

Mexican statistics for last year indicate that the United States furnished that republic with more than fifty per cent. of its imports and bought four-fifths of its exports.

In Indiana some of the teachers have organized themselves into a stock company. They hope to secure from the community more of professional recognition; to find suitable positions for their members; to provide books and magazines for the schoolroom; to secure to the teacher his full legal rights.

The latest development of mechanical psychology is the alleged discovery that the "geographical distribution" of hair and bald spots on the head makes of them so many signboards proclaiming their wearer's character, disposition, temperament and intellectual capacity or incapacity. Added to palmistry, phrenology, nose measuring and Lombroso's system, this thing is getting to be terrible.

Since the war with Spain, when the United States government adopted for the clothing for the American soldier in the tropics the fabric for many years in use by the British war department for a similar purpose, most of our citizens have become familiar with the word Khaki. But few probably are aware of its meaning. The word is of East Indian origin and means in Hindustani "dusty" or "earthy." The appropriateness of its application to the cloth in question is evident when the color of the fabric is taken into consideration.

History shows that the geologist, that charming individual who would dissect the earth as a surgeon dissects the body, has had his troubles. In Scotland he was looked on with suspicion by the game wardens and often arrested as a poacher. And in Australia, on the contrary, the aborigines considered them not poachers but game, and bagged stray geologists with glee. Even in Europe short-sighted chamois hunters sometimes blazed away at them as chamois, though fortunately without any serious accidents. But these days are past and the sacredness of the wandering geologist's person is assured.

It is an explanation somewhat amusing and obviously designed to soothe British pride, offered by a London journal, of the recent order of American locomotives for an English railway. This explanation is that the railway company is merely making an experiment to test the alleged superiority of our traction engines. It is curious that a theory so palpably absurd should be advanced with apparent seriousness. English corporations do not expend thousands of dollars in experiments. This railway company has made this purchase, not from idle curiosity, but because of the ascertained fact that it can procure better locomotives at less cost and in less time in America than in England.

The Illinois Legislature passed during its recent session a law requiring the state entomologist to inspect all Illinois nurseries once each year, and in all cases where these are found free from dangerous insects, and fungus disease to issue certificates to this effect upon payment by nurserymen of the actual expense of inspection. The sale or shipment of nursery stock without such certificate of inspection will be illegal after July 1. By the same law the entomologist is required to disinfect at the expense of appropriations made for the purpose, all Illinois orchards now infested by the San Jose scale. The office of the state entomologist, which has been by common consent of the parties concerned, located at the University of Illinois since 1884, is now permanently established there by law.

An English magazine complains that machinery has not helped the writer, while it has helped every other kind of man. The writer still has laboriously to grind out his thoughts by the pen or pencil, or at best by the typewriter, which is only one remove from them. The manufacturer turns out his millions of articles where he formerly turned out his tens, and his wealth is increased in tremendous degree. The manufacturer stands in his office, and almost beneath his eyes the raw material is turned into the finished product by the magic of machinery. "The ideal method of composition," says the English magazine, "would be the use of some machine into which the operator could talk and have his spoken word reproduced at once on paper as the written word; but, unfortunately, like printing photographs in colors, each succeeding advance and discovery in the world of invention seems to make this hope more and more improbable."

A finer example of heroic courage and devotion was never seen than that given by Ensign Monaghan in standing by his wounded comrade, Lieutenant Lansdale, and deliberately sacrificing a certainty of escape from the Samoan rebels.

Wireless telegraphy may prove embarrassing as well as helpful in time of war. Marconi's message from the Dover coast to a French dispatch boat in the English channel shows what spies might do in sending shore news to a naval enemy. As the wireless messages can be sent by night as well as by day it might be impossible to prevent communication between shore and ship.

Existing conditions speak for themselves. Russia has about a million men under arms in times of peace. Her expenditures outstrip her receipts, but war department demands are invariably complied with. Germany and France will have nothing but a military maximum and England launches three new battleships for every ironclad sent into the water by a rival power. That is to say, the outlook is anything but peaceful.

