

Indian Women Fond of Fine Raiment and Costly Jewels



There are well-dressed Indian women as well as American women. It does not matter whether the red woman has her dresses trimmed and made up in latest styles, because the cost is there—any money counts.

Many women of the Kiowa, Comanche, Arapahoe and Ponca tribes have dresses costing from \$750 to \$1500 apiece. Some of these expensive dresses are shown in the photographs. Other women wear jewelry worth from \$600 to \$5000. And all this among the full-bloods, too. The half-breeds are even more lavish in buying swill clothes and jewels.

The swill costumes of these women are mostly made from tanned buffalo hides. The leather is soft and durable. It is made up into a comfortable-fitting skirt and loose waist. These dresses alone cost very little—not any more than a good silk dress. But the trimmings cost. Not less than a hundred elk teeth adorn the bosom of the dress and sometimes 200. These can be sold at from \$2 to \$10 each. Then a row of gold beads must go around the bottom and a string of pearl beads should adorn every swell belt. With other additions of elk teeth, pearls and oyster shells the dress soon becomes valuable.

The Ponca women are eager for jewelry, and most of them have bought so much that they are now good judges of gold and precious stones. Rubies and opals are their favorites.

FALCONRY REVIVED

The Sport Which the Smart Set Has Taken Up.

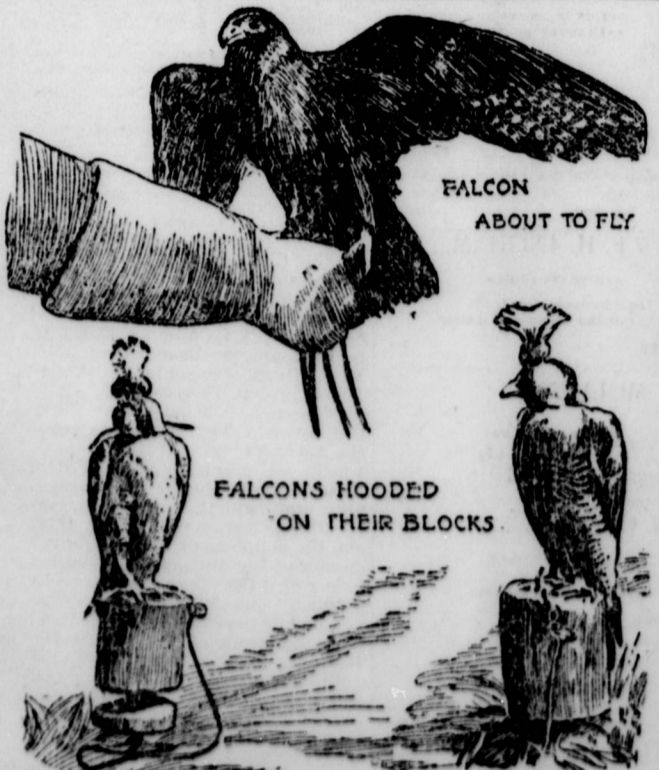
NOT polo, or tennis, or golf, or fox hunting or yachting or horse racing—none of these is the most "swagger" of all sports just now, but the noble and ancient sport of falconry. After being a sport which was in England more popular even than fox hunting, falconry died out and was forgotten. Now it has been revived again, and before long it may cross the ocean and we may have the hen yards of Long Island endangered by circling jerralfcons, peregrines, goshawks or sparrow hawks. But no kestrels, and you would be of true and good form, for by the laws passed by William the Conqueror, Edward III., Henry VIII. and good Queen Bess, the kestrel is the hawk assigned by law to a knave or servant, while to royalty belonged the jerralfcon, to the nobility the peregrine, to the yeoman the goshawk and to a priest the sparrow hawk. In England now most falconers hunt with the peregrine, always a popular hawk there, and one which is getting more and more rare along the British coast. It builds its nest in some almost inaccessible niche of a rocky cliff, and an expert and bold climber is required to scale the eyrie and take the young for training. If hawking becomes popular in this country it will be rather hard on the person who has just learned to say mashie, cleek, fore, tee, brassey, etc., to have to go to work and burn the midnight gas learning all the terms of falconry, from coping, crabbing, crance, crop, down to wait on, weathering and yarak. One term of falconry we have with us to this day in rather common use but misapplied. That is the word mew. In England and in this country one sometimes sees a lane of private stables called a mew, such as Washington Mews, just north of Washington

used to be called her "mew." Hence a row of such buildings were "mews." Hawks, not horses, belong in "mews." The training of falcons is an art re-

