MANY OFFERS OF HELP

Warm Words of Approval of the Centennial Celebration.

Justice Brewer, Commissioner Duell, Commissioner Evans, Secretary Root, Comptroller Tracewell, General Wilson, Secretary Wilson, and Others Send Commendatory Letters

The following extracts from letters of acceptance on the National Centennial Committee on Reception show the interest of the people in the success of the Celebration. D. J. Brewer, Justice of the Supreme Court, says: "Will try to assist in carrying out the purposes of the Committee." Robert S. Chew says: "It will give me much pleasure to serve on the Committee, and to further in any way in my power the success of the Celebration." Charles H. Duell, Commissioner of Patents, writes: "It gives me pleasure to accept the appointment, and in connection therewith to express an earnest wish for the complete success of the Celebration." H. Clay Evans, Commissioner of Pensions, says: "I take pleasure in accepting and doing everything I can toward making the matter a success." Secretary Root writes it would give him pleasure to aid in anyway in securing the success of the Celebration.

R. J. Tracewell, Comptroller of the Treasury, says: "It affords me pleasure to say that I stand ready to aid the Committee in any way that will tend to make the occasion a success." A. T. Stuart, Superintendent of Public Schools, writes: "I accept the appointment with pleasure, and will do all I can to contribute to the success of the event." James Knox Taylor, Supervising Architect of the Treasury says: "I will be very glad to accept, and will hold myself in readiness to do what I can to make the occasion a success." Gen. John M. Wilson, Chief of Engineers, U. S. A., writes: "I accept the appointment, and will do all in my power to aid your Committee in the work it has assumed in the interest of our beautiful city." James Wilson, Secretary of Agriculture, says: "Anything I can do to contribute to the success of this function will be very cheerfully done. I have great pleasure in accepting the appointment."

Hon. John A. Kasson said: "I beg to say that I shall be glad to render what service I may be able to afford." Rev. S. M. Newman, pastor of the First Congregational Church writes: "I shall be glad to do what I can in any place for the success of the Celebration, and therefore accept the assignment so kindly made." Rev. D. J. Stafford, D. D., says: "I am glad to accept the position, which I do with a full sense of the honor, and shall be happy to serve in any way that you may suggest." Gen. G. H. Slaybaugh, Commander of the Department of the Potomac, writes: "I accept the appointment, and shall be pleased to respond to any call for service in connection therewith, which may aid in making the Celebration a success."

Colonel Myron M. Parker, treasurer of the National Capital Centennial Fund, announced this morning that the following additional subscriptions had been received: Charles J. Bell, $100; Clarence F. Norment, $50; A. Lisner, $25; W. W. Burdette, $25; A. M. Read, $20; Dr. Griffith E. Abbot, $10; George C. Henning, $10; Charles Schuchert, $5; Ernest Wilkinson, $5; H. K. Simpson, $5; William W. Dodge, $5.

Commissioner Macfarland announced today the following additional appointments on committees:

Reception Committee—Col. Charles J. Allen, C. G. Almy, Hon. George M. Bowers, Brooke M. Baker, W. V. R. Berry, Charles Bispham, George C. Bloomer, Rev. J. G. Butler, Benjamin F. Barn s, Scott C. Bone, Lieut. H. H. Cauldwell, Frederick E. Chapin, John J. Chew, J. H. Colwell, Andrew Carnegie, Dr. Marvin A. Custis, Henry R. Davis, F. L. Denny, George M. Dunn, L. Kamp Duval, Louis A. Dent, Reginald De Koven, James E. Fitch, Hon. John W. Foster, Dr. Samuel H. Greene, George Hellen, S. S. Howland, Hon. W. M. Johnson, Arthur Keith, Joseph Leiter, Alexander B. Legare, Oscar Luckett, James I. McCallum, Charles A. McKenney, Richard T. Merrick, Francis Michler, A. K. Michler, Clarence Moore, Lieut. Horace G. Macfarland, David R. McKee, Commander Frederick A. Miller, W. P. Metcalf, John Miller, Dr. T. F. Mallan, Henry C. McCauley, Col. John G. Nicolay, Rev. S. M. Newman, D. D., J. C. O'Donnell, Rev. F. D. Power, Rev. Dr. W. E. Parson, Thomas H. Pickford, Irving C. Rosse, Dr. F. F. Repetti, J. P. Story, jr., Judge C. F. Scott, Rear Admiral Edwin Stewart, Franklin Webster Smith, Hon. Willis Van Devanter, Gen. Maxwell V. Z. Woodhull, Richard Wallach, Horace Wylie, Richard Weightman, Ernest Wilkinson, W. C. Whittemore, Joseph I. Weller.

Finance Committee—Wilbur W. Delano, Judge I. G. Kimball, J. C. Stoddard.

