

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 Red Men.

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 now, 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 yourselves. 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 want 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 its place.

You have seen one generation of Indians grow up and take its place in the world, some one said to an old cowboy man 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 many 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 incipient war between the Indians and the sheriff, made a speech to pupils of the Oglala 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 after it for sale. No one but an Indian woman can do the genuine beadwork which is on buckskin, but the woman work, which has become a fad among white women, is the traders' sale, 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. Sitting Bull, widow of the last of the hostile Sioux. She is a peaceable old squaw 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 100 Sioux from the Pine Ridge and Rosebud reservations. They were employed as section hands and coal shovelers and made \$1.50 a day. Coal shoveling was most popular with them. They were not in the sun and the work was not continuous. They could shovel awhile and then sit around in the shade and smoke a cigar.

Frozen Bananas Custard. Make a smooth boiled custard of three eggs, one and one-half pints of milk and sugar to taste. When cold add two bananas rubbed through a fruit sieve, mix thoroughly, add a cupful 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.

NOTES ON NEEDLEWORK.

Pretty Trifles for Summer Use That May Be Fashioned at Home.

Take a square of brown denim or soft tan canvas and sketch a graceful spray of hops thereon and outline in gold wash silk. Line it with denim and finish with brown and gold, then fill the cushion with dried hops.

A dainty gift for the girl who embroiders is the "floss book," a long, narrow book bound in small-figured cretonne and tied with bows of ribbon. The pages are of stiff cardboard covered with plain linen, with straps for holding skeins of silk, linen or mercerized cotton floss.

Make at least one raffia pillow just to see what comfortable rests they are for piazza or summer cottage. Get several colors (the reliable colors) and weave the pillow in blocks of color just as you used to weave colored papers when you were a kindergarten and leave fringes at the edges or turn the ends of the raffia in making it plain. Stuff the pillow with curled hair and you have a nice, cool pillow, and a pretty one.

For summer kimono Japanese cotton crepe is an excellent fabric. It washes like the traditional iron and no matter how delicate the coloring may be there is seldom a piece that fades with tubbing. This material can be procured in an infinite variety of tints and designs. Stripes are effective and a plain crepe to match the colored stripes makes a pretty border for the collar, front and loose sleeves. There is one distinctly Japanese pattern that has taken remarkably well. It represents Japanese letters of the alphabet stamped in white on the dark blue, China blue or any color that one happens to fancy.

A pretty little work basket is made of stiff cardboard cut out in four sections, each one about four inches high and five broad at the top slanting to a width of three and a half inches at the base. Ribbons at the top and bottom of each section fasten them together in form something like a tall strawberry box. These sections are covered with a fur crash and on the outside of one is attached a needle pad covered with a flap of canvas. Another side of this little basket carries a tomato pin cushion made of silk. A third is decorated with two little emeralds in the form of strawberries and the last section has a pocket in which to keep buttons, spool, cotton, braid, etc.

One of the newest finishing touches for fancy work is ribbon rose work. When a picture frame has been made and pasted, separate out paste over the edges a strip of pink ribbon and then make a lot of rosettes of narrow ribbon in two shades of pink, filling the tiny centers with knots of yellow and green. Sew these rosettes to the frame, alternating the lighter with the darker pink rose, then tie many ribbon bows of the narrowest width of green ribbon and fasten a bow between each rose. The effect is that of small green leaves between miniature roses. An oval frame is finished with a pink bow at the top. Trays for the dressing table are made in the same manner by using a shallow basket with the color of silk or satin that trims the table and covering the edges with tiny roses of the same color.

DANGER IN SODA SIPHONS.

Warning for Housekeepers Who Make Use of Them in Summer Time.

Do you know that the siphon bottle ordinarily used for soda water and other effervescent drinks is usually charged with a pressure of from 125 to 160 pounds to the square inch? The danger likely to result from an explosion of one of these little household articles is by no means inconsiderable, and yet the average person handles a siphon as though it were the most harmless thing in the world, says the Washington Times.

