

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 wanted 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 feeble 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 "tink-tink-tink" of my sounder. The telegraph was an awful mystery to him at first, and it squeaked 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 pious 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 wick-ups, 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 wick-ups 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 there on the desert. The wires wailed so heart-brokenly, while the sun beat down so fiercely in the daytime and the coyote 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, but 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 Tad's soul on the fatal day when the wickups 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 Sugar 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."

A Sweet Singer.
It was 3 o'clock in the morning as Mr. Younghusband crept slowly up the stairs. Everything was peaceful in the house. Opening the door to his room noiselessly, he stepped upon the tail of the family cat. Naturally a penetrating yowl resounded through the night. "John," said his wife, awakening, "don't you think it's rather late to be singing? The neighbors might complain."

HOTEL SPOOF.

Harry Lauder's Joke on an English Newspaper.

"I'll tell you a story about Arthur Roberts and me," said Harry Lauder, the Scotch comedian. "The pair of us were in Manchester when we saw on the sporting page of the Guardian a paragraph that said:

"In consequence of the number of unsupported challenges recently forwarded to this paper we give notice that in future only genuine challenges can be accepted for insertion in our columns. As a proof of good faith each challenge must be paid for at the uniform rate of 1 shilling."
"Arthur," said I, "here's a chance for a joke."

"How?" said he.
"I read the notice to him, and then and there we concocted a challenge of which I shall never cease to be proud—a hotel spoof challenge. Of course there is no such game or sport as spoof. Spoof is a word very few people have ever heard of. To spoof is to get off impromptu nonsense on the stage. Well, our challenge ran:

"Hotel Spoof.—Harry Lauder, hearing so much talk about A. Roberts being the champion spoof player of England, will play Roberts a game of hotel spoof for \$500 a side, catch-as-catch-can, over eight flights of hurdles, bathroom barred. Address, money and man, H. Lauder, Comedy Theater, Manchester."

"That was the challenge, and we had no idea what it meant after we had drawn it up. Nevertheless we carried it boldly to the Guardian office. The clerk read it in a dazed way.

"One insertion, please," said Roberts, plunking down a shilling.
"Excuse me," said the clerk, "but what is spoof?"

"Roberts glared at him.
"None of your nonsense with me, young man," he growled. "What is spoof? You'll be asking what chess or whist is next?"

"And the following morning, directly under the editorial notice that 'only genuine challenges could be accepted for insertion,' appeared our little paragraph about hotel spoof."

She Gave Him an Answer.

A business man said to his wife at dinner: "Here is a riddle for you, my dear. Why is a husband like dough?"

The answer to this riddle was, "Because a woman needs him." The business man expected his wife to give the riddle up or else to guess that answer. But his wife said calmly:
"Why is a husband like dough, eh? Well, I suppose it's because he's so hard to get off one's hands."

His Treat.

In the course of a railway journey one day Queen Helene visited a small wayside station, where she was met by the mayor and corporation in all the glory of their robes of honor. An elegant luncheon had been provided.



SOUGHT FOR A HANKERCHIEF.

but the queen, wishing to hasten on her journey, requested a member of the deputation to get her a glass of wine. This was promptly brought, but while drinking it a drop fell on her traveling dress. Her majesty at once opened her hand bag and sought for a handkerchief to remove the stain, whereupon the worthy mayor, misunderstanding her action, murmured humbly: "Ah, no, your majesty! I assure you it's all paid for."

Anticipation.

It has been well said that no man ever sank under the burden of the day. It is when to-morrow's burden is added to the burden of today that the weight is more than a man can bear.—George MacDonald.

Wanted All of Them.

Rivers had been detained by a business meeting at the club, and the hour was late when he reached home. "So it's you, is it?" exclaimed Mrs. Rivers, who was wide awake. "You've got some plausible excuse, too, of course. You were detained downtown by some necessary, indispensable, important, unavoidable, unescapable, urgent, essential and absolutely compulsory and inexorable business! Of all the flimsy, transparent, diaphanous—"
"For heaven's sake, Lena," interrupted Rivers, whipping out his notebook, "wait a minute and let me jot down those synonyms. I can't know where you got them, but I can use every one of them. Now go-ahead again, dew, but please talk a little slower."—Chicago Tribune.

