

TAMING A BAD MAN

With a Passing Glimpse of Native Life in Alaska.

AN INDIAN WHO WENT WRONG

In the Absence of Uncle Sam's Commissioner He Cut Loose and Terrorized His Tribe, and Then the Judge Returned—The Meeting and Result.

There are precincts in Alaska with a large native population where it is policy to try a case at times without actually having a session of court. writes L. S. Harris. There are a few isolated cases of Alaska natives who have been bluffed into becoming law-abiding persons after the commission of a misdemeanor. When if they had been tried and given a term in jail they would have become confirmed jail birds.

A good illustration of this is the case of a native in one of the small interior towns. Now, most Alaska Indians are tame—very tame—and this fellow became a bad man unexpectedly and accidentally. He suddenly pointed a rifle at a small group of his fellows and let out a yell. His act struck terror in the breasts of all the tribe, which was much to his liking.

This native knew that the commissioner for his precinct had gone to Seattle, and "going to Seattle" means, to the Alaska native, all or any part of the universe outside the boundaries of the territory. Also the "gubment" had been considering the appointment of a deputy marshal for this section of Alaska, but the "gubment" moves slowly, and as yet no deputy had been named.

So every day it was necessary for this wild native to make a demonstration before one or more members of the little tribe. It amused them and besides, it was profitable. He would suddenly appear in the home of one of his neighbors, brandish a knife or a gun, emit one terrifying "whoop" and the field was his. He would then take any article of furniture or any thing in the way of provisions that suited his fancy or appetite, after which the village would be normal until the next outbreak.

At times they uttered feeble protests. "I think maybe justice come back pretty quick maybe you feel hurt."

To which the wild one asserted, "In Jun no 'frail judge, no 'frail marshal, no 'frail 'skookum house" (jail). At last the news came to the village that the commissioner had returned and was now at his headquarters, twelve miles down the river. So that night some of the bravest of the bravest slipped quietly into the bad man's cabin, and before the enemy had recovered from his surprise he was tied hand and foot. The following morning he was placed in a sleeping bag, trussed as he was, and led to the mining camp where the commissioner was located.

A committee of three natives called on the commissioner at his office that afternoon and explained the situation. Among other things their spokesman stated that "this fellow talk no 'frail judge, no 'frail marshal, no 'frail 'skookum house," that's what meant 'em."

The commissioner went at once to the house where the bad Indian had been taken. The native lay on a caribou skin in the middle of the room, bound hand and foot while around the room were squatted some fifty members of two neighboring tribes. All awaited the trial with much interest and anticipation.

The commissioner ordered the native released. One fellow produced a knife, cut the bonds and assisted the bad one to his feet. There were only two ways out. The native must be jailed or bluffed into being good. As the natives' family must be provided for, the latter course was adopted. The commissioner stepped close to the bad man, looked him in the eye and asked, "You no 'frail judge, no 'frail marshal, no 'frail 'skookum house?"

All was perfectly quiet. The eyes of the natives were centered on the two men in the middle of the room. For almost a minute the two men looked each other in the eye, but at last the bad man yielded. His eyes fell and he stood like a small boy caught in some mischief. "Yes, me 'frail," he said. Case and Comment.

Ancient Oath Taking.
A method of taking the oath far more hygienic than kissing the book was that observed at the Forest of Dean Mine court for about 500 years, beginning in the thirteenth century. It was not for any hygienic reasons, but to prevent soiling the book, that the miners before giving evidence touched the four gospels with a stick of billy. The witnesses wore their hats to show that they were free miners.—London Chronicle.

The Giant's Organ.
One of the most interesting features of the Giant's causeway is "the giant's organ." This huge "instrument" consists of a group of pillars of various lengths set apart on the side of the main cliff. The larger columns being in the center and the smaller ones tapering off on either side after the fashion of organ pipes admirably sustain the idea which the name "giant's organ" conveys.

There is no possible success without some opposition as a fulcrum.—Oliver Wendell Holmes.

ANIMAL INTELLIGENCE

Cats, Dogs and Monkeys Seem to Be in a Class by Themselves.

