

Convention honors will of course lead Kansas City and Philadelphia to have their own opinion about other cities which arrogantly assume to be metropolises.

The gross earnings of 178 railroads in 1899 were \$1,210,490,466, which shows an increase over 1898 of \$114,562,936, or nearly 10-1-2 per cent. In this calculation 163,000 miles are represented out of a total about 191,000.

The last words of a man who was hanged in Canada the other day were, "Good-bye, gentlemen. I hope you will all learn to pray, so that you can meet me in heaven." It never occurred to the magnificent egotist that perhaps the gentlemen would like to go to heaven for some other purpose.

The Philadelphia Record alluding to the great destructive forest fires in the state of Washington, says: "Such preventable destruction should go on from year to year, so that in the dry season the smoke from the burning wood darkens the sky along the whole Oregon and Washington coast, without energetic effort on the part of the state and federal government to stop it, furnishes a sad proof of in-providence."

The newest industry in the West is the making of Indian relics. A man who lives in a thriving town not far from Kansas City, a blacksmith by trade, makes quantities of tomahawks and sells them to Indians at western agencies, and they in turn sell them to eastern tourists as curiosities. He makes them by hand, from old gun barrels. The man was formerly a government blacksmith at one of the big agencies and learned the secret of his profitable traffic there.

The Bohemians and Poles who come to the United States to find work as laborers have gathered together in little colonies, where they live after a makeshift fashion. The largest settlement is at Williamsbridge, N. Y., which is convenient to the improvements that are continually being made on the outskirts of the city. There are hundreds of shanties there; and, for the most part, men are only tenants, for the Bohemians leave their women-folk at home, that they may move, unhampered by family ties from place to place.

The price of \$91,000 paid for Flying Fox at a public sale of the Duke of Westminster's racehorses in England is said to be unexampled in the history of the turf. Such a price at a time when the bicycle and automobile have reduced the usefulness of the horse and even suggested its elimination, is suggestive of the enhanced luxury of fine breeds. That may explain the high price of Flying Fox, whose racing days cannot last much longer. As winner of the De by and St. Leger he had the highest honors of the turf, but even among Derby winners he was almost peerless. Still, in this case the price was paid for peligrée more than speed.

"A grateful public," says The Drug Gists' Circular, "will put its hand deep into its pocket for erecting a monument to the man or woman who will devise some way or means of remedying the clothes mangling evil. We have laws prohibiting the use of citric acid in lemonade or soda water, and that acid is made from lemon juice, and in the small proportions used in beverages is quite harmless. Why not have a law against the use of chemicals on clothes. If a man steals a shirt he is sent to the penitentiary for a year or so. If he destroys its usefulness and returns the remains he lies out of responsibility and chuckles in his sleeve at the helplessness of his victim."

Utilizing the wind as a stump-puller is an Oregon innovation. It was the idea of the farmer at the state penitentiary, whose task was to clear the fir-timber from a sixteen-acre tract. He was given the winter in which to clear six acres, but with the aid of the wind he cleared the whole tract in six weeks, although the timber was of a dense growth, the fir measuring from one foot to four in diameter. The winds in that quarter blow strong from the south in the winter. The farmer put his men at work on the north side of the fir-trees, and then cut the surface-roots of the trees that were to be felled. These preparations were made during the first day, and then the men went home and slept while the wind did the rest. During the night a strong south wind blew the trees down, and they in falling across the logs pulled-up the tap-roots. The next day the men sawed up the fallen trees, burned the brush, and laid their logs for another lot of trees. They proceeded in this way until the whole grove had disappeared.

Europe may object to American fruit and American meat. But there is as usual no objection to American money.

Kaiser William is evidently no more of a success as a playwright than he is as a painter, for the first presentation of his "Iron Tooth" was hissed, although he was one of the audience.

Not many years ago it was considered a wonderful achievement for 10 men to manufacture 48,000 pins in a day. Now three men turn out 7,500,000 pins in the same time, and this does not include the hatpins either.

Consul Ridgely reports to the state department that certain music dealers in Geneva operate their music stores on the plan of a circulating library. Subscribers may take from three to 12 pieces of music at a time, and may change as often as they please. Subscribers are held responsible for damages done to the music beyond ordinary wear and tear.

We have all heard the story of the customer at the drug store who asked for trading coupons with a purchase of postage stamps, but the Kansas City Journal goes this one better. It says that in Topeka candidates for municipal and county offices gave trading stamps with their announcements. The first to do this was a candidate for probate judge and others quickly followed suit.

