

ONLY ONE BLANKET A YEAR

BEAUTIFUL WEAVING OF THE NAVAJO INDIANS.

An Art Which Seems Destined to be Lost, Chiefly Owing to Laziness or the Lack of Desire to Accumulate Wealth.

The Navajo is the most perfect blanket. Neither Ottoman fingers nor British machines have ever produced its peer, and this matchless weaving is the handiwork, not of some Old World craftsman, not of a trained heir of civilization but of a wild nomad, a dirty foxy, barbarous denizen of a corner of the Great American Desert.

The Navajo Indian of New Mexico and Arizona cannot vie with the modern Turk in rugs, nor with the extinct Yuma in fringes, but when it comes to blankets he can beat the world. Or, rather, he could—for it is nearly a generation since a Navajo blanket of strictly the first-class has been created. Here is a lost art—not because the Navajos no longer know how, but because they will no longer take the trouble. They make thousands of blankets still—thick, coarse, fuzzy things which are the best camping blankets to be had anywhere, and most comfortable robes. But of the superb old ponchos and serapes for chiefs—those iron fabrics woven from yaveta (a Turkish cloth imported specially for them and sold at \$6 a pound, unraveled by them, and its thread reincarnated in an infinitely better new body), not one has been woven in twenty years.

The Navajo is a barbarian, to whom enough is an elegant sufficiency. By weaving the cheap and wretched blankets of to-day—wretched, that is, as works of art—he can get all the money he desires. Why, then, toll a twelve-month over a blanket for \$500 (which is more coin than he can imagine anyhow) when a week's work will bring \$5?

The art of the Navajo blanket is as old as Plymouth Rock—and almost as bigoted. You can tell a genuine just as far as you can see it. It is a curious fact, known to the student that, when left to himself, the Indian never blunders in color. It is only when too long rubbed with our shoddy civilization and poisoned with the ease and cheapness of our accursed aniline dyes that he perpetrates atrocities. His eye for color is elemental and absolutely correct. Red is king—and no bastard magenta, mauve, or lake, but true red. Blue is good, because it stands for the sky, and green, because it is the grass; and yellow for the sun, and white for the clouds and snow—and these are the only colors found in a strictly Navajo blanket. The true old blanket was as perfect in its color scheme as in its weaving—there are those which have for seventy-five years done duty on an adobe floor.

Of course, at all times these gems were comparatively few. Not every Navajo weaver was a master, and not so many could afford a blanket whose thread cost \$6 a pound as could stand the natural wool at 30 cents. But what has done most to make the old-time perfect blanket scarce is the fact that it was almost invariably buried with its owner. In the Christian graveyards of the Pueblos, in the barbaric lonely last cuddling places of Navajo Captains, the vast majority of the perfect blankets have gone to the worms. Ponchos not three collections in the world could match to-day have been swathed about the corpse and covered with six feet of earth.—New York Sun.

The Philadelphia Record says a detective in a well-known retail store of that city is engaged in the mental process of kicking himself whenever he thinks of a certain transaction which took place last week. At a time of day when the store was crowded the detective, who was keeping a sharp lookout for evil-doers, was approached by a well-dressed, intelligent-looking man, who informed him that he was employed as detective in another store, and had followed a shoplifter from his firm's store to the present place, where they would find her at the glove counter stealing gloves.

"Let her alone," said the strange detective, "and when she loads up I will follow her home, and we can then make a big haul."

Consent was given to this plan and the shop-lifter stole \$200 or \$300 worth of gloves unimpeded. Then she went out, followed by the strange detective. That was the last ever seen of the pair, and the store detective wonders how on earth he was duped so easily.

"Charley," said young Mrs. Torkins, "when a man is elected to office does he become a servant of the people?"

"Yes, in a sense."

"Well, that explains something that I have always wondered about. I see now why he is so often called a political boss."—Washington Star.

"Henrietta doesn't seem to believe anything she sees in the newspapers," said Mr. Meekton thoughtfully.

"It's a good thing not to be too credulous."

"Yes; but she goes too far. She can't even read the advertisement of a bargain sale without going in person to find out whether it's true in every particular."—Washington Star.

A small boy after critically surveying the new baby, remarked to his mother: "He's got no teeth and no hair. He's grandfather's little brother, ain't he, ma?"—Fun.

