

EMMANTS OF KICKAPOOS

Pacification Accomplished With Many Thrilling Incidents.

KNOWN AS MEXICANS

Red Tribe Thrashed, Later Generation Turns Toward New Mexico.—The Land in Which They Once Lived.—Formerly Subsidized by Pillage and Plunder.

The Kickapoo Indians are leaving their reservation near Shawnee, and the parties of them are going every day to New Mexico. These particular Indians are known in the government records as Mexican Kickapoos, because of the land in which they once lived, says the Kansas City Journal.

The Kickapoos and the Apaches seemed to have been natural enemies and they fought whenever an opportunity presented itself. These tribes so were among the most vicious enemies of the whites. The Kickapoo chief, Che-quame-ko-hi-ko, often displays a pair of buckskin leggings having sixteen scalps down either side. When he becomes especially well acquainted and confidential, he shows a white's scalp—that of a woman, having a few gray hairs in it.

The Kickapoo warfare against the whites was one of pillage and plunder against their herds—by it they lived and when pursued too vigorously they retreated across the Rio Grande and took refuge with the Indians at that refuge.

But no sooner did the beef supply in low than incursions against the title of the Mexicans were organized, which resulted in their being driven into Texas. The Indians were long in learning that the Rio Grande was a line the two armies could not pass and so innocently retreated.

Under these circumstances a border warfare was maintained which lasted well into the '70s. Finally an American soldier crossed the river, captured their women and children, and brought them back. The incident caused an international hubbub and led to the forming of an agreement that the troops of either country might cross the line when in pursuit of the Indians.

But the capture of the "woman" marked the end of the regime of the Kickapoos as followers of the warpath. Still their pacification was accomplished without many thrilling incidents.

Commissioner Johnson was sent down to make some kind of an arrangement with them—to get them to go to Mexico and become subjects of that country or to come in from the frontier and remain. He was taken in custody by them, and for three days he only deliberated as to whether the Kickapoos should kill him or turn him over to their Indian allies of Mexico to do so. Finally the merciful office of money and power worked its effect and Che-quame-ko-hi-ko, the chief, saved the commissioner and ended the scale in favor of coming back.

It may not be amiss to say that when the inspiring motives became known it served to degrade the leader of the eyes of his people, and five years later the Indian with a record of thirty-six Indian scalps was ignored as the most insignificant member of the tribe, and his only friends were with the whites who knew him.

A Novel Competition. "In Michigan wood-chopping competitions are becoming quite popular," said Col. E. Boyd, a well known Michigan lumberman, who is at the banquet. "One of these competitions was held a week or two ago in an amber camp in northern Michigan, and the first prize, consisting of \$500, was given. The competitors use the axes, sharpened to a razor edge, and the skill displayed would be a revelation to the average man who slices the kindling wood for his better half in the evening in his backyard. Tough logs about a foot or twenty inches in diameter, are chosen, and they are firmly fixed in an upright position. At the firing of a pistol the half dozen ruskus backwoodsmen get to work, and for about two minutes the air is thick with huge chips. The precision and strength of the cuts is a marvel, and the best men do really wonderful work. Each man has an assistant, who squats beside the log, directs the cuts, and one of the marvels of the business is how that man can't be killed by the flying chips. Most of the champion axemen are timbercutters, slooper hewers, sawmill hands and the like, who use the axe daily.

Beside the axe competitions there are also competitions in log-sawing with both single-handed and double-handed crescent saws. No one knows what lightning like work can be done with a crescent saw until he has seen two expert lumbermen using one."—New York Globe.

Jean of Arc, Italian.

Documents have been found in Rome tending to prove that Jean of Arc was the daughter of an Italian, who was descended from the Ghislieri family. This family came from Constantinople to Bologna in 1413.

After the estates of Ferrante Ghislieri had been usurped he emigrated to France, where he had three children, one of whom was Jean.

The documents say it is difficult to ascertain the truth, because Ferrante Ghislieri, after his arrival in France, changed his name to D'Arc.

CATTLEOS A SUCCESS.

They Inherit a Great Many of the Traits of the Buffalo.

Mr. C. J. ("Buffalo") Jones, of Topeka, Kan., game warden of the Yellowstone National Park, was in Washington lately to file his report with the Interior Department.