It has long been predicted on the Continent that a substantial increase of England's military resources would sooner or later become inevitable. It would seem that England is now realizing the prediction. Already measures are being discussed with a view to formulating an organization which will take the place of the present military system, whose inefficiency has been so strikingly demonstrated.

The Theatre Francaise, at Paris, which was burned the other day, was in reality a national institution of France, with centuries of venerated traditions clustered around it. Its support was one of the concerns of the state, and the maintenance of the great company of players attached to it—the "Comedie Francaise"—enlisted the earnest efforts of both influential public officials and liberal private citizens. The company will soon be un-nosed anew; but Paris will long miss the century old edifice, with its many-columned porticos, which through three generations had been the inspiration of dramatic art in the world's art centre.

The rapid growth of cities is one of the most serious problems the sociologist has to face, thinks the Christian Register. Late in the history of the world has come the hope of doing good to people by simply awakening their preceptious to duty, rendering them a little less numb and indifferent to the pleasures of the eye, the new conceptions that come with this widening of the realm of soul, this opening of the closed shell of the brain and heart to vision, to fancy, to admiration and love. How sad the picture of an ever-increasing concentration and crowding of human beings in towns, dwarfed and stunted more in mind and body, accentuating the coarse, callous, indifferent urban type of unfortunates and criminals, increasing and multiplying to fill our almshouses, prisons, and idiot asylums!

So much has been done in recent years to promote the convenience of all classes of riders and drivers that it is a pleasure to read a decision which asserts, negatively, at least the relative importance and rights of the man who walks. Bicycle-paths have been built for the bicyclist, speedways for the drivers, bridle-paths for riders, and trolley-cars roam almost at will through the cities and over some of the fairest stretches of country roads. Meantime the man on foot has been finding himself more and more crowded in the city; and in the country he has continued to stub his way through mud and dust or over stones and gravel, asking and getting no special privileges. Now comes a bicyclist, in the person of a Syracuse girl, and asks the courts to declare that the city must give the bicyclist a better sidewalk than it gives the pedestrian. She claimed that a depression in a sidewalk in Syracuse caused her to fall from her wheel. She sued and got a verdict for \$300. The trial court charged that the city was bound to furnish "a reasonably safe sidewalk for the purposes intended, that is, bicycle-riding." The appellate division of the supreme court has set aside this judgment on the ground that the city was bound merely to provide for the bicyclist "a walk reasonably safe" for a pedestrian.

O singers of cities and dreamers of delis,
Hear the bells! Hear the bells!
They are ringing no requiems, chanting no
knells
On the starred heights of Hope where the
melody swells:
Overearth's sighing, prayers, tears and fare-
wells,
Hear the bells! Hear the bells!

O singers supreme! In the thrill of the dream
Hear the bells! Hear the bells!
On the heights shine the lights with un-
waving beam:
The song's in the sighing, the deed's in the
dream:
Love reads you his litanies: Singers su-
preme,
Hear the bells! Hear the bells!
—Frank L. Stanton.

THE STORY OF A LANCE HEAD.

Romance of a Spaniard Who Dwelt Among the Blackfeet.

It was a cloudless day in August, many years ago. The sun beat down unmercifully upon a hot, dry plain, where the Blackfeet were encamped. It was so hot that even the keenest hunters had not the energy to mount their runners and ride forth to the chase.

Under one of the raised lodge skins an Indian trader reclined upon a couch of robes, lazily smoking. The people of the lodge were out gossiping, all but an old, old man, who, like the trader, was thoughtfully smoking. He had been blind for many a year; his thin hair was white. Not the white of the aged Anglo-Saxons, but a yellowish, tawny white. His skin was streaked and furrowed and wrinkled with age; his form bent and withered; he was the oldest of his tribe, and had seen nearly a hundred winters come and go on these northern plains. His thin, low voice broke in upon the trader's reverie.

"White man," he said, "are you still here?"

"Yes," the trader replied. "Yes, I am here; what can I do for Hollow Horn?"

"Hand me my medicine sack; the large one which is hanging up. I will show you something, and then tell you a story. This day reminds me of a journey I once took to the south, where every day was like this, only hotter."

The trader arose and handed him the painted and fringed cylinder of rawhide. Hollow Horn deftly opened it and began to draw forth various packages and parcels, until he found the one he was seeking, which he tossed across the lodge.

"Look at that," he said.

The trader unwrapped its covering of buckskin and found that it was a long, slender lance head of gray steel; stamped on the socket were the words: "Antonio Perez, Sevilla, 1728."