TAX ON NAVAL PURSES.

Reasons Why Officials Don't Often Save Money.

Few officers in the army or navy are able to save a cent from one year's pay to another. This is because tremendous demands are made on them, chiefly for social reasons.

Many people believe that the Government furnishes naval officers with their uniforms and living expenses, in addition to their salaries. This is a mistake that makes the average officer groan when he hears it mentioned. As a matter of fact the clothing which an officer requires is a steady and heavy drain on his income. In most foreign countries officers wear their uniforms exclusively. Not so in this. Here it is the custom for them always to appear on shore in civilian's clothes, and they do so when abroad also. This necessitates the maintenance of two complete outfits.

It falls to the lot of the ward-room mess to do the greater part of the general entertaining. In the ward room of every ship of almost all nations there is a regularly appointed visiting committee, whose duty it is to pay official calls on all foreign ships of war, as well as those under their own flag.

The officers of cruising ships do their best to keep up the reputation of the service and the nation and try to extend to the officers and officials of other nations every courtesy and to treat them with genuine American cordiality. Spirituous liquors are not introduced on American ships, so the officers are confined to the use of light wines in their entertaining. This, however, does not prevent the mess wine bills from running up to the top notch, for on board of every American man-of-war there is a constant round of gayety in the ward-room.

The most abused and bothered man in the ward-room mess when it comes to entertaining is the caterer, who is not a hireling, but one of the officers of the mess, elected each month to do the catering.

Then the officers spend lots of money for curios, and are constantly being asked to contribute to all kinds of charities. People go aboard with all kinds of subscription lists and officers are expected to contribute, no matter whether the cause be worthy or unworthy. Once when an American cruiser was lying in Turkish waters an old man came aboard one day. He was a slight-of-hand performer and had been for so long in the little village port nearby that all the inhabitants knew his tricks as well as he did. He made frantic efforts to get away, but could not persuade the steamship people to take him. His last hope was the American ship. He went there, made a simple, unvarnished request for the money to pay his passage to a far distant port which he wished to make, got it and left on the next steamer.—New York Sun.

Wind to Aid the Bicycle.

A new bicycle improvement makes the cyclist join hands with the wind. The combination, it is claimed, develops exceedingly high speed. The inventor, M. Demange, of Commercy, France, declares that by his plan the cyclist may ride at a speed of from twelve to fifteen miles an hour with no exertion at all, except that required in guiding the machine.

The contrivance is in form of a sort of turbine arrangement, something like a gourd hollowed out, cut in gores, and the gores turned a little on their axes. This turbine is placed on dual rods, vertically attached to the forward wheel of the bicycle. A bar projects from the centre of the handle bars outward, and to this is attached the top of the turbine.

The turbine revolves on its axle and catches enough wind to give the forward wheel an added impetus. No matter from what direction the wind blows the turbine catches it, and by attachment with the hub of the front wheel communicates some of the force of the wind to the wheel. The turbine practically neutralizes the effect of a beam wind.

The twisting of the turbine in its rotary motion works on the rods that attach it to a ratchet wheel, which revolves about the hub of the front wheel. These rods work up and down like the piston of an engine, and in that way accelerate the motion in great degree.—New York Journal.

On February 21, 1898, Gen. Benjamin F. Butler presented to congress the first genuine American flag, made of American materials by American labor, ever constructed in this country.

Prior to that time all American government flags had been made of English bunting. Since then all our official flags have been the product exclusively of American material and labor. There were twenty-six stars in the flag at that time.—New York Press.

At one of Sam Jones' meetings he called on all the men who could assert they never said an unkind word to their wives to stand. Up got two. "Now," he said, "all the women who never spoke an unkind word to their husbands may rise." Up got six. "Sit down," Sam cried. "Now, I want the audience to pray for these liars!"—Time and The Home.

"I hear that Goldy is going to take a company to Cuba and help the insurgents. He thinks there's rich plunder in it."

"Doesn't surprise me a bit. I found that he was a free booter when I asked him for his daughter."—Detroit Free Press.

To test diamonds easily, place wax on the back of the gem. This will not affect the brilliancy of good stones, but will make paste imitations look worthless directly.

ALASKA'S NEW GOVERNOR.

