## Our Indians.

They have organized an "Injun" band—
The thousand boys upon our street;
I'm sure no Indians in the land
Our Indians can beat.

They all come out at 6 o'clock
And whoop it up till 8;
The biggest copper on the block
Can't keep those youngsters straight.

With sound the air is bursting full—
They have no use for paleface laws;
The chieftain's name is Sitting Bull,
And all the little girls are squaws.

The street repairer came last week—
Italians, roller, brick and sand,
And every urchin that could shriek,
Turned out to join the Injun band.

Maj. Davis had the reputation of being a martinet, and whenever a private soldier found himself before a court martial he would make up his mind that if the major had a voice in the matter he was as good as convicted.

There were those who excused the officer's harshness on the ground that he belonged to the old school—the school that looked upon the rank and file as dogs—but the fact remained that he was not popular with either his officers or his men.

Affairs in the Indian country were at peace when the post commander at Fort Brown applied for and secured a long leave of absence, and Major Davis was ordered to take charge in his place.

It was a frontier post with a small garrison of old veterans, and there was no call for red tape or rigid discipline. The best drill master in the army could not have taught those men anything new, and the officers felt that they had a right to loaf a little when warm weather set in.

The United States was in no danger of invasion from a foreign foe, and the red man had had enough of war to last him for two or three years, when Major Davis arrived and assumed command. An hour later he began to issue general orders, and a groan of discontent was heard throughout the garrison.

Then began what was characterized as "a-flum-a-diddle time." The lines of discipline were rigidly drawn and the drills were frequent and exacting. The finger of the martinet pointed in many directions, and the men who growled went to the guard house on a trot.

At all military posts there are a few favored men—men who suffer now and then from old wounds or have performed their brave deeds, and are tacitly allowed to take things easy.

Such a man was private Tom Gorman at Fort Brown. Two bullets had been fired into him as he rode with dispatches across the plains one night, and though not incapacitated as a soldier he was given light duty and coddled up a bit.

The coddling ceased soon after the major's arrival. He was on the lookout for such men. They were returned to duty, and even given extra duty, and the mild protests of captains and lieutenants were met with the formal reply:

"This is a military post, not a hospital; and no man, unless excused by the doctor at sick call, will be exempt from duty."

In a month the major was a well-hated man. He realized the fact and gloried in it.

Private Gorman returned to duty with a complaint, and subsequent events proved that the martinet had a special eye on him. He was twice reprimanded during company drill one day, and following that he was placed on sentry duty and took his post at midnight in a rain storm.

It was an inside post, and of no consequence. The wounded man took the chance of getting under shelter for a short time. The major went the rounds that night, caught him derelict and saw him hustled off to the guard house.

The affair was looked upon as seriously as if the Sioux warriors were at the gates of the fort in war paint, instead of being in their lodges fifty

A martinet.

miles away. A court martial was called and a good soldier disgraced.

Private Gorman did not serve out his sentence of thirty days in the guard house. When he had served five days he was assisted to escape. He was furnished with a carbine and food, and he went into hiding within three miles of the fort.

He felt that he had been unjustly treated and that he had been disgraced without cause, and he calmly and deliberately made up his mind to kill the man responsible. It was for this reason that he lingered near the fort.

Almost every morning the major rode down to the boiling spring, three miles down the rough trail, and there were fifty places where he could be ambushed. The spot selected was a big rock alongside the trail, and Tom was on the watch there the morning after his escape.

It was seven o'clock before the echoes of the iron-shod hoofs of the major's horse reached his ears, and an instant later he was peering out from behind the rock.

It was the major, alone on the trail.

"She's got the face of an angel!"

No one was in sight in either direction.

As the soldier made ready with his carbine the major let fall his reins and drew a letter from his pocket. As he did so a photograph fell from the letter to the stony highway unnoticed by him. Queer as it may seem, curiosity about the photograph overbalanced Tom Gorman's thirst for revenge for the moment, and he let the officer pass.

A minute later he had the card in his hand. It was the picture of a little girl not over five years old—a sweet-faced little thing—and underneath was written "From Elsie to Papa."

No soldier at Fort Brown had asked or could know whether their martinet was a married man or not. They had not discussed his home ties—only his discipline. Here was a new factor in the case. Gorman crept back to his ambush with his eyes fixed on the face, and his own features began to soften.

"From Elsie to Papa," he repeated over and over again. "Damn me, but it must be his kid! He got the letter last night. She's got the face of an angel, and when her mother tells her that her father is dead——"

Private Gorman found his heart in his throat. He was not a father, but he was a lover of children. He'd have given three months' pay to pick Elsie up in his arms and give her a kiss. There were dimples in her cheeks and a smile on her mouth. He held the picture to his lips and whispered:

"You ain't to blame for it, little one. Whatever he is to us, and badly as he's used me, he loves you and you him, and I can't break your heart in trying to get even. I'm here to kill him, and I was going to do it when he came back; but you're too sweet a thing to be left fatherless."