The output of pig iron in the world in 1898 was five times that of 1850—that is, 35,000,000 tons, against 7,000,000. It was three times that of 1870 and twice that of 1880. These are the figures of the London Statist. Of the world product last year of 35,000,000 tons the United States produced one-third. Our output in 1898 was more than twice the production of the world in any year prior to 1850, and exceeded the world's output in any year prior to 1870.

The imagination of the general public has been so excited and indeed so beguiled by recent discoveries, especially in the field of electricity, that any one who poses as a scientific man can make the most absurd statements with the expectation of being believed. It must be irritating to the patient, hard-working, scientific experimenter to see his good work neglected, and the laws of science absolutely ignored, while the newspapers print and the people swallow stories which mainly illustrate the profligate use of the scientific imagination, says the Christian Register.

The annual report of the Royal Literary Fund of London goes to show that misfortune is impartial as to class when she goes visiting men of letters. During the past year \$9525 was distributed as relief amongst twenty-seven authors on whom calamities and poverty had fallen. The little band of unfortunate scribes included historians, biographers, writers on science and art, authors of classical and educational treatises, novelists, poets and dramatists. One would think that in a list of this kind the poets would predominate, but it is not so. Grouped with the dramatists—of course names are not given—the number to receive relief was only three. The idea. Only three starving poets (and dramatists) in all London!

The tide of immigration is now at its flood, and it shows a great rush to our shores. The return of people after the war with Spain is probably responsible in part for the increased immigration. To the European peasant war means industrial depression and doubt about getting work. In 1860 the number of immigrants was 150,237; but in 1861, when the civil war broke out, it dropped to 89,724 and in 1862 it was 89,007. Then the war became less prohibitive, and in 1863 174,524 immigrants arrived and 193,195 the following year. In 1865 the number rose to 247,453, and by 1869 it had become 352,768. The delayed immigration of 1861 and 1862 no doubt swelled the volume of subsequent years, as the postponements of last year may swell the numbers now.

When Oliver Wendell Holmes was asked at what age we should be taught the art of wise living, he promptly answered, "Two hundred years before we are born." The truth of this is so obvious that its gainsaying is impossible, says the Argonaut. Two hundred years would mean about six generations. The implanting of a hereditary tendency to right living would produce, in a single generation, both an improved physical condition to serve as a sound basis upon which moral competency might be based, and an upward moral tendency besides. These tendencies, if kept active and virile through six generations, with a proper regard for a wise admixture of bloods, would produce such a race as the world has never known. The sixth generation would have learned its lesson in right living two hundred years before it was born.

# THE SNAKE BUFFALO HORSE.

## Boyhood Exploit of Montana Pioneer.

In the spring of 1864 some Indians from the great camp of the Blackfeet came to Fort Benton, Montana, for the purpose of renewing their supply of powder and ball. They reported the camp as situated on the Judith river, where game was unusually plenty, and said that the chiefs had decided to move in to the fort as soon as the women could finish tanning the winter's take of buffalo hides. The greatest piece of news they had to tell was about a buffalo horse they had captured during a battle with the Snake Indians. Never before had any of the people seen an animal so beautiful, swift and well trained. So great were its powers of endurance that its owner, Owl's Head, had killed 23 buffalo in a single run. Without the guidance of a guide it would swerve to the right or left, go here or there according to the swaying of the rider's body or the pressure of his knee.

In those days, when the only commerce of the country was the fur trade, a good buffalo runner was the most desirable and useful piece of property a man could own. The voyageurs and other employes of the great trading company, therefore, listened with great interest to the stories these Indians had to tell about the horse, and each one determined to try to buy it. But had they only known it, they would not have wasted their time figuring on their chances. Major Steel, one of the partners of the firm, had himself determined to buy the animal. Not that he had any special need for it, but he loved to ride out on the plains with his men whenever his duties would permit a short absence from the fort, and when he did go he rode the best horse to be found in the land. He said nothing of his intentions, however, and bided his time.