Committee on Exercises Executive Mansion—Thomas Brown, Lewis P. Clephane, Rev. W. H. Chapman, Owen V. Donnelly, Burr N. Edwards, Richard J. Earnshaw, Edwin H. Fowler, Dr. A. P. Fardon, Frank M. Heaton, Philo J. Lockwood, Fred A. Lehmann, Benjamin F. Larcomb, P. Maloney, B. Pickman Mann, Rev. Alexander W. Pitzer, Robert Portner, Benjamin F. Queen, Freeborn G. Smith, A. F. Sperry, John H. Small, Clement S. Ucker, John L. Weaver.

Committee on Exercises at the Capitol—William D. Baldwin, Cotter T. Bride, Allan O. Clephane, T. L. Delano, Rev. Thomas C. Easton, H. J. Gensler, Dr. A. B. Richardson, Ashton S. H. White, Charles H Weaver, J. L. Willidge.

Committee on Parade and Decorations—R. H. Armstrong, Gen. George W. Balloch, S. J. Block, E. R. Buckley, George N. Beale, B. A. Bean, F. L. Caradozo, jr.; P. H. Christman, Capt. William Du Bois, Clarence E. Dawson, Joseph A. Dempf, Frank P. Daley, R. P. Emerson, George Field, Joseph G. Falck, Howard Fisk, D. W. Glassie, Alphonse Girouard, Christian P. Gliem, Andrew Gleeson, John M. Henderson, Eugene de F. Heald, William F. Hart, O. B. Hallen, David M. Hess, Charles M. Hendley, Col. John A. Joyce, Samuel H. Jacobsen, Frank H. Jackson, Henry J. Kehoe, Dr. E. S. Kimball, Theodore F. Laist, M. M. Lewis, John Leetch, Trueman Lanham, Jesse B. K. Lee, J. H. Lloyd, H. B. Leary, John H. Miller, J. H. Moser, C. F. Noske, James A. O'Donnell, Capt. Edward A. Patton, Dr. J. J. Purman, W. B. Patterson, William R. Peddle, Frank Pitzer, R. R. Riordan, S. M. Ryder, Fred. Springman, John B. Scott, Julius W. Tolson, T. M. Whitney, C. H. Worden, W. T. Willett, and John Yarrow.

Committee on Press—William M. Mason, J. H. Shannon.

Committee on Medals and Badges—William N. Ayer, George H. Bailey, C. F. T. Beale, Charles E. Barber, Harry A. Babcock, Henry K. Beck, W. H. Burk, Edward A. Crane, F. L. Cardoso, Col. Luther Caldwell, G. Fred Conboye, George Oakley Cox, jr.; William F. Clark, Arthur P. Davis, H. W. Draper, S. M. Ely, Horace W. Eeaton, Loring E. Gifford, John C. Gifford, George E. Gillard, Prof. H. L. Hodgkins, William C. Haskell, William W. Hibbard, J. M. Hawxhurst, Dr. H. L. E. Johnson, G Fred Kranz, Capt. Thomas W. Lay, R. V. La Dow, W. A. McFarland, A. E. Offutt, F. L. Pittman, H. E. Rupprecht, G. A. Schneider, F. F. Swartzell, W. B. Shaw, jr.; Dr. William Mercer Sprigg, Robert Stead; C H. Townsend, W. A. White, John C. Wilson, William McC. Wilson.

Committee on Printing—Robert E. Bradley, Ellis W. Brown, George A. Bacon, Eugene Cochran, Allen C. Clark, E. C. Cutter, Arthur Cowsill, A. S. Caywood, John T. Callaghan, H. W. Dorsey, jr., Charles H. Fickling, Edwin N. Gray, George Green, Henry A. Hesse, Theodore H. Hardy, George A. Howe, Marcus R. Jones, Horace T. Jones, W. A. Knowles, J. R. Keene, Hervey S. Knight, M. C. Lucas, Walter T. Matson, R. L. Mitchell, W. S. Olive, George F. Pyles, Maurice D. Rosenberg, E. G. Ransom, A. D. Rose, William S. Richardson, William N. Shuster, John E. Syphax, Horton Simpson, T. W. Smillie, John A. Saul, Miles E. Shand, James C. Simpson, W. Francis Thomas, C. N. Thompson, Edward M. Tolman, Marsell A. Tolson, P. B. Turpin, J. H. Voorhees, Harry C. Wilson, E. E. Whiting, H. G. Ward, B. B. Wilson, William D. West, J. B. Young.

Committee on Public Comfort and Order—Allen D. Albert, jr., Le Blounde Burdette, William B. Brittain, Dr. Charles A. Ball, Dr. G. W. Cook, F. L. Cardozo, J. W. Cromwell, A. J. Carew, Charles I. Corby, Rudolph DeZapp, A. L. Dietrich, Dr. F. Carlisle DeVries, N. W. Dorsey, Dr. W. B. Evans, Dr. William C. Fowler, Rev. M. Ross Fishburn, J. J. Georges, J. Fred Gatchel, Robert C. Gotta, R. L. Haycock, Thomas Helverson, Dr. J. Walter Hodges, W. O. Howenstein, Dr. George Henderson, Herman Holerith, E. B. Hesse, C. A. Johnson, W. H. Kimball, C. D. Liebermann, H. W. Lewis, Joseph Luchs, E. W. McReynolds, C. A. Muddiman, Rev. Frederick W. Moot, Dr. A. Patten, H. S. Rowe, A. E. Randall, Dr. George H. Shoulters, John W. F. Smith, Rev. John Van Schaick, Wirt Tassin, Edwin M. Truell, Dr. Thomas N. Vincent, John E. Walsh, Alexander Wolf, Henry Xander, J. W. Zimmerman.

