

A Confession.
Perhaps it's just affinity,
Perhaps it's something higher,
But I for one am free to say
I dearly love a liar.

I love the liar who declares
He buys my books by dozens
And sends them off as Xmas gifts
To all his country cousins.

I love the liar who remarks:
"We missed you at the meeting;
No voice like yours to give a toast
Or speak the speech of greeting."

I love the liar when he swears
He knows a pretty woman
Who wants to meet me very much,
"My pictures look so human."

I love my food, I love my drink
I love my open fire,
But more than all I dearly love
A dash binged blooming LIAR!
—Herman Knickerbocker Viele, in
Life.

KALZATOA
(TALE OF AN
OLD FREIGHTER)

By FRANKLIN WELLES CALKINS.

"The tallest, strongest and swiftest man I ever knew," said the ex-freighter, Uncle Dick Weymeier, "was Katzatoa, a chief of the Kiowa Indians. If there was ever another such a runner among men as Katzatoa, I've never heard of him.

"I reckon, red, white or black, the men have been mighty scarce who could run alongside a herd of stampeding buffaloes and shoot arrows or bullets into a critter as they kept the pace. That's what Katzatoa, seven feet in his moccasins, a giant looming in a cloud of dust, was doing when I saw him first.

"'Twas on my second trip, whacking six yoke of bulls over the Santa Fe trail, that our team got mixed in a run of buffaloes. I was young, just off the Illinois prairies, and though I was a good ox-driver, wasn't trained to stampedes. My string of bulls was thrown out of line and got going. I jumped my fore wagon and put on the brake, but we were going down a long slope, and we went faster and faster.

"After a couple of miles of nightmare running, swamped in buffaloes and befogged in dust, I found myself, with my trail wagon snapped off, one ox dead and dragging, slowing up at the tail of the herd.

"It was at this minute that I saw an Indian, about as tall as my wagon-bows, loping along but a few paces on my left. I saw him send an arrow, his last one, through a buffalo, and then, before I could say Jack Robinson, he'd bowled alongside and swung himself into my seat. He was grinning and gasping good-naturedly, and was such a natural curiosity in the way of size and speed that it did not occur to me to look for hostilities. As he panted and sweated, glowing like a furnace, he roared out great grunts of laughter, tickled as a boy at the chance to ride on a runaway wagon.

"My bulls were still galloping, though pretty well done up, when the dust suddenly cleared, and Indians, apparently dropped out of the clouds, came riding at us, whooping hilariously.

"As the foremost of these came up the giant in my seat threw an arm about me, leaped to his feet, and then to the ground, minding my weight no more than if I'd been a papoose. I knew that fighting would be worse than useless, and so I stood beside my captor, looking on with a dozen or fifteen Kiowas shot down the oxen and filled my wagon. Then I saw the freight-train corralled on a distant hill and a big troop of Indians on another rise, evidently considering whether to attack or not.

"In any event, I saw that there was no rescue for me to be hoped for from the freighters, and I gave myself up for lost. I expected to be put to the torture, but I was happily disappointed.

"The Kiowas were all in great good humor. They'd made a big killing of buffaloes, and out of my wagon they got calicoes and cutlery enough to fit out their whole tribe. In the end they let the freight-train go on without a fight. And the freighters moved, taking it for granted that the Indians had made way with me.

"Well, we went into camp, and a whole village of Kiowas came on for the cutting up and curing of the meat. Among all the Indians who came straggling in, there was no hostile act or look toward me. The big Indian took away my revolvers and installed me in his tepee, where his mother, a pleasant though none too clean old woman, kept house for him.

"He made me understand that he, Katzatoa, had adopted me as his brother, and it suited him to pretend that my coming, with a big load of presents for the Kiowas, had been foretold by a medicine-man.

"I was an Indian, Katzatoa said, and not white, as I had always thought myself! Well, I was tied up at night and watched closely until I under-

stood, and pretended to believe all that my new brother told me; and then I was treated exactly as a member of the tribe.

"By this time we had moved several days' journey to the Canadian River. I now had a gun to use and a pony to ride, and somehow the kindness of my captors, the genuine affection of my 'brother,' my admiration for him, his enormous size, his strength, speed and marvelous endurance, took hold of me, and I stayed on month after month. I knew that the Indians would go in as usual to the trading posts in the spring, and then, I finally concluded, I would part company with them.

"So the winter came and passed, and I had learned the Kiowa tongue, and had so drifted into Indian ways that I doubt if I would ever have left them off but for the frightful awakening of an Apache attack on our village.

"We'd spent weeks of spring weather fishing, hunting wild fowl, and lying about camp, growing careless, as Indians always do in a long spell of peace and quiet, when two or three hundred Apaches swooped upon our village.

"It was high noon of a warm day, and most of the Kiowas were lolling under their rolled-up tepees, or among the willows on the river-bank, when the rout came thundering out of the breaks less than a mile away.

