

VARIOUS PHASES OF LIFE IN THE GRADUALLY CHANGING WEST

Some of the Scenes a "Camera Fiend" Snapped in a Tour of 2,000 Miles--Photographs and Stories by Summer W. Matteson.



PUZZLE PICTURE—WHICH IS THE GIRL?

These Seebelt twins were found on the dock at Vancouver, B. C., waiting for a local boat to their wigwam at Seebelt. They were then returning from a week of dissipation at the Dominion Fair in Westminster and seemed to suggest a sort of a "before and after" combination. The artist has been accused of feeding candy to the boy and pinching the girl, but there is absolutely no evidence to substantiate this accusation.



REGISTERING THE CONRAD HERD

When the Allard heirs received their interest in the Pablo buffalo herd, Charles Conrad bought out one of the western breeders. Feeling that cattle, buffalo, cows and horses all running free on the range, was not for the best interest of breeding pure blood buffalo, Mr. Conrad removed his herd to pastures near Kalspell. At his death Mrs. Conrad was advised to dispose of the buffalos, but, realizing the keen interest taken by her husband in perpetuating the species, she was determined to carry out his idea and she has succeeded not only in keeping their herd pure, but has made it a profitable venture as well. They are here being driven one at a time to the inner corral and on to a stanchion at the end of a runway where each is being marked with a duly numbered and registered metal clip.



THE RICHEST INDIAN'S MOTHER-IN-LAW

This old lady is the mother-in-law of M. Pablo, the richest Indian in America. When I saw her she was blind, understood no English, and during an estimated 96 years had never been photographed. When told that I was thru she fell over as if shot, then half laughing and half crying, she recovered herself and said to her granddaughter that she could not understand why she had experienced no pain, for she thought that a thin coating must be taken from her face in order to produce the photograph.



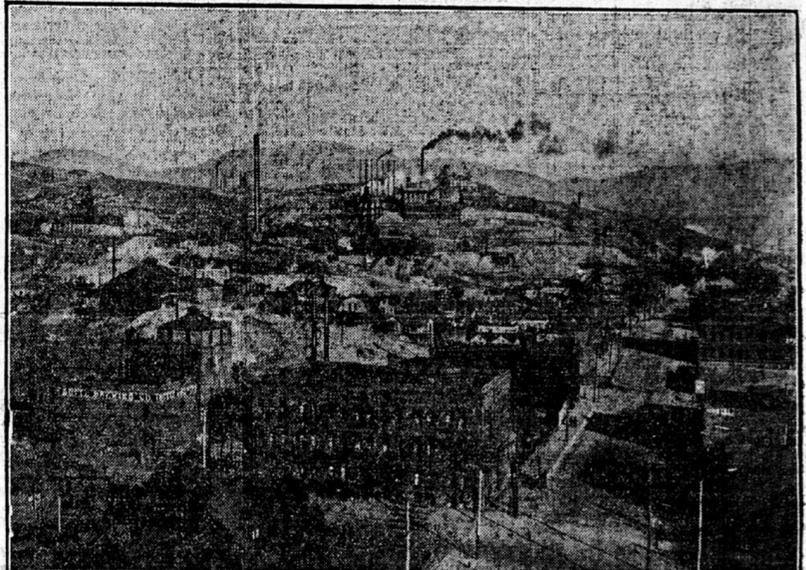
GRASS DANCE, FORT BELKNAP RESERVATION

This is the social function of the annual festivities of the Assinaboine and Gros Ventre Indians during the first week of July. One of these grass dances was enjoyed almost every day, while most other ceremonies were indulged in but once. They are here just forming a circle around the orchestra of tomtoms. It is a time for displaying one's best robes. The first in line is Horn Weasel, wearing a buckskin shirt with neck yoke and shoulder bands of quill, trimmed with wassel skins. The second lady has her jacket literally covered with elk tusks, which are now very valuable. Horn Weasel had a different gown for every ceremony, was as proud as any chieftain, and accounted a very fine Indian. During the rest of the year he pokes about the reservation in white men's cast-off garments and has no interest for or in anybody.



STRAIGHT UP

The bucking broncho is strictly a western product, thoroughly understood only by himself. From the moment he has been spotted in the corral by the ropers, he plays one trick after another to escape service. When finally roped, saddled, bridled and mounted his most strenuous efforts are put forth. With a humped back that would turn a cat, green with envy he goes into the air to land head down, shoulders shrugged, legs stiff and in every way prepared to pitch saddle, rider and all before him. Failing in this he will stand straight up and as a last resort even fall over backwards to unseat the rider. Many a cowboy has thus been crushed and gored by the saddle horn. This rider is a half-breed on the Flathead Indian reservation in Montana.



