..ands and going through a thousand genuflexions, until we left at eleven o'clock, and they kept up the performance until midnight. What an emotional people!

I revelled in the most exquisite roses during all of our stay in Eustis, our hostess keeping our room filled with the choicest varieties, so marvelous in color, so rich in perfume, as to almost intoxicate us with their beauty.

Where Winter Strawberries Grow.

March 15th we took the train for Ocala, the next day reached Lawtie, a quiet little town settled by northerners devoted to strawberry culture. Here we spent a week driving, walking, sitting on the broad piazza of the hotel in the sun, getting tanned and fat. Nothing here is cultivated but acres and acres of strawberries, little tiny plants; but raise the leaves and you can pick nearly a quart from one vine. The number of quarts shipped north during the season is fabulous, but occasional freezes do damage.

The mornings and evenings were always cold, so we had a wood fire in the big fire-place in our room, of fat pitch pine wood, and it was very fascinating to watch the fire light, as it flickered here and there, lighting the room so that we needed no lamp. All through the South the mocking birds were singing, calling and answering each other day and night. Returning to Jacksonville we devoted the few hours we had to visiting the shops and the Exposition building. Here in the Alligator Pool we saw a number of the uncanny looking beasts, the largest of which was ten feet long, so utterly hideous and ugly that he was most fascinating to me. Our next stop was at Savannah, where we drove all over the city and out on the beautiful shell road to the old cemetery, called "Bonaventure" (Beautiful Way), where the trees, great live oaks, covered with gray moss, are a hundred years old.

Great Natural Arches.

Roads have been cut through the woods and the effect is indescribable; it is like driving through great cathedral arches, so sombre and solemn, and so grand withal, a fitting place for the dead. Savannah is a beautiful old city, with many parks and squares planted with palms and palmettos, right in its heart. The magnolias seem the favorite tree, and they grow to a great height. The houses are large and broad, with verandas all around the two stories, and they must be needed in the hot summer. We had a very full day, and at seven o'clock took the sleeper for Richmond. We rode all the next day, reaching our destination in the evening, and drove to Ford's Hotel, where we had stopped thirty-five years ago on our wedding trip. But the hotel had changed, the city has grown, and nothing looked natural except Sunset Park and the old Capitol Park. The grass was turning green and the numerous gray squirrels were so tame they came and ate from my hand. We drove all the morning, visiting the beautiful statue of Gen. Robert E. Lee—a bronze equestrian on an immense granite pedestal. In the afternoon we drove to the park and hunted up Mr. Pollard, the Virginian who captured my husband during the war. It was their first meeting since that memorial time when they were mere boys, one wearing the blue and the other the gray, and they had a most interesting "war talk."

The next morning we took our train for Washington exactly five weeks from the day we left. It has been truly a delightful trip, beneficial in health and education, perfectly charming in every way, whose memory will go with me through life. C. G. G.

PRINCE WHO LIKES HORSES.

Brother of Heir to German Crown a Rough Rider.

Eitel Frederick, prince of Prussia, and younger brother of the crown prince of Germany, is considered one of the finest horsemen of Europe. The German people love him greatly for this, along with his kindness to his animals, a quality sometimes wanting when great daring is possessed by boys.

When the prince was sixteen he was given the freedom of the royal stables and told that he could select one of the fine Arabian ponies for his own use. He asked if he could look after him just as boys in lesser stations in life do with their ponies, and his father's reply was:

"I want my boys to know how to work and care for everything that belongs to them."

Eitel did care for his pony and spent many moments learning all about the needs and nature of horses. He discovered that his Arabian could jump and, riding him one day, he cleared a four-barred fence, which greatly delighted the emperor, who was riding with him.

A short time after this his father gave him a powerful hunting horse. The boy looked like a midget on him, but would not ride him for three or four days.

"A horse needs to know you," he gravely said, "before he makes up his mind whether you will be kind and reasonable with him, or harsh."

After boy and horse had become acquainted he invited his father to take a ride in his company. The two set out for a gallop through the forests. Emperor William is regarded as a splendid horseman, but he told a circle of friends after this ride, that Eitel had given him a ride for his life. He leaped ditches and hedges, took the roughest roads, held his horse under perfect control and won the greatest praise.

It is told of this boy that he cannot go into the royal stables without every horse in the stalls turning his head and whinnying a glad welcome.

Seaweeds do not obtain nourishment from the soil at the bottom of the sea, but from the sea-water itself.

American chewing gum has been introduced in Thibet and the habit is said to be rapidly growing.

Several new bridges are in course of construction over the Nile at various points along the historic river.

The Japanese population of Korea is 50,000. The population of Korea is 6,000,000.