The major came riding back, his eyes on the ground as if looking for some lost object. At the rock he halted.

"If you hadn't lost it you would have been lying out there with a bullet through your heart!" whispered Gorman as he rose and looked after the disappearing major.

And then, thrusting the photograph into his breast pocket, he shouldered his carbine, gave himself a shake, and headed for the land of the outlaw and the deserter.—Thomas Foye, in Boston Globe.

Possibly you may have observed that lots of girls marry during leap year who never married before.

### GROWS UPON OTHER TREES.

**Hawaiian Species Called the Lehua Must Have Much Sunlight.**

"Orchids are not the only plants that grow in the air," said an employe of the government bureau of forestry recently in discussing tropical plants. "In the Hawaiian islands is a tree, growing from thirty to 100 feet high, which often begins life away up on top of other trees. Unless it did this it could not exist at all in those dark, dank forests. It is a sun-loving tree, of the kind that foresters call 'intolerant,' because they will not tolerate other trees near enough to them to shade them.

"These trees are the lehuas. When a mature lehua casts its seeds, a good portion of them fall on other trees. Whether these other trees are alive or dead, the lehua seed begins to germinate on them as healthily as if it has fallen into the richest earth.

"As soon as the seed opens and begins to sprout tiny roots go climbing down the trunks of the trees to the ground. With time, as the little plant becomes large, the roots increase in girth, until at last they are great, solid things, as thick and powerful as those of any other big tree.

"Usually the tree on which the lehua grows begins to decay about this time, and after awhile it withers and rots away. This leaves the lehua standing on its roots high in the air; and such a forest presents a wonderful and weird sight.

"It is no joke to get through a lehua forest where all the trees have grown this way. The roots run one way and another, and interlace so that often there isn't space big enough for a rabbit to crawl through. There is no use in trying to cut or hew a way into the Hawaiian woods, for the roots are as tough as roots generally are, and no American farmer's boy who has ever put in a season at breaking out stumps needs to be told just how tough that is."

### GRIM JEST OF KITCHENER.

**Orders Issued Placing Regimental Schoolmaster at Officers' Disposal.**

Lord Kitchener of the British army recently made an army order placing the regimental schoolmaster at the disposal of officers that they might have an opportunity to complete their elementary educations—a good instance of his grim humor. But it has often been demonstrated that the schoolmaster is needed among the British officers. Some queer, quaint efforts at composition have been made in brigade orders.

A certain major ordained not long ago that "reveille will be at 3:30 a. m. The brigade will parade at 4 a. m. The brigade will move at 4:15 a. m. The sun will rise at 5 a. m." It was during the guerrilla war of 1901-2, after the building of the blockhouses, that it became necessary to check the habit of the men of sleeping outside the blockhouses for the sake of coolness and comfort. A certain staff officer thereupon issued the following order: "No one is permitted to sleep outside the blockhouses except the sentries."

Though the intention of this order is clear, its phraseology is not: "Men on outpost duty are forbidden to strike matches on the sky line."

### Keep Out of the Past.

Whatever you do in this wonderful world,
In business, in church or at play,
Whatever of gain or of loss you have met
With the others who go your way,
Keep out of the past
From the first to the last
And away from its worries stay;
The present has wealth you would never suspect,
If prudent you are and wisely elect
To live in the light of to-day.

The things that are past did very well once;
To-day they are rusty and stale.
That trouble you had with your fellow man—
Did you struggle in vain and fail?
What of it, indeed?
There is all the more need
That you start on a different trail.
Don't take to the woods, whatever you do.
Just look right ahead; there's a fortune for you
In keeping a well trimmed sail.

So cramped can we be in our mental states,
So burdened with might-have-beens,
That life will become a woeful waste
For its many outs and ins.
But stop and reflect
You will never be wrecked
By your own or another's sins
If the past you will keep in its proper place
And meet what is yours with a candid face—
'Tis the man of to-day who wins.
—Alwyn M. Thurber in Chicago Inter-Ocean.

### Clyde Fitch's Treasure.

Among the oddities in the smoke room of Clyde Fitch's country house at North Coscob there is a notice of the dissolution of a partnership between two colored barbers. The notice, three feet square, is written in red ink on yellow paper. It occupies a corner between two crossed canoe paddles, and it reads:

"De Dissolution of co-parsnips heretofo resisting Betwix Me and moze Jones in de barber professions am heretofo dissolved. pussons who O must pay to de subscriber. Dem what do firm Os must call on Jones, as do firm is insolved."