"The hostiles were sighted and a yell raised the moment their dust hit the flats; and what was done in our village in the three minutes we had to spare was simply astounding.

"Some of our horses were picketed close by and some were penned in a willow corral, while a good bunch was in charge of herders on the other side of the river. I was sitting on the river-bank when the alarm was raised, and I ran for my gun and pony, as others were doing. And when I had reached Katzatoa's lodge, his mother, Mountain Woman, had already stripped the skins from the poles, and was rolling them, with her other effects, into bundles. On all sides the tepees had gone down in a magical fashion. In thirty seconds there stood only a village of pole skeletons!

"I snatched my gun and bridle and ran for my horse at the corral. By the time I had mounted, it seemed that every fighter in the village was astride his pony, and yelling to the women and children to get behind the river-bank.

"Katzatoa was not at hand at the moment. He had gone fishing a little way down the river. A glance showed me that the old woman had just returned to her lodge from dragging a bundle to the shelter of the bank, and was at work tying up another. I saw, too, that the cloud of hostiles was almost upon us.

"Their number was so great it seemed that annihilation awaited every one who had not a swift horse. Yet I couldn't run away from that old woman. She'd been as good to me as she could have been to an own son. I caught her pony, threw a rope round its neck and dashed out of the corral.

"The foremost Apaches were within fifty yards of us, and bullets and arrows were buzzing like a flight of yellow-jackets, when I came up with Mountain Woman, tugging at her bundle.

"I jumped from my pony, seized her about the waist, flung her up on her own animal and thrust its lariet into her hand. But 'twas no use; she slipped off on the other side and pounced upon her pack again.

"By this time we were in the thick of the fight. I saw the Kiowa woman lanced within ten paces, and even as my bullet drove through the chest of the savage who did it.

"In the next breath I could not distinguish securely friends from foes. On every hand Indians, naked to the waist, were driving at each other, spearing, hacking and clubbing, their faces distorted by tribal hate and the lust of fighting. Only as I recognized a man's horse could I hope to distinguish Kiowa from Apache; and there were so many cayuses looking alike that I dared fire upon no one. So I actually sat my horse in the midst of the melee, waiting to be attacked!

"The Apaches had mostly emptied their quivers in the first onset, and the fighting now was hand to hand, the savages using their lances, war-clubs, hatchets and clubbed guns. In the brief moment that I sat, I saw enough to note that the Kiowas were making a grand fight in defense of their women and children, and that most of these had gained the shelter of the river-bank.

"I had two or three shots left in my Colt when a bunch of seven Apaches rode at me in a body. These were young scalp-hunters, fighting for glory, holding together, killing and counting coups at big odds.

"I knocked over a pony and emptied a saddle for them, and then put the quirt to my mount. My horse was speedy, and I rode down the river, intending to swim across and ride round to the rear, where I might do something to assist in defense of the women and young ones.

"I should have left my pursuers behind very quickly, but two more of the enemy shot out of a dust-cloud in front of me, and came for me like rockets. My pony, in making a dodging turn, was struck on the knee by a lance, and we were piled in a heap.

"Three lances thrown at me instantly all hit my horse. My foot was caught under his flank, and as I tried to rise, the animal rolled partly on

me, throwing me upon my back.

"My last minute," was my thought. But for some seconds the lying horse, thrusting his hoofs over my body, parried the thrusts that were made at me. Then half a dozen of the braves jumped from their ponies and rushed at me, each eager to strike the first blow with tomahawk or coup-stick.

"Then, as I was ready to close my eyes on earth, there leaped among my enemies, whirling his war-club, Katzatoa. It would be difficult for me to describe what followed. I saw the giant standing above me, savagely attacked by eight or nine men; saw his club—simply a stave of wood that he had caught up in running toward the battle-field—whirling about his head like the spokes of a fly-wheel. Lances were snapped like pipe-stems. Two horses went down as their riders pressed upon this tremendous fighter. Three men had their skulls crushed in less time than it takes to tell it, and the others, discouraged, scurried away into the dust. Then Katzatoa rolled my horse off me and set me upon my feet, badly bruised and barely able to stand. Seeing my condition, he carried me to the riverside for shelter.

"By this time the Apaches, finding that Kiowa warriors were shooting their men from the shelter of willows and banks, began beating a retreat. They carried their dead and wounded off with them.

"When the dust of battle drove away, walling broke forth among the Kiowas. A score of their warriors and several women were among the dead. Katzatoa mourned, as a child of nature mourns, for his mother and sat for days fasting, with face in his hands and dust and ashes strewn upon his head.

"When his period was completed, and I had gained the use of my leg, I told him that I wished to go among my own people. That one savage fight had sickened me of Indian life. Katzatoa questioned me closely, and finding me determined, he said, 'Brother, you make me sad, but I have no one now to keep the lodge and cook for you. I will go with you as a guide to your steps.'

