

# THE SUBURBAN CITIZEN.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

Major-General Lawton made his national reputation by capturing the Apache chief, Geronimo. It is a singular circumstance that he should have met his death while attacking the Filipino General of the same name.

A prominent detective agency has recently investigated the use of electricity for breaking the vaults of banks and safes. The report states that there has never been a single successful burglary of a bank vault or safe by electricity, and that there is no necessity for alarm on this score.

A sanatorium for the treatment of officers and men of the regular army suffering from pulmonary tuberculosis will be established at Fort Bayard, New Mexico, and hereafter transfers of enlisted men can be made to this hospital upon recommendation of the medical men of the country.

If the magazine rifle can really survive shelling in trenches and repel the most determined frontal attack, that was a very notable achievement at San Juan, and we have a better right than ever to be proud of our little regular army. It succeeded where British troops have failed, in a country not more difficult.

A Brooklyn doctor says there are but twenty-eight vivisectionists in the United States, all connected with medical colleges. We do not deny that there is a place for vivisection, but it is not in the public schools. There it ought to be forbidden; but it has been practiced, and those who do it are not among those twenty-eight, comments the New York Independent.

The fact seems to be that the British have not had a real foe to meet for many years. They have been accustomed to chasing half civilized people, and fail to recognize that there are other people as well armed and as intelligent as they, against whom a superior strategy must be employed if they hope for success. If this lesson is learned now it will be good for them.

The society of American authors has undertaken to secure from Congress a reduction of the postal rates on authors' manuscripts. The claim is made that there are twenty thousand men and women not journalists who are striving to live by the pen. Often articles must travel through the mail several times before they are accepted. Being accepted and printed, the proofs are sent for one-quarter the rate charged for the article.

In the domain of applied sciences none have done more, if as much, for the world's progress during the nineteenth century as chemistry, observes the San Francisco Chronicle. It has entered into every phase of human life and activity. In modern times the laboratory is an essential part of most industries, especially in those in which elements figure whose qualitative and quantitative values need to be accurately ascertained. Nothing can be left, under such conditions, to guesswork or chance. Every point at issue must be solved by the crucial tests of the chemist. In the food we eat, the water we drink, the air we breathe, the clothing which we wear, the habitations in which we dwell and the materia medica which cures human ills—this silent and retiring science finds expression and wields a controlling influence.

Sir William White cites ocean navigation as giving a striking illustration of mechanical evolution in the last sixty years. Speed, he says, has been increased from 8 1/2 to 22 1/2 knots; the average time on the voyage has been reduced to about thirty-eight per cent. of that in 1840. Ships have been more than trebled in length, about doubled in breadth, and increased tenfold in displacement. The passenger list has been increased from about 100 to 2000 on a single steamship. The engine power has been made forty times as great. The ratio of horse-power to weight driven has increased fourfold; the rate of coal consumption per horse-power has been reduced to one-third. To drive 20,000 tons across the Atlantic at 8 1/2 knots, about 550 tons of coal were burnt in 1840; now, to drive 20,000 tons across at twenty-two knots, about 3000 tons are burnt. Each ton of propelling apparatus, with a steam pressure of only twelve pounds, then gave only two horse-power for continuous working; each ton now produces from six to seven horse-power.

## TRUMPET AND FLAG.

The last bugle's dying echoes falter down the narrow valley  
The doubtful battle tarried in so long:  
As turning from their heading charge the scattered horsemen rally,  
The chiming horns repeat that fading song.  
From the heights where eagles hover, day-dark clefts the buck leap over,  
The thousand giant voices of the crash,  
In reverberating chorus speed the musical, sonorous  
Silver summons of the Trumpet to the Flag:  
"Awake! awake! your splendid robe out-shake!  
Float proudly, lovely Sister, for your mighty Brother's sake!  
The unanswered guns have spoken; we have conquered; they are broken,  
As the mists of morn before the morning break."

