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The adaptability of our lands for special fruit-raising, such
prunes, pears and apples; will employ hundreds of men; bring
into the country thousands of dollars, and make our farming
lands worth from two to three hundred dollars an acre. Fruit
raising will bring canneries and fruit dryers.

-Sugar Beet Raising-
The rich bottom-lands of this section are peculiarly well
adapted to raising sugar beets, the profit, above cost of produc-
tion, being estimated at from thirty to forty dollars an acre.
One sugar factory will call into use over 3,000 acres of land, in-
creasing its value half a million dollars, and employing labor.

**How does
-it-
Strike you?**

JUDGE NOT.
Judge not; the workings of his brain
And of his heart these cases not
What looks to the dim eyes a state
In God's pure sight may only be
A case brought from some well-worn field,
Where there would only faint and yield.
The look, the air, that from their sight
May be a taken that before
The soul has been in dimly light
With some beloved story told,
Whose glances would search thy smiling green,
And cast their shadow on thy face!
And judge some lost, but well and am,
When, happy pity, not disdain:
The depth of the story may be
The measure of the beauty of pain
And love and glory that may raise
This love to God in other days.
—A. A. Proctor.

DICK HUYL.
The writer owes to Dick Huy, a debt,
not exactly of gratitude, as the story
he demonstrates, which after writing
his biography, seeks to discharge. Dick
Huy's history will never be written by
me, nor by any one else who knew him,
and a Sunday school library; he was
not that kind of a boy. Dick was
an Apache Indian, with all the charac-
teristics of that depraved that the word
Apache conveys or suggests. We were
children together, Dick and I. We lived,
fought and played together for two years
in the same army post. On one mem-
orable occasion, Dick, instigated by the
devil—for I firmly believe in the devil,
if only for Apache—dropped down the
neck of my frock a live load. It was
the cause of my first fit of hysterics, and
I determined, if I ever grew old enough,
I would tell the whole world how bad a
young Apache could be.
In 1872, if I remember rightly, Gen.
Crook had succeeded, after years of
bloody war and the loss of hundreds of
good men, in subduing most of the bands
comprising the Apache nation of New
Mexico and Arizona. They had dwelt
in the strongholds of mountain and
desert, from which they frequently
emerged to rob and murder all miners
or emigrants that they could ambush,
leaving nothing for the human mind to
conceive of in the way of cruelty when-
ever a white man fell into their power.
At the reservation, although they were
well fed and quite decently treated, it
was necessary to watch them constantly,
and large bodies of troops were de-
tailed for that purpose. Nevertheless,
scarcely a week passed but a small squad
of Apaches, usually led by some attrac-
tive squaw, would slip quietly past the
guard and escape through the darkness
into their beloved cañon plains and
mountain barrens. Roll call nearly every
morning developed these absentees, and
next day would come news of murder,
rapine and horrors generally. A favorite
Apache mode of disposing of the unusu-
ally peaceful, miner or emigrant
whose camp they had succeeded in raid-
ing, was to tie the victim by the four
limbs to stakes, and then to build a fire
at that portion of his body designated in
the old fashioned anatomy "virgo."
There seemed to be something par-
ticularly fascinating to the Apache tem-
perament in this form of torture. Death
being long in coming, it gave the squaw
and papoose plenty of chance to in-
sult the unfortunate, on the side, as it were.
The women and children emigrants—
but enough. Suffice it to say that the
absolute hatred entertained by these In-
dians for the whites was fully reciprocated,
especially by the soldiers. It was
no easy matter to track and successfully
follow the runaways through the cañons
and mesquite thickets, over the barren
deserts and desolate mountains that
make up the topography of Arizona.
But in that parched country water is
only to be found at certain springs and
"water holes," between which days of
travel often intervene, but which are
equally well known to soldiers and to
Indians.
So when the morning report showed
to Gen. Crook that so many warriors,
squaws and papooses were missing, the
grim old warrior would make no sign of
pursuit, but on the night following, or
perhaps the next one, a squadron of
mounted men would file silently out of
the reservation bearing orders to move
as rapidly as possible to the water hole
of Palo Pinto, or to Agua Grande
Spring, or to some other place where
the presence of the precious fluid favored
a camping place for the renegades. The
troops were always positively instructed
to bring back no prisoners, all matters
of detail being left to the officers in com-
mand. One June morning there was re-
ported missing eight Indians, eleven
squaws and papooses, including Wah-
non, that whom a more depraved and
cruel Indian never existed, even in Ari-
zona.
Two nights afterward a squad of the
Twenty-third infantry, Crook's own re-
giment, under Lieut. Huy, a splendid
young fellow, who has since left the
service, was sent out on a scout with the
usual orders. No trace of the renegades
was found, but a burned ranch and stage
station and a cremated cowboy gave suf-
ficient evidence of Indians at large. The
next night, or rather just at dawn, after
a long and fatiguing march, the scouts
reached a natural rock basin at the foot
of one of the steepest and most inacces-
sible knobs to be found in desolate Ari-
zona. The basin had often collected a
supply of acid water, which, however,
was drinkable enough in that country.
A thin vapor of smoke from a nearby
spent fire convinced the troops that their
night's march had not been in vain, and
on creeping up as close as possible
the hostiles were outlined against the
rock, fast asleep.
The little squadron silently deployed
so as to avoid missing a single shot, and
at the word of command fired, killing
nearly every one of the Indians. The
others jumped up only to be cut
down by the reserve fire. The only two
unhurt were Wahnon and his 4-year-
old papoose. Grasping the child, he
sprang for the mountain side, scaling the
rocks like a chamois, amid a shower of
bullets, soon distancing his pursuers and
getting out of range of their rifles. Halt-
ing on a shelf of rock, he set the child
down and proceeded to indulge in every
exhibition of contempt and derision that
his imagination could invent to aggra-
vate the discomfited troops, who
grasped their several sets of teeth in
rage at the insults of the old heathen.
They were relieved at last by the arrival
of Lieut. Huy, who bore in his hand
a new target rifle, received only the day
before the scouts started.
This wonderful gun was guaranteed
to carry—1,000 yards with ac-
curacy, and the lieutenant, who was one
of the best fellows in the world in garri-
son, but quite cold hearted and blood-
thirsty when Apaches were concerned,
announced that while he was doubtful
of his gun carrying near the Indian,
yet he was going to try. The Apache,
feeling secure against their carbines,