"And he did. His great size prevented fast travel on horseback, and so he ran at the side of my pony to a post on the Arkansas, one hundred and forty miles, in two days. His parting with me was affecting. Outside the gate of the fort he stood for a long time, looking at me in such a sorrowful, earnest way that I could hardly keep from tears. I was relieved when at last he turned, and without looking back, struck into a swinging trot which carried him swiftly away into his wilderness.—Youth's Companion.

DETECTIVE METHODS IN INDIA.

How Oriental Sherlock Holmeses Spot The Guilty.

A very old Indian detective trick played its part in the arrest of the Bengal youth Khurdrum Bose, who threw the bomb which killed Mrs. and Miss Kennedy at Mozufferpore.

He was seated in the railway station at Watal, some twenty miles from the scene of the crime and was eating a meal of rice, when two constables approached him. One of the constables noticed that the youth's saliva had ceased to flow, apparently through fright at the sudden appearance of the policemen, and that, in spite of his nonchalant air, he was unable to continue his meal. The constable toyed with his man for a while, and then, having his suspicions confirmed, seized him before he could fire the revolver with which he was trying to shoot himself. This system of detection, it is stated, is traditional among the Indian police.

A suspected person will be placed with others, and a native inspector will mutter some gibberish over an old four cornered rupee. Having thus worked upon the fears of his auditors, he will give each of them a handful of rice and instruct them to eat it as fast as they can. The guilty one, it is averred, will be unable to eat, and the strike of the salivary glands is regarded as furnishing a prima facie case for arrest.—Westminster Gazette.

Vicious California Blackbirds.

Thousands of savage blackbirds infest the city, and in some of the suburbs they are so bold and vicious that dogs are kept on the jump avoiding them, men on bicycles are sometimes chased for blocks and pedestrians pecked on the heads if they happen under trees where there are nests. The birds usually fight in pairs.

If a man with a very white hat comes along they swoop down, beat it with their wings and claw at it with the rage of wounded eagles. Frequently they aim their sharp beaks at the victim's eyes and he has difficulty in defending himself. The painful yelping of cornered canines attracts flocks of the birds and then the fur flies.—Los Angeles correspondent San Francisco Chronicle.

Double Entry.

The taxicabby chuckled audibly. "Feller just paid me \$2 for a \$1 ride," he said.

"Wunder he didn't look at the meter."

"Did look at it, but he was seel'n' double."

The form of the fish-hook has not been changed in 200 years, says a sporting authority. Neither has the form of fish lily, for that matter, comments the Omaha Bee.

Household Notes

COVER WITH LEMON JUICE.
Lemon juice squeezed over strawberries, with the addition of a little sugar, makes a very wholesome and refreshing dish. Peaches treated in the same manner are equally palatable, especially when bottled fruit is used.—New York Times.

MENDING LACE CURTAINS.
An easy method of mending a lace curtain in a hurry, until time can be spared for darning it, is to cut a piece of net as near a match to the curtain mesh as possible, dip in boiled starch and iron over the torn part until dry.—New York Times.

REMOVING MILK.
Glasses which have held milk should never be washed in warm water while the dregs of the milk still cling round the edges. If the glass is first rinsed out in cold water it can safely be washed in warm water.—New York Times.

LOOSENING GLASS STOPPERS.
There are several ways of doing this. Pour round the mouth of the bottle a little oil, and in an hour or two, if you cannot move the stopper, place the whole bottle in warm water, remove it, and gently tap the stopper on either side against glass and it will come out easily.—New York Times.

LET THE SUNSHINE IN.
What a great mistake a woman makes not to let the sunshine in! Does it profit her to gain brightness of her carpets when she is bound to have her children lose the brightness of their eyes and become pale and wan?

There is no comfort in a room that the sun does not shine in. It is something that should not be tolerated.

Many children become every day more dull and uninteresting through deprivation of the sunshine they require.

Have you ever placed a plant in a dark corner of the cellar and watched it daily turn whiter and whiter?

And can you expect your babies to thrive without the light that gives life.

Think on it. Don't keep the shades down to protect the carpet!—New York Press.

TO HAVE WHITE HANDS.
If the skin is naturally white very little care is required to preserve it. A good soap, aided by alcohol or two of oatmeal, may be used for a thorough cleansing of the hands twice a day, and if needful to still further cleanse them warm water—not hot—will do the necessary work.

Once a week they should be rubbed all over with a slice of lemon. If these exquisitely white hands are inclined to chap, camphor ice may be applied at night and white gloves worn to increase the softening effect.

Holes should always be cut in the palms of the gloves to allow ventilation. For distressingly red hands equal parts of glycerine, lemon juice and rose water may be applied nightly under gloves. Daily applications of lemon juice are sure to produce a whitening effect.

