...VER NEWS.
...PUBLISHED WEEKLY BY
...R & BACKUS.
...GREENWOOD, N. Y.

...N. Y., OCTOBER 10, 1900

$1.00 A Year in Advance

...political questions will continue overshadow all others until after ...tion. This country is being thoroughly canvassed by both of the great parties and a large vote will be polled. Greenwood, the former home of M. V. Smith, will roll up a satisfactory majority for him, not wholly on account of his long residence there, but in recognition of his sterling qualities as a citizen as well. We also predict an unusually large majority for our friend, C. W. Gillett of Addison, who has faithfully served his district both on and off the floors of Congress. No wrather man was ever returned to the House of Representatives than Mr. Gillett, and his services deserve the special recognition of an increased majority.

Disaster by flood follows disaster in the Southwest, spreading death and desolation in its track. It has passed the international boundary, and the scene of its latest horror is in the valleys of Mexico. Miles of territory are submerged, and the loss of life will not be known until this inland sea gives up its dead. Again will the world have an opportunity to alleviate suffering and want. A prompt response to their agonized appeals will do much to efface the memory of the days and nights of horror that the survivors have passed thru.

The strike in the coal mining region seems to have reached a stage where a settlement is in sight. The sooner it is ended and the laborers allowed to direct their efforts to a preparation for winter, the better.

Garibaldi was the first shirt waist man. The Dry Good Economist calls attention to the fact that the shirt waist is not essentially novel. Garibaldi, the Italian liberator, won fame as much by discarding the coat as by his military achievements. In the sixties, when swallow-tail coats and high stocks still formed part of the universal garb of a gentleman, no man in civic life dreamed of following the example set, but the famous red shirt, modified into a garment closely resembling the flannel shirt waist of to-day, was taken up by the women with avidity. Indeed, the "Garibaldi" became the rage, and thousands learned the name from the garment who knew nothing of the man.

Lutheran Scandinavian churches of America maintain 1,945 parochial schools, which have 92,200 pupils. In the educational line they also have 20 academies and seminaries, 17 colleges and 7 theological seminaries, to say nothing of their 16 orphanages and 4 deaconess training homes. In the nine years between 1890 and 1900 the Scandinavian Lutheran synods in our land added 953 congregations and 110,000 communicants, a gain of nearly 40 per cent. in church members, which means a doubling of their numbers in 22 to 25 years.

Of the empress dowager, when she ascended the throne of China, this pen portrait was made: "Her body is as graceful and supple as the neck of a swan upon the water. The oval visage rises from the contour of capacious chin, and is nobly crowned by the harmonious arch of a broad forehead. The nose is of pure outline, coquettish, straight and slender, singularly sensitive to all impressions. The eyes are a brilliant black."

Roger Q. Mills, the former United States senator from Texas, says that whenever in Galveston he always felt a vague dread of just such a calamity as has befallen the city, and was intensely relieved when he was back on the mainland. He said that he always fully realized the danger to the city from some great sea storm.

Insurance for bathers is the newest enterprise in the insurance line in England. Penny-in-the-slot machines are to be erected at the popular bathing resorts. Before entering the water you drop in your copper, and out comes a policy good for the time of bathing.

CITY MAY BUY COAL MINES.

English Municipality May in the Near Future Solve the Cheap Coal Problem.

In 1903 Manchester citizens may work a colliery, says the London Mail. Why not? If the victim of his notable mistake lives may be a washington price for his own mines, in his will bravely dies, taunting Kruger with water and dam Tommy from his own mains—and as a profit—or, he may go bankrupt and let all the bowels of the earth.

Thus argued a member of the Manchester corporation gas committee. Taking his argument a step further he is reported to have said: "Let us buy the mines, sell the coal at a profit, and until the effects have had time to peep, allow us to keep it as dark as a pocket."

The year the Manchester city gas works will use 400,000 tons of coal and cannels. Already the town is using coal if it has not yet up three pence per 1,000 cubic feet. Of the extra 2d the times five shillings, say 60 per cent. is clear profit to the gas owner. The coal is dearer as gas is concerned, and the contribution of £3,000 a year to the city rates out of profits is in jeopardy, all of which and it have been if the Manchester gas payment had been Cardiff or other coal as we are making his own fuel.

Those who are of the corporation predict that the project will come to fruition and special bargains in coal mines are being looked for. The chief work of officers will be to see that speculation is too hazardous and speculative a business for the public to touch. To which the answer is that when you buy coal you pay for all mining risks, and that citizens' pits producing 10,000 tons a week would provide their own insurance.

WANTED A JOB AS BOSS.

Youngster Surprised the Proprietor and May Work Up to the Place.

A boy of about 14, with well-worn clothes and a face in which timidity and determination struggled for the mastery, entered the office of a shipping house on Front street one day lately, says the New York Times, approached the desk of him whose appearance spoke the control of the establishment, and, catching his eye, said:

"Do you want a boss, mister?"