Once a Homeless Walf, Rescued From the Streets of New York.

The brilliant man, John Green Brady of Indiana, who has been appointed Governor of Alaska, has had an interesting and romantic career. To the best of his knowledge he is a native of New York city. He never knew his parents nor the name they gave him, if any. He grew up a veritable street arab in the utmost poverty. In 1860 he was sent to Indiana with a car load of waifs as miserable as himself.

The car reached Tipton, a county seat thirty miles north of Indiana, and a number of the youngsters were committed to the care of residents. Judge John Green, a prominent citizen of the place, called for the "ugliest, raggedest, and most friendless" in the lot. "Jack," as he was afterward known, was promptly presented; and, at first, the Judge, appalled at so much misery in bulk, was inclined to go back on his demand, but finally took the lad home to Mrs. Green. She was out of patience with her husband for his action, but the absolute destitution of the boy appealed to her and she got down to the real boy by a process of thorough cleaning. After the examination she thought she might learn to like him and Jack's new life began.

He appreciated his home and the kindness of his benefactors, and diligently applied himself to study, proving himself capable and efficient. A course at the public schools was followed by a year at Waveland Academy, a well-known preparatory institution, and that by four years at Harvard. He had determined to be a preacher, and after he had been graduated at Cambridge he was sent by Judge Green to England to pursue his theological studies. Returning to Tipton in 1876, the next year he went to Alaska as a missionary under the auspices of the Presbyterian Church, and he has since remained there. His interest in the field was not confined to his missionary labors, and in 1881 he visited the States, displaying specimens of its gold and silver ores, and telling marvelous stories of its natural resources. As a result of his talks there was a large increase of the population of the Territory, capitalists and prospectors being attracted by his enthusiastic descriptions. Mr. Brady contributed largely to the reports of the census of 1890 respecting Alaska and in the Harrison Administration served as Commissioner of the Territory.

A distinguishing feature of much of the Peruvian pottery is a long, slim neck, and nearly every vessel is ornamented with a figure of some sort, having holes to represent eyes and other openings. These afford a passage for the air forced out by the liquid when poured into the vessel. By an ingenious contrivance the air in escaping produces a sound similar to the cry of the creature represented. Thus a utensil decorated with two monkeys embracing each other, on having water poured into or from it, would give a sound like the screeching of those animals. One decorated with a bird would emit bird-like notes, while a mountain cat on one jar would mew, snakes coiled around another would hiss. One of the most curious of these figures was that of an aged woman. When the jar was in use her sobs became audible, and tears trickled down her cheeks. The manufacturers seem to have known all about atmospheric pressure.

Some time ago Olga Nethersole, wishing to give realism to a rehearsal of Carmen, insisted in spite of a protest from her stage manager, on smoking a cigar.

"As the author said Carmen was to smoke a cigar, that is what Carmen is going to do," declared Miss Nethersole.

The property man said nothing, but handed her a big, black Beck.

The actress lighted it, took a puff, coughed, took a second puff.

Her face grew pale.

With determination she puffed the third time. But then the cigar was dropped, and she fled to her dressing room.

There was no more rehearsing that day.

That evening and thereafter Carmen smoked cigarettes.

The marquis del Carpio Viceroy of Naples, was once going into a church at Madrid, and saw a lady entering at the same moment who wore an extremely beautiful diamond on a very ugly hand.

"I should prefer the ring to the hand," said he, with no expectation of being heard; but she immediately touched the collar of his Order, which he was wearing, and said:

"I should prefer the halter to the donkey!"—Answers.

Little Johnny—Pa, why is it they have that big eagle where the minister stands in church?

Pa—Because, my son, the eagle is a bird of prey. When you want to know anything, always come right to your pa.—Boston Transcript.

The King of Siam has an income of about ten millions a year. His royal palace is populated by about five thousand people, and is a little city in itself. The ornamental grounds comprise twenty-five acres, and are surrounded by a wall twelve feet high.

"It takes my wife three days to get to a picnic."

"How is that?"

"She takes a day to get ready, a day to go, and a day to get over it."—The Capital.

SOME FAMOUS MEN'S WIVES.

They are Given to Queer Marriages But Many Have Proved Happy.

It is well known that the great poet Heine married a woman who could hardly read and write and who was quite incapable of understanding what he wrote.

