

**WHAT COLORS SHALL I USE?**

This Question is Important in Painting a House or Other Building.

A proper color scheme is extremely important in painting a house. It makes all the difference between a really attractive home and one at which you wouldn't take a second glance. And it makes a big difference in the price the property will bring on the market.

As to the exterior, a good deal depends upon the size and architecture of the house, and upon its surroundings. For a good interior effect you must consider the size of the rooms, the light, etc.

You can avoid disappointment by studying the books of color schemes for both exterior and interior painting, which can be had free by writing National Lead Company, 1902 Trinity Building, New York, and asking for Houseowner's Painting Outfit No. 49. The outfit also includes specifications, and a simple instrument for testing the purity of paint materials. Pure White Lead which will stand the test in this outfit will stand the weather test. National Lead Company's famous Dutch Boy Painter trademark on the keg is a guarantee of that kind of white lead.

**A DOUBLE EVENT.**



Mrs. Highfly—And has she really got two servants?  
Mrs. Flutter—Yes—one coming and one going.

**How's This?**

We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O. We, the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions and financially able to carry out any obligations made by him.

WALSH, KIRBY & MAYES, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Testimonials sent free. Price 75 cents per bottle. Sold by all Druggists.

Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

**Dressed as Scholars.**

At the wedding lately of the head master of Eastbourne college, England, the three pages in the bridal procession were garbed as scholars in black satin knee breeches, buckled shoes, scarlet silk gowns, with white shirt fronts. Each carried a mortarboard hat and a scarlet-bound prayer book.

**The Reverend and the Irreverent.**

Bishop Doane of Albany, N. Y., who wears a shovel hat and leggings and is accused of signing himself "William of Albany," was a guest at dinner where the irreverent Dr. Hosmer was also dining.

They sat down. "I suppose," said the bishop, "that I shall ask grace."  
"But why, my dear bishop," interposed Hosmer; "why talk shop at the table?"—Saturday Evening Post.

**Practical Gain.**

Teacher—Lennie, if you were to take your father's razor and leave the steel blade open out in the grass overnight, what would happen?  
Learner—Lennie—it would get as result oxidation of the steel or what is commonly called rust.

Teacher—Quite right. Now, Willie, if you would put your mother's diamond ring in the fire, what result would you get?  
Wise Willie—I'd get a leekin'.

**Making Himself Solid.**

"Step this way, ladies and gentlemen," exclaimed the lecturer in the dime museum, "and gaze upon one of the greatest wonders known to modern science—the ossized man, a human being, perfectly normal in every other respect, but who has turned to stone."  
"How did he get that way?" came a voice from the awe-stricken throng.

"Love," replied the lecturer, lowering his voice, confidentially; "love did it. He fell in love with a beautiful maiden, tried to make himself solid, and overdid it. We will now pass on to the—"

**FOOD FACTS**

What an M. D. Learned.

A prominent Georgia physician went through a food experience which he makes public:

"It was my own experience that first led me to advocate Grape-Nuts food and I also know, from having prescribed it to convalescents and other weak patients, that the food is a wonderful builder and restorer of nerve and brain tissue, as well as muscle. It improves the digestion and sick patients always gain just as I did in strength and weight very rapidly.

"I was in such a low state that I had to give up my work entirely, and went to the mountains of this state, but two months there did not improve me; in fact I was not quite as well as when I left home.

"My food did not sustain me and it became plain that I must change. Then I began to use Grape-Nuts food and in two weeks I could walk a mile without fatigue, and in five weeks returned to my home and practice, taking up hard work again. Since that time I have felt as well and strong as I ever did in my life.

"As a physician who seeks to help all sufferers, I consider it a duty to make these facts public."

Trial 10 days on Grape-Nuts, when the regular food does not seem to sustain the body, will work miracles.

"There's a Reason."

Look in pkgs. for the famous little book, "The Road to Wellville."

Never read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest.