Committee on Auditing—George E. Armstrong, Louis Beyer, jr.; J. M. Culp, J. Colvin, C. K. Finckel, J. S. Goldsmith, Hamilton Gray, George F. Harbin, W. C. Lewis, Capt. George G. Lewis, Alexander McKenzie, Harry C. McLean, Brice J. Moses, D. Rittenhouse, Upton Ridenour, R. L. Russell, Odell S. Smith, J. M. A. Watson, and F. Baker Weaver.

IF YOU HAVE

a tendency to weak lungs, a cold is dangerous. Scott's Emulsion strengthens the lungs and helps you to work off the cold.

All Druggists; 50c. and $1.00.

A SEVERE INITIATION.

Sophomore Girls Have Fun With the Freshmen Girls.

BOSTON, Oct. 27.—Blindfolded and with palpitating hearts, due to stories told by merciless sophomores, one hundred girls of the freshman class of Boston University were initiated yesterday into the secret rites and ceremonies of the Gamma Delta fraternity. Some screamed and others fainted before it was over.

"No initiation, no 'klatsch,'" was the notice in crimson and blue which met the eye of every girl student several weeks ago. As the "klatsch" is the leading social function in the college years at Boston University, the notice was sufficient to makeeveryone willing to place herself at the mercy of the upper class girls. To intensify the significance of the threat, the skull and crossbones, the official signature of Gamma Delta, accompanied the notice.

Every girl was blindfolded at the start. Then the initiates were forced to walk up a long, narrow plank, where a mishap, they were told, would plunge them into some awful depth. This done in safety, they were requested to wheel the sophomores around in wheelbarrows. Scaling of high ladders was on the list of duties required of the poor freshmen. These ceremonies were kept up for more than an hour.

Some of the more timid initiates were unable to stand the excitement and were brought out of the gymnasium in a fainting condition, from which, however, they quickly recovered when the red bandanna was removed from their eyes.

When the time was up for this part of the programme, and everyone was adjudged capable of becoming a full-fledged fraternity member, the bandannas were removed from their eyes and the weary freshmen were ushered into the brilliantly lighted chapel, where a pleasant reception awaited them from the officers of Gamma Delta, who had prepared a dainty collation.

The committee having charge of the initiation was composed of one from each fraternity—Miss Harriet L. Webster, chairman, representing Alpha Phi; Miss Alice Crane, Kappa Kappa Gamma; Miss Elinor George, Gamma Phi Beta; Miss Martha T. Whittier, Delta Delta Delta, and Miss Ida M. Hodge, Pi Beta Phi.

FOUND THE NEEDED NICKEL.

A Swell Who Was Hardly a Match for the Conductor.

(From the Philadelphia Inquirer.)

The presence of half a dozen unusually pretty young women may have had something to do with the beginning of the incident. If so, the fact that they were there at the close was anything but pleasant to one of the principal actors.

It occurred on an Eleventh Street car an afternoon or two ago. At a corner not many squares from Market Street a stylishly dressed young man clambered aboard and took a seat not far from the Saunterer. His manner indicated that he was pretty well satisfied with himself and that he didn't rate the rest of mankind as being in the same elevated class. Settling himself back comfortably he threw one knee over the other and started to ogle the above-mentioned unusually pretty young women.

Just about this time the conductor came along on a fare-colleecting trip. Halting opposite the self-satisfied young man he extended his hand. "Fare, please," he said.

The self-satisfied young man shoved down into his trouseers pocket and hauled out a small bunch of bills. Peeling off one he handed it to the conductor ostentatiously. The conductor examined it coolly.

"I can't change this," he said, "Haven't you anything smaller?"

"Nope," replied the young man in a loud voice. "I'm out of everything but hundred-dollar bills today. Can let you take your choice of four or five of them, though."

With a grin in the direction of the unusually pretty young woman he pulled out the bunch of bills again and displayed four more "hundreds." The conductor loooked the self-satisfied young man over meditatively. Then he ambled back to the rear end of the car with the hundred dollar bill in his hand. A square further up the street he came back.

"Here—hold your hat," he exclaimed to the self-satisfied young man, at the same time drawing his hand from his coat pocket and extending it filled to the full with nickels, dimes, and quarters. "I can give you $18.95 now. The other $81 I'll get for you when we reach the car barn at the end of the run."

The self-satisfied young man turned as red in the face as though he were on the verge of an apoplectic stroke. Reaching out he grabbed the hundred-dollar bill the conductor still held in his other hand and pushed it savagely down into his vest pocket.

"I don't need your change," he ejaculated savagely, "I've found 5 cents I didn't know I had."

