

Chumming With An Apache

Never go chumming with an Apache. You smile at such strange advice? Well, I might have smiled at it once myself. But we are all creatures of circumstance, and I was a tenderfoot then, anyway. This is how I chummed it with my little Indian:

I was swinging my red-and-blue clubs under the pepper-tree at the back of the railroad station. This I did because I had a theory that exercise was good for a man living on a desert. The lazy Mexicans, and most of the Americans thereabouts, had no ruddy glow on their faces. They were all sallow. What I faced was a ruddy glow.

My red-and-blue clubs circled about very prettily that day, and the ruddy glow came; also a dripping epidermis and a big desire to sit down in the shade of the pepper-tree and blow tobacco smoke. The tree was a small one. When the station tank ran over, which was not often, its roots received a little moisture. So it grew, slowly.

As soon as I dropped my clubs a squeal of disgust went up from somewhere, and, as I turned about, I saw a small, brown head dart behind a cactus-lined rock.

I said nothing, but leaned back on my seat, pulled my sombrero down over my face, and shammed sleep, with one half-closed eye on the rock and the big cactus-shrubs. No use. You can not get an Apache out of his hole that way.

Next day, with my beautiful exercise theory still bristling in my brain, I turned quickly, while in the midst of my club-swinging, and saw the wide-open eyes and gaping mouth of the cunningest little savage I had ever beheld. He sprang about and fled behind the rock, but not too quickly for me to read "XXX Family Flour" in large red letters on his back. His one short garment was a cotton sack, with holes cut through it for his head and arms.

"Come, Tads," I cried, christening him in that fleeting second with a name that stuck to him all his life, "out of that!" And I jumped behind the rock, swinging an open hand that did not grasp the flour-sack, as I had intended it should.

Where was the wee savage? Like a lizard, he had darted from sight somewhere in that little patch of rocks and cactus, though there did not appear to be cover enough there to conceal a jack-rabbit.

"The spines must scratch him," I thought, as I looked at the prickly cactus; but I did not know then how Apaches put up with small irritations. Not wanting to give the boy unnecessary torture, I went back to my clubs. Throwing my eyes about again, I caught another fleeting glimpse of the brown head as it dodged behind the rock.

Tads must have been disappointed next day, for there was no club-swinging under the pepper-tree. The duties of telegraph agent lay too heavily upon the desert. I saw Tads steal away from his lair about two hours after my usual exercise time and walk down the sanddrifts with a dejected air, his one garment flapping in the hot wind.

A wild nature like his was proof against such snares as the toothsome confection, the golden orange, or the mealy peanut. I found that out by trial in the course of the next week. But an old jack-knife won him over. That was something his Apache mind could grasp. It was a greater delight to him than the red-and-blue clubs. Sworn friends from that day were Tads and I. His talk was a ridiculous mixture of English, Spanish and Apache, and his voice was very throaty. But I understood him. Indian-like, he said little. It was, therefore, easy to get along with him. He would sit for hours on a high stool, listening to the "tunk-tunk-tunk" of my sounder. The telegraph was an awful mystery to him at first, and it squelched his imagination; but he solved the problem at last. A man away off over the mountains spoke with his finger to me and I spoke back to him. That was his idea of it, and it was not such a bad one, either. The hummings of the wires overhead were the voices of people with poudrous fingers, but they were not of this world.

How the cowboys laughed when they saw Tads and me in the station. "That tenderfoot's a queer one," they said of me.

The despised Apache could not crawl into their hearts—no, not even if he were a six-year-old.

"He'll steal everything the tenderfoot's got," they pleasantly averred. But he did not.

When Tads left the station of an evening, his little brown feet pattered straight over the roads to the wickiups, a half-mile away. In time he wore a narrow trail over to the hunts.

"Pitty vell," was what Tads would grunt to me every day when he came shyly into the office and I greeted him with a friendly "How-de-do?" Then he would shrug his shoulders in a way that wrinkled the three X's into such bewildering folds that you could not have read them unless you had known what they were beforehand.

One day while he was meandering about the place, grunting quietly to himself, he upset one of my battery jars.

"Tads," I cried, angrily, for the desert's breath was hot upon me and was irritating enough, let alone spilled vitriol, "you're a little beast! Skip

out of here, or I'll take a stick to you!"

