

THE GIANT INDIANS.

Peculiar Ways of the Onas of Tierra del Fuego.

The Onas, a tribe of Indians inhabiting the mainland of the Tierra del Fuego island, are physical giants. Their average height is over six feet. A few are six and one-half feet; a few fall below six feet. The women are more corpulent and not so tall. There is no race in the world with a more perfect physical development than the Ona Indians. This is partly due to the topography of the country and the distribution of the game, which makes long marches across the country a necessity.

In mentality they fall far below their physical attainments. In the past their supply of game has been plentiful, and this may account for the lack of inventive genius among them. This lack of progressive skill is portrayed in their home life, clothing and homes. Their children suffer from it, for, contrary to the practice common among most Indians of feeding, dressing and training the children well, the Onas' little ones are mostly naked, poorly fed and altogether neglected. They have abundant material for supplying themselves with clothing and homes, and yet they throw a few branches together, put skins over the windward side and then sliver under the miserable shelter.

Scientists who have made a study of the subject say that the language of the Onas is the strangest ever listened to. Many of the words are not difficult to pronounce, nor is the construction of the sentences difficult, but very few words are interrupted by a sound which it is impossible to produce. The speaker hacks, coughs and grunts, distorting his face in the most inhuman manner, and then passes on to the next stumbling block. The Onas live principally upon meat, which in former years was obtained from the guanaco.—New York Herald.

ST. SWITHIN AND RAIN.

The Legend of the Chapel Over the Bishop's Grave.

The superstitions referring to particular days are very numerous. The legend of St. Swithin is an example that will occur to every one:

St. Swithin's day, if thou dost rain, For forty days it will remain; St. Swithin's day, if thou be fair, For forty days 'twill rain nair.

St. Swithin, bishop of Winchester, according to the author of "The Popular Antiquities," was "a man equally noted for uprightness and humility. So far did he carry the latter virtue that on his deathbed he requested to be buried not within the church, but outside the churchyard on the north of the sacred building, where his corpse might receive the eavesdroppings from the roof and his grave be trodden by the feet of passersby. His lowly request was complied with, and in this neglected spot his remains repose till about 100 years afterward, when a fit of pious indignation seized the clergy at the fact that the body of so holy a member of their order was allowed to occupy such a position, and on an appointed day they all assembled to convey it with great pomp to the adjoining cathedral of Winchester. When they were about to commence the ceremony a heavy rain burst forth and continued without intermission for the forty succeeding days. The monks interpreted this tempest as a warning from heaven of the blasphemous nature of their attempt to contravene the direction of St. Swithin, and instead of disturbing his remains they erected a chapel over his grave." "St. Swithin is christening the apples" is the more poetical way of describing St. Swithin's rain.

The Moon's Phases.

The phases of the moon are caused by its relative position to the earth and the sun, so that when it is full moon in one part of the earth it is full moon in all parts of the earth, and so for all its other phases. The moon revolves around the earth once in twenty-seven days, though on account of the earth's revolution around the sun the mean duration of the lunar month—that is, the time from new moon to new moon—is twenty-nine days, twelve hours and forty-four minutes. The "dark of the moon" is that half of the lunar month during which the moon shines least at night.

A Cold, Hard Snub.

"Excuse me, madam," he said, "but ah—you remember, in the restaurant after the theater the other night you were kind enough to notice me. I hope I am not mistaken in supposing that your interest was ah—not altogether—" "Oh, not at all. I remember now. I thought for a moment that you were the coachman my husband discharged a few weeks ago for trying to make love to the cook, and I wondered how you could afford to eat in such an expensive place."—Chicago Record-Herald.

Reminiscence.

The author had written one successful story, and he never grew tired talking of it. "Don't you know," said one of his friends to another one day, "Ritter always reminds me of a pleased dog." "That's odd. How does he?" "He's always wagging his tale."

Explained.

Mistress (on the second day to new cook)—Kath, just be so good as to send me 5 marks. Cook (aside)—Ha, ha! That's why she said yesterday the cook in her house was treated as one of the family!

It is only by labor that thought can be made healthy, and only by thought that labor can be made happy, and the two cannot be separated with impunity.—Ruskin.

