

"Two Strike," —the Sioux.

Two Strike, the wily, the bitter enemy of the whites, is dying in his Dakota wigwam firm in the belief of his fathers that he will but close his eyes on earth to open them again in the happy hunting ground. About none other of the elders of the tribe of Daotah does there centre so much interest as about this old brave, whose heart holds a nobility of heart for the enemies of his people. The chief took part in the last uprising of the Sioux against the whites 10 years ago, and when forced with the others to give up the unequal combat he said: "The body is given up, but the spirit never surrenders." There is only one being on earth whom Two Strike holds in greater hatred than the white man, and that is the hereditary foe of his tribe—the Pawnee warrior.

Old Two Strike bears the distinction of having been the leader in the last battle which took place on the American continent between two hostile tribes of Indians.

For years about number the Pawnees and the Sioux have hated each other. The wars that were waged between them were wars of extermination. No prisoner, warrior, squaw or papoose was taken in battle or in the raids upon sleeping villages. All were put to the knife or the tomahawk. In one of Cooper's novels, *Hard Heart*, the Pawnee Chief, taunting the Sioux, said: "Since waters ran and trees grew the Sioux has found the Pawnee on his warpath." The battle in which Two Strike led the hosts of the Sioux against the Pawnees was fought near a little stream known as The Frenchman, a branch of the Republican river, about 100 miles south of Lexington, Neb. For generations the Pawnees had held the valley of the Platte. It was the most famous buffalo hunting ground on the continent. The Sioux from the north constantly invaded the buffalo plains of the Pawnees. This in itself was enough to bring about constant battles, but back of everything else there was set a hereditary hatred between the two nations, the beginning of which not even the old men of the tribes pretended to know. The masterful Sioux had thrashed all the Indian tribes with which they had come in contact, but they met a foe worthy of their tomahawks every time they came in contact with the Pawnee. About the middle of the 19th century disease ravaged the Pawnee nation. It carried off the children and Pawnee warriors with equal impartiality. The strength of the tribe was sapped but its spirit was unbroken. The Sioux won frequent victories over their weakened enemies and forced them to a course which they had ever before spurned, an alliance with the whites.

The Sioux had killed scores of whites who had had the courage to pierce the wilderness and establish homes. Soldiers were sent against them to punish them and the Pawnees, burling for revenge, went with the white soldiers as scouts. The Sioux warriors were punished. Two Strike bided his time. With the other chiefs he finally urged his people to peace with the whites. It was the only time that words of peace had ever been known to come from the chief's lips. It was not a mere peace, but the Pawnee more. With the end of the active campaign the soldiers withdrew from the Pawnee allies, who returned to their hunting ground and their villages. Adabel Ellis, who knew better, perhaps, than others, the fullness of the Pawnee situation, has told the story. Two Strike and his Sioux watched for an opportunity. They would not be content with a mere battle in which so many warriors would be killed off, but they were after a chance for extermination. They wished to root the tribe out from its place in the land.

Early in August, 1874, the Pawnees started from their homes on a great hunting expedition. They were led by Sky Chief, once noted for his prowess in the Pawnee tribe. Sioux runners carried the information of the hunt to Two Strike. Then the Sioux took the war path. They cut down into the heart of the buffalo country, and finally found the Pawnee encamped in a comparatively narrow canyon. The Sioux started a small herd of buffalo, and, driving them into the upper end of the canyon, started them down toward the camp of the Pawnees. The Sioux guarded the animals from the rear, but took themselves out of sight just before coming within vision of the Pawnees. The buffalo went headlong through the canyon and the Pawnee warriors, hastily mounting, followed

them on to the broad plain, leaving the women and children behind. Then the Sioux swept forward and began the work of extermination. They spared neither young nor age, and had almost completed their slaughter when the Pawnee braves returned. Then followed a conflict in which the twang of the bowstring was heard often rather than the crack of the rifle. The Pawnees fought, as they had always fought to the death, but the Sioux, armed for war and not for hunt and with overwhelming numbers, won the day, and of the great nation of the Pawnees only a vestige remained. Two Strike with his own hand slew Sky Chief. The conflict served to whet the Sioux appetite for that other conflict less than two years later, when the same warriors attacked Custer and his band and let not one live.

