

**TO PAY SIRE'S DEBT.**

**PRETTY INDIAN GIRL SELLS HERSELF AT AUCTION.**

Touching Story of Filial Devotion on the Part of "Singing Swan," a Kiowa Maiden—The Purchase Price Was \$25,000.

A daughter's unselfish love for a father has been proven by the strangest of all strange transactions which could possibly take place in civilized America.

The other day in a Kiowa village in Indian Territory, an educated and unusually attractive girl of Indian birth offered herself at auction to the highest bidder, thus gaining, by the only means which her loyalty and affection could devise, money to cancel a debt of honor which her father had died without paying. "Singing Swan" is the girl's name, and the sum for which she bartered her liberty was \$25,000.

Not one in the village suspected that "Singing Swan" contemplated taking so radical a step, although it was no secret among the settlers and her tribal folk for many miles around that she had held her father in an idolatrous regard, had mourned his loss keenly and had grieved over the fact that a debt which she could not wipe out lived after him, and a debtor whose claim she could not pacify continually harassed her.

"Iron Talk," the father of this remarkable girl, was a great chief, and at one period of his career was regarded as one of the most prosperous Indians in the Territory. In his old age, when the country became easy of access through the building of numerous railroads, shrewd white traders crowded upon the reservations and into the villages. "Iron Talk" was distinguished for his hospitality and friendly disposition toward all enterprises calculated to improve the country and elevate his people. In consequence he was easily induced to em-

**CASTLE TO BE THE SPIANS' HOME.**



MIRAMOUNT CASTLE.

Miramont Castle at Mantion, Ore., is to be turned into a free sanitarium for consumptive actors and actresses if present plans are carried out. The wide and increasing prevalence of tuberculosis among members of the theatrical profession has led to the promotion of this scheme, in which leading thespians are interested. The site selected for the proposed sanitarium is all that could be asked, as far as climatic conditions go, and the breezes that blow from the nearby pine forests are said to be highly beneficial in treating the dread disease.

Every theatrical organization in the country is aiding the promoters of this worthy movement, and many prominent actors, actresses and managers have individually pledged themselves for substantial sums. Already nearly \$100,000 has been subscribed, and the success of the undertaking is assured.

the jewels to a wealthy white lady in St. Louis for \$1,500. The money will be divided among my people, who are at this time in great poverty. The man who buys me takes me as I am, but I can make my own clothing. I need a sum of money to discharge a debt which my father, 'Iron Talk,' owed to a white man named John McRae when he died. McRae is barred from bidding. I promise to make the man who buys me a good wife, provided he treats me well. Who bids for Singing Swan?"

The young warriors could hardly credit their eyes and ears. Finally a young Kiowa brave spurred his pony nearer. Few heard the words of the bidder, but the next instant the girl exclaimed: "One thousand dollars I am offered! Who bids more?"

"Six Killer," a rich Cherokee, instantly shouted, "I will give \$5,000 in gold for Singing Swan."

**DESCENDED FROM JUNGLE FOWL.**

**How Poultry Still Retain Ancestral Characteristics.**

Common poultry are all descended from the jungle fowl of India and years of domestication and cross breeding have given rise to the different varieties. If our fowls were permitted to run wild for a number of generations there is no reason why they would not return to their first state, in which they were able to fly as easily as birds. This quality is always noticeable when man attempts to carry on a private evolution of his own. Nature has no use for the long feathered, crested and gaudy colored monstrosities produced by man, and when they are returned to her she at once begins their reconstruction. Observe the common rooster, the overgrown, weak-lunged inmate of the barnyard. He wakes in the early morning and some impulse still remaining in him causes him to look for the branches overhead, but which are not there. A similar impulse makes him flap his wings, as if he were trying to soar up into the tops of the highest trees, and then he sends out his challenge to the world. Hundreds and hundreds of years ago, long before the Chinese or Hindoos had captured their great-grandfather—this rooster's great-great-grandfather—with several hundred more greats added—was accustomed as the first rays of the sun touched the distant Himalayas, to fly up and up to the topmost branches of some mighty tree, and there sound his defiance to all the jungle cocks within hearing. Some morning, when we are awakened at the break of day by the importunate tones of the rooster, let us forgive our poor domestic bird who is helplessly carrying out the demands of hereditary impulse, which, pitifully useless now, is still his badge of descent from some royal jungle cock.