With a mountain-ash for neighbor in a chasm thunder-rifted,  
Struck in sodden turf beneath a stormy sky,  
Rosa the Flag, round whose encumbered staff the uncourted dead were drifted  
Who died to set its haughty folds so high.  
But she trailed her drooping vesture with a mourner's heedless gesture,  
Murmuring: "Yes, and should my 'broiled' skirts be spread,  
When the children of my glory lie about me rent and gory:  
All the faithful ones who followed where I led,  
Alas! alas! their faces in the grass:  
The breezes lift their dragged pines to flout them as they pass.  
O Thou oriel mighty Brother, thou didst try them on each other  
With the breath that fills thy throat of thrilling brass!"

Then swift upon those tender tones of womanly compassion,  
Like sword from sheath the ringing answer sped:  
"Who flies the kiss of steel shall find his end in worse fashion,  
A straw death, strangled slowly on his bed.  
Let the slave, the sot, the coward, by ignoble fears devoured,  
Count each measured heart-beat, spare their hoarded breaths,  
Yet the traitors shall be hunted by the fate they never fronted:  
These thy children may not taste that second death.  
Away! away! to seek some noble fray,  
From pleasant crimes of genial peace, that soul and body slay;  
From the sin that still deceives you, till the sated demon leaves you,  
And the clay-begotten brute goes back to clay."

He said; and straight his loud last word a score of pipes set playing  
To bid the victors close their ranks again,  
And growing as old soldiers growl, but sulkily obeying,  
The muzzling drums took up the deep refrain.  
While the banner, in the yardward, spread her wings to wait them forward,  
By many a stubborn combat stained and torn,  
On the opal sky of even, ere she vanished in clear heaven  
To fresher fights by younger warriors borne.  
And lone and chill the night wind swept the hill,  
Over the yet unburied slain that strange dispute grew still:  
The old feud our kind inherit of the warning soul and spirit:  
Man's heart, and man's indomitable will.  
—Edward Sydney Tyles, in the Spectator.

## THE DUFFER OF THE REGIMENT.

OW aren't you really awfully hard on him, poor fellow, Stella? I must say I like him."  
"It's all very fine for you, Cousin Jane, to talk like that, seeing that you haven't been proposed to by him on an average once a fortnight ever since the Seventh were quartered here."

Stella was generally voted the prettiest and the nicest girl in Exminster by the Seventh, who paid her court in large numbers, but none with such assiduity as little Tommy Lascelles, "the Duffer," as he was called by his brother officers who, notwithstanding, were roughly kind to him—kindness for which they hardly guessed "the Duffer" was supremely grateful; he had the softest heart hidden away in a rather quaint little body, and—other things of which nobody suspected him, or perhaps this story never would have been written.

But to return to Stella.  
"Now," said she, "if it was Major Lansdowne, I could understand your championship, whereas the Lascelles boy—Really, Cousin Jane, where can your eyes be?"

Almost as she spoke the door opened and "Major Lansdowne" was announced, then "Captain Freke," and a few moments later "Mr. Lascelles." The last comer was relegated to Mrs. Ogilvie's tender mercies. Apparently Stella was too much occupied with her other guests to have a word to spare, and the little man sat beside Mrs. Ogilvie, sipped his tea, and talked.

Presently he rose to go.  
"This is a long good-bye," he said, very gravely; "you know we are ordered to the front—to-morrow I go north to see my people, and on Thursday we sail."  
Mrs. Ogilvie saw Stella's face grow deadly pale; she saw, too, that young Lascelles had noted it, and that he glanced toward Major Lansdowne.  
"Do believe me," he said in his quiet, gentle way, "that if I can shield him for your sake in any way it shall be done."

An expression of complete bewilderment on Stella's face, noted by Mrs. Ogilvie, was quite lost upon young Lascelles, whose eyes seemed suddenly to have grown curiously dim.  
Across the bare, brown veldt a solitary horseman made his way. "Rather a good horse," he had said, which was hardly doing the animal justice. It was the fleetest in the regiment and had won many a race before young Lascelles had bought it.  
Inside his coat lay the despatches, which did they ever reach their destination, would save the lives of hundreds of his fellow soldiers.  
Just then an agonizing pain in his

head, another near his head, where a bullet grazed his ear and sent the warm blood over his face, turned him sick and faint.  
Every moment he seemed more and more to lose control over his limbs, but he clutched his horse's mane with one hand and guided it with the other, pulled himself together with a supreme effort of will, and at last rode into N—. He fainted as somebody helped him off his horse, but his work was done.

