

FACING TORTURES.

The Sublime Courage Shown by an American Indian.

WILLING TO DIE FOR ANOTHER.

Story of a Dramatic Episode In Which the Iowas and Musquakie Tribes Figured—Heroism That Won the Admiration of the Enemy.

A striking story of the courage and self sacrifice of which the American Indian at his best is capable is given by O. H. Mills in the Des Moines Register and Leader. It was told to the white men by the famous Sac chief, Black Hawk, who himself saw the incident.

It all began with an unfortunate quarrel between an Iowa and a Musquakie, in which the latter killed the former and then in a moment of frenzy scalped his victim. The two tribes were at peace, and this act, allowable only in time of war, was in Indian eyes, an intolerable breach of good faith.

The Musquakies offered all sorts of reparation, but the Iowas would accept nothing but the person of the offender, to be tortured and put to death in profanation of the outraged spirit of the dead man. To this the Musquakies agreed on condition that the culprit be given a month to fortify himself for his terrible ordeal. But just as the month was about to expire he fell ill with a raging fever. In that condition he could not be carried across the prairie, but a failure to produce him at the appointed place would arouse the suspicions and perhaps the hostility of the Iowas.

A council was called to debate the matter, before which appeared Cono, a brother of the sick man. "There are no squaws men in our family," he declared. "I will go in his place."

The others tried to dissuade him and described to him the tortures he would have to undergo, but he insisted upon making the sacrifice. Accordingly an escort was selected to accompany him, at the head of which Black Hawk, then a young but widely respected chief, was placed.

"I never saw a more pathetic scene," said Black Hawk, "than the parting of Cono and his father and mother and other relatives. The whole tribe was overwhelmed with gloom."

In the middle of the afternoon the party arrived at the Iowas' village. Cono had asked that his identity should not be disclosed, but one of the Iowas who was present at the time the young Indian was slain saw that the guilty party was not being delivered, and Black Hawk told the whole story. The Iowas accepted it as true and, after a brief council, consented to the arrangement. The death circle was staked out and patrolled with armed guards, and Cono was placed in its center, while his escort was entertained in the tepee of the chief. It was a chill November day, and the sun was just sinking behind the cliffs of the Des Moines river when the escort left the camp.

They paused on a hill about a half mile distant from the camp. They could see that the fires had been lighted round the death circle, and in the hush of the evening came the plaintive sound of Cono chanting his death song.

Having traveled some two hours, they halted and made camp. About midnight they heard the clatter of horses' feet, and in a moment more a single horseman rode up. It was Cono! This was his remarkable story:

The fires of the death circle were burning brightly, and the squaws with their burning sticks were preparing to make the first attempt to extort a cry of pain and agony, when an old man, the father of the dead Indian, raised his voice:

"Stop!" he said. "Let me speak. I am the one that has suffered. My son was killed and scalped by a Musquakie. I was hungry for revenge, and were the one that killed and scalped him here I would shout with joy at his torture. But this young man is brave. Never have I seen such bravery before. He is too good a man to torture and kill. Release him and let him return to his own people."

Although the entire village a few hours before had been eager for revenge, there was a murmur of approval as the old man gathered his blanket about him and took his seat. Without any one's making a single objection, Cono was removed from the circle and given food and drink. A few hours later he was led from the camp, allowed to mount his own pony and depart in peace.

Persuasive. The teacher meant to convey a profound lesson. "You must forgive your enemies, boys," she said, "and then your enemies will forgive you. I want you all to try it."

The next morning Johnny Jones came to school with a very black eye. "Why, Johnny, what's the matter?" "Aw," replied Johnny, "I've been for givin' Scraggy Green an' makin' him forgive me."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Willing to Try. Mary—The butcher is here, ma'am. What shall I order? Mrs. Morris Parke—Dear me, I haven't a thought! What can I order? Mary (thoughtfully)—I really don't know, ma'am. I'm sure Mrs. Morris Parke—Oh, can't you make a suggestion? Mary (cheerfully)—I can try. What do you make it of?—Puck.

If you make money your god, 'twill plague you like a devil.—Fielding.