"Why," he exclaimed, "it's a Spanish lance head and very old. Where did you get it?"

"I will tell you," the Indian replied. "It is a long story and a very strange one; but strange things happen. Perhaps we should not say that anything is strange, for is it not all ordered by the gods?"

Then he told the story of the Spaniard who long dwelt with the tribe and of his vengeance on the brother who drove him from civilization out among the Indians; a story such as is seldom met with outside of books of romance, but one which might even now be corroborated by records or traditions in some old Spanish settlement in the southwest.

"Long ago," he said, "when I was a youth, we were hunting one summer along the Yellowstone. One evening, when the sun had nearly set, the people saw something coming toward the camp, and at first they could not make out what it was, but after a little they saw it was a man, limping along very slowly by the aid of a staff. Some of the young men were for rushing out and killing him; but my father, the chief, forbade them.

"Let him come," he said; "he can do us no harm. We will find out who he is and maybe learn news."

"So everyone stood and waited, and the man came on, very slowly and painfully, nearer and nearer. He came to where we all stood watching, and the people drew back this way and that, leaving my father to face him. Indeed all were afraid, and many of the women and children ran away, for never had such a man been seen before. He was naked except for a long, ragged shirt he wore; his long, thick black hair, his beard and mustache, were matted like a bull's full of grass and burrs. His eyes were wild and rolled like those of a wounded wolf when it is brought to bay. He was thin; so thin and lean that the bones seemed ready to burst through the skin; his feet were sore and bleeding; a wound in the thigh dripped blood down his leg. He did not appear to see us, but kept limping on, shaking his head, looking wildly this way and that, and muttering to himself.

"Where are you going?" asked my father, stepping up and placing a hand on his shoulder. The stranger gave a shriek, and fell senseless to the ground.

"It was many days before he recovered, and it was nearly a year before he learned to speak. He said he came from the far south, where the weather was always warm, where all kinds of berries and things grew the year round, where snow never was seen, except on the tops of the highest mountains. His people were white men, but of another race than the trappers we had seen. His father had died, leaving him and his brother large square lodges made of stone, and great riches of various kinds. This brother had always been very mean and cruel, and as soon as the father died he began to plan to get all that the old man left. One night the great chief of that country came to the lodge of the brothers for a feast, and on his way home some men sprang out of the bushes by the trail and would have killed him but for the warriors who were with him. Then the bad brother went to the great chief and said: 'I

know who did this wrong; it was my brother and six of his friends and relations.'

"The chief's warriors seized them all, threw them into a strong stone lodge and told them to pray, for when the sun rose the next morning they would be shot. But there were those who knew the bad brother had lied and pitied them; in the middle of the night these good friends let the prisoners out, gave them fast horses, weapons, food and robes and sent them away.

"Day after day, moon after moon, they rode over to the north. One night they camped by a deep, swift stream. Some of the prairie people must have seen and followed them, for as they sat about the fire toasting some meat the air was suddenly filled with arrows, and all of the stranger's companions fell over with scarcely a cry or a struggle. He, too, was hit, deep in the thigh, but pulled the arrow out, and with one jump went over the high bank into the rushing stream. He floated and swam a long way with the current and then, crawling out on the shore, started to cross the valley out to the rolling plain. When he left this stream the next morning he traveled two days without finding water or anything to eat, and then he must have gone crazy, for the next thing he knew he was in our lodge.

"Well, when he had told his story, my father asked him what he intended to do; if he would return to his country, or remain with us. He said that he could never go back, much as he wished to, for the great chief would kill him; so he would stay with us as long as he lived. That pleased my father; he gave him my sister for a wife, a lodge, rich clothing, good weapons and many horses. We named him Spai-yu, which is the word for his tribe of white men.

"So the years went on, and I grew up to be a tall, strong young man. One day we were riding together ahead of the great camp, which was moving from the Belt mountains to the big falls on the Missouri, when he said to me:

"Brother, something is continually pulling at my heart to return to my country. Not to stay, but just to punish that bad brother of mine. I have tried hard to resist this, for the sake of my wife, but I can do so no longer. I must go. Will you take the trail with me?"