There are two or three things to remember in handling siphons. Never keep your siphons near the range, for the unusual heat is more likely than anything else to cause an explosion. Don't subject the bottle to any sudden change of temperature whatever. For instance, if you keep your siphon in the icebox—and that is the best and safest place for them—don't grasp the glass part of the bottle with your warm hand, for the sudden change of temperature is apt to cause an explosion. The best way to carry a siphon at all times is by the metal top at the head of the bottle. It is needless to say the greatest care should be taken not to drop a siphon, for an explosion is the inevitable result. When empty, the siphon is, of course, quite harmless.

That these bottles are considered a great source of danger is evidenced by the fact that the courts inevitably hold the bottlers strictly liable for all damages resulting from the explosion of one of them if even the slightest defect in the manufacture of the bottle can be shown.

Fruit Paverage.

Mash one quart of ripe berries with half a pound of sugar. Peel the yellow rind of 12 lemons very thin, squeeze the juice over the peel and allow it to stand for 12 hours. Chop a ripe pineapple very fine and mix with a half pound of sugar. Let it stand several hours, then strain the lemon juice and mash the raspberries through a coarse sieve then the pineapple. Mix together, adding three quarts of water. Stir until the sugar is dissolved, then strain and chill. Serve in sherbet glasses, with a slice of pineapple, lemon and a few raspberries.—Washington Star.

Potted Ox-Tongue.

Boil a fresh tongue, skin, clean and remove the bones, when cold, slice very fine, and add four ounces of butter to each pound of tongue, some mace, nutmeg, cloves, paprika, salt, and a little black pepper; mix well; place in jars and pour melted butter over.—People's Home Journal.

TROUBLE GETTING A COOK.

One Man's Experience in Trying to Solve That Difficult Problem.

"Ever been up against the real thing in an employment agency?" asked a loud-looking Harlequin of his friends at the lunch table, according to the New York Press.

"The other men shook their heads. "Well, take my advice and don't try it. My wife's been on the sick list for the last two months, and when the girl we had for two years was taken with typhoid it just about finished off my wife. I told her not to worry, as I'd see to getting a new girl."

"Might as well promise to give her a dying machine that would fit! A chap in the East side, where you could get both immigrant and experienced girls without fail, so I went there and told the woman who ran it that I wanted a good German girl, who could speak English, and cook."

"The next day she sent up a nice-looking girl, but you couldn't tell whether she could cook because she couldn't tell what we said, nor we what she said. I explained gently to the boy that I needed some one who could conduct conversations via a dumb-waiter shaft. Exit number one."

"Next day back comes the boy with another nice-looking girl, who speaks some English. I hire her, pay the boy the three dollars agreed on, and half an hour after the boy's gone the girl comes to us to say that she cannot stay. She doesn't know how to cook on a gas range. She doesn't know the way back to the employment agency, so I take her down myself. Two-hour trip. Employment agency sorry. Promises satisfactory girl next morning at nine."

"Same boy comes up with 14-year-old girl. Never cooked a meal in her life. That afternoon I go after my money. Old girl indignantly says it's not her fault if my wife is a crank. Says she sent me three servants. I remind her of the sort of servants I asked for and demand the three dollars. She sniffs and figures on a piece of paper. The law allows her expense money for the transaction, she says. She pays the boy one dollar a day to guide servants who don't know their way around town. Then there's the carfare. She figures it out that I have 30 cents coming to me. I go out to see a taxicab and find that it will cost five dollars to get back the three dollars. Can you beat it?"

QUIT DRINKING COFFEE.

Simple Words of Negro Woman Contain More Sense Than Some Sermons.

She as an old negro woman who worked out by the day scrubbing the possession of a terribly homely visage, cross-eyed, and presenting a face far from intelligent, says Medical Talk. "I don't drink coffee," she said, "any more. I used to drink coffee three times a day, as much as I could get off. Then I got so poor I couldn't afford to have coffee. Without coffee I had a terrible headache, couldn't sleep at night, was so nervous and restless that I didn't know what to do.

