THE LAST OF THE MODOCS

It's a pitiful tale of a vanishing race that comes from the pen of the artist Burbank, who had been paying a visit to the remnant of the Modoc tribe in the Indian Territory. There are left only fifty of this once numerous and warlike people. Princess Mary, a sister of the Modoc chief, Captain Jack, who was hanged thirty years ago for a bit of treachery to the whites, told the story to the artist of her tribe's woes, but she told it only in part. Time must have softened the animosities in the heart of this Indian maid and have dulled the keenness of resentment for imposed injuries which would make a black chapter for another "Century of dishonor." Captain Jack was treacherous, and he suffered therefor. He was taught his lesson in treachery, however, by the whites, and the revenge he took was light when compared to the white man's crimes which it was intended to offset.

Thirty years ago Brigadier General E. R. S. Canby and some companions "sought the society" of some Modoc Indians who had promised to be good. The result was bullets through the head of General Canby and Peace Commissioners Thomas and A. B. Meacham. An Indian war followed, and there were some hangings by the government, which, however, in other years had made no attempt to punish white men who through treachery had slain 300, while the Indians slew but three.

Years ago there were many Modocs. They lived in southern Oregon along the banks of the Lost River. The whites invaded the country without an attempt at treaty. A frontiersman named Ben Wright lost a friend or two in a battle with the Indians. He plotted revenge. At first he formed a wagon train and into each covered vehicle he loaded armed men. The train had the appearance of a peaceful settlers' caravan. The wagons were driven into the Modocs' country. The warriors came to the hills, looked at the train and did not attack. The ruse failed. Then Ben Wright put on the garb of a peaceful trader, and sending out some runners induced men, women and children of the Modoc tribe to meet him at the base of some foothills, there to exchange pelts for coveted gewgaws. The Modocs came unarmed. They squatted in a great group in front of the supposed trader. Suddenly the hillside was aflame. The rifles of more than a hundred concealed men opened on the defenseless Modocs. They broke and fled, but left scores of dead and wounded behind. The whites saw to it that the wounded speedily joined the ranks of the dead. Captain Jack as a boy was present at this massacre. Years afterward, when standing in the shadow of the gallows upon which he was to be hanged for murdering a white man, he ironically asked the hangman for a list of the palefaces

THE WAGONS WERE DRIVEN INTO THE MODOCS' COUNTRY.

who had been convicted and hanged for the killing of the Modocs. It was some satisfaction, doubtless, to this Modoc warrior to hear that not long before Ben Wright had been lured from his cabin and killed at the doorstep by the son of one of the victims of his treachery.

There are only fifty of the Modocs left. The wonder grows in view of their persecution that they muster even a half-hundred strong. Once the government asked the Modocs to leave their ancestral home and take residence on the Klamath reservation. Through the influence of Superintendent A. B. Meacham they were induced to move. No sooner were the Modocs settled on the new land than the Klamath Indians began to molest them. They were moved to another part of the reservation. There the Klamaths attacked them again and the local agent refused to issue food. The Modocs were starving, and without notice, between suns, they took up the march back to the fertile Lost River country. There Meacham sought them out again. He was authorized, he thought, as a last resort to give them permission to stay where they were. The Indians accepted this permission gladly and promised peace with undoubted sincerity. Within a month the government ordered their forcible removal. Soldiers surprised them and killed five of the band. The Modocs retaliated later and then took to the lava beds, where the First cavalry was sent to dislodge them. Through Eastern efforts a peace commission was appointed. Its members were General Canby, A. B. Meacham and a clergyman named Thomas. These men were lured to a conference with Jack and several of his warriors. The white men were killed. For months

THEY TOOK UP THE MARCH.

the Indians fought the whites from the stronghold of the lava beds. Finally they were overcome, and Captain Jack, Sconchin and Black Jim were hanged. As a lesson to the tribe that treachery was a white man's prerogative.

In her log hut in the Indian Territory the Princess Mary still wears the mourning emblems of her tribe in memory of her chieftain brother. A few more seasons and there will be none left of these manful Modocs to mourn the warrior dead.—Edward B. Clark.

