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PUEBLO INDIAN ENEMIES OF "FIRE WATER"



Fifteen Pueblo Indians made the trip to Washington to tender deeds of trust to their lands to Secretary of the Interior Fisher, hoping thereby to substitute federal laws for state laws against the selling of intoxicants on the Indian reservations. The photograph shows the delegation on the steps of the pension building.

FOR VALUE RECEIVED

Even a Farnley Could Conquer the Prejudices of a Waite.

By GEORGIA LOTT SELTER.

Bob Farnley slapped the reins over the sleek backs of his black team, and huddled into his fur coat. With the disappearance of the sun the winter day seemed to gain rapidly in chill and gloominess.

Glancing up, he caught the flutter of a woman's skirts at the side of the road ahead.

"Why, that," muttered Bob, "must be that little Waite girl. Isn't it like old Mary Waite to send that child to town afoot a day like this!"

The Waites had always been hard, close people, keeping much to themselves in their gloomy, unpainted homestead at the end of the pine lane.

So when Mary Waite was left to spend the latter part of her life the last survivor of her family, no one wondered at her living alone and working the few cultivated acres of her farm as best she might.

But when it was known that she had sent for little Molly Waite, runaway Bud Waite's only child, to come and live with her, the countryside was agog with conjecture and curiosity.

"She's almost helpless with rheumatism," declared the neighbors, "or she would never do it. She wants the girl to take care of her—you can depend upon a Waite getting "value received" for all the charity they give!"

"Bud has been dead over five years, and the girl has been looking out for herself as best she could. Well, baybe she will find it as comfortable here as she has been used to having."

All this passed through Bob Farnley's mind as his team, with big strides, gained on the little figure in the road ahead.

The girl plodded on, indifferent to his approach. Even when he drew up opposite her she did not turn her head.

"Get in and ride," called Bob in his big, cheerful voice.

The girl muttered her thanks without stopping.

"But this is Miss Waite, isn't it? I'm Bob Farnley, your nearest neighbor. You can ride almost home, and it is getting dark fast."

She stopped then, and turned to look at him timidly.

The honesty of his face was reassuring, for she allowed him to lift her up over the high wheel and wrap her in the warm robes without a protest.

"I'm afraid you will think me very stupid or very unfriendly," she said then, with a smile. "But, you see, I am not used to the country. In the city we do not accept rides from strangers."

"I did not think about that," answered Bob, quickly. "I thought only about your long walk in the cold and dark; it is going to be dark early tonight."

"This is much better, thank you. But I never rode so high up before. I'm not accustomed to horses."

Farnley asked questions and listened in a sort of maze.

Oh, no, she was not at all lonely, with the woods and the poor, half-starved winter birds, and the dear, soft-muzzled calves with their gentle eyes. They didn't seem quite so nice, however, when they had grown into cows with long horns.

Yea, she took care of the stock; Aunt Mary was not able to get out. And she had to walk to town because she did not know how to hitch or drive the team; such ignorance must seem dreadful to country people?

Farnley took her to the foot of the lane.

"Perhaps you had better not tell your aunt about riding with me, Miss Molly," he said when he had lifted her carefully down. "She doesn't care much for our family, and might forbid your riding again. I go to town every Saturday."

"Aunt Mary," said the girl that evening, as they sat in the dim old kitchen, "who lives in the first house beyond our lane?"

"The Farnleys. And the less you have to do with them the better," answered Mary Waite sharply.

"But why?"

"It is not my habit to talk about people," answered the older woman, piously, "and I'm not going to begin now. But if you live long enough you'll find there are honester people in the world than the Farnleys!"

One morning a week later, as Molly was busy feeding the stock, she was alarmed by the sound of steps through the big barn.

"Don't be scared," called Bob Farnley's voice, cautiously. "I came to tell you I'm going to town at one o'clock. You got to go today?"

"Yes," said Molly, "she wants me to go after groceries."

"Then I'll be waiting at the end of the lane. I hate to deceive anyone, but there is no sense in your walking that five miles this kind or weather!"

"It doesn't seem quite right.

"Right or not, you're not going to walk!"

Molly thrilled at the note of domination in his voice and rode away behind the black team.

Many things happened which the girl never mentioned to her old aunt. After a big snowstorm she always found the path to the spring where the cattle drank carefully opened. Hay appeared overnight as if by magic upon the feeding floor so that she need not go up into the mow.

When the wood began to get alarmingly low and she started for the woods with an ax over her shoulder she found a great pile of freshly cut sticks ready for the stove.