Then he handed over five pennies, which the conductor rang up with a chuckle of satisfaction he made no effort to conceal. The "bling" of the fare register bell was echoed by a peal of laughter from the lips of a half a dozen unusually pretty young women, the self-satisfied young man's grin took on a sickly hue, and the car rolled merrily on.

Early Closing Decree in Berlin.

(From the London Telegraph.)

Some three or four years ago a measure was introduced into Germany compelling tradespeople to close their shops on Sundays. Caterers for household wants were permitted to open for five hours in the course of the day, but not during the hours of divine service. The police authorities of Berlin have bestowed a new boon on the employes of shops this Michaelmas by prohibiting for the future the opening of shops of any kind after 9 o'clock in the evening. At first there was a great outcry against the Sunday closing, but the Hausfrauen soon got accustomed to the innovation and procured their stores in time. Everybody has now at least a half holiday on Sundays. No doubt people will likewise get familiar before long with the idea that 9 o'clock is not too early to let tradespeople and their employes go to their homes on every weekday evening.

A BOTTICELLI MYSTERY

Conviction of Prince Chigi Followed by Conflicting Stories.

Speculation as to the Whereabouts of the Celebrated "Madonna"—A Monograph Issued by Count Plunkett—The Arbitrary Italian Law Against the Sale of Works of Art.

NEW YORK, Oct. 27.—The conviction of Prince Chigi on the charge of unlawfully selling out of Italy a valuable work of art has given rise to a degree of mystification which would hardly have been supposed possible in regard to a picture so famous as the "Madonna" of Botticelli, long reckoned among the chief glories of the Chigi Gallery at Rome.

The first telegraphic announcement of the conviction came to this country a few days ago without any particulars of the transaction by which the distinguished culprit had incurred the penalties of the law. Next appeared in a Philadelphia newspaper a brief interview with P. A. B. Widener, the Botticelli amateur of the Quaker City, in which he expressed his opinion that the "Madonna" sold by Prince Chigi in contravention of Italian law was not that which he (Mr. Widener) had recently purchased in London, which includes, be it noted, a figure of St. Joseph, and which, its possessor is made to say, "is the only one in the United States."

Mr. Widener is quoted in the same interview to the effect that Prince Chigi's customer was probably Agnew, the well-known London dealer. A later cable despatch from Rome, telling that the punishment of the offending Prince had been fixed at a fine of 315,000 lire ($63,000), incidentally states that the Botticelli "is now in London."

Conflicting statements and conjectures were being made and the mysterious interest of the Chigi Botticelli was being considerably deepened for the general public while Count Plunkett's monograph on Sandro Botticelli, published in London in the present year, was waiting, unnoticed, but ready to afford the following account of the affair:

"About a year ago the Botticelli 'Madonna' in the Chigi Gallery, long celebrated and disputed about, becme the centre of a small sensation in the world of art. At that time Prince Chigi, having let it be known that he was willing to sell the famous 'Madonna,' which few critics had hesitated to ascribe to Sandro Botticelli, received an offer of $35,000 from some foreign collector, whose name has not been published. Upon this offer others followed, somewhat after the fashion of an auction, only without its publicity.

"At last the picture was sold for $63,000—(the exact amount of the fine imposed on few days ago upon the Prince)—to an agent of the Rothschilds, report said at the time. In accordance with the Italian law, the purchaser's card, with a declaration of purchase, was handed to the Minister of Public Instruction, but while these prescriptive formalities were being observed the picture itself disappeared. It has since reappeared in the collection of Mrs. J. L. Gardner, of Boston."

This is, in substance, Count Plunkett's story of the disappearance, in the light of which the solution of the problem of the present whereabouts of the only Botticelli known to have been in the Chigi collection should not be far to seek. The picture referred to by Count Plunkett and that owned by Mr. Widener are not the same. The former contains no figure of St. Joseph.

The law under which Prince Chigi has been convicted, and, jointly with his purchaser, mulcted to the full amount of the purchase money, is that by which the sale of "antiquities" (using the term in a classic sense) is regulated in these parts of Italy which were the Papal States prior to September, 1870. This law, known as the Pacca Edict, after the Cardinal who first devised it, is a relic of Papal rule, which the Italian Government has been in no hurry to abolish. It provides for the granting of permits to sell outside of the Papal States "antiquities" falling under the description of "precious," which description has been defined by the Roman Court of Appeals as meaning "of exceptional value," the export duty exacted as a condition antecedent to the granting of the permit being 20 per cent. The Chigi sale was, by all accounts, completed and the picture sent abroad without any such permit, and in this probably lies the gravamen of the offence for which Prince Chigi now has to suffer. The Pacca Edict was, in substance, embodied in an act passed by the Italian Parliament in 1871. The export duty on these "antiquities" varies in different parts of Italy, generally following the provisions made in the different political divisions before the era of unification.