"I would have bought more coffee if I could have afforded it, but I hadn't the money, so I had to do without. I made up my mind that I would quit drinking coffee altogether, for it seemed to me if the coffee was so powerful that going without it caused such suffering it amounted to the same as taking a dose to use it. I don't like dope, and I found out by bitter experience. So long as I had plenty of coffee to drink I was not aware that it was such a dope, but when I had to do without it then I found out where I was at.

"That is the way it is with dope fiends. As long as they can get plenty of their dope they seem to be all right, but when they get out of it then the trouble begins."

We have listened to a great many lectures from different renowned professors on dietary and medical subjects. We have listened to a great many such lectures, but we doubt if ever in the same length of time we have heard more good, hard, common sense.

We are in the habit of drinking coffee moderately and quite frequently find ourselves defending its use. Nevertheless, we recognize in the old negro woman's story some plain, stubborn facts which neither quibbling nor sophistry can entirely evade.

Tisane.

Cut up a few dates, dried figs or prunes, enough to fill a cup, add a quart of water and boil an hour, strain through flannel, cool and serve diluted or not, as preferred, and very cold. Another tisane is made by steeping the crushed and fragrant leaves of the sweet orange tree in boiling water, let stand until cold, covering closely, strain and serve with ice. The southern nurse makes this tisane for the family when fever is in the blood, and serves it boiling hot, well sweetened. It is the best promoter of healthful perspiration, and will break a fever quicker than any drug I ever saw or heard of.—N. Y. Herald.

Potatoes Baked in Cream.

Boil the potatoes, and when cooked cut them in very small pieces. Put them in a saucepan over the fire, moisten well with cream, add pepper and salt to taste, and when hot turn into a baking dish. Have the dish hot, level it off, sprinkle bits of butter and some grated cheese over the top and brown in a hot oven.—Boston Budget.

Not Bad Enough.

"How do you like the cheese, sir?" asked the waiter. "It's not half bad," replied the diner. "Very sorry, sir, but we were assured it was quite ripe."—Philadelphia Record.

CAN READ MEN'S MINDS.

Pretty Women as a Rule Soon Learn to Tell Whether a Suitor Is Sincere or Not.

The beautiful woman knows the very worst aspect of men. A plain woman may go through life as the famous maiden of the legend wandered through Ireland, without meeting one man that seems to her worthy of reproach. But all the evil, all the intrigue in the world, gather about the beautiful woman. She may go her way serenely, secure in the purity of her mind, but she cannot help seeing the wickedness that flings itself across her path, and the beautiful woman almost invariably becomes in time cynical and suspicious of men, says the Chicago Free Press.

No matter how carefully guarded a beautiful girl may be, sooner or later she comes in contact with abhorrent vice, sooner or later the door of a whited sepulcher is thrown open while she passes by.

It is no uncommon experience for a beautiful and modest woman to be approached by a strange man, who calls her by some name not her own and pretends that he has mistaken her for some woman of his acquaintance.

The scoundrel acts in hope that she may encourage him by a smile or word. But evil is presented to her in more insidious ways than this. The beautiful woman, if she works for a livelihood, must endure stares and hints the full meaning of which she can only surmise. If she is a woman of society she has temptations peculiar to her station, and above all, the temptation to make a mercenary marriage, putting her beauty up for sale to the highest bidder.

The beautiful woman learns the insincerity of suitors, the baseness of their flattery, the selfishness and iniquity of their thoughts. One after another they reveal to her, by subtle suggestion, the rottenness of their minds.

It is no wonder that so many beautiful women are misanthropes, despising men, spurning them with unbecoming scorn or using them without pity. Even the vampire woman—rag and bone—and a hank of hair—is not without her plea. All the vampires are not female.

Beauty is a source of peril as well as of power to woman. Not only does beauty in woman bring to the surface all that baseness that lurks in men, but it subjects the woman that possesses it to conditions which tend to impair character.