FRUIT FED RATS OF UGANDA.

By the Natives They Are Regarded as a Dainty Dish.

The idea of eating rats is so repulsive to us that we cannot imagine such a thing unless one were driven to it by starvation. The people of Uganda, however, eat rats not from necessity, but because they like them. The rat of Uganda, however, is very different from the little creature that gnaws holes in our cupboards. This rat is much larger. It is more than a foot long and is therefore quite a substantial animal and as well worth cooking as a rabbit.

The wonderful thing about this rat is that it has two mouths, one behind the other. The first mouth has a pointed ratlike nose and is furnished with two rows of sharp white teeth, with which it bites off its food and passes it on to the second mouth, which is placed just above the throat. This mouth has also two rows of teeth, but one long slender tongue serves for both sets of grinders.

Rats are not only eaten in Uganda, but they are regarded as a delicacy. The king among his many retainers has one whose duty it is to furnish the royal table with rats. A rat catcher is not an exalted person usually, but in Uganda he is looked upon with respect and walks with an air of dignity. He goes out rat hunting daily and generally finds his game among the young banana trees or in any place where fallen fruit or berries may be found, for this is what the rat lives on. Slender shoots of bamboo or banana or fruit and leaves are his food, and this diet makes his flesh tender and wholesome.

A CRESCENT OF RUINS. The Curious Old Cliff Dwellings of the National Mesa Verde.

In the Mesa Verde National park, in southwestern Colorado, are 300 cliff dwellings, of which only the three largest have been repaired. The largest ruin, called Cliff Palace, stands about a thousand feet above the bottom of the canyon and 300 feet below the top of the ledge. All the houses connect and open into one another, the entire settlement forming a crescent about 300 feet in length from end to end.

As we contemplate these silent ruins it is hard to believe that at one time they resounded with the hum of industry, the laughter of children, the droning of priests, and the strident cry of the sentinels calling the warriors to battle. The dwellers of these abandoned communities have left no written record, but the shape of the structures and the relics that have been dug from the debris of centuries give some idea of how these people lived and moved and had their being.

The main houses were built on a ledge close to its front, and back of this was an open space that answered the purpose of a court, a street, a playground or a place for industrial pursuits, such as weaving and pottery making. At intervals along the front were towers and bastions, and in the interior were kiosks or secret chambers used for religious ceremonies. In every village were storehouses to provide a supply of provisions in times of war or failure of crops.

Leigh Hunt's Chaotic Home. A curious description of Leigh Hunt's house, where the poet lived with his wife and six children, is that given by Carlyle, as recorded in "Bulletin and Review of the Kents-Shelley Memorial, Rome."

"Hunt's house excels all you have ever read of—a poetical tinkerdom without parallel even in literature. In his family room, where are a sickly large wife and a whole shoal of well conditioned, wild children, you will find half a dozen rickety chairs gathered from half a dozen different buckets. On these and around them and over the dusty table and ragged carpet lie all kinds of litter—books, papers, eggshells, scissors and, last night when I was there, the torn heart of a half quarter loaf. His own room he keeps cleaner."

A Real Born Lady. The word "lady" has been variously defined. Perhaps the best test, however, of "ladylikeness" is that cited by G. W. E. Russell in one of his books. "A good woman who let furnished apartments in a country town describing a lodger who had apparently known better days" said: "I am positive she was a real born lady, for she hadn't the least idea of how to do anything for herself. It took her hours to peel her potatoes." The admiration of the worker for the "out of work" is one of the strangest phenomena of our modern civilization.—London Graphic.

Elegant Discourse. "I want to be proserminated at the next corner," said Mr. Erastus Pinky. "You want to be what?" demanded the conductor. "Don't lose your temper. I had to look in de dictionary mayf' befo' I found out dat 'proserminate' means 'put off.'"—Washington Star.

The Jews. Mrs. Henpeck—Shame on you for growling about Dr. Bolus. Didn't he just bring you back from the jaws of death and—Henpeck (wearily)—And back to the jaws of life.

Pretty Close. "Is he parsimonious?" "Well," was the guarded reply, "you might say that he carries his money in a purse that shuts a good deal easier than it opens."

