



WOMAN CAN... SYMPATHIZE WITH... THE HOPE OF... THE RACE... LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S VEGETABLE COMPOUND...

INDIANS IN THEIR PAINT.

Apaches at the Santa Fe Exhibition.

Models of Physical Strength—Their Feats of Horsemanship and Weirid Dances—Their Dread of Civilization.

New York Times.

SANTA FE, N. M., July 23.—One of the things that have been filled when he sees the band of Apaches who have come here from the Mesquero agency in charge of Major Llewellyn. They are not Pueblos. A hut was built several years ago for their chief, but he has seldom used it. In a wig-wap he was born, and will die in one, double, as such of his ancestors who were spared to a natural end before him. These Indians are part of a horse when mounted, and when unmounted no animal whom the rein guides can keep pace with them up the mountain side. It was a hard matter to get them to come here. They had seen few white faces except behind a raised mask. The railway has never gone within a hundred and fifty miles of their reservation. It was not the journey that they feared, for a week alone in the mountains is a common jaunt for many of them to take, but a savage dread of contact with things new and strange possessed them, and when the wagons at the agency were ready to start, several of the foremost braves, who had been almost persuaded to make the trip, refused to go along. The wagons started off with about 40 persons, including Major Llewellyn, two assistants, and the Mexican interpreter of the agency. Several squaws with little ones were in the party and one maiden. The journey across the plains and mountains occupied two nights. The heat at this season and the glare of the plains makes journeying by day uncomfortable. So the party halted and slept while the sun was high and covered 75 miles within the limits of each day during the odd hours. The sight of a train of cars evoked the Indians into exclamations of "De-sa-ra-ta-ra," (wonderful), many times repeated with a whispering breath. Those barrels bristling with arms, and a bear empty-handed, were afraid to step into the cars, and the squaws, with the little ones hidden in the folds of their skirts, cringed behind their trembling lords. At last when assurances of safety had been piled mountain high, before them, they suffered themselves to be led falteringly aboard, and as the train moved off they covered themselves with their blankets and dropped panic-stricken between the seats. After recovery from the fright seats were slowly retaken, and the journey did not disturb them, although they were profuse in expressions of relief when they felt the ground again beneath theiroccasins. But their apprehensions were not even yet to be quieted. The corner of the grounds assigned them for the night was overlooked by a mound just outside the fence. On this mound during the pitching of the wigwams a crowd of Mexicans gathered to watch the operation. The suspicions of the Indians were roused that all was not right. They thought that a night attack on them was intended, and insisted on spending the night in another part of the grounds. A night of diplomacy was needed to convince them that the spectators had been impelled only by curiosity. Then they consented to occupy their quarters but kept ears were alert during the night for strange noises. It was the afternoon of Saturday before the exposition opened that they arrived. Sunday was given to the preparation of pigments and the arrangement of toggery for Monday's opening parade. No part of the procession was more striking than that formed of this half-tamed band. Leonine heads set on shapely, robust frames, with massive shoulders and chests, full and rounded, splendidly displayed by tight-fitting buckskin costumes, and sinewy trunks and limbs of shifting muscles constituted the physical material for an exhibition both graceful and unique. The keen, strong black eyes glistened in a setting of red, brown, and yellow, drawn across their dusky faces in lines and bands of original and striking designs. The colors were laid with reference to the eyes and in styles as varied as the faces. A favorite fashion among the young was to make the basis of decoration a series of hair lines, radiating from the eyes and terminating at the sides, or below, in fanciful curves and figures. The elders, less given to vanities, besmared themselves with heavy bands of contrasting colors, and those high in the tribe's councils were distinguished also by ear-pendants, reaching often to the waist, and consisting of gilded circles with hanging bits of chain and polished bone, of a finger's length, linked together with brass fastenings. Wide, crownless, cloth-covered bands, shining with beads deftly interwoven, and decorated with plumage and single feathers, made up the uniform head-gear. Beading was also worked into the buckskin shirts and from the outer seams of the leggings protruded filled with stiff skin or cloth, which gave to the closely knitted figure an appearance of airiness which is quite attractive so long as the well remains stiff, but than which nothing becomes more limp or dragged under careless treatment. During the parade the band carries spears whose tips flash high above their plumes. In the lead is San Juan, the chief, a portly brave of fifty years, with the face of a philosopher and the stocky body of a good feeder and sound sleeper. A dark shawl is wound like a sash around his waist the ends hanging. Besides this tribal insignia of power on his breast, he wears also a silver-colored medal of "war-field." Notzella, the former chief, albeit portly and vigorous, walks also in front. He was relieved of his office for secretly harboring renegades from other tribes. Behind the chief walks Peto, the stalwart chief of the reservation patrolmen. The reservation was never so well protected as it has been since the organization of a native police force, for the Indians are proud of the power thus entrusted to them, and perform faithful and diligent service. It is the duty of the police not only to guard against interlopers, but to apprehend all suspicious or strange visitors to their territory, and report or arrange them before the agent. The system was established just after Victorio took the warpath. Recruits had come to him from this tribe, and there was danger he might draw largely on them. One day a messenger from the savage chief reached the reservation on a recruiting mission. Peto accosted him, and after learning his errand, turned admiring eyes on the carbine that the messenger carried. "We have plenty such," the messenger explained. "Every man that comes with us will get one." "I never saw one so bright and handsome," Peto replied. "Let me look at it a moment." The messenger, thinking that already he had won a recruit, handed over the weapon. In an instant he was looking