Goethe, the greatest of Germans, married his housekeeper. The wives of great men have much to bear.

The idea of the great electrician Edison's marrying was first suggested by an intimate friend, who told him that his large house and numerous servants ought to have a mistress. Although a very shy man, he seemed pleased with the proposition, and timidly inquired whom he should marry. The friend, annoyed at his apparent want of sentiment, somewhat testily replied "anyone." But Edison was not without sentiment when the time came. One day, as he stood behind the chair of a Miss Stillwell, a telegraph operator in his employ, he was not a little surprised when she suddenly turned round and said, "Mr. Edison, I can always tell when you are behind me or near me." It was now Miss Stillwell's turn to be surprised, for, with characteristic bluntness and ardor Edison fronted the young lady, and, looking her full, said, "I've been thinking considerably about you of late, and, if you are willing to marry me, I would like to marry you." The young lady said she would consider the matter and talk it over with her mother. The result was that they were married a month later, and the union proved a very happy one.

"Out of the strong came forth sweetness" might be said of many soldiers. "An eye like Mars to threaten and command," but also a smile that betokened a loving disposition. What domestic life was to Lord John Lawrence may be seen from the following anecdote: He was sitting in his drawing-room at Southgate with his sister and others of his family. All were reading. Looking up from the book in which he had been engrossed, Lawrence had discovered that his wife had left the room. "Where's mother?" said he to one of his daughters. "She's upstairs," replied the girl. He returned to his book, and looking up again a few minutes later, put the same question to his daughter and received the same answer. Once more he returned to his reading; once more he looked up, with the same question on his lips. His sister broke in: "Why, really, John, it would seem as if you could not get on five minutes without your wife." "That's why I married her," he replied.

The great German general Moltke married Miss Burt, a plain, not very cultivated girl, and lived most happily with her until her death, which took place on Christmas Eve, 1868. Very touching was his devotion to her memory. Upon his estate at Kreisau he built a mausoleum, situated on an eminence embowered in foliage. In front of the altar of this little chapel was placed the simple oak coffin, always covered with leaves, in which the remains of his wife reposed. Sculptured in the apex was a finely carved figure of our Lord in an attitude of blessing. Above were inscribed the words "Love is the fulfilment of the law."—New York World.

Money in Apple Cores.

A market for cores and skins of apples has been opened in South Water street, Chicago.

In the large hotels the apple cores accumulate in goodly quantity each day and the collection of a month would have a selling value of several dollars. In most of the restaurants and hotels this fruit refuse is thrown away with the garbage. If it were collected and dedicated it could be turned into delicious jelly and syrup. This is the use to which the apple cores and skins are put in Chicago and this is the reason there is a market for them. Confectioners purchase them occasionally in large quantities and pay as high as one cent a pound. The average price is about one-quarter cent a pound.

It matters not what kind of an apple core it is. Nor is it important whether the core has been cut with a silver knife or gnawed by the teeth—everything goes, for when these dried cores and skins are used to make jelly, syrup or gelatine they pass through a process of cleansing and filtration.—New York Journal.

"The thing I especially enjoyed after a somewhat lengthy sojourn on the other side was a real genuine American grate fire," commented the traveler. "In London I felt as if I was burning something very precious with the landlady charging sixpence a scuttle for coal. I remember sitting around a stove in an English hotel. The weather was cold and the coal in the stove bunched together. I took a poker and stirred it up.

"That makes it burn faster," commented the landlady, gravely.

"That's just what I want," I replied.

"A red-faced, hearty Englishman broke in: 'You Americans are deucedly thin-blooded, don't you know?'"

A gentleman, talking with a young woman, admitted that he had failed to keep abreast of the scientific progress of the age.

"For instance," said he, "I don't understand how the incandescent light, now so extensively used, is procured."

"Oh, it is very simple," said the lady, with the air of one who knows it all. "You just turn a button over the lamp, and the lights appear at once."—Judge.

The cultivation of the peach in China has been traced back to the tenth century before Christ.

A CHEERFUL BROTHER.

Always a-sayin': "It's all for the best"—No matter what Fortune wuz bringin' Did what he could, never lost any rest 'Cos the birds in the winter quit singin'.

