

# The News and Herald

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## SO THE INDIANS FOUGHT

A Battle of Crees and Blackfeet Seen by a Trader.

In the northwestern corner of Montana, where the great plains of the Missouri end at the foot of the Rockies, are to be found nearly all of the few surviving trappers, traders and hunters of the old frontier days. They are married to Indian women of the Blackfoot tribe, and own ranches on the various streams running through the reservation, where wood and hay are abundant and the range for their flocks unexcelled. Whenever a few of these old-timers meet, story telling is in order, and often the sessions are kept up for several days, so great a delight do they take in recalling the scenes and adventures of their early life.

"Those were exciting times," said Louis Cobell the other evening. "Each day was full of surprises and adventures, and no one could say that the morning had in store for the unexpected was always happening. I believe I had one experience such as has fallen to the lot of few of us—I was a spectator of a beautiful fight between some Blackfeet and Crees."

"To tell the story rightly, I'll begin with the Cree side of it, as told me some months later by one of the survivors. I was with the Blackfeet at the time it happened, but I traded with both tribes, so it wasn't long before I had a chance to hear the Cree's account of it. In the fall of 1877 the Crees were camping and hunting in the vicinity of the Cypress Hills, about 200 miles east of the Rockies, and just north of the international line, and one day a party of the young men started to make a raid on the Blackfeet, whom they supposed they would find somewhere along the Marias, or, as all tribes called it, the Bear river, about 150 miles to the southwest. There were 22 men in the party, including their leader, Little Bow, a minor chief of the tribe and somewhat noted medicine man and magician. It was said that he could foretell the future and circumvent the machinations of the evil spirits.

"The party started out in great style, heavy work dogs carrying their little store of provisions and a robe or two, while their owners strode lightly along beside them, all decked out in their 'a' clothes of feathers, fringes and ermine skins, their faces liberally streaked and crossed with bright-lined paints. Everything was propitious; the men in secret council had found the signs right, and predicted that they would return safely with large numbers of the enemy's horses."

A hundred miles west of Cypress Hills are the three buttes of Sweetgrass, set in a vast extent of grassy plain. They were far to the right of a direct line to the Marias, but the war party headed for them in order to obtain a good view of the surrounding country from their summits. When on such dangerous expeditions the Indians always went from hill to hill, no matter how far they were led out of their course, for they tried at all times to see ahead and about them, and thus avoid an encounter with the enemy. Their object was to sneak into the hostile camp under cover of night, and get away safely with many horses.

"From the southern face of the mountain a fair-sized stream comes out of a rocky canyon, and flowing through the plain for several miles, finally sinks into the thirsty soil. The party was crossing a wide meadow of tall grass bordering the stream when they saw two horsemen ride up on a ridge some miles to the south of them. Quick as a flash they dropped into the tall grass, so quickly that they were not discovered, and presently the horsemen rode away out of sight.

"Now, then, quick," said Little Bow. "Those riders are surely the scouts of a Blackfoot camping this way. We have no time to retreat to the butte, and must conceal ourselves here. Go to work with your knives and dig holes; dig them close together and do not pile up the dirt. Scatter it far out in the grass, and perhaps we will not be discovered."

"The knives carried by the Crees in those days were traded to them by the Hudson Bay company, and were locally known as beaver tails, for they were wide, flat, long, sharp on each edge, and altogether a massive piece of steel. The soil was soft, and spurred on by the imminent danger of their position, the warriors made the dirt fairly fly as they slashed and chopped and gouged it and threw it far out as a sower scatters grain. Down, down they went, until each one had excavated a hole large enough to conceal himself and his dog.

