One Postmaster, Who Was Usually Found Asieep, Resented Seing Awakened to Beliver a Letter-some llomarks by Dr. Quedow in His Book "Northern Spain."

Foreigners in Spain see many irregularities, especially in the postoffices, a village of 1,200 inhabitants. in north- ters of recommendation which the proern Spain, the postmaster was an old men who was usually found asleep, and them twice over, muttering some of remeated being stirred up to deliver at the words to himself and wrinkling up letter. In the larger postoffices the height of confusion is reached because letters are put into pigeonholes alphabetically arranged, according to the fancy of the postmaster.

"Mr. John Smith," says Dr. Gadow. in his "Northern Spain," will on infor him because the letter is safely ous. lodged under J. the postmaster having mistaken Smith for an additional surname: but John Smith, Esq., will as likely be relegated to E, and unless the postmaster is amicably inclined your letter has a good chance of remaining remarked the school directr, and Althere until the quarterly or annual len felt that his eyes were taking a clearance, when it may be returned note of his slender write hands, "an" through the dead-letter office. I say that's the kind of edication that's may, because such letters are consider- wanted at the Red B: A school. They ed troublesome and have a knack of ain't bad boys down there, but they re disappearing."

Dr. Gadow, having obtained an introduction to the postmaster of Potes and exchanged compliments with him, was indeed. invited to look through his shelves and ter addressed to a gent's man in Cabe- your district a cent son, a town at some diet i ce from Potes, On asking why it had not been sent on he received this startling answer: "That man is a foreigner is he not? Well, numbers of strangers come to Potes and he is as likely to turn up here as at Cabezon!"

had arrived. On prouring a note from the school. the English consul the letter was forthcoming with the excuse that the post coming with the excess that the post started early with his books under his upon each other. For a full five min-had just come in He pointed out that arm and a feling in his heart that he utes and five minutes that seemed an the local postmark was five days old; was an explorer just on the bounds, hour neither fighter gaind advan- | the prison court-yard for half an hour. then the postmaster answered that as ries of some new land. Half way to tage. Then sudenly Bert rushed in like. He does not even see the attendants Gadow ended with w a letter repre- the schoolhouse a shiny faced little an infurtated bull, taking a stinging sented in Spanish by double o or double girl in a called dress stood at the road- blow from the teachers fist as he came, v. the nme was a difficult one to pigeon. side looking up at him shyly

New York's Dead.

The dead of London require an annual waste of twenty-three acres of into the sand and tra ned valuable ground. If 1000 persons are crowded into the space of one acre, the terson." limit in the case of the most populated After school on Wednesday, as he faces dripped with water. The master graveyard and if we accept the present was about to start for home, he missed tooked at the pupil and the pupil lookhabitants, as the standard, New York. with a population of 3,500,000 would empy dinner pail beside her until he "No," and then they both panted have to provide room for 71,000 corpses was ready to go. And each morning and laughed. and would require annually seventeen she had come with a big red apple and Allen reached out a muddy hand and and one-half acres to bury them in. left it shyly on his deak, blushing up to Bert clasped it tight. And then they Inless the custom is an niged, the avail- her brown hair when he thanked her. climbed out of the creek, washed their able room in the vicinity of all large cities will gradually be absorbed by remains of the lead.

nals, the expenditure of one may benefit rails. It was Jenny, and she was cryanother, but citizens should be treated ing pitifully. on equal terms. With the exception of Greenwood, almost all cemeteries used in the neighborhood of New York are either poorly managed by churches or administered for the benefit of a few cometery law, as amounded in 1879, allows them to divide among themselves the net profits from the sale of plats. Realizing about \$20 000 for an acre. which hardly cost \$2,000, their investments bring large revenues, and are esteemed valuable. By assuming the guise of benevolent societies, owners succeeded in evading payment of taxes which their less fortunate neighbors are obliged to pay. The trustees are never called upon to make reports to the state, and they give but scanty information to their stockholders.

## The Oldest Families.

The most ancient family in the world is that of the Mikado of Japan, which has an unbroken line of descent for more than 2.500 years; the present ruler being the one hundred and twenty-second of the line.

The most ancient family in Great Scotland. Lord Hailes, speaking of the title, says, "It existed before our records and before the era of genuine history, being an earldom whose origin is lost in its antiquity." The Campbells, to whom belongs the present Duke of Argyll, began in 1190. Out of the 400 barons in the British peerage only about a dozen actually date back

600 years. The Grosvenor family (Dukes of Westminster) trace their pedigree in England back to 1066, having come over with William the Conqueror, while the family in Normandy from which they are directly descended flourished there for at least a century and a half before the Conquest, so that the family pedigree goes back for close upon a thousand years.