These researches might be carried on indefinitely and so pursued as to show relationship between all animals. It is hard to believe, perhaps, that the elephant was once a fish, but evolution says he was. Perhaps man was, also. Such a thing would not be much more remarkable than the wonders shown in the foregoing short study.

**JOKE WAS ON THE WHITES.**

A Wichita boy serving in the Philippine army writes to his mother in the greatest indignation over a gigantic joke played by a colored regiment in the far-away islands. This regiment is the Forty-ninth infantry. They were stationed at Sipu, one of the interior provinces. They told the natives that the colored race predominated in America; that the whites had been but recently released from slavery; that the colored people ran the 'United States government; that President McKinley was descended from a pure-blooded African chief; that the white folk in America were low down, lazy, pilfering trash, much given to stealing chickens; that the white were not permitted to own property, and that the negroes wouldn't associate with them on terms of equality at all.

By and by the colored regiment was moved elsewhere and the regiment to which the Wichita boy belonged took its place. The white soldiers found that they were looked upon with contempt and that everything told by the colored troops had been believed.—Kansas City Journal.

**A NEW BREAKFAST FOOD.**

"Do you know the 'Autocrat of the Breakfast Table,' Mr. Tinkham?" asked a lady of her host at a rural dinner party.

"Well, really, now, I don't know," he replied. "We've tried so many of them breakfast foods I can't keep track of 'em. Maria," he called to his wife across the table, "have we ever tried the water-cracker of the breakfast table?"

**Why His Debts Worried Him.**

Ned—I'm dreadfully worried about my debts.

Jack—It must be very annoying to be continually dunned.

Ned—Oh, hang the duns! What worries me is the fact that I can't get any more credit.—Kansas City Journal.

**Natural Gas.**

The origin of natural gas is the action of water upon aluminum carbide by which methane is evolved.

"Do you think that wireless telegraphy will save time?" "Yes, if they can invent some sort of a messenger-boyless device for delivering the telegrams."

If you have never tried to make any one happy you have no idea of what you have missed.

**BITS FOR BOOKWORMS**

The name of Anna Katherine Green is known wherever the lover of detective stories reads his favorite literature. Her latest novel, bearing the mysterious title of "The Pillgrimage Ball," is published by the Bobbs-Merrill Company.

Mrs. Hornhand—Mrs. Scroggins tells me that since that lit'ry son of theirs was thrown over by that Goldsby girl he's been all broke up. Farmer Hornhand—Yes, I ben seen' his pieces in th' paper.—Baltimore American.

George Ade has entered the short-story field. His first book of stories will be published by McClure, Phillips & Co. The title is "In Babel." By "Babel" is meant Chicago, all of these stories dealing with some aspect of life in this city.

Books may come and books may go, but "Ben Hur" apparently bids fair to go on forever. Harper & Bros. are bringing out a new edition of their Players' Edition, the story is being included in school libraries throughout the country as supplementary reading, and now we hear of an association inspired by the story and known as the Order of Ben Hur.

Following upon the large success of "The Woman That Tolls," by Marie Van Vorst and Mrs. John D. Van Vorst, Doubleday, Page & Co. are soon to issue another book, "Tollers of the Home," by Lillian Pettingill, which is a frank and genuine account of the things that really happened to her while in domestic service as an experiment similar to that of the authors of the other book.

Mrs. Rose Hartwick Thorpe, whose beautiful poem, "Curfew Shall Not Ring To-Night," will live for all time, makes her home in California. In talking about her famous poem, some curious facts were made known. It was written when she was but a school girl, and she derived the inspiration from study of that historic period of England, which moved her so deeply that on returning from school she hastened to her room, and proceeded to paint in rhymed words the vivid picture in her mind. It was not published till two or three years later, when it was accepted by a Detroit paper to which Miss Hartwick had for some time been contributing, gratuitously, short poems.

"Winslow Plain," by Sarah P. McLean Greene, is not a book to read for the story. The persons who read it will do so because it is good and wholesome and written by a woman who knows how to combine pathos and humor and who knows well how to make religion attractive. Mrs. Greene holds a position among the story writers of to-day which is her very own. Her followers, while they may not be so great in numbers as the ones who follow in the wake of each new "best-selling book," are sincere and oftentimes enthusiastic in the admiration of her work. Perhaps it is her beautiful faith which is her chief charm, for in every word that she writes one recognizes her belief in the goodness of human nature. Nowhere has she shown this belief more strongly than in "Winslow Plain."

