

SPIRIT LAKE'S LEGEND.

An Interesting and Pretty Story of Indian Lore.

How Young Star of Day and His Pale-Faced Captive Died Together—Why No Indian Ventures on the Lake—Superstitious Fancies.

It is not difficult to imagine what a paradise Iowa was for the nomadic tribes that first peopled it.

But it is rather for the purpose of recalling one of the most charming of Iowa legends than for speculating upon the Indian legends that this narrative is written.

Many years ago, so runs the legend, a war party of Sioux who had joined their brethren near the great lakes in an incursion to drive away the usurping white man, returned to the tribe, bringing with them captive a beautiful white maiden.

When the camp on the lake was reached the captive was placed in charge of an old squaw and confined in a wigwam, where she bemoaned her sad fate with tears and entreaties to be restored to her friends.

Finally Star of Day determined to not only give her liberty, but to conduct her safely to her family, hoping that such generosity would awaken the love he craved.

From that time no Indian's canoe ever crossed the lake. Either a storm would suddenly arise and swamp the frail bark or some unseen power drag it beneath the waves.

When in after years the adventurous white hunters who first visited the lake launched boldly upon its surface and returned safe from their voyages, the fact was accepted as fully confirming the theory of a mysterious spirit influence which was exercised for the protection of the pale-faces, as well as for the destruction of the red men.

The Bees Were Victorious. A party of hunters near Centerville, Md., were pursuing a fox, when the hard-pressed creature took refuge in a hollow tree.

LAWYER AND CLIENT.

How a Legal Man Made a Thief Plend Guilty After Acquittal.

"The only lawyer who made his client plead guilty after being acquitted was C. M. Hardy," said a lawyer to a Chicago Tribune reporter.

"A man was arrested for burglary. The principal evidence against him was an overcoat found in the house, which the burglar had evidently left in his hurry to get away.

"But when the lawyer and his client were leaving the criminal court by the Michigan street steps it began to rain. Mr. Hardy buttoned up his overcoat round his neck, and, noticing that his client was minus an overcoat, he said: 'Jones, you had better go back to court and bring your overcoat,' alluding to the one which he had so strenuously disowned a few moments before.

"The man, not wishing to get wet, turned back to get his coat, and had reached the top step before it dawned on him that to apply for the coat would be an equivalent to a confession of guilt.

"Why, that's pleading guilty!" Jones exclaimed, when he had recovered breath.

"So is turning back for that coat," rejoined his attorney; "but you needn't fear—that jury wouldn't believe you and the judge couldn't."

"Jones guessed he had pleaded guilty enough already and that his coat wasn't worth much any way, and that he would get along without it."

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"I made it a point to find the husband. When this was done, and we stood face to face, I asked him if he didn't want to go back to his home, to stop drinking, and become a man again.

"I have seen your wife, and she would be overjoyed to have you come back. You have trudged through many weary hours of sorrow, and have brought it all upon yourself! I told him to go to his wife and be happy again. To make a long story short, he did go back, and now two hearts that were once shattered and sad beat again as one.

MADE TO LOOK NEW. A Simple and Effective Method of Renovating Old Garments.

Old clothing may be made to look nearly as good as new by pursuing the following plan, says the Philadelphia Record:

Take, for instance, a shiny old coat, vest or pair of trousers of broadcloth, cassimere or diagonal. The seamer makes a strong, warm sapsud and plunges the garment into it, soaks it up and down, rubs the dirty places; if necessary puts it through a second suds, then rinses it through several waters and hangs it to dry on the line.

When nearly dry he takes it in, rolls it up for an hour or two, and then presses it. An old cotton cloth is laid on the outside of the coat and the iron passed over that until the wrinkles are out; but the iron is removed before the steam ceases to rise from the goods, else they would be shiny. Wrinkles that are obstinate are removed by laying a wet cloth over them and passing the iron over that.

If any shiny places are seen they are treated as the wrinkles are; the iron is lifted, while the full cloud of steam rises and brings the nap up with it. Good cloth will bear many washings and look better every time because of them.

The Tour of the World. A French savant has calculated the time required for a journey round the earth, and has obtained the following results: A man, walking day and night without resting, would take 428 days; an express train, 49 days; sound, at a medium temperature, 32 1/2 hours; a cannon ball, 2 1/2 hours; light, a little over one-tenth of a second, and electricity, passing over a copper wire, a little under one-tenth of a second.

IDEAS ABOUT HEAVEN.