The Usual Way. Mrs. Greathead-What kept you so

late at that meeting? Mr. Greathend-I had to draw up a long set of resolutions for publication. complimenting Mr. Bullhead's great efficiency as a member of the board. and expressing our heartfelt regret at loging his invaluable aid and counsel.

Of all things! Why you and the rest have been fighting for three months to get him out of the board." Yes: but to-hight he resigned vol-

arly. New York Weekly

Robert Allen walked down from the ailroad station at Earlville five miles Red Brick school. He found Fisk, the director, in a field at the end of a long, brown lane, with the sleeves of his hickory shirt rolled up. It was early in the morning, and the sun was smiling upon the dewy hazel bushes along the worm fence. Fisk straightened up and said "How d' do in a pig. hearty voice. Then he led Allen to the edge of the field, where there was a water tub buried in the long grass under a lofessors had given him, and he read

his bushy brows. "You'd hev to strike out from yer shoulder," he said presently. "In this here deestrict it alli't so much the bigness of yer head as it is the feelin' of yer fists.'

He looked at Allen shrewdy, 'eaning one arm on the tence. Alen was quiry probably be told there is nothing a slim little fellow, speciacled and seri-

> "Oh, I don't think I d have any trouble," he said, quite confidently, for he knew that the possibility of another year at college would depend largely on his earnings during this winter.

"They's a lot of edd.cation in fists."

big an' strong an' full of their capers, an' all they need is a lively lickin' or

two." But Allen needed money very much

"If I don't make a sug ess of it after take his choice. He came across a let- a week's trial," he suid, it won't cost At this the shrewd farmer began to

take an interest in Ali. .. He felt that he was getting a good bargain. "Waal," he drawle i, brushind down

the sleeves of his shirt, we'll go over an see Brown as Cracin. They're the other members of the board." | his weaker antagonist, but the master,

At San Sebastian Dr Gadow called at Robert Allen was hared to teach the him at arms length, darting in and out the postoffice twice for a registered let- school at Swansen's Crossing, "provid- and striking quick blows with his fists. ter containing a remittance from his in' allays," as the director assured him There were no tests nor pauses, and banker, and was assured that nothing over and over, "that order is kep' in neither fighter uttered a sound. Back

ed, timidly pils?"

rate of mortality, twenty per 1.000 in- little Jenny Peterson On the two pre- at the master. tous nights she had waited for him. sitting patiently on the steps win her the teacher, solemnly Do you?" be seen.

When the master reached the corner The next morning Bert was late The of the Peterson's field he saw a white other boys had waited for him impa-In considering the welfare of individ- little face looking between two of the tiently until the last bell began to ring.

> Teacher," she called bank of fluffy gold-mod

"You didn't wait to night to walk home with me," he said, kindly 'No, sir," she answered, the tears fortunate shareholders. The rural filling her blue eyes. Then she stam-

"Make trouble?"

"Yes, sir; on Friday morning, an'-" master's face and then fled, leaving it calm. He saw that the time for the white.

"How do you know?" he asked, sternly.

woodshed. It's Bert Rich'son an' Bill the revolt. Bunner an'-an'-all the rest," and "Come forward to the platform," Jennie broke again into sobs.

"There, never mind," said the mas- with a slight quaver in his voice. ter; "I'm not afraid, and I thank you very much, indeed.

through the worm fence of the stub. tears running down her cheeks.

hard on the problem before him and siele with his boxwood rule in his by evening he had solved it. When hand. school was dismissed and Bert Rich. Britain is that of the Earl of Mar, in | ardson was going out with the other boys the master stopped him and said,

pleasantly: "I believe you sometimes go home across the creek and through the woods, don't you?" "Yes," was the not ungracious ans-

"Would you mind having company to-night? I've had it in my mind to explore the woods over there a little.

They look attractive." Bert's brown face assumed a puzzled expression. "I'll wait for you," he

He clung about the dcorway with his dinner pail, while the other boys went off up the road shouting back at him derisively. He didn't feel at all comfortable alone with the schoolmaster. and he kicked the heel of his cow-hide

shoes into the gravel impatiently. Allen busied himself as usual about the school house. He swept it out carefully, rubbed off the blackboards

and locked up his deak. "Oh, Bert," he said, "would you mind taking this basket of rubbish to the woodshed?"

