

THE WIND.

Have you ever heard the wind go "Yooooooo." "This is a pitiful sound to hear!" It seems to chill you through and through...

A WAR TIME CASUALTY.

The Major had received his first commission from the ranks, for active service rendered his country. The Captain had received his first commission from the four hundred, for active service rendered one of the country's representatives.

"to," replied the Major. "Anyway, that's what a woman's got to expect when she marries an army man."

"Why man, there isn't another white woman in the place. Women crave women's society more than they do men's."

"No danger, Doctor, I'm watching 'em and if there's any sign of a muss, I'll send the missus down to Manila."

"Well, I don't believe they'll leave us here much longer, anyway. We've been out almost a year now. The men are all dying of dry rot. The old man will surely call us back before the rainy season sets in."

"The last letter I got from her," said the Major, "she wanted to come down and see the place. I think we can manage to give her a good time."

So, two weeks later, when the quarter-master's steamer arrived in Manila, the Major and his wife were landed.

Once he glanced at himself furtively in the little cracked hand glass that hung over his desk. He noticed the scarred weather-beaten skin, hacked and crossed with a thousand little lines, and thought of the Captain's smooth, handsome features.

"Does she indeed love the Captain? I do not wonder, for the senior commandante is old and ugly."

"Be off there, damn you." The Major's voice out the soft night air like a rusty saw.

Three days later the Major received information of an armed band of insurgents who were coming from the North.

"Jack," remarked a blonde giant, with a skin the color of amber, to a mate who was adjusting a bandage on his ankle.

"Yes," replied the other, "an' if this yer little woman hadn't married the Major, and come out here she'd probably be jes settin' on the sofa in the parlor eatin' caramels and readin' novels."

"The Major watched her with his heart in his eyes, waiting to detect the first symptoms of ennu, nor in vain, for after the first three weeks of garrison life, she seemed to fall a victim to the lethargy to which the others had one by one succumbed."

"The morning rides bored her. She was tired of seeing nothing but natives, and her duties in the hospital grew more and more perfunctory, and as her interest in her surroundings grew less, her interest in the Captain increased."

"Well," remarked one of them at last, "it's tough luck, but I hope when I go my fianch will be as good a one. Beatum est pro Patria mori." By Henry Cottrell Knowland, M. D.

The question asked by one of our correspondents and discussed by others of them, if an income of \$30 a week is enough for a young man to marry on, is answered by the great majority of married people in this city and this country, and the answer is emphatically, Yes!

"What are you thinking of?" she asked, "you look pleased."

"Of you, of course, is there anything else in sight to make a man happy?" "What a pretty speech! I don't see where you get the inspiration in this stinging place."

"I could always have inspiration so near me," he answered, looking at her tenderly. "I would be willing to endure a much hotter place than Lazon."

"I shouldn't feel them either, I suppose but I can't help one any more than the other. One's self restraint is weakened in the tropics. The ten commandments were never intended to apply under twenty degrees North."

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Gerontimo in His Old Age. The Nated Indian Chief a Good Indian at Fort Sill. And Yet He Is Far from Dead. He Would Like to Do Some More Fighting, but in the Meantime He Is Getting Many of the White Man's Dollars. One Daughter at Eastern School.

Although by no means a dead Indian or likely to be for a long time to come from all appearances, Gerontimo, the famous warrior, is a good Indian nowadays. Not from choice, however, for it bores him extremely. The reason he is good is that, as a prisoner of war at Fort Sill, Oklahoma, he has to be. He who was once the meanest and most blood-thirsty Indian chief that ever fought the government, now leads a quiet and peaceful life that is in striking contrast to the old days.

"Such is Gerontimo's English that it is well to hire an interpreter if one desires to get an intelligent talk out of him. Also it is necessary to hire Gerontimo. He does not talk for nothing, a fact of which the writer was apprised immediately upon questioning him. A dollar bill loosened his tongue, but to the first question asked he answered rather diffidently to reconcile."

First, he liked the place. Then he said that the soldiers treated him badly. As a corollary, he added that he wished to die. In the subsequent conversation his allegations of ill-treatment and his pining for death cropped out with suspicious frequency. It is said by the officers that he repeats this to all white visitors, whereby their pity is aroused, and they buy his beadwork and trinkets at an advance over the market rates.

Apparently the old chief has an easy and pleasant life. The officers at the fort treat him with kindness and consideration, allowing him all the privileges possible under the rules governing the conduct of prisoners of war. His position is peculiar in this respect, that although a prisoner he is also a paid employe of the government. He draws \$35 per month as a scout, though he is not permitted to carry a loaded gun. He has no work to do and spends most of his time making beadwork and other fancy articles to sell to white visitors.