FALCON UNHOODED, READY FOR THE FIELD.



quiring judgment and patience. Their education begins when they are nearly ready to fly. The young hawks are brought to their future home and turned loose in a shed open in front, but roofed in against bad weather and with sides and a back to it. Blocks of wood are pegged into the ground. These blocks serve the birds for roosts and for dining tables. On these blocks the falconer places the food for the young birds, consisting of fresh meat, dead rabbits or birds. The hawks soon learn to fly and in a short time can be seen soaring above their home and swooping over the surrounding country. Although before long they can fly many miles, they always return at feeding time. This is the most



FALCONS HOODED ON THEIR BLOCKS.

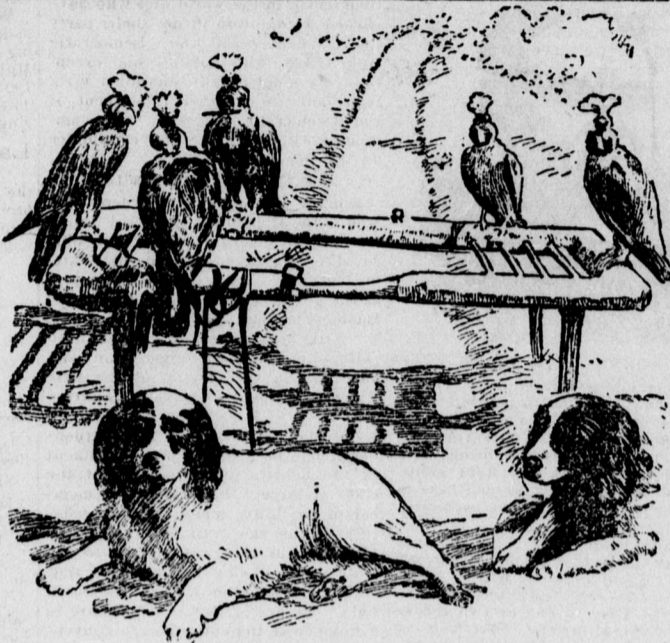
square in this city. When a hawk moults she is said in the "patter" of the sport of falconry to "mew" and the place where she was put to moult

is called her "mew." He must know just when to stop these excursions for his young hawks, for if he gives them liberty too long the

natural instincts of the bird will assert themselves and she will stoop to some natural quarry, such as pheasant or a pigeon. If she begins to do this she will feel her strength and gradually desert her home and go foraging for herself. Another danger when the young hawks are flying free is that they may be shot by some gamekeeper, who takes the bird for a wild falcon. To obviate such an unhappy ending, bells are attached to the hawk's legs which, by their warning sound, give notice to the gamekeeper that the hawk is from a neighbor's falconry. Before the falconer learns to forage for herself the falconer snares his bird and hoods her, that is, places over her head a cap of leather to blind her. Then the hawk is secured by a leather thong to the peg which holds to the ground its feeding block and roost, and the second part of its education begins. The falconer takes the birds out separately and ex-

can be bought in this country and trained if the sport of hawking ever crosses the ocean, and it is likely to.—New York Press.

Government Contract With Indians.
The Crow Indians of Montana, who raise a great deal of wheat, have entered into a contract with the United States Government to supply the Cheyenne Indians with flour. They have constructed a system of irrigation for their farms, and have a good flour mill at the agency, while they are building another at a distant part of the reservation. They have sold much farm produce annually for several years to buyers in the country round, and many cattle and horses. They are rich in farms and flocks and herds, but this is the first time a Government contract or a railway contract was ever let to an Indian—at least to a "blanket Indian" of the mountains.