"What!" exclaimed the proprietor, surprised out of his self-control.

"I want to know if you want a boss, sir."

"I don't understand you; what do you mean?"

"Well, sir, I've been looking for something to do for three weeks, now, and nobody wants a boy, so to-day I thought I'd see if everybody didn't want a boss. I'd like to be a boss."

"Well, well! That's not bad. Are you willing to work up to the job? It took me 23 years to get it."

"Deed, I am, sir, if you'll give me the chance!"

To-day an earnest boy in jumper and overalls is struggling with bundles and packing cases in the shipping room of the concern. He intends to be boss of the establishment before his side whiskers (which have not yet sprouted) are as gray as those of the present incumbent.

And the chances, with his energy and will, are in his favor.

GOING HOME RICH.

Laplanders Who Took a Herd of Reindeer to Alaska for the Government.

Dr. Sheldon Jackson, commissioner of education for Alaska, has conveyed across the continent 25 Laplanders who were sent by the government to Alaska 23 months ago with reindeer and who are now on their way home to Lokkeniks. The Laplanders, says the New York Sun, were taken to Alaska early in the Klondike excitement with reindeers that were to be used as beasts of burden and food by the starving miners. The Klondikers were found to be less needy than was supposed, and the deer were not used for food. The Laplanders were employed as mail carriers and deer drivers at a salary of $60 a year each, besides food and clothing. They are now going home with beyond the dreams of avarice with from $600 to $700 each, enough to keep their families in affluence for years.

Of the 240 deer imported by the government many died of starvation before they reached the tundra, but being found so rich a diet that they would not eat it. Later 700 reindeer doe were brought over from Siberia, and the Alaska herd now numbers nearly 3,000. Dr. Jackson says the services of the Laplanders to care for them are no longer needed, and that they will increase rapidly under government protection. He looks for them to become ultimately an important source of wealth to interior Alaska.

Afro-American Progress.

Two thousand two hundred and fourteen negroes, including 235 women, have taken degrees from institutions of every sort. All have been self-supporting, and letters from half of them report an average assessed valuation of real estate of $2,500.

PEAT IS A POPULAR FUEL.

The English People Find It Cheaper, Healthier and Cleaner Than Coal.

Peats beats coal. In open fireplaces where a steady heat and not a crackling blaze is wanted the old-fashioned log blocks has merits not to be found in the best Wallsends. They are cheaper, healthier and give less trouble, says the London Daily Mail.

This does not mean that you can shut up your coal cellar, throw away your poutrie and bayonet the coal merchant. The Durham and South Wales coal kings are still doing to have a monopoly, but the growth of peat may materially lessen the coming winter's exactions.

Unfortunately, the bog owners and peat merchants have raised a great opportunity. There are enormous deposits available, especially in the north and in Ireland, deposits that only want digging and drying to make the finest fuel. But they must be dug and dried in the early summer. Autumn will soon be here, and no extra supplies have been prepared. The few peat merchants are already finding themselves flooded with orders, which they will soon not know how to execute.

A considerable amount of peat is already burned in London, especially in the Midland, Wales, and the frames in the land of Scotland, go to bog, fresh, earthy smell of the burning moss, and take care to secure supplies. Some doctors are fond of ordering it for their patients, especially those of patients where quietness is an essential. You can make up your peat fire early in the morning or last thing at night by arranging half a dozen blocks, and they go away, knowing that it will keep burning for eight or ten hours to come.

GUIDED BY THE PULSE.

Chinese Doctors Pay Particular Attention to Their Patients' Pulsation.

The Chinese physicians, it is well known, have long had the credit of paying very particular attention to the pulse. They even pretend to derive a much more minute and accurate knowledge of the state of the sick from that source than European practitioners lay any claim to, says London Answers.

The patient is directed to be laid in bed, with his arms resting on a small cushion. The physician must be seated and both parties are enjoined to remain calm, silent and collected. The fingers are next to be applied in due succession, one after another, in order to judge of the compressibility of the artery.

The Chinese do not infer solely from the rapidity of the pulsations. They model it on compare the number of pulsations of the artery with the intervals of the respiration of the patient. The number of pulsations of a man in moderate health they consider in relation to the time of a natural inspiration and expiration. Four beats of the pulse during this period they consider as indicating perfect health. If it exceeds five pulsations it is considered as too quick; if under that number it is too slow respecting good health. It is required to reckon 50 pulsations in order to form a correct indication. Their chief divisions of the pulse are four, the superficial, the profound, the quick and the slow. These they consider as having relation to the four temperaments, the choleric, the sanguine, the phlegmatic and the melancholy.

The nucleus of a new town in Texas is called Triangle. It is laid out in the form of a triangle, its lots are triangular and the 25 houses already built are all three-cornered.

Fancy Elks for a Queen.