Then arose a great howl from Tads, and he kept on howling until an Apache woman came over the sands from the wickiups and gathered him up in her arms. She was his mother. She eyed me suspiciously and walked away with her highly demonstrative burden.

Of course I regretted my hot language and wanted the little beggar back again. It was so lonely here on the desert. The wires wailed so heart-brokenly, while the sun beat down so fiercely in the daytime and the coyotes yelled so dolefully at night. How he had crept into my heart, to be sure!

It was several days before we were on satisfactory terms again. Tads wanted to be a white man. He wanted to make "talk marks" on "pupper" with a feather—I sometimes used a quill pen, he remarked—and he wanted to speak with his finger. Well, I did manage to teach him a few letters from a railroad poster, and he learned to draw out "T-a-d-s" in a droll way. With perseverance that was really startling, I afterward took him in an uncertain way through a page or two of "Can you see the fat ox," and so on, wherefore his heart was glad.

"I'll be wite mans, heap sure," he declared in his bullfrog voice, after he had accomplished this wonderful feat.

Great distress racked Tads' soul on the fatal day when the wickiups were taken down and the tribe mounted its mustangs to go over the hills. The Apaches had to search all over the station to find Tads. At last, they hauled him forth from under my bunk, screaming like mad. Of no avail were his screams, of no avail was his cry: "Me yanter stay wid him! Me yanter be wite mans!"

Apache papas are unbending and Apache mammas are inexorable. Away they whisked Tads, leaving behind him a tenderfoot with a queer feeling in his throat.

"Well, the boy has the instincts of a white man," I said, for I was proud of what I fancied I had made of him, "and he'll be a shining light among those devilish people of his. If we had a few more like him to put among them, the Apache question would settle itself, and we could set our soldiers to hoeing corn."

Then I took up the restless life of a city man, and a big and busy railroad office claimed a good share of my attention for the next ten years. Yes, it was fully that long before I again set foot upon the desert. Our train stopped at the old station. How the pepper-tree had grown, to be sure. In its shade sat a cavalry sergeant with a half-dozen of his men about him, and in their midst were three Indian prisoners, who were being taken to the fort to be shot.

They were fierce-looking fellows, those three savages. There was one, the youngest, who was a perfect demon, the soldiers said.

"Killed three women and two babies down at Mustang Wash last Tuesday," said the sergeant to me; "just after one of them had given him his breakfast, too. He's a young one, not more than seventeen, I should say; but he's the worst red devil I ever saw."

Gazing at the boy captive, a strange feeling stole over me. The stolid face was oddly familiar.

"His name? Blessed if I know," said the sergeant; "what do you call yourself, young one?" he asked, giving him a not too delicate poke with the toe of his boot.

"Me? Why, my name's Tads!" grunted the boy.

"Talks pretty good English for a wild devil who has been over the Mexican border so long, doesn't he?" asked the sergeant, turning to me.

But I said nothing.—Frank Bailey Millard.

The Era of the Waterfalls.

One of the most notable things in the rapid march of mechanical science is the increasing use of waterfalls for the production of electric power. This is going on in all parts of the world, and has resulted in an enormous increase in the money value of the falls. Some one has estimated that Niagara Falls, as a producer of power, is worth \$1,000,000,000. Waterfalls are now driving tram-cars, lighting cities, running factories, irrigating farms and performing innumerable other services, often at a distance of many miles from the source of power. Italy, abounding with waterfalls on the slopes of the Alps and the Apennines, is among the leaders in this advance. In India it is proposed to derive 50,000 horse-power from the Dooch Sagar River, at a point where its waters descend about 2,500 feet.

Apple Trees in Tubs.

In Germany dwarf standard pear and apple trees about four feet tall and pyramidal in form are grown in small tubs for decoration. The trees bear from ten to thirty pears or apples which, when nourished with muriate of potash, are highly colored and effective both in the blossom and the fruit.

Looked Like a Fake.

Tommy—What did you think of the play "Julius Caesar," last night?
Billy—Oh, gee! It was a fake.
"Why so?"
"Cause, when they killed Julius Caesar and the curtain went down, he comes out and bows to the audience. He wasn't dead at all!"

