of County Court—J. F. Dempsey.
County Attorney—C. J. Waddill.
County Clerk—W. H. Arnold.
Sheriff—R. C. Tapp.
Jailor—Daniel Brown.
Superintendent of Schools—J. J. Glenn.
Coroner—L. D. H. Rodgers.

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Kitchen District—H. F. Bourland, Jas. Priest.
St. Charles District—R. I. Salmon, J. H. Fox.

THE JUDGEMENT OF JAWBONES.

By WILLIAM PERRY BROWN.

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WHEN Ahab was asked how old Jawbones was, he sat down in the shade of that inscrutable mule and scratched his head.

"Well, suh, now yo'se sholy got me. Yo' might as well ast me de egzack age er Un'z' Noah's ark. Nobody don't know how old dat ar' mule is, less'n he know hisself. Jawbones knows mos' nigh 'bout evert'ing—dat he do. But he won't always tell. I reckon though he suttinly can't be much less'n a hundred year old."

Then Ahab, having rested, got up, placed himself between the plow handles, and tried to induce Jawbones to pull. But the old mule merely flicked one ear and remained stationary.

"'Tain't no use," said Ahab, beginning to undo the hamestrings.

"Why don't you whip him up?" asked a stranger, who was leaning over the roadside fence in an indolently curious way.

"Dere now," returned the old negro in reproachful accents, "he heerd yo', Jawbones did. Look at him shake his hald. Don't yo' never git near his hind laigs. Yo' done 'sulted dat ar mule, 'nd he know it, too."

Seeing that the stranger looked sceptical, Ahab explained further as he removed the gears:

"Me 'nd my old woman, we nat'ally 'pends on Jawbones 'bout same as if he could talk. When he 'proves of anyt'ing er anybody, we knows hit's all right. But when he lays his years back 'nd shakes dat haid er his'n—so, we knows dat sich er move er sich er pusson p'intedly won't do at all. We'se be'n a goin' on Jawbones' jedgment fer nigh on ten year er more, 'nd he ain't never fooled us yet."

Then Ahab mounted. Jawbones, feeling that himself and the plow were separated, slowly wagged his way down the wilting cornrows toward the stable. It was pretty near noon, and as the sun shone botly the old mule's "jedgment" was not so far amiss.

Not long after this a man rode up to Ahab's cabin, dismounted, and was making his way to the door, when Jawbones, who had been dozing under a china tree, rushed at the intruder with his ears folded back and two rows of worn and yellow teeth lavishly exposed. The man promptly jumped the fence.

"Hello! inside there!" he called from the safe side of the rails.

Aunt Rindy, Ahab's wife, came to the door and at once took note of the mule's hostile demonstration.

"G'way f'om yere, white man!" she exclaimed. "Don't yo' see Jawbones gittin' dangersome?"

"Where is your husband?" demanded the man. "I want to see him at once. I don't see what you want to let such a cantankerous beast run around loose for, anyhow."

Aunt Rindy placed her fat arms skimbo.

"Look a yere, suh!" she retorted, "my ole man ain't a-wantin' to see you; needer is Jawbones. De sooner yo' git away de better."

She was about to slam the door when the man spoke again:

"But, see here! I have business with your old man. It will be money in his pocket to see me. Take that blamed animal out of the yard and I'll come in and wait, or leave instructions if he isn't here."

"Yo' don't git ter leave nary 'structions ner nuttin' else. Ef yo' ain't on dat hoss's back 'nd packin' sand in less'n two minutes I'll pull down de draw-bars 'nd turn Jawbones loose in de road. Look at him raar!"

Jawbones seemed to be trying to climb the fence in his anxiety to assault the stranger, who hastily remounted and rode away, swearing, not loud, but deep. The following day Aunt Rindy learned that the man was a railroad contractor after tie timber, and that Ahab had lost a fat contract, which, probably in consequence of Jawbones' behavior, was given to another man.

"Never mind," said she, "de chances is we wouldn't git no pay out'n dat feller. Dese yere railroaders is master slippery people anyhow. Jawbones don't take sich a set ag'in anyone fer nuttin', I tell yo'."