One morning the people of the fort saw a long column of horsemen stringing down from the prairie into the wide flat across the river. It was the advance guard, the chiefs, head warriors and medicine men of the Blackfeet, and hurried preparations were made to receive them with the pomp and show so dear to the Indian's heart. As the head of the column rode slowly down to the river and across the ford the cannon and howitzers in the bastion began to thunder a welcome, to which the Indians replied by firing their guns and singing a song of war and triumph. Every one of them was decked out in all his war finery of embroidered buckskin, ermine fringe and fluttering plumes, and they presented an imposing sight as they rode their prancing horses up to the fort and dismounted at the gates. The heavy portals swung open, and the agent, Major Steel, himself, wearing a blue uniform and sword, stepped forth to greet them. After shaking hands with the whole party he invited them to the council room, where the great stone pipe was filled, lighted and passed from hand to hand around the circle, each in turn taking a few whiffs of the smoke. The agent and the chiefs meanwhile exchanged the news of the day. The Indians told of the prominent members of their tribe who had died of illness or who had fallen in battle during the winter; of the successes of their people against the enemy; of the large number of buffalo robes and pelts of beaver and wolf they had brought to trade for the white man's goods.

An hour elapsed, and the big pipe had been refilled many times. At last the women of the fort appeared, bringing in huge kettles of boiled meat and sugar and tea, pans of stewed dried apples and hard bread. Here was luxury indeed! Meat was almost the sole food of the Indians—and the whites, too—in those times; a feast comprising sugared tea, hard bread and dried apples was something to be talked about and remembered for many a day to come. The kettles and pans were soon emptied, and then the pipe was again lighted, and during the general talk which followed the agent asked Owl's Head for his buffalo horse. The Indian flatly refused to part with it for any consideration whatever, saying that he had risked his life in battle to capture it and that he loved the animal as he did his children. Major Steel, therefore, said no more on the subject, and presently the Indians, having each received a present of tobacco, went out and remounting their horses rode back across the river, where during their visit at the fort the great camp had moved in. Four hundred lodges now dotted the plain which had been desolate a few hours before. Thousands of horses were being driven to water or out on the hills to graze. From each lodge arose the smoke of the newly lighted fires. Hundreds of children played and yelled along the shore of the river; women gossiped and laughed with one another; dogs barked, horses neighed.

Early the next morning the great trade began and lasted for a number of days. The warehouses were emptied of the goods they contained and refilled with robes and skins. The women strutted about in new gowns of bright-hued calico. Every one had a new blanket. The men bought new guns, saddles, belts and knives; every one was happy.

One day, much to Major Steel's surprise, Owl's Head entered his office and handing him the end of a lariat said: "Mo-yok ko-tas." (Here's your horse.)

The agent went to the door and sure enough found that the end of the lariat was fast to the most beautiful horse he had ever laid eyes on. Black as a

coal, strong limbed and deep chested, with small head and delicately pointed ears, its neck arching gracefully as it pranced about restlessly at the end of the rawhide rope. It was the perfect embodiment of a swift and finely bred animal. It surely was of no Indian breed. The Snakes, from whom the Blackfeet had taken it, had, undoubtedly, got it in turn from some of the white settlements far to the south and east, or, perhaps, captured it from some luckless emigrant on the overland trail. The major, however, only glanced at the animal, for he did not wish to show the Indian how pleased he was. Ordering a passing employe to take the horse to the stables, he told Owl's Head to accompany him to the trade room, where he gave him various articles of merchandise far exceeding in value any price which had ever been paid for a horse in that country.

The corrals and stables had been built just outside of the fort and were commanded by the cannon in two of the great bastions. Here the horses owned by the company were shut up every night. During the day time they were sent out on the prairie to graze in charge of a herder, who at this time was a boy of 14 years named Joseph Kipp, now one of the prominent citizens and cattlemen of Montana. When Joe came in with the herd that evening the major sent for him and said:

"Well, my boy, I've finally bought that Snake horse. We'll call him Snake. Now, I want you to take him out with the herd daily and watch him closely until he has made friends with the other horses. Ride him occasionally, enough to keep him in good trim, for I'm going to have a buffalo hunt before long. Be careful, now, and see that you don't lose him, for without question he is the best bred animal this side of the Mississippi river, and I value him highly."