One of his trade, the soldiers think, he makes less than \$2,000 a year. When asked if he had any money laid by for a rainy day, he replied in his guttural English: "Me no save money. Me spend it for Eva, squaw and head gladness. Me like to have gladness and see fun."

Eva is his favorite daughter. By squaws he means his wives. In the Indian vernacular gladness is synonymous with gambling, and a great deal of the old man's money goes into the game and never comes out again. He is a very poor gambler, so far as winning goes, but he plays with that unflinching courage which, when coupled with skill, make the most successful gamblers.

He is a reckless better and runs a strong bluff. He never hesitates about a bet and if you raise him he will look you straight in the eyes and if he thinks you are bluffing will raise you a stiff sum. One can never read by his face whether or not he has a good hand. But the weakness of his poker game is that he almost invariably overbids his hand. Foker and monte are his favorite games and the Gerontimo tepee is the scene of many lively exciting sittings. Soldiers and cowboys often sit in the games with the Indians.

One curious trait of the old chief is that when he makes a big winning at cards or has a large sale of trinkets he gives the proceeds to the little children in camp to spend for school books. Much of his money goes to his favorite daughter, Eva, and his favorite son, Ketonah. His daughter, Ketonah gets little love from her father. This is because she married a white man and what was still worse in the eyes of the father—a cowboy.

Gerontimo is said to be 80. He does not know his age. He was with Victoria when that chief went against the Mexicans and later he developed into a leader himself. He is a born leader of redskins and man who can talk with unseen beings to make a really deep impression on the Indian.

Gerontimo is small in stature, possessed of a keen face and a piercing eye. The blue in his eye is that peculiar steely color that arouses unpleasant sensations in the mind. His face is wrinkled and his hands are small and rough. His color is a dark red. Gerontimo smokes cigarettes these days and would drink fire-water had he the privilege. He has six wives, but his favorite is the one with whom he lives at home. He gives her sufficient money to send her to an eastern school eight months in the year.

Gerontimo does not work; that is, such as raising a crop of corn or millet. He gets rent free a two-room house to live in, but he keeps his ponies therein and resides, himself in a tepee. All of the Apaches keep their horses in the houses furnished to them. The Apache village is on an open plain in sight of Fort Sill. In summer the tepals catch all of the dust and in the winter the snow flurries into the doors. It would not be a white man's notion of comfort, but the Indians like it.

A few weeks ago Gerontimo's daughter Eva was taken ill with some skin disease and was placed at the government hospital which he visited daily thereafter. Among the Apaches Gerontimo is called an excellent doctor and they will have no other.

While little in sympathy with modern civilization, the old chief appreciates one of his inventions, the camera. He charges \$5 for his picture.

He always looks his toughest in his pictures. He likes to strike an attitude of devilish ferocity when being photographed. The older he grows the greater is his desire to make a splendid appearance. Five years ago, when he first came to Fort Sill, he was content to wear white men's clothes and consented to have himself photographed wearing them. Now when he poses he looks like the old-time redskin of the Apache tribe. This is because he sees that his war clothes attract more attention from white visitors. He does his best to give them their money's worth and to live up to their expectations.

In talking about his war experience he spoke in the Apache language to this effect: "I do not know how many white men I have killed. It must be hundreds. I have killed many women, too. But I never killed a white baby. I like children. I will fight some more some day. I am good for five years more on the battlefield. I will get out of this some day and then will go back to Arizona and kill some of my enemies."—New York Sun.

More steel is used in the manufacture of pens than in all the sword and gun factories in the world. A ton of steel produces about 10,000 gross of pens.

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Natives Plants of Hawaii. Sandalwood Once Abundant, But the Supply is Exhausted by Excessive Cutting.

A description of the native plants of the Hawaiian Islands is contained in a bulletin in course of preparation by the Department of Agriculture, says the Washington Star. Of these, it is said, the most important are the woods of the islands. They were used to make the enormous canoes, in which the natives crossed from island to island, and occasionally made long voyages to other islands in the South Pacific. Others were used for outrigger canoes and masts. Idols were carved from the softer as well as the hard woods. The hardest varieties furnished the mallets for beating kapa cloth. These mallets were elaborately carved and of a different pattern on each face. They were used in such a manner as to stamp the pattern upon the cloth. From the forests came the bark, leaves and fiber out of which kapa cloth, mats, fishing lines, nets, etc., were made.

From the various trees came the dyes which they used in coloring the kapa cloth, in tattooing their skins. The materials used were the kabunas, or native doctors, gathered exclusively from the forests and fields.