"Old Moneybags is afraid that prince he bought for his daughter is a bogus one."
"Why so?"
"When it came to settling up he asked for the prince's debts, and the fellow told him he hadn't any."

THE MERE MAN'S VIEWPOINT

WILLIE AND SPRING

By BYRON WILLIAMS



GOING WADING.

WHEN told to write something on spring little Willie came to bat with this sentence: "Spring is the beautiful fishing time that comes right after ma makes us all take burdock and sassafras tea!"

I can remember with equal constancy of memory the bitterness of the spring medicine, but even this would have been forgiven mother if she had been reasonable about the time when a boy might with safety go barefoot.

Of course mother never could realize how hot shoes are in March, when the first call of the robin is heard and the lilac buds begin to swell in their vernal swaddings. It is not to be expected that a boy's mother can feel the rub-rub of that shoe upon the heel nor sense the persistent yearning to enjoy the greenling grass upon the sole of a bare foot.

Ma never has been a boy, and she cannot know that fish never bite before barefoot time, and yesterday Billy Hawkins caught a stoneroller and four bullheads up back of Bailey's mill.

Darn it, ma ought to have been a boy, that's all!

If she could see Willie look at his stewed feet every night in March and realize how that big toe just simply languished for a stone bruise or a bee sting her heart would go out to him; she would take chances on doctor bills and tell Willie to "shuck 'em" and go barefoot if he caught his death.

And when mother has given her consent Willie whoops away like a colt that has at last succeeded in jumping a six foot fence and run away into succulent pastures. The first few jumps are followed by a few "ohs" and "ahs," for Willie's feet are tender, and the bristles of the grass are sharp, but he is too happy to permit anything to stem the tide that flows on to glory, and off he shoots to join the gang.

And mother's troubles begin with that barefoot period, for every night before retiring Willie must wash his feet. Mother insists on this rigid rule and wonders why, with all her sternness, the sheets on Willie's bed soil so quickly.

When Willie comes back at night after tramping up the creek and down the creek in search of crabs for bait, across leagues and leagues of meadow land after snooting stars and through the cow paths of the neighborhood "hunting" fer gopher holes" he is tired naturally. Before mother or father realizes what has happened William is stretched out on the carpet or the sofa fast asleep.

Bedtime comes, and mother begins to awaken Willie. Have you ever tried to awaken a good healthy boy along about 9 o'clock in the evening? Have you ever tried to awaken a boy who has tramped and tramped, fished and fished and done the thousand and one things that a boy always does during the day? Have you, I say, ever tried to awaken this boy and get him to wash his feet and go to bed?

If you have and succeeded there is a reason why you are successful. There is a because why beyond the fact that you are a business man of prominence or a professional man of note. You are a general—a Napoleon. Willie is a tough problem. Why, when you take hold of him he falls in so many directions that you think of trying to carry sixty-five pounds of hot taffy in your arms and safely depositing it on the table at the candy pull.

If he awakens at all he is cross and irritable. He doesn't see any use in waking a fellow up to wash his feet, and he says so. Finally you or mother dips in and performs the ablutions, roundly berating him for his badness.

And the next night he wants to go out in the yard and drag his feet around in the dew wet grass. "Why, ma, it washes 'em fine!" he exclaims, and by way of proof sticks up a stained and battered foot, still wet with the dew of Aurora's still.

But mother doesn't seem to take kindly to the suggestion. In fact, William has tried this before, and the sheets bore mute evidence that somebody had been buncoed, possibly mother.

But it's away past barefoot time anyhow.

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Put Dynamite in His Pipe.

John B. Kone, of Chanceford township, near York, Pa., filled his pipe with tobacco which he had been carrying in his pocket.

In some manner he got a small cap of dynamite mixed with the weed and while he was smoking the pipe exploded. Part of his nose was blown off, his right eye was badly injured and his face was severely burned.

The Mississippi at St. Paul.

At St. Paul the Mississippi river is at its best as regards scenery. The approach to the city is made through stretches dotted with beautiful islands, and below this is a succession of bluffs that put the Hudson fallsides to shame. Above St. Paul and between it and Minneapolis the banks are magnificent with wooded high shores, broken in places by Minnehaha creek, where enters the river after tumbling over rocks, making Minnehaha falls. At another place it is entered by the Minnesota river. At the affluence of the rivers is situated Fort Snelling, the early Indian fort built in 1821, and now an army post. —Pittsburg Dispatch.