The hardship of the Italian law in this respect, it seems, does not by any means end with the exaction of export duties. It does not seem at all certain, according to General di Cesnola's view of the subject, that the required permission would have been granted to Prince Chigi, even if he had dutifully approached the Minister of Public Instruction with one-fifth of his sixty-odd thousand dollars. "Stat pro ratione voluntas mea" was the quotation which General di Cesnola thought applicable in discussing the subject. The Italian Government, in his view, holds itself perfectly at liberty to forbid absolutely the exportation of any work of art which it may prefer should remain in Italy. As showing the strength of his convictions on this point, he recalled his own experience of a few years ago, when Prince Borghese offered to him, as representative of the Metropolitan Museum of Art, the famous Borghese-Torlonia collection for $8,000,000. The condition of the sale was that the collection was to be delivered in Rome, and the Metropolitan Museum should get it out of Italy as best might be.

"He said I might have all the time I wanted to pay the purchase money," said the general, "but I told him that I wouldn't take his collection on those terms if he would sell it for one million."

As to the equity of the Pacca Edict and similar enactments when they first came into force, there seems to be something to be said in their favor, as well as against them. Several of the great Roman families, such as the Chigi, Borghesi, Massimi, Colonne, and one or two others, reckon among their lineage, direct or collateral, many Popes and still more Cardinals, and it has been argued, with some show of reason, that many of the art treasures of the great palazzi came there by the exercise of official power against the strict rights of the public. Thus, even apart from the wider sense in which the works of the great masters are regarded as the heirlooms of Italy, there may well be some serious doubt as to the right of these heirs of mediaeval despotism to sell their historic collections as they would sell furniture or bric-a-brac purchased at a last year's sale. Owners of great works of art in Italy can hardly complain if, while they share the distinction of ownership with the great families, they are obliged to share their restrictions, for every law must work hardship to a minority. The more just ground of complaint seems to be that the Italian Government plays the dog in the manger in preventing owners from selling their works of art abroad when it remains impossible to sell those works to the nation.

The President a Slave to Catarrh.—D. T. Sample, President of Sample's Installment Company, Washington, Pa., writes: "For years I was afflicted with Chronic Catarrh. Remedies and treatment by specialists only gave me temporary relief until I was induced to use Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder. It gave almost instant relief and has proved the one good thing in my case." Fifty cents. Sold by F. S. Williams, Ninth and F Streets, Edmonds & Williams, Third and Pennsylvania Avenue.—7.

Whiting, Ind.,
May 5, 1900,
Warner's Safe Cure is a splendid remedy for building up a broken down constitution. Some years ago my system was completely run down, and after using three bottles I felt like a different person, and when I feel a little worn out a few doses are always of great benefit.
Yours truly,
P. GARDNER,
Gen. Delivery, care O. L. Knight.
Treasurer Whiting Gospel Temperance Club.

Culture of Health

Chicago, Ills.,
May 2, 1900.
Some time ago I suffered with general debility from overwork, losing appetite and strength. There seemed to be no relief, and the medicine I took did not help me. I was advised to try Warner's Safe Cure and I am pleased to say that it did all and more than you claim for it and made a well man of me in a short time. It therefore has my hearty endorsement. JOHN POTTS,
2595 West Ashland Ave.
Pres't Chicago Cricket Club.
Pres't Royal Hort. Society, London, Eng.

There never was a period when so much attention was given to the culture of health as today, and not without good cause. We must prepare to fight against the prevalent scourge of insidious attacks upon the kidneys. The pressure of life is increasing. The prevalence of kidney disease is increasing, weakening constitutions and impairing digestion.

THE MOST SUCCESSFUL REMEDY
OF THE DAY FOR
KIDNEY AND LIVER TROUBLES,
Bright's Disease, Indigestion and Debility
—IS—
WARNER'S SAFE CURE

The Blood is the Life.
Therefore, purify the Blood by way of the Kidneys.
This is Nature's way of doing it.
And the way WARNER'S SAFE CURE does it.

Anoka, Minn.
May 30, 1900.
I am very glad to speak a good word for Warner's Safe Cure. Three times during the past few years I have felt very much worn out from overwork, and each time a bottle of Safe Cure has completely restored me. I find it of especial benefit to nervous people who suffer from insomnia. It is a fine inducer of sleep.
Yours sincerely,
MRS. A. R. LAUGHLIN,
Sec. Blue Ribbon Temperance Club.

Excelsior, Minn.
If suffering humanity knew the value of Warner's Safe Cure, the doctors would not have much to do nor the undertakers either. My health was completely broken down two years ago, and I suffered continually with liver and kidney trouble, also female weakness, but Warner's Safe Cure healed me in three months and I am in fine physical health now.
MISS L. L. SMITH,
Chaplain Chicago Ave. Lodge I. O. G. T.

☞Free Sample of Warner's Safe Cure sent on application.
Address, WARNER'S SAFE CURE CO., Rochester, N. Y.

AN INDIAN SNAKE DANCE

Wierd Biennial Ceremony of the Moquis of Arizona.

Fantastic and Horrifying Ceremonies for the Purpose of Propitiating the Good Will of a Monster Reptile—Spectacle on the Reservation—Serpents' Heads Everywhere.