The islands once abounded in sandalwood, but the great demand for this wood in Canton, China, for incense and for the manufacture of fancy articles caused a trade which quickly destroyed the forests of this tree. Between 1810 and 1825 this trade in sandalwood was at its height, and while it lasted brought great wealth to the King and chiefs in guns, ammunition, liquor, boats and small ships, which they received in exchange. It brought from 6 to 10 cents per pound. It was the first export that attracted commerce to the island. So great was the destruction of these trees that it was found necessary to lay a "tabu" on the trees have since sprung up in the islands, but nowhere in such quantities as to justify a revival of the trade. After the sandalwood was exhausted there was exported to China a false sandalwood, called by the natives nato. The wood and roots of this resembling that of the sandalwood. It has also good building and excellent burning qualities, and is used for torches in fishing.

The ohia-ha is a durable timber, and is used for railroad ties and posts, while kela is a very hard wood, closely resembling ebony. For fence posts the wood of the ohia-ha is said to be the most durable, while it is also a good firewood. The halape was once used by the natives, who carved their idols out of its soft wood. So, also, was used the wood of lehua, the most generally prevailing tree on the islands. It is very hard, is a good building material and the best of fawns.

An Avalanche of Letters. Prospective Homestead-Seekers Anxious to Settle Lands.

Not less than 10,000 letters of inquiry have been received at the interior department from persons who want to know about the opening of the Kiowa and Comanche Indian reservation.

Secretary Hitchcock gets as many as 75 a day marked "personal," many of which are from old soldiers who wish to learn whether veterans of the Civil war are to have special preference over other would-be settlers. Nearly all inquire whether it is true that a lottery system is to be employed in place of the usual rush.

The reservation will be thrown open to settlers not later than August 6th, and soon the method of admitting settlers other than the "rush" will be discovered by the secretary of the interior. A number of plans have been discussed, but none has appeared entirely satisfactory. As to the veterans' preference, he has one under the law as it stands. He is permitted to make his original entry by agent, not being required to enter in person until six months later. In case of entry by rush, this will be an advantage to him, but if a system of drawing lots is adopted, it is thought that some other regulation ought to be made. There are 15,000 quarter-sections, one to be allotted; but it is certain that the applicants will number 75,000.

President will issue a proclamation setting forth the terms of entry. Meanwhile the department is working under pressure to get the Indians settled as required by the treaty. There are about 5,652 square miles in the reservation. There is much good land for agricultural and grazing purposes, and the report that valuable minerals have been found in the neighborhood has attracted many prospectors, some of whom have gone upon the reservation without permission.

Sheep Raising by Electricity. A machine for aiding in the raising of sheep is being experimented with at the agricultural experiment station of Michigan, at Lansing. Two lambs and part of the time an old ewe have been pastured in the pen during the summer. The field is planted with lucerne, growing thick and heavy. The pen is so arranged that it covers the full length of the pasture in one night, traveling about two feet an hour; at the end of this time it is switched around and travels back again. As it moves the sheep eat every bit of the fodder, eagerly cropping next the forward side of the pen as it runs over new ground. A bit of canvas duck is hung over the corner of the pen, so that the sheep may be well sheltered, and, curious as it may seem, they have become so accustomed to the moving pen that when they lie down to sleep they struggle up close to the forward end of the pen so that they may lie as long as possible without being disturbed by the rear end of the pen as it creeps toward them. When the pen has passed, of course, the lucerne immediately grows up again, and by the time the pen has made its monthly circuit the pasture is again in good condition. The advantages of this electrical pen lie in the fact that the sheep are kept from running over, half eating, and tramping down a large amount of pasture, and it keeps the sheep quiet, so that they lay on flesh rapidly.

The Mighty Pen. More steel is used in the manufacture of pens than in all the sword and gun factories in the world. A ton of steel produces about 10,000 gross of pens.

The Death of a Deer. A Picturesque Fight Between a Buck and Two Dogs.

A heavy storm swept over the forest, sitting a new layer of snow upon the frozen world. After it, the sun peeped out, it grew warmer, and there was a new gurgle and clinking in the ice-armed brooks. Listlessly the deer shuffled up and down the yard, but the wind lifted and stirred them when the wind lifted and stirred them with a savage bitterness, blowing in from the north. At dawn the snow had crusted, and when the big buck tried to tread down new paths, he cut himself unmercifully about the hoofs. With lolling tongue he was looking out along the forest, debating, when a wild cry—a sharp querulous howling—lifted above the murmuring of the wind among the trees. Ooof—ooo—ooo! Wooo—oof—ooo!