Aspirations and Fancies Concerning the Great Beyond.

Everybody has heard of the poor old fellow, aged, bent double by labor and sickness, and with only a second-hand acquaintance with pleasure, who when asked his idea of heaven answered that it seemed to him a place where one might sit forever in an easy chair and be served with cake and wine by angels.

The early Christians, torn by wild beasts in the Roman arena, driven to secret worship in underground holes, persecuted, tormented and despised, pictured a gorgeous city with streets of gold and gates of pearl, through which they could pass with erect head and crowned with gold, bearing palms in their hands and decked in new robes, singing till their hymn should resound as the voice of many waters.

The Hebrew apocryphal literature describes an upper, or heavenly, and a lower, or earthly, paradise. Each is divided into seven dwellings, each of which is twelve times ten thousand miles in length and breadth. A column ascends from the lower to the upper heaven, by which the souls of the blessed mount to the higher after a temporary sojourn in the lower. The Talmud names as one of the glories of the upper paradise the society of Enoch, Elijah, Moses and Ezra, who walk in the light of the coming Messiah.

The Mohammedan heaven, as described in the Koran, is a place of the rarest delights, where the righteous recline on mossy couches in a fair garden, listening to entrancing strains and drinking of the rarest and pleasantest beverages.

The heaven of the old Norsemen is the abode of the heroes slain in battle, who live again in the scenes of their life, but amid eternal victories, chanting sagas and battle songs and quaffing mead from the skulls of their enemies.

Of an entirely different nature is the heaven of the Buddhist. It consists of twenty-eight grades in a gradually ascending scale of happiness as follows: The not-fighting, the joyful, the change-enjoying, the changing others—arbitrarily, the assembled Brahmas, the servants of Brahma, the great Brahmas, limited light, illimited light, pure light, limited purity, illimited purity, perfect purity, great merit, unconscious, the not great, the exempt from pain, the well-seeing, the beautiful, the highest, illimited space, illimited science, the place of naught, that of no-thought and that of not-no-thought, this last being a sphere where all the activities of life are nil. Indeed, the final goal of Buddhism looks toward the destruction of sin by exhausting its existence, or by impeding its existence. Much akin to this are the Brahminical and Shinto heavens, as well as that of the Parsees, which look toward final glorification in a state of ecstatic peace in company with Ahura-Mazada, their supreme deity.

There is something pathetically simple in the distinctively opposite idea in which the red man's heaven is conceived. To him there is spread out the happy hunting grounds where, with his dog, his bow and arrows, he may follow the deer over rustling prairies and through the whispering woods with no paleface to follow to impose upon him the restraint he despises; all of which has been so happily described by Pope Le, the poor Indian whose untutored mind sees God in clouds, or bears him in the wind. His soul's grand science never taught to stray far as the solar walk or Milky way; Yet simple nature to his hope has given Behind the cloud-top hill an humble heaven; Some safer world in depths of woods enclosed, Some happier island in the watery waste, Where slaves once more their native land behold, No thieves torment, no Christians thirst for gold.

A Remedy for Chapped Hands. One of the best remedies for rough or chapped hands is the following: One ounce of glycerine, one ounce of rose-water, six drops of carbolic acid. In cold weather, whenever it is necessary to wash the hands, apply a few drops while they are moist and rub well into the skin.

Poison Will Drive Away Rats. A little powdered potash thrown into rat-holes will drive the rodents away that are so annoying in cellar or kitchen; cayenne pepper will have the same effect on rats and cockroaches, and a mouse will never gnaw through a piece of cotton sprinkled with cayenne that is stuffed into his hole.

A Cure for Pneumonia. Pneumonia can be cured if the person will apply promptly over the lungs a poultice or draft made of mustard and flaxseed meal, keeping quiet and warm in bed. Prompt action is of vital importance. Mustard is an old-fashioned cure, and its healing virtues can hardly be over-estimated.

A REMARKABLE GIRL.

She Can't Digest the Literary Productions of the Present Day.

There is a remarkable young girl up town, says the Woman About Town of the New York Evening Sun. She ought not to be so remarkable as she is, and the very fact that her reading habits are worth chronicling is a sad comment on the cheap and perverted taste for literature that is, alas! too characteristic of the young people all about us.

She was recently asked if she had read a certain new society novel, of which everybody was talking and over which young women particularly grew warmly enthusiastic.

