

# THE CONVERSION OF SWEET-GRASS.

BY W. A. FRASER.

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## CHAPTER I.

### THE CHILDHOOD OF SWEET-GRASS.

When the great Chief Crofoot was to the Blackfeet was Sweet-Grass to the Crees. He was the Seneca of this great tribe. That was when he was Sweet-Grass.

At the beginning he was next to nothing, a wee mite of a copper-colored pagan Cree. His father had been too indifferent to even fight well, so he had been slain like an obese buffalo bull.

In the hunt there was no warrior to kill the buffalo for the widow's wigwam. She followed up the others and cleaned what they left. In times of plenty this was not so difficult, but when hunger stalked through the flapping robes of the Indians in the winter months the gloaming was nothing, and existence for the squaw and her little brown puppoo became a struggle with the coyotlike dogs of the camp for the things the others threw away.

That was the childhood of Sweet-Grass. He did not even own a name. He was only the nokum's child.

If in the scramble for bits of jerked buffalo he and the dogs fell out and he struck his canine rivals, somebody would retaliate. The dogs were in the right of it. It was only the nokum's child, anyway. The dogs belonged to somebody, after a fashion—so many to each tepee—but Sweet-Grass was only the nokum's child.

His mother carried wood and smoked meat for others, stripped the red willow and made kinnikinnick for lazy braves with lacer wives, and in return she was allowed to poke through the offal and find her living there—if she could. She was like the village poor woman, with the usual boy, who scrubs and washes and does all the village chores.

Sweet-Grass was the boy. As soon as he opened his eyes on the pleasant world he began to discover that life was a fight.

This conviction deepened as he grew older, and the village outlook always grows old fast. His years unostentatiously slipped. At 14 he was small, but hard as nails. Fighting for existence did not tend to soften him.

At 14 he said to the nokum: "Mother, I am now a warrior. I have not even a name. As I lie on my buffalo skin at night the wind whistles to me through the grass and the purple moose flowers and asks me what is my name. What can I answer, mother?"

"I answer that I am the nokum's child, and the wind laughs and sweeps away, and the pack dogs howl, and my heart grows black with anger. If I were a maiden, the water would trickle from my eyes, my heart grows so sad. But I am a warrior, mother, a brave, and my heart beats hard and fast against my ribs, and I know that it is knocking that it may grow big and strong and fierce like Black Wolf's."

"Yesterday a big black eagle flew over the snow mountains, and his shadow swept like a cloud across the grass that he like the yellow gold. He flew toward the sun, mother—south toward the land of the Blackfoot—and he called to me. I looked up, and I saw his eyes. They were bright and fierce just like Black Wolf's."

"But he was looking at me, mother, and he whistled shrill and sharp, as though the Great Spirit called me to follow."

"Tonight I am going, mother. In five nights if I do not return it will not matter, for I have no name. I will bring a name if I come back."

The nokum's eyes were old and blurred, the pupil was glazed with a bluish cast, and the whites were streaked yellow and red, so not much expression could creep into them. They did not tell what she thought; they were like badly colored beads. Her tongue did not know how to give expression to sentiment, her poor old heart tugged and strained at its lashings and hurt her, but she was used to pain. It never occurred to her to complain because of pain.

So the boy looked in the poor guarded eyes and saw nothing. The white, withered lips told him nothing, and he thought "the nokum is glad. She would like her boy to have a name."

He took his bow and his knife and his tenderly feathered arrows and held them in his arms as a lover fondles the roses he takes to his ladylove. It was a man's bow, for the boy's arms were like steel—got of the fighting with the arrows and everything else in the camp.

Cheap little bits of finery he toggled himself out with—trifles of brass tied in his long black shining hair. A little remnant of beadwork, blue and yellow and black, that his mother had saved from the deer skin shirt of his worthless father, he fastened about his neck.

When he was ready to start, the nokum made his young heart bound with delight when she handed him a pair of delicately beaded moccasins. They had been worked for a young chief.

"For when you are coming back," she said.

Then the sky swallowed him up. The nokum saw only millions of stars blinking at her as she "at" the rent of the Blackfoot tepee.

Thus the childhood of Sweet-Grass.