Ahab looked dubious, but said nothing. His confidence in the judgment of Jawbones was again shaken a few weeks later, when the new preacher came to make his first pastoral visit. Jawbones, grazing in the fence-corners, no sooner saw this reverend personage approaching than he uttered a vindictive bray and started in full pursuit. The preacher fled, but as he was on foot the mule gained rapidly. The next thing the former knew, about half his best coat and a goodly portion of shirt were torn from his struggling anatomy, and he flew down the "big road" a fit spectacle for his congregation to weep over or for the vain world to irreverently laugh at.

"I 'clur ter grashus," said Ahab, who from his own door had helplessly witnessed this ludicrous assault, "if I gwine ter stand much mo' er dish yere foolishness. Jawbones must be a fer-gettin' hisself in his ole age. Br'er Stomper never will git over such doin's."

It did begin to seem that as the mule grew older his crustiness increased, until he was as particular about those upon whom he obtruded his friendship as though he was a crack thoroughbred instead of a battered elderly mule. But Ahab and Rindy did not yet entirely lose faith, for old whims and superstitions are apt to cling like barnacles, out of sheer cussedness and the inherent propensity of human nature to humbug itself as long as possible.

There came a time, however, when their last vestige of confidence in the judgment of Jawbones was rudely overthrown. One day, while Ahab was repairing the kitchen chimney with fresh clay daubing, a very nice-looking young man drove up in a red-painted buckboard behind a high-stepping bay horse.

Jawbones was dozing at the corner of the cabin with one eye shut, having absolutely refused to haul a load of light wood for Ahab not over an hour before. But when he saw this nice young man Jawbones took to him at once. He rubbed his nose over the stranger's shoulder, gave vent to a diabolical "whicker," and followed him right up to where Ahab stood grinning at the sight of such unusual amiability.

"Gre't king!" exclaimed Aunt Rindy from the doorway. "I do b'lieve 'at Jawbones knows de man. I never seed him take ter anyone mo' 'n dat before."

This alone was enough to establish the nice young man in the good graces of Ahab and his wife. He began his business with them in a large, airy, convincing way, that thoroughly converted them to his views in less than half an hour. Then he produced a contract which Ahab laboriously signed, after throwing a congratulatory wink through the window at Jawbones, as if he might have said:

"You've put me on to a good thing this time, old fellow."

When the nice young man left Jawbones accompanied him to the road and seemed to refrain with difficulty from climbing into the buckboard with his new acquaintance. He even watched the nice young man out of sight before he turned to the extra feed of corn which Ahab in his gratitude now poured into the trough.

"Dat mule knows mo'n most fools yet," was his master's flattering comment. "Eft it hadn't been for him, now, mo'n like some other nigger would a been de agent for de Light-nin' cotton picker on Crab Grave creek. Jawbones nat'ally know'd dat man. Raisin' corn 'nd cotton makes hard wuk 'nd mighty little pay. F'om dis yere on I'ze gwine ter make my livin' in a easier way."

AHAB ASSISTED HIS PROGRESS.

But thirty days later the supposed contract Ahab had signed came back in the shape of a promissory note for a snug sum due some New Orleans company, in lieu of conveying to him a certain amount of territory for the sale of the (as yet) mythical cotton picker. Ahab was called upon to pay up. Naturally the old negro kicked like a steer, until the collecting attorney, waxing wroth, went before Squire Henfoot, Ahab's bitterest political enemy, and obtained a snap judgment. He then levied upon everything movable which a lively constable could lay his hands upon Jawbones among other chattels.

This catastrophe completely destroyed the last remnant of Ahab's faith, and he shook his fist in Jawbones' inscrutable face.

"Yo' ain't got no mo' jedgment 'n a hawg!" he shouted. "Ef I has ter pay dat swindlin' note, I pays hit with yo', ef yo is a hundred year old."

Jawbones blinked lazily, indifferently. As the constable led him off, Ahab assisted his progress by a thumping kick in the rear.

But Jawbones made no sign. He probably reserved his judgment.

Cheap at the Price.

Excited Passenger—My wife's hat has just been blown out of the train.

Conductor—Do you know how much it would cost to stop this train? Just one hundred dollars.

Passenger—Never mind. I'll pay it if I can get that hat back.—Brooklyn Life.

