

INDIANS MUST WORK.

WARDS OF NATION ORDERED TO BE SELF-SUPPORTING.

Those Who Are Able to Earn a Living Will Receive No More Rations—Some Worthless

The Sioux Indian has gone to work. He has done it reluctantly and under protest. He has done it contrary to the advice of his father and his grandfather. But back of his father and his grandfather is the great father at Washington, who says that if a man will not work neither shall he eat.

The rations have been cut off from those who are able to work. So the Indian has cast aside his blanket and with it the leisure of more centuries than the white man can count. He has accepted the new order of things as he accepts everything else, with a philosophy which looks like indifference.

"The white man offers you work," said old Chief Red Cloud, when the young men came to him for counsel, "and they take away the rations that were promised under the Black Hills treaty. They will give you work for a little while, then you must find it for yourself. They will give you nothing. They will do nothing for you."

But the time has gone by when the word of the chief was final law. The young men went to work. On the Pine Ridge reservation about one-fourth of the Indians are self-supporting. They work on the roads, grading and driving teams, for which they get \$1.50 a day. Several of them have been employed building dams and reservoirs over the reservation. A few do a little farming and raise cattle.

It is difficult to make farmers of them while they own land from which a white man could not make a living. They have not worked long enough yet to demonstrate positively what they can do, but their possibilities seem limited. Most of them are irresponsible and immature. They lack the cleverness of the old Indians and seem to have gained nothing in the past.

You have seen one generation of Indians grow up and take its place in the world. Some one said to an old Indian who has devoted his life to the Sioux: "What do you think education has done for them?"

The clergyman shook his head. "I don't know," he said. "In some respects the young men are much worse than their fathers. They have learned more vices of which the old Indians knew nothing. Perhaps in some ways they are better, but I don't know."

The prosecuting attorney of Wyoming, while at Pine Ridge last fall investigating the causes of the incident between the Indians and the sheriff, made a speech to pupils of the Catholic boarding school in which he made a suggestion as to how the Sioux nation might become wealthy. He suggested that the old tendency toward tribal relations be used to form a huge corporation for raising cattle on the Pine Ridge reservation. Most of the reservation land is good for grazing and with the amount they have and what cattle they have to begin with they could organize a company, hire an experienced cattleman as manager and in ten years be independently rich.

In the meantime, however, there is suffering among the Sioux. The rations are inadequate and most of the Indians incompetent.

The Indian women are being encouraged to take up their beadwork again, which for a long time was discouraged. Indian women teach it to their daughters and girls in the boarding schools offer it for sale. No one but an Indian woman can do the genuine beadwork which is on buckskin, but the women work, which has become a fad among white women, is the traders say, ruining the sale of the genuine article. Girls on the Pine Ridge reservation are also being taught basketry, an art which the Sioux never knew, and the state agricultural college has been asked to furnish sweet grass seed, to be sown along the creeks and used for making baskets.

Among the Indians who under the new regime are trying hard to make a living is old Mrs. Sittling Bull, widow of the last of the hostile Sioux. She is a peaceable old woman and sits in her little cabin out on the reservation making gorgeous beaded moccasins, for which there is a limited sale.

When the announcement was made last spring that the Indian must go to work the Northwestern Railroad company came forward with an offer to help solve the problem.

During the summer the company employed about 200 Sioux from the Pine Ridge and Rosebud reservations. They were employed as section hands and coal shovellers and made \$1.50 a day. Cox shovellers and made \$1.50 a day. Cox shovellers and made \$1.50 a day. Cox shovellers and made \$1.50 a day.

Frozen Banana Custard. Make a smooth, heated mixture of three eggs, one and one-half parts of milk and sugar to taste. When cold add two bananas, mashed through a fine sieve, mix thoroughly, add a cup of whipped cream and freeze—Washington Star.

Helping Some. "Have you ever done anything for the church?" asked the Rev. Mr. Goodley. "Have I?" replied Mr. Pompey. "My dear sir, it has always had my moral support. I say a good word for the Lord whenever I get a chance."—Philadelphia Press.

ROSA BONHEUR'S HEIRESS.

How Miss Anna Klumke Came to Be Presented to the Great Artist—Painters.