**HOW SITTING BULL MET DEATH** BY EDWARD B. CLARK ILLUSTRATIONS BY DEARBORN MEVILL



WASHINGTON—Memories of Indian wars fade rapidly from the minds of all persons who were not actively engaged in the hostilities. In the east the troubles in the past on the frontier held the attention and the interest but for the moment. No easterner ever gave full credit to the officers and the men of the United States army who faced danger after danger and withstood hardship after hardship with precious little hope of any reward save the consciousness of duty well done.

It is probable that not one person in a hundred can name the battle fought only 18 years ago and in which the casualties to the small force of the regular army engaged amounted to 90 men killed and wounded. That battle was the battle of Wounded Knee, and to-day it is nearly lost to the recollection of the masses. There are several officers now stationed in Washington who had a part in that Dakota fight. The fight between Col. Forsythe's men of the Seventh cavalry and the band of Big Foot, the Sioux, was the result of the ghost-dance craze which had been started and fostered by the great chief Sitting Bull, on whose hand was the blood of Custer and his men. Sitting Bull was shot and killed by Indian police while resisting arrest, but he was killed too late to prevent the spread of the doctrine which he preached and which had run like prairie fire among the men of his nation.

There were all sorts of stories circulated concerning

tion of a part of the people who preferred death to exile.

The Cheyennes broke away. A battalion of infantry was thrown across their tracks but the wily savages eluded all save a few of the soldiers, who in a



the death of the great Sioux chief. Philanthropists in the east who never had seen an Indian tepee insisted that Sitting Bull was murdered and that the blood of the savage was upon the head of the nation.

It was left to Col. Edward G. Fechet, now professor of military science at the University of Illinois, to learn the truth of the shooting of Sitting Bull and to give knowledge of it to the people. Col. (then captain) Fechet made one of the hardest rides known to the troops of the plains before he secured the facts in the case of the passing of the great Sioux chief to the happy hunting grounds.

Sitting Bull's home was in a log hut on the Standing Rock Indian reservation of North Dakota. In the summer of 1890 he gathered many of his braves about him and told them in picturesque Sioux language that a Messiah was to come who would lead the Sioux nation to victory; that the whites would be annihilated; that the buffalo would come back, and that the red man would once more take possession of the earth.

Through the medicine men Sitting Bull worked so upon the feelings and the superstitions of his warriors that they came to believe that by wearing certain garments which were called ghost shirts their bodies would be safe from the bullets of the soldiers.

When Gen. Miles learned of the teachings of Sitting Bull and of their rapid spread, the chief's arrest was ordered. Accordingly Indian police led by Lieut. Bull Head and Sergt. Shave Head were dispatched from Fort Yates to arrest the chief at his log hut miles away. Capt. Fechet of the Eighth cavalry was ordered with his command, consisting of two troops, and, if memory serves, two light field pieces, to make a night march to Oak Creek, about 18 miles from Sitting Bull's house, there to receive the prisoner when he was turned over by Lieut. Bull Head.

Capt. Fechet and his men reached the rendezvous at 4:30 a. m. on one of the coldest mornings of a Dakota December day. There was no sign of the Indian police, nor yet of the scout which Bull Head was to send in advance to inform the cavalry officer of his coming.

Fechet's soldier instinct told him at once that there must be trouble. His men had had the hardest kind of a night ride, but they were willing, and he pushed forward rapidly. After he had made several miles he was met by a scout who was riding like mad. The runner told Fechet that all the Indian police who had gone to arrest Sitting Bull had been killed by the ghost dancers, and that there were thousands upon thousands of them fully armed and in their war paint ready for battle.

Fechet looked over his small command and went ahead at full gallop, his only thought being to save such of the policemen as might be alive, and giving no heed to the other thought that ahead of him might be overwhelming numbers of the savages and the fate of Custer. It was a terrible ride from that time on.

When the morning was a little advanced the men of the command heard firing, which seemed to come from different points. On they went until they came to the brow of the hill. Below

them at a distance was the house of Sitting Bull, and in front of it, some hundreds of yards away, was a horde of ghost dancers engaged in emptying their rifles into the log building, from which came a feeble return fire.

Capt. Fechet had his Hotchkiss thrown into action and he dropped a shell in front of the ghost dancers, and then the command charged down the hill.