Queen of the Realm.

Shadbolt (in the crowded car)—McStab, this is the first time I ever saw you rise and give your seat to a woman.

McStab (of the suburbs, in an awe-struck whisper)—Sh! That's our hired girl!—Chicago Tribune.

FLATS TO LET.

A rare chance. Only a couple of stares.—Judge.

Honesty Pays.

Jim—Honesty is the best policy arter all.

Bill—How?

"Remember that dog I stole?"

"Yep."

"Well, I tried two hull days to sell 'im, an' no one offered more 'n a dollar. So I went, like a honest man, an' guv him to th' ole lady what owned 'im, an' she guv me five dollars."—N. Y. Weekly.

Nursing in Congestion.

There are few diseases in which the nursing is of more importance than in this, writes Elizabeth Robinson Scovil in a valuable paper on this most important of subjects. The sufferer should be kept in a warm, well-ventilated room at an even temperature of seventy degrees, regulated by the thermometer. The window must be open from the top; a strip of flannel can be tacked across the opening to prevent draughts. Pure air is indispensable. The lungs can not take in as much as usual, therefore, the quality of that supplied to them must be above suspicion of impurity. When poultices are ordered they should be made of flaxseed meal stirred into boiling water until it is a smooth, soft paste, rather softer than oatmeal porridge. Spread this on a large piece of cotton, turn up the edges like a hem, cover with a single thickness of cheese cloth, and lay it on the chest, covered with oiled muslin or several folds of newspaper, to keep in the heat and protect the night-dress.—Ladies' Home Journal.

A ROMANCE OF HISTORY.

An Incident of Mexican Cruelty on the Texas Border.

A little restaurant overlooking the San Antonio river. Two men with chairs tilted back and feet against the projecting rail of the balcony, were smoking their evening cigarettes.

The dusk lay above them like a bat's wing, ready to fall swiftly and suddenly, as it does in southern latitudes.

Both were young and of goodly presence. Western suns and winds had tanned their cheeks and burned in the red of youth to a rich tropic hue.

Across the brow of one—a brow whose boyish contour moved women with mother instincts to sudden longing to caress—lay loose waves of soft yellow hair. Beneath looked out eyes of dark gray, heavy with the long thoughts of those early, desperate days—days when a republic worked out in blood her long probation. The other had a fairer countenance, more lightsome and full of happy promise.

No dark prophecy brooded in the sunny shadows of the bright blue eyes, and laughter sprang as lightly to the lip as the blush to the cheek of a maid.

Superadded to-night to his native exuberance was some foreign element of joyousness, which seemed to master spirit and muscles alike. He was full of movement. Tossing away a half-finished cigarette, he clasped his hands back of his curly head and broke the silence with sudden speech.

"Ned, I am too happy to smoke; I am the happiest man in all this border land. Nellie Herndon has promised to be my wife. It's a secret yet, but I couldn't keep it from you any more than I could keep my love from her. There is not another woman like her, north, east, south or west. Did you ever notice the gold of her hair? It is like sunshine spun into threads. Whenever I look at her I think of some quaint old words my mother used to read out of a book long years ago when I was a boy back in my old Georgia home. They went this way: 'Whose shoe's latchet I am not worthy to unloose.' I suppose the preachers would call that irreverent, but God will bear me witness there's no irreverence in my heart when I think of her."

At Harvey Armstrong's first words the color was washed out of Ned Foster's face as with a sponge, his very eyes seemed to pale.

Bringing the chair to the ground, concealing his face with his hands, he leaned over the railing and looked down into the sluggish waters of the river flowing a few feet below.

How old and wise they looked, those waters, in their calm, unfretted flow.

"Good for you, old fellow," he said, as he extended his hand. "May you have centuries of happiness. If any man deserves her it is you, Harvey."

This was in the summer of 1841.

In the autumn of 1842, when President Houston ordered out Gen. Somervell to the Rio Grande to organize troops and avenge the insulting raids of Vasquez and Woll, Ned Foster was among the first to respond to the call for volunteers.

About one hundred and eighty miles south of Saltillo, on the road to the City of Mexico, is an old fort, known in history as the Hacienda Salado.