Mr. Jones is interested in the breeding of "cattleos," or the cross between buffalo and domestic cattle. Domestic cattle have to be fed and housed during the long, cold winters of the northwest, but the "cattleos" inherit the traits of the buffalo in the respect that they require no feeding or shelter in the Dakota winters, pawing up the snow and eating the dry grass underneath. In the spring they fatten rapidly on the young grass, and can be thus prepared for market at one-half the cost of cattle.

Mr. Jones called on the President and showed him a robe taken from a "cattleo." The color is black, with a beautiful reddish gray, in places nearly white, shading on the back, and a black dorsal stripe. The under parts were pure white, so that the robe looked very much as if it were trimmed with ermine.

President Roosevelt greatly admired the robe, and expressed the opinion that the Government should by all means establish an experimental ranch for the breeding of "cattleos."

In 1902 Congress appropriated \$14,000 with which to establish a herd of domesticated buffalo at the Yellowstone. At the same time, Mr. Jones was placed in charge of the work, and as warden of the park he purchased twenty-one animals and placed them in the reservation, under fence. Already the herd has been increased to twenty-eight.

"In addition to this herd," Mr. Jones said: "There are thirty-three wild buffalo in the park. I at first had an idea of getting these animals in with the tame buffalo, but they are the wildest things I ever saw. The moment they see or smell a man they are off like a shot, and if captured would surely kill themselves in half an hour's time by their efforts to escape. Therefore, to protect these animals I am simply picking up their calves as fast as they are born and turning them in with the tame herd. I have thus far secured four wild calves in this way."

Mr. Jones has been quite busy the past winter and fall months killing mountain lions, or pumas, of the Yellowstone, which have become altogether too numerous. He had his pockets full of claws of these animals, which he kept, he said, as trophies of his puma hunts.—Baltimore Sun.

Mountain Goats.

From a point nearly 7,000 feet below an observer with a good glass occasionally may make out against the rock shelf a something which looks not unlike a white rabbit sitting upon its haunches. In reality it is an ancient Billy, roughly speaking, as big as two fine rams and bearded like a prophet. His shaggy white coat knows neither spot nor curl, his daggerlike horns are ebony black and his topaz eyes have in them that cold, inscrutable expression, something of which we see in the eyes of an eagle and a snake.

They are marvels, these thought-censuring yellow eyes. Perchance they kindle a more baleful light when love's lamp flares and a snowy rival is stamping and snorting only ten yards away. It may be they soften when a limber legged kid caroms against the paternal ribs or rams his over-sized head through the paternal whisker. But these things I doubt, for the topaz itself is not colder or more unchanging than the windows of the souls of a husky mountain Billy.

"Because," he knows, or thinks he knows, that no enemy will come down upon him, all his precautions are directed against possibilities from below. I fancy, too, that he trusts almost to his eyes, that his nose lacks that wonderful keenness characteristic of the deer tribe and that his ears play little part in the protective game. This latter is mainly surmise, based upon the fact that the worst noise a still hunter would be apt to make would be the rattle of a displaced stone, which is a thing the goats often hear and doubtless thoroughly understand.

When one's object of pursuit is an animal which dwells far up the mountains, which keeps a pretty close watch upon all visible lower territory, but seldom bothers its head about what may be going on above and behind, one's wisest plan of campaign, naturally, is a flanking movement, followed by an attack from above.—Illustrated Sporting News.

Mr. Vanderbilt's Game.

Much has been heard of Mr. George Vanderbilt's game preserve at Biltmore, N. C., and of the means taken to increase the original stock of game and fish in the territory. During the eight years the preserve has been established trout and deer have been liberated, the quail and the wild turkeys have been fed, salt licks have been maintained to attract the deer, hundreds of traps have been kept at work in the woods for the destruction of wildcats, mink, coons and other vermin; forest rangers have patrolled the tract; and in all these ways the covers and waters have been well stocked. All this has naturally given the public the impression that the owner of Biltmore is a sportsman; but the curious feature of the Vanderbilt game preserve is that its owner never touches rod or gun, and personally cares not in the slightest degree for fish and game.—Forest and Stream.

INDIAN TERRITORY SKUNKS.