Bert went, thankful that none of the boys remained to see him. He didn't understand this cool little fellow in spectacles, who apparently did not stand in the least awe of the big boys of the school. When he returned with the basket he found the master ready to go. They walked down a narrow nath back of the schoolhouse, with the pig weeds and the marsh grass cling-

Allen walked briskly in front, and Bert nonced that his shoulders and an active, fearless swing.

"How's fishing in the creek?" "Oh, fair-only it's fished too much. Ust to be lots of perch and sunnies, but there's only a few holes where you

can find 'em now." "I suppose you know just where they are," and the master glanced back at

Bert. "Yes." was the proud answer, for

Bert was a great fisherman. And then, before he knew it, the high country boy's cheeks were glowing these is near Mt. Hecia, Iceland; anwith excitement and interest as he told of his famous fishing experiences and mays the Youth's Companian. At Potes cust tree. Allen handed him the let- discussed bait with the schoolmaster. Bert had not hunted much, and so he listened with fascinated eves as Allen told of a deer hunt in Northern Wisdeadfalls for bear. Bert even forgot that he was the pupil and that Allen was the master. They had been walking down the edge of the little creek among the wild locuet and beeches, and now they had come to a broad, open space, softly carpeted with grass, an outlet to a big meadow that sloped gently up to the main road. Here the schoolmaster paused suddenly and faced his pupil. Then he deliberately took off his coat and vest and laid them neatly on the grass. He rolled back his sleeves in a hard bunch near his elbows. All this time Bert looked on with wondering eyes, but without a word.

'l)o you care to take off your coat and hat?" asked the schoolmaster in a calm, low voice. "What do you mean?" stammered

the boy. "I mean to give you a thrashingyou know very well what for. Either you are to run the Red Brick school or am. I thought we would better set-

tle it by ourselves beforehand." In an instant Bert's coat and hat were off, but his face was paie. For a moment the two looked each other in

"If you win," said the master, calmly, "I leave Swansea's, if I win you are to act like a gentleman in school. Do you understand?

Bert nodded. The pupil sought to clench and crush So it happened that before evening wiry and active and determined, kept and forth across the grass they strain-School was to begin the second Mon- ed and panted, their white arms glisday in October. The new schoolmaster tening and their eyes steadily fixed pay for his crime by the loss of his and the two rolled together on the "Are you the new teacher?" she ask- grass There they says, ded turning over and over, grapping and clinch-'Yes, and are you one of my pu-ling and thus they came to the edge of the creek and plumped over the bank The little girl dug one of her toes into the water. The sudden splash |loosened their grip and they both "Yes, sir," she said. I'm Jenny Pe- struggled to their feet. Their hair was washed down over their eyes and their

"I don't care to fight any more," said

But this evening the was nowhere to faces and wrung out their clothing. They went home.

> The teacher's talked him over, said Tom Harris, angrily.

"Well, let's go ahead, anyway," ans-Allen walked to the fence through a wered Will Rice, and the moment they took their seats the trouble began. Just as it was reaching its height in came Bert. He looked flushed and uncomfortable, and sidled to his seat without glancing at the teacher. There "Won't you go 'way? I'm so was a slight bruise on his chin, other-'fraid. The big boys are goin to wise he showed no marks of the contest of the night before. All the boys looked at him trium, hantly. He had not deserted them, after all. The The blood surged hot into the school. schoolmaster was pale and quiet, but great struggle had come

Suddenly Henny Rice rose in his seat and threw his speller across the room "I heard 'em talking to-day in the at Nat Bowles. It was the signal for

commanded the little schoolmaster,

"Shan't! The boys laughed aloud and cheered Then Aller strode on up the hill At and the girls began to whimper. Litthe top he looked back and there was the Jennie Peterson sat straight up in

Jennie's tearful face still peering her seat, white and still, with the big The master had paused only a mo-

All the next day the master worked ment. Now he was walking down the "Step to the platform," he said stern-

ly, when he reached Henny's desk. Henny neither stirred nor looked up. The master laid hold of his collar and sent him sprawling on the floor. The next moment there was a shout, and the big boys in the back of the room

rose in a body to their feet. "Stop that. Put him out," they shouted.

The teacher paused, white and determined, but before he could speak Bert Richardson sprung from his seat. "Hold on, there," he said. "The first fellow that touches that teacher has got me to fight, too." And in his excitement he brought his fist down on the stove with the blow that made the covers rattle. There was a startled pause, and the teacher stepped back to the platform. The school subsided into quiet with towsled-headed Henny sitting on the floor where he had been thrown, blinking.