There are several tribes of Indians in Arizona Territory that perform feats as remarkable and astonishing as the greater part of those seen in India and Arabia. The Cocopahs perform a feat of levitation—that is, the power of suspending an article in midair without means of support—and at certain tribal ceremonies they frequently suspend an arrow or a spear in the air for some seconds. The Pimas of southern Arizona have several tricks that have been handed down to their medicine men through generations long before the days of Montezuma and Cortez, in apparent violation of laws of nature. For instance, travelers among them tell of their medicine man having caused the seeming death of boys by a poisonous weed and then after the lads had two days' experience in the spirit world the medicine men have brought them back to life. Another feat of theirs is said to be the drinking ad libitum of quantities of boiling hot water with no more effect upon them than a draught from a cool, sparkling spring. The Apaches have a few feats in horsemanship that border on the incredible, but the Moquis, or Mokis, or Hopi Indians of northern Arizona are the most interesting Indians in point of strange customs and startling ceremonies of any tribe in the Union.

The Moquis ("peace-loving people") live nearer to the habits of their ancestors than any Indians in the southwest. Their tribal celebrations are today exactly similar to those that Coronado wrote about in his military diary when he marched through Arizona and New Mexico on an expedition of conquest in 1540. There is every reason to believe that a large part of the dances, ceremonies and religious fetes of the Moqui Indians have been handed down unchanged for hundreds of years. The tribe is cut off from association with other Indians of the territory by several hundred square miles of burning desert that reach in every direction and by a range of lofty mountains and the rocky remains of extinct volcanoes. They lived in their present locality of abode long before the warlike days of Coronado and Fernando Cortez. They are a proud, reserved and silent race, and for years resented any visits from white men.

The Moquis are agricultural Indians, and their two strangest dances are parts of ceremonies that woo the favor of the god of rain, where their crops have been plainted and moisture is necessary to that vegetation. The country is very arid, and water is naturally the most highly prized gift the savages receive. They have a belief that somewhere away up among the loftiest peaks of the Sierra Nevadas there reposes a monster rattlesnake, many miles long and unaccountable rods in girth. The good will of this reptile must be cultivated if there is to be any rain or snow for the growth of corn and melons and mesquite beans.

Tributes to the Rain Gods.

On each alternate year the Moqui people of the two mesas—Tewa and Walpi—join in ceremonies in propitiation of the rain gods. This is one of the years of propitiation and the snake dance that was performed at Walpi the latter part of August was probably as hideous an affair as was ever known in America. The snake ceremonies began August 18 and extended into the last week of the month. The dancers carry living and writhing rattlesnakes about in their mouths and pack a dozen or so of the reptiles in the bosom of their garments with perfect indifference as to their bites and venom. Such a feat of occultism is probably found nowhere else. Between 100 and 200 young Indian braves are chosen by the medicine man to enact the principal parts in the rattlesnake dance. For weeks before the ceremonies half the Moqui tribe is out hunting over the sun-baked mesas, through the canyons, and among the sage brush on the foothills for rattlesnakes. By means of a forked stick the serpents are fastened to the ground whenever spied and the Indians are adepts at catching and bagging the reptiles by a few adroit movements.

Hundreds of rattlesnakes are placed in a huge basket in the outskirts of the village. On the appointed day of the festivities the chosen warriors march forth to the dancing ground, which has been strewn by the squaws with sacred meal. The braves are scantily clad and on each leg is a small terrapin shell, in which are placed small pebbles, which rattle loudly as the warrior moves, and make of him, in sound at least, a human rattler. Around each brow is bound a flaming red handkerchief, the upper part of the forehead being painted a deep black and the lower half with a black and white band.

The band forms in a circle and the basket of serpents is brought forth. One of the chiefs, hideously painted, opens the cage and as each brave marches past thrusts his naked arm within and jerks from it a writhing serpent, which he hands the buck. The snake dancer bends forward his hideously marked face and seizes the snake by its middle with his teeth. The serpent struggles wildly, while his human captor, gesticulating and gyrating, joins in the solemn rhythmic movement, in which, after each brave has been supplied with serpents, the whole band is soon participating. Round-about the sacred circle the entire Moqui nation sit in dumb, religious awe. There is nothing to break the stillness save the hissing of the serpents and the rattling of the pebbles in the shells of the warriors' legs. The snakes themselves, although highly animated, seem neither to rattle nor to attempt to sting. Once in a while in the course of the dance a rattler will bury his fangs in the body of a brave, but he will be pulled away as if nothing has happened and the brave who has been bitten will continue the dance with perfect equanimity.

After perhaps a half hour's dancing the snakes are thrown in a writhing mass into the centre of the circle and are sprinkled with holy meal. The dancers draw off and then at a given signal rush upon the mass of serpents, each brave seizing as many as he can with his two hands and then bounding away over the prairie at top speed. The snakes are then turned loose and the dancers return, racing at their utmost, to the village, and are gathered in the religious council or ceremony which follows.

The pa-luli-kong is another dance of the Moquis, to propitiate the black snakes, and it takes place annually in the first week of September, and less than half a dozen persons outside of the tried and true warriors of the nation are permitted to look upon the hideous performance. The paluli-kong is performed for five successive nights, and it was only by extraordinary influence with the snake priests that three white people were admitted to the kiva during the recent performances.

