

BUFFALO CHANCE, VETERAN INDIAN FIGHTER



KILLED TREACHEROUS OREGON REDSKINS EARLY IN THE 50'S AND HATES THEM LIKE RATTLESNAKES

ONE of the most picturesque characters in the Northwest is Bill Chance, who is spending the evening of his days in Seaside, content to let the strenuous life he has lived be only a pleasant memory.

Bill Chance is a man of striking appearance, six feet two inches tall, and although 77 years old, straight as an arrow. He is probably most familiar with the Indians and the Indian wars of this Coast than any man living, having been an active participant in almost every war with them since he crossed the plains in 1852. He speaks several Indian dialects and is as familiar with the Chinook jargon as he is with English.

During the Rogue River Indian war he served as a volunteer and participated in the Battle of Hungry Hill, one of the most sanguinary fights of all that cruel campaign. His description of the atrocities he witnessed and participated in during that time almost makes the auditor feel he was present. "I have seen," said he, "children wearing awaddling clothes, which the murderers had taken from the legs and beaten their brains out against a rock. And yet many people in the East, actuated by a feeling of sentiment and ignorance, have lifted up their hands in horror at the thought of white men thirsting for the blood of those fiends. As a matter of fact the men who know the cruelty and bloodiness of the red man have no more hesitancy in killing an Indian than they would a rattler. Of the two, the rattlers are the less dangerous and most honorable; they always warn before they strike; an Indian never.

BILL CHANCE

Another thing you must observe, an Indian is always an Indian. No difference how much of the veneer of civilization he may have acquired; no difference if taken when a papoose, raised to manhood by a white family, without ever feeling one of his kind, latent lies the Indian traits, ready to burst forth in deeds of cruelty and hate, without a moment's warning. I may make an exception to the rule of a squaw, but never with the bucks.

surprised body of Indians, who had come to kill, and instead were killed. Not one of them escaped, and so sudden and unexpected was the attack and so fatal by its results, that not one of them had time to remove his blanket or raise his gun, and they all had their guns concealed under their blankets.

HOW YOU MAY GET RID OF MOTHS

One Woman Who Has Won Undisputed Victory Over the Insects Discloses Her Effective Method.

"WISH you would tell me how to get rid of moths, they are ruining all my best clothes."

"Cook them!" serenely replied her neighbor.

"Cook them?" incredulously echoed the voice across the way. "How?"

"Well," judiciously answered the model housekeeper, "there are just two ways that are absolutely sure to fix them, suffocating and cooking. As I have my house cleaning to do anyway, I prefer to cook them. You can steam them, or bake them, or boil them. Come over and I will tell you how. I want to rest a while anyway," and she sat down on the top step as the woman from across the way occupied a lower one.

"In the first place," she continued, "you must give up all reliance on the commonly advocated methods such as moth balls, tar paper, cedar chests, tobacco, camphor, sulphur candles, etc., or anything that depends for its efficacy upon odoriferous qualities, for the principal result of such proceedings is merely the impregnation of your wearing apparel with an offensive aroma, which diffuses most noticeably when you meet some dear critical friend in a crowded streetcar.

Moth Balls a Failure.

"Of course, if a moth is penned up with moth balls, it is going to get as far away from any individual moth ball as it can, and so would you. But there is the point—being penned up with the moth balls, it simply adapts itself to the situation, and you have the Darwinian theory exemplified. Almost every one of ordinary intelligence knows now by expensive experience, if not by reasoning powers, that moth balls have no exterminating qualities; and if a moth finds its chosen abode occupied by a moth ball, it proceeds to locate in some adjacent position not so slightly perfumed for the purpose, and the answer is the same. I have known of vigorous families of moths being incited and grown to maturity within the protecting confines and peace and quietude of tar paper bundles. Cedar chests are no more efficacious except in point of dandy than the paper.

"And cold storage," really believe a moth would survive a trip to the North pole if transportation there is even established. It is claimed that a low temperature renders them temporarily dormant. My experience has been it also renders their progeny more vigorous. Three years ago I unpacked some things from a box that had been stored away at the old home, not giving much consideration to a few moths that fluttered away as the garments were opened out, foolishly thinking that removing the box would remove danger from the pests. I put it out on this north porch and left it in cold storage all winter. In the Spring when their regular hatching period came, I found moths in every room in the house.