"Henny, come forward to the platform," repeated the teacher, and Henny stumbled up the aisle, hanging his

"Did you throw that book?" "Yes, sir." "Will you ever do it again?"

"No. sir." "You may go." And that was the last trouble at the Red Brick school. It was the most successful term that Swanzer's Crossing ever had known, and when Allen returned to college in the fall Bert Richardson went with him, inspired with a new ambition to be something ing about their feet as they passed more than a village rowdy.

CHATLETS.

The dairy industry of Iowa con-1897 and 851 in 1896.

the Cape in South Africa to Southamp- days returneth to her in jewels and ton was by the Carisbrook Castle in 15 days and one hour.

Three places at least are known where green snow are found. One of for it liveth in a palace. other 14 miles east of the mouth of the Obi, and the third near Quito, South depths must be triessed in patience; America.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

As ministries go, the new French cabinet may be almost called a minisconsin, and explained the setting of try of youth. M. de Freycinet is its mouth of a deceitful woman. only old-or elderly-member, his age being 70. Next in age come M. Lockroy, who is 56; M. Peytral, who is 55; M. Viger, 54; M. Guillain, 54; M. Delombre, 50; M. Dupuy, 47; M. Leygues, 46; M. Deleasse, 46; M. Lebret, 45, and M. Krantz, who is a mere youth of four.-London Chronicle.

Lieutenant-Colonel F. W. Kitchener a brother of the Sirdar, who has been appointed governor of Khartoum, served in the Afghan war of 1878-80 as transport officer to the Cabul field force, and was present in the advance on Cabul under General Roberts. He also served with the Dongola expedition, under Sir Herbert Kitchener, in 1896, as director of transport, including the engagement at Firket and the operations at Hafir.

A London magician, who has given entertainments many years at Egyptian hall, kept up an offer of \$2,500 reward for a duplicate of his box, which a man gets in and out of mysteriously. A clever mechanic solved the problem and demanded the money, but Maskelyne refused to pay, as he claimed that, though this box did the work of his the mechanism was different. He would not disclose his own in court, however, and the jury rendered a verdict against him.

The Neue Wiener Tagblatt states that the dungeon in which Luccheni. the assassin of the Empress Elizabeth is now confined has no windows, its walls are of cold, generally damp. stone, its floors of stone, its ceiling of it's usually the work of a third. stone, and that Luccheni will probably eyesight and his reason. Only once in a fortnight is he permitted to walk in who bring him his daily rations at 6 o'clock every morning, and pass them ! through an opening over the iron door unless he is lost to all sense of

which closes the dungeon. Our Constantinople correspondent writes, under date of November 12: mont is often hard pressed for money. seized yesterday and its publication things that the stepmother habit tries suspended because it contained the to undo. phrase 'that wicked Padishah.' The Nature supplies a man with characeditor explains that his offence is ter, but he must furnish his own repuwholly due to an untoward accident, tation. The intention had been to say 'majestic Padishah,' but the compositor carelessly pushed the two preceding letters in print. up to the final waw, thus transforming the word which means 'majestic' into says his better half's idea of beauty is 'that wicked.' It remains to be seen only sealskin deep. whether this explanation will be found acceptable to the eyes of the offended sovereign."—London Times.

#### QUEER ADVERTISEMENTS

A Western farmer advertises for woman to "wash, iron and milk two

An advertisement once appeared in a Washington paper for "a room for a young man 10 by 12. This is supplemented by the truth-

ful but discouraging advertisement of a dentist: "Teeth extracted with great!

"No person," wrote an imaginative undertaker, "ever having tried one of July? Second Farmer-No, I disguisthese air-tight coffins of ours will ever | ed all my cows as deer. use any other," says an exchange.

This is an advertisement from the "Blankets! Blankets! Blankets! For est neighbor was twenty miles away." domestic and charitable purposes of "Yes; but we've had a cyclone since every description, quality, size and then. weight."

The following advertisement is from an Australian paper: "Wanted, 8 young woman (the plainer the better) to help a small, genteel family in their domestic matters! one without ringlets preferred."

An American paper published in Paris recently contained the following stockings for such work." unique advertisement: "A young man | what?" "The proper stockings-the of agreeable presence, and desirous of rubber garden hose I see advertised getting married, would like to make in the papers." the acquaintance of an aged and experienced gentleman who could dissuade him from taking the fatal step.'

