

Some Vocabulary.
 "Did you learn any French while you were in Paris?" asked Bildad, meeting Slithers shortly after his return from Europe.
 "Oh, a little," said Slithers, "not so very much, though. I got so I could say cigarette in French."
 "Good!" said Bildad. "What is cigarette in French?"
 "Cigarette," said Slithers.

Works Both Ways.
 "Mr. Wombat, I must leave you to get married. I know a great many girls leave the firm to get married. Still, I hope you can fill my place."
 "That will be all right. We have a waiting list of ladies who left us to get married, are now tired of their husbands and would like to come back."

Wants to See It.
 "I done heard it read in de paper," said Uncle Rasberry, "dat some o' deshere flying machine gemen says a man kin do anything a bird kin."
 "That's what they say."
 "Well, when any of 'em sees a human sit fas' asleep holdin' onto a tree branch wif his feet, I sho' wishes dere'd call me to have a look."

Kind Parent.
 "Dad," said young Jack Shiftless to Old Bill the other night, "I want to go to the show tonight." "A show at night is no place for a kid like you," said Bill. You should be at home in bed."
 "But I peddled bills and have two tickets," said Jack, as he began to sniffle. "All right, then," answered Old Bill, "I will go with you to see that you don't get into trouble."

Plenty of Such Men.
 "What kind of life insurance policy is yours?"
 "Twenty-year plan."
 "How long have you been paying premiums on it?"
 "Fifteen years."
 "Then at the end of twenty years do you get your money back or merely a paid up policy?"
 "Why-er-I've never really read it through yet, and I'm not sure about that. You know how a fellow puts off such things, and—er—"

Some Peroratin'.
 In making a peroration before enraptured hearers a speaker said:
 "We must not be content but must advance. We must go on and on. We must reach higher heights, broader breadths and deeper depths."
 A village evangelist was improvising in prayer and presently stumbled into a pitfall.
 "Oh, Lord," he prayed, "Make the intemperate temperate; make the unholy holy; make the industrious dustrious."

Apply to the Cashier.
 A timid knock, a gruff "Come in!" and the tear-stained, new office boy stood before the manager.
 "P-please, sir," he blubbered.
 The manager looked up sharply.
 "P-please, sir!" he blubbered again.
 "Well, well," asked the manager, "what is it?"
 "P-please, sir, I upset a p-packet of envelopes," said the office boy, dabbing his streaming eyes with his coat-sleeve, "and the c-cashier k-kicked me!"
 "Good gracious, my lad!" snapped the manager irritably. "You don't expect me to attend personally to every detail of business, do you?"

Any Port in a Storm.
 In a New England seaport town there is a wealthy but illiterate man, who owns many vessels, and follows their course over the seas by the aid of a large atlas and a ten-horsepower magnifying glass.
 "I've just had a letter," he said to a neighbor, "from one of my captains, and he tells me he's been in a fearful storm. I'll read you from his letter what puzzles me. He says:
 "The waves rose like mountains. We were driven before the wind, to the very great danger of our lives, and put into great jeopardy."
 "What I want to know," said the ship owner, "is, where is Great Jeopardy. It's somewhere in the Mediterranean, but I can't find it on the map anywhere."

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FAMOUS AMERICAN INDIANS

BY ALBERT PAYSON TERHUNE

CANONCHET

This is the story of a savage chief who could not forget a wrong, and who, at the cost of his own life, avenged the evil wrought by the white man upon his father. Miantonomoh, as an earlier article in this series told, was sachem of the Narragansett tribes. He was proud to be known as the white man's friend. He gave pledges of loyalty to the New England colonists and trusted the white colonists made in return. When Uncas, the great Mohegan chief, became his enemy, Uncas was more faithful to the white men than Miantonomoh. So the New Englanders sacrificed the trustful sachem, giving him over to the Mohegans for execution.

A Wrong to Avenge.
 Canonchet (or Na-nun-tinu) was Miantonomoh's son. In time he became chief of the Narragansetts. A Narragansett colonist thus sums up his appearance: "He is a large, muscular man, of great courage of mind as well as strength of body." The young Narragansett ruler was not at first strong enough to declare his intention of avenging Miantonomoh's sacrifice. So he went (as his father before him had gone) to Boston as a friend of the English. There he was befriended and made much of, even as Miantonomoh once had been. The English had given Miantonomoh a shirt of mail. They presented Canonchet with a gorgeous red coat lined with silver. And they managed, as in Miantonomoh's case, to induce him to sign a treaty that was favorable to the colonies. In fact, he appeared to have forgotten any grudge he had ever held. But, whereas Miantonomoh had been honest in his oath of friendship, there is every reason to believe Canonchet was not.

King Phillip, son of Massasoit, declared war on the English. Canonchet's chance had come. He sent his braves on the warpath as allies of Phillip. He gave refuge and shelter to the wives and children of Phillip's warriors. He was paying the first installment of his debt of hatred. And the second soon followed. The English learned with pained surprise that

the man they had so lavishly entertained and had dressed in a silver-laced coat was actually enrolling himself among their enemies. So, in March, 1675, they sent an expedition under Capt. Michael Pierce to punish Canonchet for breaking his treaty pledges.