Queen Margherita of Italy has the most beautiful bicycle in the world. The wheels are of gold and the frame is richly inlaid with jewels and mother of pearl.

CELERY KING
NATURE'S CURE

It Makes Restful Sleep.

Sleeplessness almost invariably accompanies constipation and its manifold attendant evils—nervous disorders, indigestion, headache, loss of appetite, etc. To attempt to induce sleep by opiates is a serious mistake, for the brain is only benumbed and the body suffers. Celery King removes the cause of wakefulness by its soothing effect on the nerves and on the stomach and bowels.

Celery King cures Constipation and Nervous Stomach, Liver and Kidney diseases.

Uniform Examinations—1900.

SECOND AND THIRD GRADES.

November 8th and 9th. Friend-ship Teachers desiring to be ready to teach at the next school year, whose certificates expire July 31st, 1900, should take the first examination of the year. O. M. BURDICK, Com.

ROAD & FARM IMPROVEMENT.

FOR PULLING STUMPS.

A Contrivance Which is Needed on Almost Every Farm in the United States.

The cut shows a handy lever for pulling out stumps or heavy rocks. The post used in its construction is eight feet long, about seven inches at butt, and tapered to three inches at top. Take a three-foot plank, seven inches wide, and mortise to post at bottom, using three bolts to hold it securely. At about two and one-half and three feet from butt, or a little farther if thought best, bore holes through post, and insert heavy iron bolts having hooks or eyes on one end. Ordinary washers may be put on bolts on opposite side, or a piece of thin iron put over both, as shown by A, and the bolts screwed up tight. A piece of 1 and one-half inch iron, two feet long, should have a hook at one end and has an eye in other, to which four links are attached. These links are placed in the hooks or eyes of the lever post. When ready to use, stand lever device on large end, attach hook to object to be moved, as when using a cant-hook, and hitch team to top of lever.—J. G. Allshouse, in Ohio Farmer.

LEVER FOR PULLING STUMPS.

PLAIN PROPOSITION.

Country Roads as Essential to Farming as Rails and Roadbed to Railroading.

The steady progress of the good roads movement among the farmers shows the study that is being given this very important economic question. Speaking of the necessity for highway improvement, A. B. Choate, vice president of the League of American Wheelmen, says:

"Every person who is at all familiar with the business of a modern railway company knows that but a fraction of its money and employes are engaged in actual hauling of freight and passengers from one city to another. He knows that millions of dollars and thousands of men are employed by the railway companies to secure suitable terminals and to handle freight and passengers when not in actual transit. And yet no man can be found who is so foolish as to think an immense railway business can be profitably conducted unless the best modern railroad bed and track are provided for that part of the business which consists of hauling goods and passengers.

"So it is with the vast agricultural business of the United States. Although most of the work is done on the farm, a large part of it consists in hauling freight, and every well-informed person knows that a good wagon road is to the agricultural business, like a railroad for railway business, is one of the most important facilities for doing this business. It is too late in the progress of events to argue this proposition.

"Now, the country roads upon which will best serve the agricultural interests will also best meet the necessities of the wheelman. It is perfectly plain, then, that the interest of the farmer, and of the wheelman are in this respect identical. Not only that, but it must not be forgotten that the wheelman now comprises all classes of business and professional men who realize that the prosperity of the country depends upon the prosperity of the farmers, and for that reason the interests of the farmer and the wheelman are common.

"It is for these reasons that the L. A. W. always has, and now does, advocate good country roads."

Shooting Guns at Hailstorms.

Consul Covert at Lyons reports an effort to dissipate hailstorms over vineyards by firing cannon at them; 52 cannons, manned by 104 cannoneers, having been distributed over 2,500 acres of vine land, the cost being borne jointly by the government, the departmental council and the National Agricultural society, some wealthy vineyardists adding 14 cannons. A high point was selected as central post of observation, a signal code adopted, and when a shot was heard from this post, the other cannons followed, at first twice a minute, then more slowly after the first ten shots. Results were so satisfactory that the system will be extended. It is said the practice was known in France over 100 years ago, and that it originated in Italy.

Arsenate of Lead for Chewers.

Arsenate of lead has proven the most satisfactory of the insecticides for the chewers, as it may be applied by the careless and inexperienced without harm and it is effective. The rule is, two ounces arsenate of soda, 11 ounces acetate of lead, 100 gallons water. It is best made up fresh. Therefore, knowing the amount of mixture to be used at a time, the proper proportion of each may be put into a pail of water to dissolve while the quantity of water to make up the amount is being drawn, and when dissolved poured into it. Another way is to dissolve each separately and keep in stock, pouring out the proportions when ready for use. The two are poisons and should be so marked.

WE NEED GOOD ROADS.

The Quicker This Idea Is Generally Accepted the Better for National Prosperity.