Seeks \$5000 Damages From Priest.

Because Rev. A. Varlaky, a Catholic priest, is alleged to have circulated slanderous reports about her, Miss Emily Krivda, of Bethlehem, Pa., began suit against him for \$5000 damages.

Penny Postage Near, Hitchcock Says.

Postmaster General Hitchcock is confident that "penny postage" is a probability of the near future as the result of reductions in the \$17,600,000 deficit.

Women Form "Wet" Club.

The Chilton club, Boston's newest woman's association, was granted a regular club license despite the protests of the W. C. T. U. Liquor will be served in the clubhouse to members and their friends.

The Material That Costs.

"Those old Greeks and Romans were lavish in their use of marbles for their buildings," said the tourist.

"Yes," replied the man who is doing business with an architect; "they probably couldn't afford lumber."—Washington Star.

Rich Girl Weds Chauffeur.

Miss Margaretta D. Hambleton, the daughter of Mrs. Frank S. Hambleton, and Owen Frank Monahan, twenty-one years of age, an automobile mechanic, were privately married in Baltimore.

The bride is twenty years of age. Her father, the late Frank S. Hambleton, was a prominent banker of Baltimore, and the family is of the highest social position. Mrs. Hambleton, the mother, was out of the city, and it is understood that she had no knowledge of her daughter's purpose.

The newly wedded pair left on an automobile trip through the south immediately after the ceremony.

Monahan, who is a college graduate, accompanied the Hambleton family to Europe three years ago as an expert chauffeur and was thus thrown much in Miss Hambleton's company.

It is understood that there were strong objections to the match on the part of the bride's family. Advantage was taken of the opportunity offered by the absence of the mother; a friend of the groom procured the necessary license, and soon after the ceremony was simply and quickly performed at the rectory of St. Philip's and St. James' Catholic church.

Find Woman's Body; Murder Suspected

The body of Mrs. Dora White, who, with her sister, Miss Alice Shores, disappeared from Annapolis, Md., April 5 last, was found floating in Spa creek, near that place.

The upper part of the body was badly bruised, and a coroner's jury, of which Mayor Strange is foreman, would not render a verdict, but adjourned until Tuesday to permit of a report by the county physician as to whether the bruises were received before or after Mrs. White fell or was thrown into the water.

The creek has been persistently searched since the woman's disappearance, but, aside from the finding of Miss Shore's hat in the water near a bridge where they were last seen, no trace of them was found until Sunday.

License to Drink.

Representative F. H. Knight, of Clarion county, Pa., is drafting a bill requiring every man or woman who desires to drink spirituous, malt or brewed liquors in Pennsylvania to take out an annual license at a cost of \$5.

Representative Knight figures that there are at least a million out of the state's nine million people who would want such a license and that therefore the revenue would be \$5,000,000 a year.

His bill would prohibit the issuance of licenses to habitual drunkards and would make it a misdemeanor to serve intoxicating drinks to any one who did not have a license.

Murder in Insane Asylum.

Tearing a leg from a table in a fit of insane rage, Adam Kuntzleman, an inmate of the insane department of the almshouse at Schuylkill Haven, Pa., struck John Polanis, another inmate, a terrific blow upon the head, injuring him so badly that he died almost instantly.

The madman then attacked his keepers, but they succeeded in overpowering him and rendering him helpless. Kuntzleman was a prisoner in the county jail until a few weeks ago, when he was removed to the almshouse upon the recommendations of two physicians appointed by the court to inquire into his sanity.

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Given 25 Years For Murder.

Clenny Ridgeway, colored, was given twenty-five years at hard labor in the penitentiary for the murder of Herbert Bibb, who was a former Camden, N. J., fireman, by Supreme Court Judge Garrison. On last Christmas eve Hibbs, returning from a store with a number of Christmas gifts under his arm, saw two colored men fighting at Seventh and Kaighn avenues. He called upon them to stop, whereupon Ridgeway turned upon him and cut his throat with a razor.

Lloyd, Puzzle Maker, Dies.

Sam Lloyd, the puzzle expert, whose problems have interested not alone the rising generation but others, died at his home in Brooklyn from a stroke of apoplexy. He was seventy years of age.