SNAKES OF SARAWAK.

The Python is Enormous and Feeds on Pigs and Children.

In the Sarawak Gazette is an article on the snakes of that part of Borneo. Of the poisonous reptiles it says: "The cobra (Naja tripudians) is a black snake which raises its head to strike when irritated, at the same time expanding the hood at either side of the neck. It spits at intruders and hisses like a cat, whence it is known as "ular tedong puss;" in some parts, too, as "tedong mata hari." The word "tedong" in Sarawak is apparently applied to all large snakes which Malays consider to be poisonous, and, as our Malays are but ill acquainted with these animals, quite a number of large but harmless forms are designated by this term. The hamadryad (Naja bungarus) is a brown snake, considerably bigger but rarer than the cobra. It is rather shy, but when cornered, like the cobra, it raises its head and expands the hood before striking. Its food is chiefly other snakes.

"Less dangerous than these najas are the vipers, of which the most common species is the green viper, which reaches a length of two feet or more. The head is large and shaped like an ace of spades. This creature is a tree snake and very sluggish. The 'bungarus' are of several species, one, Bungarus fasciatus, of length up to four feet, being black with yellow rings. It is called the 'ular buku tebu' (sugar cane joints) by natives. There are also sea snakes of many species. The tail of a sea snake is flattened and oarlike."

Sarawak has other snakes: "Of the pythons there are two species. Python reticulatus grows to an enormous size, over twenty feet. It is very fond of pigs, but varies its diet by various animals, including even children. The oil of this snake is used by Malays as an embrocation for bruises. The other species of python, Python curtus, is interesting in that its flesh tastes like that of fowl—at least, so Dyaks say, and they are authorities on snake flesh, for they eat a number of the large snakes."

POINTED PARAGRAPHS.

Some people are simply acting natural when they are kicking.

Do the right thing by all of your friends, and you haven't anything but the core of the apple left.

People with real troubles do not care as much for sympathy as they do to have their trials as inconspicuous as possible.

When a man says that he has not a friend in the town where he lives you can depend on it that the town is not to blame.

Don't forget that your actions are measured as critically all through life as is the borrowed butter you return to a neighbor.

With all due consideration for the sober second thought, we notice that the longer we aim the more liable we are to miss the mark.—Atholton Globe.

Froude's Youthful Terrors.

Of the youthful hardships endured by James Anthony Froude a biographer says: "Conceiving that the child wanted spirit, Hurrell, his elder brother, once took him up by the heels and stirred with his head the mud at the bottom of a stream. Another time he threw him into deep water out of a boat to make him manly. But he was not satisfied by inspiring physical terror. Invoking the aid of the preternatural, he taught his brother that the hollow behind the house was haunted by a monstrous and malevolent phantom, to which in the plenitude of his imagination he gave the name of Peningre. Gradually the child discovered that Peningre was an illusion and began to suspect that other ideas of Hurrell's might be illusions too."

The Flying Lizard of Java.

The curious little animals known as flying lizards (Draco volans) are only found in Java, and their strange appearance is supposed to have been the origin of the dragon of the mediaeval eastern imagination. The reptile is like an ordinary lizard, but is provided with folds of extensible skin which are spread out by the long ribs and enable the animal to glide through the air from tree to tree in pursuit of the insects on which it preys. When lying prone on the mottled surface of a bough, it is an excellent example of "protective resemblance," as it is most difficult to be seen unless it moves.

He Made Sure.

A story is told of the Sudan railway which shows patient literalness. To an official there came the telegram from an outlying station: "Station master has died. Shall I bury him?" The reply was sent: "Yes; bury station master, but please make sure he is really dead before you do so." In due time back came the message: "Have buried station master. Made sure he was dead by hitting him twice on the head with a fish plate." There was perfect assurance that there had been no premature burial.

A Man of Nerve.

He—I called to see you last evening. She—Yes? He—Yes, the servant told you were not in. She—Yes, I was so sorry to have missed you. He—I thought you must be. I heard you laughing upstairs in such grief stricken tones that I almost wept myself out of sympathy.

The Reason.