GREAT CHIEF JOSEPH.

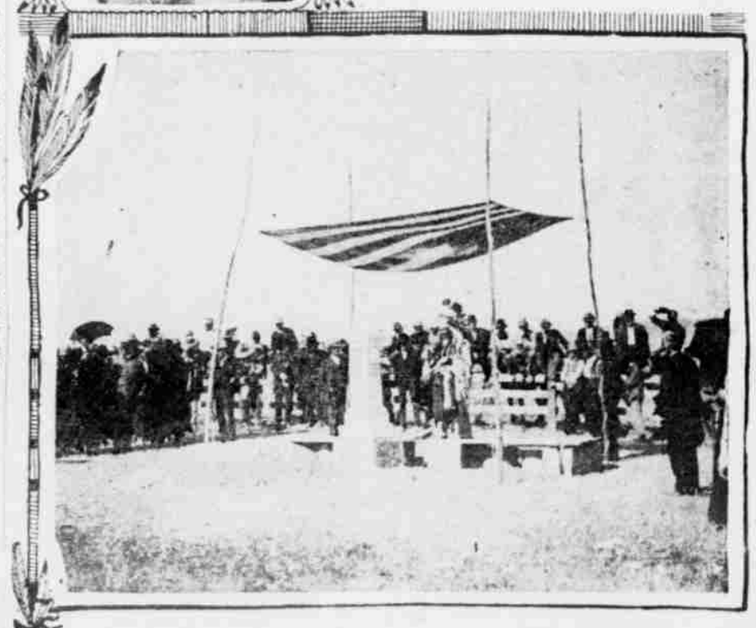
A NOBLE AND BELOVED AMERICAN INDIAN WHO DIED OF A WOUNDED HEART.

Pathetic Tale of Government's Broken Promises. His Ancestors Welcomed Lewis and Clark in Their Western Explorations.

C. J. BLANCHARD.

The most picturesque character of the western frontier passed away last year when Chief Joseph of the Nez Perces, or, as they knew him, In-mut-too-yah-lat-lat (Thunder traveling over the mountains), folded his blanket about him and passed beyond the Great Divide. The members of his tribe, all of whom were singularly devoted to him, and the privileged few of the white race who knew him intimately, believe that this great leader, perhaps the greatest Indian leader of the period, died of homesickness and heartache.

To know Chief Joseph was to have revealed to you a glimpse into a vanished past. There was a loftiness and dignity mingled with a charming naiveté in his manner, and a tender pathos in his speech, that made you forget the Indian and recall the old Hebrew prophets of the days of the Captivity.



CHIEF JOSEPH AND MONUMENT UNVEILED BY W. RHOADS OF HIS TRIBE.

As the chief and historian of his tribe, Joseph's plea for the Nez Perces has often been heard in Washington. In its deep sense of eternal righteousness and of the deadly wrong suffered at the hands of the white man; in its smothered fire and in its hopeful longing for the coming of justice and better times for the tribe, it was the most powerful and pathetic appeal ever made by an Indian.

From the viewpoint of close association with the red man, his faults are magnified and his virtues forgotten. From the viewpoint of the reader of Cooper and other romantic writers on Indian topics, his vices are obscured, and his virtues unduly exaggerated. Judged from the impartial standpoint of a rather long acquaintance, which contains meetings in camp and city, in the writer's opinion, Chief Joseph was the finest type of the red man this country will ever know.

He died of homesickness, and that statement will provoke no sceptical smile from one who knows the Indian character. The earth that contains the ashes of an Indian's dead is sacred and hallowed. The longing in an Indian's heart for the land of his birth is as strong as that which turns our wandering footsteps back to the old home. When Fate in the shape of an unkind Government forcibly wrests from him the land of his fathers, his grief, though repressed and concealed, is as poignant as our own would be, if we were so treated.

Loved Home of the Tribe.

I recall one expression of Joseph's in this connection. "My father is buried in Wallowa Valley. I love that land more than all the rest of the world. A man who would not love his father's grave is worse than a wild animal."

Have you ever been in Wallowa, that beautiful valley of Winding Waters? It is America's Switzerland. Its lofty mountains rear their heads so high that a snow mantle rests there all the year round. Their feet are in lakes which rival Luzerne. Down the steep slopes, through narrow walled canyons which the sunlight never enters, the streams come rushing like cataracts. In their cold ripples the gamey trout lurks expectant eager to give battle for his life when the angler tempts him to the hook. In the autumn the salmon, in countless numbers, leap the waterfalls, and are caught and dried by the Indians for winter food. On the forested slopes, in shadowy ravines, and over the rolling hills, the deer and elk, the caribou, the grizzly and the cinnamon, and the wary mountain sheep abound. It is a game paradise, with rich pastures for ponies.