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Letting God Love.
Loving God is but letting God love us,—giving welcome, that is, to God's love, knowing and believing the love God hath to us.—Horace Bushnell.

Short Sermons FOR A Sunday Half-Hour

Theme:

GOD'S POEM.

BY ARTHUR T. BROOKS.

Text—"For we are His workmanship" (poem).—Eph. ii, 10.

The thought of re-created man must have been in the apostle's mind as he penned these words to the church at Ephesus. The word "workmanship" has a larger and more beautiful meaning than here appears, for the Greek word (poiema), from which our English word "poem" is taken, means the name of artistic workmanship.

Often we use the word thus to-day, as, in referring to architecture which pleases because of its splendid completeness, we call it a "poem in marble," or, pleased by the sinuous grace of the dancer, we speak of the "poetry of motion;" or a "poem of nature," as the eye is refreshed with some exquisite bit of scenery made possible through the efforts of the landscape gardener. Whenever the word is thus used we understand it to mean the culmination of achievement. So when Paul described the Christian as "God's poem" he affirmed him to be the perfection of God's creative work.

As one judges a poem, the poet, the plan, the material used and the poem itself are carefully considered. Let us consider God's poem in this manner. The Divine Poet appears to be the one who has not "known Him" terrible, far away, unapproachable, with no thought for the children of men save to speedily punish the transgressor of His law. But to those "whom He hath called the sons of God" He reveals Himself, loving, patient, tender, and unto such as love Him He becomes "like as a father." In the "secret of His presence" they learn the great love that throbs in His heart for mankind, and that as the poet will sacrifice anything that his work may attain completion. He has given us Brightest and Best for the completion of His great epic.

While it is not given to the finite to understand the ways of the Infinite, it is apparent that from the beginning a great plan was in the Poet's mind, the perfect man, who having the power of choice should naturally choose the good. Gradually the plan was unfolded as the centuries passed and was finally revealed in its fullness in the teachings and life of Jesus Christ. Since the Christian era the plan has been operative, so that as the Christian with his vision sweeps the retrospect of his life he sees that always God has wrought in harmony with His great plan, and that the hardness of trial, the flood of sorrow, the achievement of ambition have all combined to make for his spiritual perfection. Adding here, subtracting there, the Poet works to-day in each life surrendered to Him until that life attain "unto the perfect man, unto the measure of the stature of the fullness of Christ."

Ram's Horn Blasts.
When you find yourself weak, take Christ for your strength.
Put your hand in God's hand, and it will not matter if your feet do slip.
No matter how much we get, we only get to lose, unless we also get Christ.

Building on a rock is an investment that pays dividends with every thunder clap.
There is joy in Heaven over the sinner that repents, even though he may have been a member of the church for years.

It was because David first said, "My Shepherd," that he could afterward say, "He maketh me to lie down in green pastures."
If you are a Christian, it is your privilege to cast all your care upon Christ.

Some of the hungriest people in the world are those who have the most wealth.

It is the man who is least willing to practice, who finds the most fault with the preaching.

Many a man will find himself condemned in the judgment by being measured by his own yardstick.
Many a man who thinks he is praying for the conversion of the world, doesn't give over a dollar a year to help send the Gospel to it.

Had not David begun by saying, "The Lord is my Shepherd," he could never have said, "I will dwell in the house of the Lord forever."

Filling the Earth with Light.
Morning by morning God's great mercy of sunrise steals upon a darkened world in still, slow self-impairment; and the light which has a force that has carried it across gulfs of space that the imagination staggers in trying to conceive, yet falls so gently that it does not move the petals of a sleeping flower, nor hurt the lids of an infant's eyes, nor displace a grain of dust. So should we live and work, clothing all our power in tenderness, doing our work in quietness, disturbing nothing but the darkness, and with silent increase of beneficent power filling and flooding the dark earth with healing beams.