Feeding the Serpents.

Of the pa-luli-kong the feeding of the sacred serpents is the most shocking and grewsome. This part of the Moqui ritual is performed in the dead of night, in a sort of stone grotto or subterranean chamber, about twenty feet square, called the kiva, in the side of the mesa at the pueblo of Walpi. It is the holy spot among the highest order of medicine men, who are known as water priests by the Moquis. A few whites were permitted in the kiva during the recent feeding of the snakes. When the chosen guests were escorted to the grotto and helped down a few stone steps at about 11 p. m. they saw a small burning fire in the middle of the apartment. An old Indian, striped with paint from head to foot, slowly and solemnly added branches of twigs to the flames. A rude stage of adobe and stones had been made at the farther end of the kiva. Upon it were growing stalks of corn and shoots of bean plants, that flourished in complete absence from the sun. The Indian guide said it had grown there rapidly in the kiva this season, and that it meant the big snake was going to send heap rain for the Moquis this year. About the rough-hewn walls of the chamber were horrible wooden images of snakes, with green skins, blood-red and shiny eyes and black tongues. At each end of the raised stage were mammoth representatives of horned toads done in wood. The Indian guide whispered that they were "heap old"—had been there long before there were any white men anywhere.

There were a dozen snake images, carved and painted with remarkable realism. They were lying near the growing corn. They were five and six feet long, three or four inches in girth at the largest parts. The painting on them gave a startling and eerie appearance. No one was allowed to approach nearer than about ten feet to the grewsome effigies, and no one ever handles them on pain of dreadful punishment, unless after appointment by the watch priests for participation in the annual ceremony of feeding the "sacred serpents."

The heads of the images were as large as a man's head and evidently of wood. The eyes were of a peculiar green that gave them a shocking gleam even in the darkest part of the stone chamber. There were contrivances by which the eyes of the effigies were opened and closed as quick as an electric flash and without the least sound. The mouths could be opened and shut with an ease that was astonishing. There were two rows of shining white teeth in the mouth and long, forked, blood-red tongues were shot forth from the throats of the snakes. The bodies were painted exactly like huge rattlesnakes. Even the scales of the reptiles were reproduced with a fidelity to nature that caused some shudders to the pale-faced spectators.

At the sudden beating of a drumlike affair that sounded similar to a Hindoo tom-tom, the performers of the night came running in from an adjacent apartment that was concealed from view by an ingeniously arranged curtain of some fabric as to resemble the walls of the kiva. There were twenty-eight dancers and they were all strong limbed, tall, and athletic Indian braves of between the ages of eighteen and thirty. They were nude except for breechcloths of skin, but painted with white and yellow. Strings of turtle-shell rattles were tied about their ankles. At another series of taps on the tom-tom affair they ranged themselves at the front of the raised stage, and then, upon another signal, began a slow, weird dance movement in perfect unison. The rattles at their ankles were moved in exact time to the words and rhythm of their song. The Indian guide whispered that that was the way the female water snake was called to see what they were doing to please her. Other dances, songs—in different time and movement—but all of them slow and monotonous, followed for an hour or more. The spirit of each of the savage invocations was rain, and much of it.

Playing With Rattlesnakes.

Suddenly there was a furious beating of the tom-tom and the dancers disappeared behind the curtain as quickly as they had appeared. Then two Indians came out with a long pole and, having deftly fastened cords to its ends, drew it up to the ceiling. Attached to this pole was some flimsy fabric that acted as a curtain in a theatre and shut off the view of the stage when it was up. In a second a hush came over the assemblage and everyone felt that now was coming the climax. The fire was renewed and the air became oppressively hot and noisome. Another beating of the tom-tom and three old Indians with nothing on but prodigious strings of shells and teeth of wild beasts and paint from head to foot came forth. Each had a live rattlesnake about its neck. They danced backward and forward, unwound the reptiles from their necks and performed several feats with the writhing creatures. They threw them in the air as one would a cat; they placed them in their breechcloths and they placed the heads of the reptiles in their own mouths, while they leaped about and swung one another like rollicking little schoolboys.

Another signal on the drum or tom-tom and ten young men arrayed in paint and ornaments, as the others, ran forth upon the raised platforms. Each siezed one of the realistic representatives of the rattlers, and in a second was back of the curtain. In a moment it seemed as if pandemonium was let loose. Such a noise as came forth from behind the curtain could hardly have been heard anywhere else than in a menagerie of terrified beasts. There were ear-splitting yells, piercing shrieks, sepulchral groans, startling imitations of a coyote and the grunt of an enraged grizzly bear, combined with hisses, roars, and every harsh sound that the human voice is capable of and noises made on Indian musical instruments. The stone chamber rang with the dreadful sounds, and a number of the white visitors were indeed very much frightened.

Multitudes of Serpents' Heads.