With the sun in the east, or low down in the west, It wuz, "All fer the best—fer the best."

An' never no night wuz too dark fer his rest— 'Till shorly he sunshine tomorrow! The star of the storm, he wuz smilin' an' blest:

"It's all fer the best—fer the best!" An' I reckon he wuzn't fur off o' the track!

To that text he wuz always a-singin': He saw the stars shinin' when tempests frowned black, An' heard all the sweet bells a-ringin'! With the sun in the east, or low down in the west—

Ain't it all fer the best—fer the best?

THE MARCHIONESS.

It was in Normandy last year, during the shooting season. I had had a long morning's sport, and noon found me footsore and weary in the vicinity of an old mill, somewhere between Mortagne and Conde-sur-Hulaine. It was a comfortable looking place and I determined to solicit the owner's hospitality.

The miller received me very courteously and I was soon stretching my legs under the table and partaking of the most exquisite dejeuner that was ever placed before a hungry sportsman. There were trout from the mill stream and partridges from the neighboring moor, cooked to a turn and accompanied by some really excellent wine, not the "petit vert" of Normandy, but good mellow Bordeaux. This somewhat surprised me, but when at dessert the miller invited me to visit his gallery of family portraits, I was perfectly bewildered.

"What," said I to myself, "a picture gallery in a mill?"

Of course I accepted his invitation, and found that the pictures really existed and were fine ones, too. There were a dozen of them, representing Louis XIV., courtiers and marquises, and marchionesses of the times of Louis XV and Louis XVI., the series being closed by a buxom-looking farmer's wife in a white sun-bonnet next to a delicious little marchioness.

Stopping before the two latter portraits the miller said:

"These are mother and daughter."

He appeared to be amused at my surprised expression, and continued:

"Yes, sir, this country woman is my mother, and that pretty little marchioness smiling there is my grandmother. It is a strange story. Everybody round about knows it, and I may as well tell it to you.

"As you have probably surmised from the age of these portraits the story is laid during the Terror. The father, mother and elder sister of you little marchioness were arrested, and soon afterward judged and executed. The little marchioness, my grandmother, sir, found safety only in flight. The poor orphan took refuge with one of the farmers on the family estate, whom she knew she could trust. This farmer was a young man—he was only about thirty years of age. He had known the little marchioness from her babyhood, and was devotedly attached to her. In fact, to be frank with you, sir, in his heart of hearts he loved her.

"He was greatly troubled by the perilous position in which her presence placed him, but he could not turn the poor child away to be massacred by the savage revolutionists. He hid her in the cellar and the mob vainly scoured the whole country in search of her. But a neighbor, a ferocious Jacobin, had marked the farmer's trouble, and suspecting the reason for it denounced him to the revolutionary committee.

"In a few minutes the house was surrounded by a horrible mob bowling for the death of the hated aristocrat. They battered in the front door and poured into the place. Ah! sir, it was a terrible moment."

Here the miller paused and mopped his brow, while his eyes glistened with excitement.

"The first room was empty," he went on. "They smashed everything in it they could lay hands upon, and were about to break open the door of the next room when it suddenly opened and the marchioness stood before them, beside the farmer, who was half dead with anguish and terror.

"For an instant the mob stopped short. But it was only for an instant. Shrieks of 'Down with the aristocrat! Kill her! Away with her! Burn her! Tear her to pieces!' arose, and the blood-thirsty brutes were about to rush forward, when the little marchioness was suddenly struck by an inspiration. Ah! sir, it must have come from on high. She made signs to them that she wished to speak.

"Citizens, she began.

"Unaccustomed to hearing such an appellation from the mouth of a dainty aristocrat, the mob stopped. She profited by the pause, and continued:

"Citizens, what do you want with me? Why are you incensed against me? What have I done to you? I am one of you—I am your sister!"

"Murmurs of approval and of protest were heard, but in the main the mob appeared to be astonished and suspicious.

"She's fooling us, the aristocrat," shrieked a woman, who, with her dishevelled hair, flushed face and crooked fingers ready to claw the delicate girl's eyes out, looked like one of the Furies let loose.

"No, no," exclaimed the marchioness earnestly. "I swear to you that I am no longer an aristocrat, but a woman of the people. In proof of it, here is my future husband, and she pointed to the farmer, who, too overcome to utter a word, would have bent his knee before the brave young girl, but she prevented him.

