

ARISTOCRATIC INDIANS.

Arabs Looked Upon as the Thoroughbreds of the Southwest.

The 1,200 Cheyennes and Arapahos residing in southeastern Oklahoma are mostly primitive savans. The Cheyennes are the thoroughbred aristocrats...

Gay Lethargism or Libellism is not encouraged, but often punished by banishing the guilty person from the community...

They dig and consume large quantities of a turnip-like tuber that grows very abundantly on the South Canadian river...

They torture themselves for the sins of their deceased relatives by continued fasting and by cutting severe gashes in their arms, legs and breasts.

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ELECTRIC BULB IN HIS BED

Princeton Student Displays Ingenuity in Improvising a Foot-Warmer.

The introduction of electric lights into the dormitories at Princeton university during the last year has brought many new cares to the office of the curator of grounds and buildings and the faculty as well.

During the first month after the installation of the electricity the lights were nightly put out in some building or other by the burning out of a fuse.

This condition brought a series of raids from the curator and insurance agents, who last summer gathered in many electric fans connected with the power system in the cruelest and most dangerous fashion.

Whether Princeton undergraduates are unaccustomed to electric lights, or whether the realization of danger does not enter into their mental makeup, is a question we will leave to others to decide.

The silence and patience the curator exerts and destroyed the beautiful and tissue paper shades which the electrician had thoughtlessly placed around the electric light bulbs.

Finally, however, the limit of the curator's patience was reached when a student was discovered who had a long wire from the electric light to his bed and was accustomed on cold nights to get the light in bed with him in order to keep his feet warm.

The question of establishing a course in the use of electric lights has been suggested, but we believe that the necessity can be avoided by the use of a small amount of common sense by the undergraduates.

APOLOGY THAT WAS LOST.

Absent-Minded Professor Makes a Mistake in Trying to Do the Polite.

The professor of philosophy, absent-minded and full of enthusiasm, came into the sitting room, relates Harper's Magazine.

"What a beautiful woman Mrs. Raymond is!" he exclaimed. "I have just had a pleasant talk with her in the bookstore."

"His wife looked up from her sewing. 'John!' she exclaimed, 'where is your collar?'"

"The professor of philosophy put his hand to his throat. 'I must have left it at the barber shop. Yes, that's it. I went to the barber shop, then to the bookstore. Why,' he ended lamely, 'Mrs. Raymond would think it very careless of me to appear in public without my collar, wouldn't she?'"

"'Rather,' said his wife. 'Perhaps you'd better call her up and tell her how it happened.'"

"'Exactly,'" said the professor. The professor went to the telephone. "Hello, central, hello. Hello—is this Mrs. Raymond? Yes? Well, really, it was very stupid of me, Mrs. Raymond, but you know, I had been thinking of something very important, and I quite forgot my collar. I—oh!—ah!—good-by."

"The professor suddenly hung up the receiver. He gave utterance to a mild exclamation. 'John!' exclaimed his wife. 'She says she hasn't been out of the house today,'" groaned the professor.

A MOST OBLIGING MAN.

Against Great Odds He Held Open the Storm Doors for an Ungrateful World.

Bulky packages under each arm caused him an awkward struggle against the strong resistance of the stout pneumatic springs on the storm doors. The scene was at the entrance to a crowded office building uptown, relates the New York Sun.

He was an aged man, slightly built but very erect. His neck was wrapped round and round with a huge muffler and his feet were encased in enormous arctic, although the weather was not bad.

With his clumsy burden he succeeded in pushing out just as a young woman wished to pass in. He stood aside with his shoulder against the edge of the threatening door in order to save her as she went through.

Before he could step away another young woman sailed by and he held the door for her also.

Suddenly there followed a long string of people led by a stout man, another girl and a messenger boy. Patiently the aged man with the encumbering bundles clung to the door, so that no person would be struck.

Nobody in sight gave him a nod of thanks or acknowledged his kindness in any way, and nobody offered to relieve him.

When last seen he was still holding the door while desperately trying to prevent his bundles from falling. Maybe he is there yet.

FASCINATING QUALITIES.

Convincing Method Employed by the Prehistoric Swain to Prove a Damsel's Worthiness.

"Are you sure that he loves you for yourself alone?" The prehistoric maiden coyly hid her blushes behind an ichthyosaurus which bore that she was deftly munching, says the New York Sun.

"Why, yes, papa," she said. "What makes you think that he loves you sincerely? What proof has he given of his affection?"

"See that bump on my head, papa?" said the prehistoric Juliet, with romantic fervor. "That bump was caused by a love sonnet that he had engraved on a piece of sandstone which he fired at me. I was also hit by a coniferiform ballade, a rondeau to my beauty, and a love song all engraved on bits of rock."