"Of course I would, and 400 warriors came with us. We traveled very slowly, as we had a long way to go, and wished to keep our horses always strong and fat. Sometimes we camped two or three days at a time, where game was plentiful and the grass good, hunting while our animals rested. After following up the Mountain Sheep river, we kept on south along the foot of the great range, and after some days crossed over on a trail used by the tribes of that country, and again traveled to the south. There the country was not so open, and many little ranges of mountains barred our path. After many days we came again to great open plains where the buffalo were plentiful, but the country was dry, and we often suffered for water. One day we saw in the distance what looked like a great flat rock, upon which people were moving about, and Spai-yu told us it was made of mud by the people who lived in it. As we rode nearer, those of the strange builders who were not around on the plain climbed up sticks to the top of the walls, and then pulled up the sticks. Often, too, we passed great herds of beautiful, large, strong horses, and we hated to leave them; but Spai-yu had promised all we could drive away of those belonging to him and his brother, and we did in all things as he wished us to. At last, one evening, we came to a low ridge covered with trees, and he told us to camp, for on the other side of it, in a broad, open valley, was his home. By many a camp fire on the way we had planned just what should be done, and now, as we lay in the brush, without fire or shelter, we talked it all over for the last time.

"With the first light of morning we saddled up and rode to the top of the ridge, where, looking out through the trees, we saw the great stone lodge, surrounded by a beautiful grove. On all sides of it were wide fields, where many things were planted. A little further up the valley were many low, wooden lodges, where lived the people who worked these fields; they were Indians, and no great fighters, we had been told. Still further away we could see the hillsides covered with horses, and our hearts were glad. Presently the people came out of their lodges and went to work.

"Now, my friends," said Spai-yu, "we will charge; remember what I have so often told you: No women are to be killed; you will know my brother by his light red hair, and must not touch him; leave him to me."

"The next instant we were off; quietly at first, but as the nearer workers saw us and ran for their lodges, we gave the war cry and rode like the wind. Many of the people gained the lodges before we did, and from doors and windows fired at us. A few fell; the rest of us pushed on, jumped

from our horses and rushed in; the larger part of our band had gone to the upper lodges, and I was with Spai-yu and the rest before the stone lodge. A lot of men were in front of the great doors, and at their head I saw the red-haired one; they all had guns and pistols and were shooting at us. It was but for a second, though, and then the most of them lay dead where they had stood, and we rushed inside after the few who fled. The red-haired one ran into a great room at the left, Spai-yu and I at his heels. He ran to a couch, grasped a sword, and turned on us, making a lunge at my friend. Spai-yu said something and struck the sword with his war club so that it flew away to a distant corner, and at the same time the bad man recognized his brother, fell on his knees, and I knew that he was praying for his life. I looked at Spai-yu; he was smiling like a little child, which was his way when very angry. All the rest of the men in the lodge had now been killed by our companions, who came crowding around us. I had killed two myself; from one of whom I took this lance—it had a good staff then—and from the other I got a fine gun.

"The brother on his knees continued to talk in a frightened and piteous tone, and finally Spai-yu turned to me and said:

"Brother, just look at him; see what a coward he is; what shall I do with him?"

"Kill him, of course," we all shouted.

"Spai-yu put his hand to his chin and stood a long time silent, while still the brother begged.

"No," he said at last, "I will not kill him; if I did my vengeance would be all over, and I would have no great pleasure in it. I wish it to last a long, long time. I want to see him suffer. Tie him strongly; we will take him back with us."

"When we had done so our leader bade us take everything we could find that we cared for, and others he sent up the valley to drive in the great herds of horses. We got great plunder from the stone lodge and from the dwellings of the workers. There were many fine things, so that all had a share; guns, powder and ball, rich cloths and clothing, cups, and many strange articles. Only a few of the Indians were killed, for Spai-yu had ordered us to spare them if they yielded; but all of the bad brother's friends lay dead and scalped. There were also many beautiful women there, clothed in thin, white dresses. Spai-yu talked very loudly to them as they stood frightened and crying in a corner, and presently when the horses came thundering down the valley, trampling the fields of growing things flat to the ground, he ordered them out, bade us put the wicked one on a horse, and then set fire to the great lodge; the walls could not burn, but everything inside made a fine big blaze. Then we all caught fresh horses and started back on the long journey homeward, driving the great herds before us, many of them packed with rich plunder. And when we came to a place where a friend of the bad brother lived, we attacked it and got still more plunder and more horses. After a little we had more animals than we could drive and had to let some go. So we traveled on, on, to the north over the trail we had come, never stopping even to bother the people of the mud lodges, for we had everything we wanted and were hurrying to get home.

"Every night about the camp fire Spai-yu had his brother sit before him, and he talked bad words to him, laughing pleasantly all the time. And the bad one said nothing in reply. He got very thin and would eat but little, and we saw by his face that he suffered in his heart.