Miss Anna Klumke, who has inherited Rosa Bonheur's fortune is about to publish a paper, says the Brooklyn Eagle, which shows how it came about that the great artist made her artist her favor, and you will be surprised to hear that it was John Arbuckle, the man at the head of the great coffee industry, whom all Brooklynites know, who was instrumental in having Miss Anna Klumke make the acquaintance of Rosa Bonheur. This is the way it came about.

John Arbuckle was a great admirer of Rosa Bonheur and having, some ten years ago, a fine wild horse in his stud farm, he sent it to Rosa Bonheur. A year later going to Paris Mr. Arbuckle, wanting to know whether Rosa Bonheur got the horse all right, asked his friend, Miss Anna Klumke, to go to the chateau with him to act as interpreter, because he spoke no French. They did not see Rosa Bonheur, she was out, but the maid showed the horse to its former owner and said that no one was able to tame him, that he was let out in the fields and came back to the stable of his own accord when he wanted feed.

Mr. Arbuckle was bent on making Rosa Bonheur's acquaintance and, on writing to her she invited him and Miss Klumke to luncheon, saying they would be most welcome, but would not get much more than fresh eggs. Delighted with his visit, Mr. Arbuckle made several calls upon Rosa Bonheur and each time he wrote asking the liberty to go to see her she wrote back to be sure and bring his charming interpreter with him.

Anna Klumke, who always had the greatest admiration for Rosa Bonheur's work, was delighted to have the occasion to see the great artist. A friendship grew out of these visits and when Anna Klumke came to America to fill orders for portraits she and Rosa Bonheur corresponded. When Anna Klumke went back she painted Rosa Bonheur's portrait for the Salon and during the poses the artist asked Miss Klumke if she would not like to live with her, that she would give her lessons in painting and that it would be pleasant to spend the winter evenings together talking about art and literature. Anna Klumke's

and her consent and Anna was Rosa Bonheur's constant companion the last two years of her life.

Miss Klumke venerates the memory of her friend and benefactress and she spends the greater part of her life collecting notes, remembering what the artist told her, to get up a biography of Rosa Bonheur which will be a lasting monument to her memory. In the meanwhile she is about to publish Rosa Bonheur's letters to her in America.

LOOKS FOR NINTH MOON.

Further Search for Saturn's New Satellite Will Be Made by Prof. Pickering.

The summer vacation of Prof. Pickering, the Harvard astronomer, promises to be a busy one. In addition to his close study of the moon's orbit, he proposes to search for the ninth satellite of Saturn, the existence of which is well established, but which to date has never yet been able to see. Professor Pickering discovered the first satellite of Saturn, a collection of stellar photographic negatives.

From a series of these, which thus far furnish the only evidence of its existence, he has been able to construct exactly the body's orbit. By means of the big telescope at Yerkes observatory and by following his diagrams by which he can locate exactly the position of the planet on any given night, he hopes to catch a glimpse of this ninth moon of Saturn, which goes circling about the planet outside of its other attendants.

When he was at Arequipa, Peru, Prof. Pickering discovered that the satellites of Jupiter were all apparently egg-shaped. One of these moons seemed to the observers to revolve end over end, so that sometimes it presented a round disk to the eye and at others a luminous broadside. For the purpose of confirming his conclusions regarding this interesting little moon, the Harvard astronomer will visit the Echo Mountain observatory during the present summer and he hopes that the favorable atmospheric conditions of southern California will enable him to gain much-needed information regarding Jupiter and his satellites.

Unanswerable.

At an examination in an English school the teacher was so pleased with his class that he said they could ask him any question they liked. Some were asked and replied to. Seeing one little fellow in deep thought, the teacher asked him for a question. The boy answered, with a grave face:

"Please, sir, if you was in a soft middle-class job, would you mind telling me how you would get a brick at your head, would you mind?"

The answer is not recorded.—The Bits.

One-Man Parish.

The only name on the list of voters for the parish of Hopwas Hays is that of the assistant overseer himself. He is the only occupier here, apparently. The assistant overseer at the annual parish meeting, over which he presides and keeps the records. As assistant overseer he sends the guardians' precepts from himself and pays himself his own salary.

Champion Chimney Feller.