"Her remarkable presence of mind was their salvation. The fact that she was willing to marry a simple citizen caused a complete revolution of feeling, and the wretches who a moment before had been lusty for her blood, now applauded her.

"We must be married under the Tree of Liberty," she added, "and, citizens, we invite you all to the wedding."

"Another burst of applause followed this invitation. Friendly hands seized the little marchioness and the farmer, and they were straightway shouldered and carried in triumph to the Tree of Liberty, escorted by the cheering mob, waving their pikes and scythes.

"The marriage took place, and the crowd, joining hands, danced the Carmagnole frantically around the newly-made husband and wife, and the festivities with eating and drinking, were kept up till midnight, when those of the revelers who were not too intoxicated escorted the couple back to the farm.

"As soon as they were alone the assumed familiarity of the farmer immediately vanished. Doffing his hat, he bent respectfully before the marchioness, and with tears of gratitude in his eyes, exclaimed:

"Mademoiselle, I thank you from the bottom of my heart. Your sacrifice was our salvation. I beg you to pardon the liberties the critical position in which we were placed compelled me to take. It is, of course, my duty to render you your liberty, and I do so!"

"Sacrifice! Liberty?" said the marchioness, "but I am free, and I have made no sacrifice. Don't you then understand that I love you?"

"And thus it was," concluded the miller, "that the little marchioness became a poor farmer's wife, and the grandmother of an honest Norman miller."

An Unexpected Endorsement.

An exchange relates that Stephen Girard, the infidel millionaire of Philadelphia, on one Saturday ordered all his clerks to come on the morrow to his wharf and help unload a newly arrived ship. One young man replied, quietly:

"Mr. Girard, I can't work on Sunday."

"You know the rules."

"Yes, I know. I have a mother to support, but I can't work on Sundays."

"Well, step up to the desk, and the cashier will settle with you."

For three weeks the young man could find no work; but one day a banker came to Girard to ask if he could recommend a man for cashier in a new bank. This discharged young man was at once named as a suitable person.

"But," said the banker, "you discharged him."

"Yes, because he would not work on Sundays. A man who would lose his place for conscience's sake would make a trustworthy cashier." And he was appointed.

One day last week Thomas Pruett was in the corn crib when a large copperhead snake, which was concealed in a pile of corn husks, bit him on the thigh. Thomas made a hasty retreat with the snake hanging to his pants with its fangs. He says he does not know how he got out of the crib or how the snake got loose. His son came with a pitchfork and killed the snake. They applied coal oil to the bite, and beyond a little puffing up and some purple spots it did not amount to much.—Paoli, Ind., Republican.

Judge Walton, who presides over a court at Washington, is a man of grim humor. Once, in the lobby, a member of the bar was seeking to convey the impression to a group of acquaintances, of whom Judge Walton was the centre, that his income from his profession was very large. "I have to earn a good deal," the lawyer said; "it seems a large story to tell, Judge, but my personal expenses are six thousand dollars a year. It costs me that to live." "That is too much, Brother S.," said the judge: "I wouldn't pay it—it isn't worth it!"

Tradition among the Caddo and other Indian tribes of Oklahoma gives an account of a cannibalistic tribe that once existed in their locality. The other tribes finally agreed to annihilate such undesirable neighbors, and at a time agreed upon the cannibal village was surrounded and every member of the tribe was destroyed—not even a babe was spared. Chief George Washington of the Caddo tribe often relates this bit of tradition.

Make time for serious thoughts. Let no day pass without some memory of solemn things. Each morning as you rise remind yourself that "God spoke these words and said." Each evening as you lie down to rest let God's angels close the door of your heart on thoughts of purity and peace. The soul that has never lived face to face with eternity is a vulgar soul. The life that has never learnt the high law of holiness is a ruined and a wasted life.—F. W. Farrar.

First Detective—The more I think of it, the more firmly I am convinced that the man I arrested last night did not give his right name.

Second Detective—What name did he give?

First Detective—John Doe.—Brooklyn Life

Impeccious Count (looking at portraits of his ancestors)—"Lucky fellows, you old robber barons. You only took the cash of the money-bags. We have to take their daughters, too."—Filespende Blatter.