continued his taunts until Huy, taking
deliberate aim, with sights raised for
1,500 yards, fired. His aim was true,
and the gun all that it was boasted.
The old savage plunged face forward
over the ledge, and crashed down the
rocky mountain side at the very feet of
his slayer.
The attention of the soldiers was now
directed to the papoose—the subject of
this sketch. That interesting infant
still calmly occupied the ledge and was
evidently turning the situation over in
his little brain. The troops, with Lieut.
Huy at their head, slowly and painfully
climbed up the rocks and finally ap-
proached the orphan, who, instead of
quailing as a civilized Christian child
would have done, commenced throwing
stones at his pursuers, hitting Lieut.
Huy squarely on the nose with a half
pound rock and drawing blood copiously.
He followed this success by other good
throws, causing a nearly a panic as pos-
sible. At last, by flanking him, our
Apache was knocked down by a blow
from a saber and stunned. His capture
was now easy, but the lieutenant's or-
ders were to return no prisoners.
"What shall we do with the little
devil?" asked one of the men. "Shoot
him or throw him over the cliff after his
father?" The "little devil" had re-
gained consciousness by this time, and
deliberately set his teeth into the calf
of the soldier's leg. Lieut. Huy wiped his
bloody nose and replied: "A baby who
fights this way ought not to be killed in
cold blood. By George, I'll take him
back to San Carlos if it costs me my
commission!"
A gag was put into the young one's
month to prevent any more biting, and
with a soldier holding each hand he was
landed on the plain below. There he
was placed on horseback, a larrikin tied
to one foot, passed under the horse and
tied to the other, and the troops re-
turned to the reservation.
Lieut. Huy was a great favorite with
Gen. Crook, but he had disobeyed or-
ders and confidently expected to be put
under arrest. But the general had al-
ready heard something of the scene
throwing affair, and had enjoyed a
hearty laugh over Huy's broken nose.
The incident in making his re-
port reached the point where Wahnon
was killed the general interrupted with,
"By the way, I think you had better not
let me know officially any more of this
scout than you have already told."
Then glancing at the swollen nose he
burst into a roar of laughter, in which
all the other officers joined.
The young one, who was confined in the
armory until his first fright was over-
come. The soldiers of Company A
named him Dick Huy, and fitting him
out with a uniform fashioned from the
lieutenant's old clothes regularly adopted
him into the service.
In less than a month the small recruit
learned to express himself tolerably in
English, and in a very short time had
accumulated all the accomplishments of
tobacco chewing and profanity possessed
by the soldiers. He also picked up a
wonderful knowledge of logic calls and
evolutionary, always turning out at roll
calls and taking his place at the extreme
left of the company when in line.
When I first knew him he had been
under the refining influence of the
United States service two years. If that
Indian had improved in that time I am
very glad I did not know him before.
He was not beautiful according to classic
standards.
The Apaches flatten the heads of their
babies between boards, and this, as much
as anything else, served to render Dick
unattractive to his children. Then he
had such a predilection for carrying
snakes in his pocket. The soldiers
spoiled him, of course, and upheld him
in every villainy he chose to perpetrate.
When he rode the mules in an am-
bulance filled with women and children,
causing a runaway and a sunstroke, one
enlightened thrashed him with a hard
stick, and a dozen more gave him five-cent
pieces to comfort him. His alternate
l-pounded and petted, but it was all
one to him. He seldom laughed and
never cried; he was an Apache.
I said he never cried. I will note an
exception. Every Saturday afternoon
the men took him out behind the quar-
ters and gave him a very short time
when he was very simple. They stripped of
his clothing and turned the hose on him.
On these occasions the shrieks of the lit-
tle savage could be heard all over the
post.
I have not seen Dick since I was 9
years old, but I like to think that he
grew up and regularly enlisted in the
old regiment and is now an honor to the
service—"Spusskerrier" in New York
Tribune.