HIDE HIM FROM ENEMIES.

The Stripes on the Zebra Serve to Conceal Him.

The usefulness of the stripes upon the tiger is easily explained, since they enable him to hide among the coarse grass of the jungle. But how are we to account for the markings of the zebra, who is the pre-eminent specialist in stripes? A full answer would require a whole article, for it involves one of the most complex and interesting paradoxes in natural history. To put the matter as briefly as possible one must make two statements, which at first sight appear to be flatly contradictory. Firstly, the zebra is striped because it is to his interest to be conspicuous; secondly, he is striped because it is to his interest to be invisible. Strangely enough, not only are both these statements strictly true, but one may further say that no other kind of coloration would protect the zebra so well. During the daytime zebras usually graze in small herds among the stunted trees and bushes of the African uplands. They do not place sentinels to watch against their foes, like the wild sheep and the chamois, because usually there is no commanding spot available where a sentinel could overlook the surrounding country.

Their method consists in each member of the band keeping an eye upon the movements of his fellows as well as keeping a sharp lookout for himself. If a prowling leopard approaches the herd one or other of the zebras is pretty sure to perceive the danger and the others take warning by observing his start of alarm. Hence it will be seen that the more conspicuous each member of the band is the more readily do his warning movements catch the eyes of his fellows—who at once take the hint and save themselves from being eaten by a good use of their legs. It is at night that the zebra specially desires to be invisible. Most African beasts have to travel far for water and are obliged to slake their thirst during the darkness at spots where lions and other enemies are in the habit of lying in ambush. Now, it has been found that in the twilight the dark and light bands upon the zebra become indistinguishable, being blurred into a neutral tint which blends wonderfully with that of surrounding objects.—Chicago Chronicle.

Queer Ways of the Japs.

Strange suits are filed at times in the Japanese law courts, writes a Tokio correspondent, but none more curious than one which is now before the local court of Usuki-Machi, in the Oita prefecture. In this case a cultivator brings an action in which he seeks to have the court compel a Japanese girl to reciprocate the affection which he has demonstrated toward her, with her consent, for several years. He has wooed the lady, he declares, since 1897, and she has recently looked with favor upon him and accepted "baked sweetmeats" at his hands. She invited him to her house a few days ago, and after partaking of various delicacies at his expense slipped away and left him to be unceremoniously kicked out by her friends. On these grounds he prays for the intervention of the court to compel her to return his love. The judge is taking time to consider the matter.—Milwaukee Wisconsin.

Our past lives build the present which must mould the lives to be.—Sir E. Arnold.

The boiler pressure has been increased and the boilers have been greatly improved.

EXPLORATION IN THIBET.

Seeing the Mightiest Group of Mountains on the Earth.

Interesting details of Sven Hedin's researches in Central Asia are contained in a letter from the explorer to a friend in Copenhagen. The writer declares that the last summer has proved the most fruitful period of his journey. "We broke up from Tjimen," he says, "on July 20, in order to explore the unknown regions of the north of Thibet. The journey there and back to our headquarters occupied ninety-three days. We covered 1,559 kilometers (about as far as from Stockholm to Paris). The way led through completely unknown districts. We preserved our surveys of it in 173 maps. The caravan consisted at the start of six servants, seven camels, twelve horses, sixteen sheep and one mule. During the journey we lost one man, an Afghan explorer, who died after an illness of thirteen days, and whose body we were obliged to carry across the desert; three camels, nine horses and the mule. The animals died from overexertion. Almost all the time we were on a plateau some five thousand meters (over three miles) above the sea. The caravan passed Arkatag, the mightiest group of mountains on earth, consisting of three parallel chains of mountains. We finally reached the neighborhood of the Yank-tse-Kiang. Here, however, we were obliged to turn back." The scientific results of the expedition are very valuable, and embrace the provinces of topography, curtography, astronomy, meteorology (observations taken twice daily), hypsometry, geology and hydrography. Hedin states that the caravan met with none of the dangers that are usual in a hostile land, but it had many enemies. The worst of these were the storms from the west, these being always accompanied by snow and hail. The cold at our level—that of seventeen Eiffel towers piled one on another—was," he said, "20 degrees centigrade, and we could at times scarcely get our breath. We felt as though we were about to tumble to the ground." The district is rich in wild animals, and especially in antelopes, bears, wild sheep and goats. During eighty-four days, the explorer continues, "we met not a single human being. An old inscription on a rock told us, however, that Mongols had formerly lived there."—Berlin correspondence London Standard.