"It was about this time that we have in sight. I was with about 30 lodges of the Blackfeet who had left the main camp on the Marias for a short hunt, and thinking that there would be a big killing of beaver and other fur, I had brought along a wagon-load of trade goods. We came arriving at the high-grass meadow determined to camp. The place selected was midway between the stream and a large spring, and as soon as the horses were unpacked a couple of old squaws started for the latter to get some water, instead of drawing it from the creek, which was nearest. Buckets in hand, they were chattering along when their dogs began to show signs of fear; they sniffed the air uneasily, bristled up their hair, and finally snuggled behind their owners. Keenly alive to the dangers which constantly beset their wandering life, these old women ran hastily back to us, crying out that the enemy must be near; that their dogs had warned them as they approached the spring. I was busy unhitching my team at the time, and

like everyone else, after a glance in the direction indicated by the old women, laughed at their fears. The plain was absolutely level for some distance west and north, and it seemed impossible that anything could be upon it and not be instantly seen. But the old women were not reassured; they persisted that they were not mistaken, that their dogs had given them fair warning, and dogs, they said, unlike people, never lied. At last one of them appealed to her grandson, a lad of 12 or 14 years, to go over and look around the spring. Mounting his pony, which had not yet been unsaddled, he rode away.

"I had just turned my horses loose and was piling the harness in the wagon, when I heard a couple of shots and turned just in time to see the boy fall from his horse, which came galloping back toward us. The women were busy putting up their lodges when the shots were fired, and the men, as usual, were lounging about in little groups, talking and smoking. At the sound of the guns there was instant excitement and confusion; half erected lodges went down with a crash, and shrieking women, squalling children, howling dogs, ran wildly about, eventually making for the creek and taking shelter behind its banks. The men, with one accord, grasped their weapons and started on a run for the place where the lad had fallen, and believing that whatever was about to happen was no concern of mine, I climbed up on the seat to take in the whole thing.

"The warriors, 53 all told, including a few old men who had long before given up the chase and war, rushed bravely on their chief, Crow Wing, leading and encouraging them. I could make out the form of the fallen boy from my elevated position, but nothing else; the plain seemed to be devoid of a living thing. The Blackfeet had scarcely reached the dead lad when clouds of smoke burst from the ground, and with the booming of old muskets and the sharp crack of Winchester—the Crees had both I saw one of the charging band drop in their tracks, and three more reel, fall, and start to crawl painfully back. The rest kept on, now shooting, too, and several more fell. They suddenly saw they advanced they began to retreat, bringing with them the dead and wounded. They could not stand the awful fire from the pits. Out over the plain, too, were running a lot of frightened, yelping dogs in all directions, and when we saw them we knew the enemy were Crees, for they, only, take dogs to war.

"As the warriors, carrying their fallen comrades, approached the creek, the women and children rushed out to meet them, and then what wails and shrieks rent the air as the dead father and husband, son and brother were recognized! The sight was heart-rending. I went over among them to see what I could do toward caring for the wounded, but they would have none of my poor skill. The medicine men waved me away, and instead of washing and binding the gaping wounds, they put elevated up roots upon them, beat their drums, and performed a lot of mysterious rites. While I was looking on, the warriors held a short council, and then the horses were driven in, each one caught and saddled his favorite, and once more they went charging out toward the pits. The plan was to circle round and round the enemy as near as possible, and shoot into the pits, and depend upon their tremendous speed and the shelter of their horses to avoid being hit. They did the best they could, but like the other charge, it was a failure; four horses and two riders were killed in a very short time, and the rest came sorrowfully back to us.

"Bear Child," said the chief, "you white men know more than we do. Advise us; tell us how we can rout out this burrowing enemy; how to make them leave their holes for the open plain, where we can get at them."

"That I cannot do," I replied. "We know nothing of such warfare as this. Why not let them go? Hear the women crying. Do you want to make widows of them all?"

"Ah," he replied, "it is for them we must carry this thing on, or they will call us cowards. They call for revenge, and we haven't a single scalp to give them."

"But haven't you killed some of the enemy?"

"From some of the pits no more shots are fired. But what good is that? We must have the scalps."