Two Strike's conscience is not troubling him as he lies in his wigwam. With him the slaying of the enemies of his people is a virtue, and about his feelings there is something that is not solely characteristic of the savage.

LIZARDS DROPPED WHEN ATTACKED

California Lizards Have a Queer Defense.

A remarkable defence among lizards has recently been the subject of investigation here by a prominent member of the Academy of Sciences. To save its life, he has discovered, the California lizard will sacrifice its tail, imparting to the abandoned appendage a temporary life of its own which enables its owner to escape.

"I noticed first," said he to the N. Y. Science correspondent, "that many of the lizards I had lost their tails when I caught them, and when I had a collection of twenty or more I found that I had a singular assortment. Some of the little creatures had no tails; others straggled an inch or two long. One had two tails, or stumps growing, and the greater number had new tails in process of growth. The enemies of the lizards here are snakes; and the roadrunner—a bird—but it appeared somewhat remarkable that so many lizards should have escaped with merely the loss of the tail. It was evident, judging from my collection, which included four kinds of lizards, the most of the lizards attacked got away; but that they were saved by deliberately releasing the tail never occurred to me until I actually saw the operation.

"I kept some of my lizards struck off by long cords in the way that I might watch them. One day a cat had discovered the unfortunates and she proceeded to attack them. The lizard darted off to the left, leaving the cord, leaving to the amazement of the cat and I may say myself, which she possessed of life of its own. The squirting tail attracted the attention of the cat, which assumed it to be the lizard, and seized it only to find that the tail was an active partner in the latter's plan of escape. For two or three minutes the tail leaped and struggled, and as it was two inches long its simulation of a living animal or a small lizard was complete; so exact, indeed, that the cat was deceived and devoted her attention to it, allowing the animal itself to escape.

"This solved the mystery of my lizards with stub tails; they had all lost their tails in a venture of this or a similar kind, and the tick had saved their lives. It is a confidence that it is not an accident, but that it constitutes a well defined feature of the defence of the lizard. I will illustrate it for you."

Forthwith the naturalist led the way to back of his garden where he took from a box a brown and green lizard nearly a foot in length.

"This is one I have been reserving for an experiment," said he, "and I wish you to note that it will toss off its tail, and that it is not pulled off."

The lizard was placed on the ground and the attention of a fox terrier was attracted to it. The dog ran about barking and snapping, but did not touch the lizard apparently taking it for a snake. The lizard drew back in a partial coil, certainly resembling a snake. The dog grew bolder, and finally its nose touched the lizard, which straightened out so rapidly that the eye could not follow the movement, and the observer saw what were apparently two lizards, one running rapidly away the other bounding about in coils, presenting a remarkable appearance of energy

and activity. The naturalist stopped the running terrier, which immediately coiled itself up, until it appeared very much like a stone; so much so that it never would have been noticed, while the tail was dancing a veritable jig, making itself as conspicuous as possible. The dog dashed about it barking excitedly.

"Time it," said the naturalist, "and see how long the tail will show signs of life." The correspondent took out his watch and placed the jumping tail upon his hand; but it was impossible to keep it there; it coiled, twisted and leaped the ground as though in agony, while but a few feet distant was the "live part of it," coiled and motionless. The seconds elapsed into minutes, the tail still rolling over, though not in the active manner it did at first, and at the end of four minutes it still exhibited enough signs of life to attract the attention of a cat or dog.

"The idea is this," said the naturalist: "The lizard when I had pressed jerks of its tail, which is imbued with the same muscular activity which enables it to crawl out of the programme of its action, the lizard is conscious of the enemy, while the real living body escapes. I believe the operation is a purposeless one to the lizard; the vibrations are so connected that the tail readily comes off, and, as you see, there is no loss of blood. I have kept these tailless specimens to find out, if possible, how soon the new tail begins to grow, and how long it takes to complete its growth. In about two months the new tail appears, looking like a bud, of a dark blue color, which is retained for some time. In the course of events the tail is restored and doubtless can be duplicated a number of times, though I have not observed it. The earliest way to make the lizards drop their tails is to strike the ground near them.

To illustrate the naturalist took several lizards from a box, then took a switch he snatched from the ground near them. One of the little creatures at once threw off its tail and ran for cover.