For many years Mr. Lloyd had been famous throughout the country for his popular problems for the amusement of newspaper and magazine readers. In this unique calling he built up a fortune that has been estimated at more than a million dollars.

Pays \$50,000 For a Bible.

Henry E. Huntington, son of the late Collis P. Huntington, paid \$50,000 for the famous Guttenberg Bible from the Robert Hoe collection in New York, which is almost double the price ever paid for a book in the history of book dealing. The purchase was made at the auction sale of the Hoe collection.

Blinded by Stove Polish.

Mrs. Irvin Eisenhauer, of Pottsville, Pa., was injured in her kitchen and rendered blind by an unusual explosion.

She was blacking the stove when the polish ignited. In the accompanying flash both eyes were filled with the burning polish, and her face and head were splashed with it. She is in a serious condition.

Blind Man Burned to Death.

Mrs. Hattie Fox and her blind husband perished when a store in which they lived in Asheville, N. C., was swept by flames.

GENERAL MARKETS

PHILADELPHIA — FLOUR weak; winter clear, \$3.25@3.50; city mills, fancy, \$5.25@5.75.

RYE FLOUR steady, at \$4.15@4.25 per barrel.

WHEAT quiet; No. 2 red, new, 91@92c.

CORN quiet; No. 2 yellow, 59@59½c.

OATS steady; No. 2 white, 39c; lower grades, 37½c.

POULTRY; Live steady; hens, 16½@17c.; old roosters, 11½@12c. Dressed firm; choice fowls, 17c.; old roosters, 12½c.

BUTTER steady; extra creamery, 24½c. per lb.

EGGS steady; selected, 20 @ 22c.; nearby, 18c.; western, 18c.

POTATOES firm; 65@70c. bushel.

Live Stock Markets.

PITTSBURG (Union Stock Yards)—CATTLE steady; choice, \$6.40@6.60; prime, \$6.15@6.40.

SHEEP slow; prime wethers, \$3.80@4; lambs, \$3@3.50; veal calves, \$6@6.50.

HOGS lower; prime heavies, \$6.25@6.30; mediums, \$6.50@6.55; heavy and light Yorkers and pigs, \$6.65@6.67½; roughs, \$5@5.50.

BLACKLEG.

Owners of livestock in Sullivan County whose cattle are exposed to the infection of blackleg or black-quarter may have their cattle vaccinated against this disease by the State Livestock Sanitary Board without cost to the owner of the cattle by complying with the following rules:—

1. An application for vaccination shall be filled out and mailed to Dr. C. J. Marshall, Secretary of the State Livestock Sanitary Board, Harrisburg, before May 1st, 1911.

2. The application shall contain the name and address of the owner of the cattle, a statement as to the location of the farm upon which the animals are kept and the number and kind of animals in the herd.

Vaccinations cannot be made at the expense of the State Livestock Sanitary Board upon application received after May 1st. For such cause vaccine will be furnished free of charge, but the owner will be required to defray the expenses of employing the veterinarian to administer it.

C. J. Marshall,
State Veterinarian.

Register's Notices.

Notice is hereby given that the following Accounts of Executors, Administrators, etc., have been filed in my office:

First and Final Account of Walter J. Maurer, Executor of the last Will and Testament of James Tomkins, late of Elkland Township, Deceased.

In the Estate of Adam Morey, late of Cherry Township, Deceased, Inventory Appraisement of Personal Estate set apart to widow.

And the same will be presented to the Orphans Court of Sullivan County, to be held at Laporte, Penna., on the fifteenth day of May, A. D. 1911, at 3 o'clock P. M., for confirmation and allowance, and they shall then be confirmed. Ni. Si.; and unless Exceptions are filed within ten days thereafter, Confirmation absolute will be entered thereon.

ALBERT F. HEISS,
Register of Wills.
Register's Office, LaPorte, Pa.,
April 17, 1911.

You can get warm meals at all hours at Smith Boudman's hotel, Sonestown, Pa. adv.

Has Liquor Got The Best of You?

You know that drinking unfits a man for business. Employers recognize this and do not want a drinking man around. No man will knowingly employ a victim of the liquor habit in a responsible position. We can remove the terrible craving for liquor, and positively cure you. Reliable references furnished if desired.