FIELD-CADGE, WITH FALCONS AND SPANIELS.

ercises them. A long string is tied to the jess (a leather strip about eight inches long which always remains around the falcon's leg) and the bird is encouraged to fly in circles over the falconer's head. When she gets to circling around pretty lively a piece of meat, or a dead pigeon is thrown to the ground, and, as the hawk has not been fed, she stoops to it.

The falconer is constantly with his hawks, handling them and dissipating their natural fear of man, and every effort is made to get them accustomed to the presence of strangers. This is called "manning" a hawk.

Finally the education of the hawk is so far advanced that she is tried afield. The hawk, being in the field, unhoods the falcon, which is sitting on the gantleted glove he wears on his left hand slips the leash from the jess, gives the bird a toss, and away she soars in widening circles until she



"CASTING" A FALCON AFTER A PART-RIDGE.

spies the quarry, when she swoops down upon it and kills it. A piece of meat is given to the bird as a reward, and she is taken up and hooded again. When several hawks are taken out for field work they are carried on a wooden frame called a "cadge" until the falconer gets ready to fly them. A falconer after a successful day will bring back home a bag of pheasants, hares, rabbits, quails, partridges, etc., which will repay him for the trouble he has had in training his falcons, even if the sport itself did not—which it does.

In North Africa falconry has been for a vast number of years a favorite sport. Ancient Egyptian carvings seem to show that it existed in the days of the Pharaohs. At this day the Bedouins fly their falcons and go following them over the sandy plains of Tunis and Tripoli on their fleet horses. The reintroduction of falconry as a sport into Europe has been so successful that international meetings are now held. In a recent contest of falcons at Spa, Belgium, several prizes were taken by the hawks belonging to C. E. Radclyffe, an Englishman, who devoted much time to the sport. His hawks are especially well trained, and were much admired at the meeting in Belgium. He has the advantage of an open country around his home at Wareham, in Dorset, so that when game is flushed the falcons have a fair chance of striking their quarry. It should be observed that it is the female hawk which is employed in falconry. Falcons are found in almost all parts of the world, and peregrines

Electric Cartridges.
An Italian electrician has invented an electric cartridge, which he offers as a substitute for dynamite and smokeless powder in mines, rock blasting and for heavy ordnance. The composition used in the cartridge is made up of carbonates of potash and chloride of ammonia, the proportion varying according to the use. The discharge is effected by an electric spark, which produces electrolytic effects upon the chemicals. The inventor claims that the cartridges, until subjected to the effect of electricity, are entirely inoffensive and perfectly safe, so that there will be no necessity for isolating the magazines where they are stored.—London Commercial Intelligence.

STUDY IN SALT.

Extracted From the Oceans and Rolled Into a Big Bale.

The London Daily Express says: Roughly speaking, if you take the salt out of sea water you deprive it of a thirtieth of its weight. On this basis one-thirtieth of the entire weight of all the sea water in the world is salt, and as salt and water bulk about the same we may estimate also that, by bulk, one-thirtieth of the huge mass of the oceans is pure salt. What does this bring us to?

Taking the 120 odd million square miles of the five oceans to average a mile and a half deep, we have in them alone 200 million cubic miles of salt water. A thirtieth of this should give us the bulk of the salt contained in the great waters of the globe.

Rounding the figures we get something like seven million cubic miles of salt. If it were all taken out and spread over the surface of the six continents they would be covered with the snowy powder to a depth of twice the height of St. Paul's. To put it another way, if all the earth were salt water there would be enough of the flavoring principle in it to make two moons of solid salt but very little smaller than our present satellite.



THE SALT IN THE OCEANS.

But these comparisons are almost too huge for handling; let us take something smaller. The rolling waters of the English Channel are familiar to all Londoners. How much salt is there in them? Close upon a hundred cubic miles. Made into a convenient block and swung over the metropolis by a giant derrick it would grind London to the dust.

A Feminine Artifice.

When a girl lends a book to a man to read she always marks the things in it that she thinks look the dearest.—New York Press.

DR. TALMAGE'S SERMON.

SUNDAY'S DISCOURSE BY THE NOTED DIVINE.

Subject: The Garden of the King—Christ the Founder and Gardener—The Flowers and Fruits of Religious Devotion—The Beauty of Right Living.