The work of the League of American Wheelmen is half of good roads is receiving recognition from some of the most influential sources in the country. The Washington Times gives the following editorial opinion:

The question of road-building in this country is receiving, as it should, increased attention from the public of late. There is no topic on which discussion is more profitable and more upon which it is more important that public interest should be awakened.

The problem has been, in this country, an exceedingly difficult one, owing to the immense area of territory over which highways have to extend, and the diversified nature of it. In no other civilized country has a single modern government had to wrestle with the problem of laying out and keeping in repair thousands of miles of country, some swampy, some mountainous, and all more or less untamed by the hand of man. The Romans laid foundations of good roads all over Europe, and still remain the champion road-builders of the ages. But we had no Romans in this country to lay foundations for us, and we barbarians have to engage in a process involuntary service to do the stone-breaking, even if we had wanted to emulate the works of Caesar.

Another thing which has complicated the matter of making turnpikes is the rapid and phenomenally successful development of the railroads. They have cast their network of steel wires all over the country and absorbed the transportation business, so that where they went it was not so very necessary to have roads that would stand heavy hauling or promote fast driving. In Kentucky, famous for her good roads, travel by coach and horseback was common, and it was worth while for the community to make it easy and swift. Moreover, the configuration of the country favored road-building.

Of late years the bicycle associations have urged an improvement in the highways. A bicycle is a less patient animal than the horse, in some respects. It will work untiringly as long as it is humored, but it has to be humored. A good horse will endure—because he must—struggling out of a bogholе which has mired him to the depth of a foot or two, or picking his way over a sidling mountain path covered with rolling stones, but nobody can get a bicycle to do that. A horse will stand the spur, whereas if a spur was used on the tire of a bicycle it would calmly lie down in the road. In short, the wheel is an exacting creature to ride, and the bicyclist very soon discovered that for his own comfort, if he intended to ride that wheel at his own sweet will, he will have to bestir himself and make the legislatures provide good roads for him to travel.

By whatever means the roads are improved, it is well that it should be done. The difference between a good road and a bad one may mean much to the community. It may make or mar the civilization of the whole region to be more or less accessible to the market. The quicker this master of public highways receives proper attention the better off the public will be.

KEEPS WHEELS GREASED.

An Automatic Oiler Which, According to Its Inventor, Saves Labor and Lubricants.

The labor of oiling wagon wheels by the usual method is somewhat arduous, and he who can perform the task without soiling the hands and clothes is an exception to the general rule. With the idea of doing away with the necessity for removing the wheels every time the axles are oiled Van Don Roe, of Maury City, Tenn., has designed the automatic oiler illustrated herewith. It consists of an elongated oil cup secured to the hub between two spokes, with an opening cut through the hub and box to allow the oil to flow to the shaft. Inside the oil cup is a weighted plunger, which reciprocates at each revolution of the wheel, thus forcing a small quantity of oil through the minute opening in the wheel box. The force of the fall of the plunger is broken by a coiled spring at either end of the internal chamber, thus making the device noiseless, and it is only necessary to keep the shafts and boxes in good condition.—Cincinnati Commercial Tribune.

AUTOMATIC WAGON OILER.

Prepare Watering Troughs.

One of the things that usually gets little or no attention is the supply of watering troughs at convenient places about the stockyards; and this neglect most frequently happens during the winter feeding period, just when stock need regular and full supply of water. The old-fashioned wood trough and tanks will do, if nothing better can be had; but the advantages of galvanized troughs for hogs, sheep, calves and poultry, and the galvanized iron tanks for cattle and horses, are so great that extra expense is warranted in using them.—Prairie Farmer.

Do not get scared if your heart troubles you. Most likely you suffer from indigestion. Kodol Dyspepsia Cure digests what you eat and gives the worn out stomach perfect rest. It is the only preparation known that completely digests all classes of foods; that is why it cures the worst cases of indigestion and stomach trouble after everything else has failed. It may be taken in all conditions and cannot help but do you good. Benedict & Van Noy, Andover; E. Breeze, Elm Valley.

The frost is on the punkin an' the fodder's in the shock, and the coal men are accumulating ducats in the sock!

Sporting goods men in Chicago say that every Sunday next two thousand people leave the city to fish.

A LASTING EFFECT.

This Evidence Should Prove Every Claim.

Relief from the pains and aches of a bad back is always welcome to every backache sufferer, but to cure a lame weak or aching back is what's wanted. Cure it so it will stay cured. It can be done. Here's the strongest evidence to prove it.

Mr. Christopher Finley, mason, of 512 State street, Hudson, N. Y., says: "I stated through the Hudson newspaper, in the winter of 1896, that Doan's Kidney Pills cured my aching back and other consequents of disordered kidneys. I suffered every pain and ache imaginable both day and night with my kidneys; suffered until I could hardly stand any more, but I got relief at last from using Doan's Kidney Pills. To-day, and it is over three years since I stopped the treatment, I have neither a pain or ache, and I advise everyone who has anything wrong with their kidneys to do as I did, go at once to a drug store and buy a box of Doan's Kidney Pills. They will not be disappointed."