**WITHOUT PHRASES.**

**Some Expressions That Are Continuously Overworked.**

It is really time to compile a blacklist of words and phrases that have appeared in court so often as to suggest their immediate expulsion. Those that appear on the blacklist should be unable for three years at least—to obtain printers' ink at any printing office in the United Kingdom. Dullness and monotony have some excuse. We should blacklist the "well-earned rest" and the "scene of her former triumphs," the "young lady of prepossessing appearance," the "ample justice" that it done to the vlands beneath which the "tables literally groaned," and the wedding presents that are "numerous and costly;" but we admit their use in a world where time is money and lines are a penny; these habitual offenders might, after some years' abstention from ink, be considered to have purged their offense. Much more annoying is the attempt at absurd ornamentation, the struggle against tautology and preposterous pinnacles of language. Why should it be necessary when Dr. Johnson has been mentioned twice, to call him at the third allusion "the great lexicographer?" It has no longer any possible relation with Johnson's reputation, which rests now on the careful chatter of Boswell. With the great lexicographer must pass into obscurity the "Swan of Avon," the "Wizard of the North," and the "Sage of Chelsea." The phrases ring through the papers with the maddening iteration of the latest popular tune that the whistle of the street boy catches from the piano organ, which gets it from heaven knows where. To the list, too, must be added that infuriating beginning of a paragraph, "It is interesting to note." If it were not interesting there would be no excuse for noting it.—London Academy.

A boy's idea of a funny thing on the stage is for one man to hit another with a stuffed club.

Is it possible for one woman to be too good-looking for other women to consider her respectable?

There is very little sympathy for any man who gets injured in a "friendly scuffle."

**Boys And Girls**

Little Stories and Incidents that Will Interest and Entertain Young Readers

**Girl with a Company Face.**  
Once on a time, in a far-away place, Lived a queer little girl with a company face.

And no one outside of the family knew Of her everyday face, or supposed she had two.

The change she could make with wondrous celerity, For practice had lent her surprising dexterity.

But at last it chanced on an unlucky day (Or lucky, perhaps, I would much better say),

To her dismal dismay and complete consternation, She failed to effect the desired transformation!

And a caller, her teacher, Miss Agatha Mason, Surprised her with half of her company face on,

And half of her everyday face peeping out, Showing one grimy tear-track and half of a pout,

Contrasting amazingly with the sweet smile That shone on her company side all the while.

The caller no sooner had hurried away Than up to her room the girl flew in dismay;

And after a night spent in solemn reflection Of the folly of features that can't bear inspection,

She came down to breakfast and walked to her place, Calm, sweet and serene, with her company face.

Thenceforward she wore it, day out and day in, Till you really might think 'twould be worn very thin;

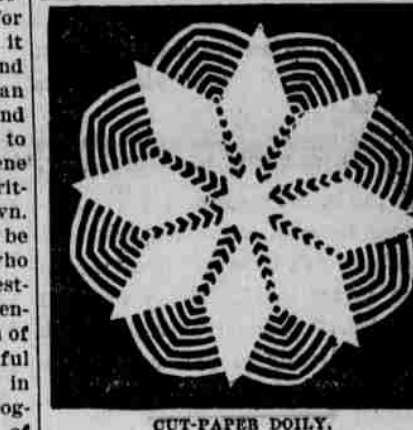
But, strange to relate, it grew more bright and gay, And her relatives think 'twas a red-letter day.

When the greatly astonished Miss Agatha Mason Surprised her with half of her company face on.

—St. Nicholas.

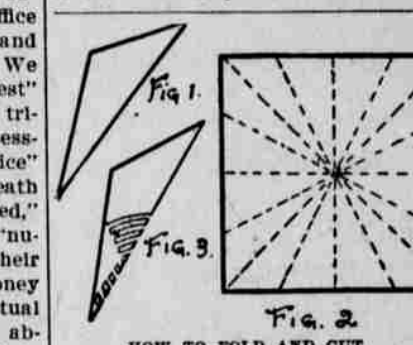
**Paper Doylies.**  
Just now when paper novelties are so much in vogue, readers of this column may like to know of an easy way of making dainty doyleys, the only requisites being a few sheets of thin white or tinted paper and a pair of scissors.

The paper when folded is ready for



CUT-PAPER DOILY.

cutting as shown in Figure 1. Figure 2 shows the dotted lines for folding. First fold the paper in half, and then in half again, thus forming a square one-fourth in size of the original sheet. The remaining four folds must be taken from the center outwards, and not folded over all in one piece. Care must be taken that the folding is perfectly even or the doyley will not be a success. Next mark with pencil as shown in Figure 3, and cut carefully to the outlined pattern with sharply-



HOW TO FOLD AND CUT.

pointed scissors. Unfold your paper, and if the directions have been carefully followed you will be charmed with the result. With a very little skill in designing, many other patterns may be cut in the same way.