It was in this valley that the grandfather of Chief Joseph welcomed the daring explorers, Lewis and Clark. Speaking of them, Joseph said: "They talked straight, and our people made them a great feast. All the Nez Perces made friends with Lewis and Clark, and agreed to let them pass through the country, and never to make war on white men. And this promise the Nez Perces have never broken. No white man can accuse them of bad faith, and speak with a straight tongue. It has always been the pride of the Nez Perces that they were the friends of the white men."

Encroachments of the White Men.

It was not to be expected that the Indian would be allowed to remain forever unmolested in the possession of this beautiful valled. When the western fever broke out, settlers came at first in small numbers, and the valley being large, all lived in peace. But it could not last. There came a day when by means of presents and fair promises a portion of the band signed a treaty dividing their lands. Joseph's father refused to sign away his birth-right, and withdrew his band from the council. In 1863, another council was held. A chief, named Lawyer, with authority of a part of the tribe, sold nearly all of the Nez Perces country, including the Wallowa Valley. The latter was the particular property of Joseph's own people; its boundaries, for years, had been marked by poles; had never been disputed. The old chief said: "Inside is the home of my people—the white man may take the land outside. Inside the boundary, all our people were born. It circles around the graves of our fathers, and we never give up their graves to any man."

In spite of the treaty, the Indians remained in unmolested possession for eight years, when the white men began to encroach upon the boundaries. The conditions threatened to become serious, and the Government asked for a treaty council. Joseph, owing to his father's age and blindness, represented his people. He refused to remove to the Lapwai agency in Idaho and give up the valley, so the council came to naught.

From that time on, the white settlers gave constant offense to the Indians. They stole their horses, drove off their cattle and branded the calves, and then claimed them. It speaks well for the strong hand Joseph held over his people, and for his desire for peace, that the Indians were patient so long. Finally, Joseph was notified by General Howard, that it was the purpose of the Government to remove the Nez Perces to the reservation, as they had sold their land to the Government.

Incontrovertible Indian Logic.

Joseph always denied such a sale. He said: "Suppose a man should come to me and say: 'Joseph, I like your horses and want to buy them.' I Say to him: 'No my horses suit me, I will not sell them.' Then he goes to my neighbor, and says to him: 'Joseph has some good horses. I want to buy them, but he refuses to sell.' My neighbor answers: 'Pay me the money, and I will sell you Joseph's horses.' The white man returns to me and says: 'Joseph I have bought your horses and you must let me have them.' If we sold our land to the Government, this is the way it was bought."

(Continued on Column 5, this page)

Remarkable Effect of Vibrations.

From time to time scientists advance new theories of the cause of some of the miracles mentioned in the Bible, and now the miraculous fall of the walls of Jericho is said by men of learning to have been caused by the fact that the tone pitch of the trumphets of the followers of Joshua was exactly in harmony with the sensitive tone of the walls. When the trumpets were blown they set the walls of the biblical town to vibrating and in a short time their foundations were so weakened that the entire mass fell to the ground.

This statement was brought out at a private social gathering the other evening in Philadelphia where music was the feature. During the course of the evening a 'cello performer was called on for so many encores of weird pieces with minor chords running

War, State and Navy Building at Washington

through them, that he had to stop to tune up several times. Just previous to one of these a picture which was suspended at the far end of the room came tumbling down without warning. Many of the superstitious turned white with fear, but a scientific man in the room went to some length to explain that the fall of the picture had been caused by a vibration of the wire set up by a note of a particular pitch made by the 'cello. He stated that every stretched string has some particular musical pitch which will set it vibrating. To emphasize his argument he asked the performer to strike different tones and in a short time other pictures in the room were set vibrating so violently as to make the movement perceptible to the eye.

The 'celloist also succeeded in setting up vibrations on a piece of glassware on the mantel, which caused it to give out a musical note.

Affected Building Foundations.

A couple of days after President Roosevelt's inauguration, last March, the whole body of Rough Riders from Minnesota called on Secretary Taft in the magnificent State, War, and Navy Building. Accompanied by their brass band of some fifty or sixty pieces they lined up before the Secretary's office and with ragtime music serenaded the Secretary. Upon hearing the music the superintendent of the building at once asked the leader to refrain from playing any more in the building as there was a tendency to weaken the building's foundations. In fact, in this instance, the vibrations set forth were plainly perceptible, not only to those in the vicinity of the band but to clerks on other floors of the building.

MARKET GARDEN TYPE.