Doan's Kidney Pills for sale by all dealers; price 50 cents a box. Mailed on receipt of price by Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y., sole agents for the U. S. Remember the name, Doan's, and take no substitute.

CURSE OF DRINK CURED BY White Ribbon Remedy, Tasteless, Odorless.

Can be given in Glass of Water, Tea or Coffee, Without Patient's Knowledge.

Dr. Brown's White Ribbon Remedy is the only reliable, safe, quick and permanent cure for intemperance that can be given to the patients without their knowledge. It is PURE, CLEAR, ODORLESS, TASTELESS.

White Ribbon Remedy will cure, or destroy the diseased appetite for alcoholic stimulants. Whether the patient is a confirmed inebriate or a "tippler," a social drinker or a drunkard, White Ribbon Remedy will cure. *It is impossible for any one to use alcoholic liquors after using this remedy.* By mail, $1.00. Trial package free.

Dr. Wm. R. Brown, 218 Tremont Street, Boston, Mass.

To Repair Broken Articles use Major's Cement. Remember MAJOR'S RUBBER CEMENT. MAJOR'S LEATHER CEMENT.

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WOODARD & YOUNG,

GENERAL MERCHANDISE,
GREENWOOD, N. Y.

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Notice . . .

From this date until farther notice, all paid in advance orders will receive 15 photographs for the price of one dozen at

D. E. Smith's Studio,
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DON'T GO

out of town to buy your Furniture when you can save from ten to twenty-five per cent. by dealing with us right here at home. We can save you money. Remember we have no high rents or high taxes to settle, thereby having to demand large profits. Come in and see for yourself.

F. D. WATKINS,
Greenwood, N. Y.

INVENTIVE CELESTIAL GENIUS

Many Useful and Important Inventions Are the Result of Their Ingenuity.

Americans are apt to regard the Chinese, writes W. J. Johnston, in Success, as lacking in progressive spirit and inventive genius. In a sense this is true to some extent, a visit to China makes one realize that western nations are indebted to the Celestial empire for many important inventions and discoveries which we are prone to regard as part of our own civilization. It is to them we owe the mariner's compass, invented by them over 1,500 years ago. The building of ships with water-tight compartments was also first introduced by the Chinese, and to them we are indebted for the discovery of gunpowder.

Prior to the establishment of any banking system in Europe, and while America was still in a state of savagery, China boasted of the same excellent banking system it has in operation to-day.

Dr. Fenner's GOLDEN RELIEF! Old Sores, Wounds, Contusions, Burns, Scalds, Sprains, Bruises, Stiff Joints, Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Toothache, Earache, Sciatica, Lumbago, Pleurisy, Pneumonia, Inflammation of Bowels, Kidneys, Bladder, Lungs, Throat, Chest, Piles, Fistula, Poisoning, Blood Poisoning, Boils, Felons, Tetter, Eczema, Ringworm, Chilblains, Chapped Hands, Cracked Lips, Sore Nipples, Chapped Udders, Sore Throat, Croup, Colds, Coughs, Pleurisy, Pneumonia, Fever, Chills. CURES ANY PAIN INSIDE OR OUT in one to thirty minutes. Dealers. The 50c size by mail from Fredonia, N. Y.

INFLAMMATION

BECAUSE it protects you against poverty.
it proves to your other loved ones
it is the best investment known to man.
it is the best collateral security.
it provides for old age.
it provides for the family in case of death.
it is a man's duty to provide for his wife and family.
it is a satisfaction to see the widow and her family destitute.
successful business men carry large life insurance.

BECAUSE you have no taxes to pay on a Life Insurance policy.
it will help your credit in the business world.
it will look down in business, a little [illegible] you on your feet again.
it is difficult to find a time when you cannot carry it.
it carries the earnings of early life to a later period, when you will surely need them.
if all men carried Life Insurance [illegible] would be empty.

....Seventeen Reasons Why You Should Invest in Life Insurance....

Of the Three Hundred, Grant but Three.—Byron.

THE EQUITABLE LIFE ASSURANCE SOCIETY OF THE UNITED STATES IS THE STRONGEST AND MOST PROTECTIVE LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY IN THE WORLD.

W. H. CRANDALL, District Manager. A. L. JONES, Special Agent.

WHERE ALICE LIES.

Beneath the sea, where Alice lies,
Are emeralds and pearls;
Pale griefs that fell from out mine eyes
Were bones and solid white Alice lies.
By mermaids and by sea-gods that rise
Where the green water curls,
Where Alice lies.

No working is where Alice dreams,
Her bed is cold and bare;
And day and night her well hair streams,
Forever where Alice dreams.
And many a bright sea-jewel gleams
Like life within her hair,
Where Alice dreams.