In her pretty drawing-room at Exminster sat Mrs. Ogilvie and Stella.  
The morning papers had just arrived, and they had rushed to open them.

Stella suddenly laid down the paper and burst into tears.  
Mrs. Ogilvie crossed the room and put a pair of very kindly, motherly arms round the sobbing girl.  
"What is it, child?" she whispered.  
"Stella pointed to a name in the list of the 'seriously wounded.' It was that of Lieutenant Lascelles, of the Seventh Regiment."

Mrs. Ogilvie's eyes held a question which Stella answered, "I love him," she said, and have loved him for ages—and now he will never know."  
"Never know!" That was not Mrs. Ogilvie's idea at all—and the next passenger ship to "the front" carried the two ladies on board, bound for a certain town in South Africa, where a hero lay wounded, but mercifully not "unto death."

What passed at that first meeting who can tell? How Stella went into that hospital ward, and he, seeing her coming, could hardly believe the evidence of his own eyes.  
"I have come," she said simply, "just to tell you that I love you, that I have loved you all along, and that I can't live without you."  
The nursing sister is wont to declare that it was a mysterious thing the rapidity of Mr. Lascelles's recovery dating from that visit, and soon after he was invalided home on sick leave.

During the time he was in England there came a day when England's Queen distributed to her bravest soldiers some little iron crosses with the words "For valor" thereon, and the one whom she specially singled out to speak to him would care to forget so long as he lived was no other than little Lascelles, "the Duffer of the Regiment."—London Morning Leader.

## GRASSHOPPER GLACIER.

icy Tomb of Thousands of the Long-legged Insects.  
There are many remarkable glaciers in that part of the Rocky Mountain uplift that crosses the southern border of Montana. A part of this region has hitherto been unexplored and its more elevated portions were unvisited and unnamed until last summer, when a geographical party piloted the way up the mountains and discovered some of the largest glaciers in the temperate regions of the western world. Here rises Granite Peak, which, according to Mr. Gannett, is the culminating point of Montana, 12,824 feet high.

Among the glaciers found in these mountains and recently described by James P. Kimball is Grasshopper Glacier, which derives its name from the enormous quantity of grasshopper remains that are found on and in the glacier. Periodically the grasshoppers that thrive in the prairie to the north take their flight southward, and must needs cross the mountains. Their favorite route seems to be across this wide glacier, and in the passage scores of them succumb to the rigor of cold and wind, fall helpless upon the snow, and are finally entombed in the ice. In the course of time billions of them have been the victims of this glacier. They are, of course, carried by the ice river down into the valley and deposited at the melting edge of the ice, and Mr. Kimball says that thousands of tons of grasshopper remains are the principal material at the lower edge of the glacier. We hear very often of rocks and sand as forming the terminal moraine of glaciers, but here is a glacier whose principal moraine material is grasshoppers.

These insect remains are washed out of the ice in furrows wherever the sun's heat has grooved the surface into runlets of descending water. The grasshoppers permeate the glacier from top to bottom. No fragment of ice can be broken so small as not to contain remains. Most of the insects have been reduced to coarse powder, and the furrows of them washed out by the runlets and naturally deposited in parallel lines are very dark in color.

Kruger Fifteen Years Ago.  
The following story of President Kruger is published in a recent issue of the Paris Figaro: The President was visiting Holland in 1885, and according to this journal, dividing his attention between old Dutch churches and young Dutch women, who sang songs in his honor, when a correspondent met him, and suggested that everything was settled between England and the Transvaal. "There you are mistaken," said Mr. Kruger. "I cannot, naturally, discount events. I have great confidence in the Queen of England, in many English people, and even in their chief statesmen. But the scheme for an Austral Africa, exclusively British, haunts too many minds and too many interests for me to be without mischievous around us to disturb the situation until the propitious time comes."

Cost of a Great War.  
The Franco-Prussian War cost the belligerents \$316,000,000 and \$11,000 killed and wounded out of the 1,713,000 men engaged. Altogether 817,751 men were put out of action, although this total includes 446,000 French prisoners.