It was a dog. He drew himself together with a shock. Nearer came the sound. With wild eyes he looked along his trail. The dog was in the yard. It was coming! Turning on his heel, he fled, and at the instant the voice of another hound was added to the clamor.

The buck shot down the open path, starting the other deer. He dashed among them, pushing right and left agonized in the effort to escape, yet still intent to lose his track among theirs. But at that instant a hound appeared in front; there was a wild babel of dreadful sounds. He saw the dog spring upon the lawn. It fell, struggled madly, and then the hound worried it upon the ground.

Frenzied, the buck turned aside. The dog was in his path, and one stroke of his sharpened hoof would have slain the creature at its work. But his own precious life was at risk. He fled, and unconscious of the cutting crash, crashed through the forest. Bump—crash—bump—bump! In mad terror he raced along. Once he heard the lawn beat piteously, and the cry quickened him. But he had hardly reached the crest of the slope, when again he heard a hound give tongue. He was pursued. He saw the hound leap from the last path in the yard and come racing after him, sometimes galloping along the crest, and again breaking through. The buck was almost spent; the hound drew nearer, its tongue hanging from its red and dripping jaws. At every step it gave tongue till the forest was filled with the sound.

The buck could go no farther. He turned, his neck ruffled, a red, ugly gleam in his eyes. He was cornered, driven to his last stride, and must fight. The snow grew red beneath his hoofs, and silently he kept on—a wild remorseless destroyer. Before long the huddled bundle of fur beneath his feet neither moved, nor made sound, yet nothing he kept on. He saw nothing, heard nothing. A fury possessed him.

A man appeared in the brush. He held a living hound in leash—the mate of the one lying dead in the snow. At sight of the stamping buck the man shouted, while his dog made strenuous efforts to break away. "Down there!" cried the man, heaving the creature about the head, but its efforts only grew more frantic. It whined, trembling with eagerness, and then bayed hoarsely.

At the note the buck halted an instant, staring about, his awful fear renewed. He saw the hound break from the leash and spring toward him. Then wheeling, he fled away again.

His only chance was to regain the yard, to find the tracks of the other deer; and to turn the dog upon the deer. But as he circled down the slope, the inexorable creature at his heels gaining at every bound, he felt his strength deserting. He plunged on, his tongue out and his eyes wavering. He reached the yard and raced along the path. At the turn he almost fell upon the lawn's inert body. Recoiling in horror, he turned down another path. He ended against a wall of fawn. The dog was close at his heels. There was no retreat. He leaped again upon the crust, and wallowed into a nearby path. Down this he raced, and again it led to the lawn. He tried another path, yet could not shake the hound from his heels nor find where the other deer had left the yard. Once more he tried and failed. The hound had him by the throat. Blindly he struggled, striking out with both feet. One crushing stroke fell upon the dog; it gave a long drawn howl and fell before him. Again he fell upon the enemy, striking and slashing him with his sharp fore-feet, and as he stood crushing it beneath him, a rifle cracked in the woods. Then he died.—Maximilian Foster in Everybody's Magazine.

Farm Labor in Puerto Rico. The difference between the little life of a farm laborer in Puerto Rico and of one in the United States is, according to Secretary Wilson, very marked. The usual hours for work in the field for Puerto Rican farm hands are from 6 a. m. to 7 p. m. Most of them begin in the morning without having eaten anything. What's more remarkable, many of them eat very little till the close of the day. A few take early coffee. At 11 o'clock a half hour is allowed for those who wish to eat breakfast, and eat of it to do so. This meal consists of rice and beans, bread and cheese, or sweet potatoes and fish. Where no plantation boards the hands, as sometimes occurs in the sugar-harvesting seasons, the daily ration consists of one-half pound of rice and one-fourth pound of beans, or three pounds of sweet potatoes and a half pound of dried fish, or one pound of bread and one-fourth of a pound of cheese. The laborers on the coffee estates rarely eat meat, except on Sundays.

Tragedy at a Wedding. While One Sister Was Being Married Another Lay Outside Church Dying.

While Miss Lizzie Mitchell, of 119 Astwood street, was being united in marriage to Thomas Mee, a well-known man, of the West End, at St. James' church, Pittsburg morning, her sister, Rosie, who was hurried to the wedding, fell and broke her neck. The accident occurred in Mill street just outside the church.

Persons who saw the woman fall hurried to her assistance and carried the body into the home of Mrs. O'Dowed and the doctors were summoned, who pronounced the young woman dead. A messenger had been dispatched for Father Price, who was performing the wedding ceremony, to attend the dying sister. The newly married couple were not told of the accident until they had reached the station to take the train for a wedding trip, which was indefinitely postponed. Miss Mitchell was 23 years old and very well known in the West End.