"I congratulated myself that I had at least saved the contents of the box, which had been in a temperature below the freezing point most of the

Winter. Upon examination I found there the largest and most active moths of my entire stock, those in the warmly heated rooms being small and delicate in comparison. I was almost frantic. I took the advice of every one I knew who had ever harbored one of these pests, and put them away, singly and collectively, with the result that I finally learned the chances of success from a moth's point of view, and taken place the Summer before, the principal survivors being from some of the eggs that had been in seams or linings where my vigorous brushing was unable to dislodge them.

Birth of the Idea.

"One day while pressing a garment that had been rolled in tin paper all Summer, yet showed signs of moths that I knew were not there when I so carefully brushed them and put them away, the idea came to me as the hot steam from the wet cloth next to the iron went through the coat to the ironing-board, that any moth egg or larva underneath that iron surely would be cooked past any reviving, and all at once a certain solution of my difficulty came to my mind—I would cook them. Hence, steamers were used on my wardrobe. I got out every article of wearing apparel that could be touched with an iron and steamed them thoroughly with a wet cloth over them, steaming with an iron hot enough to drive the steam through to the ironing board. For my velvet carpets and rugs I tore an old sheet in half, wet it, wrung it lightly, and ironed over every inch of the carpet as they lay on the floor, after they had been thoroughly dusted and cleaned for the Summer. I even took scraps of cotton, silk and woolens, left from cutting out garments, and laced a hot iron over them; for, if a moth can find a woolen place to lay eggs it will use soft cotton or silk. To make sure, I went over everything for one day, and ironed a 150 garment. They seem to have a cultivated taste for the most conspicuous place on the garment.

In collecting the things to be steamed I found some that could not be ironed, such as millinery, velvets, old gloves, shoes and various odds and ends, yet by laying on papers in a carefully heated oven, could be subjected to a degree of heat sufficient to disintegrate animal tissue without harm to fabric. Thus I had "baked" moths.

Washable Material Boiled.

"All washable cotton materials were simply immersed in a vessel of boiling hot water for two or three minutes, and there were my boiled moths."

"It was quite a lot of trouble, but as I did it at regular house-cleaning time, the extra work was small in comparison to the relief of being free from the harassing worry of airing and brushing all my clothes every time I would see a moth fluttering to the light, then chasing it to some shadow, perhaps catching it and as often not, actually got so that the very sight of a moth would turn me sick in distress at the thought of the

anxiety and labor in store for me of going over the clothing the next day. It grew to be a standing joke, with my family that I was 'seeing things' when I went in following the erratic course of a moth in my endeavors to catch it. It was often teasingly suggested that a mental examination should be instituted in order to control those strange outbreaks.

"But," sighing reflectively, "all that is over with, now that I have learned how to cook them. I have had no trouble since I have had a house-cleaning. I haven't found one this Spring. The only precaution I took last Summer was to wrap all woollens in fresh, clean wrapping paper, carefully tied and labeled, so I knew just what was in each package, and I feel I have saved enough money by my subscription to two newspapers, several magazines, and new ties, to pay for the cost of the following heroic treatment:

Troublesome and Dangerous.

"As I said before, the suffocation plan is troublesome, and a little dangerous. I would advise you to try every other method first. If you give your furniture a thorough beating, and clean the lint from every crack and crevice (I have known moths to nest in sewing machines drawers, and the lint that gathers under the foot of a stove leg, going over things thoroughly once a month through June, July and August, which is the moth's principal hatching time, you can keep them under control. But first heat everything beatable, as I told you last week. You can send overcoats, suits and large cloaks to the cleaners, and have them put through a hot steaming process with a rubber hose. The subsequent pressing can be done in the fall. Then by wrapping every superfluous garment in wrapping paper or sealing them in pasteboard suit and hat boxes you will greatly lessen conditions favorable to moth propagation, besides saving those same garments from possibility of being ruined.