Here is a specimen of domestic advertising from the columns of the London Times: "Mrs. George Ashton, & Victoria street, Westminster, taker this opportunity of thanking her numarriage."

## DAYS GONE BY.

India rubber is not absolutely water tight.

A good locomotive usually lasts 11 years. During that time it travely something like 1,000,000 miles.

A light of one candle power can be and one of three candle power at two

of quill pens, have been found in Egyp. tian tombs dating probably from 2,500 dozen suitable for lawn parties and B. C.

The small letter "i" was formerly subsequently added to distinguish it life meant in a mountain resort adfrom the letter "e" in hasty writing.

POINTED PARAGRAPHS.

The friends that wealth makes are tinues to grow. There are now 1,002 as the quick-sands, but the friends of creameries in the state, against 954 in poverty are like the stars in heavon.

A wife s wise counselling entereth The quickest trip ever made from her husband's mind and after many precious raiment.

The idler that dreameth of gold suffereth hunger, but he who hath dug

The heart of a woman is as a driven well; and he who would sound its even like one who dives for pearss. It were safer to place your mouth on the muzzle of a gun than on the

Sometimes we envy the prosperity of a stoked man, little knowing how he wicked man envies us.

It were better to be kicked by your friend than kissed by your enemy. 'Twere better to see clearly with one eye than mistly with two.

() ir tears are brine to the world's talate, but our merriment reverberates through the world's heart.-Walter

Women believe a whole heap they לוח': גביש, and they know a whole beap they don't believe. If a woman takes the croulde to hate you, you're always got a fighting

chance. Men really need very tender handling. Scratch them and you may find

the brute. The wise man regrets nothing in life but the pleasures he has missed. There will be time enough after death

to regret the pleasures he enjoyed. There is one real good thing in Ifo, and that is work; but there is another so like it that you seldom know the difference, and that is when

a woman works you. If the truth be told, the ordinary marriage is merely the result of a mutual misunderstanding.

A woman never really likes a man till he lets her have her way, and then she begins to hate him.

"Clever" is usually the excuse ofered for a man who ought to have done something better. It takes two to make a quarrel, but

Fine feathers don't pay the landlord. The wise man always goes slow when he is in a hurry.

The man who isn't true to the world isn't true to himself

Many Kentucky settlers look suspiclously like six shooters. No man can be a successful miser

aliame. Silver bulllon owned by the govern-"The Turkish newspaper Sahab was | Mother Nature does a great many

wise editor doesn't allow it to appear A man who is supposed to know

A misanthrope is a man who pretends to be disgusted with all mankind, but in reality he is disgusted

# THE END MAN

only with himself. -Chicago News.

"The best feather bed," said the alfalfa philosopher, "comes from spring

chickens. "I'm the whole cheese," said the bull in the china shop. "If you come my way Pekin."

The ordinary hired girl can break up china much faster and more effectually than the combined powers. First Farmer-And you didn't have

Kansas man visiting in Denver-We have lots of near neighbors now. columns of an English court journal: Friend-"Why, I thought your near-

> "And what does the story of the prodigal son teach us?" asked the Sunday school teacher. "It teaches us how to get the fatted calf." was the prompt reply of the bad boy at the

foot of the class. "Are you doing much gardening, Miss Struckmore?" "No. not much. You see I have not got the proper "Got

"I think," said the ingenious man, "that I have an invention at last which will make my fortune." "What is it?" "It is a camera for use in fishing camps. It exaggerates the size of the fish, while taking the fisherman at his normal size."

Mr. Sissy of Denver-Wasn't it merous friends for their kind letters of rather expensive to substitute barbed sympathy on the dissolution of her wire for the pole fences on your ranch? Mr. Sorreltop-Yes, the first cost was considerable, but I calculate it will eventually save enough time to pay for itself. Sissy-How so? Sorreltop-Well, you see, the hired hands don't stop to rest every time they have occasion to climb the fence.

"Are you ready for your summer outing?" asked her dearest friend. "Not quite," replied the sweet young thing. "Of course, I have my hunting suit. my bicycle suit, my golf suit, plainly seen at a distance of one mile my tennis suit, my khaki suit and my riding habit, but, as we are going to one of these quiet places in the mountains merely for rest and relaxation I Reed pens, shaped after the fashion will, of course, have to have a few evening gowns and possibly half a all that sort of thing." Thus she demonstrated that she had been there written without the dot, which was before and knew what quiet country

vertisement.