## CHAPTER II.

### THE NAMING OF SWEET-GRASS.

The chinook wind blew through the feathers of the boy's arrows and rubbed against his cheek. How tight his heart was! For 14 years he had fought for existence without a name; in a few days he would come back again with one and wearing the beautiful moccasins now tied up in the little pack on his back.

He reached up his hand and patted

them absentmindedly. As he did so he came to earth with a smash that shook his body. He had put his foot in a badger hole.

As he rose he chided the rose pink flowers which hid the hole. They were the badger hole sentinel—the chime. "Why did you not tell me, little brothers?" he said as he tore them up by the roots reproachfully. "They could not tell me because I had no name, I suppose," he muttered as he stepped on again.

The thought stopped him. He turned and called back to the crushed blossoms. "When I come again this way, you will know my name."

All night he traveled, his feet crushing eagerly through the bunch grass and the silvered willow. The long, purple tipped wild pea caught at his legs and crossed them gently. The gullardies and the daisies stared sleepily at him as he passed like a gray shadow.

When the light began to steal up in the east, he crawled down into a cooler and hid himself like a coyote and slept.

That night he traveled again, across the shallow Battle river and the snail tower nose creek. Before morning he knew that he was close to Sounding lake and closer still to the Blackfoot encampment he had been traveling toward.

In a little bluff of white poplar he hid and waited for the coming of day—the day that was to give him a name or see his scalp lying drying in the tepee of some Blackfoot.

Close to where he crouched the Indians ponies were herding. How his heart throbbed with exultation as he watched them passing in and out among each other as they fed.

As the gray light began to turn the dark brown of the earth to orange his eyes singled out the leader of the herd, a heavy quartered chestnut. Beyond the horses, a quarter of a mile away, were the Blackfoot tepees, cutting the bright horizon like the jagged teeth of a saw.

Like a general he waited and strung his bow taut as a musician keys up his harp.

"They will come to the horses," he thought, "some of them, for I must have scalp as well as ponies."

His heart grew warm as he thought of what it meant for the nokum. With a name as a brave he would take part in the hunt, and a share of the buffalo would fall to the lot of his mother. She would always have plenty to eat.

Something gorgeous caught his eye. It was a medicine man in all the grandeur of his barbaric splendor. Eagle feathers, paint, beadwork and charms

seemed to have been poured upon his tall figure like fruit from a cornucopia. He was coming straight toward the boy, coloring to excommunicate with the Great Spirit in what was evidently his private prayer ground.

On a gray willow bush, 40 yards from where the boy crouched, three pieces of red cloth hung limp in the morning sunlight. It was one of the medicine man's propitiatory offerings.

Behind the medicine man stalked a bear. "He is coming to round up the horses," thought the boy.

He took an arrow from his quiver held it up toward the bear and let the sunlight kiss its V shaped head. Then he placed it to his heart. That was that it might go with unerring aim to the heart of the medicine man.

Then he knelt reverently and kissed the earth.

The steel nerved arm drew the bow string until the arrow head came back against the hand that grasped the bow.

The medicine man was standing in front of his red streaked bush, his lips muttering an incantation to the particular spirit he was having dealings with. His broad chest, thrust well out, seemed to invite the death shaft.

"For mother's sake!" hissed the boy, and "twang" went the stretched bow string. The jagged head of the arrow tore a ghastly hole just where a streak of yellow beads cut through a body ground of blue, almost in the center of the strong chest of the Blackfoot priest.

Never a sound he gave—only a little hoarse gurgle as he fell forward in a crumpled heap and writhed over on his back, where he lay staring up at the smiling sky.

The boy's brain surged hot with a bloodlike fury. He rushed from his concealment and pulled the feather of another arrow to his ear as the dead Blackfoot's companion faced him.

It, too, found a mark, but only through the shoulder, and too eager for further combat of this sort, he and the brave drew their knives and closed in upon each other.

But the devil was in the boy. He had been blooded, while the other man had an arrow in his shoulder, which is not so good as an incentive to fight.

In a few minutes two Blackfoot

scalps were dangling from the boy's shirt front, and he was taking breath after his fierce struggle. He was mad with delight. The detritum of triumph was strong upon him. He felt like rushing upon the whole encampment. He wanted to kill, kill, even if he died killing.