### To Fight Codling Moth.

George Compere, employed jointly by the state of California and West Australia, has discovered in South America a parasite which destroys the codling moth. Apple orchards that are habitat of the parasite bring 95 per cent of their fruit to maturity. Hitherto the product of the world's apple and pear orchards has not been more than 30 to 35 per cent of the promise at setting. San Francisco expects to receive from West Australia the first of the parasites very soon, and they will be cultivated under the most favorable conditions.

### Alluring Models in Fall Wraps.

There can hardly be said to be any distinct fashions for either house dresses or ball gowns for the autumn months, but rather advance winter styles are worn for what few informal affairs there are during the day—and, needless to state, a ball is almost as unheard of in October as is a snowstorm in August. It is then more with outdoor costumes—tailor suits, cloaks, wraps and hats—that one has to deal at this time of year, and most alluring are all the models in long coats and jackets now to be procured.

This year the separate wrap forms more than ever an all important part of a complete outfit, and three, four, five or more handsome wraps are considered by no means an unnecessary or extravagant number of expensive cloaks to be possessed at once. One reason for this is that the gowns to-day are made up in such bright and varied colors that the wrap must either tone in most perfectly with some color scheme employed or else match exactly the shade of the dress. White cloaks are still smart, but are not seen in such numbers—for which we should really be thankful—as last year. A dark red, cream or a handsome black peau de soie or brocade cloak can also be worn with a quantity of different shades; but as can easily be seen one tires very shortly of an all white or all black wrap unless there be some garments with which it may be worn interchangeably to relieve the monotony.

### New and Novel.

A tangerine chiffon cloth waist, trimmed with white velvet flowers embroidered in silver threads, would have much beauty added to it by being worn with a picture hat of white chiffon cloth and velvet, the high crown encircled with a vine of the white velvet flowers and a cluster of tangerine and white ostrich tips caught at the left side, where the brim should coquettishly flare. Picture hats having the high crown wound with stuffed silk cords have a soft and pretty touch given them by introducing fluffy frills of lace for the wide brim. Very many of the picturesque dress hats are trimmed with either a long, shaded ostrich plume, a group of ostrich tips or a very long, graceful Paradise plume. White plush Directoire hats are very smart in style, with a long white ostrich feather for the trimming, which shows at the tip some pretty delicate or perhaps brilliant color, which in one way or another appears in the gown with which the hat is worn.

### Bows Are Growing in Size.

Bows for young girls and hair ornaments for their elders seem to grow in size. Little girls wear two large bows, one on the top of the hair, where it is drawn to a pompadour, and one at the nape of the neck. Butterfly bows which require a yard at least are in high favor, and Alsatian effects are worn by older girls who have plenty of hair. Sprays of flowers developed from chiffon make a pretty ornament for the evening.

### For Young Girls.

Loose coats with plaited skirts make exceedingly attractive costumes for school and similar occasions and are in the height of fashion. This one is made of cheviot in shades of brown and tan and is simply finished with stitchings in tailor style. The coat

is very generally becoming to girlish figures and includes bell sleeves that always are desirable, while the skirt is gored and kilted. The quantity of material required for the medium size is for coat 3¾ yards 21 or 2 yards 44 inches wide; for skirt 6⅝ yards 27 or 3¾ yards 44 inches wide.

### Cloth Gowns Appear.

Cool days bring forth light weight cloth gowns. A new model seen recently has a skirt which has on the back and on the sides a round yoke, to which the skirt proper is shirred, with the exception of the front breadth, which consists of two flat plaits turned toward each other. These are fastened from the waist line to a third of the length of the skirt by means of crystal buttons and loops of white silk braid. The same motive appears on the pointed belt. A bolero hangs over this, but is shirred into the figure at the edges and has a deep collar of English embroidery. The sleeves are full puffs, which fall below the elbow, where they are gathered into a band trimmed with loops and buttons. The band is not tight and falls over an undersleeve of English embroidery.

### One of the New Waists.

Blouse effects below shallow yokes are exceedingly becoming to most figures and are eminently fashionable.

This very pretty blouse shows also the new sleeves that are full at the shoulders and is finished with deep cuffs. The model is made of pale blue crepe de chine with the yoke of lace and the band and cuffs of embroidered taffeta but various combinations might be suggested and the design suits the odd waist and the gown equally well. When liked the yoke can be made transparent, the lining beneath being cut away. To make the waist for a woman of medium size will be required 4 yards 21, 3⅜ yards 27 or 2⅛ yards 44 inches wide, with ½ yard of all-over lace and 1⅝ yards of banding.

### Styles in Shirt Waists.

With the shirt-waist suits—which are also worn in mohair, light-weight velveteen and silk—a separate cost is, of course, a necessity. It is more often loose-fitting than tight, and the most favored models are three-quarter length. Deep capes and shoulder capes, as well as a cape drapery just for the sleeve, are much seen. A combination of velvet and braid is a fashionable trimming, especially when the coat is in one of the much-in-demand smooth-faced materials.