A CLAM DIGGER'S BOWROW.

His Wife Elopes with a Farmer—A Wife, Husband, and Eleven Children Deserted.

New York World.

Frederick Guiler is a well-known farmer of Flatlands, L. I. A week ago he eloped with Ellen Ahrens, the wife of a neighbor. The story is a good one. Mr. Ahrens is a clam-digger at Canarsie. The principal products of Canarsie are muskies, very bad whisky, frogs and clams. Before the big hotel at Rockaway was thought of Canarsie was a port of entry. It was not only a port, but a sherry, claret and beer of entry. The residents of Brooklyn or New York could go down there every day, buy boats, go out, come back, and catch all the fish and other things they wanted by paying for them. Canarsie is situated between Sheepshead bay and East New York, and the boats that used to start from there to Rockaway beach do not start now, because they can not climb over the trestle-work built across the bay by the Rockaway beach people. Mrs. Ellen Ahrens is exactly 23 years of age, Benedict's time, and is a plump and pleasing person. She is the mother of three children. The gay defaulter with whom she did not belong to him is 50 years of age. Mr. Ahrens hunts the gay and festive clam and yells it through the city streets, after he has crawled up to it when it is asleep, put his net over it, pulled the feathers out of it and prepared it for consumption or any other disease in the venacular. While the former was engaged in his enterprising work he chanced to spy Mrs. Ahrens. He dropped his hoe immediately and looked at her sunny face. Then they exchanged winks. After that Mr. Guiler was a constant visitor at the Ahrens mansion. The Ahrens mansion wasn't much of a mansion, but it was mansion all the same, and had a front door, a back door, a roof, a cow-yard, a well, and a nanny goat. There is room right here—in the description of the place—for a romantic story, but the reporter of The World is dealing in facts. Will Mr. Ahrens was away on his exciting chase Mr. Guiler bewitched his wife. Mr. Guiler had a wife and eight children, but he went to the Ahrens mansion every night and whispered words of love into the not unwilling ear of the fair Ellen. "Whichever of you goes will I go. They fly in my eye, and they hash my hash!" said the unsuspecting Ellen, when the bewitcher had notified her that he was willing to leave Canarsie, the claims, and the mosquitoes, frogs, wife and eight children. She imagined that it was an even thing and took the train with her contemporaneous false one. They took no baggage. Mrs. Ahrens left a babe in arms and Mr. Guiler left a child in a club. The scandal spread through the town and the residents of the place, who are almost all clam farmers, threatened to hang the male eloper if they could catch him. Tar and feathers were talked of. The disconsolate eight children were traveling around Canarsie, and it looked as if the fraternity would get bursted unless they were taken to the shore. People who resided on the beach—men, sunny-headed girls, little boys with the backward drift of the tide in their pants—stood on the shore and looked seaward. Father was not coming back again; mother has gone away. Eleven little ones were wiping their little noses and wondering what the wild waves were saying. Follows out in their bare feet tread on clams, got their toes stuck in the crevices, while they were watching for the couple to come back, and cursed. They came not back. Canarsie was extremely on edge. A man who looked like Mr. Guiler, a little bit disguised, was met at the Manhattan Beach station at Canarsie. Two men stood there who appeared to recognize him. "Are you Guiler?" asked one of them. "My name is Jackson," said the man. He looked so much like Guiler that when he left the crowd he was compelled to acknowledge that he was a relative of Mr. Guiler. "He had lost a coat-tail and part of his hat brim." He was dismissed, and each incoming train was watched. A man with a gun, who had come down to Canarsie to shoot robins, was looked upon by the folks of Canarsie as the perpetrator of the deed. His gun gained him respect. "That the man?" ejaculated a countryman with a whole paper of tobacco in his mouth. "I wonder if the gun is loaded?" asked another. "Let's go home and get our guns!" said three brassy sons of toil and clams. While the good fellows were priming their guns Mr. Guiler reappeared. On Friday night he came back to his home. He met with a warm reception. His wife looked out of the window and remarked inquisitorily: "Who's there?" "It's me." "What do you want?" "Lemme in." In two minutes a shower of hot water was trickling down his back. This disposition to kill the prodigal because the calf had returned did not suit Mr. Guiler, and he went sadly but earnestly away. He had not returned when the reporter visited Canarsie. A Mr. Green, who was questioned regarding the subject, said: "It is a very laughable matter, but it is all true. My wife was going to make trouble for it first, but it will all blow over, I guess." The next wind that blows from Canarsie may wait the clash of resounding arms. Ten drops of Angostura Bitters, impart a delicious flavor to all cold drinks and prevent Summer Diseases. Try it and you will never be without it, but be sure to get the world renowned ANGSTURA, manufactured only by Dr. J. G. B. SEIGERT & SONS.