Thomas Kinney, a Lewis street jockey, claims to be the world's chimney-felling champion. He has recently brought down his one hundred and sixth Mr. Kinney, who is 70 years of age, announces that he will retire when he has demolished 200 chimneys.

CAMP LIFE LUXURY.

UP-TO-DATE EQUIPMENTS FOR SUMMER OUTINGS.

All the Comforts of a Modern Home May Be Enjoyed in the Lodge of the Hunter and the Fisher.

The taste of Midas has penetrated even the camper's lodge, and the man who accepts an invitation for a week's hunting and fishing in what he supposes is a bit of wilderness, finds himself lodged in with luxuries, says the New York Sun. To be sure, they are camp luxuries, but they fairly shriek dollars, stocks and bonds, just the same.

The good old dirt floor, ideal for separate for emptying a man's pipe, has given place to a camper's carpet of heavy white canvas. On each corner, and if the floor space is large, at intervals between the corners, are fastened big rings firmly buttonhole stitched with twine, which are held down by pegs or staples.

Pine bough beds have been succeeded by hanging berths made of heavy canvas or striped ticking. They are covered on all sides and fitted with ventilators and covered with fine netting to keep out mosquitoes.

A mattress and a pillow are provided and at either end of the berth is a long narrow pocket, such as is seen in sleeping car berths, for clothing. Four ropes or chains are used to suspend the berth from the ceiling of the shack. These are especially popular for use outdoors or on porches.

Instead of the old-fashioned table settings of hotel china and tin ware, the owner of the camp now settles up a camping or picnic case of table fittings compactly stowed in a wicker case. These are fitted out to serve from six to 24 persons, and contain plates, knives and forks, two sizes of spoons, a mustard jar, salt and pepper shakers, sugar bowl, serving platters in nickel and china, butter jar, servers for made dishes, cups with hinged handles, and several sizes of flasks.

The last, with the better jar are covered with wicker. The cups with folding handles are of metal, but elaborate sets are also shown in the old-fashioned English blue ware.

absolutely essential. They come in nickel and enameled tin, bound in nickel, are about three feet long two feet wide and stand on rollers. Next to the ice is a compartment for water and this is supplied with a faucet.

A smaller lexbox, shaped not unlike a large stein, is useful for one day trips. It is a hollow cylinder of heavy tinware holding a glass jar two inches smaller in diameter than the tin case.

If the liquid to be chilled is carried in the jar, the space between jar and tin case is packed with ice. If for drinking water is to be carried in the jar, then nothing is packed between glass and tin cylinder, and the current of cold air thus formed prevents the ice melting in the jar.

The ideal clock for a camper's lodge is one that swings from the wall, but occupies not more than six or four inches of wall space. The face of the clock is little more than two inches in diameter but is covered by a convex glass which magnifies the figures on the dial until they can be seen clearly at a distance.

These clocks come in leather mountings of all colors. In some of them the figures on the dial are magnified until they seem an inch or more in size, but they can be seen only when the camper looks squarely at the clock face. Viewed from the side they become invisible.

When there are women in the party an afternoon tea equipment is almost essential. This is a little hamper supplied with a wicker dish for crackers, a teapot, kettle and alcohol stand and burner combined, a butter jar, knives, spoons and fringed napkins, cups and a sugar bowl, also wicker covered.

The newest thing in cooking apparatus is a combination stove that will make the homemaker in a Harlem flat sit up and take notice. On one small cooker can be boiled at once eggs and coffee, while on a lower tier bacon or chops can be broiled. And the whole thing is not more than a foot high.

The frame is of nickel or brass, and at the base is an alcohol lamp with a flame surface of two and one-half inches. Above this is the preheated broiler, and on the next tier is a deep kettle or cooker.

Fitted into this is a folding tray with three holes for eggs to be set in and a dipper. This compartment is filled with water and dipping deep into it is a cylinder with a fine wire net bottom. The inside of a French dip coffee pot. This is suspended from the cover and holds the coffee.

The eggs are literally boiled in the coffee, and the two cook in about the same time.

WAS KNOWN TO EGYPTIANS.

Circulation of the Blood Was Understood by Their Doctors 3,000 Years Ago.