"There are ways of trapping moths which I have not yet described and which I have never heard of being used till I reasoned them out myself. Every moth trapped means the elimination of a vast progeny. You know their fondness for animal matters; also that a light at night excites them to fly toward it, then quickly dart to some dark shadowy corner. If you set a plate greased with any animal fat under the bed, dresser, wardrobe, sideboard, or other large piece of furniture, you will in time catch many of the butterflies while they are seeking a place to deposit their eggs. They fly so erratically and drop so rapidly that when they strike the plate they are unable to rise from it, their wings being greased. Chickens or geese grease is best because their odor will attract through the moth's instinct for feathers, which every housekeeper knows is

quite pronounced. Another good way is to hang some large dark woolen garment on the wall in the most unfrequented corner of your room, and once a week in day time take it outside and search thoroughly. With an old blue skirt I have caught dozens in that way. One in two weeks you should thoroughly steam it, pressing a hot iron over a wet cloth, to kill any eggs that may be deposited or you will find yourself running a moth incubator rather than an exterminator.

A Fur Importer's Method.

"For your fur, one of the largest importers of furs in this country told me the method they used was the only safe way so far discovered. They use a handful of slender needles like willow, carefully skinned and all rough places carefully smoothed down. These they tie firmly together and carefully, shaking the furs, so that the needles will shake through to dislodge any loose eggs and hairs; then go all over it with a medium-toothed comb, one that will not pull hairs, yet will break up all over anything like webbing or spaw. Wrap each garment separately in some moth-proof receptacle, yet where it can be examined every day. Following this treatment I packed my fur-collared automobile coat in an extra large tailor's suit box, first opening it out flat and spreading it over a wooden board to kill any eggs that might be in the crevices. I steamed the coat as I did the blue skirt and folded it and packed it in the suit box. It was wrinkled when taken out in the Fall, and pasted all around the sides and ends of the box a strip of strong paper wide enough to cover every opening. The plan proved entirely successful."

Salt Water Sharks in New York Waters

NOW that the seashore resorts are again in full swing and the thoughts of many turn to surf-bathing, it is of interest to inquire what sharks are found in the waters near New York City, but on account of any danger, for the stories about man-eating sharks in this latitude are mostly fictitious. Although some of the largest and fiercest species are occasionally found in these waters, the most timid bather need give no thought to them, except in the way of curiosity and interest.

In New York harbor and the adjacent waters are found 25 species of sharks and skates, although some of these are rare, and only occasionally allow themselves to be sighted so far from tropical seas. The rarest of all is called by the Portuguese "the shark of Sumatra," and only two specimens have ever been found—one on the coast of Portugal, and one, almost ten feet in length, which was washed ashore near New York, 24 years ago. One of the commonest sharks is the little three-foot dogfish, which persists in getting caught when anglers are after codfish. Its number, however, is increasing, and a valuable oil is extracted from the livers, and the fish themselves are useful as fertilizers.

The tiger shark reaches a length of 20 feet, and is found in the waters of the great upper tidal to the tip of the snout. It is yellowish-gray in color, with brown spots and cross bands, and the tail is pointed. It reaches a length of 15 feet, and is found in the waters of the great upper tidal to the tip of the snout. It is yellowish-gray in color, with brown spots and cross bands, and the tail is pointed. It reaches a length of 15 feet, and is found in the waters of the great upper tidal to the tip of the snout.

But among Army officers and the officials of the War Department the name of General Greely stands for much more than an arctic explorer, says Frederick North Shore in the Chicago Inter-Ocean. This, in reality, was but an incident in a career which has extended over 15 years of active service in the Army, through Indian wars, the War of the Rebellion and the Spanish-American War, through civic riots and disturbances which required the prompt and decisive action of the military for their suppression, and in negotiations which have saved the Government millions of dollars.

General Greely today holds the unique record of being the first volunteer soldier of 2,000,000 who entered the Civil War to attain the rank of Major-General in the regular Army, and has the longest record of active service of any General in the history of the Army. Despite his long and useful career, General Greely does not appear a day over 30 years old, and that he possesses an intellect which is behind the exterior of a country gentleman was evidence by his prompt action a year ago when he took charge of San Francisco after the earthquake disaster.