Horses are generally given credit for a great deal more intelligence than they actually possess. Scientific tests show that in wisdom such as human beings display horses are hopelessly outclassed by dogs, monkeys and even cats.

The horse can be taught to do certain things just because he is too stupid to have any ideas of his own. Like many human prize pupils, he can learn, but cannot think.

So far as intelligence goes, psychological experiments show that it is practically a dead heat between cats, dogs and monkeys.

The dog has human moods, therefore people are apt to assume that he has human logic. But the cat, say certain persons, in sheer brains stands next to man. He has the adaptive intelligence that makes him equity at home in parrotland and wood-land, and a living anywhere. A cat, it is argued, can think faster and take care of himself under more different conditions than any other living thing except man.

Monkeys undoubtedly seem more intelligent than they really are because they resemble human beings in motions and outward appearance so much more closely than other animals.

Some scientists maintain that, although the monkey may be rather more intelligent than the cat or dog, his intelligence is certainly more like the human type.

Although he may not think better his methods of thought are more like those of a man than are those of the other animals.—Cleveland Plain Dealer

BLACK OPALS.

These Gems Fairly Blaze With Mysterious Shades of Color.

Those exquisite gems, black opals which were practically unknown until comparatively recently, but which are now being mined in Australia, are being marketed in the United States.

And in this connection it may be pointed out that the term "black opal" is distinctly misleading. It was coined to distinguish it from the familiar light opal. As a matter of fact, the black opal is alive with myriad shades of flaming splendor, from bright tints of green-glowing fire to molten gold or lavender that in the starlight glimmers to crimson or slips into molten ruby or sapphire as the angle of light alters.

Black opals are dear, not only because they are so beautiful, but because they are so rare. They are found only at one spot, a comparatively small tract of ground in New South Wales adjoining the Queensland border.

The field is called Lightning-ridge. It is a wild and desolate spot. The nearest towns to it are Walgett and Collarenebri, and it is about 500 miles from Sydney as the crow flies.

Black opal mining is about the biggest gamble extant. There is really nothing to guide the miner in selecting a likely spot. The work is hard, the shafts average forty feet in depth and get rock has to be hauled to the top. Water is scarce, food almost unobtainable. On the other hand, the prospector who is lucky enough to stumble upon a pocket of fair sized, flawless stones reaps a fortune forthwith.—Pentagon's Weekly.

How We Read.

Oliver Wendell Holmes owned up to his preference for reading in books to reading through them. "When I set out to read through a book," he once wrote, "I always felt that I had a task before me, but when I read in a book it was the page of the program that I wanted, which left its impression and became a part of my intellectual furniture." If we get only franker most of us would on less to taking like Holmes in this matter of our reading.—New York Telegram.

Ancient Trades.

Bygone trades have a way of peering on investigation to be only modern industries under another name. A mill for instance, was only a miller's mill and a parmenter was nothing more strange than a tailor though not even the experts are certain why he was so called. A ruffian however is more interesting. He is an ally of the present world rather than a foreigner, and a ruffian was one who dealt in it.—London Chronicle.

Book Consumption.

In the United States but one person in 7,000 buys a book in the course of a year while in Great Britain it is one in 3,000; in France it is about the same; in Germany and Japan it is rather better, and in Switzerland it is one in 872. Cheaper books, in paper covers, account for some of this difference. But whatever the cause it remains true that the Europeans buy twice as many books per capita as we do.—Atlantic Monthly.

A Beast Reminded.

"I always try to attend to my own business," said the self approving man. "That's just what folks are talking about," replied Farmer Corrosetti. "Tendin' to your own business ain't what we elected you to the legislature for."—Washington Star.

Protested.

"Villain, I defy you," said the heroine, drawing herself to her full height. "Do your worst."

"Don't ask him to do that, miss," pleaded a voice from the gallery. "His acting is bad enough as it is."—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

THE REMITTANCE MAN

A Story of a Partnership.

By IZOLA FORRESTER.