**Hives of the World.**

The largest bee farm in the world is said to be near Becton, Canada. It covers four acres, and the owner in a favorable year secures not less than 75,000 pounds of honey from 19,000,000 working bees. Greece has 80,000 hives; Denmark, 90,000; the Netherlands, 240,000; France, 950,000; Germany, 1,450,000; Austria, 558,000. The United States has 2,800,000, which produce 61,000,000 pounds of honey annually. The largest weight of honey that has ever been taken in a single season from one hive was 1,000 pounds, in Texas.

**Waking Dreams.**

Little Ruth was spending her first night away from home. She was somewhat restless, and in the morning she was asked how she had slept.

"I don't think I slept very much."

"Then you couldn't have had any bad dreams, surely," said mamma.

"No, ma'm, I didn't; but I had two terrible thinks."

**To Be Mourned Over.**

One day little Alice was walking down the street with a bunch of violets

in her hand, when she stopped in front of a barber shop and entering handed the violets to the man and said, simply:

"These are for Whisker's coffin."

"Whiskers?" said the man, "and who is Whiskers?"

"Why, I don't know," said Alice, "only it said on the window, 'Whiskers dyed h-re,' and I am very sorry about it."

**Stork's Doorway.**

A new baby brother had come to Annie's house and she wanted to know where he came from. She was told that he came from heaven. One day she was out in the yard playing, and saw a rift in the clouds, so she ran into the house and said:

"Oh, mamma, come and see the hole in the sky where little bruber dropped through."

**Whistling Moth.**

A whistling moth is an Australian rarity. There is a glassy space on the wings, crossed with ribs. When the moth wants to whistle it strikes these ribs with its antennae, which have a knob at the end. The sound is a love call from the male to the female.

**HOW A DRUMMER GOT EVEN.**

**Lost Money in the South and Sent a Gambler to Recover It.**

"In Meridian," said a visitor, "is a well situated in the heart of the city that is known as the 'Daugherty well.' That isn't its official title," he continued, "but most of the boys about town call it that. John Daugherty was a former Cincinnati gambler who came South years ago to get even with five merchants in a town who had won several thousand dollars in a poker game from an Ohio drummer who, returning home, got Daugherty to go to this place and win his money back for him. The 'professional' arrived in the little town ready for business. He had laid his plans well. First he had sent a negro there and had all the playing cards bought.

"The negro was followed by a man selling cards. The stores dealing in pasteboards were in need of some at once. 'When could the drummer get an order filled?' The drummer told them that he had a hundred packs in his trunk—samples that he would dispose of at less than cost—and again the stores had a supply. That night Daugherty was there and in about three days he had about all the ready money that could be scraped together in that vicinity. Then he took a train for the North, but was captured at Meridian.

"While his trial was going on he got acquainted with some of the local sports and concluded to make Meridian his home. The police attempted to make it so warm for him that he would leave, but they didn't succeed. About this time the city concluded to dig a well. Workmen would shovel away dirt for a week or so and then stop. After a while, however, they would resume. Daugherty at about this time was being fined regularly on the first of each month \$100 and costs. Then, by the 3d, the men would tackle the well once more. This thing ran along for months. One day Daugherty went to the marshal and asked him how much money it would take to complete the hole in the ground; that he would pay it then and let the well be finished. But of course the marshal wouldn't listen to any such proposition. The end of the month came along and Daugherty, standing in front of the St. Charles Hotel and seeing the idle tools, remarked: 'Well, next Thursday will be the 1st and I'll bet a hundred work will commence next Monday.' Sure enough his prediction came true and by Wednesday water had been found."

—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

**Idle Conversation.**

When will women in business realize that nothing is more disturbing to a busy man than the idle conversation many women indulge in during business hours! Such conversation wastes both time and money and makes her an unmitigated nuisance more than anything else.

As a matter of fact, it is not easy to find a tactful woman, according to the Baltimore News. It is almost impossible to discover one who, given sufficient provocation, will not tell the story of her life to a sympathetic person, when she should be writing letters or adding figures. Sometimes a solitary woman will put a whole office to confusion by an untimely word here and a five-minute conversation there. The women who have been successful in the business world have been the few who knew when to hold their tongues, and where.