He pulled a handful of "sweet grass" and dabbed it in the blood of the medicine man.

He held it aloft and screamed in his triumph. His high falsetto voice trilled the "Hi, hi, hi—" of the Cree battle song.

That was the first sound the camp heard from the battlefield.

He thrust the wet grass in his breast and raced for the horses as an answering cry came back from among the blue columns of upward curling smoke.

In his pack was a little woven horse-hair halter. He pulled it out as he ran. He had lived among the ponies and dogs in his own camp. Their ways were his ways.

Two or three of the ponies were hobbled as sheet anchors to keep the others steady. He tore the hobbles off, then from the chestnut stallion last; then, grasping the strong mare, he swung himself on to the eager back and started the herd.

The Blackfoot warriors were running from their tepees, but the Cree laughed in victorious glee.

Round the herd of ponies he dashed on the chestnut with a wild yell, and when they were fairly stampeded he swung into the lead. Their fast beating hoofs pounded the grass knit turf until it gave forth a sound like the roar of many drums.

A shower of arrows came hurtling after him. A few of the Blackfeet had muzzled loading guns. A little puff of smoke here and there among his pursuers, a tiny white cloud of dust thrown up at one side or in front of him, told of the useless shots.

They were pursuing him on foot. They had no choice, for he had all their horses.

As he drew rapidly away he uttered once more his shrill note of triumph. Then he sat down on the stallion and rode with judgment—eased him up a little.

All that day and all the next night he rode, resting his hand of horses after he had forded the Battle river the first evening.

At daybreak on the second day he sighted his own camp.

The appearance of so many horses in the distance excited the Crees. They thought their enemy, the Blackfeet, had swooped down upon them.

When the boy rode into the camp at the head of his footsore troop of ponies, the warriors swarmed about him.

Modestly he told his story, for the long ride had quelled his spirits. He showed them the scalps and his hand of loot.

The braves pressed about him closely and felt his arms and his legs to see where the strength had come from.

Suddenly there was a little commotion. An opening was made in the crowd, and the nokum pressed forward to the feet of the tribe's idol.

"My boy, my boy!" She stopped short. Her eyes caught sight of the blood on his breast.

"Are you wounded?" She thrust her hand in at the opening of his deer skin shirt and drew it back, clutching a mass of blood stained grass.

"No," replied the boy; "that's Black foot blood, nokum."

"It's sweet grass," she cried exultingly, holding the well known grass aloft in her hand.

Contentedly the others took up the cry, "Sweet grass, sweet grass!"

As by inspiration the tribe medicine man stepped forward and said: "He is a brave now. He must have a name. Let his name be Sweet-Grass."

This was the naming of the great "Chief Sweet Grass."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

**To Avoid a Total Loss.**

A Pittsburg man tells of a visit he made at a thrifty home in a nearby town. The call was quite a pleasant one and during the evening "Abey," the hopeful son of the family, was sent to the cellar for refreshments for the guests. He could be heard groping his way through the dark, and then came the noise of something falling and the crash of glass. "Abey's" mother was plainly uneasy, but she assumed the unannounced composure which her society duties demanded. Soon "Abey" came up with an armful of bottles.

"What was that noise we heard," "Abey?" asked the mother.

"Nothing much," replied "Abey." "I knocked over a bottle of milk and it rolled down the steps and spilled."

"And you call the cat," "Abey?" asked the thrifty woman.—Pittsburg News.

**Fractured Vaccination.**

"Although almost absolute immunity is secured for a period of six months, vaccination there is no certainty that its effects will continue beyond that time. In the majority of cases it does not, but the interval for which this is a maximum is not enjoyed by all. Hence, those who have studied the matter most carefully recommend a fresh operation if more than six months have elapsed since the last one, if a person is liable to be subjected to pest as a time of an epidemic."—New York Tribune.

**A Mountain Accident.**

A serious snowing accident with a fortunate termination is reported by a western exchange.

A man and his wife, while driving along a mountain road in Oregon, met with a serious mishap. The wagon was overturned and the occupants fell out. The woman dropped into the branches of a tree 50 feet below, and the man went sliding and bumping fully 300 feet to the bottom of a ravine.

When he recovered his senses, he was comparatively unharmed and went to his wife's rescue, but it was an hour before he could extricate her from where she hung to her skirts.