The shell had its frightening effect on the savages, who held aloof though still pouring in their fire, which was answered by the soldiers as Fechet himself took a rapid course to the log house, with his life in his hands every step of the way.

Inside the hut were found three of the Indian policemen dead and three mortally wounded. The wounded, resolved on exacting a price for their coming death, were still using their rifles against the besieging foe. The soldiers finally drove the savages to flight.

The few that were left living of the little force of Indian police told this story. Lieut. Bull Head had arrested Sitting Bull and had led the chief from his cabin only to be confronted by hundreds of crazed savages. Catch-the-Bear and Strike-the-Kettle, two of Sitting Bull's men, strode through the Indian ranks, raised their rifles and fired. Bull Head was shot through the body. Dying, he turned quickly and killed Sitting Bull. Strike-the-Kettle killed Sergt. Shave Head. Instantly Policeman Lone Man killed Catch-the-Bear. Then the surviving policemen sought shelter in the cabin and held off the ghost dancers as has been told.

With the Rosebud, Standing Rock and Pine Ridge Sioux, who went on the warpath in December, 1890, were a few stalwart warriors of the tribe of the Northern Cheyennes. That the Cheyennes braves were so limited in number was due to the fact that 12 years before the nation, exiled and longing for its old home, had met with practical annihilation in the attempt to regain it.

The Northern Cheyennes had been sent to a reservation in the Indian territory following one of the uprisings against the whites. Their hearts they left behind them in their old home and the warriors yearned to return.

Late in the fall of the year 1878 the Cheyenne braves, taking advantage of the temporary absence of their soldier guardians, gathered together their women and their children and dashed northward in the direction of the land where their fathers had lived from the time back of the beginning of tradition.

They had been told by the Indian agents and by the soldiers, who acted under orders, that they never could take the trail back to the north, but they paid no heed to what was told them, but gathering their possessions they set out.

The Cheyennes' love of home, natural and sympathy-compelling to everyone except to those who thought that an Indian should have naught to do with home-sickness, was the cause of the destruc-

sharp skirmish lost their commander, Maj. Lewis. The Cheyennes broke away. A battalion of infantry was thrown across their tracks but the wily savages eluded all save a few of the soldiers, who in a sharp skirmish lost their commander, Maj. Lewis.

The trail led to one of the low hills that chain the reservation. The Cheyennes had taken refuge near the summit in a natural hollow. The sides of the hills rose sheer and slippery to the lurking place of the savages. It was a place admirably adapted for defense. A few men could hold it against a regiment.

Capt. Wessels, in command of the cavalry, saw that the attempt to take the hilltop by assault would be to sacrifice the lives of half of his men. He threw a cordon around the hill, knowing that the warriors could not escape, and trusting that in a few hours hunger would force them to surrender. Meantime the Cheyennes were active. They picked off many a trooper, and at noon on the day following the night of their flight a ball struck Capt. Wessels in the head. The wound was not serious, but its effect was to make captain and men eager for a charge. Capt. Wessels went to the front of his troops and prepared to lead them up the slippery hillside in the face of the fire of the best Indian marksmen on the great plains.

All things were prepared for the charge, when to the amazement of the troopers, the whole band of Cheyenne warriors, naked to the waist and yelling like devils, came dashing down the hillside straight at the body of cavalry. The Indians had thrown away their rifles and were armed only with knives. They were going to their death and they knew it, but death was better than a return to the reservation which they hated.

Wessels and his troopers of the Third cavalry tried to spare the Cheyennes, but the warriors would have death at any cost. With their knives they plunged into a hand-to-hand conflict with the troopers and before they were slain they exacted a price for their dying.

When the time came for the burial of the Indians, Tea Kettle, a chief, was found to be alive, but unconscious. Tea Kettle was carried back to the fort and there made comfortable.

A squaw sought the wounded warrior's couch and handed him a pair of scissors which he instantly plunged into his heart. He spurned life in the knowledge of the fact that his brother braves were dead.

The Sioux nation heard of the bravery of the Cheyennes and they adopted the women and children, and some of the boys, grown to manhood, went with the Sioux on the warpath in their last great uprising.