Cynicism is Intellectual Dandyism without the coccomb's feathers.—Mervin ditto.

FELINE FAMILY HISTORY.

Here Are the Facts, Although You May Not Believe Them.

Why shouldn't a respectable cat sit on the fence and howl when extracts from its family history read like this: "Throughout the tertiary formations, from the upper eocene onward, there appears a remarkable family of cats, with a dentition still more specialized than that of the feline, the true felines, retaining other skeletal features of a more primitive type of cats. These were the macherodontinae, which survived until the pleistocene, both in Europe and in America."

The information was found in a geology student's paper, "The Evolution of the Domesticated Cat." Perhaps you are a little rusty on cat history and you find it difficult to remember. This illuminating bit of information will refresh it in your memory.

"The pleistocene period was the period of the carnivora. The felds included the macherodonts, macherodonts and acetur opsis, besides varieties analogous to the leopard and lynx. In this epoch appeared the servals (Felis chrisitoli). At the time of the Felis chrisitoli there appeared also the European wild cat, Felis catus. The earliest feline in America was Felis hillaus. It appeared in the middle pliocene."—Kansas Industrialist.

AN ENGINEERING FEAT. Building a Railroad Across the Ice and Against Time.

Along the Copper river valley lies a standard gauge railroad, 191 miles in length, the building of which was filled with romance. Its construction is regarded as a distinct feat in the world's engineering. The road crosses the river between two glaciers (Childs and Miles).

The false work of the bridge was laid on the ice in winter. Men were hired to work night and day. M. J. Heney, the contractor, the man who built another "impossible" road across the mountains from Skagway, and his chief engineer, E. C. Hawkins, conceived the idea of using the river ice for the bridge scaffolding.

As the spring approached hundreds of men were kept busy every minute of the day and night, for if not completed by the time the ice burst all the work and material would have been lost.

The ice went out, carrying the false work with it, less than an hour after the spike was driven in the connecting span and the work was completed. The bridge cost \$1,400,000.—"Alaska, an Empire in the Making," by John J. Underwood.

At Sea in a Coffin. It was the French assassin Lupi who escaped to sea from Cayenne in a coffin. He managed to get some nails, tar and cotton, and one dark night he took to the coffin shed. He selected a fine, stanch and seaworthy coffin and fastened the lid in order to turn it into a deck, leaving a cockpit sufficient to enable him to crawl in. He calked all the joints as well as he could, and when this work was finished he made a pair of paddles out of two planks. Then he brought out his craft with great precaution. Without much difficulty he reached the water's edge. Silently and slowly he proceeded in the hope of reaching either Venezuela or British Guiana, 150 nautical miles distant. Fortunately or unfortunately for Lupi, the steamer Abellie, returning from the Antilles, off Paramaribo picked him up half drowned and almost in a fainting condition, and a few hours later he was in irons in his cell.

Licorice Root. Very few people, says a writer in the Wide World Magazine, have any idea where the familiar licorice root comes from. As a matter of fact, the bulk of it falls from Syria. Here it is gathered and piled into great stacks, where it remains until it is thoroughly dry. It is then taken to the factory to undergo certain processes. The finished product is used for flavoring confectionery and beer, as well as entering into the makeup of many brands of tobacco. Some idea of the extent of the industry may be gathered when it is stated that on the average 8,000 tons of dry licorice root is shipped from Aleppo annually, while Bagdad yields another 6,000 tons, Antioch 4,000 and Damascus 500 tons.

A Close Resemblance. Professor Barry once amused Judge Ball by an application on behalf of a man who was a dealer in horses and sugar sticks. The incongruity of his avocation struck the judge, who remarked, "What a strange combination of trades!"

"I see a close resemblance between horses and sugar sticks," said the witty barrister.

"In what way?" inquired his lordship. "The more you lick them the faster they go," was the reply.—London Tit-Bits.

Knew Just What to Do. She—George, dear, here's a scientist who says the earth is wobbling on its axis. What do you suppose they can do about it? George (absentmindedly)—Open up the power, reverse the lever, shut off the muffler, lubricate the bearings and tighten the wheel cap.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

His Only Chance. Teller—I see that Henpeck has developed into a free thinker of late. Grimshaw—Yes; his wife has been away from home for a week.—Puck.