## NEW INDIAN NAMES.

DAUGHTERS OF CHIEFS WITH MANY ACCOMPLISHMENTS.

One Pauline Jehnson, Writes Poetry and Is a Good Actress-Well Received Suciatly in England-Bright Eyes Lec-

tures on Indian Topics.

According to her opportunities the American Indian woman has kept good pace with her paleface sisters. Along with the new privileges and rights exercised by the latter have come means for the Indian woman also to develop mentally, and she has not been alow to recognize them. Striking examples of their native intellectual vigor are shown in what the new Indian women. have accomplished in art, literature and education and in their higher standing generally.

Among this new generation of Indian women are Pauline Johnson. Inshta Theambra. Eugenie, Vincent, Maud Echo Hawk, Jane E. Waldron, Minnie Cornelius, Go-Wan-Go Mohawk and Gretchen Lyons. Pauline Johnson. probably the most conspicuous, is the daughter of an Indian chief who lives on the reservation at Brantford, Ontario. Her education has been more than superficial. She is a writer and student of literature. Her poetry has attracted the attention of readers of periodical publications during the last five years, the subjects being chosen from the natural Indian surroundings of her own home. Miss Johnson has also shown capability as an actor in readings from her own works and impersonations of Indian character in costume. In England she is received by literary men and women on an equal footing, and the individuality of both her written work and her acting has made a stir in London. Miss Johnson has traveled through this country and Canada giving lectures and readings on phases of Indian life.

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Inshta Theambra, or Bright Eyes, is the Indian name of Mrs T. H. Tibbles, whose home is in Lincoln, Neb. She is also the daughter of a chief-a leading figure among the Omahas—and her accomplishments could be divided among half a dozen women and equip each of them well.

Bright Eyes was educated at a girls' school in the East Ten years after her graduation she became a lecturer onsubjects pertaining to the Indian. She addressed audiences in England, Scotland and this country She has written many magazine articles on Indian matters.

Her latest accomplishment is . . art. A year ago show felt a destre to paint pictures. A friend gave her brushes. paints and patitte, and she immediately began to work. Her first picture painted without instruction, is said to be wonderfully good, and artists have pronounced her a genius. she has worked regularly under good instruction. 'She has in that time illustrated a book on Indian folk lore. Her husband is T. H. Tibbles, a white Populist orator.

Eugenie, an Indian princess of Canada, is the eighteen-year-old daughter of Chief Philippe Vincent of the Hurons, or Tarron Wartesche, as the tribesmen call him. She lives with her father at the Indian Lorette near Quebec, and is known as the Princess of the Hurons. Princess Eugenie is well educated and speaks English and French as well as her own picturesque language. She spent eight years at the convent of Charlesbourg, sings unusually well, and is a good pianist. Upon the piano she improvices strange, weird little pieces and calls them by Indian names. One of the duties of the Princess is to take charge of the heir-100ms and chief's official articles. There are medals presented to the family by a single cow shot on the Fourth of George IV. and members of his court, others of a later date by Queen Victoria and the Prince of Wales. Among her valuable possessions is the famous chief's jacket, a couple of hundreds of years old, and the official crown, which is made of feathers.

> One of the cleverest of the Pawnee girls is Maud Echo Hawk, who teaches the children of her own people in the Hope Indian school at Springfield, S. D. She is young and ambitious and got her own education at the Lincoln Institute in Philadelphia. Her father and all her relatives live in Oklahoma, where he is chief of the Pawness. Miss Echo Hawk has adopted the customs of civilization, and she is very earnest in the belief that the American Indians are to be a power in the future. It is this belief that inspires her to teach the young redskins the principles of Americanism along with arithmetic and grammar. She visits her own people often, and if you ask her is she would ever go back to her nation to live she twirls the ring on her left hand and grows thoughtful.

> Jame E. Waldron, beloved among the Sioux, is proud of her Indian blood. and counts it the highest honor to have gained the affection of her race. At Ripon College, in Wisconsin, she chose music as her vocation. In this she has become proficient and has labored to make music popular among the Indians. giving nearly all of her time to instructing them and visiting the Government schoo's for that purpose.

> Mrs. Waldron was the heroine of the famous case of Black Tomahawk against Jane E. Waldron, which was fought bitterly for seven years in Congress and the Federal courts and excited the interest of the entire Western country. The case was looked upon as a test of Indian rights to Government land allotments under the various tresties between the United States Government and the Sioux Indians. Mrs. Waldron's brother is a lawyer—the first Indian ever admitted to the bur.