MILLIONAIRE IN SENATE.

Twelve Years Ago He Was Down to His Last Cent.

Thomas Kearns, sworn in lately as senator from Utah, has had a remarkable career. Twelve years ago he was a poor farmer in Nebraska, near the town of Fremont. His neighbor was a man named Keith. They sold their farms, and with the money started for Utah to become miners. For several years they prospected without any return whatever. They knew what it was to be down to the last cent in their pockets and the last cracker in the grub-box. One day Kearns found a rich streak. There was gold, silver, lead and copper. He secured enough money to run a shaft and then commenced operations. To-day the mine is known as the Silver King, the largest silver mine in the world. Mr. Kearns has been offered and refused $12,000,000 for it. It has paid $1,200,000 in dividends. Keith has shared equally in the profits. Senator Kearns is, therefore, another millionaire in the senate. It is said, to his credit, however, that with all his good fortune he is the same Tom Kearns who used to farm in Nebraska. Deprived of the advantages of an early education, he has done his best to make up the deficit, and what he learned he remembered. He is said to be a man of many interesting and admirable traits, his generosity being illustrated by the fact that he donated twenty acres of land and a building costing $100,000 for an asylum for the orphans of miners. Although Senator Kearns is a Catholic, the institution is non-sectarian, and every form of religion is presented among the little ones who find a home within its walls.—Washington Post.

Evening Dress in Daylight.

Of late Frenchmen, acknowledging that the light of day does not suit evening dress, have given up donning the latter for afternoon calls, even of an official character, or for matinees. But the most go-ahead Parisian draws the line at being married or following a funeral in anything but a dress coat. Hence the great sensation caused by M. Deschanel. The only other man who ever dared in Paris, to go to the altar in a frockcoat was M. Le Bargy, who plays leading lovers' parts at the Theater Francais. Parisians of the old school, who are in a decided majority, and who are unwilling to believe that the president of the chamber is a man of new-fangled fashions, comfort themselves with the reflection that he wore a frock coat at his marriage for a change, as most of his days are spent in evening dress, in which he is obliged by etiquette to be attired when in the chair. Another argument is that had M. Deschanel elected to wear official dress at his wedding, he would have been compelled by the traditions of ceremony to don, not the plain black swallow-tail, but the uniform of the French academy, of which he is a member. The bridegroom, it is averred, would have felt a natural and unsurmountable bashfulness in appearing in this dress, which is profusely embroidered with gold laurel leaves, from the collar of the coat to the extremity of the trousers, and is further enhanced by a long straight sword.

TRICKS OF SILK WORKERS.

Making of Imitations of This Fabric Briefly Explained.

Pure silk, when it has been through all the processes necessary to bring out all its good qualities, is worth its weight in silver, said an expert the other day. Therefore the women who expect to buy pure silk at little more than the price of cotton must expect to be fooled; and there are lots of ways by which the manufacturer gets even with them. They make stuff that is called silk, and passes for it with credulous persons who don't know any better, out of nearly any old thing now. One favorite imitation silk is made of celluloid treated with chemicals. It isn't a good material to get on fire in. Then there are South Sea Island cottons and some mercerized cottons, which, after treatment, look something like silk, though, of course, they wear very differently and their silken appearance soon vanishes. But it is in adulterating goods which really have some silk in them that the greatest skill is exercised to deceive the buyer. To obtain the required rustle and body rough floss is often used for the woof of the material. This soon causes it to wear shiny. Another trick is to increase the weight and apparent solidty of a flimsy silk material by using metallic salts in the dye vats. Pressing, with some kinds of silk, increases the weight also, but at the sacrifice of strength. Cheap, crackly, stiff silk which has heavy cords is good silk to avoid. It won't wear. There are several tests which reveal readily the purity of a piece of silk. The microscope, of course, will show it at once, even to an unpracticed eye. Pure silk has the appearance of fine smooth tubes. Another good test is by burning. Pure silk burns slowly, with a slight odor; cotton flares up quickly and would throw off a decidedly disagreeable smell. Then the tongue will readily reveal the presence of metallic salts. There is no mistaking their taste. But all these may be disregarded, said the expert, when silk is offered for the price of cotton. You need not bother to test that stuff.—San Francisco Call.