"But, my child, it takes other qualities than those to make a successful wife," said the wise prehistoric papa. "What reason caused him to fall in love with you?"

"Oh, Jackall says—and pride gleamed in the maiden's eyes—he says that I can stand a beating better and can do more work than any other girl he knows."

Proud indeed, was the prehistoric father to know that he had brought up his child properly for the matrimonial market.

Sharp Swords for Army. The officers and cavalrymen of the American army are to have sharpened swords hereafter if they want them. Heretofore the accepted type of military sword has been rather blunt, and in fact a considerable element in the army maintained that the spirit of the rules of modern warfare was opposed to a keen-edged sword. But modern practice is the other way, and the Japanese in particular sharpen their terrible cutting swords to keen edge.

The president, having in mind his own experience as an officer in the army, inclines toward a heavy, sharp-cutting sword.—Washington Correspondence N. Y. Times

New Sun Spots. Another group of sun spots has appeared on the eastern meridian. They cover an area of possibly 3,000,000,000 square miles and are more active than the great spots which appeared last month, and which are breaking up and disappearing beyond the central meridian. These new spots are likely to cause disturbances of some importance in the atmospheric conditions later but it is too early to predict positively as to that.—Scientific American.

SEAMEN OF AMERICA

MAY BE CLASSED AMONG THE FOREMOST MARINERS.

Impressive Demonstration of What Our Jackies Can Do in a Case of Emergency—A Severe Test.

It is often alleged that the art of seamanship for which the American sailor, in both the naval and merchant service, was so noted in the early days of the nation has almost disappeared at the present time, owing to the substitution of steam for sails and because our warships are pieces of complicated machinery rather than craft on which the sailor man is essential. But every now and then something occurs to show that Americans have not lost the knack of handling ships at sea. An instance of this kind, says the Troy Times, was furnished by the experience of the gunboat Newport of the United States navy. That vessel, while on a cruise, lost her propeller and was caught in a storm of Hatteras. The risk was about as great as any ship could encounter, for that region is one most dreaded by mariners, and under the conditions confronting the Newport the peril was immensely intensified.

But the officers and crew of the little vessel were equal to the emergency. Reliance had to be placed entirely upon sail power, and though there was a hurricane and the snow was blinding and the rigging clogged with ice, owing to the exceptional cold, the vessel was brought safely to port. She was a sight to see, but pluck, skill and endurance won and the 200 or more persons aboard of her were saved from a death which seemed imminent. The trial was as severe as any to which American seamanship could be subjected, and it came out conspicuously triumphant. It was a fresh and impressive demonstration of what the American sailor can do, and inspires additional confidence in his capabilities. He is living up to the best of the glorious traditions of our past, which saw lusty added to the national name on every sea.

And the circumstances may serve to call attention to the fact that the sailing vessel is not yet obsolete, although the steamship takes so prominent a place in the activities of water communication. In reality, the sailing vessel is still very numerous, and it is discharging a function which is peculiarly its own and not likely to be taken from it. As everyone knows, and it is a thing to be greatly regretted, the foreign commerce of the United States is carried on mainly in ships owned abroad and sailing under other flags than the Stars and Stripes. Most of these are steamers, of course. But of the American craft engaged in foreign trade by far the larger proportion is propelled by sail. The same thing is true of our coastwise traffic, surprising as this may be to many. Statistics show that last year the number of steam vessels doing a coasting business was 5,115, while the sailing vessels, canal boats and barges aggregated 13,744—sail craft forming by far the greater proportion.

The American sailor is not an extinct species, and it will be long before he ceases to be ranked among the foremost of his class.

WOMAN'S SAFE DEPOSITORY

Valuable Papers Secreted in Places Which Would Keep a Burglar Hunting.

A Germantown householder who had given various valuable papers to his wife to take care of recently hunted all over the house for the insurance policy on his furniture and could not find it. When the wife came home from a tea he told her his trouble with considerable perturbation, lest the document should have been lost, says the Philadelphia Record.

"Is that all?" said the wife, looking with disgust at her very much disturbed desk, where the husband had been rummaging. "Why didn't you ask me?" and going to a picture on the wall she pulled the policy from behind it.

"And where," inquired the husband, after he had recovered from his surprise, "do those shares in the Pullman Valley Railroad and Timber Development company happen to be?"

"They're safe enough," was the answer. "They're in the closet under the stairs behind the grape juice."

"And the deed to the house?"

"That's upstairs in the spare room packed away under your summer suit."