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Mr. Crittenden stepped out of the post office at Goldspur, with his usual monthly letter from London town in his pocket. In front of the store was Mollie Owen mounted on her brown pony. The sight was enough to make any man pause, but there was more than her beauty and grace to check the Englishman, for a moment later she began to cry.

Beside her stood Lin Dewing, a grin on his face and cheerful contentment fairly emanating from his person. "From a tanger at the door of the postoffice Crittenden caught a remark that sent the blood faster through his veins."

"Lin's got her dead to rights. She can't meet the payments on the Upper Bond street, and he won't give her time. No fool woman can run the ranch, no matter how good looking she is. It needs a man."

Nobody will ever know whether the spark of British chivalry kindled with an instantaneous appreciation of Mollie's points or whether it was purely subconscious action regulated by fate's decree, sex attraction and opportunity, but the current turned Crittenden's footsteps in the direction of the Upper Bond street.

"I understand Miss Owen," he said, with the deliberate air of a gold-payer, "that you have a broken man over at your place."

Mollie met his eyes and stopped crying. She liked his eyes. There was a glint of humor in them and they were warm. "I'll take you if you want to try it."

Mollie felt a slight thrill of disturbance. She had heard of John Crittenden. Everybody around Goldspur had heard. He was a "remitance man" and rode every month for the purpose of receiving a certain letter from London.

She said to Dewing, "I've got thirty days, haven't I, Mr. Dewing, if I can raise the balance?" "The interest is paid up to the 10th."

"John, you sure have, responded and whistled. Lin swung around at Lin's happy. "And I hope you can raise it. If you can't, I guess I'll have to take the care of your funds."

Mollie smiled and tightened her reins. "All right, I'll be here on the 10th, but I'll be here tomorrow, Mr. Crittenden."

Next morning while the early mist curled the low chimney smoke up the hillside he rode to Upper Bond street. Mollie was not feeding her chickens when he arrived.

"I've got three other men working here, but the women about work," she told him. "To be back after the sheep and one stays around handy to keep me here at the ranch. The sheep and run down. It needs a man's hand and point of view. I hope you'll get down to business and work a straight deal with me."

"I will," said Crittenden. "That's what I came for. But he did not feel just how strange he seemed, this man who had been riding nearly two years of inertia. He himself hardly sensed the keen buoyant spirit of responsibility.

One day Mollie strapped him as she was riding. "Picking up John," she called him. John quire naturally how. "I think we'll pull through. There's \$500 to pay by the 10th. I've got some saved toward it and I heard today those new folks down the valley want to buy sheep. We could let a bunch of 'em."

Words on mind taking in a partner. Miss Owen asked Crittenden, "I like it and I think I could make a good thing out of it. I can put in my share and that would pay off Dewing and give us a start."

The color rose in Mollie's face. She did not meet his eyes. It was not an easy thing she had to tell him, but he went ahead bravely.

"John, I want to be frank with you. I like you. You know that, don't you?" "No, I didn't," said Crittenden, and the look in his eyes almost made Mollie lose her courage.

"You're a bully foreman," she added firmly. "But would you stick? I've heard all about you, of course."

"What have you heard?" "That you are a remittance man." Then Crittenden told her simply, without any show of repentance or excuse for the past. He had made a failure of life at home. He was no criminal, but he had been a spend-thrift and general ne'er-do-well. He had come to the west to try to find himself, to learn his bent in life, to see whether there was a groove that he fitted.

"I think I've found it here," he finished. "This suits me. The money I told you of is my own. I am not paid to stay away, as the men say. I have a small, a very small, income, but it keeps me going. The trouble has been that I ran into debt at home. Out

here the outlook is white. I will make a good partner, Miss Owen. "Would you promise to be as faithful as you have been the past three weeks?"

"I'll promise anything if you'll let me stay," he retorted, with sudden recklessness, and Mollie at once discontinued the personal circuit.

She took him at his word. Dewing was bought out the following week and Crittenden became partner at the Upper Bond. Tactically a new basis of friendship had been established between the two, however. He rarely came to the home ranch, but spent his time at the sheep camp. Mollie did not mind not so very much.

One morning he rode back with a brown and yellow pansy in the button hole of his gray flannel shirt. The dusky petals reminded him of Mollie's eyes.