To this place, on the 26th of March, 1843, were brought the recaptured remnant of the unfortunate Mier expedition, that gallant band of three hundred and sixty men, the flower of western militia, who went forth to do battle for the honor of the young republic and were so treacherously dealt with by the followers of Santa Ana, to whom they surrendered as prisoners of war. All readers of Texas history know how the terms of the treaty were broken and the betrayed men shown no mercy but marched into the interior, subjected to incredible hardships, and finally imprisoned miles away from home and friends.

Feeling keenly the indignity of their treatment, and fearing worse at the hands of such perfidious foes, they overpowered the guard and escaped, to be retaken ten days later and returned to the same inclosure whence they had fled.

All this is history; but we have no written record of that interval between the escape and the recapture, when the little company wandered, lost and helpless, among the fastness of unfamiliar mountains; no record of those ten days and nights when the sun rose and set but to mark another and darker experience in the calendar of human pain.

Ned Foster and Harvey Armstrong were among the number. Stronger than the multiplied threads of the cable had grown the bond of friendship between these two men in the awful realism of danger and suffering.

For four days the weary and footsore had traveled down a deep canyon whose steep sides narrowed and narrowed until they closed and barred them in. Then the retracing of those same steps.

A few, sorely weakened, gave up the struggle and dropped out of the ranks.

Some became deranged and, wandering off, slipped down the rocky ravines and were killed.

On the evening of the tenth day they were met by a body of Mexican cavalry and bidden to halt and give up their arms.

After three days' rest, in which their half-spent lives were restored by those arts of healing the Mexicans know so well, they were carried, handcuffed in pairs, into Saltillo and thence to Salado.

The hoary walls of the old hacienda looked down in sinister strength as the thinned ranks filed in. Eight Mexicans were outside digging a trench. Ned exchanged a look with Harvey, his companion in irons, and whispered: "That means death." He was not wrong. At two o'clock of the same day the prisoners were ordered out and ranged in double line against one of the walls.

The officer in command then read the written decree of Santa Ana, president of Mexico, a decree which pronounced for these men a fate so ingenious in its torture to mind and body that it might have been conceived in the subtle brain of a Herod.

Every tenth man was to be killed, the decision to be made by lottery.

Into a jar were to be dropped one hundred and seventy beans—one hundred and fifty-three white and seventeen black.

Each man was to take out a bean. Those drawing the black ones were to be shot before the sun went down; the rest spared death, but retained as prisoners.

It was a dark and cloudy day, this 26th of March, with high winds that whipped the sand into great waves and blew it across the plains.

Beyond the door of the courtyard nothing could be seen but the flying sand.

Over all spread the dusky canopy of the heavens.

A Mexican soldier mounted a stool and held aloft the fatal pitcher.

The roll was called.

As each hand was slowly lifted and poised for one single instant above the mouth of the jug life and death must have met and made salute.

The game was for souls, and the die was a Mexican bean!

Foster's name was called near the last and he carelessly dropped in his left hand, with perchance a reminiscence of childish days when he had done such things "for luck," and found he had picked up a white bean.

As he returned to his place Harvey passed him, and Ned saw in the white, drawn face of his friend no sign of fear, but the mental anguish of Gethsemane.

What was it he had said last night in one of the pauses of that long march?

That perhaps, even now, a baby voice was waking faint echoes in his little home, and that the anxiety he was bearing for another was sharper with pain than any physical torture he had experienced.

Ned looked at the smooth white oval of the vegetable seed in his hand and made a resolve.

When he looked up Harvey was just raising his hand. Ned noticed how it trembled.

When the fingers were withdrawn there was something black outlined against their bloodless tips.

The change in his face was that of death.

With a quick movement toward his friend, Foster made a sudden thrust and gesture, and—how it was no one could ever explain—but after the slight confusion and peremptory orders to fall in line Harvey was seen standing in his old place staring with bewildered gaze at a white object in his open palm, and Ned, erect and calm, with brow of more than mortal beauty, awaiting the signal of death.

As soon as Harvey regained control of his confused faculties he made frantic, pitiable efforts to communicate with his friend, but was silenced at the point of a musket and compelled to throw himself face downward with the rest, while the seventeen doomed men were led forth, bound together with cords, their eyes bandaged, and shot repeatedly until life was extinct. They asked the privilege of being shot from the front, but were refused, and made to sit upon a log near the wall with their backs to the executioners.