## ALBANY INDIAN RELICS.

RARE PIECES OF WAMPUM FOR THE NEW-YORK STATE MUSEUM.

A Recent Acquisition is the Five-Fire Belt of the Iroquois League—The Original Complanter Treaty—Relics Obtained by Harriet Maxwell Converse.

Within the last six months the New York State Museum at Albany has been enriched by a collection of Indian relics of great historical value. These have been sought out and purchased by Mrs. Harriet Maxwell Converse, assistant curator of the museum, who is learned in the lore of the Iroquois League and herself a chief by adoption and heritage in the Snipe tribe of the Senecas. As the Indians have come to know something of the value of their heirlooms it is by no means so easy now as it was a few years ago to acquire these relics, and after the work of tracing them out, which is often a matter of no little difficulty, a round price must be paid for them.

The most notable acquisition of the collection is the Five-fire wampum belt of the Iroquois League. This belt is, like most other wampum belts, a document. It is of purple wampum, the five council fires of the Senecas, Onondagas, Oneidas, Cayugas and Mohawks, being represented by five diamond-shaped bits of white wampum. The belt was always held by the Keeper of the Western Door of the League, which was at Lake Erie, the Eastern Door being at Albany. Chief Ely Parker of the Senecas, who was President Grant's Commissioner of Indian Affairs, was the last Keeper of the Western Door and held the belt in his possession to the time of his death. Then, as the office was no longer existent, the belt went to his relatives, from whom Mrs. Converse bought it. By the use of a microscope traces of red paint may still be discerned on the wampum, the paint having been smeared there in token of war when the League split at the outset of the Revolutionary War, the Mohawks espousing the cause of the British, while the other four nations remained loyal to their friends, the colonists. The wampum, which is in fine condition, is strung on strips of buckskin and on sinews.

Another relic of great historical value is the original of the Complanter Treaty, probably the most important Indian treaty ever made in this country. This treaty was enacted between the whites on one side and the Indians on the other represented by Corplanter, the great peace-making chief of the Senecas, and it put an end to the frontier war in 1783 and outlined one of the boundaries of New York State, so that there was never more dispute between red men and white men on that point. It is signed by Corplanter himself and the chief representing the other nations of the league. With it is a section of the Complanter wampum belt, about a foot long, which must always accompany the treaty, to make it valid, and is, in fact, a sort of enacting clause. After the great peace chief's death his daughter came into possession of the treaty and for forty years she carried it, together with the precious wampum belt, in a pouch made of elm bark, which she always strapped to her back as squaw carries her pappoose.

Mrs. Converse has been trying to obtain the documents for twenty years, and she finally located them in the possession of Corplanter's heirs in the vicinity of Warren, Penn. Last June she went to their home, traveling forty miles in a springless lumber wagon over the mountains to get there, and found a large number of heirs who claimed part ownership in the treaty and belt. After a long powwow terms were agreed upon and the money was paid over to the principal heirs, the others receiving presents to their satisfaction and Mrs. Converse considered her work all done when there appeared upon the scene a young Indian woman who heard of the projected sale and had walked across a nearby mountain to put in her claim. There was no disputing that she had some rights in the matter, as her grandmother had already been paid, and she, as a descendant of that branch of the family, had equal rights. Moreover, she looked as if she intended to insist on them to the utmost, so Mrs. Converse explained to her that the Government's money had all been paid out and asked if she wouldn't be satisfied with a small present. The squaw grunted solemnly and disdainfully. Mrs. Converse asked her if she had a house. She granted assent.

"Wouldn't you like some knives and forks for your house?" asked the white woman.  
"Umph," said the squaw.  
"Well, some pretty flowered calico; enough for two dresses."  
"Umph," replied the squaw.  
"Well, an axe, then," suggested Mrs. Converse, racking her brains for something to touch the cupidity of her adversary, "or some bright-colored blankets; colored like the setting sun," she concluded insinuatingly.