MAPLE SUGAR.

Ohio Producers Will Form a Trust and Advance the Price.

The maple sugar industry has been declining in importance for some twenty years. The main reason for this is that the sugar maple thrives best in a rich soil and farmers have been discovering that they could put these naturally good lands to more profitable use than by raising sugar. They have therefore cut down a great deal of the sugar maple all the way from Vermont to Ohio, and have put a very large acreage which yielded nothing but maple sugar into other crops. Ohio is now the largest center of sugar maple growing. On the whole the crop has declined about one-half until the industry is not now very important, except in Ohio. The sugar makers there, in view of the lessening supply of the commodity, have decided that it will be safe to merge their interests, fix a price upon their product and derive much more profit from the industry that heretofore. At a recent meeting held in Ashtabula an agreement was drawn up binding the farmers to send all their sap to Middlefield, Ohio, to be boiled. Heretofore each farmer has boiled his own sap. Middlefield has been selected as the place for manufacturing syrup and sugar because it is the largest center of the industry, being situated in close proximity to over 300,000 maple trees. The trust will manufacture all the syrup and sugar and attend to the sales of the product, the profits being divided among the members of the combination in proportion to the amount of raw material they supply. Most of the manufactured product is now sold in the form of syrup instead of sugar, and the recent meeting voted to advance the price of syrup to $1 a gallon, which is 25 cents more than the usual price. It remains to be seen whether this combination will prove a success.—New York Sun.

The Foot That Stands.

A lady was watching a potter at his work whose one foot was kept with a "never-slackening speed, turning his swift wheel round," while the other rested patiently on the ground. When the lady said to him, in a patronizing tone: "How tired your foot must be!" the man raised his eyes and said: "No, ma'am, it isn't the foot that works that's tired; it's the foot that stands. That's it!" If you want to keep your strength, use it. If you want to get tired, do nothing. As a matter of fact, we all know that the last man to give a helping hand to any new undertaking is the man who has plenty of time on his hands. It is the man and woman who are doing the most who are always willing to do a little more.

What Makes Happiness.

Margaret Deland has delivered several lectures of late before various Boston clubs on the "Duty of Happiness." "There are," she said, "as many opinions of happiness as there are people in the world, but the first and most important distinction which we must make is this: happiness is a spiritual possession and is independent of material things. Happiness is thinking straight and seeing clear and having a true perception of the value of things." Mrs. Deland declared that young girls just starting out in life should not have a grievance, and asked: "Is the world any better or happier for our grievances? Poverty of the mind or cowardice of the soul is shown by a tendency to throw on others the trivialities of our own discomfort."

ATHENS OF THE NORTH

OLD DOUAI OF FRANCE IS A QUAINT TOWN.

In the Midst of a Great Mining District This Little City Has Thrived for Nearly a Thousand Years—Inhabitants Are Old-Fashioned.

There lies, ignored, in Northern France, says the International Magazine, one of the quaintest little towns in Europe—Douai, otherwise known as the Athens of the North. In the midst of a great mining district this little city, one of the oldest places in France, has thrived for nearly a thousand years. Some historians have claimed for it a Trojan origin; others are of the opinion that it was founded by the Cimbres; while still others—and these are probably right—believe that it was built by Julius Caesar, Douai being simply the old Duacum of which the conqueror speaks in his Commentaries.