In his early days as an officer of the Army, just after the Civil War, General Greely took part in the military campaign in the western part of Nebraska near the borders of Colorado, when General Carr wiped out the Sioux Indians which required the most expert of officers. The campaign ended in the battle of Summit Springs, wherein more than 100 of the Indians were killed and Buffalo Bill laid the foundation of the name which he has since made famous as a showman ever since. His experience of Indian fighting in that campaign General Greely regards as one of the most exciting incidents of his career.

One day last week, while engaged in his preparations for moving to the Coast, General Greely fell into a reminiscence and recalled some of the incidents of the expedition which led up to the battle of Summit Springs. Like most Army officers, General Greely is not given to discussing his own experiences, but his recollections of the episodes of those days form an interesting addition to the lore of the frontier, which enterprising explorers and small incident is attempting to make realistic.

"In reality my experience as an arctic explorer was but a small incident in my Army career," said General Greely, in answer to a remark concerning his experience on the frontier. "In 48 years of active service in the Army one is likely to run across many experiences of a varied nature, but I sometimes think my connection with that expedition of General Carr's was one of the most exciting experiences that I ever went through. Of course, I was but 23 years old then, and perhaps more impressionable than I am now, but the recollection of those days is very vivid and pleasurable."

It was in that expedition that I first made the acquaintance of Buffalo Bill, and became very well acquainted with him. It was in 1869 that General Carr started out with his expedition against the Indians of western Nebraska from Fort McPherson. I was then on the staff of General Augur, and Buffalo Bill, as I said, went along as chief of the scouts. The Indians took six troops of cavalry and as well as some civilians. We struck right into the Indian country, but finally we went to a place in an oblong of the Republican River.

"I remember very well going on a buffalo hunt with Buffalo Bill, which was held by the Indians, and the Indian trail that led to the battle of Summit Springs. The day that I went out with Cody on the hunt was a memorable one to me. The country was so desolate and wild that I recall we had difficulty in ascertaining where we were. We came upon the buffalo in almost countless numbers. There were probably 4,000 in the herd that we found. They seemed to extend in every direction. Coming in I left the hunting party and rode away by myself, and it was on this lone expedition that I ran into the dry camp of Indians, which gave us the first intimation of the trail that was

When General Greely Fought Sioux

NEW COMMANDER OF DEPARTMENT OF COLUMBIA TALKS OF THE TIME WHEN BUFFALO BILL WAS A HERO



MAJOR-GENERAL A. W. GREELY.

WHEN Major-General A. W. Greely takes charge at Vancouver Barracks, the Department of the Columbia will have one of the most distinguished department commanders who have been stationed here in recent years.

Probably nine out of ten people to whom the name General Greely is mentioned will immediately recall him as the commander of the famous polar expedition of 1851 that established the "farthest north" record—82 degrees 24 minutes, which stood for so many years.

But among Army officers and the officials of the War Department the name of General Greely stands for much more than an arctic explorer, says Frederick North Shore in the Chicago Inter-Ocean. This, in reality, was but an incident in a career which has extended over 15 years of active service in the Army, through Indian wars, the War of the Rebellion and the Spanish-American War, through civic riots and disturbances which required the prompt and decisive action of the military for their suppression, and in negotiations which have saved the Government millions of dollars.

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afterward followed. I informed Buffalo Bill of the dry camp where the Indians had been, and later the expedition decided to follow up the trail.

"One incident of that expedition stands out most vividly in my mind. Toward night the mules that were attached to our wagons had been driven down into the water of the river, when suddenly there was a great shouting from the bluffs above, and I knew that a body of Indians was trying to stampede the mules. I was in such a position that I could see them plainly and there was as much excitement as one could wish for. The Indians, however, were finally driven back after considerable firing.

"But to revert to the discovery of the Indian trail. General Carr decided to follow it, as there was really nothing else to do. From the indications there was small hope of catching the Indians, they seemed to be moving with such speed, and had it not been for the fact that they halted they would never have been caught. The result of it was that when they were come up with they were so completely surprised that their defeat was easy."