"Yes, sir," said Joe. "I'll watch him as you say. No danger of his getting away from me."

About two weeks after this conversation took place the herder corralled the horses one evening and then entered the major's office with a most dejected air.

"Snake's gone," he said shortly and with a suspicion of a sob in his voice.

"Why, Joe?" exclaimed the major, "how were you so careless as to lose him?"

"I didn't lose him, and I wasn't careless; he's been stolen." Then the boy broke down; but the major spoke to him kindly, and after a little he told him what had happened.

At noon he had driven the herd to the Teton, a small stream three miles north of the fort and given them ample time to drink while he ate his luncheon; he had then driven them back on the bench land to graze. It was a warm day, and along in the afternoon, becoming very thirsty, he rode back to the Teton for another drink of water. He was gone from the herd perhaps 20 minutes or half an hour, and on his return he immediately missed Snake. Scanning the country with his telescope he saw the horse, ridden by an Indian, just as they were disappearing in the breaks of the Missouri several miles east of the fort.

The major, of course, was greatly disappointed at losing his valuable horse, but he was a kind and just man, and after comforting the boy the best he knew how he sent him to his own quarters for supper.

Nearly all the employes of the trading company were married to Blackfeet women, and hardly a day passed but some of the relatives of their wives visited the fort. Through some of these visitors it was soon learned that Owl's Head himself had stolen Snake. After the big trade the camp had moved back south a few miles to the Shonkin, where wood and grass were more abundant, and the buffalo horse was running with the Indians' herd. But that didn't help matters much. There was no such thing as law. Within the walls of the fort the trading company was supreme. Beyond the range of the canon and howitzers the Indians ruled the land; might was right. Also it was the policy of the traders never to quarrel with the Indians. Perhaps the major soon forgot his loss; he had great affairs to keep his mind busy; but it was different with the boy Joe. During the short time he had kept Snake in his charge he had learned to love the beautiful animal and longed to regain possession of it. Then again the taunts of old Four Bears, a great gossip, who was always riding back and forth between the camp and the fort, fairly set him wild. The old fellow brought almost daily reports of the number of buffalo Owl's Head was killing with the aid of his swift horse.

"Such a horse! Never was anything seen to compare with it. What power of endurance, what speed, what sagacity that wonderful horse has!" With a malicious leer he would say to Joe: "Ah, boy, you ought to see that horse. If once you saw him I know you would want to own him."

This was too much for Joe, and, his heart almost bursting with indignation and injured pride, he would rush from the room out into the cool night air lest he should be tempted to strike the old Indian dead where he sat. One evening Four Bears was more tantalizing than ever in his stories of the wonderful horse, and when, as usual, he drove Joe from the room, the boy went straight to the major's office and asked to be excused from herding for

a day or two, saying that he was not feeling very well; he did not dare to say what he really wanted a holiday for, as he feared a refusal. Of course the major granted his request, and Joe left the office with a lighter heart than he had had for many a day. First he went to notify a man the major had designated to take the herd out in the morning, and then he repaired to the quarters of old Baptiste Rondin, the company's hunter, to consult with him about his plan, which was no less than the stealing of Snake out of the Blackfeet camp. The old voyageur entered into his scheme with enthusiasm, and bidding his wife prepare a small sack of food and fill a canteen of water for the boy he began to plan the proper course to pursue, Joe listening with the closest attention. When everything was in readiness the two slipped out of the fort through the small gate, hurried down to the shore of the river, where a skiff was tied, and in a few minutes Joe was safely landed on the opposite side.