Wealthy New Yorker Backs an Industry for Their Fur.

Among the new industries established in the Indian Territory there are none more novel than the "skunk farm" just two miles southwest of Herbert. The industry is backed by a wealthy New Yorker who has made a fortune in the fur trade, says the Kansas City Journal.

This "farm," as it is called, consists of about twenty acres enclosed with a stone wall five feet high, located along a rough mountain side with natural overhanging rocks being an ideal place for rattlesnakes and polecat dens. The neighborhood is said to be infested with all kinds of reptiles, and by the establishment of this skunk farm the promoters claim they will make money.

"Tip" Lewis, who will have charge of the farm, is a noted hunter and trapper, and those who know him say he really enjoys the work of skinning polecats. He has made a livelihood of the work for twenty-two years, and now that a real breeding farm has been established, he is assured of plenty of work in his line.

In conversation recently "Tip" had the following to say of the novel industry: "We propose to cross the breeds of polecats until we get them all of one color, either white or black, and by proper care we hope to entirely get rid of the offensive odor. Every polecat carries a muck bag for protection and when tamed and crossed with the civet cat they lose this weapon. Their fur can be improved by cultivation and interbreeding with other animals."

When asked about the much advertised "skunk oil," Mr. Lewis said:

"I believe skunk oil will cure many ills, such as rheumatism and other ailments, and the musk, which is so odoriferous and offensive is a cure for almost any ills flesh is heir to. It will keep away disease, and I believe it will cure consumption in the earlier stages."

Mr. Lewis says that each polecat will raise from five to eight kittens every year, and he proposes to catch about 300 cats and kittens and place them on the farm. Skunk skins are now worth from 80 cents to \$1.25, and by improving the breed they hope to get double this price for the skins.

Honey Drips Out of Wall.

The honey in the wall of the home of Dr. C. H. Brooke, of Brooklyn, Anne Arundel County, is still dripping. So far about three or four gallons have been caught in the pans and buckets placed under the drip.

About twelve years ago Dr. Brooke erected an addition to his house and a swarm of bees built a nest between the walls, having found an opening. No attention was paid to them at first, but they finally became a nuisance. They have stored away great quantities of honey in combs, and in some manner one of the combs must have been punctured and the honey allowed to drip out. The honey is not belonged in the family of Dr. Brooke, as it has gathered dust and dirt in its way out of the wall.

The bees have been a great source of trouble to the family of Dr. Brooke. At meal times they would swarm out on the table and compel the diners to drive them away and kill numbers of them.

The nuisance became so unbearable after a while that Dr. Brooke decided to exterminate them. He has removed part of the wall and in so doing it is thought that the honeycombs were punctured.—Baltimore Sun.

Wake Me Up When Kirby Dies.

Your "Old Bowery Frequenter" in today's Press is quite right about the origin of the saying "Wake me up when Kirby dies." It is over fifty years ago since "Tom" Hamblin was the proprietor and likewise one of the principal actors in the old Bowery Theatre, New York. He was noted for the spectacular and intensely patriotic plays which he produced for the benefit of the Bowery boys especially; plays abounding in patriotic speeches and "blood and thunder." Among his actors was one named Kirby, who was usually given a conspicuous part in said play. Kirby was great in the speeches I have mentioned, but his great forte was in the last act, when after performing prodigies of valor, he would wrap the American flag around him, fire off two pistols and die all over the stage. These finales were great things for the boys, and if they felt drowsy during the earlier part of the performance, as some of them were apt to be, they would carefully charge their companions to "Wake me up when Kirby dies."

This was the true origin of the well known saying.—Letter in Philadelphia Press.

Where They Differed.

Barbour Lathrop, the champion talker of Bohemia, has left for the East Indies. His departure leaves an aching silence in the Bohemian Club. At the last low jinks Abe Hur said to one of the minor characters: "Stop talking for a minute, can't you? Do you think you're Barbour Lathrop?" This was not the first reference that had been made in the club to Lathrop's chatterbox proclivities. At one of the club Christmas trees he was presented with the jawbone of an ass, to which Lathrop instantly replied that the difference between himself and Samson was that while Samson slew his thousands with the jawbone of an ass, he (Lathrop) had slain thousands of asses with the jawbone of a man. And it was decided that Lathrop had scored one.—San Francisco Town Talk.