The world turns aside to let a man pass who knows whether he is going.—David Starr Jordan.

SANCTUARY IN ENGLAND.

The Principle Still Survives to a Limited Degree.

Much water has flowed under London bridge since the British criminal could defy the strong arm of the law by the single expedient of escaping to the nearest church or hospital and claiming the protection of the "sanctuary." For down to the early Stuart days Great Britain had thousands of just such refuges for the criminal, from cathedrals and royal palaces to scores of towns and cities, where the man guilty of felony could laugh with impunity at the officers of law and justice for a period ranging up to forty days. If within that time he chose to go before the coroner, clothed in penitence and sackcloth, and confess his guilt, he was free to quit the realm without any hindrance to stay him.

Although no such asylum exists today for the criminal, the principle of the "sanctuary" still manages to survive. This privilege refers only to civil offenses and not to crimes as in the olden days, and yet the privileges are of considerable value.

No clergyman can be arrested within the walls of his church or while he is going to or returning from his duty. Bishops and archbishops are still more protected, for not one of them can be haled before a magistrate even though the cause is a crime, unless the king especially commands it. Nor even up to the present time has any warrant an effect within the precincts of any of the king's palaces.—Chicago Tribune.

COLORS OF THE SKY. And Their Connection With Stormy or Sunshine Weather.

In "Our Own Weather" Edwin C. Martin, after noting the indications of weather shown by barometric readings, the variations of the winds and their meaning, the ever changing colors of the clouds, shows how the colors of the sky act as weather signals.

Ordinary observation has gathered a great number of weather signs from simply the ever varying colors of the sky. Among the more familiar and reliable ones are:

A bright blue sky is the sky of fine weather. A bright yellow sky at sunset promises winds, a pale yellow sky rain and a "sickly greenish" sky both wind and rain. A rosy sky at sunset promises fair weather, but a dark red sky at sunset promises rain. A red sky in the morning promises wind or rain. "A red sun has water in his eye."

"If the sun sets in dark, heavy clouds, expect rain the next day." Even a gray sunset indicates rain. But a gray morning indicates a fine day.

"When the sun draws water rain follows soon." And, finally, what in this connection it would be perhaps the most reproachable of all possible omissions not to mention:

Rainbow at night. Sailor's delight. Rainbow in the morning. Sailor's warning.

The Great White Shark. The man eating fish par excellence is the great white shark. It is otherwise known by the name of man eater. Occasionally specimens are seen on both coasts of the United States, though its more customary habitat is in tropical waters. This frightful creature attains a length of nearly forty feet, and it is able to swallow a man whole. This fact is proved by an experiment which sailors are fond of making when such a shark is captured. The skull being preserved, they amuse themselves by crawling one after another through the distended jaws. It would be unsafe to do this, however, when the head has been freshly cut off, because under such conditions the jaws will snap together fiercely for some time afterward if anything is placed between them.

Legend of the Moss Rose. A German tradition gives the origin of the moss rose as follows: An angel came to earth in mortal guise. He sought a place of shelter and repose after his labors of love, but every door was shut against the heavenly visitor. At length the angel, being very weary, sank upon the ground and over him a rosebush spread like a tent. It caught upon its outspread leaves the falling dew which would otherwise have drenched the messenger of love. Waking, the angel said to the rose:

"Thou hast yielded the shelter that man denied." A proof of my love shall with thee abide. And the green moss gathered about the stem. While the dewdrops shone like a diadem, Crowning the blushing flower.

Naturally. The teacher had been reading to the class about the great forests of America. "And now, boys," she announced, "which one of you can tell me the pine that has the longest and the sharpest needles?"

"Ep went a hand in the front row. "Well, Tommy?" "The porcupine."—Philadelphia Ledger.

The Only Explanation. "Remember," said the fair visitor to convict 2223, "that stone walls do not a prison make nor iron bars a cage." "Well, den, lady," replied 2223, "de warden's self 's got me hypnotized."—New York Times.