Accidents of Lincoln.

Ben Perley Poore: Mr. Lincoln was hardly in the White House before the wild hunt for office commenced. Among other good stories told of him was one of a man who came day after day asking for a foreign mission. At last the president, weary of his face, said: "Do you know Spanish?" "No," said the eager aspirant, "but I could soon learn it." "Do so," said Mr. Lincoln, "and I will give you a good thing." The newly appointed minister hurried home and spent six months studying Ollendorf's grammar. He then reappeared at the White House with a hopeful heart and a fine Castilian accent, and the president presented him with a copy of Don Quixote in Spanish. The lobby—that great devil-fish whose tentacles clutch clammy at the national treasury—could never get on the blind

side of Mr. Lincoln. He treated them with courtesy, but would never encourage their schemes. His favorite among the Washington correspondents was Mr. Simon B. Hanson, a shrewd Bostonian, who had been identified with the earlier anti-slavery movements, and who used to keep Mr. Lincoln informed as to what was going on in Washington, carrying him what he heard, and seldom asking a favor. "I see you state," said the president to Hanson one day, "that my administration will be the reign of steel. Why not add that Buchanan's was the reign of stealing?" Mr. Lincoln, as I remarked, spoke in parables, and a story often ended an interview which otherwise might have been prolonged for hours. On one occasion a distinguished visitor was endeavoring to recall to his mind a young man whom he had seen, but forgotten, who was an applicant for office. Mr. Lincoln evidently did not think that the young man was qualified for the position, and he finally said: "Oh yes, I know who you mean; it is that turkey-egg-faced fellow that you would think didn't know as much as a last year's bird's nest."

Prepared for Cholera. A middle-aged negro, who seemed to be laboring under considerable excitement halted a policeman on Larned street yesterday, and asked: "Say, boss, what about dat 'Gyphsum cholera de papers an makin' sich a fuss ober?" "Why, they have the cholera over there," was the reply. "An she's gwine to spread to dis kentry!" "It may."

Ladies should reflect well before using any preparation that is applied to delicate surfaces as the skin. Any cosmetic will at first impart a beautifying effect and not apparently injure the skin, but in a very short time little blotches and discolorations appear on the face which conclusively show the poisonous drugs in their composition. It can be safely said that the only safe mode of the face powders contain these injurious ingredients. Puzoni's medicated complexion powder is not only absolutely free from all deleterious matters, but its principal ingredients are actually curative for all diseases of the skin. It has stood the test of years. Sold by all druggists.

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"An' I say it's powerful hard on de cull'd population. Man up Woodward avenue tole dat it jumped right ober white folks to get at a black one." "I believe that's so."

