

## GREAT LAND OPENING

Settlers to Be Allotted Six Hundred Thousand Acres.

### FIRST CHOICE FOR INDIANS.

United States Government Will Open Coeur d'Alene, Flathead and Spokane Lands and Award Three Thousand Seven Hundred and Fifty Homesteads by Lot—Flood of Applications.

Uncle Sam is about to kill two tremendous birds by using a stone of record breaking size. The latter part of this summer he will break up the tribal relations of nearly 4,000 Indians in Montana, Idaho and Washington, place them all on farms and give to American settlers something like 600,000 acres of the Indian lands in those states. These farms of 100 acres each will be awarded to lucky immigrants by the lottery system, which has placed so many thousands upon homesteads of their own.

For many generations the United States government has been feeding and clothing the Indians. The effect upon the Indian himself has been pronounced, as might have been expected—he will not work for what he has received free for so many years. So the government has decided to apportion the lands now held by the tribes in common among the various individuals and families and permit the red men to learn something of the honesty of labor.

The Indians to be affected in this instance are 637 Coeur d'Alenes in Idaho, 2,379 Flatheads in Montana and nearly 700 Spokes in Washington. Registration will begin July 15 and will end Aug. 5. The drawing will begin Aug. 9. The swarm of people to the northwest to try their luck doubtless will be enormous. About 3,750 farms will be opened for settlement. For a month or more the land office has been receiving an average of from 800 to 1,000 letters a day from people all over the United States, prospective settlers inquiring as to the conditions governing the lottery. Only 3,000 or 4,000 people can hope to receive the prizes.

Before white men are permitted to settle upon a single acre the Indians themselves are to be given first choice of the lands for farms. On the Coeur d'Alene reservation the 837 Indians have been allotted 102,000 out of a total of 310,000 acres. So each Indian will also receive 100 acres, including men, women and children, giving Indian families much larger farms than the white settlers will receive.

The Flathead Indians have been allotted 222,000 acres out of a total of 1,200,000 acres, while the Spokane Indians have been allotted 65,280 acres. Some timber land on the Coeur d'Alene reservation will be opened for registration, but timber lands will not be opened on the other reservations.

The white settlers will have to pay the Indians within five years for all the lands taken up for settlement at from \$1.25 to \$7 per acre. This money, paid to the government in annual installments, will be deposited in the United States treasury to the credit of the Indians, and they will receive individually each year the interest on their funds.

All who desire to register for these lands must go in person to the registration points at Kalispell or Missoula, Mont., to register for Flathead lands, to Coeur d'Alene, Ida., to register for Coeur d'Alene lands and to Spokane to register for Spokane lands. Applications will be received only at Coeur d'Alene, where James W. Witten of the general land office will conduct the lottery. Applications, which may be sworn to before a notary public, must be sent to Judge Witten by ordinary mail, not by registered mail, and no envelope which bears a return card or the address of the sender will be counted in the lottery.

Soldiers and sailors of the civil war, Spanish war and Philippine insurrection or their widows or children may register through agents. This means that the veterans or their heirs do not have to go way out to Montana to register. All applications for registration must reach Judge Witten at Coeur d'Alene before Aug. 2.

All applications filed on identical blanks will be heaped in a room and thoroughly mixed. Judge Witten will pick out one of them at random. A clerk will mark that blank "No. 1," and the man or woman whose name it bears will be entitled to first choice of a farm. In this way a number of blanks equal to the number of homesteads available will be selected.

No selections of homesteads will be made prior to April 1, 1910. All persons winning the right to enter will be notified when to appear to select their farms. If they fail to appear on that date they will lose all rights under the number assigned them.

No charge will be made for registration, but at the time of entry persons who apply for Flathead lands will be required to pay one-third of the appraised value, and those applying for the lands on the other reservations will be required to pay one-fifth of the appraised value. Residence must be begun within six months after the date on which entry is made. Settlers must build homes and cultivate the lands in good faith.

At the end of the five year term they receive title and may dispose of their lands. At the end of fourteen months those desiring to do so may pay for their lands in full, when they will receive title and be authorized to sell their lands if they so desire.—Washington Cor. Boston Herald.

## MAMMOTH MUSHROOM.

Weighed Over Thirty-three Pounds When It Reached Scales.

In a field six miles back of Pittsburgh, at Millvale, Pa., Dr. Allen J. Willets, professor of economy and English in the Carnegie Tech schools, recently discovered a mammoth mushroom. The mushroom, after some pieces had been broken off in getting it to the scales, weighed thirty-three and a half pounds. It measured thirty-two inches on the top and nine inches in thickness.