Teacher—You've been a very good boy for the last day or two, Bobbie. I haven't seen you fighting with the other boys or romping in the school-room. Bobbie—Yes'm. I got a stiff neck.—Cleveland Leader.

A STORM IN THE JUNGLE.

It Comes With a Roar Like That of a Giant Waterfall.

People who have never been in a jungle talk of the sky as a painter talks of the horizon or a seafaring man of the offing—as if when you wanted to see it you only need use your eyes. But in the jungle you don't see the sky—at least you only see a few scraggy patches of it overhead through the openings in the twigs and leaves. Neither do you feel the wind bowing, nor get burned or dazzled by the sun, nor even see that luminary except by momentary glimpses about midday, from which it follows that a jungle man does not usually pretend to be weatherwise. If he does he is even a greater humbug than the rest of the weather prophets. On the afternoon about which we are speaking I remember setting forth on my walk in the still glow of the tropical calm and wondering rather at the intense stillness of the surrounding forest. Then the air grew cooler and the green of the foliage in front seemed to deepen, and presently there was a sound as of a giant waterfall in the distance. Waterfalls do not, however, grow louder every second, whereas the noise in front did so. Then there was a loud, angry growl, as of a dozen lions. A minute more and the whole jungle began to roar as if fifty squadrons of heavy cavalry were coming up at a gallop. Then came a drop of rain and a peal of thunder which seemed to make the world stop.

Then the storm began. The sky above darkened; the trees clattered; the brushwood beneath hissed and bowed itself. A deluge of raindrops blotted out the narrow view. Down it came, soaking through the densest leaves under which one fled for refuge, striking the grass and sand with millions of dull thuds, dashing furiously against the leaves as if they were so many hostile shields, streaking the air with innumerable perpendicular lines and hurling itself down with the force of bullets.

In such a downpour one may as well walk and get wet as stand still and get wet. Unfortunately one did not know where to walk to. The "circumbendibus system" presupposes the fact that the wagon wheels and bullock tracks can be seen and noted, but when the cart track is no longer a cart track, but "all turned to rushing waters," such tracks cannot be seen, and unless you have a pocket compass you may as well try to fly as to get back to where you came from. When one reads of travelers lost in the backwoods, they always steer by the sun—and probably very badly—but when there is no sun what are you to do?—Siam Press.

The Ice of Greenland.

The largest mass of ice in the world is probably the one which fills up nearly the whole of the interior of Greenland, where it has accumulated since before the dawn of history. It is believed to now form a block about 600,000 square miles in area and averaging a mile and a half in thickness. According to these statistics, the lump of ice is larger in volume than the whole body of water in the Mediterranean, and there is enough of it to cover the whole of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland with a layer about seven miles thick. If it were cut into two convenient slabs and built up equally upon the entire surface of "gallant little Wales" it would form a pile more than 120 miles high. There is ice enough in Greenland to bury the entire area of the United States a quarter of a mile deep.—London Globe.

A Dowry on Approval.

A curious custom prevails among Roumanian peasants. When a Roumanian girl is of a marriageable age, all her trousseau, which has been carefully woven, spun and embroidered by her mother and herself, is placed in a painted wooden box. When a young man thinks of asking to be allowed to pay his attentions to the girl he is at liberty at first to open the box, which is always placed conveniently at hand, and examine the trousseau. If the suitor is satisfied with the quantity and quality of the dowry he makes a formal application for the girl's hand, but if, on the contrary, the trousseau does not please him, he is quite at liberty to retire.

Man and His Valet.

"I never saw a man so entirely dependent on his valet." "Quite helpless without him, eh?" "Quite helpless. Mabel told me that when he came to propose he brought his valet with him." "What was that for?" "Why, when he reached the proper place his valet spread a hemstitched handkerchief on the floor for him to kneel upon."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Diplomatically Put.

"I am afraid you are absolutely governed by your wife." "No," answered Mr. Meekton, who had been reading the foreign news, "I'm not absolutely governed by her, but I must admit that I am very much within her sphere of influence."—Washington Star.

A Choice of Evils.

Landlady—Would you advise me to send my daughter to a cooking school or to a music school? Boarder (reflectively)—Well, I think I'd send her to a cooking school. It may be more fatal in its results, but it isn't anything like so noisy.