"Wall, Ize gittin' ready for it. Ize carryin' an onion in each breeches pocket. Women on de market tole me dat was a sure stand-off."

"I shouldn't wonder." "An' Ize drinkin' a cup full o' vinegar wid kyanne pepper sprinkled in. Hard-ware man tole me dat was a boss thing."

"An' Ize soakin' my feet in sour milk free nights in a week an' rubbin' my spine wid kerosine ole. Butcher up Michigan avenue tole me dat was a sartin preventive."

"I should think it was." "An' Ize got tarred paper an' cut out socks to wear in my boots. One of de aldermen tole me dat de cholera allus strikes de feet first thing. I reckon it won't get frow dat tarred paper. An' Ize be chevin' a gum made of beeswax an' taller wid a little camphor-gum rolled in. An' Ize been bled twice in de last month. An' had a tooth pulled, an' my ha' cut, an' my photograph taken, an' I reckon if de cholera comes friskin' around Detroit I needn't be uneasy."

A good name at home is a tower of strength abroad. Ten times as much Hood's Sarsaparilla used in Lowell as in any other.

A Pleasing Old Fraud. Chicago Times. Ceteaway is no more. Take him all in all, he was a rather pleasing old fraud, and the amount of trouble he managed to give the British troops during the Zulu war should endear his memory to the Jerry Donovan skirmishers. Cet. allowed himself to be flattered by the London authorities, and beguiled by promises, bull-pups, jack-knives, and "smile" jewelry, he returned to Zululand confidently expecting to resume the king business at the old stand. But during his absence at the London theatres and queen's drawing-rooms his poor relations appropriated the throne, crown, scepter, and other kingly things in stock. A family fight ensued for possession, in which Cet. was killed. Unless Mr. Donovan takes up a collection for a monument to his memory, he will not be in this country, soon be forgotten.

St. Vitus Dance is a distressing malady. There is but one cure for it, Samaritan Nervine. Samaritan Nervine cured my wife's St. Vitus Dance, says Henry Clark, of Fairfield, Mich. "She had them 35 years." At Druggists, \$1.50.

Left Out. Detroit Free Press. "Boss, will you tell me how to make root beer?" asked a colored man of a clerk in a Woodward avenue drug store a day or two ago. "Why, yes, I can. Take a hickory stick, three gallons of water, an old hat, a quart of molasses a paper of tacks, and a pound of cayenne pepper, and boil, skin and set in a cool place." "So dat's all, is it?" asked the inquirer. "The clerk repeated his directions, and the customer brought his fist down on the counter with the explanation: "I sees whar I spilled my lull batch; I left out de tacks."

The Doctor's Endorsement. Dr. D. W. Wright, Cincinnati, O., sends the following professional endorsement: "I have prescribed DR. Wm. HALL'S BAL-SAM FOR THE LUNGS in a great number of cases and always with success. My use in particular was given by several physicians who had been called in for consultation with myself. The patient had all the symptoms of confirmed consumption—cold night sweats, hectic fever, harassing cough, etc. He commenced immediately to get better and was soon restored to his usual health. I had found DR. Wm. HALL'S BAL-SAM FOR THE LUNGS the most valuable expectorant for breaking up distressing coughs and colds that I have ever used."

Mouchet, The Big Eater. Alfred Mouchet is dead. He was a Parisian by birth and residence. He was known for many years as "the bucket man." But his title to fame securely rests upon the fact that he was the champion glutton of the French capital. On one occasion he devoured at a single meal a whole turkey, a leg of mutton, a pound of cheese, several pounds of bread and a bucketful of wine. In 1874 he had a eating match with one Dietrich, who was only able to eat eight pounds of mutton, eight pounds of beef and several pounds of bread, and was therefore badly beaten. Dr. Lachat once stated in the academy of medicine that with the exception of a Basque named Lorton, who regularly ate 15 pounds of bread a day, Mouchet was the greatest eater that ever lived.

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28 170 House and full cor. lot near Mary's ave. Pleasant place, cash... 3 500
29 170 House, 4 rooms, barn, full lot, nicely improved, on 15th street near Elizabeth Place... 9 000
30 176 Cottage of 6 rooms, near 15th and Park Ave. on Colburn street... 3 800
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