"The waiting of the camp was unbearable, and I went away up the creek some distance and sat down for a quiet smoke, in a position from which I could see whatever was going on. Presently the warriors started out again carrying huge bundles which I could see to be bunches of lodge poles wrapped in the lodge skins and securely lashed with lariats. They carried them within 100 yards of teapits, placed them on the ground to the north, south, east and west of the ambush and then, lying down behind, began to roll them ahead. At first sight the scheme promised well. Keeping flat on the ground, the Blackfeet wriggled and writhed along behind the slowly turning bundles, which they pushed forward inch by inch, foot by foot. Under cover of them they could undoubtedly arrive safely at the very edge of the enemy's position. But what then? Would the attacking party be brave enough to rush out and in the face of the terrible fire, which would meet them, stand there and fight until the last occupant of the pits was

killed? It meant the certain death of at least half of them. It was about the most exciting 20 minutes I ever experienced. I couldn't sit still and walked nervously up and down more than half inclined, just itching, in fact, to rush out and join in the row. The rolling bundles were now quite close to the point of convergence and were moving more slowly. Now they stopped, and the warriors sprang up from behind them, numberless shots rang out, and a cloud of smoke obscured everything. Then the firing suddenly ceased, and the next instant the Blackfeet were retreating once more, and I saw that they were bringing several dead or wounded with them. I found that there were no wounded, and everyone of the five dead had been shot either in the upper breast or head.

"When we jumped up," Crow Wing said, "the Crees had their guns already in position and fired before we could take aim. Then the smoke got so thick we couldn't see them, and we had to guess where to shoot. But they could see us, for they were below the smoke, and my men kept falling one after another until five were down. I saw we had no show then and called out to retreat. We just couldn't stay there any longer."

"It was now not far from sundown, and everyone not caring for the wounded or mourning for the dead went to work to gather wood from the thin belt of timber bordering the stream, with which to keep up watch through the night. As soon as darkness came they blazed brightly all around the pits, except in one place, perhaps a hundred yards wide. When Little Bow, the Cree chief, saw that, he told me afterward, he called out to his men not to attempt to escape through the dark place. 'It is only a decoy for us,' he said. 'Many warriors are lying there, and anyone who attempts to pass will be killed.'

"Two young fellows, brothers, thought that they knew as much as the chief did, and sometime after midnight they stole away and crawled toward the place where there were no fires. A little later some shots rang out in the still air, there were one of two shrieks of agony, and the Blackfeet had two fresh and bleeding scalps.

"Early the next morning Crow Wing approached the pits near enough to be heard and called out: 'If any one of you can speak Blackfoot let him stand up. No shot will be fired.'

"Little Bow stood up and asked in fair Blackfoot what was wanted. In earlier days both tribes had been on friendly terms and learned a little of each other's language.

"How many men have you?" asked Crow Wing.

"There were 22 of us; 11 remain," replied Little Bow.

"Will you come out and help us?"

"No. We still have plenty of water, plenty of cartridges, and will fight from where we are to the end."

"All right," said Crow Wing, turning on his heels. "All right, I thought you were cowards. I don't think we'll fight you any more where you are. We'll just starve you out and finish you up on the open plain. We'll just stay here and starve you to death in your holes or you will come out and fight like men."

"The old fellow meant what he said, but the younger and hotter heads of the camp would not agree to it. They insisted on making one more charge and said that this time there should be no retreat; that they would stay at the pits until the last Cree was killed. The chief had to give in, although all the old men, and I too, took his part, and since a charge was to be made, of course he had to lead it or lose his rank. They started; this time on foot, and sounding no war cry. As usual, no shot came from the pits until they were right on them, and then the cracking of rifles was as rapid from both sides as the explosion of a bunch of firecrackers. Again the smoke hid them from our sight for a moment or two, and again the Blackfeet turned and ran back, with three dead this time and seven more or less seriously wounded. If the camp was in mourning before, it was now a solid community of weeping and wailing children and women. The dead were taken away up the stream for burial by their sorrowing mothers and wives; the medicine men were busier than ever with the wounded. A few men kept watch on the pits, and the rest of us went out on the plain beyond the sound of the mourners' doleful cries.

"There we stayed all day. The fight the fearful loss, was talked over again and again. With the old men I argued that enough blood had been shed and that the surviving Crees should be allowed to go in peace. We carried the question, and about noon Crow Wing again approached the pits. After assuring the Cree chief that he came alone, and that no shot would be fired, he asked how many men he had left.

"Alas!" Little Bow replied, "only eight of us now survive; but still we have plenty of water, plenty of cartridges."