Neither did she mention any of these things to the young man on their frequent trips to town, although they talked together of many things.

One afternoon, when the sun had begun to cut into the snow crust with a promise of spring, and the business had been accomplished earlier than usual, Bob stopped in front of the only theater the little town boasted.

"Let's go in," he suggested. "We have plenty of time."

"Oh, no!" The girl's face flushed painfully.

"Why not?"

"I—I don't look fit." She glanced over her inexpensive, bedraggled attire.

"See here, Molly," Bob's voice was hoarse. "I can't stand this kind of thing. You're not the right sort of girl to have to work like a man. Don't you know I want to take care of you, dear?"

"Oh," cried the girl, "I cannot leave Aunt Mary, no matter how queer she seems."

They rode home in silence.

"Molly," said her aunt a few days later, "put on your things and go back to the sap shanty. I see smoke coming from that direction. Some of our neighbors are none too good to help themselves to our sugar bush now I can't get around."

As she approached the low old building, Molly distinctly did see smoke rising from the rude chimney. A sleigh with two big tin cans of sap stood beside the door, and to the sleigh was hitched the black team which had given her so many trips to town.

As she crouched behind a tree, Bob Farnley came out and carried two pails of the precious sweet fluid into the interior of the hut.

The girl staggered back to the barn, sick at heart. Could it be true? Was Aunt Mary right?

"Everything was all right," she said miserably, when she went back into the house.

On Saturday a big thaw had set in, so her trip to town was postponed. She did not go to the woods again, though her aunt bade her keep a sharp lookout for sugar thieves.

Several nights later the girl was awakened by her aunt's hand upon her face.

"Keep still—help me up—there is some one moving outside the kitchen door," she whispered.

Trembling with nervousness, Molly hastily wrapped the old lady in a warm shawl and half carried her to the door, outside of which could be heard muffled footsteps.

Miss Mary fearlessly flung open the door and there upon the doorstone stood Bob Farnley, a tin syrup can in each hand.

"Oh, you've caught me. I might have trusted you to do that, Miss Mary! I've made this syrup for Molly—thought the money might come in handy for her, and it was doing you no good."

"You knew this?" Miss Mary's voice was stern.

"I—didn't know it was for me!"

"And so you shielded him!"

Miss Mary's voice held sudden laughter.

"I guess you'll do, Bob," she said; "but you are two young folks—and I'm an old one. Help me back to my room, child, and then I guess you had better help Bob get that syrup into the house!"

COLLECTING ANTIQUITIES.

Slopay received a card on which was engraved: "Professor Brace. Antiquarian."

He knew no such person, so his curiosity led him to receive him.

"What is your business, professor?" he asked, politely.

"I am a collector of antiquities," answered the old man.

"So I imagined. And how can I serve you?"

"By paying a deposit on this little bill you have owed for more than three years."

NERVOUS BOSTON PIGEONS.

"Did you ever stop to reflect how it is that the tame pigeons on the common start so at the report of a bursting automobile tire?" asks an observant friends of the Looker-On. "They are not afraid of people, and neither they nor their parents, probably, have ever known the meaning of a rifle shot by experience, but the old instinct to fly from the hunter is transmitted by the mother to the young, and hence the flocking to trees when a tire bursts."—Boston Evening Transcript.

POINT FOR BUDDING GENIUS

Inspiration to Be Attained From Frequent Doses of Epsom Salts, Says Physician.

A writer in the British Medical Journal makes this rather astonishing statement that poets may gain much inspiration, and stimulate their capacities generally, by taking occasional doses of Epsom salts.

As will be gathered from this writer's argument, poets are typical of a certain temperament which reacts, at times, unfortunately upon physical conditions—which many such persons try to offset with coffee, alcohol or drugs. In advising this substitution of Epsom salts, he says:

"There can be no doubt that the liver, which was regarded by the ancients as the seat of the passions, is readily disturbed by mental emotions. Anxiety as to the fate of a book, an article, or a paper, or as to the result of an experiment, may not only disturb the function of the liver—worry may even indirectly cause organic disease.

"Byron is cited as an instance of the value of Epsom salts, which he says acted on him like champagne.

"Dryden prepared himself for the visitation of the divine afflatus by salts."

COLORS IN NATIONAL FLAGS

Red Predominates, Though Almost Every Other Hue Is to Be Seen in the Various Emblems.

Has it ever struck you which color is most often seen in the flags of the world? Probably it hasn't, because there are not many people who can recognize more than a dozen flags at the outside. Well, the most popular color is red, which is found in the standards of no fewer than nineteen countries out of twenty-five. Practically every one of the European states, together with Mexico, Venezuela, Chile and Cuba, boast the color red in their national flags.