PROSPECTS GOOD.
"Florry, dear," faltered the Washing-
ton youth, "I—I couldn't summon cour-
age to tell you what was in my heart
and I wrote it. You got my letter, didn't
you?"
"Yes, George, I got it."
"And you read it, didn't you?"
"Yes, I read it. In fact, I—I read it
over twice."
"And now, Florry," he said, growing
bold, "I have come to learn my fate."
"The best I can promise you, George,"
said the blushing daughter of the dis-
tinguished congressman, withdrawing
her hand from the ardent grasp of the
infatuated young man, "is that I
will advance your Chicago to a third read-
ing to-morrow."—Chicago Tribune.

THE WALTZ HAD ITS BEGINNING
in Germany, and thence was taken to France,
shortly after which it was introduced
into England. Hungary was the birth-
place of the galopade or galop, and from
Poland came the stately polonaise or
polacca and mazurka.
The little two storied house at Ansole,
Italy, where Robert Browning and his
sister lived when the poet's last book,
"Ansole," was written, has been
marked with a white marble slab bear-
ing a suitable inscription.

THE CAP AND HAT BATTLE.
These civil disturbances were in
Sweden from 1788 to 1771. The Caps
were the Russians and their sym-
patizers; the Hats were the French. For
a time the kingdom was reduced almost
to a state of anarchy by the two con-
tending factions, but order was restored
by Gustavus III in 1771, who, desirous
of excluding all foreign intervention
from the affairs of Sweden, forbade the use
of the names, and sternly repressed all
disorders growing out of the political dis-
tension between the factions.—St. Louis
Globe-Democrat.