Six were taken out first, then six more and then five.

Darkness fell like a great funeral pall as the last shots were fired, and stars shed their holy candle rays above the dead; the dishonored dead, lying in one great heap, body piled atop of body.—Nora C. Perry, in Omaha Bee.

Spoony and Didn't Care Who Knew It.

The newly wedded couple boarded the train at a village station and a crowd of about a hundred people saw them off. The groom was a strapping young fellow, with sunburned face and hands and bear's grease on his hair, while the bride might have been the "hired gal" on the same farm. They had no sooner taken a seat than he put his arm around her and began to caress one of her hands. A voice in rear of them cried out "Spoons!" but the bridegroom gave no sign. Pretty soon he pulled her head over on his shoulder and there was a titter from the rear of the car. The head stayed right there, however, and Josh got both her hands in his one paw. Three or four voices cried out: "Oh!" and "Ah!" but it was fully two minutes before he tenderly pushed her away and rose up and looked around and said: "We are married. It was a case of luv. We sparked fur seven years. She's my violet and I'm her towerin' oak. We've got one hundred and eighty miles to go and we are goin' to spoon every durned rod of it and if thar's any critter here who thinks he can't stand it he kin git out and walk!"—St. Louis Republic.

A TERRIBLE REVENGE.

Massacre of Capt. Gunnison and Party by Indians, October 26, 1853.

In 1853 Capt. John W. Gunnison, who was one of a number of army engineers engaged in surveying a route for a railroad to the Pacific ocean, was ordered to examine the valleys of the Grand and Green rivers and adjacent territory in Utah. He had with him Lieut. E. G. Beckwith, R. H. Kern, topographer and artist; S. Homans, astronomer; Dr. James Schiel, surgeon and geologist; F. Creutzfeldt, botanist; J. Snyder, assistant topographer; a number of employes and an escort of mounted riflemen under command of Capt. R. M. Morris. On the 24th of October the party was encamped on the Sevier river, fifteen or eighteen miles from the lake of the same name. On the following day Gunnison started out to explore the lake, accompanied by Kern, Creutzfeldt, the guide and a corporal, with six men and the escort. The remainder of the party under Capt. Morris proceeded up the river in a northeasterly direction. The next morning, the 26th, several men of this detachment were sent out to find a route toward Great Salt lake. The men had gone but a few hundred yards from camp when the corporal of Gunnison's escort came running up, breathless and exhausted. As he sank to the ground he gasped out that his comrades had been killed by Indians and that, so far as he knew, he was the only survivor. Capt. Morris at once ordered his men to arm and mount and proceed as quickly as possible to the scene of the disaster. On the way they fell in with three other soldiers who had managed to escape. From them and the corporal it was learned that Gunnison had encamped in a sheltered nook under the river bank, where wood and grass were abundant. He had no suspicion of danger, though he knew a large band of Pah Utes was in the vicinity, their camp-fires having been seen for several days. These Indians had recently been engaged in a fight with emigrants, and one of their number had been killed and another wounded. They were in an ugly mood and thirsting for revenge upon the first whites they should meet. Gunnison and his men were not disturbed in the night, but at day-break just as they were quietly seated at breakfast a volley of bullets and arrows was fired into them. A band of Pah Utes had crept to within twenty-five yards of the camp and concealed themselves in the surrounding bushes. The surprise was complete. Gunnison rushed out of his tent, calling to the Indians that he was their friend. Fifteen arrows pierced him and he fell dead, to be mutilated, as were all the rest of his men, with the exception of the four who escaped. Capt. Morris found the bodies after a long search and gave them decent burial. It was believed for a time that the Mormons incited the Indians to the massacre, but Hubert Bancroft and other historians say that such was not the case. The guide, who was a Mormon, was killed with the rest and other circumstances tended to show that the Indians were alone responsible.—Chicago News.

THE SACRED EYE OF BUDDHA.

It Is Inclosed in Ten Wrappings and Exhibited for a Consideration.