There are women who avow themselves able to talk while they work, and to do a task as well to an accompaniment of chatter as they do in a profound silence, but they will be lucky if they can induce their employers to believe this. And, indeed, it is not true, for no one can do two things at the same time and do them well.

The woman who wants to succeed in business, then, must take a lesson in keeping quiet before she will be regarded as an acquisition to an office in which men are employed.

Acquire self-control, or one of these days you will be one of those idiots who yell "Fire" in a crowded house.



Sold Herself at Auction

bark in many ruinous financial ventures. Before he died he borrowed a large sum from a money lender which he was never able to return, though it is said that the relentless creditor seized upon property belonging to the estate which ought to have satisfied him. He has kept his judgment for about \$8,000 alive for years, to the great distress of "Singing Swan" and her only brother.

At length, in order to liquidate the indebtedness, "Singing Swan" decided to offer herself for sale, reserving the right to reject or approve the final bid.

More than one sighing suitor had told her that she was worth her weight in gold. One aged admirer had offered to place a large sum to her credit in the bank and build a palace for her if she would consent to preside over his household, and another who was younger and better looking had made fine speeches upon his knees. Well, she would put them to the test. She chose a feast day when a large crowd composed of white traders, cattlemen, Indians, half-breeds, nomads and gamblers had gathered in the village street.

**Offers Herself for Sale.**

When "Singing Swan" appeared among them, clad gayly in the rich royal robes of her tribe, all eyes were turned upon her in admiration. It was the moment for her to act. Suddenly mounting a box she stood, a dramatic figure amid most picturesque surroundings. She began to chant in a sweet clear voice a favorite Kiowa melody. At once she was surrounded by a cheering throng. With a graceful gesture of one bronze, rounded arm she commanded silence, and spoke.

"Who wants a wife?" she asked of the astonished crowd. There was an earnestness in her voice and face that forbade a jesting reply.

"Who wants a wife?" repeated the trembling girl. "I am for sale. To the highest bidder I will execute a bill of sale of myself. I am about 18 years old. I can read and write, and am considered a good housekeeper. I can make good bread and the sweetest kind of cakes and pies. I can ride a mustang, milk cows and throw a rope. The robe and the jewels that I wear will not be included in the sale. They are the property of the royal family of the Kiowas. They have belonged to successive generations of ruling females in the family of our chiefs for many generations. Since there are no longer chiefs possessing the tribal dignities I have sold the royal robes and

"It is not enough to pay my father's debts of honor," said the maiden.

At that moment old "Jim Crow," a famous, wealthy "white Indian, shouted, "I need a housekeeper, and if Singing Swan will take kindly to old Jim I will put a check for \$10,000 in one of her little hands."

"You can't get her," roared the Cherokee; "\$11,000."

"Can't I?" retorted Jim, throwing his Winchester across his left arm and drawing a long piece of glittering steel from his belt. "We will see about that, Mr. Injin. Shout \$15,000, Miss Singing Swan, and tell 'em to come again."

The two men glared at each other, to the great delight of the crowd, and no doubt to the intense satisfaction of the Indian girl. They continued bidding until Jim shouted \$25,000. As the angry Cherokee turned his horse and galloped away the crowd roared with laughter, and when they saw the smiling beauty holding her hands toward the successful bidder and heard her say, "Here, Mr. Crow; come and take your property," they filled the air with cheers.

Singing Swan had fallen into the hands of a strange but trustworthy character. His wife, who was a half-blood Chickasaw, had been dead for several years, but he has a large family of boys and girls and is reputed to be worth a quarter of a million of dollars.

Jim Crow led the girl to the house of a friend and gave her a check for the amount promised. Telling her that he would call for her in a few moments, he hunted for John McRae and asked for the note that he held against Iron Talk. Old Jim read it carefully, and then, taking his revolver from his shirt, he thrust the paper into the muzzle of the gun, and drove it down on the ball with a lead pencil.

"Now, Mr. McRae," he remarked, "I happen to know that you get more than Iron Talk's property to pay this debt. You have annoyed the heirs of my dead friend long enough, and if I ever hear that you mention this matter again I will send this note into your hide with a bullet."

Jim introduced the Indian girl to his sons and daughters as an orphan he had adopted, and told them to treat her as a sister. Since the old teacher has several fine-looking sons it will be a matter of wonder if the pretty maiden does not soon find a lover and keep the \$25,000 for a wedding "dot."