**WESTERN CANADA'S HAPPY PROSPECTS.**

In no year since the development of Western Canada began has spring brought a brighter outlook than it brings this year. In no preceding spring has there been greater assurance of advancing development and prosperity. The movement of immigration has already assumed large proportions, and is as desirable in character as it is satisfactory in volume; from across the Atlantic sturdy, industrious and thrifty newcomers are arriving in large numbers, homeseekers from Ontario and the other older Provinces are coming in a steady stream, and from across the international boundary a movement is already in full flow, which, it is confidently predicted, will beat the records of all previous years; special settlers' trains are crossing the line, loaded with effects, actual material wealth being thus brought into the country at the rate of millions of dollars worth monthly.

The movement is so unprecedentedly large that extra Dominion Immigration officials have had to be provided at both North Portal and at Emerson, and it is estimated that the total number of new settlers from the United States this year will be 70,000, at least, and may run well up toward 100,000. Last year's total of new settlers from the South was 53,723; thus the area that will be placed in wheat and other grains this year will greatly exceed that of last year. Settlers are making extraordinary efforts to get on their lands and begin seeding operations. The price of wheat now, away above the dollar mark, is incentive enough, and when one has in view the splendid results that the past few years have shown, it is not to be wondered at that the present will be the banner year for immigration to Canada. Ask your nearest Canadian Government Agent for rates of transportation, and he will also send you illustrated pamphlets.

**His Conscience.**

"Will you have a cocktail, Mr. Snidgerly?"  
"No, my wife does not permit me to drink intoxicants of any kind."  
"Let me buy you a cigar."  
"My wife has made me promise that I will never smoke any more."  
"Well, well, I wish there was something I could do to make it pleasant for you."  
"Is there a naughty show of any kind in town? If so, take me to it. My wife will not be able to smell it on my breath."

**Shake Into Your Shoes**

Allen's Foot-Ease, a powder for your feet. It cures painful, swollen, smarting, sweating feet. Makes new shoes easy. Sold by all Druggists and Shoe Stores. Don't accept any substitute. Sample FREE. Address A. S. Olmsted, LeRoy, N. Y.

**The Subject's Nature.**

"What kind of rates do they pay for balloon stories?"  
"I don't know, but they ought to be space rates."

Red, Weak, Watery, Watery Eyes Relieved by Murine Eye Remedy. Compounded by Experienced Physicians. Murine Doesn't Smart; Soothes Eye Pain. Write Murine Eye Remedy Co., Chicago, for illustrated Eye Book. At Druggists.

To see a bridegroom out in the yard early in the morning, in his shirt sleeves looking for kindling, takes a good deal of the romance out of his case.

**It's Pettit's Eye Salve,**

that gives instant relief to eyes, irritated from dust, heat, sun or wind. 25c. All druggists or Howard Bros., Buffalo, N. Y.

The man who insists upon having his own way at all times will never acquire a reputation as a popular person.

Garfield Tea has brought good health to thousands! Unequaled for constipation, liver and kidney diseases. Composed of Herbs. Buy from your druggist.

**The Serpent's Inducement.**

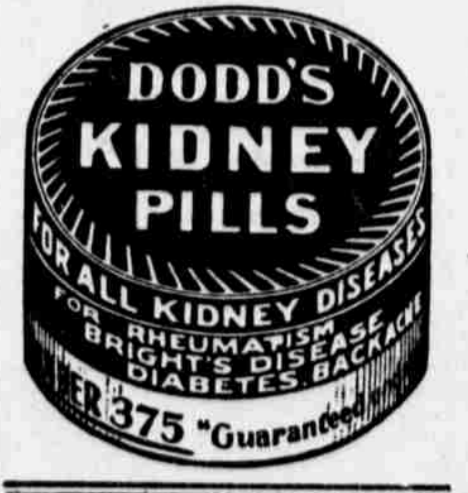
Perhaps the serpent told Eve that apples were good for the complexion.

Smokers appreciate the quality value of Lewis' Single Binder cigar. Your dealer or Lewis' Factory, Peoria, Ill.

In one year the escapement wheel of a watch makes 731,860 revolutions.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup. For children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures whooping cough. 25c a bottle.

Two is company; three a soulless corporation.



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