

## STORY-BOOK INDIANS.

It's funny about Indians,  
In the stories which I've read ;  
White men is always killing 'em,  
And yet they aint all dead.

The hero of the prairies,  
Who hankers for their gore,  
Can kill a dozen every day,  
And always finds lots more.

They are blood-thirsty savages,  
And scalping's their delight,  
And they're dreadful easy whipped,  
Each time they try to fight.

And though they live by hunting,  
And kill no end of game,  
When shooting at a white man,  
They always miss their aim.

But when the hunter fools 'em  
By sticking out his hat,  
So he can draw their fire,  
They always riddle that.

And when they take a captive,  
He's bound in such a shape,  
He never has much trouble  
In making his escape.

I never knew them get a chance  
To torture him next day ;  
You'd think by this time they'd have learned  
To kill him right away.

They cannot speak much English,  
Few words is all they know—  
"Ugh ? The big chief ! kill pale-face !" —  
They call all white men so.

But when they want to make a speech,  
They use fine language then  
And talk like Daniel Webster did,  
And other famous men.

It's very funny all the things  
That Indians seem to do ;  
I sometimes think the story-books  
Can't be exactly true !

—PHILLIPS THOMPSON.

EPICAL.—Professor—Which is the most  
celebrated Latin epic, Mr. Callow ?  
Freshman.—Epic-tetus.—P.T.

THOROUGHLY TESTED. — Tombrown —  
Is Bostwick a hard student ?

Billgreen.—He must be. There were  
half a dozen jumping on him at the last  
football match, and he survived.—P.T.

## PUT TO THE TEST.

"To serve you, I'd go to the ends of the  
earth,"

He said ; but it gave him a shock,  
When she answered with somewhat con-  
temptuous mirth,

"Well, then, just take a walk round the  
block."

—P.T.

A PLEA IN MITIGATION.—Seedy Slocum  
—Wot's dis I hear about you, Mike. Dey  
tells me dat you's been disgracin' de pro-  
fesh by workin' ! Dat so ?

Meandering Mike.—(*Apologetically*).—  
Yes, Seedy—but, say, ol' man, dey gin me  
a job in a brewery—all de booze yer kin  
git away with, yer know.

Seedy Slocum.—(*Thoughtfully*). Well,  
we mightn't none of us be able to stan'  
that temptation.—P.T.

ANCIENT AND MODERN POLITICS.—"It  
is the duty of every citizen," said the  
Professor, "to take an active interest in  
politics. The original meaning of the  
word 'idiot' in the Greek is, 'one who  
takes no part in public affairs.'"

The Thoughtful Student passed his  
hand over his brow reflectively, and talked  
in a hesitating sort of way at the Pro-  
fessor.

"Well, Mr. Grind-er," said the latter en-  
couragingly, "Does it suggest any id a to  
you ?"

"Not particularly," replied the Thought-  
ful Student. "It just occurred to me  
though, that the man who invented the  
word had evidently never attended a sit-  
ting of the Legislature."—P.T.

THE WESTERN WAY.—Buckskin Joe  
of Deadman's Gulch had come east to  
New York to settle up some business, and  
was told by his lawyer that several hun-  
dred dollars was deposited to his credit in  
the bank.

"That's all right, pard," he said, "but  
spos'in I want to git the dust, how do I  
go about it ?"

"Oh, nothing easier. All you have to  
do is to draw on the bank, you know."

"Draw on 'em ! All right, pard, if you  
say so. I allers knowed you Noo York  
sharps was bound to play to skin game,  
but I didn't expect to have to hold a man  
up with a shootin' iron to git my own.—  
P.T.