**A Philadelphia Story.**

Sunday School teacher. Where did the three wags come from?

Phil Adams: My own family had only recently moved to Chicago.—They came from the west.

Sunday School teacher.—And why were they called "wags" men?

Phil Adams: Because, ma'am, they went back again.—Philadelphia Press.

## FACTS ABOUT DOLLS.

CAUSE OF THE ORIGIN OF THE WAX AND CHINA VARIETIES.

They Were First Used to Show Off Models of Costly Dresses and in the Seventeenth Century Were What Fashion Papers Are Today.

The origin of the word doll is curious. Centuries ago, when saints' names were much in vogue for children, St. Dorothea was the most popular, and her name the best and luckiest that could be given to a little girl. The nickname was Dolly, or Doll, and from giving babies the nickname it was an easy step to pass it on to the little laundresses of which the babies were so fond.

The word doll is not found in common use in our language until the middle of the eighteenth century, and, as far as can be discovered, first appears in The Gentleman's Magazine for September, 1751, in the following: "Several dolls with different dresses, made in St. James street, have been sent to the czarina to show the manner of dressing at present in fashion among English ladies."

Previous to this the word used to describe the favorite plaything of all girls in all countries and in all ages was "baby," which is to be found, together with "poppet," or "puppel," in this sense in the works of most of the earlier writers.

The wax and china doll originated in the middle of the seventeenth century. There were no fashion papers as now, and in order to show what was being worn on the continent dolls were beautifully and expensively dressed and sent to the various European countries, and from the model orders were taken. The dolls, to show off their costly garb, must be made of more precious stuff than wood, so wax and china and even ivory ones were made.

Thuringia is the land where most dolls are born—puppetland, as it is called on this account. About 200 years ago most of the dolls were made in Flanders, and they were called not dolls, but Flanders' babies. There used to be an old English couplet which ran thus:

The children of Holland take pleasure in making  
The children of England take pleasure in breaking.

At one European doll factory of the present day 100,000 dolls are produced annually, some 500 men, women and children being employed. To make one talking doll requires the joint labor of 30 men. Dolls' eyes are made in underground rooms, into which the sunlight rarely peeps, and violet orbs are the most difficult to color. There is one town in Germany where three-fourths of all the dolls' eyes in the world are made. Only in the case of the most expensive dolls is real human hair used.

In a doll factory are wood carvers, headmakers, leg and arm makers, eye-makers, portrait artists, hairdressers, doll sewers and doll stuffers; also a small army of fashionable dressmakers and milliners.

The Hindoo child is probably the only doll-less child in the world. The little Egyptians have their wooden "Ushabti," the same in style as 4,000 years ago. These were sometimes made of porcelain. When a child died, its dolls were buried with it, in the expectation that their spirit forms would rise and do service in another world.

The paradise of dolls is Japan, where they are most elaborately and gorgeously attired affairs. So are the dolls of Kioto—"genroku," as they are called. They are often valuable wood carvings, enameled in colors or statues of great artistic merit.

One of the most interesting collections of dolls in this country is that belonging to the bureau of ethnology, Washington. They are dolls of the Indians of Arizona and are made from the roots or subterranean branches of the cottonwood tree, whitened out with knives. They are decorated with bright yellow, green and red, and represent the gods of the tribe—the god of the snow, the god that eats up the rainclouds, the fire god, the sun god and the corn goddess. The Uni children play with these dolls as other children do. Any one who goes into a Uni habitation is certain to see a row of these dolls suspended from the ceiling. When not in use they are hung up until wanted.

La Infantina is a doll with a history. It is made of clay and is considered by its owner, a Mexican lady, and by hosts of other persons to be a worker of miracles, and quantities of costly gifts are constantly offered to it. A room in the house of its owner is set aside for its exclusive use. Here it reclines in a canopy bed of solid silver. It has beautiful dresses and rich jewelry, valued at thousands of dollars.

Among its latest gifts is a magnificent piano, which is played upon by those who visit the doll, a part of the service of adoration.—New York Sun.