The Harveian oration at the Royal College of Physicians, London, was delivered this year by Dr. Richard Caton, F. R. C. P. In the course of his remarks he said that HARVEY was almost anticipated 3,000 years ago by the priest-doctors of Egypt in his momentous discovery of the circulation of the blood.

As far back as 4900 B. C. Egypt had works on medicine and anatomy and one brilliant genius— forgotten nowadays— and omitted from the cyclopedias— I-em-hotep, priest of the sun god Ra, and physician to King Turathroth, became so eminent that he was revered as a demigod after death, a temple was built over his tomb, and in his honor hospitals were raised in Memphis and other cities. Here the priest-physicians treated the sick and embalmed the bodies of the dead and sacred animals.

There were probably, Dr. Caton thinks, the first of mankind to acquire a rudimentary knowledge of the movement of the blood. Their papyri contain intelligent references to the heart, the blood vessels and the pulse. Of the heart in particular they knew much and their writings refer to its enlargement, fatty degeneration, displacement, palpitation and pericardial effusion. One remarkable passage of these old-world inquiries speaks of distension of the heart and shortness of breath as occurring because the blood has stagnated and does not circulate properly.

Not Greece, therefore, but Egypt long before Galen and Hippocrates, was the mother and of rational medicine and anatomy. The views of the Greeks on the circulation of the blood were almost exactly those which the Egyptians had taught many centuries earlier.

On one remarkable means of treatment for the long-forgotten Nile doctors taught Dr. Caton said great credit is due to the long-forgotten Nile doctors at least 4,000 years ago for the first time have as much rest as possible was enjoined, and the Harveian orator, which we may yet practice with advantage. I-em-hotep seems to have been an all-round genius—physician, architect, astronomer, alchemist—so illustrious that after death, he was reputed the son of the supreme deity, Ptah, and his name yet nearly lost to fame.

LAWSUIT 300 YEARS OLD.

Case Involving French Millions Has Been Pending That Length of Time.

Jean Thiry, who died in 1674 at Venice, leaving a fortune of \$2,000,000, was indeed a benefactor of the law profession. Every since his death litigation has been going on about his will and still continues. In 1731 the claimants to the Thiry estate were found to number 2,000. A. M. and Mme. Revol are now cheerfully engaged in litigation with the few hope of obtaining the accumulated fortune, which, if it exists, must be enormous. There is, however, a doubt whether it does exist, says a recent account.

The case is as beautifully complicated as the most legal mind could wish. Thiry left his money to relatives in France, who never claimed it and the fortune remained in the Bank of Venice. Toward the latter years of the seventeenth century some forgers appear to have concocted a spurious warrant from the king of France making the estate over to them. They were found out and the deed was revoked.

Throughout the eighteenth century the case was carried from court to court in France and at Venice. In 1788 Napoleon was ordered by the government of the French republic to claim the Thiry estate. Shortly afterward he occupied Venice, and whether or not he then appropriated the money to pay his troops is still a moot point. During the last century, in the seventies, a Mrs. Caton devoted her energies, without result, to suing the French government for the Thiry estate.

About ten years ago a Mme. Roussel took a hand in the game. The present claimants, M. and Mme. Revol, have just lost a preliminary suit before the council of state because they could not prove that the Thiry fortune was in the Bank of Venice at the time of the French occupation of Bonaparte, nor, consequently, that the latter had appropriated the funds, but they are going hopefully on with their case.

War Names for Horses.

"I'm glad," said the man who thinks that he can pick winners at the races by the names of the horses, "that this Western Union middle hasn't put a stop to racing, for current events are producing a fine crop of names for this year's generation of yearlings. Just think of a horse called The Jap, for instance. Why I'd bet my last red on a racer with that name. And Togo would be a sure thing. Then there is Kuroki, a horse named for that fighter would be an odds-on favorite. Kuropankin is a good horse, but name, too so far as sound goes, but I'd dubbed that would be a hundred to one shot."—N. Y. Sun.

Pincushion Swallowed 400 Needles.

A lady in the city, reading that a pincushion that had been in use for some time, on being opened developed about 150 needles, had the curiosity to pull apart a pincushion that she had been using about 25 years. She found by actual count 410 needles.—Hartford Courant.

Not All Pleasure.