The Carnegie institute, which at once took charge of the wonderful growth, declares that, while there is historical record of a mushroom weighing forty-five pounds having been found, it has reason for belief that the find of today is as large as if not larger than any other ever found. Detail as to the mushroom of history is lacking, and there are also lacking some parts of the Pittsburgh mushroom which were intact when found.

Dr. W. J. Holland of the institute, who raced by auto into the woods for the mushroom, when notified declared that it must have weighed over forty pounds when Dr. Willets came upon it.

The mushroom is what is known as the polyporus kind and cannot be cultivated at all, though it is of the edible variety. The mushroom appears to have grown so fast that blades of grass cut through it.

## BJORNSON'S POPULARITY.

Remarkable Military Greeting For the Norwegian Novelist.

One day while in Norway an opportunity was given to L. P. Richards to verify the statement that the name of Bjornstjerne Bjornson, the Norwegian poet, means as much as the Norwegian flag. "A battalion of Norwegian and Swedish cavalry, infantry and artillery, between 3,000 and 4,000 strong, was returning from its maneuvers to the post in Christiania," he says. "In passing Aulestad the general in command sent his adjutant in advance to get Bjornson's permission to bring him an ovation. With his family and guests assembled about him on the veranda, the monumental figure stood with bared head to receive the military greeting.

"As each regiment passed in review below, presenting arms to their chieftain, there went up a deafening shout of personal salutation from each of the soldiers, who then joined in singing the national hymn, to whose author they were offering this spontaneous salute. There was the unique spectacle of a man in private life being accorded a military, spontaneous demonstration by the nation's army which a king might envy."

## RICH, GRADUATE IN CALICO.

Niece Inaugurated Wealthy Man's Campaign For Plain Gowns.

Miss Harriet Walker, a wealthy member of the younger set in Wellington, O., astounded her class the other night when she appeared for high school graduation in a calico gown. D. P. Wells, her wealthy uncle, does not believe in women wearing elaborate gowns, and more to satisfy him than to win the \$50 which Mr. Wells gave his niece she, at his request, agreed to wear calico.

"My object," said Mr. Wells, "is to begin a campaign for more sensible gowns at commencement exercises. Too many poor people spend comparatively large sums on such gowns. If every one could afford it the custom would be all right."

## NEW SHELL A SEARCHLIGHT.

Luminous Missile Fired at Night to Discover Fleets.

To detect a hostile fleet or single ship at sea on a dark night, especially when a great distance away, is no easy matter, even with searchlights.

The French naval authorities now believe, according to a dispatch from Toulon, that they have discovered a precious auxiliary in a luminous shell recently invented and with which experiments have been made with great secrecy. The shell, according to a description given, is fired at a high angle, and when it bursts it scatters luminous balls over a large part of the horizon, enabling one to discover a ship within a radius of sixteen or eighteen miles.

To H. R. H. Juliana Lou.  
[The little crown princess of Holland has been christened Juliana Louise Emma Marie Wilhelmina.—Cable Dispatch.]

The Holland folk are tickled much because they've got a Princess Dutch. A brand new blue eyed baby girl. To keep their royal hearts awlirl. An heiress for their little throne. That they can call their very own. Who soon will rule them as she likes. As little Princess of the Dikes. And for her name This very same Is christened by her subjects true As Juliana, Juliana, Juliana Lou. O Juliana Lou, We doff our caps to you! A princess fair You truly air, O Juliana Lou!

Some day you'll come into your place As ruler of the Holland race, And as a queen, serenely calm, You'll rule o'er giddy Amsterdam And Rotterdam And Potterdam And all the other dams there be Along the beautiful damson sea. And as you walk your regal ways May all your sauce be Hollandaise. And may you never use a crutch Because somebody's beat the Dutch. But rule serene. A happy queen Your days all through, O Juliana, Juliana, Juliana Lou! O Juliana Lou, We doff our caps to you! A Dutch treat fair You truly air, O Juliana Lou! —J. K. B. in Harper's Weekly.

## HIS WIFE'S PRISONER

By AGNES HUNTINGTON.  
[Copyright, 1909, by American Press Association.]

Mr. and Mrs. Owens returned from the theater at 11 o'clock. They found the light in the hall turned low, as they had left it, and, leaving it so for the night, as was their custom, went upstairs. They had barely turned up the gas on the second floor when they heard a sound below. Mr. Owens descended the staircase to learn the cause and at the bottom met a man. "Who are you, and what are you doing here?" asked Mr. Owens. The man put his finger to his lips. "Be quiet," he said in a whisper. "There are burglars in the house." "But you—how did you get in?" "I am a policeman in plain clothes. I came in through the same window as the burglars."

Mrs. Owens, fearing some danger to her husband, followed him downstairs and asked what was the matter.