A few years ago the demolition of the ramparts was begun, to the great sorrow of all Douaisiens, who loved their old walls, with the shady nooks, the great old oak trees and the beautiful little brooklets running in and out and through the fortifications. The expansion of the city, however, required the change, and only one or two old gates have been left standing, the most remarkable of which is the Porte de Valenciennes. Other structures of historical interest are strewn all over the city. For instance, the storehouse of the artillery stationed there was formerly a celebrated convent of the Chartreux, and before that had been the home of the Templars. This building is seven centuries old. The entire surrounding country is bedecked with old chateaux, that of Lallaing being 700 years old, while that of Wagonville, which is more beautiful, dates back to the twelfth century. The nave of the Church of Notre Dame, a masterpiece of pure Gothic architecture, was built in the eleventh century, and the choir was erected 300 years later. The larger Church of St. Peter, although of a more recent construction, is far more beautiful and really deserves the name of cathedral. The belfry, known all over France for its beauty, was begun in the fifteenth century. Its weathercock rises 175 feet above the street. One of the first cannon foundries in Europe was established in Douai, and the navy yard in Washington, D. C., possesses two bronze cannon that were cast in this little French town. The inhabitants have remained old fashioned and conservative; old customs seem to have grooved themselves into their lives, and today, as before the great revolution, a certain mass on Sunday and then promenade up and down the main street, stopping here and there to chat with friends and discuss the happenings of the week. The society of the place is ultra exclusive and is divided distinctly into three classes—the old aristocratic families, the well-to-do merchants, and the workmen. Once a year, however, all classes and grades mingle in a great public fete given in honor of Gayant, a hero more or less imaginary who, according to legend, led the resistance against Louis XI. in 1479. Whether this hero ever really existed or whether Gayant is merely a corruption of the Spanish word gayan (meaning giant), really matters little to the Douaisiens. For over four hundred years they have celebrated this fete and it has, so to speak, become a necessity of life for them. Once or twice, for religious or other reasons, these festivities were forbidden, but the measures prohibiting them proved so unpopular that they soon had to be repealed.

Gayant as we see him today is a gigantic willow dummy twenty-five feet high, and tradition has it that the mask representing his face was modeled by Rubens. The fete, which begins on the first Sunday after July 7, lasts for a week, and every day Gayant, his wife, children and grandchild—all of them willow dummies—are paraded through the streets to the great delight of the masses. As a matter of course all work is suspended during this time and thousands of people come into Douai for the week.

Vegetables as Medicine.

As most people are aware, vegetables possess various medicinal qualities. Here are some worth bearing in mind. Asparagus is very cooling and easily digested. Cabbage, cauliflower, Brussels sprouts and broccoli are cooling, nutritive, laxative and purifying to the blood and also act as tonics, but should not be eaten too freely by delicate persons. Celery is good for rheumatic and gouty persons. Lettuces are very wholesome. They are slightly narcotic and lull and calm the mind. Spinach is particularly good for rheumatism and gout and also in kidney diseases. Onions are good for chest ailments and colds, but do not agree with all. Watercresses are excellent tonics and cooling. Beetroot is very cooling and highly nutritious, owing to the amount of sugar it contains. Parsley is cooling and purifying. Potatoes, parsnips, carrots, turnips and artichokes are highly nutritious, but not as digestible as some vegetables. Potatoes are the most nourishing and are fattening for nervous persons. Tomatoes are healthgiving and purifying, either eaten raw or cooked. Chili, cayenne, horseradish and mustard should be used sparingly. They give a zest to the appetite and are valuable stomachics. Radishes are the same, but are indigestible, and should not be eaten by delicate people.—London Express.

QUEER WEDDING CUSTOMS.

Baby Girls Married, with Spectacular Surroundings, by Brahmins.