ANACONDA HILL, BUTTE, FROM ROOF OF THE HENNESEY BLOCK

This is considered the richest hill in the world, its wealth consisting chiefly of copper carrying enough gold and silver values to defray all expenses of smelting. It is now being mined by the Amalgamated Copper company to a depth of more than 1,200 feet. Over the hill in the distance, to the left of center, are the stacks of the Heineze properties. Millions of dollars have been spent during several years past over rights to certain ore bodies tapped by both companies and only within sixty days have they come to an understanding. At some seasons of the year Anaconda Hill is not visible from even this distance, excepting possibly for an hour before sunset, on account of the sulphur fumes and smoke. The sun and moon both assume a lurid hue and there is not a green thing in sight for miles around, save a few bleaching bones that show an atmospheric deposit of copper.

THE BATTLE OF HESS' LANE

A Story of United States Senator Dolliver's Second Case at the Bar and Its Sequel.

ALMOST every young man who undertakes to engage in the practice of law without wealth, social position or influential friends, lives thru a "starvation period." With the present United States Senator Dolliver, the "starvation period" was marked by an unusual amount of struggling against odds that threatened to overwhelm him. He lived and received clients, such as came, in a poorly furnished room over a barber shop in Fort Dodge, Iowa; gave "counsel" or made collections for the butcher and the baker and the grocer for things to eat, and had but one plate, one knife, one spoon and a tin cup in the way of tableware.

It has been related how Dolliver lost his first "case" to another equally inexperienced young lawyer. Here's the story of his second. It has more dramatic features than the other. It might well be called "The Battle of Hess' Lane," for there was a battle—and it wasn't a legal battle, either. Dolliver was retained in 1877 by a Fort Dodge man named Gregory Groh to defend an action brought against him by a young man named George Patterson for breach of contract. Patterson had left Groh to assist a poultry dealer pick chickens for the Christmas trade. He said it was with the understanding, had with Groh, that he might return after the rush and continue at work as per contract. When he went back Groh wouldn't re-engage him. He offered his services, but Groh wouldn't listen. When the contract expired he sued Groh for the sum due him.

rebuted. When Dolliver sarcastically questioned young Patterson about idling around all winter, employing his time to no purpose and expecting Groh to pay him for it, Patterson became impudent, Meservey indignant and Judge Hess wrathful.

When the evidence was in, Meservey



JONATHAN P. DOLLIVER. This Photograph Was Taken About the Time of the "Battle."

addressed the court, bitterly denouncing Dolliver's client as a skinflint and slavedriver who was merciless to his help. Dolliver was very angry when he arose to reply, for his client was a fellow churchman of his and he knew him to be an honest, respectable man. He charged a conspiracy and put up job of the meanest, lowdown type to rob his client of \$50 for work never performed. Meservey called him a liar. By a great effort, Dolliver restrained himself and continued his address, which was very impassioned and loud. Justice Hess promptly decided for the plaintiff for the full amount and costs.

On the lawn Dolliver calmly approached Meservey and told him never to call him a liar again. Meservey, a very quick-tempered man, declared angrily that on a like occasion he would call him a liar without hesitation or apology. This was the last straw. Both men were angry clear thru. Dolliver lurched at opposing counsel. They clinched and struggled. George Patterson, father of the late plaintiff, ran against them and bowled them both over. When they went down, the old man Patterson was on top. Groh grabbed Patterson's leg and tried to pull him off. Patterson, Jr., got a half Nelson on Groh. The trying to pull off and the trying to cling on caused them to form a human rope. Just as Justice Hess rushed out from the house to stop the fight, somebody let go and one end of the rope was swung around with great force. George Patterson happened to be the cracker end of the whip. He was thrown against Justice Hess, who was sent sprawling on the ground. Regaining his feet, the court, in its excitement, got its native tongue and shouted:

"Halt. Halt. Meine Herren: Sie schauden meinen Gerichtshof. Ich muss darauf bestehen dass sie diesses lassen, sonst muss ich sieauf's strengste bestrafen. Verstehen sie mich? O, Gott, mich diessen ein ende."

He swore loud and hard. Then he began interpreting. He imposed fines and threatened jail sentences and other things but the fighters paid no attention. Then he threw his bulky frame into the melee and pulled the struggling men apart. The lawyers and clients stood still and panting for breath while the court frowned upon them. Several of them had bleeding scratches on their faces. This added to the humor of the situation. Dolliver turned to his late antagonist and apologized. So did Meservey. They shook hands and said a lot of nice, soft things to each other, much to the chagrin of Patterson and Groh who were spilling for a real fight. With an air of paternal superiority,

Justice Hess stepped up to the lawyers and spoke these words of advice:

"You are young unt hot blooded. Efen now you r-regret de unfortunate occur-rances of der last haf hour unt in years to come der recollections of it vill make you blush mid shame. Maw-ervey, you sharted der trouble. May all der trouble your hod temper provokes end as kvickly. I hope dot dese vill be a lesson dot you vill take home mid you and so long remember. Let it serve you in der future as a warning nod to loose control of your het. "Dolliver, you vas slow to anger, but wild ven aroused. Led us shake hands and bromise nod to tell oders of dis scene. It makes me dremble to tink how it vill injure dese young men should der public get agrawinted wid dese quarrel. Who knows what der future may haf in store for both of you. I hope you vill maintain always dese friendly relations establisht a few moments ago."