The following short but graphic account of the battle is given by Cyrus Townsend Brady in his book, "Indian Fights and Fighters":

"Cody, having discovered the location of the village, returned to General Carr and advised him to take a wider detour, as the Indians were not so easily surprised. The advice was followed, the command made its encircling march without detection, and formed up in the ravines about 1200 yards from the village.

"They were between the Indians and the Platte River. The camp was attacked at Summit Springs, Colo. Every preparation having been made, Carr ordered the bugler to sound the charge. The men of the 10th Cavalry were ordered to produce a noise. Twice Carr gave the command. Finally Quartermaster Hayes snatched the bugle from the signal and sounded the charge. The Indians, who were between the village and the river, were completely surprised. The attack was a complete success. Fifty-two Indians were killed and 24 captives and 45 mules were captured. The soldiers had one man wounded, with no other casualties.

"In the camp were found the bodies of two unfortunate white women, who had been captured. Swift as had been the dash of the soldiers, the Indians had taken time to bring out their women with a war club, while the second was shot in the breast and left for dead. She was given every possible attention by the soldiers, who took her back to Fort Sedwick, and her life was eventually saved. Her sufferings and treatment had been beyond description. Fifteen hundred dollars in money, gold, silver, and greenbacks—strange to say, had been found in the camp. This sum the soldiers, by permission of the General, donated to the poor woman as an expression of their sympathy for her.

"According to some accounts, Tail Bull, who was chief of the camp and one of the head chiefs of the Sioux, was killed in this attack. Buffalo Bill tells another story. The day after the fight the various companies of the Fifth Cavalry—each had remained in camp all the evening day and night, at the insistence of the plucky commander, in spite of the pleas of some of the officers, who feared an attack in force, suggested retreating immediately—separated in order to more effectively pursue the flying Indians. Several days after the surprise attack on the camp, the Indians were guided was attacked by several hundred Indians. The soldiers fought them off, killing a number. The chief of this party was killed by Cody, and the Indians were driven across the Platte from near York to Liverpool, and floor it tightly, too—July Setap Book.

Buffalo Bill crept through a ravine for several hundred feet, unobserved by the Indians, until he reached an opening whence he hit the savages in range. Watching his opportunity as the Indians were careering wildly over the prairie, he drew a bead on the chief and shot him dead. Whether that was Tail Bull or not, one fact is clear—that he was killed either then or before, for he was certainly dead thereafter.

"When the troops were following the Indian trails on the march to Summit Springs, at every place where the Indians had camped they found marks of a white woman's shoes. It was this knowledge that gave additional determination and fire to their magnificent attack."

The account given by Mr. Brady is

as accurate as any that I know of," said General Greely, and the result of the fight was 200 mules, 200 horses, and Buffalo Bill in those days was one of the handsomest men and certainly the most efficient scout I ever knew. The people of today have little realization of the conditions that existed in those times.

"I know that 15 years after that battle I went over the same ground in Nebraska that we had traversed in 1869. In those days it would have been impossible for me to recognize the country had I not known it to be the same place. There were no trails, no running along the trail where we had ridden, and the country all about was built up. The entire country is changed and the days of the Indians are over."

"The personnel of the Army today is far different than it was in those days," continued General Greely, "the habits of the men are different, and also. Of course, then the Army had passed through a long war, which is always demoralizing, not only to the officers of the Army, but also to those of the officers. Personally, I believe that the Army in the United States should be greatly increased. When you consider that 45 per cent of the Army is on foreign service the necessity for this is obvious. Our troops will not get out of Cuba until 1908. The great trouble with the Army at present is that you cannot get men to join it. As the inducements are not sufficient. When the average wage of laborers is from \$1.50 to \$2.00 a month, even when you consider the rations and clothing furnished besides, it will be that the life of a soldier does not hold out alluring prospects.