That evening Mollie went out in the moonlight and looked longingly up the valley toward the sheep camp, four miles away on the mountain side. She caught a glimpse of the possible future and bent to find another brown and yellow pansy warming to her finger tips at her own thoughts.

Instead she found Crittenden's latest letter from London, carefully folded as it had fallen from his pocket. She sat down on the low stool, chin on palm, weighing her lover's worth. In the clear moonlight Lin Dewing found her there. Mollie barely listened while he explained how he had ridden fifteen miles out of his way to see her.

"It's on account of this here Crittenden you've taken in as partner, Mollie," he told her. "You've turned the whole thing over to him, and he's made a mess of it. The boys won't stand for him any more. They're riding tonight to clear him out of the valley, and Goldspur."

"What are you talking about, Lin?" Mollie gazed Mollie hotly, crushing the letter in her hand. "You know he's never done a thing that was crooked."

"He don't know the game nor the rules of sheep raising. He's trespassed on cattle land. The boys will make him see light."

It isn't them it's you, Lin Dewing. Mollie caught up a lantern and started on a run for the corral. After her went Lin, his horse following leisurely. Neither spoke. He knew what she meant to do. As she seized the bridle and saddle from their hooks he caught her arm.

"Don't be a fool kid. You can't stop them now. What do you want with him anyhow? I only pushed you hard because I wanted you to have to ask me for help."

"Heaven help anybody who had to ask you for help. You let me go!" "I won't. Yell, yell all you want to!" Mollie tore her wrist from his grasp and whistled. Lin swung around at the answering bark, but the big wolf bounds were on him, and he went down like a worried fox.

"Wait, him, Scraggy," Mollie called. "Easy, Monk. Just watch him. Don't let him get away."

The pony was on the way before her right foot had caught the stirrup, and she bent low, laughing recklessly, every nerve on fire at the thought of what lay ahead. She knew Lin Dewing and his crowd of men. They would clean out the sheep camp without a quail unless she could reach it in time to warn Crittenden and the herd.

So it happened that when the riders rode over the rim of the foothill and looked down at the sheep, close huddled in the moonlight, they met a surprise. Mollie had lodged for a revolver.

"It's half my property and half my fight," she told Crittenden. "I want to help."

He gave her one. There was barely time to get the saddle off her steaming pony and sling a blanket across its back before Dewing's men came, but even in those precious moments he had managed to make her understand what her coming meant to him.

But the belt was his own. Brief as it was it bore some sense of enjoyment swept over him than he had known in years. He was fighting for more than Mollie's rights, for his own new hopes and ambitions.

She saw his eyes and his great longing in them and handed him the letter from her pouch.

"I found it by the pansy bed, John," she told him with her old directness. "I didn't read it, but it bothered me. I thought that when we went into partnership you stopped all this sort of thing."

"Yet you rode tonight to save me, all the same?" "To save the sheep," corrected Mollie, avoiding his eyes. "I must get home. Lin may be chewed to mince-meat if he tries to get away from the dogs."

"I'm going with you," said Crittenden. She turned at that, one hand on the pony's back, her lips parted. "But why?" "Why?" He reached for her suddenly. "Because I have the right or mean to have from tonight. Your eyes were the spur that started me on the new road, Mollie. I've been trying to keep the trail since. That letter was only in answer to one of mine ordering the disposal of the property that brought me in the little income I told you of. I'm not going back any more, and I don't want any ties to hold me. Thank God, I can stand alone now!" Mollie's lashes brushed his cheek. "Not all alone, John!" she whispered.

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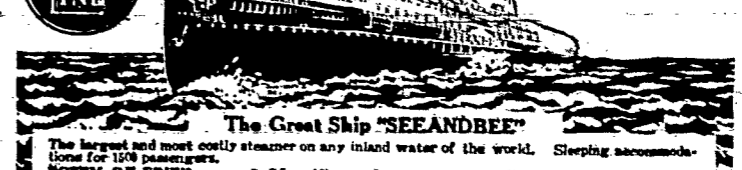
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