Stingy.

"It seems strange," said Deacon Mayberry as he counted the money after church, "that a large congregation can be so small."—Philadelphia Telegraph.

All human power is a compound of time and patience.—Balzac.

A SELFISH MAN.

The Prayer He Addressed to the Throne of Mercy.

The following example of a quaint and selfish prayer does not come from the liturgy; it is from "Glimpses of Ancient Hackney." "O Lord, thou knowest that I have nine estates in the city of London and likewise that I have lately purchased an estate in fee simple in the county of Essex. I beseech thee to preserve the two counties of Middlesex and Essex from fire and earthquake, and, as I have a mortgage in Hertfordshire, I beg of thee likewise to have an eye of compassion on that county, and for the rest of the counties thou mayest deal with them as thou art pleased. O Lord, enable the bank to answer all their bills and make all my debtors good men. Give prosperous voyage and return to the Mermaid sloop, because I have insured it, and, as thou hast said the days of the wicked are but short, I trust in thee that thou wilt not forget thy promise, as I have purchased an estate in reversion which will be mine on the death of that prodigiate young man, Sir J. L. Keep my friends from sinking and preserve me from thieves and housebreakers and make all my servants so honest and faithful that they may attend to my interest and never cheat me out of my property night or day."

THE CHINESE MOTHER.

She Is Steadfast in Affection For Her Children.

The Chinese mother is very fond of her children. She is happy in their company and spends much time caring for them. In a Chinese family the birth of a child is a greater event than with other orientals. Long before the child is born the mother performs rites and ceremonies to propitiate the gods that her child may be a boy. After birth the little fellow is wrapped in old rags and in winter is sometimes put in a bag of sand sewed close around its neck to keep the little one warm. Great rejoicing follows the birth if the child is a boy; otherwise there is an air of disappointed disappointment. But good Chinese parents make the best of their little lassies, becoming very fond and even proud of them. I have known more than one Chinese father to exhibit his toddling wee girl for approval, though always with the customary national verbal deprecation of what belongs to one. Indeed, this evidence of excessive courtesy may be found everywhere in this strange land. It is good form to vilify what is mine and laud what is thine. "My god for nothing family are all still troubling the earth with their presence. How is your honorable family?"—Pilgrim.

MUMMIES.

Some That Do Not Come From the Tombs of the East.

Many persons who have an interest in archaeology will be surprised to know that all the mummies to be seen in museums have not been taken from faraway tombs in Egypt or other eastern lands. Well preserved mummies have occasionally been taken from the ruins of the cliff dwellers in the mountain canyons of Arizona and in New Mexico and southern California. These mummies, though very poor specimens of the mummifying art, are considered great treasures by scientists, because they give the anthropologist a vague idea of the strange people who had the earliest civilization on the American continent. The best of them are almost entirely ignorant of who the Aztecs and Toltecs were, how they looked and lived and why they have been so entirely obliterated from the face of the earth.

The reason for this ignorance is found in the fact that no satisfactory remains of the dead Aztecs have been found. These people were cremationists, and they probably buried household effects with the dead, leaving little or nothing for the scientist to build a theory upon. Frequently a party of explorers in the valleys of Arizona will come upon sealed jars of burned bone dust.

Flowers in the Shade.

It is not unusual to hear a complaint that one's yard has no sun, and therefore flowers cannot be raised. But there are a large number of flowers that prefer shade to sunshine in summer. The begonia is of this class. Those who have north walls or fences may have great beauty during the summer by setting out the different kinds of begonias. Even the glorioxia, the achimenes and similar hothouse plants bloom splendidly throughout the summer season when grown on the north side of walls.

Keppel's Recipe For Health.

Meeting me in a bitter east wind one day in Piccadilly on his way to church, Keppel asked how Mr. Gladstone was. I told him he was very ill. "Ah," he said, "he is overnursed. If he would do as I do, climb up eighty steps, have a cold bath every day and sleep with his window always open, he would never be ill."—Memoir of Sir Henry Keppel.

Foot In It Again.