Try It. Start out with the intention of calling everything by its right name and you will change your mind before you have gone a block.—Chicago News.

A FAMOUS OLD HOAX.

Keely's Motor, With Which He Baffled Scientists For Years.

The story of the Keely motor hoax will live long. Its interest will be enhanced by the preservation in the Franklin Institute of the model of the remarkable motor that Keely built to deceive intending investors and enrich its inventor until the fraud was exposed after Keely's death.

For twenty-five years Keely astounded eminent scientists of Europe and America with the machine that he claimed had solved the secret of perpetual motion. The inventor of this machine would start his device going, apparently, by playing a tune on a mouth organ. He convinced many clever men that he told the truth, and stock in the new concern sold freely.

To the day of his death Keely declared that his discovery was a genuine one, and it was only when the house in which the machine was placed was thoroughly overhauled that the colossal fraud was discovered. Keely had wired the walls of the building. He ran his machine by high pressure hydraulic power. When the wires attached to the machine were the subject of investigation Keely would file them to show that they were solid and could not be used for any purpose other than that for which they were attached.

Pieces of wire thus filed are to be seen at the Franklin Institute. The broken pieces show that the wires were hollow and that the inventor of the wonderful motor carefully stopped his bling short of performing the center, which would have exposed the fraud.—Scientific American.

FORMATION OF COAL. Conditions on Our Planet While the Process Developed.

What may be said to be the strangest period through which our earth has passed is the one that was responsible for the formation of coal. The planet is described as having been at that time flat and smooth as to surface and peculiar as to vegetation. The continents were just beginning to rise above the ocean and the land had not yet become dry. Mountain ranges had not arisen from the swamps, and the atmosphere was thick with fog. In this state of affairs there sprouted and flourished the plants which were later to furnish the world with its coal supply.

These plants grew as big as our largest trees, faking deep root in the morass and flourishing like the lush grasses in moist meadow land and developed into the strange shapes now found in tropic vegetation. The forest looked, the scientists assure us, like dense growths of weeds, rushes and enormous ferns. Some of them grew in the shape of caeti, having spines all over them. This kind of vegetation was very rich in carbon, which it derived from the warm, moist atmosphere. Then the millions of years rolled by, the forests of giant weeds were buried by deposits of earthy material and the chemical change took place which slowly changed them into coal. This process ceased with the carboniferous age, so that when the present supply of coal is dug out of the ground there will be no more.—Exchange.

Sealed Orders. The custom of having warships sail under sealed orders arose from the desire of maritime powers to prevent the plans from becoming known to the enemy. In the American navy such orders come from the president and are delivered to a commander of a ship or squadron by a confidential messenger who knows nothing of their contents. Sometimes they are in cipher, but they are always sealed with the official seal of the navy department, and the package cannot be opened until the time marked on it, which is usually several hours after the hour of leaving port. By this precaution the newspapers are prevented from disclosing prematurely the movements which may be of the greatest importance, and the spies of the enemy are rendered useless so far as their ability to discover the secret of such movements is concerned.

Primrose For Memory. The primrose of old was credited with a medicinal as well as a superstitious value. Even now in some country parts a decoction of primrose leaves is supposed to restore a failing memory, and in 1654, when Culpeper wrote his "London Dispensary," the primrose was regarded as an almost universal panacea, curing "convulsions, falling sickness, palsies, etc." and strengthening "the brain, senses and memory exceedingly." And even the healthy did not disdain to eat it, for primrose paste was once a popular Lancashire delicacy.—Family Doctor.

Youthful Independence. "Father," said the fair girl, "I have arranged a very important interview for you this evening. Harold is going to call on you."

"To make a formal request for your hand, I suppose?" "Not at all. He wants to look you over and see how you would do for a father-in-law."—Washington Star.

Condensed. "Here is an article on 'How to Live a Hundred Years.'" "Yes, and the whole subject can be condensed into two words."

"What are they?" "Don't die."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Consolation. "Waiter, how do I know this isn't horse meat instead of beef?" "You probably don't, sir; all kinds of people come here to eat."—Chicago Tribune.