"The pay of both enlisted men and officers should be increased. This is apparent when you consider that Ensigns whose army is the only one that ours can be compared with, as service there is also voluntary, was obliged to increase the pay of his army, and the officers of the Army do not start in with sufficient pay. Men after graduating from West Point become Second Lieutenants, and after holding that rank for six or seven years only receive from \$1500 to \$1800. I do not see how the young officers can manage to live upon their incomes when you consider the expenses that go with an officer's position in the Army. And when it all is considered it is astonishing how few officers actually go wrong in spite of the temptation to get into debt. The Army, of course, has its percentage of those who do go wrong exactly as do the clergy and other professionals, but for the whole the Army is very fortunate.

"Discipline is now maintained on a higher scale in the United States Army than it has ever been in any other. An officer who misbehaves is assuredly brought to trial in the shortest space of time. Every effort is made to stimulate the moral character of the officers, and their efficiency is kept up to a high standard. But I hope to see a substantial increase in the near future. The military is being reorganized. General Greely was asked concerning his belief as to the possibility of war between the United States and Japan.

"In respect to the possibility of war given to General Kuroki, I expressed my opinion upon this subject," said General Greely. "It has always been my belief that there would be no war. Of course, in the contest for supremacy in the Pacific trade between Japan and the United States in the next 10 years there are certain to be complications, but I do not see how it will result in a war. But it is well for this country to be prepared, and I am sure that the United States Army up to its present state of efficiency and increasing it is one of the greatest importances."

Our Annual Tobacco Bill

ON "MY Lady Nicotine" the people of the United States spend in times as much cash as they spend on the ministers of the Gospel. Our tobacco bill, annually, is double that of our bill for public education or for all the furniture in our houses.

We pay out more money for the fragrant weed than for sugar. Every time we spend 10 cents for bread, we hand over 4 cents for tobacco.

At the gold mine in this country last year would fall short of covering our smoking account by nearly \$100,000,000. We spend yearly for cigars, cigarettes, smoking and chewing tobacco, and snuff more than \$200,000,000.

The money paid by Americans for smoking equals the amount paid for shoes for 40,000,000 inhabitants. Smokers burn up an equivalent in currency 150 times the sum burned up in fireworks. The vast fortune that we swap for the comfort of smoking chewing and snuffing would build 30 great structures like the National Capitol at Washington.

Each year we smoke nearly 8,000,000,000 cigars, cigarettes, stogies, and all-tobacco cheroots, 3,500,000,000 cigarettes with paper wrappers, and consume 200,000,000 pounds of smoking and chewing tobacco and snuff.

Every day we smoke 22,000,000 cigars and 10,000,000 cigarettes, and either smoke or burn up 100,000,000 cigarettes, and cost \$200,000. Every minute of the 18 hours a day that we are awake we make ourselves poorer by \$500 for 23,000 cigars, 10,000 cigarettes and half a ton of plug fine cut.

It is estimated that there are 12,000,000 devotees of the weed, or about as many smokers as there are in the United States, based on the assumption that one person in each six of our population is a puff of smoke.

When the bill for \$200,000,000 is divided among 12,000,000 smokers the smoking habit doesn't look so purse-breaking, after all. For the amount spent by each smoker is only about \$2 each year, or less than 50 cents a week. And yet the yearly sum lavished on this narcotic herb by any one of thousands of men would build a comfortable country house and support a bed in a hospital bedstead.

"Eight billion cigars a year! Could a man smoke 50 cigars a day, he would have to live more than 100,000 years to consume all the cigars smoked by the nation in 12 months.

In length, cigars average 5 1/2 inches. Laid end to end, the 8,000,000,000 would make a brown streak little short of 370,000 miles. Cut in half and made into two perfect or panatellas, the man of earth could smoke the whole lot in two cigars, blow smoke directly into the face of the mtn in the moon. Placed end to end in 160 parallel rows they would floor a bridge across the Atlantic from New York to Liverpool, and floor it tightly, too—July Setap Book.

Soap Jolly.

Shred the soap finely. Just cover with cold water and set in a jar or pan on the oven or beside the fire till thoroughly dissolved. It should always be freshly made, as it loses strength if kept long.

Use in the proportion of a quarter of a pound of soap to one gallon of water.

For small quantities, enough to raise a lather on the water when beaten with the hand.