"You will not need the cartridges," said the Blackfoot. "Already too many of my warriors have been killed, and we have decided to fight you no more. You may go when you will."

"True to the chief's word no fires were built that night, and no one watched to waylay the enemy. A guard only was placed about the camp and horse herd to prevent surprise. In the morning we approached the pits; step by step we walked up to them, our guns ready to be used if necessary. There were 22 of them, and in all but four we found a dead Indian. Two of the party, it will be remembered, had been killed out on the plain the night before; their chief, then, had boldly lied when he told Crow Wing that eight survived, for only he and another left the place alive."—New York Sun.

## CHILDREN'S COLUMN.

### The Boy and the Sparrow.

Once a sweet boy sat and swung on a limb: On the ground stood a sparrow-bird looking every way. Now the boy he was good, but the sparrow was bad. So it shied a big stone at the head of the bird. And it killed the poor boy; and the sparrow was glad.

Then the little boy's mother flew over the trees. "Tell me, where is my little boy, sparrow-bird, please?" "He is safe in my pocket," the sparrow-bird said. And another stone shied at the fond mother's head. And she fell at the feet of the wicked bird, dead.

You imagine, no doubt, that the tale I have mixed; 'Twas a dream a boy had of a killing a bird; And he dreamed it so loud that I heard And I jotted it down as it really occurred.—Good Words.

### Trading Mice and Their Ways.

During the winter days the wild creatures of the woods and fields and watery places of Florida enjoy sunshine and balmy weather, and there are many queer animals among them, some of which are not found in these native inhabitants of the "flower-land" is the "trading mouse." This little creature derives its name from its peculiar habit of carrying things away and always leaving something in exchange. It inhabits houses and the woods, and there is nothing that it can handle which it will not try to carry off. If it succeeds it will leave what it evidently thinks is a fair equivalent. Frequently a trading mouse will carry away a quantity of beans, for instance, and will leave a pile of weed seeds that it has gathered in the meadow. The object of the mouse seems to be to put something in place of the stolen articles in order that the latter may not be missed. It has been known to steal jewelry and leave small bits of wood or weed stalks where the jewelry has been.

Trading mice are similar in appearance to our common mice and, like them, prefer to travel about in darkness.

### The Story of a Fossil.

Once upon a time, long ago, there was a dear little fern growing in the woods. It first crept out of the ground a wee, tender thing, rolled in a pale, greenish, silken sheath, which opened day

daintily and in love to gather in the woods. Eager hand reached down to Little Fern, for in all the great earth there were no people to its beauty. The sighing of the wind in the trees, the music of a brook nearby, were the only sounds to be heard.

One day a great storm came. Londer and louder blew the wind through the tree tops. Day after day the rain fell, wider and wider grew the little brook. Could this raging, hissing, torrent have been the sweet musician of the forest but a week ago? Last the rushing water came so near that frail Little Fern was caught by the stream and whirled away.

Over and over round and round, down to the bottom, up to the top—a moment's rest for Little Fern! Flung against stones, hurled among floating branches, tossed amid leaves and twigs, bruised by sand and gravel, for the brook in its haste carried along everything in its reach. For days Little Fern was borne swiftly on until they came to the quiet waters of a lake. Then, together with the leaves and sand and gravel, Little Fern sank to the bottom.

Every day the stream brought more sand and gravel, and they were buried deeper and deeper; and it seemed quite certain the sun would never shine upon Little Fern. Year after year, hundreds and hundreds of years passed, and Little Fern was buried under many feet of earth. Gradually the tiny fern, once so fragile that a baby's hand might easily have crushed it, became harder, until it turned to stone. The sand and gravel, too, became solid rock.

You must remember that by this time they were pressed under tons and tons of earth. Great forest trees had been added to the weight over them; for, while Little Fern was quietly sleeping, wonderful things had happened in the bright world outside. Where the lake had been, a wider marsh appeared, then a forest. But even the trees were not to remain forever. The ground in which they grew sank lower, lower, and the forest became covered with water.

And so change after change came, until again the surface far above Little Fern was covered with dense forests. Fleet-footed deer sped through the trees, chased by the arrows of the Indians, and the air was filled with the song of birds. The woods were full of life.