The continual worship received from men often fills a beautiful woman with vanity and renders her insensitive. The liking for admiration becomes a passion, and there are beautiful women who go to great lengths in order to hold and enlarge their retinue of admiring men. Finding that her beauty gives her power over men, a beautiful woman is tempted to use that power unfaithfully, and thus her sense of personal honesty and sincerity is threatened.

Beauty is a dangerous but yet a precious possession to woman. Let us pray that she will be beautiful in the way of a woman. The beautiful woman receives a thousand grateful attentions that the plain woman goes without. Her beauty is a crown and scepter, an emblem of power. She meets deference wherever she goes. People scramble to serve her.

The beautiful woman, some one once has remarked, is inclined to prefer the admiration of many to the adoration of one. It is sometimes a shrewd policy, therefore, for a man to marry a plain woman for while she may appear beautiful in his eyes, other men will not know him—or her—by paying attentions to her.

RELICS OF CLIFF DWELLERS.

Odd Articles Buried in Mud and Stone Walls Come to Light Occasionally.

Every year investigators are adding to the world's store of knowledge of the cliff dwellers, who once inhabited the southwestern portion of this continent.

Dr. R. W. Schuessler, while exploring the Puye and Shufine cliff dwellings, a little less than 30 miles northwest of Santa Fe, made a peculiar discovery recently. He noticed a spot in the wall of different color than that around it, and investigated. With his pocket knife he dug into the soft stone and discovered a hole five inches in diameter, and 12 inches deep, partly filled with mud, in which was imbedded a stick, on which was mounted a face of obsidian that looked like a doll's head.

In the same hole with the doll was a small, but highly polished turquoise. Dr. Schuessler investigated further. He found another hole of similar character, in which there was also a doll and a turquoise. After further search two more of these sealed openings were found, each of which contained a doll and a turquoise. One of these holes contained a piece of pointed resin, in which tooth marks indicated that it had been used much as the chewing gum of to-day is used. Under pressure from the finger the resin powdered into dust. The probabilities are that the dolls' heads were idols, but the significance of burying them in the mesa walls and the presence of the turquoise are, of course, inexplicable.

Misquoted.

Muggins—I understand you said I was a fool the other day. Is the report true? Fykinge—No, I never said you were a fool the other day. I merely said you had been a fool all the days of your life.—Chicago Daily News.

Couldn't Remember.

Professor—Name the bones of the skull. Student—I've got them all in my head, but I can't think of them, sir.—Pittsburg Press.

INVENTORS ARE VERY BUSY.

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

In this the scientific age, no new house is considered complete unless it be fitted with electrical lighting circuits, whether the owner intends 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 steer the cloth under the needle. Even an invalid can safely operate a machine thus driven.

The electrically heated bathron possesses the advantage of maintaining an 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" box might better be termed "hot wire" box, 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 box heats up in five minutes, and as is the case of the electric bathron, 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 bags now commonly used, which have to be refilled with hot water every 15 or 20 minutes, and even then a uniform heat is not maintained.

Electric curling 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 iron turns 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 Quabang Bed by Lost Sailors.

Because two fishermen seeking quabang lost their bearings in a fog the town of Orleans, West and Easton are made richer than any other town of more than 100,000, says an Orleans (Mass.) paper.

For years the fishermen sought quabang when there was nothing else to do. Two brothers pushed off the Orleans shore but on getting as many quabang as possible, seeing that this would be a total disappointment to the loved ones at home.

The men became 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 rick, and when it came up contained more than the men 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 beds run parallel with the shore line of Orleans, Eastham and Wellfleet, and is a mile and a half off shore. 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 officials.

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

All of the catch of the summer is not marketed at once. But a good portion is heeded on flats near the shore, and kept until winter, when better prices can be obtained.

Sympathetic.

Young Wife (rather nervously)—Oh, look, 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 hard to live with a gentleman of that sort.—Smith's Weekly.

Not in His Line.

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

COAL-MINE TROLLEY.

NEW FORM OF DIVERSION TAKEN TO BY MISSOURIANS.