(Copyright 1904.)
WASHINGTON, D. C.—This sermon Dr. Talmage sends from a halting place in his journey through the valleys of Switzerland. It seems to have been prepared amid the bloom and aroma of a garden midsummer. The text is Song of Solomon v. 1. "I am come into my garden."

The Bible is a great poem. We have in it faultless rhythm and bold imagery and startling metaphors and rapid and lyric and sweet pastoral and instructive narrative and devotional psalm; thoughts expressed in style more solemn than that of Montgomery, more bold than that of Milton, more terrible than that of Dryden, more natural than that of Wordsworth, more impassioned than that of Pollok, more tender than that of Cowper, more weird than that of Spenser. This great poem brings all the gems of the earth into its coronet, and it weaves the flames of judgment into its garlands and pours eternal harmonies into its rhythm. Everything this book touches it makes beautiful, from the plain stones of the summer thrashing floor to the daughters of Nahor filling the troughs for the camels; from the fish pools of Heshbon up to the palmist praising God with diapason of storm and whirlwind, and Job's imagery of Orion, Arcturus and the Pleiades.

My text leads us into a scene of summer redolence. The world has had a great many beautiful gardens. Charlemagne added to the glory of his empire by decreeing that they be established all through the realm—deciding even the names of the flowers to be planted there. Henry IV., at Montpeier, established gardens of bewitching beauty and luxuriance, gathering into them Alpine, Pyrenean and French plants. One of the sweetest spots on earth was the garden of Shenstone, the poet. His writings have made but little impression on the world, but his garden, "The Leasowes," will be immortal. To the natural advantages of the place was brought the perfection of art. Arbor and terrace and slope and rustic temple and reservoir and urn and fountain here had their crowning. Oak and yew and hazel put forth their richest foliage. There was no life more diligent than those of those gardens, you see, Shenstone, and all that diligence and genius he brought to the adornment of that one treasured spot. He gave £300 for it; he sold it for £17,000. And yet I am to tell you to-day of a richer garden than any I have mentioned. It is the garden spoken of in my text, the garden of the church, which belongs to Christ, for my text says so. He bought it, He planted it, He owns it, and He shall have it.

Walter Scott, in his outlay at Abbotsford, ruined his fortune, and now, in the crime of those gardens, you see, almost think or imagine that you see the blood of that old man's broken heart. The payment of the last £100,000 sacrificed him. But I have to tell you that Christ's love and Christ's death were the outlay of this beautiful garden of the church, of which no soldier's spear was, Oh how many sighs and tears and pangs and agonies! Tell me, ye women who saw Him hang! Tell me, ye executioners who lifted Him and let Him down! Tell me, thou sun that didst hide! ye rocks that hid Christ's love and Christ's death, and give Himself for it. If the garden of the church belongs to Christ, certainly He has a right to walk in it. Come, then, O blessed Jesus, to-day; walk up and down these aisles, and pluck what Thou wilt of sweetness for Thyself.

The church, in my text, is appropriately compared to a garden, because it is a place of choice flowers, of select fruits and of thorough irrigation. That would be a strange garden in which there were no flowers. If nowhere there were flowers, the garden would be almost like the gateway. The homeliest taste will dictate something, if it be only the old-fashioned hollyhock or dahlia or daffodil, but if there be larger means, then you will find the Mexican cactus and blazing azalea, and clustering oleander. Well, now, Christ comes to His garden, and plants there some of the brightest spirits that ever flowered upon the world. Some of them are violets, inconspicuous, but sweet as heaven. You have to search and find them. You do not see them very often, perhaps, but you find where they have been by the brightened face of the invalid and the sprig of geranium on the stand and the new window curtains keeping out the glow of the sunlight. They are, perhaps, more like the ranunculus, creeping swiftly along amid the thorns and briars of life, giving kisses for stings, and many a man who has had in his way some great black rock of trouble has found that they have covered it all over with flowery jasmine running in and out amid the crevices.