By diligent cross-examination the husband found the location of numerous other documents of value. "And now," said he, "what's the answer?"

"Why," said the wife, who was used to his slang, "I don't mean that any robber shall ever come in and clean us out in a one hour search. He'd never think of the places I've chosen, and if he did he would be heard going up and down stairs and knocking over bottles."

Tan-Colored Rubber Overshoes. An authority on attire says a late fad which is likely to become popular this spring, especially with women, is the tan-colored rubber overshoe. These rubbers are, of course, intended to be worn with tan-colored shoes, and they are, for some mysterious reason, more nearly invisible on a tan shoe, if the shades are the same, than a black rubber is on a black shoe. "When you come to think of it," says the authority quoted, "it's queer the tan rubber was not thought of long ago, for a black rubber on a tan shoe certainly does make the feet unduly conspicuous on a muddy day. I suppose the makers never believed that the tan shoe had come to stay, but now that its permanence seems assured they are making rubbers to match."—Philadelphia Record.

THOUGHT HE HAD NERVE.

But Pat Couldn't Hang Himself Without Shuttling Off His Breath.

"Did you ever hear of an Irishman committing suicide?" Currier's Physican O'Hanlon asked the other day, relates the New York Times. "In all my experience I have only come across one or two cases. The Irish temperament is so sanguine for suicide, and even if an Irishman starts out to make away with himself, he usually changes his mind before he completes the job. I was talking this matter over with a friend some years ago who employed an Irishman of all work in the country. The man heard us and in order to have a little fun with him my friend called him over and said: 'Pat, the doctor here says Irishmen don't commit suicide because they haven't the nerve.'"

"'Nerve, is it?' replied Pat. 'I'll show you whether they have or not.'"

"An hour or two later my friend sent for Pat, but he was nowhere to be found. We went in search of him and finally found him in the barn suspended from a rafter by a rope tied about his waist."

"'What in the name of all that's sensible are you doing?' asked my friend, after he had got him down."

"'Hanging myself, sir. You said I didn't have the nerve.'"

"'But, you idiot, you ought to have put the rope about your neck.'"

"'Faith and I did that, sir, but I couldn't breathe.'"

THE MAFIA FACE SLASH.

Cut in the Cheek That Is Given to People Who Refuse to Pay Blackmail.

The "Mafia cut" has been explained to County Detective Phillips, of Larkana, by Joseph Colandro, who has made a general confession of the workings of the Carbonate Mafia, says a Wilkes-Barre (Pa.) report. This cut is a means taken by the Mafia to mark a man who has allowed his life by refusing to submit to blackmail.

It has been called the Mafia mark, the face slash, the chop, and the sign, and Colandro says that every new member of the Mafia is instructed how to inflict it. The instructor, he declares, passes the cut to the members of the Mafia by cutting it into the cheek of the new member.

The cut is made with a razor down the cheek of a man from a point above the ear, over the cheek bone and down almost to the corner of the mouth or nose. It is too high on the face to be covered by whiskers, and while it does not make a dangerous wound it leaves a hard scar which can easily be distinguished.

It is made by one slash of a razor inflicted by a man walking at the side of the victim, and can be done just as he overtakes and passes him. One quick, clean slash with a sharp razor and the man is marked for life.

WISE WIFE'S SURPRISES.

Little Attentions Which She Renders Make Married Life a Complete Success.

The successful wife keeps on hand a little bomb in case of need. She keeps a surprise tucked up her sleeve, where it can be fired on a moment's notice, says the Philadelphia Inquirer. Maybe it is a carnation for his coat lapel; maybe it is his favorite pudding served extra; perhaps it is the baby's picture framed for his desk. Something she has ready, and when his affection needs joking she does not hesitate to do the joking.

Why a bunch of violets or a knot of bright ribbon when it adds the most to the wife's charms almost makes a man forget that he is hungry. A saucy pinch with the usual kiss or a merry chase away from the accustomed greeting will almost make a man forget that he is married to the adorable creature. A stage whisper now and then and a twinkle of mischief are worth hours of coaxing. The woman who bories her roguishness on her wedding day robs her home of much of its happiness.

BOXES OF SPANISH CEDAR.

Those in Which Imported Cigars Are Packed Impart a Delicate Flavor.

"The best cigar box is made of Spanish cedar," said a tobaccoist. "All our imported cigars come in Spanish cedar boxes. Look here."

He opened a box of beautiful costly cigars, says the Philadelphia Bulletin, and the odor diffused through the shop was indescribably pleasant, an odor half of tobacco, half, as it seemed, of spices.