She looked a little ashamed as she replied: "No, I tried to read it, but I just couldn't, and so I gave it up." A discussion of books and writers followed in which it transpired that the young girl had never read one of the Duchess novels, nor of Rhoda Broughton's, nor of Ouida's, nor of any of that school of English writers whose heroines thrill, and throb, and clutch, and hunger, as our dear old ancestor would say.

"Nor Miss Alcott, nor Miss Murfree, nor Henry Hayes, nor Marion Crawford?" she was asked.

"Perhaps it is Howells, then, or Aldrich, or even Henry James?" Still she shook her head.

"Do tell me, then, what you are poring over hours out of each day?" "I have no business living in this generation," she answered. "I belong to the past. I hardly know the names of all these authors you have been asking about. I read what my father and mother did—Scott, and Dickens, and Thackeray, and Bulwer, and Addison, and Butler, and Macaulay."

"And no modern writers?" "I've read George Eliot and George Sand and a little of Balzac. I've tried to read the present-day writers. I really have. But I can't. It is like trying to drink vin ordinaire with the flavor of Johannisberger still on one's lips. I would hear some book most lavishly and enthusiastically praised. I would send for it and begin the first few pages. I seldom got further. It was too much of a wrench, and I would shut the volume and go back to dear old Thackeray, and Lamb, and Walter Savage Landor, and the rest of the saints. The first books I ever read were of the old-fashioned kind; my father used to read Dickens, and Macaulay, and 'Don Quixote' aloud to us every night after dinner, and I grew up in the companionship of these writers. After that I was never able to form a taste for anything less. I do sometimes feel ashamed when I hear people talking so glibly about these new writers. I know I ought to be up to date, and live in the century in which I was born, and all that, but I guess I never shall."

HAD A GOOD THING. A Naval Officer's Experience in the Distribution of Patronage.

I heard from a Philadelphia good story, often told by the late Rear-Admiral Emmons of his experience in the distribution of patronage in the navy yards, says the New York Star Man About Town. While the Admiral, then a Commodore, was Commandant of the Philadelphia Navy Yard, just prior to an election in that city, the Secretary of the Navy ordered the employment in the yards of a much larger number of men than were needed for the work in progress. One afternoon the Commodore donned his citizen's dress and started for a bank to transact some business. Near the entrance to the yard he found about three hundred men standing around idle. Surprised at the spectacle, he addressed them rather sharply:

"What are you men doing here?" An able-bodied young man stepped forward and answered, promptly: "We're doing nothing."

"How did you get in here?" The young man pointed to the main entrance and replied: "We came in through that gate."

"That's very strange," the Commodore continued. "There's a sergeant of marine posted there, with orders to let nobody pass except officers and men employed in the yard."

"Oh! we're employed here," the young man said.

"Then why are you idle during working hours?" the Commodore asked.

Not at all disconcerted by the Commodore's manner, the young man answered: "We're not employed to work; we're hired to vote."

The Commodore was unable to contain himself longer. Straightening himself up he said: "You men probably don't know who I am." And the young man quickly made answer: "No, we don't; who are you, anyhow?"

"I am Commodore Emmons, Commandant of this yard."

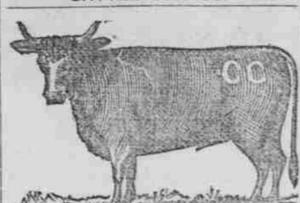
At this the young man laughed, and, drawing nearer to the Commodore, said: "Old man, you've got a good thing; keep it."

The Commodore turned his head that the smile on his face might not be seen, and went to his bank.

The Age of Combination. He was waiting for her to come downstairs when the terror snatched in. "Hello, my little man! You're Miss Lettice's brother, aren't you? Here's something to buy candy with." "You'll excuse me, but I can not accept a nickel. I am a member of the Children's Amalgamated Association for the Preservation of a High Tariff in Donations from Visitors. The lowest card sent in which there is no particular favor desired is ten cents."

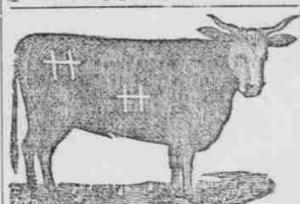
Asked for a Bridal Dress. Jay Gould has recently received a number of letters from a young lady at Emporia, Kan. She writes that her family is poor and that she is about to be married. She wants a black silk dress to wear at the ceremony, and she knows that Mr. Gould will send it to her. The little millionaire has so far received four letters from his fair correspondent on the subject, but she has not yet got her silk dress.