Women in White Swiss Gowns Can Journey Through Miles of Subterranean Roads Without Getting Soiled.

The trolley has been put to a new use. Out in Missouri, where there are many coal mines, one of the new amusements of people is to ride through the black diamond caves in electric cars, says the New York Sun.

Incandescent lights are strung along the entire distance, the roofs are high and well supported, the air is clean and dry, and there is no more cause for apprehension than in taking a trolley ride about a large city.

Missourians insist that so far as mining matters are concerned they are in advance of most of the eastern states. Five or six years ago most of the mines were nothing but holes in the ground, timbered and shored, with two streaks of rust leading into them and now and then a giant mule leading a car out of them.

Now there are dozens of mines in the state and a woman in a white Swiss gown could journey through for miles without getting so much as a scuff mark on the hem of her garment.

Two reasons exist for the change. One is that the state legislature adopted careful laws governing the operation of mines and the other is that the mine operators have found it cheap to use electricity.

Some of the mines employ electricity for power in hauling everything. A few use it on the main entries and still use the mules on the cross and side entries.

These mines are built on the same principle as the ordinary trolley, with the car running upon a wire strung along the roof. Besides the cars used for carrying coal to the dump, each mine has a passenger car in which the men are taken to and from their work and in which experiments are often through the veins.

Formerly one current of air was thought sufficient to maintain life and health. A mistake was discovered by which the currents could be split and one carried over to another. Now every large mine has two currents of air, one starting at the top of the shaft and the other nearly as pure as on top.

Invention has yet been unable to find a substitute for the pick and shovel. These are still in use.

Missouri's coal fields embrace an area of about 30,000 square miles. The principal deposits are found in a strip of about 15 counties running diagonally from the center of the state southwest into the Indian territory.

In some counties the vein is but a foot and a half thick, but it seems to be everywhere. One cannot put a spade down into the ground in this territory without finding traces of it.

These mines are all easily worked and as a rule require little expensive machinery and no deep shafts. About two-thirds of the mines are commercial ones, that is, shippers of coal. The others simply supply the local demand.

One reason why there is so much timber in Missouri is that no farmer ever finds it necessary to cut wood for fuel. He can buy coal so cheap at the mines that he prefers to burn rather than chop out of the creek and chop down a few trees or some brush.

Besides this well defined coal area, coal is found in a dozen other counties. The entire area covers a large part of the state and active and systematic mining has opened the basin more than a thousand miles along the railroad and near the town.

Above these coal deposits lie thousands of acres of fine agricultural and as there is anywhere and the farmer who can't get enough in one year tries to suit himself can gather big crops and dispose of them at top prices. When his friends come to visit him he can take them on the trolley through the coal mines, even if he has no summer resort handy to interest them.

Moon's Vegetation.

Whether or not there really is vegetation on the moon's surface is a matter of some dispute. Prof. Pickering believes that there is, basing his belief upon observations of what he has called "variable spots"—portions which exhibit a rapid darkening, beginning shortly after sunrise, followed by an equally rapid fading toward sunset, accompanied by a diminution in size as they darken. From the peculiar character of the variation observed, Prof. Pickering concludes that organic life resembling vegetation is the only simple explanation of the changes which he has observed. Considering the long lunar day as a miniature terrestrial year, the theory of such life becomes colorable. The vegetation, if there be any, shoots up, flourishes and dies in a lunar day just as it grows and withers on earth in a terrestrial year.—Chicago Chronicle.

Smallest Man in the World. Maj. Charles Smith, who claims the unique distinction of being the shortest man in the world, is now in the wonderful halls from the States. The diminutive man is certainly a curious being, but as short a little person as ever lived, is a born trader and can hold his own in any line of business. He is at present 26 years of age, weighs only 20 pounds, and is 18 inches in height. The little man is an entertainer of no mean merit. His friends at Fairfield have named him "The Merry Midget."

Found Out at Last.

"I married my husband for love alone." "Did you?" I've often wondered what the cause was.—Chicago Record Herald.