"That smells—do you notice it?" said the dealer. "Well, that is the smell of the Spanish cedar. It communicates itself to the cigars, and so delicate and subtle is it, it actually improves their flavor."

"If we put up our goods in chestnut or walnut or pine boxes, the flavor of the wood, impregnating the tobacco, would ruin the cigars entirely. Hence, moderately good cigars are put in a box that is quite odorless and the best cigars are put up in this aromatic and costly box."

Rare Wild Animals. Very rich in remarkable wild animals are the mountainous and remote corners of Alaska and British Columbia. They have produced the huge Kodiak bear, the largest in the world; the largest moose known, the sea otter and the Alaskan mountain sheep. What is thought to be a new species of bear has also been discovered there. It is an inland white bear, not an albino of the common black or brown bear, but apparently a true species.

WORK OF THE SAND.

CURIOUS EFFECTS OF STORMS IN THE COLORADO DESERT.

Tossed by the Winds the Fine Particles Bury Railroads and Carve Curious Forms in the Hills.

As mysterious, as uncontrollable, as treacherous and as entertaining as the vast ocean, which has only a few leagues west of its borders, is the great sea of sand which forms a large portion of California's greatest desert, known, because of its proximity to the river of that name as the Colorado desert. This desert, says the New York Tribune, is the wind's favorite playground. It comes over the mountains, from plowing the mighty deep, and works strange fancies in the plateaus. It duplicates the great billows of the turbulent ocean, by imitating the rippling waves of the placid sea; its curves and bulges and plays at artist, sculptor and geomerician. When he becomes weary of his sports he lashes himself to fury and tosses the sand a mile high in the air and flings it broadcast over all the plain, whirling and hurling the particles till he obscures the sun and brings a suffocating darkness to the land.

On the east side of the desert he is at present busy eroding a railroad. A ready he has hurled many of the telegraph poles which stand along the way, and he has invaded the right of way of the road, and the company is busily fighting to hold possession until a new line, which is being built around the intruding hills, shall be completed. Then the rolling billows of sand will be allowed to sweep on unimpeded.

In the southwestern portion of the same desert is another range of traveling hills. These are more wonderful, however, than the ones which are menacing the railroad, for upon these hills the wind has practiced his skill at carving geometrical figures. These hills are known as the Crescent hills. Each is the shape of a true crescent, the points of which are toward the east. A hill which is 50 feet high is found to be 100 feet thick at the base and 200 feet from point to point of the duplicate horns of the crescent. If a hill is twice that height its other dimensions will be found to have doubled also. Little and big they keep their proportions as they move slowly across the plain.

In crossing the desert one frequently finds footprints of men and animals—not indented in the yielding sands, but standing above the level of the earth, supported by tiny sand columns six inches to one foot in height. This phenomenon is easily accounted for. The so-called sand of the Colorado desert is really fine particles of silt, for that reason was at one time the bottom of the Gulf of California, when that body of water extended north a couple of hundred miles further than at the present time. There are certain adhesive properties to this silt, and under the weight of man or beast the particles cling together and become stationary instead of continually drifting before the wind, which continues its work of erosion upon the unpressed soil above the tracks, soon leaving them stranded in the air. Thus the "footprints" in the sands of time become monuments of passing events.

In Death Valley the phenomenon is reversed. There 40 years after a wagon party went to its death in that valley, the course of the party was easily traced by the tracks made four decades before. Here the peculiar nature of the soil was such as to prevent erosion of the earth about the tracks. The winds carried, continually, over the soil sand brought from another part of the valley, often filling the pits and as often emptying them again. It was only a few years ago that the trail of "The Pathfinder," John C. Fremont, was easy to follow across a portion of the Mojave desert in a region possessed of a similar formation. Many and many a time was the trail covered inches deep beneath drifting sands, only to be again rescued from submergence by the same fickle winds.

In many places in the same desert has the wind left his autograph in sand ripples and sinuous, rippling waves, like the waves of a sheet of water when the gentle breeze sets them dancing in playful mood, or like the ripples upon the surface of a pebble fretted stream.

Mexico's Good Financial Record. The City of Mexico has been doing business for about 350 years. There is probably no capital in the civilized world that during the same period has been the center of more wars of conquest or revolution, and yet, through all the troublesome days of these centuries, this city has maintained its financial reputation free from blemish. Kings have come and gone, viceroys has succeeded viceroys, emperors have flourished for a brief regime and rival factions have striven for the presidency. Loans have been forced by one general government to be repaid by the next, bonds were issued during the French occupancy that the republic would not assume, but during all the strife the ancient capital of the Aztecs cherished its financial integrity as its choicest jewel and to-day rejoices in the record that not once in all its long history has a debt been repudiated.—Modern Mexico.