"Of course," said the experimenter, "it is impossible to say that the lizard has figured all this out, and that it knows that the wriggling tail will attract pursuit long enough for it to escape; but if it does not it is very singular. Nothing could be more successful as the tail at once attracts a hawk and wounded animal, attracting the attention of the enemy exactly as does the snake when she effects a broken wing to lead an enemy away from her eggs. The object is the same, and in 50 per cent the lizards escape with the loss of the tail."

The play by a large green lizard in a similar experiment was remarkable, first throwing off the tail, which extended the dog, then curling up its head to its snout of a tail, producing a marvelous imitation of a snake, and refusing to move even when touched, showing at its method of protection was almost perfect.

Miraculous Light

The mollet that figure in the following story on being eventually went the way of a fish, but the account of their progress from their native element to the land is marked by some interesting and peculiar features.

"How would you like to catch fish without hook, line, net or resin?"

"Shoot them, you mean?"

"No."

"How, then?"

"Let them jump into the boat."

"Oh that's preposterous!"

For reply, the first speaker, a Virginian living near Charlestown, north of Cape Charles, called to a passing steamer and asked him if the fatbacks were running.

"Reasonable, sub, reasonable," was the answer. "Dey hez been better, on dey hez been worse."

"Be ready to take us to shore after supper," the Virginian said to the negro. To his visitor's eager questions he returned the uniform reply: "Wait until nightfall."

It was dark when they finished supper, and there were clouds in the sky—conditions pronounced "ideal" for the sport. Within an hour they were on the soft, smooth beach of one of the inlets on the Chesapeake side. There was the fishing-boat, a long canoe or dugout. At the stern was a platform, on which was a bench half-full of earth. Behind the stern seat was a pile of light wood lots. The negroes had long poles.

"New," said the Virginian to his visitor, "all we ask of you is to keep as still as you can!"

In a few minutes the canoe was shoved gently through the water. By this time a bonfire had been started on the soil in the basin, and as the flames got hold on the resin of the pine knots, the glare lightened up the big trees that lined the shore.

"They're jumping!" announced the negro in the bow, in a very hoarse whisper.

The negro in the stern gave a merrily vigorous shove with the pole, and before

anybody could say "Jack Robinson" plump! plump! the fish came jumping into the boat, over the boat, on laps and even up sleeves!

There were thousands of them, but the sportsmen got only the smallest fraction of those they saw; for when they counted their catch, at the end of an hour or so, by the light of the bonfire, they found that they were one hundred and forty-three.

"That is very ordinary," was the Virginian's comment. "Three hundred is a good catch."

Fatback is the local name for the small mullet which abound in these waters. And there is no mystery about the ease with which they are caught. On the flood-tides after dark they get into the shallows in streams for food. They have great leaping ability, and when surprised make for deep water by leaps and bounds. The glare from a boat startles them. The body of the boat being dark, they do not see it, and when they jump into it they are going through space into deep water.

GUBERILLA EMERSON

The Fate of a No. 1 Confederate Who Once Raided Chicago.

Capt. S. P. Emerson, formerly of Dr.'s, died in Denver, Col., on Tuesday last. Capt. Emerson was one of the most noted characters produced on the western side by the war between the States. A native of Kentucky, he had served in Southern regiments, and when the war broke out he had served and commanded an "irregular" Confederate force commonly known as guerrillas.

Many of the exploits of Emerson's career were as daring and sensational as those of Quantrill, Morgan or Mosby. In one of his raids he was captured and imprisoned in Kentucky, but made a bold escape by cutting through the prison roof. He was soon in action again, and in 1863 or 1864 had command of the force of about one hundred men that rode into Chicago with the intention of causing an uprising that should capture or destroy the city. In this hope Emerson was disappointed. He escaped capture, as he often related, by stealing a horse and riding beyond the lines of danger. He then led the horse loose and "hoped it got back to its owners, as he always expressed it.