"Burglars," whispered her husband. "Great heavens! We shall all be murdered."

"Not while I'm here, madam," said the policeman, "and if you'll only keep quiet I'll bag them all. Go upstairs and leave them to me."

Mrs. Owens ran upstairs as fast as she could go. Mr. Owens would have remained below to assist in the capture, but his wife called him and threatened to go down again if he didn't come up. The policeman told him to go and keep her quiet. So Mr. Owens followed his wife upstairs and into her bedroom, where she locked him in with her and took the key out of the lock.

Mr. Owens remained comparatively passive for some ten minutes, occasionally listening. Hearing muffled sounds below and not liking the idea of the contemptible position he occupied, he demanded the key of the bedroom door of his wife, that he might go down to see what was going on and take part in it if necessary. Mrs. Owens, terror stricken at such an event and fearing that her husband would take the key by force, rushed to the window, lifted the sash and threw the key out. Mr. Owens uttered an exclamation of dissatisfaction, but could do nothing. He was locked in.

Under such circumstances one will often do something ridiculous. Mr. Owens leaned out of the window and looked down through the gloom for the key. He heard in a stage whisper from below "Hist!"

"Who are you?" asked Owens.

"A neighbor of yours. I think there are burglars in your house."

"There are, but there is a plain clothes man after them."

"Aren't you going down to help?"

"I'd like to, but my wife objects."

"H'm! I don't think my wife would keep me upstairs with burglars in the house."

"Nor mine either if I could help myself. She locked the door and threw the key out of the window. I wish you would look for it and toss it back."

"Not I. If you should get shot your wife would never forgive me."

"What the dickens am I to do? I'm locked up here like a kid in a nursery. What a pickle for a full grown man! If you don't mind I'd like you to go in and see the condition of things."

"No, thanks. I've got a wife and five kids at home. I'm not going to buck up against the revolvers of professional burglars to save the property of those who lock themselves in. Besides, if the police are on to the matter there's no need of any one else taking it up. Good night. I'm going home. I just thought I'd step over and tell you my suspicions."

This dialogue was carried on in quick whispers between the two men, the neighbor being almost invisible. The neighbor disappeared. Then, after it was too late, Owens thought that he might have asked him to telephone the police for assistance for the single plain clothes man who was trying to capture the gang below. But he was under excitement and not able to think clearly.

An hour passed and Mr. Owens was still a prisoner. Then he heard footsteps below as of several men passing out of the place.

"Hello!" called a voice.

"Well?" asked Mr. Owens.

"We got 'em."

"Did you? That's good."

"We're taking 'em off to the station now. You'll be wanted in the morning to appear against 'em."

"All right. I'll be there. Say, would you mind looking around down there for a key and tossing it up to me?"

"Of course I will."

The light in a dark lantern was uncovered and moved about under the window. After a few minutes' search the key was found and tossed up to Mr. Owens.

"Good night," said the man. "Don't forget to be at the station tomorrow at 10. You'd better go right downstairs and lock up."

"Are you sure," called Mrs. Owens, "that you've got all the burglars?"

"Well, there might be some of 'em hidden somewhere. Better take a gun."

This settled it for Mr. Owens. His wife snatched the key from him and threw it again out of the window. It was 3 o'clock in the morning when, refusing any longer to remain a prisoner, he made a rope ladder of the bed-clothes and descended to the ground. He had no trouble getting into the house, for the front door was wide open. He entered to find the premises ransacked.

The man he had met in the hall was a burglar, and the man who had played neighbor was on watch for the gang.

# SUMMER SACRIFICES ON SEASONABLE STOCKS

Prices Boiled Down to Make Best Bargains

See These Attractive Specials

One Dozen Ladies' Wool Tailored Suits At Actual Cost.

All Ladies' Oxfords At a Big Reduction

Men's and Boy's Clothing at Sale Prices A Lot of Boy's Clothing, 4 to 14 years, at HALF PRICES

Get on to Our Bargains for next week  
J. H. HARRIS

## PLAN YOUR VACATION NOW at our expense

A CHOICE OF FOUR

# FREE TRIPS

IS OFFERED YOU

SEATTLE DURING ALASKA-YUKON EXPOSITION

YELLOWSTONE NATIONAL PARK  
YOSEMITE VALLEY  
LAKE TAHOE

ALL YOUR EXPENSES PAID

IF YOU HAVE FRIENDS IN THE EAST WHO WANT TO VISIT THE PACIFIC COAST WE CAN ARRANGE IT

## This is your Opportunity

For complete information address

Sunset Travel Club

Room 16, Flood Bld'g San Francisco

# THE DAILY GAZETTE

ALL THE NEWS ALL THE TIME