The following is from the pen of a traveler who visited the orient in 1888:

"Among the sacred relics of Horiuji is the veritable eyeball of Buddha. It looks like nothing else but a tiny, black, well-boiled pearl that one so often finds in an oyster stew. This eye of Buddha's is shown every day at high noon, special mass being chanted by the priests while the relic is being brought out and displayed. For a consideration, and for the welfare of the temple's treasury, the mass can be repeated at any hour. We sent for the old priest, who came in company with a brother whose office was that of holding a big yellow umbrella over the holy man's head.

"First, he knelt, touched a silver gong, and played before a gilded shrine with closed doors and golden lotus ornaments. Next he drew from one side of the shrine a large bundle covered with a wrapping of rich old gold and red brocade and tied with silk cords. This was reverently laid on a low, ornamented table near the altar. Then, with muttered chants of prayer going on all the time, the old priest untied and laid out bag after bag of brocade, each lined with some dull contrasting color and tied with heavy silken cords.

"After the ninth bag had been taken out and untied an upright box covered with more brocade appeared and, lifting it out, the priest opened it and produced a little rock crystal reliquary and set it upon a gilded lotus pedestal that stood near. This reliquary was shaped like the tombstones in a cemetery—a cube, a sphere, and a pyramid being placed one above the other and held together with gold wire.

"In the hollow of the sphere lay the tiny little dingy relic, which rattled around like a pearl or a pebble when the priest turned and tipped the box so that I could get a better view of the sacred object.

"He never stopped once in his muttered chant, and after a proper time had been given for me to see it to my satisfaction, he replaced the relic in its ten wrappings and again consigned it to its sacred shrine."—Chicago Times.

The Warning Taken.

Jack Billings—Do you think it right for a fellow to kiss a girl suddenly, without warning?

May Coolings—No; I do not.

Jack Billings—Neither do I. But how is he going to war her?

May Coolings—I don't know of any better way than to ask some question like yours just now.—Puck.

Amusing the Children.

Mrs. McShantee (triumphantly)—I see ye are takin' in washin' again, Mrs. McProudee.

Mrs. McProudee (whose husband has lost a paying job)—Sure it's only to amuse th' childers. They wants th' windies covered wid steam, so they can make pictures on thim.—N. Y. Weekly.

An Earnest Effort.

Mrs. Lanouveau—Do you believe that society women are sincere?

Mr. Riches—Sometimes they are.

Mrs. Lanouveau—When?

Mr. Riches—They are always sincere when they are trying to match silks at a dry goods counter.—Chicago News Record.

Not at the Theater.

Employer—Why are you so late this morning?

Boy—I laid awake so long las' night I couldn't wake up.

"Hump! What kept you awake?"

"Tryin' to remember all th' things you told me to do to-day."—Good News.

The Only Chance He Had.

Mrs. McCordle—It strikes me that it is awfully disagreeable for you to talk in your sleep every night.

McCordle—I agree with you, my dear; but I have to improve my opportunity, you know.—Puck.

THOSE FOBS.

Miss Tootyfrooty — Mistah Razzerstrope, you reck'n I's gwine walz wid a gen'man wid his 'spender hangin' outen his clues dataway?

Mister Razzerstrope — 'Deed, Miss Tootyfrooty, yo's m'staken 'bout dat. Das no 'spender, das mah new fob chain.

The Boy at a Disadvantage.

His Maternal Parent—I am sorry, Willie (whack), to have to do this. It (whack) hurts me a great deal (whack! whack) worse than it hurts you!

Willie (wriggling and shrieking)—No it don't! You've got a glove on!—Chicago Tribune.

Vaulting Ambition.

"Jobson is very ambitious. He is always figuring to do something great in the future."

"Yes, he does so much in the future that he doesn't have time to do anything in the present."—Chicago News Record.

A New Way to Measure.

Papa—How long is that hill where you coast?

Warren—About three seconds down and ten minutes up.—Harper's Young People.

A Dog in the Manger.

There's one variety of man
His fellows should ne'er forgive;
That's he who says life's not worth living
And still continues to live.

—Puck.

Rain or Whisky.

Bartender (as chappies approach bar)—Going to have some rain, gentlemen?

Chorus—No; whisky!—Life.