Girls who send out wedding invitations to 500 friends, and who have a small fortune expended on the florist, the engraver, the caterer, the bridesmaids and the ushers, to say nothing of the payment to the fashionable officiating clergyman, these girls have one kind of a wedding. The girl who slips off after the day has done, meets her intended and rides on a street car as near to the Little Church Around the Corner as the car will take her, joins hands with her partner in the study of the assistant rector, and with never a present or a congratulation, this girl has another kind of a wedding. But the girl who lives in Trivandrum, under the dictatorship of the Maharajah of Travancore, has yet a different and distinct experience. Sir Rama Varma was a notability. Not only was he entitled to the suffix of the letters "G. C. S. I.," but he was also known far and wide as the Maharajah. He has passed on to the Nirvana of all good Brahmins, but his tribe increases. The four granddaughters of Sir Rama have been invited of the rest of Travancore. Before they were married, the services of the most expert astrologers in the land were called in to forecast the day most auspicious for the ceremonies. The date being agreed upon the grandmother of the girls set about the selection of the four eligibles. When such a quartet has been picked from the local swells, the astrologers were again called upon, this time to approve or disapprove the choice. There was a great consulting of horoscopes—and the wise men gave their consent. Finally, the state erected a gorgeous pavilion, and in this the four couples were married, the actual ceremony consisting in the tying of a necklace around the neck of the bride by the groom, in the presence of the Brahmin priest and relatives, after which there was a four days' celebration and procession of the newly mated—a procession aided as to spectacular effect by the presence of an elephant guard and white clad Nair girls. The ages of the brides of this occasion ranged from six to ten years.—San Francisco Call.

GREAT TRAP FOR HERRINGS

Catches of Fish in the Delaware and Chesapeake Canal.

Now approaches the time when the great herring trap is set in the Delaware and Chesapeake canal. This waterway, connecting Delaware and Chesapeake bays, leaves the Delaware river at Delaware City, nearly opposite Pea Patch Island, the site of Fort Delaware. At the entrance of the canal are locks about twenty feet wide and more than two hundred feet long. Into these locks swim every spring hundreds of thousand of herring, which come up the Delaware, and for reasons of their own seek to visit the Chesapeake by way of the canal. The lock-tenders and others connected with the administration of the canal at Delaware City have for many years regularly fished the locks in the herring season. They use a net just the width of the locks, and calculated to catch all the fish in a lock. Sunday through the locks for many hours, is night, when no vessel has passed the time of the great hauls. One may take out a dozen herrings by hand in little more than as many minutes. As to the scoopnet, it fetches up not only herrings, but eels, yellow perch, an occasional shad and half a dozen other kinds of fish. The great Sunday night haul has sometimes counted 100,000 fish. Late in the season a singular and unexplained thing occurs. The herrings that pass through the locks begin to die in the canal, and in a few days the surface of the water in patches of many square yards is silvered with the dead and dying fish. No satisfactory theory has been found to account for this wholesale mortality. One conjecture is that the multitude of the fish is so great that the aeration of the water is insufficient to keep them alive.—New York Sun.

Henry George's Modesty.

Once, when an enthusiastic young chairman at a large meeting in Harlem, N. Y., was making an earnest and sincere but very flattering speech in introducing the late Henry George, the latter wriggled and writhed as though his character was being aspersed instead of praised. Unable to bear it longer, he suddenly leaned forward and poked the chairman in the back with a walking-stick he had found beside him. The chairman, in a flood of bellowing eloquence, chopped off in the middle of a word, looked behind him, had a whispered conference with the philosopher, turned back to the audience, and said, quietly: "Mr. George don't want me to get the rest of that off," which tickled the assemblage into spasms of laughter.

Accidents Caused by Horses.

Statistics are at hand showing that in the first month of the last quarter in France horses caused 967 accidents, with 88 fatalities. The railways in the same length of time caused 145, of which eight were fatal. The automobile was the cause of 38, with two fatalities, and the bicycle was responsible for 119, with six deaths.

Lace makes such an excellent bolero that the temptation to every woman in dressing is to slip one on and let the gown be what it will.

The Empire State express of the Central from New York to Buffalo, runs at a speed of 4 miles, deducting the time lost in stops.