Letting God Love.
Loving God is but letting God love us,—giving welcome, that is, to God's love, knowing and believing the love God hath to us.—Horace Bushnell.

KNOCKERS VANISH

Heroic Treatment Clears Reno of Critics.

BOTH FIGHTERS ARE IN TRIM.

Jeffries and Johnson Ready to Step Into Ring—Pugilists Have Different Ideas as to Best Methods of Training For Battle.

Reno, Nev., June 28.—Both Jeffries and Johnson are today declared by their trainers to be in the pink of condition and ready to step into the ring to fight the greatest battle of their lives.

Johnson has abandoned all of his erratic habits and has settled down to a systematic daily routine. The black man's practice work with his sparring partners has created a good impression.

Jeffries has also made the assembled fight fans sit up and take notice by boxing with one after another of his sparring partners until the men and the list were exhausted. After this hard exercise he seemed as fresh as in the beginning, and this has deepened the belief that he has lost none of his old-time staying power.

Reno is now a town of boosters. Nobody knows what has become of the



Photo by American Press Association. JEFFRIES IN CAMP.

knockers who once sniffed suspiciously and echoed the California governor's remarks concerning a "frameup." This disappearance of the knockers is said to have been caused by the heroic treatment resorted to by virtuous prizefight promoters and their followers, who have unmercifully beaten some of their outspoken critics. Now there are no more critics—in Reno.

A leader of the boosters is now John L. Sullivan, the veteran fighter, who on his arrival here was driven away from the Jeffries camp by Jim Corbett because he was considered a "knocker." Now that he is consistently boosting he has been restored to the good graces of the fighters, and his face is once more care-free.

Other correspondents—Sullivan being now fight expert for a newspaper—are striving to avoid the ex-champion's unpleasant experience by keeping close to the merry booster throng.

Both Jeffries and Johnson declare that they are confident of victory.
Explaining his method of training Jeffries says:

"I do my fighting in the ring. I don't need to fight in training. My natural fighting style comes to me as soon as I have to fight. If I slugged in training I couldn't find a man in the country to stand the gaff more than a couple of days."

Johnson has other views. He says: "The only way to train for a fight is by fighting all the time. Suppose you get a hard punch on the nose right at the start. If you are used to getting hit on the nose it doesn't hurt you at all. If you ain't used to it you get rattled."

WRIGHT MEETS WILDING.

American and New Zealander Opposed in English Tennis Finals.
Wimbledon, June 28.—Beals C. Wright of Boston qualified for the final singles in the all England tennis championship tournament, defeating A. H. Lowe in the semifinals, 6-3, 3-6, 6-4, 6-4.

Wright's opponent in the finals will be A. F. Wilding, the New Zealander who was a member of the Australasian team which successfully defended the Davis trophy a year ago.

Suicide of a Girl.
Lancaster, Mass., June 28.—Because she was sent to her room for disobedience, Eva Smith, aged sixteen, an inmate of the State Industrial School For Girls, hanged herself.

Is Your Life Worth Living?

When the liver refuses to perform its functions of secreting bile, and the bowels become inactive and loaded with foul waste materials, the effect on the mind is most distressing. Gloomy forebodings drive out the sunshine. You are nervous and fretful. Life is not worth living. What ails you? It's your liver on a strike. Congested, torpid, sulky, it refuses to perform its functions.

What's to be done? Take one or two Smith's Pineapple and Butternut Pills after dinner and again at night. In the morning you will feel different. The sun will shine. What's the reason? Your liver has resumed business, that's all. These wonderful little pills have set it going. With clear brain, keen appetite, you will enjoy life again. Take one occasionally for a week or so and your blood will be purged of impurities and its bright red flood will carry health to your finger tips. Physicians use and recommend. They form no habit. You should always keep them on hand. These little Vegetable Pills will ward off many ills.

To Cure Constipation, Biliousness and Sick Headache in a Night, use



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