Mrs. Gay—Of course we must go to the top this evening.  
Mr. Gay—Oh, you think of nothing but pleasure.  
"Not at all. I expect to dance with you several times."—Philadelphia Press.

INVENTORS ARE VERY BUSY.

Are Contriving All Sorts of Useful Things for the Domestic Department.

In this the electrical age, no new house is complete unless it is fitted with electrical lighting, gas, water, or the other things to use electricity or gas as an illuminant. And yet the incandescent lamp has been in practical use but little over a score of years. But aside from its utility for illuminating a building and for running an electric fan, the electric circuit offers many other advantages which the public is only just beginning to appreciate, says the Scientific American. A variety of uses of the electric current serve in an up-to-date home. The fatiguing treadmill operation of the sewing machine is done away with and the work is performed by a little electric motor about a foot high and six or seven inches broad, which gets its power from the ordinary lighting circuit and, changing this to mechanical movement, transmits it to the sewing machine through a friction wheel bearing on the starting wheel of the machine. The speed can be very delicately regulated by means of a small lever and the machine can be as quickly started or stopped as by foot power. The operator can assume an easy, comfortable position as the only duty required is to rotate the cloth under the needle. Even an invalid can safely operate a machine thus driven.

The electrically heated fastening press, even temperature, which continues as long as the device is connected with the electric circuit. The iron heats up in a few minutes and is very handy, especially for occupants of flats and apartments in laundering small articles. It is also particularly useful for putting a crease in a pair of trousers and smoothing out the wrinkles in a coat and vest.

An electric "hot water" bath might better be termed "hot wire" bath, for instead of being filled with hot water, it contains coils of fine flexible wire which are heated on passing the current through them. The bath heats up in five minutes and is as easy to use as the electric flat-iron. It possesses the advantage of yielding a uniform degree of heat as long as it is in use. This is certainly a long step in advance of the hot water bath now commonly used which has to be heated to a temperature of 100 or 110 degrees and then then a uniform heat is not maintained.

Electric heating iron heaters are to be found on the dressing tables of many fashionable hotel bedrooms. They are small and neat and they work automatically. The slipping of the iron into the heating chamber turns the current on and the withdrawing of the current on it off. They are popular because they do away with black smears of soot that the heating of a curling iron in a flame of gas occasions.

THREE CAPE TOWNS PROFIT.

Yearly Income Realized Through Finding of Rich Quaking Bed by Lost Sailors.

Because two fishermen seeking quail had their bearings in a fog the town of Orleans, West and Easton are made richer each year to the extent of more than \$100,000, says an Orleans (Mass.) report.

For years the fishermen sought quail only when there was nothing else to do. Two brothers pushed out the Orleans shore boat of getting many quails as possible, being in the theory was a bad disappointment to the loved ones at home.

The men were lost in the fog and in despair threw over the anchor. They knew by the depth that they were far from where they usually fished.

In desperation, one threw over his rake and when it came up it contained more than the net had ever taken in by one raking. Time and time again this was repeated until before night the boat was filled. As the fog cleared they made for home, having first taken their bearings.

When the men landed they told their fellow fishermen of their luck and today 100 boats carrying nearly 300 men, are daily employed on these grounds, which seem to have an inexhaustible supply.

The bed runs parallel with the shore line of Orleans, Eastham and Wellfleet, and is a mile and a half long. It is two miles long by a mile wide. On an average the men take three or four barrels a day. This could be exceeded, but restrictions have been imposed by the town's officials.

The bottom is covered with a substance not unlike red coral, and under this the quailstone lies. To take from the coral substance must be broken, which is the hard work about the business.

All of the work of the summer is now marketed at once, but a good portion is held on flat near the shore, and kept until winter, when better prices can be obtained.

Sympathetic.

Young Wife (rather nervously)—Oh, cook, I must really speak to you! Your master is always complaining. One day it is the soup, the second day it is the fish, the third day it is the joint—in fact, it's always something or other.  
Cook (with feeling)—Well, mum, I'm truly sorry for you. It must be quite awful to live with a gentleman of that sort.—Smith's Weekly.

Not in His Line.

"Now," said the pert salesman, sarcastically, as he started to put back the rolls of silk, "can't you think of something more I might show you, mam?"  
"Yes," replied the shopper, "but I don't think you have it."  
"What is it?"  
"More courtesy."—Philadelphia Public Ledger.