Then came the white man with his axe, felling the trees, building houses and towns, digging far into the earth for the wealth hidden below. Down, down, deep in the mines went the brave miners, searching for the coal that long years ago had been forest trees and beautiful plants.

Then came a day when the "clang, clang" of the pickaxe reached the quiet resting-place of Little Fern. Nearer and nearer drew the sounds, and finally there was a burst of light, a blow from a tool that shattered the surrounding rocks, and Little Fern fell at the feet of a man. Such a cold, stiff Little Fern, all made of stone! The pretty green color was gone, but

the leaves were there, and even the veins, just as they had been thousands of years before, when Little Fern was fresh and young.

"Look here, Harry," said the miner, picking up the piece of stone and handing it to his companion, "your little boy will be interested in this fossil!"

So once more the bright sun shone upon Little Fern, as it was carried to the miner's home. Longing fingers touched the shining, dark leaves, and bright eyes gazed in wonder at the story of the Little Fern was told to the children. After its calm, happy life in the woods, after its long, perilous journey, after being shut away from the day and night for ages, Little Fern has now become a household treasure.—Primary Education.

The Story of Monday. Perhaps you have guessed that Monday is the Moon's day, because the people long ago thought that the moon was next to the sun in size.

In many ways they were not so wise as the boys and girls of today, and so had no idea that the tiny twinkling stars were really much larger than the moon, and only looked so small because they are millions of miles away.

So they thought that the moon should be the next after the sun to be honored, and named the second day of the week for her.

Diana was the name of the goddess of the moon. Everything about her was more soft and gentle than about the sun.

While her brother, Apollo, the sun god, was driving his chariot through the sky, she remained quietly at home.

But when the day was done, Twilight opened the gates and the Moon started on her journey.

Her chariot was not so splendid as the sun's, but it was really quite nice, at least it would have seemed so to us. It was made with silver wheels, silver axles, and the body of silver, too, which shone as brightly as a new spoon.

Along the seat were rows of diamonds and moonstones.

Diana was the goddess of boys and girls, and always looked after them.

Slaves, too, who were not generally treated very kindly, were under her care.

Still, Diana, could be very cruel at times, and treated very unkindly those who displeased her.

She was fond of hunting and used to go about through the groves with her bow and arrows.

So the groves were sacred to her, and many beautiful temples were built in them where the people might go to worship her, and pray to the image which was set up there and called by her name.

At Ephesus, there was a place called Ephesus, there was a handsome one, which had been sent to Diana by the king of Persia.

Once it was destroyed, but, as soon as they were able, it was rebuilt and made more splendid than ever.

At one of the feasts to Diana there was among other things a cake made round to represent the moon, and covered with lighted candles.

As I read of this I wondered if Diana did not have the very first birthday cake that ever was made.

With Diana there once lived a mighty hunter called Orion. He used to go about through the groves with Diana, and they thought so much of each other that Apollo, her brother, was afraid she might marry him.

Orion had the power to walk through the sea.

One day Apollo saw him walking with only his head above water.

He thought this would be a good time to get rid of him, and asked Diana if she could shoot that black speck on the water.

She drew her bow; the arrow struck Orion, and soon the waves washed Orion's dead body out on the sand at her feet.

She felt so sorry then, but it was too late to bring Orion back to life. All she could do was to have him placed in the sky as a group of stars, where he is to this very day or night. I hope if you do not know him, you will have some one show him to you, for he is well worth seeing these winter evenings, with his sword, his belt and his lion's skin.

Beside him is Sirius, the dog-star, and before him are flying the Pleiades.

I am sure you remember them, at least one of them, Maia, for whom May was named, and Atlas, their father, who had all the world on his shoulders.

Diana was kind to people in trouble. There was once a shepherd boy named Eudymion, who in some way made Jupiter angry. No one could ever do that without being punished, and Jupiter always seemed to have some new manner of punishing.

## FOR WOMAN'S BENEFIT.

### A Novelty of the Hour.

A trifle fantastic but still extremely novel are the queer new stockings of silk, on which a garter shaped piece of black or white silk is woven just over the ankle as the article would be worn outside of a shoe. These new devices are among the extravagances of dress, and not likely to become a popular fashion. Still it must be admitted that they are novelties of the hour.