Blue is found in the emblems of the United States, Russia, France, Great Britain, Holland, Ecuador, Sweden, Chile, Portugal, Venezuela and Cuba. Black is not at all popular, being found only in the cases of Germany, Belgium and China, while Germany is noticeable for having black and white together. Nine countries boast of a flag partly yellow, viz.: Austria, Spain, Belgium, Brazil, Persia, Sweden, Egypt, China and Venezuela. To Ecuador belongs the distinction of having a standard nearer white than any other country.

PERFECT ANAGRAM.

It will be recalled that when Christ was brought before Pilate, the Roman governor (according to St. John's version of the story) asked him, "What is truth?"

In the Latin text of the Vulgate the question runs, "Quid est veritas?" Now, the answer is found in the question itself, without adding or subtracting a single letter. "Est vir qui adest," the rearrangement gives up: "It is the man who stands before you."—Youth's Companion.

GREAT RESPONSIBILITY.

"According to mythology, Atlas was the Titan who held the world on his shoulders."

"Yes."

"He must have felt rather important at the time."

"No doubt. Still, I dare say he didn't feel half as important as the major league baseball scout when he goes out to size up a bush league phenomenon."

LATER CELEBRITY.

"Pa, who was Benjamin Franklin?"

"He was one of the great men of this country, son. You've been in school long enough to know all about Ben Franklin."

"Pa."

"Well?"

"Was he as great a man as Steamboat Bill?"

ONE ON TEACHER.

Teacher—Why, Jimmy, Jimmy! Have you forgot your pencils again? What would you think of a soldier going to war without a gun?

Jimmy—I'd think he was an officer.

DEPENDS ON NEIGHBORHOOD.

Griggs—It is said that coal left exposed to the elements loses ten per cent. of its weight.

Briggs—I left some exposed once and there was a much greater loss than that.

MRS. FRANCES P. NOYES



Mrs. Noyes, a society woman of New York and Washington, will pose in the tableaux on the treasury building steps in Washington on March 3.

ENGLISH IN THE SENATE.

Dictionaries were in great demand a few days ago in the senate.

Senator Martin declared Senator Clark, chairman of the judiciary committee, had given only "platitudinarial assurances" of what was to be done with the Clayton anti-injunction bill.

Senator Nelson asserted that Senator Martin was going at the question in "whangdooodle haste."

Senator Martin retorted he believed there had been "whangdoodle delay," but admitted he did not know what he meant.

"Senator Williams of Mississippi, the great authority on such phrases, isn't here to help me out," he added.

GENERAL BARRY'S OLD HATS.

When Maj. Gen. Thomas H. Barry, who is to go to Governors island headquarters, attended West Point as a student he used to give his annual "stovepipe" hat to his father, who found occasion to wear it in the St. Patrick's day parade. General Barry as a boy attended school in the First ward, which was called, on account of its large Irish population, "the thirty-second county of Ireland."—Exchange.

KEEPING IT DARK.

"You know," remarked the Observer of Events and Things, "it isn't merely a sign that a girl's economical when she cuts down the number of candles in her birthday cake."

HAVE YOU SEEN THEM?

Bacon—This paper says New York has a shortage of lobsters.

Egbert—I think there's a lot down there that can prove an alibi.

LIKE FATHER, LIKE SON.

Mrs. Dix—Your little boy minds you beautifully.

Mrs. Mix—Yes; everybody says he's just like his father.

NATURAL EFFECT.

"Are oculists irritable?"

"Not particularly. Why do you ask?"

"I thought perhaps their profession developed eye-rate tendencies."

After any Sickness

nothing so rapidly restores health and vigor as ***SCOTT'S EMULSION.*** It is the essence of natural body-nourishment, so medically perfect that nature immediately appropriates and distributes it to every organ, every tissue—feeding, nourishing and restoring them to normal activity.

SCOTT'S EMULSION is not a patent medicine, but is nature's body-nourishment with curative, upbuilding properties and without a drop of drug or alcohol. It contains superior cod liver oil, the hypophosphites of lime and soda with glycerine, and is so delicately emulsified that it enters the system without digestive effort—builds, tones and sustains.

After croup, whooping cough, measles and other child ailments it is nature's ally in restoring health.

After grippe or pneumonia it imparts strength and health, and for colds, coughs, sore, tight chests and throat troubles ***SCOTT'S EMULSION*** gives the greatest relief known.

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