LIFE IN PERU.

Experiences of American in the Mining Regions.

A letter to a friend in this city from R. E. Bottenus, a Cincinnati boy, who is engaged in mining in Peru, tells of his recent explorations of an unknown part of that country's interior. Leaving the Santa Domingo mine, in the heart of the eastern slope of the Andes range, the party started, under Mr. Bottenus's command, to find a forest of rubber trees for the company's exploitation. Mr. Bottenus writes:

"Our party consisted of myself, five other white men, three Peruvians and ten Indian porters. Nine of us were armed with carbines and sixshooters. As we expected, in view of my experience in the last expedition, to encounter hostile savages, it was necessary to keep our party intact and also carry our supplies with us. Since we had some 2,000 pounds of provisions, you can imagine to transport these on our backs over a rough country was not easy. Our first task was to ford a river. That same day we killed a couple of monkeys—big fellows, which would stand three foot high—and some pheasants, and also dynamited some fish in the river. The monkeys we gave to the Indians, who, after once tasting them, ate them with great gusto. It is rather hard for a white man to enjoy a repast of monkey stew, unless he becomes very hungry, when, without a doubt, it is most palatable. The taste of the meat is not at all bad, but after skinning them the monkeys look so much like human babies that one scruples as to whether or not he is practicing cannibalism."

"After going down seven miles we ran across another big river, which I afterward named the 'Surprise River.' We were surprised a day after our arrival on the river by a visit from the Chunchos, or native savages. We expected to find them hostile, but found them to be friendly in the extreme. They are armed with bows and arrows, these being from four to seven feet long, varying in size for boys and men. The workmanship on the arrows is very neat, especially when one considers that the only tools which they have are such as they can fashion from rocks. They are very skillful with the bow and arrow at a distance of twenty-five or forty yards. They shoot their game, their fish, even tigers, with these weapons. The arrows do not weigh four ounces and are constructed of nothing but wood, the shaft being a light bamboo and the head being a species of 'palmetto' called 'chunin.' Their clothes are a very pronounced decollete; all that the men wear is a sleeveless shirt coming below the loins, the same being made from the bark of a tree. The women are not nearly so well provided for, wearing generally but a small loin cloth. We had taken the precaution to bring some gaudy articles as presents with us, in the shape of gewgaws of many descriptions, which we distributed, but they gave us to understand by means of signs that what they would particularly like was an ax, a machete, or knives, or articles of any kind that would cut."

Smart Sayings to Order.

"There are lots of people who are naturally quick and witty in ordinary conversation, but the man who can be both at a gathering is not as numerous as you may think," said a man at a dinner uptown a few nights ago.

"I was asked a few days ago to come here and say something. I am not a speaker, either before, at, or after the feast, I said so to the man who urged me to come. Then he told me that if I felt quite up to the job, as he put it, he could put me on to a man who made such things a business. I was curious to know more, and asked the committee man who the manufacturer of the dealer in wit was. He said to me, 'I'll call him right here,' and he did. Then I realized that what the man had said to me was dead earnest. After he had got the 'dealer' on the 'phone, and told him what he wanted, he turned to me and said, 'He wants to know if you want to talk in prose or doggerel, or if you want some jokes, and whether you want the jokes on the raw, or something that would do for a lady's party?'"

"Then I quit. I would not have believed that if it had been told as a story. And I am sorry enough about it, for every time anybody has said anything smart or funny here to-night I have wondered whether it was manufactured or genuine. Some of it was genuine, of course, for it was apropos, but some of the sayings, I am satisfied had been hammered out by the joke-smith."

"Kill More Pigs."

A characteristic incident in which George Francis Train figured occurred in Omaha once when he was lecturing in the Farnam Street Theatre, showing the alertness of his mind and his power to condense a great problem in a phrase of three words. The occasion referred to was at a time when the South Omaha packing houses had been operating for a period of several years. Omaha had high ambitions, and hoped to succeed Kansas City as the second pork packing centre in the United States and the world, but didn't know just how to go at it. While Mr. Train was speaking some one in the audience interrupted him with the question, "What shall we do to make Omaha the second pork packing point?" or words of similar effect. Quick as a flash, and without a moment's hesitation, Mr. Train replied: "Kill more pigs." Here was a great truth in a nutshell.—Omaha World Herald.