CATTLE BRANDS.



Ear marks: Clean split from root to point left ear, upper bit in right ear. Wattle (wattle) on jaw, under mouth. C on left jaw (cheek); bulls C on left cheek only. Mottled stock C on left cheek and C on left ribs.

HENRY HUNING Post office: Show Low, Arizona. Range: Show Low creek, Silver Creek, Laguna Ortega and Laguna Salada. Horse brand C C left shoulder.



Ear mark: Underbit right. WABASH CATTLE CO. Post office: Navajo Springs, Arizona. Range: The Salt Lakes.

Horse Brand right shoulder.

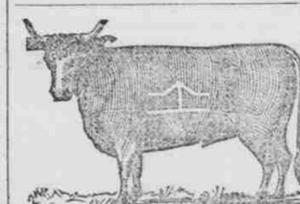


Ear mark: Crop right, underbit left. JOHNSON BROTHERS Post office: Navajo Springs, Arizona. Range: Ojos Bonitos and Pine Springs, Valencia county, N. M., and Zuni river, Apache county, A. T. Horse Brand Y right shoulder.



Ear mark: Crop and split left, upper and underbit right. A. H. PRATT. Post office: Springerville, Arizona. Range: Esquidilla mountains. Horse brand, T I N left hip.

HAD A GOOD THING. A Naval Officer's Experience in the Distribution of Patronage.



Ear marks: Crop right, underbit left. AZTEC LAND AND CATTLE CO. (LIMITED.) Post office: Holbrook, Arizona. Range: Apache and Navajo counties.

Old cattle branded also in various other brands and marks. on both sides kept up.

Horse Brands: right or left shoulder. HS right thigh.



Ear mark: Crop and split right; sharp, left. Post office: Springerville, Apache county, Arizona. HANK SHARP.



Ear mark: Crop left, underbit right. HART & CAMPBELL. Post office: Nutrioso, Arizona. Range: Rincon rancho, head of Blue river, Graham county.

Horse Brand: left thigh. OTHER BRANDS: H C left hip, cattle. H C left thigh, horses.



R. C. BLASSINGAME. Post office: Woodruff, Arizona. Range: Milky-Mallow and Little Colorado river. Cattle branded O on left jaw and OU on left side. Old brand OU on left side not kept up. Ear mark: wallowfork left, underbit and crop right. Horse brand OU on left hip.

Vent OU in same place.

CATTLE BRANDS.



Ear mark: Crop left. TWENTY-FOUR CATTLE COMPANY. Post office: Springerville, A. T.

Horse Brand: left hip. OTHER BRANDS: left thigh. A left jaw.



Ear marks: Under half crop right, underbit left. ST. GEO. CREGGHE. Post office: Springerville, A. T. Range: Coyote Springs and Esquidilla mountains.

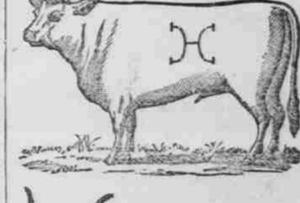
Horse Brand: right thigh. OTHER BRANDS: 74 left ribs.



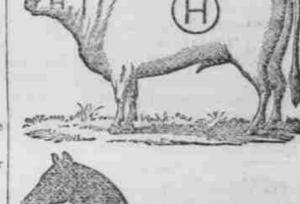
Ear mark: Swallowfork left. BULL & SHONE. Post office: Taylor, Arizona Territory. Range: Lower Show Low. Horse Brand J S left shoulder.



LOUIS HUNING. Post office: Taylor, Arizona Territory. Range: Lower Show Low. Horse Brand J S left shoulder.



Ear marks: Crop right, underbit left. AZTEC LAND AND CATTLE CO. (LIMITED.) Post office: Holbrook, Arizona. Range: Apache and Navajo counties.



Ear marks: Crop right, underbit left. AZTEC LAND AND CATTLE CO. (LIMITED.) Post office: Holbrook, Arizona. Range: Apache and Navajo counties.



Ear marks: Crop and split right; sharp, left. Post office: Springerville, Apache county, Arizona. J. D. ARNOLD.



Ear marks: Crop and split right; sharp, left. Post office: Springerville, Apache county, Arizona. BILLS LAND AND CATTLE CO. Cattle brand Diamond in circle, on left side or hip and B left jaw Horse brand: on left shoulder. Range: Billings on Rio Puerco. P. O. address: Holbrook, Ariz.



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