THE FLY HAD THE MEREVE.
Allan Forman, the publisher of the
New York Journalist, went out one day
not long ago to take lunch with a friend.
This friend had a glass eye, a calamity
Mr. Forman knew nothing about. When
they had finished their meal they walked
up to the cashier's desk to settle. As the
gentleman was paying the checks the
newspaper man noticed a fly calmly,
he coolly and deliberately walking across
the ball of his friend's eye. That indi-
vidual seemed not in the least disturbed,
and when Forman spoke to him about it
he said, "Oh, that's nothing." Forman,
naturally astonished, said in reply,
"Well, by gracious, you must have a
nerve." "Oh, no," answered his friend,
"it's the fly that has the nerve."—Arkan-
sas Traveler.

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FLOWERS BRING MONEY.
HERE IS AN INDUSTRY WORTH WHILE
FOR WOMEN TO PURSUE.
A Young Washington Woman Tells About
Her Success in Cultivating Roses and
Violets—They Require Little Labor
and Bring Large Returns.
"Flower culture in a small way can be
made to pay even by an amateur who
chooses to pursue it, but after a
while I found that it would produce
money also. So I planted more and
more, until at present I have between
three and four thousand rose bushes of
the choicest varieties. A skilled gar-
dener told me the other day that my col-
lection of hybrid perpetuals is probably
the finest in this country. On the day
before Decoration Day I picked and sold
5,000 roses from my own place.
"I am an extravagantly fond of roses,
but violets are more profitable. On the
day before Christmas I picked and sold
3,200 violets at two cents apiece; that is
\$64 worth. They were worth the highest
price then, but they never bring less
than one cent apiece. To raise them is
quite easy. I have the glass houses un-
der which the violets bloom all winter
long. In May I have a lot of fresh
ground plowed and prepared, and in it I
plant all my violets, taken from beneath
the ashes for the purpose. Then I sim-
ply take up the ashes and cover the
newly planted violets with them and
the work is done. In October they be-
gin to bloom, and continue all through
the winter, so that I can pick them every
day and send the flowers to market.
ALWAYS A MARKET.
All of my violet plants come from one
little plot that I bought at the Center
market five years ago. They are made
to multiply by dividing the roots, so
that a single plant takes up in the spring
will supply a score or more. I sell my
flowers by sending them to the florists
in Washington or very often in New
York. Prices are higher in New York,
so that it usually pays to express them
on.

"There is always a market for flowers
and there is never any difficulty in dis-
posing of them. Any florist is glad to
buy them if they are in good condition,
and in prime condition. Those which I
send to New York are delivered early the
next morning. I expressed some thir-
ty originally on speculation and I got
immediate replies praising their quality
and asking for more. The violets must
be picked always in the afternoon, be-
cause otherwise they lose their perfume.
Then they must be brought into town
in the evening for shipment.
"My greatest success is with sweet
pease, which most people do not get
along very well with in this latitude. I
got the very finest possible seed to begin
with. From June to August I pick
very nearly 4,000 sweet pea blossoms
daily, and they sell for fifty cents a hun-
dred, so that they are really the most
profitable of my flowers. They require
but little care. I plant the seeds in the
spring in open ground, about four inches
deep, and as the plants grow the earth is
kept hilled up around them. Then posts
are stuck in along the rows with strings
arranged so that the vines are trained
upon them. I had one sixteenth of an
acre set out with sweet peas, and it
brought in a clear \$200 from the sale of
the blooms.
GROWING DAHLIAS.
"Another flower I am very successful
with is the single dahlia, which is very
much handsomer than the double
dahlia, you know as I plant the bulbs,
which I propagate myself, the last of
May, and the plants begin to flower
about the last of August, keeping on
until frost. I manage to keep them go-
ing for some time later than would
otherwise be possible by lighting fires
on cold nights at the ends of the rows.
In this way I get them over the first
frosty spell, after which there is usually
a season of quite warm weather, so that
frequently my dahlias are blooming
beautifully up to the end of November.
I try to make the flowers I grow alter-
nate, so that when one sort stops bloom-
ing another begins. My violets are
flowering from the last of September to
the end of April; then come the roses
through the summer, and the sweet peas,
with dahlias in the fall and violets again
until spring. You can perceive that my
way of growing flowers does not make
necessary any large investment in green-
houses or otherwise. Of course there are
some expenses. I have two men to
help me, though one of them I should
have to keep away for other purposes.
There is a great deal in the proper pack-
ing of flowers for market.
"For example, violets must be placed
in bunches in pasteboard boxes, with
waxed paper folded loosely around them.
They must not be touched with water,
because to do so will take away their
sweetness. I consider my own flower
growing enterprise as only begun this
far; some day I hope to become a mil-
lionaire by selling violets and sweet peas.
At all events there is money in the busi-
ness, properly pursued, and more women
ought to go into it."—Washington Star.