The Song of the Cradle.

Bye, bye! High rises high: There's a sweet little cradle hung up in the sky; A dear little life that is coming to bliss; Two soft chubby hands that will pat and caress; A pure little soul winging down from above; A darling to care for, a baby to love.



One of the grandest agencies which enlighten suffering is the "Favorite Prescription" devised by Dr. R. V. Pierce, chief consulting physician of the Invalids' Hotel and Surgical Institute, of Buffalo, N. Y.

This wonderful "Prescription" imbues the entire nervous system with natural, healthy vitality; gives elastic vigor to the delicate organism specially concerned in motherhood, and makes the coming of baby entirely free from danger and almost free from pain.

"I wish to state that I have used Doctor Pierce's Favorite Prescription with very good results," writes Mrs. Katie M. Annis, of Hudson, New Hampshire. "I had been in poor health for over four years and had been twice in the hospital. My husband brought some of your 'Favorite Prescription,' and it has carried me easily through my last two confinements. We are now blessed with two healthy children, and I am sure your medicine has done me more good than all the other treatment I have ever received."

BAD HEADACHES generally arise from indigestion. Food retained, bitter taste, coated tongue, sour eructations or belching of gas, are common symptoms though not all present in every case. To cure, take small doses only one or two each day of Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets, the Original Little Liver Pills, first put up by him over 40 years ago. One or two a laxative, three or four cathartic.

RAILROAD NOTES

Special Excursions and Reduced Rates.—Of Interest to our Many Readers.

OLD HOME WEEK AT HARRISBURG. Excursion tickets at single fare for the round trip via Pennsylvania Railroad. On account of Old Home Week at Harrisburg, October 1 to 7, the Pennsylvania Railroad Company will sell excursion tickets to Harrisburg at rate of single fare for the round trip (minimum rate 25 cents) from the following points on dates specified:

On October 4, 5 and 7, tickets, good for return passage only on date of issue, will be sold from Wilkes-Barre, Williamsport, Altoona, Philadelphia, Frederick, Baltimore, and intermediate stations.

For specific rates and further information consult nearest ticket agent.

Envelopes

75,000 Envelopes carried in stock at the COLUMBIAN Office. The line includes drug envelopes, pay, coin, baronial, commercial sizes, number 6, 6 1/2, 6 3/4, 9, 10 and 11, catalog, &c. Prices range from \$1.50 per 1000 printed, up to \$5.00. Largest stock in the county to select from.

Entrance through Roy's Jewelry Store.

Friday October 6th, 1905, is the last day to pay taxes in order to get a vote this Fall. Attend to this before it is too late.

To Number Rural Boxes.

To facilitate a more accurate handling of the mail by rural free delivery carriers the Postoffice Department is arranging for the numbering of all rural letter boxes which under the regulations of the department are entitled to service, and authorizing the delivering by rural letter carriers of ordinary mail matter of all classes addressed to boxes by number alone so long as improper and unlawful business is not conducted thereby the same as is now permitted in the case of postoffice boxes. Instructions will be issued to postmasters within a short time to assign to boxes entitled to service consecutive numbers beginning with the first box reached by the carrier after leaving the postoffice and a new box erected subsequent to the original numbering will be assigned the next consecutive number in the use of the particular route.

HUMPHREYS'

Specifies cure by acting directly on the sick parts without disturbing the rest of the system.

- No. 1 for Fever. No. 2 " Worms. No. 3 " Teething. No. 4 " Diarrhea. No. 7 " Coughs. No. 8 " Neuralgia. No. 9 " Headaches. No. 10 " Dyspepsia. No. 11 " Suppressed Periods. No. 12 " Whites. No. 13 " Croup. No. 14 " The Skin. No. 15 " Rheumatism. No. 16 " Malaria. No. 19 " Catarrh. No. 20 " Whooping Cough. No. 27 " The Kidneys. No. 30 " The Bladder. No. 77 " La Grippe.