Pierce and his troops marched into the Narragansett country and near the Pawtucket river falls found Canonchet with 300 Indian braves at his back. Canonchet, as if in fear, crossed the river with his men. Pierce followed in hot pursuit. But as the English militiamen reached the farther bank the retreating Canonchet suddenly halted and gave the order to attack. He had lured the English across the ice-choked stream in order to prevent them from escaping into the forest. With the river at his back, and the Indians rushing down upon him from the banks above, Pierce was caught in a trap. He formed his soldiers in double line of battle, back to back, on the brink of the stream, and prepared to meet the avalanche of savage assault as best he might. During the fierce battle that ensued Canonchet and his braves slew nearly every man.

News of this disastrous affair roused all New England. Every colony there was called on for militiamen to crush Canonchet. A strong force of soldiers and "friendly" Indians, under Capt. George Denison, bore upon his camp, took him by surprise. Canonchet made a dash for the nearby river, meaning to leap into its waters and swim to safety. As he ran he threw away the silver-laced coat the English had given him. The Indian allies of the colonists gave chase, but Canonchet's fleetness of foot kept him well ahead of them. Just as he neared the bank he slipped in the mud and fell. Before he could scramble to his feet he was seized.

The English gave Canonchet over to their Indian friends for execution. He was shot. His severed head was sent by his father's Mohegan foes to the English governor at Hartford, and his body was burned.

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OURAY

Ouray—a fat, inscrutable-faced Ute Indian—loudly proclaimed himself "The Friend of the White Man." Certain white men living near his reservation proclaimed quite as loudly that the chief was a most unmitigated old scoundrel. Others held that he was one of those somewhat rare specimens, a "good Indian." Here is his history, woven with the tale of an Indian uprising that brought his people into tragic prominence about thirty years ago:

The branches of the Ute "nation" were scattered over large sections of Utah, Colorado and other states. Ouray and his tribe lived in Colorado. They were more or less at peace with the white settlers. Ouray, who was rather well educated, had gone several times to Washington to urge his tribesmen's rights. Nathan C. Meeker, the local Indian agent, managed to dispense justice on the reservation and was thought to have won his red ward's love and absolute trust.

Forecasts of Trouble.
 Colorado was becoming more and more thickly populated by white men. Land that had once been practically free to all owners began to take on a much higher value. Settlers grumbled that the Ute reservation was too large and that so much good ground would be in better use if parcelled out among white men than under native ownership. Meeker saw that the reservation must soon or late be cut down. He said to have talked the matter over with Ouray and, with the chief's approval, to have suggested a plan for easing the coming blow to the Utes.

The Utes (whether inspired by Ouray, or, as he claimed, against his advice) flatly refused. They said they were hunters, like their ancestors, not mere farmers. They rebelled against the agent's authority. Daily the situation grew worse. At last, in July of 1869, Meeker told the Indian department at Washington that an outbreak seemed imminent. He asked that soldiers be sent to overawe the savages.

Accordingly two months later a force under Major Thornburgh came to look into the state of affairs. Every effort was made to keep the coming of the soldiers a profound secret. But in the mysterious fashion known only to Indians the news was flashed from

one end of the reservation to the other. Added to the original facts was a wild rumor that the troops were going to expel the Utes from their old hunting grounds. Like wildfire the tidings—false and true alike—spread from village to village. The tribe sprang to arms. A large band of Ute braves fell upon the advancing soldiers at Milk River, near the reservation's northernmost boundary. Thornburgh and thirteen of his troopers were killed and the horses of the entire command were captured. The rest of the soldiers defended themselves as best they could behind fortifications that had been hastily thrown up. And here, for days, they were besieged by the furious savages.

On the same day that Thornburgh was killed a party of Utes swooped down upon the local agency buildings. Meeker was killed, as was every man in his employ. The white women and children of the agency were captured, but were later released unharmed.

Meantime General Merritt and a strong force of regulars hurried to the rescue of the besieged survivors of Thornburgh's command. Ouray sent word to all concerned that the whole uprising had taken place without his knowledge. He claimed that at first news of it he had thrown himself heart and soul into the task of making his people return peacefully to their homes. Angry settlers retorted that Indians did not usually embark on a campaign without sanction or knowledge of their chief.

Ouray's Triumph.
 He filled the air with protestations of his good will toward everybody in general and Merritt in particular. He assured the officers that Meeker's slayers should be given up to justice, and made glittering promises for his tribe's future good behavior. The upshot of the matter was that Ouray's fervent pledges and declarations won the day.

But Ouray's diplomacy carried all before it. The murderers of Meeker and the assailants of Thornburgh's force escaped unpunished. The wise old chieftain lived only a few months after scoring his diplomatic victory. He died on Los Pinos Agency, Colorado, August 27, 1880, in his sixtieth year.

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