Mr. Brakes—Who is that sour looking dame over there? Mr. Grubbins—Sir, she has the misfortune to be my wife. Mr. Brakes—Oh—ah—indeed, sir, the misfortune is—er—all yours, I'm sure!—Cleveland Leader.

Possible to All.

She (philosophically)—Do you think it is easy to die? He (commonplace)—Well, a lot of very stupid people have managed to do it.

Difficulties strengthen the mind as labor does the body.—Seneca.

High Grade Groceries at Low Grade Prices

Our cut cash prices on groceries went into effect January 15, and our business since shows the people are appreciating the saving we are making them in our line. These are only a few of the many bargains we are offering:

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Eagle or Lewis Lye, per can 08
Arm and Hammer or Cow Brand Soda, per package 08
Can Corn, per can 08
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Fancy Lemons, per dozen 25
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Pumpkin, per can 10
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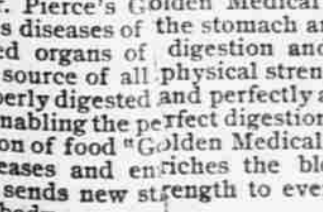
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(1) How many head of stock have you.
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RED WILLOW.

Mrs. Longnecker is still sick. Mr. Holland has sold part of his farm to some one in Denver. Mrs. Will Randel has been having a tussle with the grip for sometime. Mr. and Mrs. Sexson entertained on Wednesday, in honor of Mrs. Wilson. Mr. Sexson was called to Arapahoe to see his aged mother who is quite sick. There was a surprise on Mr. and Mrs. Ralls on Monday night. A pleasant time.

HURRY UP!

Everywhere one hears that expression "hurry up!" It is a genuine Americanism expressive of the "rush" in which we live. Nothing is swift enough for us. We race against steam and lightning and them slow. We grudge the time given to eating, and rush through meals as though life depended upon our haste. Life does depend on our haste, but not in that sense. Look at the obituary columns of the papers and see how many prominent men are carried away by "stomach trouble," "acute indigestion" and other related diseases. Their lives have in general been sacrificed to the haste and rush of business which overlooked the fact that food can only nourish the body when digested and assimilated and that the digestive and assimilative processes can't be hurried. Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery cures diseases of the stomach and the associated organs of the stomach and the associated organs of all physical strength is food, properly digested and perfectly assimilated. By enabling the perfect digestion and assimilation of food "Golden Medical Discovery" increases and enriches the blood supply and sends new strength to every organ of the body. "I was at one time as I thought almost at death's door," writes Mr. J. S. Bell, of Leando, Van Buren Co., Iowa. "I was confined to my bed and part of the time to my bed. I had taken quantities of medicines but they only seemed to feed the disease, but I must say that 'Golden Medical Discovery' has cured me, and to-day I am stouter than I have been for twenty years. I am now forty-three years old." FREE. Dr. Pierce's Medical Adviser sent free to you on receipt of stamps to pay expense of mailing only. Send thirty-one one-cent stamps for cloth bound book or twenty-one stamps for paper covers to Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.



Mrs. McNeil and Mrs. Hingland gave a dinner in honor of Mrs. Wilson, on Wednesday, of last week. It is fine weather for doing all kinds of farm work except putting up ice. It has not been cold enough to have ice as thick as it is usually put up. Mr. Bellair has moved Mr. Moore's house onto his place. He had a close call from a prairie fire, last week. There was a fire on Sunday, both being set by the train, which endangered a Russian living near.

Those who have known Red Willow from the first are proud of the peace quiet and kindness. The old community has passed through the throes of finding herself and she is true. When one is sick or in trouble, then the kindness is shown to a marked degree.

LEBANON.

May Bartholomew was a McCook visitor from Friday evening until Sunday. Ernest Fiechter and Henry Kettering who are jurors Sunday at home. Rev. Gardner fell from a hay loft and broke a rib, last week. Mr. Pam filled the M. E. pulpit in his stead, Sunday. One of Albert Roberts' boys from Kansas has been helping Jennie Fiechter with the chores while her husband attends court. Four of Chas. Adkins' young folks were over from Kansas and visited with Mr. and Mrs. Earnest Fiechter from Saturday until Monday.

McCook Tribune, \$1.00 per year.