In small bottles of pellets that fit the rest pocket. At Druggists or mailed, 25c. each. Medical Guide mailed free. Humphreys' Med. Co., Cor. William & John Streets, New York.

MILLIONS FOR EQUIPMENT.

The Philadelphia and Reading and the Central Railroad of New Jersey

Are in the Market for Six Thousand Freight Cars.

The Philadelphia & Reading and the Jersey Central Railroad Companies are in the market for 6,000 freight cars. This increase in rolling stock will take over \$6,000,000. It is the largest order for cars ever given by these companies. George F. Baer is president of both companies, the Reading Company nominating the Central as owner of a majority of the stock. Both are in need of more coal carriers as well as cars for general freight use. When the order is placed it will be for the delivery of the cars next year. Owing to the general demand for freight cars by nearly all the railroads some trouble is experienced in getting the orders placed. President Baer is negotiating with several companies and it is thought that some definite arrangement will be reached within a short time. At the meeting of the directors of the Central Railroad Company of New Jersey last week President Baer was authorized to increase the equipment. Similar authority had been given by the Philadelphia & Reading Railway Company Board of Directors some time ago. All the railroad officials are getting ready to handle next a larger business than they have ever done and the number of cars ordered is the largest in the history of the railroads.

Prices for Jail Board

There seems to be a great divergence in prices paid for jail board throughout Pennsylvania.

These are the figures furnished by the Department at Harrisburg: Adams, 35; Allegheny, 27 88-100; Armstrong, 25; Beaver, 25; Bedford, 25; Berks, 13 1/2; Blair, 35; Bradford, 40; Bucks, 25; Butler, 50; Cambria, 25; Cameron, 50; Carbon, 55; Center, 25; Chester, 8 7-10; Clearfield, 25; Columbia, 25; Crawford, 25; Cumberland, 25; Dauphin, has three classes of prisoners and three rates—15, 20, 25 cents; Elk, 50; Erie, 30 2-7; Fayette, 30; Forest, 50; Franklin, 25; Fulton, 25; Greene, 52; Huntingdon, 40; Indiana, 50; Jefferson, 50; Juniata, 37 1/2; Lancaster, 10; Lawrence, 50; Lebanon, 25; Luzerne, 10; Lycoming, 35; McKean, 25; Mercer, 40; Mifflin, 40; Monroe, 25; Montgomery, 6 6-7; Montour, 35; Perry, 33; Philadelphia, 43; Pike, 40; Potter, 25; Schuylkill, 9 3-10; Snyder, 50; Somerset, 25; Sullivan, 35; Susquehanna, 50; Tioga, 25; Union, 50; Venango, 40; Warren, 32 1/2; Washington, 25; Wayne, 50; Westmoreland, 25; York, 30.

The counties not reported are—Clarion, Clinton, Delaware, Lackawanna, Lehigh, Northampton, Northumberland and Wyoming.

In Columbia county the rate is 25 cents per day, and 75 cents per month for washing. In Cumberland and Franklin counties the rate is 25 cents for regular prisoners and 9 cents per day for vagrants. In Juniata county 37 1/2 cents per day; illegal train riders, 30 cents. Bradford county is the only one reported as working jail prisoners on a stone pile.

Wheat Prices and Exports.

European Buyers Are Waiting for Rush of Product to American Markets.

As wheat prices go down it may be expected that the tide of exports will rise. European buyers have been fully advised that this country and Manitoba will have a large surplus for export, and thus far since the crop year began they have been disposed to await the effect of the completed harvests and the early rush of receipts upon American markets.

Domestic values are now very near the point where they should stimulate more active foreign buying. The crop is large, but the growers are more prosperous than ever before, and therefore less anxious to hurry their wheat to market unless they can get a fair price for it. Any check to the movement of wheat from farmers' hands at this stage of the season would be likely to induce speculation for a rise in prices and delay the revival of export business, for which the conditions are now more favorable than at any time since the 1903 crop was marketed.

Since the first visit to the ice cap of the South Pole was made, some fifty years ago, there has been a steady recession of the belt of some 30 miles, and it is argued that in the course of time it will be possible to make approach to the Pole itself, and that the land in that vicinity may even become inhabited.

CASTORIA The Kind You Have Always Bought Bears the Signature of