Color Blind. Clara—Young Sapleigh is unable to distinguish between green and blue. Maud—How do you know? "I just heard him say he was awfully blue."—Chicago Daily News.

Becoming Civilized. First Filipino—I remember the time when we didn't know the taste of rum. Second Filipino—But that was before we annexed the United States.—Litt.

FILLING THE WAR CHEST.

How a Spanish-American Revolution Was Financed with Bad Money.

"The ways of the South American republics are sure funny," exclaimed an old globe trotter one day, glancing up from a copy of the Washington Star which contained the advices from New York setting forth the efforts of certain Spanish-American gentlemen to get the United States to buy stock in a revolutionary movement in Venezuela.

"These people are plumb crazy on the subject of revolutions. They seem to think they can repair all sorts of damaged fortunes through the medium of an uprising, and maybe they don't work at it. And that reminds me of a revolution I once had the pleasure of being introduced to, which, though it didn't revolutionize so as you could see it very plainly, still, was started on the best possible basis. The man in charge of this affair were aiming to get control of the treasury and territory of one of the Central American states, and they went about it in a systematic way. Now there is but one thing at the bottom of any of those sudden transfers of power in the sister republics—money. Either one or the other side has too much, and the losing side promptly starts out to get what it believes is coming to it. That is what was done this time, but on a basis far more sensible than usual. The insurgent element did not have money enough to start business, and after much flapping around to find ways and means hit upon an ingenious scheme that came very near wrecking the home government before a shot was fired. The revolutionary party needed money and started out to make it, literally. The distinguished sons of the state who had been chosen to lead the movement established an office in New York and began the manufacture of spurious coin. The money was stamped with the trimmings put on coins by the regular government, and thousands of dollars' worth of the counterfeit were hoarded before the proper authorities got near the source of supply. By that time the credit of the existing government was almost wrecked, so much of the phony money had been floated. The plan being in the United States, the United States secret service officers were called upon to ferret it out, and they did not time in locating it and bringing to justice the principal offenders. Nothing much was done to the revolutionists, though the breaking up of their counterfeit plant wiped the revolution in the bud, but the home government never has established its credit on as firm a basis as it had before the counterfeiters were made."

FINE PRIVATE HOSPITALS.

Many in New York Owned by Private Physicians and Laymen Are Doing Well.

Although Manhattan and the Bronx have between 75 and 80 public hospitals and dispensaries, all giving patients skilled attention and all accommodations at relatively moderate figures, private hospitals flourish mightily. The most successful are excellent business undertakings, and the profits of a few are very large, says the New York Sun.

A good many surgeons maintain private hospitals of their own, but some are owned and managed by laymen. Most of the private hospitals are on a smaller scale than the public hospitals, but there are some that have room for a platoon for 500 or 600 patients.

The wealthy often prefer a private to a public hospital, so being able to pay for frequent, special private hospital care is a desirable thing for the purpose and are almost invariably equipped for their needs. The kitchen is an especially important appointment and a skilled hospital cook is sure of work at good wages.

The private hospitals of New York now do so much of the serious surgical work of the country. Winter is the crowded time of the hospitals, but make a specialty of surgery, for no patient who can safely postpone an operation submits to it in summer time.

One reason why private hospitals now flourish so greatly is the growing disinclination of surgeons to perform operations of any magnitude at the homes of patients. Anyone who has seen the preparations necessary for surgical operations in the home is usually willing to take the advice of the surgeon and go to a hospital. A curious provision in some very elaborate private dwellings is a hospital room.

A good many physicians feel that the best place for an infant just to open its eyes upon the world is a quiet, well appointed private hospital, and some very modern women adopt this plan.

Domestic nursing is at a low discount with the doctors, and the use of the private hospital upon all sorts of occasions is a growing practice. The chances of recovery from any grave illness or operation are so much multiplied in a well conducted hospital that patients who are able to pay for hospital privileges are easily induced to do so.

Luxuries in Alaska. A side light upon the mode of living in Alaska is given by stating the fact that in Seattle recently 7,500 cases of canned cream, 15 freight car loads, were ordered by one Seattle firm from a single cannery for shipment to Alaska. This cream is really milk condensed to about half its volume, and it is very popular in Alaska. The Alaskans drink it as they eat bacon. In Juneau the cold, or so-called "shut-in" months, are alleviated with club affairs, dances and social functions, at which the men are required to wear dress suits. There are carpets on the floor of the Alaskan log huts, and the more pretentious houses have almost all American luxuries.—Birmingham Press.