"Umph," said the squaw. "No good."  
"What do you want, then?" cried the white woman despairingly, foreseeing a demand for a round sum of money.  
The Indian woman moved close up to her, looked her full in the eyes and said with dignified emphasis: "Four bushel seed potatoes."  
She got them and the transaction was concluded.

The Jamison belt is a fine bit of wampum commemorating Mary Jamison, known to the Iroquois as the White Captive. She was captured while a very young girl in the early part of the Revolutionary War, and instead of being treated as a slave was adopted into the Wolf tribe of the Senecas and became the interpreter of the nation. She was married to Jamison, an Indian high in the

councils of the tribe, and after his death married his brother. She was the mother of the Jamison men who afterward became distinguished as intelligent and influential Indians. She died in Buffalo in 1832 and the belt has remained with the tribe since her death. Part of it is missing, having probably been cut off and sent away to some hostile tribe as ransom for prisoners. Another piece of wampum from the Senecas is the Red Jacket belt, commemorating the famous chief of that name. It is a condolence belt of purple wampum, purple being the color of mourning with the Senecas, and was used on ceremonial funeral occasions. Some of the beads are missing, having been buried with the bodies of distinguished dead of the tribe.

Very different from the other wampum is a fine specimen of the extremely rare Dead Man's wampum which formerly belonged to the Algonquians, that fierce nation which for years was the bitter foe of the Iroquois League, and was finally overwhelmed by the combined forces of the League. This relic is six feet long and is strung on colored ribbons of old make. The wampum beads are white, and the peculiarity of them is that instead of being tubular like other wampum, they are circular. They probably represent some important peace treaty. Mrs. Converse got them from the Mohawks who now live in Canada, who got the wampum many years ago from some survivor of the Algonquians. The history of this relic is somewhat obscure beyond these few facts. There are many other valuable relics of the American Indians in Canada which Mrs. Converse heartily covets for the State Museum, but she cannot get appropriations to purchase them. She has found old treaty belts there for which the Indians want \$3000. There is a formidable competitor in the field, the British Museum, which has been buying Indian relics and has already a very fine collection of wampum representing Indian history in New York State and adjacent parts of the country.—New York Sun.

## Lawton's Midnight Episode.

An officer who formerly served with Major-General Lawton in the Fourth Cavalry recalled when the death of that brave soldier was announced in Washington, an incident of his service in the West that was interesting. He was under the famous Mackenzie, one of the men who achieved a high reputation and command at an early age, and died miserably in Washington in an asylum. Lawton had been out on some scouting trip, and returned to his quarters at Rosebud Agency between midnight and morning. On reaching his bed in the dark he found that it was occupied. He shook the occupant, but received no response. Then seizing the intruder by the leg, he pulled him out of bed and left him on the floor, getting into bed without further formality. Next morning he was placed under arrest for disrespect to his commanding officer, and then learned that it was Colonel Mackenzie whom he had flung upon the floor with so little ceremony. This incident did not hurt the brave fighter, but it kept up a coolness between the commander and his subordinate for a time. Lawton was not without a sense of humor, and he came to enjoy references to the cause of his temporary humiliation. Mackenzie did not cherish any grudge against Lawton on this score.

## The First Break For Modern Liberty.

The whole history of the movement which resulted in the establishment of the Commonwealth of England will be misread and misunderstood if we fail to appreciate that it was the first modern, and not the last medieval, movement; if we fail to understand that the men who figured in it, and the principles for which they contended are strictly akin to those men and those principles which have appeared in all similar great movements since the English Revolution of 1688; in the American Revolution of 1776, and the American Civil War of 1861. We must keep ever in mind the essentially modern character of the movement if we are to appreciate its true inwardness, its true significance. Fundamentally, it was the first struggle for religious, political and social freedom, as we now understand the terms. As was inevitable in such a first struggle, there remained even among the forces of reform much of what properly belonged to previous generations. In addition to the modern side there was a medieval side, too. Just so far as this medieval element obtained, the movement failed. All that there was of good and of permanent in it was due to the new elements.—Theodore Roosevelt, in Scribner's.

## Not at Home to the Minister.

The minister of a rather out-of-the-way parish on the borders of Wales is no great stickler for any form of etiquette, and particularly wishes that his visit to the members of his flock shall be as homely and informal as possible.