### An Airy Fairy Effect.

In an airy fairy arrangement in white organdie for a girl of 14 years, the nine gorges of the skirt are set together with Valenciennes insertion, and each breadth is laid in tucks three quarters of an inch wide, said tucks being stitched down two-thirds of the width with Valenciennes edged with round ruffle. The same sort of ruffle is round the yoke and the arm holes, the dress being worn with a gimpus formed of alternate rows of Valenciennes insertion and clusters of organdie tucking. A sash of five-inch ribbon with hemstitching stripes is knotted with long ends at the back.

### The Fashion in Hair Ornaments.

Combs and ornaments, carved combs, combs with glistening ornamental headings, large shell pins with coronets, jeweled gauze butterflies, jeweled agrettes, ostrich tips mounted on gold pins, diamond wings from the centre of which rises an osprey, a silver band from the centre of which a couple of diamonds quiver at the end of upright wires, play a conspicuous part in up-to-date coiffure.

Flowers are also fashionable for the hair. Nothing is prettier for young girls than a single natural rose nestling against low coils. Tiny wreaths made of very small blossoms and green leaves, such as trailing arbutus, wood anemone, etc., are equally becoming. Many girls pin down their locks with gold or silver prongs topped with some minute colored device.

Nothing has such a place in the young girl's heart as the hairpin decorated with microscopic peacocks in all their colors, dragon flies, green enameled shamrock and luck clovers, and a thousand other wee figures that convert a new hairpin into a veritable casket of infinitesimal curiosities. Just as many of these prongs are necessary are used to settle the coiffure nicely, and in consequence the decorative head is a matter of awe and interest to masculine ornamented bachelors.

### About Women's Appetites.

Beauty is not so absolutely necessary to a woman in the year of grace 1900 as it was in "the '30s," and the small appetite, which was formerly a beauty's attribute, is out of

Athletic exercise for women has quite killed the idea that a small appetite was what our grandmothers would have described as genteel, and women now eat what they want without affectation.

There is no doubt that the girl who cycles for miles in a day, and who plays golf as energetically as her brother, needs more food than the young woman of 50 years ago; but those who take little active exercise should eat more sparingly.

If a woman would be bright, attractive and healthy she must be extremely temperate in the matter of food. Of course, if she does not mind having a muddy complexion, a double chin and a dull brain, she can eat whatever and whenever she likes, but doing so is about as wasteful of her strength and beauty as if she were to take frequent doses of some harmful drug. Those who wish to change their diet so as to make it what it should be must not forget the plentiful use of fruits and vegetables.

Salads should be eaten daily, and apples, figs and oranges should be used freely. As a rule American people eat too much meat and are far too fond of stimulating their appetites by the use of condiments.—Chicago News.

### Two Girls on a Ranch.

Gussie and Louise Lamn run a sheep ranch covering 50 miles of California mountains. They run it both mentally and physically. Both the financial and out-of-door work they do themselves, and it is a success.

"How did I come to begin this sort of life?" Gussie said, as we sat on the steps. "Well, it was five years ago when wool first went so low. Before that father had three men, but after he could only afford one Indian. I was at home on my Christmas vacation. It began snowing and it snowed all day, and all night and was still snowing, and father and Sam were out trying to get the sheep in. They did not come to dinner till after 4 o'clock, and when father came in he was so tired he could hardly get off his horse."

"About 700 of the sheep were in the snow down in the gulch back of Chinese mountain. They would just die down and die unless they were driven out. 'Father, I'm going to help get those sheep in,' I said, and just made him let me. We worked in the snow till every sheep was out and safe. They were wet and chilled, so we had to keep them moving till they got some life into them. It was nearly daylight when we went home, and mother was waiting, asleep in her rocking chair, but with lots of hot coffee and a blazing fire in the kitchen stove. Such a sight as I was! Every time I jumped off that horse I caught my shirt, and it was torn from top to bottom and off the band, and I was wet to my neck. When I woke up next morning father was getting ready to ride the range to see how the other sheep had stood the storm! You

know he was an old man past 60, and it was at least 30 miles hard riding. I put on his clothes and went, and I have been doing it ever since. I don't think it is half as hard as mother's work, and I know there is not one thing about it which hurts any girl, and we like it, don't we, Liechen?"—Courier Journal.