Capt. Emerson was a friend of Fr. James in war days, and also of Cl. Marshall Puller of Ardmore, I. T. These men have often spoken highly of him as a man and soldier. Capt. Emerson lived for many years on his Dallas farm, near Richardson. He was an old bachelor and inclined to reticence on the subject of the Civil War particularly in regard to his own part in it. He never got over his grief for the "Lost Cause." Before going to Denver, when his health failed him he called on Mrs. Kate Cabell Currie of Dallas, former National President of the Daughters of the Confederacy, and now at the head of the local chapter of the order. He said to her:

When the Southern Confederacy perished I lost what stood to me in my reflections the same as do a wife, children and friends to other men. When I am dead, which will be soon, I ask that you see that I am buried among my own kind of people. I desire that a plain suit of Confederate gray be my burial garments. I wish none but former Confederate soldiers to act as pallbearers and to place me in the grave. I desire the Confederate flag to spread upon my coffin. I desire that a plain monument, surmounted by a life-size Confederate soldier, be erected over the cenotaph of my grave and that on that monument shall be carved this epitaph only: "Here lies a man who believed in the traditions and achievements of the old South."

"In my will I shall make provisions for my burial expenses."

Mrs. Currie pronounced Capt. Emerson that she would do as he had requested. When notified last Tuesday of his death she made the arrangements for his funeral. The body was met at the railway station on its arrival from Denver by a squad of former Confederate soldiers, who bore it to the residence of Judge Ed S. Landers, from which the funeral took place. The grave was in the middle of the burial lot owned by the Daughters of the Confederacy. Camp Sterling Price, United Confederate Veterans, attended in a body and their old battle-scarred Confederate flag was spread over the coffin.

A Tame Gull

Vincent S. Stevens, in the *Christian Advocate*, says that birds do not become tame nearly so readily as most other animals, and then relates the story of an exception which he noticed when living in the east country.

Looking over my neighbor's fence one day, I was surprised to see on his doorstep these queer companions; a beautiful white sea-gull and my neighbor's pet cat, sitting quietly together.

Becoming interested, I jumped the fence and asked Jones about his feathered pet.

He told me that some boys had shot the gull a few days before and broken its wing, and as they were passing his house he noticed the poor suffering thing and bought it. He bandaged the broken wing, and the gull, seeming to understand his kind became quite tame and nestled its pretty head against his hand.

Jones entertained me by showing how the gull usually took its meals. Bringing a plate of oysters and a fork, he called, "goosey, goosey, goosey!" and the bird came jumping to him. Then he held out an oyster on the fork, and the gull sized it quickly with its yellow bill and ate it as demurely as if oysters had been served to it in this way all its days.

The oddest thing occurred one day when my neighbor gave the gull some small pieces of meat for dinner. He placed the meat on the ground near the gull, but the gull spying a pan of water near by, took meat piece by piece, and walking over dropped it into the water. Then, true to its nature, it began fishing for its dinner.

It is my neighbor's intention as soon as the gull's broken wing is healed, to take it back to its native ocean beach and leave it there to rejoin its wild companions.

Lost at Sea

An illness of life on the large ocean-going ships is given in the following story from a Philadelphia exchange:

On one of the voyages of a great steamship from Hamburg to New York, a little seven-year-old immigrant boy was lost for three days. He left his mother and started in quest of adventure about the big ship, but upon losing sight of the vessel he found his way back to her. Instead of asking some one where to go, or telling that he was lost, the young tourist decided to continue his explorations indefinitely.

When found, he was sleeping in an empty coal box down among the engines. One of the crew took him to the captain, who deeded two stewards to search for his mother.

They found her with some difficulty, and discovered that she, too, had been lost. She had started out to look for her son, and had not been able to get back to her own part of the ship again.

Strange Snow on Mars

Prof. Johnstone Stoney, in developing his theory of the escape of the gases from planetary atmospheres depending upon the force of gravity of the particular planets concerned, has concluded that helium at present is slowly escaping from the earth and in a short time it probably escaped much more rapidly. From Mars, he says, water vapor must have escaped with about the same readiness as helium fled from the earth, and accordingly the visible white patches about the poles of Mars were not snow, but probably are frozen carbon dioxide. Other appearances frequently observed on Mars are due, he thinks, to low lying logs of carbon dioxide vapor shining alternately between the poles and the equatorial regions.

A Doctor

Old Lover: "I know I am old enough to be your grandfather, but, my darling, I have an immense fortune to bestow upon you."

Young Heart: "I hesitate to answer."

Old Lover: "Do not keep me in suspense. I have heart disease, and under undue excitement I am likely to die at any moment."

Young Heart: "Then I will be yours."

His All

Dibbs: "Yes; Coker has left everything he had to the city."

Dabbs: "What was it he left then?"

Dibbs: "Five children."

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