At the world's heart, where Alice sleeps,
Under the moaning waves,
The griefs that cry, the wind that sweeps,
Are all unheard where Alice sleeps.
No green grows but seaweed that creeps
Athwart the silent grave
Where Alice sleeps.

Deep in my heart, where Alice is,
And shall forever be,
False death has thrown his mysteries;
But kisses live as memories—
Remembrance is of every kiss—
Sweet word from off the sea,
Where Alice is.
—Thomas Tracy Bouve, in The Criterion.

Saved by a Feather

By John H. Whitson.

AMONG those who lost their lives in the great blizzard which swept with such unexampled suddenness and severity over the northwestern cattle ranges was "Old" Proteau, who was found frozen to death near Fort Bennett.

Proteau—whose given name, I think was Jean—is said to have been the first white settler of Dakota. He was 95 years of age, and had lived with the Indians since childhood.

As a trapper and hunter he was well known all along the Missouri slope. He acted as scout and interpreter for Gens. Custer, Harney, Sibley and Sully, and bore some 20 arrow-points in his body as evidence of his bravery.

He was buried by the people of his adopted tribe with all the honors due a chief.

Many of the early settlers of the northwest owe their lives to Proteau's kindness. These releases and rescues have given rise to a number of stories, among which the following stands preeminent as a narration of romantic adventure and juvenile heroism:

Long before the awful massacre near the Rosebud, and almost "an undiscovered country," a government steamer was sent from Yankton up the Missouri river on an exploring and scientific expedition.

The second in command of this expedition was Lieut. Frank Chadwick, of Yankton.

He was accompanied by his nephew, Elmer Chadwick, a boy of 14, who had pleaded so hard to be allowed to go that his parents had at last yielded a reluctant consent.

The Indians along the Missouri were then supposed to be at peace with the whites, and no outbreak was apprehended.

A few days after their departure, however, the Sioux began to show signs of restlessness, and early one morning a shower of bullets and arrows from the river banks pattered around and against the sides of the steamer.

No one was injured, and the steamer continued serenely on its way.

The commander believed the attack to have been made by a party of young "bucks" with an itching for war-eagle plumes, and perhaps anxious to distinguish themselves in the eyes of the girls of the tribe by a display of scalps.

All through the day they followed the steamer, firing a shot now and then, and occasionally coming into view on some knoll.

Nothing was seen of them the next morning, and it was thought they had given up the pursuit.

About noon a halt was made to collect fuel for the furnaces.

The river banks at this point were seamed and rocky, and well covered with a scrubby growth of timber. Lieut. Chadwick was not long in discovering some interesting petrified remains along the flinty slopes, and set out on a short tour of inspection, accompanied by his young nephew.

Viewed with our fuller knowledge, his action seems reckless and foolhardy.

But we must remember that it was the opinion of all on the boat that the Indians had long since abandoned their pursuit, and that, therefore, no danger was to be apprehended. Not a sign of an enemy had been seen since early the previous evening, and the steamer had, in the interval, traversed many miles.

The petrifactions were usually found in the center of small stones. These they were forced to break open before they could determine their contents.

In this way many fine specimens were destroyed.

Elmer was as enthusiastic in this search as was his uncle. Coming across a small, irregular, stratified bowlder, he split it with the edge of his hatchet.

The dull-looking stone held a singularly rare and beautiful specimen. It was no less than a petrified feather, in a perfect state of preservation.

The blow of the hatchet had separated the stone into slightly unequal halves. One of the halves contained, in its center, the feather, raised like a cameo; the other, the sunken, matrix-like outline.

Elmer was intensely delighted with this find, and looked carefully about for other bowlders similar in appearance. He thought he saw a number some little distance up the slope.

Lieut. Chadwick was several yards in advance. Knowing his uncle would have to return by the way he had gone to reach the boat, Elmer bounded off toward the bowlders that had attracted his attention.

One by one he split them open. None of them contained feathers, but in two or three he found petrified fern leaves.

These he thrust into his pockets; and, anxious to obtain another feather, he wandered farther, carried away by his enthusiasm and forgetful of time.

Suddenly there was a crack of firearms, followed by a series of bloodcurdling yells. Elmer turned like a flash, and the terrible war cries of the Sioux. They were firing upon the boat, and his heart sank as he realized the extreme peril of his position.

The slope above him was wooded and well-covered with underbrush. He hurried to the top of it. The little steamer had swung out into the stream, and was firing ineffective volleys of musketry at the savages concealed among the rocks along the river bank.

More than a dozen white men, of those who had been engaged in collecting wood, lay, dead along the shore; and quite near at hand Elmer saw the lifeless and mutilated body of Lieut. Chadwick.

The Indians, who had evidently just reached the place, had crept upon the unsuspecting men and shot them down.

They had not seen the boy wandering through the undergrowth on the hillsides. The petrified feather had sent him on an eager search which had carried him beyond the line of the Indian advance.