"At last we came to the Yellowstone. It was now winter, and we had passed there on our way south early in the spring. The river was frozen over, and we were crossing on the ice, having made a dirt trail over it from bank to bank. Nearly all had crossed, when all at once the ice gave way, and men and horses were plunged into the cold water, among them the bad brother, who was tied to his animal. We rushed to the place, but ere we reached it the swift current drew them under, and we never saw them again. Our people, though, easily swam to the edge of the hole and were pulled out.

"It is better so," said Spai-yu. "After all, I could not forget that the same mother bore us both, and I could not have killed him. Indeed, I had concluded to let him go when spring comes, giving him a chance to make his way back to the southern land."

"In a few more days we came to the camp of our people on the Missouri, and there was great rejoicing over our return. What became of Spai-yu? He lived with us many a year, and then came the traders building forts along the river; his wife died about that time, and he went to live with them. One day the Sioux attacked a fort where he was stopping and he was killed in the fight."—New York Sun.

The Gondola Out of Date. According to a recent dispatch from Venice the day of the gondola is rapidly drawing to a close. An electric launch, which is one of a type of which a large number has been ordered, is now plying on the canals of that city. These craft are to be run for passenger traffic, subject to the approval of the local authorities. The pioneer launch carries 50 passengers, is 56 feet long and 10 feet wide. It is equipped with 100 accumulators and its mean speed will vary from seven to nine miles an hour. It will be interesting to note whether these electrically propelled launches will be able to compete commercially with the gondolier.

Berlin has 14 persons whose annual income exceeds \$250,000.

The rough and picturesque school and church at Point Barrow, Alaska, has unusual interest from the fact that it stands on the most northern portion of land on the American continent, and marks the end of civilization in the Arctic region. The site was selected by the United States Bureau of Education for a school, the funds for the establishment of which were contributed by Mrs. Elliott F. Shepard, of New York City, who founded similar missions at Sitka and other points in the Territory. This station, next to Uppernavik, Greenland, is the most northern mission in the world. It is securely built of huge logs, having double walls to secure against the intense Arctic cold.

The teachers at Point Barrow are completely isolated from the outside world. Once a year the curtain is lifted and they receive their annual supplies, letters, papers, etc., and



ESKIMO MISSION SCHOOL AT POINT BARROW, ALASKA, ON THE MOST NORTHERN PORTION OF LAND IN THE ARCTIC REGION.

When it shuts down and they are closed in for another twelve months.

The teachers announce that they never had more quickly intelligent pupils than these wild Eskimos of the North. At the beginning of the school year only a few could count ten in a blundering fashion, and nine-tenths of the pupils knew no English whatsoever. At the close of the first school year they could count up to 1000, write and read simple English words, and knew a little of geography.

Natal a Healthy Country. While Natal is considered a healthy country, it experiences considerable changes in its climate, which is not unlike, in general conditions, the climate of Italy, especially that of the northern part.

Winter and summer are the only two seasons which are known to Natal, the summer beginning in October and ending in March, when the winter season begins. As usual, in tropical and sub-tropical countries, the summer is the rainy season, and in some parts, Durban, for instance, the rainfall is about forty inches, the average number of days on which rain falls being 125.

During December and January the heat on the coast is intense. Inland, and in the higher regions, the frequent thunder storms afford relief to a great extent. Severe hail storms are also common and invariably do a great deal of damage. But of all unpleasant things the hot, withering winds which for days at a time blow from the north are the most disagreeable. Almost without fail they end in a thunder storm. With all these drawbacks, however, the country is healthy. This is shown by the fact that last year's death rate in Durban was a very low one, considerably less than two per cent.

Milk Fifty Cents a Quart. An Australian farmer has brought fifty cows from his country to Manilla, and, although the cost of transporting them was twice their value in Australia, he is making a good thing out of them. He gets fifty cents a quart for the milk, and can not supply the demand. The first reserve United States hospital pays him two thousand dollars in gold a month for milk. The cows are the first cattle in the Philippines, aside from the native water buffalo.

Substitute For the Checkrein. An ingenious arrangement to be used instead of the checkrein, which is so bitterly opposed by friends of the horse, is shown in the accompanying picture.

A Canadian is the inventor of this



NEW DEVICE TO BE USED IN LIEU OF CHECKREIN.

humanitarian device whose object is to prop the horse's head up rather than to forcibly hold it back as the checkrein does.

The substitute consists of two tubular rigid supports, which telescope one over the other, and which are rigidly fastened to the collar and the bit or bridle. Geared in this way, the horse is at liberty to stretch his neck in any direction he may desire, but the most comfortable position is that in which the head is held erect.