There is a sense of location, of direction, possessed by all true plainsmen, at once undefinable and inexplicable. Joe had been told where the camp was located and had often passed the place in times gone by; so now, as if by instinct, in the darkest of nights, without guide or landmark, he traversed the six or seven miles of rolling prairie between the two streams and in the course of a couple of hours found himself overlooking the great camp, which was pitched by the creek in the valley below him. The lodges, illuminated by the fires within, were plainly seen through the intense darkness. He could hear the beating of tom-toms and singing where a party of young men were practising a war dance; the sounds of laughter and scraps of conversation floated up to him plainly through the heavy night air; innumerable dogs barked and yelped in answer to the howling of the wolves skulking about the neighboring hills.

Joe well knew that somewhere in the great camp Snake was tied close to the doorway of Owl's Head's lodge; he also knew that it would be certain death for him to attempt to enter the camp while the people were still up and awake. Equally hopeless would be the task of finding the lodge and the horse after the people had retired and the light of their fires died out; in the thick darkness one horse could scarcely be distinguished from another. His best chance, as the old voyageur had predicted, was to follow Owl's Head's tactics and, watching his opportunity, steal the horse from the herd as they grazed about on the hills during the day. Having made up his mind to do this, Joe crawled into a thick patch of cherry and service berry brush he had stumbled against and, hoping he was not intruding in the haunt of some rattlesnake, curled himself up for a sleep with one hand resting on his rifle, ready for any emergency.

When the boy awoke it was broad daylight, and, peering through the bushes, he saw the horses stringing out to both sides of the valley as the early rising women unfastened their tethers and turned them loose. Taking his telescope from its case, he carefully adjusted it and closely examined the horses already grazing out from the camp; then he looked among those still tethered in the village. His heart leaped as he discovered Snake tied by the doorway of a red-painted lodge. A woman came out, untied the lariat, and, with long, graceful leaps, the beautiful animal hastened to join its mates on the other side of the stream. Joe watched them sadly as they moved up the side of the hill, stopping for a bite here and there as they went, for his chance to steal the horse that day was gone; he could not possibly cross the valley without being discovered. He cut some of the brush in the center of the patch and interlaced it in that standing about him to screen more effectually his hiding place and then ate a little of the food he had brought along.

The sun crept along slowly. The sun crept up in the sky and beat down on him unmercifully. The canteen of water was most precious now, and he drank of it sparingly. All day long he lay there in the stifling heat, and it seemed as if night would never come. People came and went over the hills in all directions, often passing close to the patch of brush. Once a couple of men came and sat right at the edge of it and conversed for a long time. Joe scarcely dared to breathe for fear they would hear him, and he gave a great sigh of relief when they finally arose and went down the hill to the camp. At noon all the horses were driven in from the prairie to water, and at sundown they were again driven in, watered and tied up about the lodges for the night. With his telescope Joe saw Owl's Head himself catch Snake and after petting it and stroking its glossy neck tie the animal close to the doorway of the lodge. The boy now knew just where the horse was to be found. Time and again he had mapped out the route from his hiding place to the lodge—down the hill to the west end of the camp, then three lodges to the left, and from there it was the second one toward the creek. When it was quite dark he went down to the creek, some distance above the camp, drank long and deep of the cool water and bathed his face and head. The lodges were astir with life and light, and it seemed as if the people would never tire of their dancing, gambling and story telling, and go to bed. Finally, however, the lights of the fires died out, one by one, until all that part of the camp about Owl's Head's lodge was dark and silent. Further away a big dance was still going on, but Joe could wait no longer.

Going to the edge of the camp he moved as slowly and cautiously as a panther toward the lodge. He trembled a little, and there was a choking sensation in his throat as he strove to

distinguish each dimly seen object in front of and about him. He was afraid, sorely afraid and scared, as any man would have been entering the camp of a hostile people in the dead of night. But he would not give way to his feelings and retire, and at last he stood in front of Owl's Head's lodge and put his hand on Snake's satin-coated side. There was no mistake; no Indian horse ever wore such fine, smooth hair as that. With trembling hands he placed his lariat around the horse's neck and then took out his knife to cut the other one which tethered him; just then his rifle slipped from his grasp, and the iron-plated butt struck a stone with a metallic clink. How his heart seemed to stop at the sound! But now the rawhide thong was cut, and dropping the knife Joe leaped on Snake's back with a mighty bound. At the same instant there was a blinding flash of light from the doorway of the lodge, a deafening report and the ugly whiz of a ball singing through space. Snake leaped so suddenly at the flash of the gun that Joe was bounced far back on his rump, nearly falling off; but he quickly regained his seat, and together they went flying out over the flat and up the hill, urged on by the shots and yells from the awakened camp.