What to do he did not know. The Sioux were between him and the boat, which had now headed down stream. The officer in command doubtless believed that all the white people upon the shore were dead, and did not deem it wise to risk the lives of others simply for the recovery of the bodies.

Knowing he would be discovered if he remained in that partially exposed situation, and fearing to attempt to regain the steamer, Elmer crept softly into a deep and dark hollow. Here he arranged the bushes and vines so that they would thoroughly conceal him, and in as natural a manner as possible.

His situation was truly desperate, but amid his own terrors and miseries he found time to drop many a silent tear for the uncle who had been so kind to him, and whom he had so much loved.

That untimely death seemed the most dreadful of all. It had been so sudden, so unexpected. In excellent health and spirits only a few moments ago, and with a soul filled with a deep love of nature; and now that "sensible, warm motion" gone, and the generous heart stilled forever! The thought was agonizing, maddening.

The puffing of the steamer grew fainter and fainter, until it could no longer be heard, and the trail of smoke gradually faded from the sky.

Then Elmer realized that he was abandoned in the Indian country, hundreds of miles from Yankton, and with the intervening distance filled with hostile savages.

The commander of the expedition, alarmed by the unexpected and bloodthirsty hostility of the Sioux, and intimidated by the loss of so many brave men, had given up the contemplated exploration and set out on the return trip to Yankton.

Elmer remained in the hollow until the stars came out in the sky, fearing to stir before that time. Even then he was not at all sure that his first movements would not be greeted by the feeling of a tomahawk

Nothing came to his ears except the audible silence of the wilderness, the hum of insects and the low soughing of the wind through the trees.

He climbed the bluff and looked down upon the river, with its dark fringe of bushes.

Occasionally a star gleamed in its mirror like bosom, and some night bird called from the tree boughs.

Convinced that the Sioux had departed, he crept down to the river's brink and drank deeply.

He had no means of satisfying his hunger, and set off carefully down the river, chewing upon some bark and clutching the hatchet in his hand to be ready for an emergency.

All night long he traveled on in this way, and when morning came was so faint and weak he could scarcely drag his weary body to a place of concealment.

He was dropping into an unsatisfying sleep when he heard footsteps, and a brown hand parted the bushes and a pair of dark eyes peered in at him.

He was startled and jilted with fear; but when the dark eyes lighted with a kindly smile his courage returned. No man with murder in his heart could smile like that.

"You be travel a long way from home and in a bad country!"

The words were spoken with a peculiar accent impossible to convey in print, and the owner of the dark and kindly eyes stepped within the circle of bushes.

Elmer saw before him an old man with snow-white hair and a face wrinkled and brown like parchment. He was dressed in Indian fashion, and carried in his right hand a heavy rifle.

"I go trail on this way, that, and I follow him," continued the strange-looking individual. "Trail of little white boy, that walk long way and tired. Sioux come bumby and tek little white boy scalp, melby. White men go up river—on fire boat that scare game all out country. Sioux ver' much mad. I s'all hide pappoose trail."

Elmer was delighted at hearing the sound of a friendly voice, though it must be confessed he did not fancy being called a pappoose.

He was about to reply to the speech, when the old man plunged suddenly through the bushes and disappeared.

He returned a little later and informed Elmer that he had obliterated the trail so the Sioux could not follow it, should they chance to come across it further up the river.

"What white boy's name?" he asked, fishing some jerked meat out of a pouch hung at his side.

He handed the meat to Elmer, who devoured it greedily, while he told his name and how he came to be in his present situation.

The old man listened with kindling eye.

"Good!" he replied. "Proteau know father of white pappoose. Father good man. Big chief at Yankton. Buy peltry sometime. Always treat Proteau well. We see bum-by what can do."

"Oh, can you take me to my home in Yankton?" Elmer asked, tremulously, the tears coming into his eyes "Father, I am sure, will pay you well for your trouble."

"See what can do bum-by," said the old man. "Boy must have sleep. Proteau get canoe and come again at night. Boy must stay here till then; if walk round, Sioux find trail, and—"

He ended with a significant clucking sound, and flourished an imaginary scalping knife.

Satisfied by the look of terror on Elmer's face that his warning would be heeded, he tossed some jerked meat upon the ground, parted the bushes and vanished.

Elmer did not see him again until after nightfall. Then he glided into the boy's place of concealment like a shadow.

"Come!" he said, and without further ceremony turned his face toward the river.

Elmer grasped his hatchet, felt in his pocket to see that his specimens—and especially the highly-prized feather—were still there, and hurried after his singular guide.

On reaching the river Proteau drew a canoe from beneath the shadows of a clump of willows.

Into this he motioned Elmer, then seated himself in the stern and took up a light, two-bladed paddle.

He commanded, pointing to some jerked meat lying in the bottom of the canoe.

Elmer was not slow in availing himself of the invitation.

"There cup!" pointing to a polished buffalo horn, as he saw the boy glance wistfully at the water.