Tight sleeves and tight finger rings are a frequent source of red hands and the only remedy for this is to remove the irritating cause.—Family Doctor.

RECIPES.

Poor Man's Pudding.—Two cups of bread crumbs, 1 cup molasses, 1 cup milk, 1 teaspoonful soda, 1 egg, 3 tablespoonfuls flour, 1 cup raisins (str. in flour), clove and cinnamon (half teaspoonful each), little salt Steam 2 1/2 or 3 hours. Serve with whipped cream.

Marshmallow Pudding.—Half a pound of marshmallows; cut each in four pieces, stir into them a pint of canned pineapple; let stand over night. An hour or two before serving stir in a half pint of whipped cream. Put on ice until ready to serve.

Asparagus With Hollandaise Sauce.—Tie the trimmed asparagus into as many bunches as persons to serve. Cook the asparagus in boiling, salted water until tender (about twenty minutes). Have ready a slice of toast for each bunch of asparagus, also some Hollandaise sauce. Set the asparagus on the toast and pour the sauce over the tops.

Sea Foam Cake.—Two cups sugar, one cup butter, 3 1/2 cups flour, one cup sweet milk, two teaspoonfuls baking powder, eight eggs whites, one teaspoonful extract rose. Rub butter with sugar to a light cream; add milk and flour into which the baking powder has been thoroughly sifted; flavoring extract and whites of eggs. Bake in jelly tins, and put layers together with boiled icing.

Suet and Raisin Pudding.—Three and a half cups of flour, mixed with one cup of chopped suet and a teaspoonful salt; add a cup of molasses and a cup of milk and a teaspoonful of soda; beat well, add flour enough to make this like a good cake batter, and last put in a cup of suet raisins and, if you choose, a cup of nuts. Half fill a pudding mould, and steam three hours. Serve with foamy sauce.

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Ethel and Sam.

By JOSEPH VAN RAALTE.

It may be the shade and shape of those violet eyes of hers; it may be her soft, warm cheeks, or her laughing lips, or that provoking little nose, tip-tilted like the petal of a flower. Any one of these fascinating fragments it may be, or the indescribable combination of them all that makes her such an irresistible curly little bundle.

With fancy all aglow and off on a riotous theme, Sam sits with his mouth and eyes full of hair and his arms full of Ethel—and right then and there Fate catches up with him.

The brethren and kinsfolk of Sam plead with their gods for light to understand just what the young man sees in Ethel; and the kinsfolk and brethren of Ethel moodily wonder exactly what, under the crescent curve of the new moon, the young woman sees in that fellow Sam.

When the sisters of the young man say Ethel is "critical," they employ a subtle and euphonious mode of calling her thin; and when the cousins and the aunts of the young woman term Sam "interesting," they assume an oblique fashion of saying, "We're not sure, but we think he drinks."

The happy day arrives wherein the young man stands up and in a shaky voice promises never to forget to love the lady of his choice; while the relatives, friends and enemies assembled sit back signalling the message, "All right. You're happy now, you two, but—just wait!"

They wait.

The honeymoon slips by. One day Mr. Ethel discovers that by means of a little nature faking Mrs. Ethel can in two hours so arrange her hair that legitimately she may refer to her efforts as a coiffure. And about this time Mrs. Sam finds herself face to face with the distracting fact that Mr. Sam is not as fond of chocolate layer cake as he is of corned beef and cabbage.

Comes the readjustment.

Then they look at each other and they smile—a reflective smile—and they both reach the conclusion that it's a prosy old world, after all. But it isn't.—From Puck.

PAIN CAUSED BY IMAGINATION.
A German surgeon in the Franco-Russian War had occasion to lance an abscess for a poor fellow, and, as he sore was obstinate, it became necessary to use the knife twice. The operation was not a very painful one, but the patient declared that it had nearly killed him, and when a third resort to the lancet was proposed he protested that he could never go through the operation alive.

The surgeon promised to make it easy for him, and, calling up a few of the loungers, ordered one of them to hold his hands close over the patient's eyes and two others to grasp his hands firmly.

"This arrangement," explained the doctor, "is said to prevent pain in such an operation. Now lie perfectly quiet, and when I say 'Now!' prepare yourself."

The surgeon at once began quietly with his work, and in a short time had completed the operation without the least trouble, the patient lying as though in sleep.

When all was done the surgeon laid aside the knife and said, "Now!" Such a roar came from the lips of the sick man as seldom is heard from any human being. He struggled to free himself, yelling, "Oh, doctor, you're killing me!"

Shouts of laughter soon drowned his cries and he was told that the operation had been all over before the signal was given. It was a good joke, but it is doubtful if the poor fellow could ever be made to believe that he did not feel actual pain immediately after that fatal "Now!"—Tit-Bits.

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