Do Pearls Live?

WHETHER pearls live and die is, figuratively expressed, of course, a problem which may be solved a few centuries hence, thanks to the Louvre and to M. Thiers. The latter, who was a great statesman but a poor connoisseur, labored under the delusion that the furniture and jewels which he collected, and part of which he bequeathed to the museum, possessed some artistic value. Among his legacies to the Louvre was that of a pearl necklace worn by his wife. It is commonly mounted and has no artistic interest, but its commercial value is estimated at \$24,000. It consists of three rows of 145 pearls, weighing 2,097 grains. The three largest pearls weigh 39 1/2, 39 and 51 grains respectively. The Louvre has long looked upon the necklace as rather a white elephant, and lately the curator summoned up courage to express this view discreetly to Mlle. Donee, Thiers' sister-in-law and executrix, and to ask her leave to sell the pearls and buy with the proceeds some work of art. Mlle. Donee refused, and jewelers now say that it is better so, as the pearl prob-

lem will some day be settled by observation of the necklace at the Louvre.

M. Chaumet, an expert, has cut open a valuable pearl in his own possession, and after microscopic examination pronounced it to be a crystal. As such it is subject to variations. For instance, a necklace taken from the throat where it nestled in a temperature of about 98, and suddenly placed on a marble dressing table at some 50 degrees, will feel the shock, and the layers forming the pearl may contract and its orient be altered. Light and electricity may also affect pearls. M. Chaumet thinks it unwise to place the Thiers necklace on a red velvet cushion, as had been done at the Louvre, as "we do not know what influence dyes may not exercise upon it." Further, it is too near to the window, and the light may hurt it in the long run; and finally, it lies in a yellow brass box, the color of which may prove harmful. Altogether, according to the expert, pearls seem very sensitive things, and it is no wonder one is urged not to cast "margaritas ante porcos." How long a pearl may "live" is yet uncertain. M. Chaumet has a pear-shaped one now at the Liege exhibition which is centuries old, and still as alive as ever. Anyhow, science will now be able to observe the Thiers necklace for as long as the Louvre stands, and to note, ages hence, whether the pearls are dying.—London Telegraph.

Leonardo da Vinci's "Mona Lisa" in the Paris Louvre has a new frame which reveals an edge of the famous picture heretofore covered.

A Notable Free Trade Victory

THE tariff has long been a troublesome factor in American history. Two hundred years ago it was the cause of a bloody war which nearly destroyed a nation. If you will examine the map of Wisconsin you will discover that the Fox river connects the point of Green bay with Lake Winnebago, and that thence there is a continuous waterway, thru small streams and lakes to a point, very close indeed, to the Wisconsin river, at Portage City. In the days of the earliest exploration and fur trade, when all goods had to be carried in small boats, this was the only convenient highway leading from Canada to the Mississippi. For that reason it was of the greatest importance to the Canadian merchants of the wilderness. The Fox Indians, whose home was then on the Fox river were not slow

to discover the advantage of this route to the Canadians, and they at once enacted a tariff law, and required all goods passing over this highway to pay toll to them. At first they were quite reasonable in their demands, and the traders good naturedly gave them something for the right to go thru their territory, but as they became more enlightened and learned how easily this tribute was secured, they became more and more exacting, and advanced their rates until the traders felt, that they could not stand it. In these days we would say they were taxing the merchants more than the traffic would bear.

The Canadian government, which received large revenues from the western fur trade, and therefore was bound to protect it, came to the assistance of the merchants and sent out Captain Marin with a company of soldiers to compel the Foxes to permit the passage of goods.

Marin reached Green bay in the winter season, and fitting his men with snow shoes they marched out to the Fox camp, over the deep drifts of the winter of 1706-7, and taking the Indians by surprise, killed several hundred of them and retreated without loss. This outrage only made the Foxes the more troublesome, and they made the tariff so high that all trade over the Fox river route was for a time stopped and the Mississippi was reached by bringing the goods up to the head of Lake Superior (Duluth) and thence up the St. Louis and portaging across to the St. Croix. This route, long and inconvenient compared with the Fox river was followed for several years, when Captain Marin was again sent out, to discuss the tariff with the native sons of Wisconsin. The arguments he presented were most effective. He started up the Fox in the summer time with what appeared to be a trading outfit of boats with only enough boatmen to manage them. Each boat was covered over with oilcloth, as the custom was in those days.

When the Indians saw the boats coming up the stream they came down to the bank and seated themselves to await the approach and receive the tariff which they concluded the boatmen had decided to pay, rather than go around by the Lake Superior route. When in the best position, the oilskins were thrown off the boats and several hundred soldiers, well armed sent a raking fire among the Foxes, killing more than 1,000 of the men. This argument convinced the Foxes that they were mistaken in their tariff views and thereafter free trade prevailed on the Fox river for more than a century.

WEIGHING THE BABY



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