Long before morning the people of the fort were aroused by the sounds of yelling and pounding at the gate. With guns and lanterns the men rushed out to learn what the trouble might be. A well known voice called out to open the gate, and when the great door swung back Joe, proud and smiling, rode Snake into the yard. The voyageurs shouted with joy at the sight, rushed up and grasped his hands, asking questions faster than he could answer them. As he slid down from the horse's back, the major came up and patting him on the shoulder said: "Well done, my boy; well done. From this day you shall be a voyageur."

—New York Sun.

### QUAINT AND CURIOUS.

A strange clock was made during the last century for a French nobleman. The dial was horizontal, and the figures, being hollow, were filled with different sweets or spices. Thus, running his finger along the hand, by tasting, the owner could tell the hour without a light.

In Japan most of the horses are shod with straw. Even the clumsiest of cart horses wear straw shoes, which, in their cases, are tied round the ankle with straw rope, and are made of the ordinary rice straw, braided so as to form a sole for the foot about half an inch thick. These soles cost about one cent a pair.

A woman out bicycling lost a jeweled scarf-pin, which she much valued. She did not miss it till the end of her journey, and as she had ridden twenty miles the prospect of finding it seemed small. She, however, gave notice of her loss to the police. On her return journey, when about a mile from home, she punctured the tire of her machine, and on dismounting to discover the cause found the pin sticking in the tire.

William Decker of Shepard, Ind., an eccentric individual who had been an infidel for many years, was buried a few days ago. Two years ago Decker had his coffin built, and, according to his wishes, he was buried in his front yard. The coffin was painted a bright red. On a headstone at the head of the grave was inscribed: "Here lies the body of William Decker, who always paid 100 cents on the dollar." The funeral services were conducted by an attorney instead of a minister.

The most expensive material ever produced for a dress is said to have been purchased by the German Empress last year from Lyons. It was white silk brocade, having flowers, birds and foliage in relief, and cost \$125 a yard, the actual value of the raw silk, it is said, being \$100. The empress was so struck with its beauty that she had not the heart to cut it up, and it was eventually turned into curtains. The price paid for this material is about double as much as the famous cloth of gold that Louis XIV had made into a dressing gown.

A shell-fish known as the pianna in the Mediterranean has the curious power of spinning a viscid silk which is made in Sicily into a regular fabric. This silk is spun by the shell fish in the first place for the purpose of attaching itself to the rocks. It is able to guide the delicate filaments to the proper place and then glue them fast, and if they are cut away it can reproduce them. The material when gathered—which is done at low tide—is washed in soap and water, dried and straightened, one pound of the coarse filament yielding three ounces of the fine thread, which, when spun, is of a lovely burnished golden-brown color.

### Charitable Spaniards.

Foreign residents of Spanish cities are amazed to find that the relentless butchers of Moriscos, Lucayans, Netherlands, and Cuban insurgents seem to be the most charitable people on earth. The famished citizens of Cadiz and Havana shared their pittance with still poorer wretches. Without a poor-tax, Spanish communities of 50,000 self-supporters feed a pauper population of 5000 to 7000. Public hospitals are thronged with ministers of mercy. Nor should we shrink from the confession that in the land of Torquemada, minors are treated far more kindly than in Puritanical Great Britain. There are Spanish towns where Charles Lamb's Antocrat of the Grammar-school, child-torturing Boyer, would have been torn by a raging mob. —Felix L. Oswald, in the Arena.