These flowers in Christ's garden are not like the sunflower, gaily in the light, but wherever darkness hovers over a soul that needs to be comforted, there they stand, night blooming cereuses. But in Christ's garden there are plants that may be better compared to the Mexican cactus—thorns without, loveliness within; men with sharp points of character. They would almost every one that touches them. They are hard to handle. Men pronounce them nothing but thorns, but Christ loves them notwithstanding all their sharpnesses. Many a man has had a very hard ground to cultivate, and it has only been through severe trial he has raised even the smallest scrap of grace. A very harsh minister was talking to a very placid elder, and the placid elder said to the harsh minister: "Doctor, I do want you would control your temper." "Ah," said the minister to the elder, "I control more temper in five minutes than you do in five years." It is harder for some men to do right than for other men to do right. The grace that would elevate you to heaven might not keep your brother from knocking a man down. I had a friend who came to me and said, "I dare not join the church." I said, "Why?" "Oh," he said, "I have such a violent temper. Yesterday morning I was crossing very early at the Jersey City ferry, and I saw a milkman pour a large quantity of water into the milk can, and I said to him: 'I think that will do,' and he insulted me and I knocked him down. Do you think I ought to join the church?" Nevertheless, very same man who was so harsh in his behavior, loved Christ, a could not speak of sacred things without tears of emotion and affection. There was without, sweetness within—the best specimen of Mexican cactus I ever saw.

There are others planted in Christ's garden who are always radiant, always impressive—more like the roses of deep hue that we occasionally find, called "giants of battle," the Martin Luther, St. Paul, Chrysostom, Wycliffe, Lattimer and Sumner Rutherford. What in other men is a spark in them is a conflagration. When they sweat, they sweat great drops of blood. When they pray, their prayer takes fire. When they preach it is a Pentecost. When they fight, it is a martyrdom. You find a great many roses in the gardens, but only a few "giants of battle." Men say, "Why don't you have more of them in the church?" I say, "Why don't you have in the world more Humboldt and Wellington? God gives to some ten talents, to others one." Again, the church may be appropriately compared to a garden, because it is a place of fruits. That would be a strange garden which had in it no berries, no

plums or peaches or apricots. The coarsest fruits are planted in the orchard or they are set out on the sunny hillside, but the choicest fruits are kept in the garden. So in the world outside the church Christ has planted a great many beautiful things—patience, charity, generosity, integrity, but He intends the choicest fruits to be in the garden, and if they are not there, then shame on the church.

Religion is not mere lowering sentimentality. It is a practical, life giving, healthful fruit—not posies, but apples. "Oh," says somebody, "I don't see what the garden of the church has yielded." Where did your asylums come from, and your hospitals, and your institutions of mercy Christ planted every one of them. He planted them in His garden. When Christ gave sight to Bartimeus, He laid the cornerstone of every blind asylum that has ever been built. When Christ soothed the demoniac of Galilee, He laid the cornerstone of every lunatic asylum that has ever been established. When Christ said to the sick man, "Take up thy bed and walk," He laid the cornerstone of every hospital the world has ever seen. When Christ said, "I was in prison, and ye visited me," He laid the cornerstone of every prison reform association that has ever been organized. The church of Christ is a glorious garden, and it is full of fruit. I know there is some poor fruit in it. I know there are some weeds that ought to be cut down, the fence, I know there are some crab-apple trees that ought to be cut down. I know there are some wild grapes that ought to be uprooted. But are you going to destroy the whole garden because of a little gnarled fruit? You will find worms eaten leaves in Fontainebleau and insects that sting in the fairy groves of the Champs Elysees. You do not tear down and destroy the whole garden because there are a few specimens of gnarled fruit. I admit the women in the church who ought not to be there, but let us be frank and admit the fact that there are hundreds and thousands of glorious Christian men and women—holy, blessed, useful, consecrated and triumphant—there is no grander collection in all the earth than the collection of Christians. There are Christian men in every church whose religion is not a matter of psalm singing and churchgoing. To-morrow morning that religion will keep them just as consistent and consecrated in their worldly occupations as they ever kept them at the communion table. There are women with us to-day of a higher type of character than Mary of Bethany. They not only sit at the feet of Christ, but they go out into the kitchen to help Martha in her work, that she may sit there too. There is a woman who has a drunken husband, who has exhibited more faith and patience and courage than Ridley in the fire. He was consumed in twenty minutes. He has been a twenty years' martyrdom. Yonder is a man who has been fifteen years on his back, unable to feed himself, yet calm and peaceful as though he lay on one of the green banks of heaven, watching the oarsmen dip their paddles in the crystal river!