Curious. It is curious how much faster a street car bumps along when you are running after it than when you are riding in it.—New Orleans Picayune.

THACKERAY'S KIND HEART.

The Author Was Called a Cynic, but He Loved Children.

Thackeray's words were satirical, and he himself was called a cynic, but the author of "Love Affairs of Some Famous Men" shows what sort of heart beat in the satirist's breast by quoting from the letter of one to whom the following incident happened:

"In the week following his death there appeared some genial memorials in the pages of Punch. Walking down the then unsavory thoroughfare known as Bedfordbury, my eye caught the open page of the popular periodical, and I stayed to read the graceful tribute to the dead moralist. Turning away at length, a poorly dressed man in working garb said to me:

"I knew that man, sir." "You knew Thackeray?" I asked. "Yes, sir. I kept that little baker's shop yonder, pointing to the opposite side of the street, and many's the time Thackeray would come and buy a pound or two of cake of me. I cut it into slices for him, and then, distributing it among the crowd of hungry children, he would walk away and hide in that court over there, that he might have the pleasure of seeing their enjoyment. He didn't know I knew him, but I did. People used to call him a cynic, sir, but it wasn't true. He loved the children, sir, and no man is a cynic who does that."

THEY NEVER SEE SPOOKS. That is One Consolation That Color Blind Persons Have.

Are you afraid of the dark? There isn't a chance of your seeing a ghost if you are color blind, which may furnish you a ray of comfort for the beauties of landscape and floral decorations you may have missed during your lifetime. Dr. August Lummer, head of the physical institute of the University of Breslau, in Germany, is authority for this.

Dr. Lummer explains the phenomenon in this way: "The normal eye has an arrangement of tiny rods and cones in the retina. The rods perceive light and the cones color. When a person with a normal eye tries to see in a half dark place the cones, which are useless, interfere with the effective action of the rods, and consequently the confusion creates the effect of apparitions that come and go and change their shapes."

"The color blind person lacks the cones, and his rods act with extraordinary efficiency in the dark. The color blind person sees a clear, permanent outline of things as long as there is the least amount of light present. That means that he never sees ghosts."—New York Herald.

Lexington Monuments. All along the road to Lexington from Cambridge, Mass., in the United States of America, there are monuments to "rebel colonists" who slew British soldiers April 19, 1775, but the most striking is that which is raised to the memory of Samuel Whitmore. He was eighty years of age at the time, and he killed three British soldiers with his own hand. The stone records that for this he received punishment of three kinds. He was shot, he was bayoneted and he was beaten. He was then, reasonably enough, left for dead. The old fellow must have had a magnificent constitution and a spirit which the most devoted optimist might envy. For the inscription speaks to the age that he recovered and lived to the age of ninety-eight. 1035 must have been "a good vintage"—for men.—London Chronicle.

Their Passport. A senator told at a luncheon in Washington a senate story. "We'd be a hard lot, indeed, we senators," he said, "if we were as black as we're painted. I once heard a dreadful story against us."

"Two ladies, it appeared, came to the visitors' gallery and demanded admission, but they had no cards. "If you have no cards, ladies," said the doorkeeper, "perhaps you know one of the senators and can get a card from him."

"Oh, no, we don't know any senators," they said hastily. "The doorkeeper bowed low. "That, ladies," he said, "is very much to your credit. Pass right in."—Washington Star.

Why She Wept. A young man who is very particular about his washing recently wrote a note to his washerwoman and one to his sweetheart and by strange fatality put the wrong address on each envelope and sent them off. The washerwoman was sent the invitation to take an auto ride the next day, but when the young lady read, "If you crumple my shirt bosom as you did last time I'll go somewhere else," she burst into tears and vowed she would never speak to him again.—Florida Times Union.

Well Described. Small Sadie was walking along the street with her mother when a ferocious looking but friendly bulldog approached. With a little scream she clung to her mother, crying, "Oh, mamma, look at the dog with the tangled face!"—Chicago News.

Consolation. "Waiter, how do I know this isn't horse meat instead of beef?" "You probably don't, sir; all kinds of people come here to eat."—Chicago Tribune.

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