Quite recently he called unexpectedly on a widow, who lives in a cottage on the outskirts of the village and surprised her in the midst of washing a lot of clothes.  
She hurriedly hid behind a clothes-horse and instructed her little boy to say that she was out. The youngster opened the door to the visitor's knock.  
"Well, Johnny," said the parson, "and where's your mother?"  
"Mother's not in, sir; please, she's gone down the street on an errand," replied the lad, with questionable promptness.  
"Indeed!" replied the clergyman, with a glance at the bottom of the screen. "Well, tell her I called; and say that the next time she goes down the street it will be much better that she should take her feet with her."—Tit-Bits.

WHEN YOU WANT—  
Absolutely Pure Whiskey,  
Direct from the Distillery, call on  
**THOMAS WELLS,**  
Glennedale, Maryland.  
Handler of Pure Liquors, Beer, Wine,  
Tobacco, Cigars, &c.

When in the Neighborhood  
Drop in at  
**O'BRIEN'S**  
BUFFET,  
933 D STREET N. W.  
—FOR—  
CHOICE WINES, LIQUORS AND CIGARS.  
My Motto: "Nothing but the Best."

**B. F. CHINN,**  
Shaving & Hair-Dressing  
—SALOON—  
East Side Maryland Ave.,  
Hyattsville, Maryland.

**T. N. WIRE,**  
...PRACTICAL...

**Horseshoer,**  
GOOD HOPE, D. C.  
Riding and Driving Horses  
—A SPECIALTY—  
General repairing. I guarantee to stop horses from interfering.

**EDWARD L. GIES,**  
Attorney - at - Law,  
Rooms 32 and 33 Warder Building,  
S. E. Cor. F and G Streets N. W.  
WASHINGTON, D. C.

**DR. W. E. BRADLEY,**  
Dentist,  
810 H St., N. E. Washington, D. C.

**THOMAS W. SMITH,**  
Lumber Merchant,  
SASH, DOORS, BLINDS, GLASS  
AND MILL WORK.  
WASHINGTON, D. C.  
Office, 1st St. and Indiana Ave. N. W.  
Mill, Foot of Street S. W.  
Wharf, 4th St. Eastern Branch

**JOHN APPICH,**  
Beer, Whiskey  
AND Wine Merchant,  
1300 11TH STREET, S. E.  
WASHINGTON, D. C.  
Oakmont and Silver Brook Whiskies  
—A SPECIALTY—

**C. A. N. WELLS, ROBERT M. WELLS,  
WELLS & WELLS,**  
Attorneys at Law,  
Fendall Building, opp. City Hall,  
Telephone 1819. Washington, D. C.  
Branch Offices: HYATTSVILLE, MD.  
UPPER MARLBORO, MD.  
Money Loaned on Maryland Real Estate.

**HENRY C. LAUBACH,**  
Upholsterer AND  
Cabinet Maker,  
No. 64 M Street Northeast,  
All work entrusted to me is done in the very best style. I make a specialty of repair work. Every job guaranteed.

50 YEARS' EXPERIENCE  
**PATENTS**  
TRADE MARKS  
DESIGNS  
COPYRIGHTS & C.  
Anyone sending a sketch and description may quickly ascertain our opinion free whether an invention is probably patentable. Communications strictly confidential. Handbook on Patents sent free. Oldest agency for securing patents. Patents taken through us, without charge, in all countries.  
**Scientific American.**  
A handsomely illustrated weekly. Largest circulation of any scientific journal. Terms, \$3 a year; 6 months, \$1.50. Sold by all newsdealers.  
**MUNN & Co., 361 Broadway, New York**  
Branch Office, 625 F St., Washington, D. C.

THE SUBURBAN CITIZEN is a permanent institution—a fixture at the National Capital. Thousands and thousands of people can testify to the good work it has accomplished during the past five years in the line of suburban improvement. It is the only newspaper in the District of Columbia that maintains a painstaking bureau, whose duty it is to keep the authorities and keep them awake to the needs of the suburbs. On that account it deserves and is receiving substantial encouragement.