**THE KIND OF THE HAND IS UNDOUBTEDLY
ANCIENT, and therefore is not derived
from that of the lips, but probably the
convexity is true. The hand kind is
loosely asserted to be developed from
serpentine oboesances in which the earth,
the foot and the garments were kissed,
the hand and cheek succeeding in order
of time and approach to equality of
rank. But it is doubtful if that was the
actual order, and it is certain that at
the time when hand kissing began there
were less numerous gradations of rank
than at a later stage.
Kissing of the hands between men is
mentioned in the Old Testament, also
by Homer, Pliny and Lucian. The kiss
was applied reverentially to sacred ob-
jects, such as statues of the gods, as is
shown by ancient coins of art, and also
among numerous ethnologies by that
of the Latin word "adoro," and it was
also metaphorically applied by the in-
ferior or worshiper kissing his own hand
or statue.—Popular Science Monthly.**

California's Old Treasures.
Never in any other country has a change
in the political dominion been followed
so promptly by so marvelous an increase
of wealth and population, of productive
industry and general intelligence. Never
did a province repay new masters more
liberally for their trouble in its acquisi-
tion, nor any other conquered territory
ever receive greater benefits from
conquest. The most notable instances
in history of triumphant invasions re-
warded with great sums of precious
metal were those of Babylon by Cyrus,
of Persia by Alexander, of Mexico by
Cortez, and of Peru by Pizarro—all popu-
lous empires, with wealth accumulated
through centuries of prosperity. Yet
not one of them yielded to its conqueror,
within a generation, so much treasure as
did desolate California to the Americans.
—John S. Hittell in Century.

He Got a Holiday.
When I was about 11 years old I one
day rebelled against going to school. I
preferred the hook and line and the bab-
bling brook, and I said to father—a
farmer—at the dinner table, "Can't I
stay out of school this afternoon?"
"Oh, yes," he answered promptly, to
my no small surprise.
I ate my dinner with keen anticipa-
tion of a holiday afternoon; but as we
rose from the table father said, "Come
with me. I need a little help in picking
up the fallow ground."
When the trees of the forest were
felled they were cut into logs, rolled to-
gether and burned, after which it was
necessary to pick up the charred sticks,
and make smaller beams for another fire.
When father said "Come with me" I
knew what he meant, and I went.
At night I was black as a negro and
sour as a lemon, and the next morning I
said, "Father, I think I would rather go
to school today."
"All right," he answered; "go ahead,"
and after that I was careful not to ask
for a holiday without some very good
reason.—Chicago Herald.

The Judas Tree.
The Judas tree is a native of the south-
ern countries of Europe, and is a hand-
some low bush with a flat, spreading
top. In the spring it is profusely cov-
ered with purple pink blossoms, which
burst out before the leaves begin to un-
fold. The blossoms have an agreeable
acid taste, and are made into salads and
sometimes fried. There is an ancient
tradition that Judas hanged himself from
this species of tree. A tree called the
Judas tree is common to some parts of
the American continent. It differs some-
what from the one described, but the
blossoms are made into good pickles, and
the young twigs are bought by dyers for
the brownish pigment contained in them.
The Judas tree draws great numbers of
bees around to feed on the sweets con-
tained in its blossoms.—Detroit Free
Press.

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