New Style of Auto Suitable for Carrying Farm Produce.

One of the first cable pictorial descriptions of the useful war automobile, as shown in the illustration, has just came to hand. This is a special farmer's type. It can be constructed in any small power, for jogging along purposes, from 30 to 120 horse. A special feature of interest to market gardners is the ability of the wagon to run for twenty minutes after having the tires riddled with bullets, which makes it thoroughly practical. It is entirely bomb-proof when beyond the range of the enemy's guns. A "starting crank" is fitted in front, but "the machine can be started automatically from the drivers seat," where the principal crank is supposed to be located. "On the top of the rear portion of the box" the specifications read, "is a turret from which projects a Hotchkiss gun which can be trained in any direction"—upon competing market gardners." A special quality of steel has been employed for armor." At 300 yards Lebel bullets fail to pierce, but glance off, thus insuring adequate protection to loads of eggs, live shoats and other tender vegetables.

"The machine carries two steel rails, which can be quickly unshipped and placed across a ditch." This feature is of great import to the average tiller of soil, as it means that if the machine becomes frightened or unmanagable due to the sudden appearance of horsemen or the flight of birds, and jumps ditches or fences, it can be quickly gotten back into the road, and sped along for the early morning market. The cost of this little delivery wagon is only $16,000; which of course places it within the reach of any farmer and every editor of a paper—that is if he happens to be close enough so that he can touch it. It is estimated that if all the garden and farm produce could be marketed by means of this simple and inexpensive device the cost to the city consumer would not be increased over 200% at the most.

EXAMINING NEW FARM TYPE OF AUTOMOBILE.

A railroad is being built between Damascus and Mecca.

Willing to be Shot.

Schott and Willing did engage
In duel fierce and hot.
Schott shot Willing, willingly,
And Willing he shot Schott.
The shot Schott shot made Willing quite
A spectacle to see,
While Willing's willing shot went right
Through Schott's anatomy.

Great Chief Joseph.

In the war which followed, Joseph led his little band, as only a great general could lead them, but; the Nez Perces never had a chance to win. Joseph surrendered to General Miles, and for years the tribe was moved back and forth over the country regardless of promises made when they surrendered. After one of Joseph's visits to Washington, where he met the President, the Cabinet officers, and numerous Congressmen, he remarked: "They all say they are my friends, and that I shall have justice, but while their mouths all talk right, I do not understand why nothing is done for my people. I have heard talk and talk, but nothing is done. Words do not pay for my dead people. They do not pay for my country overrun by white men. It makes my heart sick when I remember all the good words and all the broken promises. You might as well expect the river to run backward, as that any man who was born free should be contented, when penned up and denied liberty, to go where he pleases.

Pathetic Plea for Freedom.

"Oh let me be a free man! free to travel, free to stop, free to work, free to trade where I chose, free to choose my own teachers, free to follow the religion of my fathers, free to think and talk and act for myself—and I will obey every law or submit to the penalty."

Gradually as the years passed away, Joseph grew to understand the hopelessness of achieving his heart's desire—a return to Wallowa, though he never ceased to make his plea for justice. When the end came a year ago, he was surrounded by the remnant of his band, who stood beside his deathbed in silent grief.

On the 20th of September last, these same devoted members of the tribe stood around the grave of Joseph and listened to the funeral address delivered by his successor and friend. On this occasion a monument was unveiled—a most unusual Indian ceremony.

In Greenland potatoes never grow larger than marbles.

Los Angeles has a Chinese millionaire—Quang Ngoon Quock.

Ground-owls are sold in San Francisco restaurants as quail.

Many railroads are setting out tree farms to provide cross ties fifteen or twenty years hence.

There are only seventy specimens of the extinct great auk known to be in existence. A specimen recently sold for $2,000.

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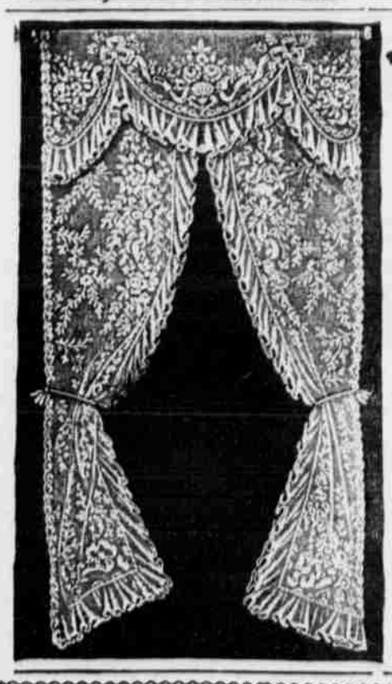

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