Proteau had deposited some blankets and several heavy rolls of furs in the canoe, and when Elmer grew red and sleepy watching the gliding shadows along the shore he made him lie down upon the blankets and pull some of the furs over him for a covering.

All night long Proteau sat in the stern of the canoe, his keen eyes scanning the shores, his face as changeless as bronze, and the paddle rising and falling with the regularity of clockwork.

Just before day Elmer awoke and asked that he might be allowed to take his turn at the paddle.

"Mek too much noise!" was the sagacious answer. "Sioux got sharp ear. Hear the splash, mebbe."

As the light increased Proteau began to watch carefully for some secure hiding place into which he might run the canoe. None appeared, and he paddled on until almost sunrise.

This came near resulting disastrously, for in rounding a point he saw the smoke of an Indian fire just ahead.

Quick as a flash he seized Elmer by the collar, pushed him prostrate into the bottom of the canoe, threw a blanket over him and piled upon it a lot of the furs.

"Sioux!" he said, in explanation.

And Elmer hugged the bottom of the boat, although half smothered by the blanket and furs.

The canoe shot out into the open sun, for the chance was sighted only a little later by the sharp-eyed savages.

When he saw that he was discovered, Proteau paddled boldly to shore, tied up the canoe and entered into friendly conversation with them.

In answer to their inquiries he informed them that he was on his way to Yankton to dispose of some peltry, and that he thought all the white men not slain had escaped down the river on the steamer.

The conversation was spiced with compliments, lasted a full half hour, all of which time Elmer lay trembling under the furs, unable to comprehend a word and in constant fear of discovery.

Finally Proteau shoved the canoe out into the current, took his usual position in the stern and paddled with slow deliberation and apparent unconcern down the stream.

When well out of sight of the encampment he shot the canoe into a labyrinth of willows and removed from Elmer the suffocating coverings.

"Sioux think he ver' smart!" was his only comment. Then he filled the buffalo horn with water, took some venison from the pouch and served breakfast.

The remainder of the journey was made without incident. Night after night Proteau propelled the canoe down the rapid current. Day after day was passed in some labyrinthine retreat.

Then they reached Yankton Elmer was received by his parents as one risen from the dead, for the commander of the expedition had placed his name on the list of those lost in conflict with the Sioux.

Proteau not only sold his furs to marked advantage, but was handsomely rewarded by Mr. Chadwick for the rescue of his son.

Elmer still retains the specimens obtained upon that eventful trip. Especially does he prize the little stratified bowlder containing the feather, the finding of which may be said to have saved his life.—Golden Days.

"The appetite of a bird" sounds dainty, unless you remember that an ostrich is a bird.—Golden Days.

Berlin's highest structure, apart from the churches, is the 315-foot high chimney of the electric elevated road power-house. Only two church steeples surpass it, that of the new cathedral, 330 feet, and that of the Kaiser William memorial church, 346 feet.

It now appears that Geronimo intends to marry a western heiress. The old Apache is not so insane, after all, but it might be wise to appoint a commission for the girl, thinks John Smith, and the remainder of mankind say amen.

Every year in the United States there are opened and eaten 3,000,000 bushels of oysters. Much of this enormous crop comes from the Chesapeake.

Kansas has a potato field 40 miles long. This year's harvest from it will come to 4,000 car-loads. An average crop is 200 bushels an acre.

HEADGEAR FOR A GIRL.

Woman Who Lost Her Hat in a Train in the Westchester Hills Years Later.

"Talking of buying expensive hats," said the New York woman, speaking to the Sun, "reminds me of what happened to a cousin of mine. She was a young widow with two children to educate. Her income being small, she went to Chicago from her Montana home to study art in order to open a studio of her own. The lessons were expensive, and when the time came for her to return home she was short of money; however, she saw a hat in a shop window that pleased her fancy. Of course it was expensive; what pretty hat, isn't it? She knew the price was more than she could afford, and for some days she resisted the temptation to buy it. But the day before her departure for Montana she bought the hat, and decided to wear it to the train, thinking it would be injured less than if packed.

"While changing cars at a railroad junction in a gale of wind her hat blew off and went sailing over the plains. There was no time to run for it, as the train was late and moved right on. Besides this my cousin had both children with her, the younger one in her arms. Trying, wasn't it? And now what do you think happened a year after? My cousin came east again and naturally enough visited the place where she had lost her hat just a year before, she looked out of the car window, and there on the platform of the newly erected little station stood a squaw rigged out in all the splendor of her native costume and on her head proud the very hat that had been such an expense and annoyance to my cousin. It was a complete right and almost reconciled her to the loss, especially as the glory of the hat had departed, the feathers looking forlorn and the trimming generally the worse for wear."

LADIES RUN BUTCHER SHOPS.

Two New York State Women Who Have Been Successful in That Business.

Rochester, N. Y., boasts a woman butcher, Miss Daisy Stevenson, said to be a conversationalist and an