**Man's Relationship.**

In Franklin county the other day a couple bearing the same name were married. When the license was applied for the probate judge asked, as the law requires, if the bride and bridegroom were related. "Well, judge," responded the bridegroom, "we kinder are, an we kinder ain't just what you might call relations. You see, we were married together for quite a spell, but ma thought she wanted a divorce, an now we are goin to try it over again."—Kansas City Journal.

**As With Others.**

She: Were you ever troubled with dyspepsia?

He: Yes, that's the way it affects me. You'd better Statesman.

In his better moments stormy Carlyle used to say: "Kindness is the sum of life, the charm to captivate and the sword with which to conquer."

About 11,000,000 Italians are exposed to malarial fever. There are about 2,000,000 cases every year, with an average mortality of 15,000. This proves that mosquitoes are more deadly in Italy than snakes and tigers in India.

The lake regions seem to be attractive to people. In Ohio during the last ten years the largest rate of increase in population was in the lake cities and counties. The same conditions are true of the states of Michigan and Wisconsin.

## THE FIRST GERMAN PAPER.

Ben Franklin in 1732 Printed the First Zeitung in America.

The first newspaper printed in the German language in America was the Philadelphiaische Zeitung, published by Benjamin Franklin in the year 1732. The Pennsylvania Gazette for June 8-15, 1732, contains the following announcement:

"The Gazette will come out on Monday next and continue to be published on Mondays."

"And on the Saturday following will be published Philadelphiaische Zeitung, or Newspaper in High Dutch, which will continue to be published on Saturdays once a fortnight, ready to be delivered at Ten a Clock, to Country Subscribers. Advertisements are taken in by the Printer hereof, or by Mr. Louis Timothee, Language Master, who translates them."

In undertaking this new enterprise Franklin expected to secure a liberal support from the German population of the province, for whom he had been doing considerable printing, but in this he was disappointed, and the publication of the Zeitung was discontinued after a few numbers had been issued.

The Zeitung was a small sheet of four pages, 6 1/2 by 9 inches, the text printed in double columns with Roman type, and at the bottom of the fourth page bore the imprint: "Philadelphia: Gedruckt bey B. Franklin in der Markstrasse, wo diese Zeitungen vor 5 Schillingen des Jahrs zu bekommen, und Advertisements zu bestellen sind." The first number was issued June 10, 1732, and the second "Sonabend den 24. Juni, 1732." The publication of the Zeitung, therefore, antedates by seven years the Hoch-Deutsch Pennsylvaniaische Geschicht-Schreiber, published by Christopher Saur.—Chicago Times-Herald.

**HIS HAT AND UMBRELLA.**

This Man Took a Quick Luncheon Sign at His Word.

He was undoubtedly from the country. His umbrella, a big cotton affair, would have given him away even had he not had one trousers leg tucked into a boot. He wandered into one of the big quick luncheon places in lower Broadway. He was looking for something to eat and was just sitting down at a table when his eye caught a sign which read: "Watch Your Hats! The Management Will Not Be Responsible For Umbrellas and Hats Unless Checked by the Cashier."

"Where's this here cashier?" he asked the woman who came to wait on him.

"Up there in the little cage by the door," said the waitress.

The farmer stalked to the cashier's desk and laid down his umbrella and a big hat that was new five or six years ago. The cashier looked up in amazement.

"Keep your hat," she said. "It will be all right."

The farmer walked back to his table, read the sign again and thought it over. Then he climbed on a chair and took the sign from his hook. He carried it up to the cashier.

"What does this mean?" he asked. "People were beginning to laugh, and the pretty cashier got red in the face. She took the hat and umbrella and wrote out a receipt. It was the first time in her life that she had been asked to check a hat, and she has been a cashier more years than one.—New York Tribune.

**She Was Ahead.**

Marjorie had just returned from a visit to the old homestead in Tennessee, where a colored nurse nearly 100 years old was still an inmate. It puzzled her that Chloe should be called "auntie" by her mother and the family, but at last she accepted the fact and did likewise. Her playmates, trooping in to welcome her home, began to enumerate their possessions acquired during her absence.

"I've got a black pony," crowed Charlie exultantly.

"I've got a new baby brother," cried Jessie.

"M'm! That's nothing; I've got two of 'em," retorted Fred.

Marjorie's eyes flashed. "Oh!" she cried. "I've got a henp more'n that; I've got an auntie as old as Methuselah and black as tar."—Leslie's Weekly.