A filmy separate waist—a mass of shirrs, gathers and fine tucks—is a useful addition to any woman's wardrobe. Chiffon cloth is a good fabric to use, and the effect of the waist may be cleverly changed many times by its trimming. A vine of velvet flowers makes an attractive decoration for the corsage and the sleeves. Bands of iridescent sequins may also be charmingly introduced and painted laces and also sequin-scattered laces combine effectively with the chiffon cloth.

With a dressy waist like this a picture hat to match will do its share toward getting up an impromptu restaurant dinner, reception or theater party costume.

### Gray Silk Frocks.

The gray silk frock is distinctly Parisian, with its pinked ruches and velvet medallions down to the front. Taffeta lends itself admirably to this treatment. Either black or cerise velvet, or a vivid scarlet, would be stunningly effective for the accessories. Some effective gowns are designed of white voile, trimmed with innumerable tiny satin ruches of the palest pink or blue. These are used to decorate the flounces on the skirt, and are repeated again on the bodice, the ceinture being of soft satin or the same color.

### Some Pretty Blouses.

For housewear some of the prettiest blouses are developed from challis in delicate figures, with a touch of lace in the form of a jabot and sleeve ruffles. Down the front of the blouse the jabot is criss-crossed with velvet ribbon held in place on either side with diminutive flat bows; or larger bows of velvet ribbon, tied in butterfly design and nestling in the lace, are fastened at intervals down the center of the front. The velvet ribbon matches the most pronounced tone in the figure of the challis, and the lace the neutral foundation.

### Skirts Are Plaited.

Next to the velvet and velveteens the exquisite, glossy, smooth-faced cloths, like broadcloth, supple cloth and face cloth, are well to the fore. These materials are trimmed with braid and fashioned into smart-looking tailored street frocks.

### Why the Hump Is There.

"Can you tell me," said the seeker after knowledge to the showman, "what the hump on that camel's back is for?"

"What's it for?"

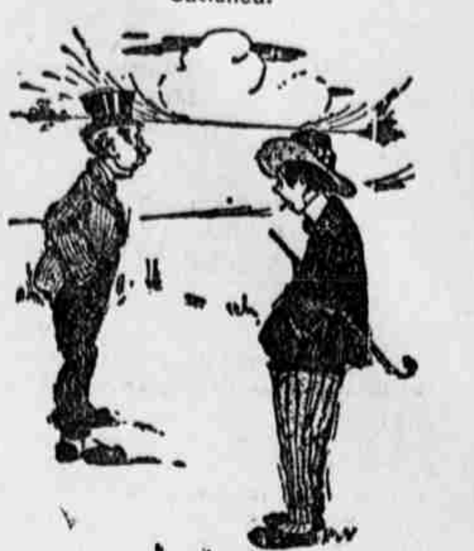
"Yes; of what value is it?"

"Well, it's lots of value. The camel would be no good without it."

"Why not?"

"Why not? Yer don't suppose people 'ud pay sixpence to see a camel without a hump, do yer?"

### Satisfied.



"I'm satisfied that you never intend to pay me that five you borrowed."

"Well, if you're satisfied, I am."

### Quicker Way.

"Who owns these acres?" asked the stranger, as they stopped to look at a low, marshy tract of land by the roadside.

"It's in dispute," said the real estate agent. "I believe there's a suit of some kind on hand now to quiet the title."

"If they want to do that," queried the other, "why don't they turn a lot of boys loose on those frogs?"

### A Time Limit.

"I'm afraid you smoke too much for your own good," said the physician.

"Well," admitted the patient, "I do smoke almost continuously from morning till night."

"Why do you do that?" asked the M. D.

"Because it's the only time I have to smoke," replied the victim. "I have to sleep at night."

### Modern Recess.

"Have you practiced on the piano?"

"Yes, mother."

"And read Prof. Simson's lecture on Greek art?"

"Yes, mother."

"And studied your calculus?"

"Yes, mother."

"Then you may go out and play for ten minutes."—Life.

### Just a Mere Incident.

Manager—Well, I've engaged all the specialties for our new musical comedy, the scenery is done and the music is about finished.

Author—All right. I'll drop you a postal with the libretto on it to-morrow.—Philadelphia Bulletin.

### What Did She Mean?

Plodder—My wife told me to-day she wished I took after my brother.

Newitt—Oh, yes; your brother became rich. That's what she meant, eh?

Plodder—Well, she's got me guessing. He died rich, you know.—Philadelphia Press.

### Chance for a Bargain.

Little Flossie—Oh, mamma! here's your chance to get me a little brother real cheap. It doesn't matter if he is soiled. I can wash him.

### More Haste.

Briggs—I see that while young Fiddleback was eloping with Miss Redbud her father overtook them.

Griggs—Didn't he use the automobile?

Briggs—Oh, yes; but the old man could walk faster.—Collier's.