I have not told you of the better tree in this garden of the better fruit. It was planted just outside Jerusalem a good while ago. When that tree was planted, it was so spilt and bruised and barked men said nothing would ever grow upon it, but no sooner had that tree been planted than it budded and blossomed and fruited, and the soldiers' spears were only the clubs that struck down that fruit, and it fell into the lap of the nations, and the men began to pick it up and eat it, and they found in it an antidote to all thirst, to all poison, to all sin, to all death; the smallest cluster larger than the famous Eshcol, which two men carried on a staff between them. If the one apple in Eden killed the race, this one cluster of mercy shall restore.

Again, the church in my text is appropriately called a garden because it is thoroughly irrigated. No garden could prosper long without plenty of water. It has seemed as if Jesus Christ took the best. From many of your households the best one is gone. You know that she was too good for this world. She was the gentlest in her ways, the deepest in her affection, and when at last she was taken, you had no faith in medicines. You knew that the hour of parting had come, and when, through the rich grace of the Lord Jesus Christ, you surrendered that treasure you said, "Lord Jesus take it—it is the best we have, and take it. They are worthy." The others in the household may have been of grosser mold. She was of the finest.

The heaven of your little ones will not be fairly begun until you get there. All the kindnesses shown them by immortals will not make heaven for you. There they are, the radiant throngs that wait out from your homes. I throw a kiss to the sweet darlings. They are all well now in the palace. The crippled child has a sound foot now. A little lame child says, "Ma, will I be lame in heaven?" "No, my dear, you won't be lame in heaven." A little sick child says, "Ma, will I be sick in heaven?" "No, my dear, you won't be sick in heaven." A little blind child says, "Ma, will I be blind in heaven?" "No, my dear, you won't be blind in heaven. They are all there."

I notice that the fine gardens sometimes have high fences around them, and I cannot get in. It is so with a king's garden. The only glimpse you ever get of such a garden is when the king rides out in his splendid carriage.

It is not so with this garden; this King's garden. I throw wide open the gate and tell you all to come in. No monopoly in religion. Whoever will, may. Choose now between a desert and a garden. Many of you have tried the garden of this world's delight. You have found it has been a chagrin. See it was with Theodore Hook. He made all the world laugh. He makes us laugh now when we read his poems, but he could not make his own heart laugh. While in the midst of his festivities he confronted a looking glass, and he saw himself and said: "Here, that is true. I look just as I am, done up in body, mind and purse." So it was of Shenstone, of whose garden I told you at the beginning of my sermon. He sat down amid those bowers and said: "I have lost my road to happiness. I am angry and envious and frantic and dooming everything around me just as it becomes a madman to me."

O ye weary souls, come into Christ's garden to-day and pluck a little heart-ease! Christ is the only rest and the only pardon for a perturbed spirit. Do you not think your chance has almost come? You men and women who have been waiting year after year for some good opportunity in which to accept Christ, but have postponed it five, ten, twenty, thirty years—do you not feel as if now your hour of salvation had come? O man, what grudge hadst thou against thy poor soul that thou wilt not let it be saved?

Some years ago a vessel struck on the rocks. They had only one lifeboat. In that lifeboat the passengers and crew were getting ashore. The vessel had foundered and was sinking deeper and deeper, and that one boat could not take the passengers very swiftly. A little girl stood on the deck waiting for her turn to get into the boat. The boat came and went, came and went, but her turn did not seem to come. After awhile she could wait no longer, and she leaped on the tail-rail and then sprang into the sea, crying to the boatman: "Save me next, save me next." "Oh, how many have gone ashore into God's mercy, and yet you are clinging to the wreck of sin. Others have accepted the garden of Christ, but you are in peril. Why not this moment make a rush for heaven? Save me next, save me next! Hear ye and heaven and earth ring with the cry, 'save me next! save me next!' on the day of salvation! Now! Now!