### How to Make Gardens Pay.

The growing of seeds and bulbs for the general and local markets is a comparatively new field for women, and one of pleasure and profit. Few women have taken up this branch of gardening, and an expert horticulturist expresses surprise that so fertile a field should have been so long neglected. Seed growing and hybridizing of plants than those at present in cultivation is fascinating work and peculiarly adapted to the artistic gifts of womankind. Several women have succeeded in this line of work, and all began with little capital and little assistance or experience. Study, energy, watchful attention and specialization are the requisites for success in this work. One woman has a seed farm from which come special choice things—notably wonderful pansies of a glowing red shade found nowhere else. One woman who makes a specialty of growing the finest petunias in the world. She began her work six years ago, and in that period has evolved from the dull colored flower of old fashioned gardens blossoms that rival orchids in their delicate beauty. Others are of such gorgeous tints that they look like living flames. She shades and blotches and tints the flowers in her garden with almost as much certainty of result as if she were using a brush and colors. The cosmos has been developed in another woman's garden from a tiny blossom into a great, satiny flower four inches across, showing a wide range of colors.

Hybridizing is a source of steady revenue. There is a constant demand for better forms and new or finer colors of standard flowers, and there is practically no limit to the possibilities of their development. The nasturtium is old fashioned and common, but a well known seedsman paid \$100 for one plant in a beautiful coloring, and many times that sum would be paid for a pure white nasturtium.

A small beginning in the seed business need not imply much outlay. It is better to have an eye to the local market at first or to select something that will meet a certain demand, all the while keeping in view some specialty for the future. There is one grower who has never met, but the demand for certain forms of vegetable is so curious and at least as great as that of every other plant. The cactus grows in every city, and a distinct field in the growing of tropical fruits for window and decorative plants. Most of them are as hardy in the window and as easy of cultivation as geraniums, and their novelty alone is bound to attract attention. The woman who will educate people to the decorative value of tropical succulents—the aloe, agaves, cactus, ferns and yuccas—will find herself reaping a ready harvest. Their artistic possibilities are far beyond those of palms, made common by use, and most of the plants named will grow and thrive under conditions ordinarily favorable to plant life.

In every state there should be a good business in preserving the beautiful wild plants of the section and bringing them within reach of all gardeners. Certain vines and shrubs plentiful in some localities are listed at extravagant prices by seedsmen as choice novelties, and there is a remunerative field in collecting such things for large dealers. It may be said on the best authority that a thorough knowledge of hybridizing is always a reliable means of gaining a livelihood.—New York Commercial Advertiser.

### Bits of Femininity.

Black and silver is a coming popular combination.

Buttons set with real gems are the correct thing if one can afford it.

Separate waists and not "blouses," are what fashion dictates for the season.

Separate belts are no longer good form, as everything now savors of the princess effect.

In the transparent yokes of the newest gowns there is no apparent shoulder seam.

Palm leaves bid fair to rival the ever popular polka dot for foulards, India silks and challoes.

Red tulle, spangled with red paillettes, is likely to become exceedingly popular for evening frocks.

"Mitten sleeve" done in fine shirred chiffon will be used to the exclusion of gloves during the season.

A lattice work of jets, beads or jewels, which, unlined, is used to cover arms and shoulders, is a late novelty for waists for semi-formal occasions.

### Aginaldo Once a Prisoner.

There is a story in circulation among some of the army officers who have just returned to Washington from Manila that the army actually captured Aginaldo in Cavite Province, put him in jail for 15 days as a suspicious Amigo and then released him only to hear of his identity after he had gotten away. The ability of the Philippine leader to make up as a Chinaman, or "Chino," as they called in the Philippines, is said to be remarkable, and only a fellow native is able to penetrate such a disguise.

### The Cowardice of Some Men.

Most men are afraid of their babies, only they are more afraid to admit it to their wives.—New York Press.