POISONING OF ANIMALS.

The Tiger and Wolf Hard to Overcome—The Lion Falls an Easy Victim.

Wolves, tigers, leopards and other carnivora are difficult to poison because of the speed with which they rapidly get rid of the drug. Lions, on the other hand, says Nature, are very frequently poisoned, as they eat voraciously and quickly, more like a dog than the other large felines. It is said that a good many lion skins, especially those brought back by foreign counts and others from Somaliland before the regrettable misunderstanding between whites and blacks had begun in that region famous for large game, were obtained by the unscrupulous method of poisoning caracaras and leaving them for the lions to devour.

Cattle, which have no less than four stomachs, are hopelessly poisoned if once they have swallowed a dose, whether in a toxic plant or otherwise. It is thus curious arrangement of their interiors which makes it such a difficult matter to give cattle medicine at all.

In common with human beings, animals seem to be affected by poison in certain forms when in a particular condition of health. At other times they can eat the same plant or shrub with impunity. In certain stages of health a man can eat pork, lobsters, cockles, wallops and other somewhat risky foods without bad effects. At other times the same edibles would produce on him the effect of ptomain poisoning. Two persons may eat the same food at the same time, and while one is perfectly well afterward the other may become violently ill.

The curious cases of yew poisoning among cattle or horses seem to be somewhat analogous. They will sometimes browse on shoots of yew and take no harm whatever. At other times they are obviously made very ill or die from eating the leaves. They have been found dead with the yew fresh and undigested in their stomachs.

Where poisonous plants are present in any great numbers in herbage it seems quite impossible to prevent cattle from eating them.

Birds seem to have no discrimination whatever in respect to food. Probably because they have almost no sense of smell and swallow their food without masticating it. Such intelligent birds as crows will pick up and eat poisoned grain and crows and ravens readily eat poisoned eggs or meat.

Chickens will eat the poisonous seeds of the laburnum and die from the effects. Whether birds such as tits and greenfinches ever do so does not seem to be known. But wild birds are frequently found dying in gardens, though apparently they have been in good health a few hours before and their death may probably be due to the consumption of poisonous seeds.

PAPERED WITH POKER HANDS.

Walls of a New York Bachelor Room Decorated with Same.

One of the oldest card rooms in the city is the bachelor flat up town. It is the resort of half a dozen poker players who gather about the green-covered table every evening and play a five-and-ante game, says the New York Press.

Originally the walls were decorated with a few cheap sport pictures of old English nobles and a set of party pictures. This night a pair of the wallpaper was torn down and the walls were papered with the same. A few weeks later a second pair went to a man with a pair of cards and the nerve to bluff, and for a contract and as a warning the price of two spots was placed against the rival hand. From time to time other hands were similarly posted until they began to appear upon the prints. One night when three players each held four of a kind a print was taken down to make room for the hands, and the next evening all the prints were removed.

Two or three packs of cards are used each evening, and now instead of being thrown away, the big hands are outlined in court cards, while the caps in between are filled in with spots. The entire wall is filled in, and notable hands carefully labeled, are now posted on the ceiling. Not a square inch of the wall plastering is now visible and it makes a singularly appropriate decoration.

The cards are so placed as to show the dust as much as possible, but they cannot be fastened down firmly, and the problem of cleaning the paper was the despair of the caretaker until the owner of the flat rigged up a large air pump with a line of flexible rubber tubing, such as is used to extend the range of the vacuum cleaner. Now the air is forced under the cards and by creating a draught through the window, the dust is taken up.

Food as a Factor.

Dr. York-Davies tells this story: "Many years ago when a great English contractor had to lay down a line of railway in France he employed a number of English and of French navvies. He found that the Frenchman could only half the work of the Englishman and being a shrewd man he concluded it must be due to the difference in their food, so he then put the Frenchmen on the same diet as the Englishmen, with the result that they were able to do as much work as the Englishmen. It showed how important a factor food was in the production of muscular power."—Chicago Daily News.

The Simpler Life.

Clara—That letter said every home should have a garden.  
Caretaker—Yes, I wish our front yard was planted in cabbage, instead of grass to cut.—Indianapolis News.