**Arouned Her Curiosity After All.**

"Don't want any," said a North Broadway housekeeper from her second story window to a street vender whose wagon was standing a few steps away and who had just pulled the bell.

"Don't want any what?" gruffly asked the arab, who hadn't had even a chance to tell what his wares were.

"What have you got?" asked the housekeeper, whose curiosity was getting the better of her annoyance.

"Oh, never mind. You don't want any. Git up, Bob!"

"Now, I wonder what that exasperating man is selling, anyhow?" she exclaimed as the wagon disappeared around the corner.—Baltimore Sun.

**When Twelve Is Odd.**

One would think that 12 was more entitled to be considered an "even" number than 10, for its half is an "even," whereas the half of 10 is "odd." Yet on the Stock Exchange 12 is an "odd" number. The house takes five shares as the basis of dealing, remarks Commerce, and all multiples of five are considered "even" numbers. Any intermediate numbers are "odd," and it is difficult to sell except at a reduced price.

**That's Another Story.**

When a poor young man marries a rich girl, all the women say he is mercenary; but when a rich man marries a rich girl they say such a love is the most beautiful thing in the world.—New York Press.

Italian macaroni is no longer made by hand, but by machinery. According to the British consul at Naples about 70,000 cases of macaroni are annually exported to England and 500,000 to the United States.

Tuberculosis has been placed among the diseases which are subject to quarantine. The commissioner of immigration has so decided in the case of a Japanese who arrived at San Francisco from Japan ill with this lung trouble. It was decided that the patient could not land, but must return to the port from which he sailed.



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## HOPE FOR CONSUMPTIVES

The New Goat Lymph Is Actually Curing It.

Sufficient Records Are Now at Hand to Say that It Is Really Specific Except in Extreme Cases.

The new goat lymph already explained in these columns is really a cure for consumption except in very advanced cases. The testimony is profoundly impressive. The following are samples of physicians' daily experiences all over the country.

Reported by Dr. Stabbin 236 Kearney St., San Francisco. Case of Mrs. George Montell 29 years of age, residence 2721 Buena Vista ave., Alameda, Cal. Reported by three specialists to be suffering from consumption. All three found tubercular bacilli swarming in the sputum. Night sweats, quick rise and fall of temperature, hectic flush, losing weight and strength rapidly. In June physicians advised the case as hopeless and change of climate as only chance. Commenced with the lymph. Sixth day fever and night sweats disappeared, and expectation decreased. Sixtieth day had gained 17 lbs and all symptoms and bacilli had disappeared. Dismissed cured.

Reported by Dr. J. W. Hagadorn, Lansing Mich. Mrs. S. age 42. Diagnosis pulmonary tuberculosis. Sputum revealed bacilli in abundance. Two years standing, both lungs involved. Thin and emaciated. Fifteenth day, temperature normal, cough disappearing, gaining flesh. At end forty days no cough, expectation of bacilli. Departed cured.

Dr. Hagadorn adds: "I have treated ten cases of consumption with the new lymph, three incipient and seven advanced. All the incipient cases have been cured. Of the seven advanced cases only two were beyond help. Two were decidedly benefited and three were complete recoveries."

Reported by Dr. G. B. Sweeney, Pittsburg, Penn. Young man 21 years. Bacilli abundant weak from hemorrhages within five days of treatment. At the end of eight weeks treatment hemorrhages, cough and bacilli had disappeared and the patient had regained strength and returned to his trade cured.

The above are everyday samples of hundreds. I. R. Stabbin M. D., a prominent Eastern expert who has been making a study of the new lymph and has administered it successfully to hundreds of cases, has opened a lymph institute at 236 Kearney St., San Francisco. Full information containing tabulations and other records of cases by mail to physicians and others enquiring.

**The Evolution of the Pocket.**

The ancient wore a single pouch at his belt. The modern has—how many pockets in an ordinary costume for outdoors? Let us count them: In the trousers five, in the waistcoat five, in the jacket five, in the overcoat five, making 20 in all, a full score of little pokes or bags, and arranged so conveniently that they are scarce noticed.

Truly this is an evolution! How long may it be before we have pockets in our hats—where the Irishman carries his pipe, the American soldier his toothbrush and internally the