The noises had continued for a moment or so when, all at once, the serpents which had been carried behind the curtain darted their enormous heads through the holes in its lower part, one at each hole. They came out, head and back and almost half their length, moving their heads from side to side as if singling out a spectator for attack, their white teeth gleaming, their jaws opening wide and again closing with a snap, and their red, forked tongues constantly darting in and out of their mouths. At the same time the performer who had taken the snake under his arm, seemed about to be overpowered by its strength. It struggled to escape, twisting its ugly neck about his arm, darting its tongue into his very face, and then, rearing up, would throw itself out with a mighty spring, so that he had to clasp both arms around it and press it tightly against his naked bosom to hold it. It was simply awful. All this time the old man in the white mask—who represented the universal mother, the creator and fructifier of everything—was moving rapidly from one snake to another, sprinkling upon the head of each some of the sacred meal from the pouch hung at his neck.

The snakes stretched out their long necks as he approached, sometimes three or four feet beyond the curtain, pushing out their tongues in their eagerness to get at the meal and their anger at the delay. As a head was thrust out the old man would throw his right arm around the slimy neck and hold it close against his side while he allowed it to lick up the meal which he held out to it in his left hand. As the snake turned and twisted it seemed to require his whole strength to hold it, as much as if he were trying to restrain an unruly horse by the bridle. At the same time the other man was struggling with the other serpent, the sweat rolling down his naked body and his muscles standing out like those on a gladiator. The unearthly cries and roars behind the curtain never ceased, while the dancers at their side kept up all the while their monotonous chant, a step to the time of the turtle rattles.

The naked, brown-skinned dancers, with their lank black hair hanging about their faces, the monster snakes thrusting their heads far out through the curtain, with their gleaming teeth and their red tongues; the masked figure holding one of the largest under one arm while he fed it with the other; the man struggling with one serpent while he strove to push aside the head of another, which was reaching out to seize him; the horrible combination of sounds from behind the curtain—all this by the dim, flickering light of the fire burning in the centre, at the midnight hour, in a subterranean cavern hewn out of rock, made up a thing of weird horror never to be forgotten. The effect was the result of an ingenious mechanism of springs inside the bodies of the snakes, with clever acting on the part of the performers, but the illusion was perfect.

For about half an hour this performance lasted. In a second the serpents' heads were withdrawn and the pandemonium of noises ceased as if by magic. The tom-tom was again beaten as another signal, the curtain was lowered. There stood the growing green corn. The performers, now sleek and dripping with perspiration, once more ranged themselves at the side of the stone platform and began new dances and feats in leaping and howling. It was now past midnight. The Indian guide said the ceremony would not cease until daylight, and that several of the dancers had often kept up such extreme physical exertion for two or three days at a time.—The San Francisco Call.

For a Cold in the Head Laxative Bromo-Quinine Tablets.

It is good judgment to select Heurich's beers as the beverages to be taken with your meals. Maerzen and Senate were pronounced by the Paris Exposition authorities as the purest of beers, and were awarded the prize medal for their meritorious qualities. 'Phone 634, Arlington Bottling Co., for a case of Heurich's.

ROBBED THE GRAVE.

A startling incident is narrated by John Oliver, of Philadelphia, as follows: "I was in an awful condition. My skin was almost yellow, eyes sunken, tongue coated, pain continually in back and sides, no appetite, growing weaker day by day. Three physicians had given me up. Then I was advised to use Electric Bitters. To my great joy, the first bottle made a decided improvement. I continued their use for three weeks and am now a well man. I know they robbed the grave of another victim." No one should fail to try them. Only 50 cents, guaranteed, at Henry Evans' drug store, 922 F Street.

GONE OUT OF STYLE.

Porterhouse Steaks No Longer Craved by Fashion.

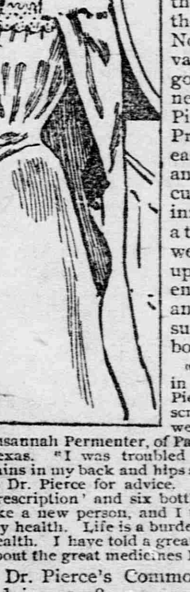
(From the New York Times.)

Porterhouse steaks have gone out of fashion, according to one of the uptown butchers who supplies meat to a lot of families in the fashionable districts on Riverdale Drive and West End Avenue. For years and years the porterhouse steak has been considered the best cut of beef and has fetched the highest price. Now the demand is for the Delmonico steak, which is the porterhouse with the bit of the tenderloin cut out of it. A dislike for the tasteless bit of tenderloin seems to have developed, unless the tenderloin is served separately, either as a roast or fixed up as one of the fancy steaks that the accomplished chef knows how to prepare.

There is more flavor to the sirloin, and so the demand is for either the bone sirloin, as it is called, or the Delmonico steak, which follows it in the carving of a "critter." This fancy has generally put out the butchers, who have now to find a new way to carve their meats to an advantage. Even when the tenderloin is cut away from the bone it is said by the dealers to be the hardest piece of the beef to now dispose of to advantage.

Wrinkles Come

To many a face, which should still be smooth and fair. Worry doesn't bring them. There are no cares and anxieties to furrow the face. They are the signs of physical suffering, graven by the hand of Pain. It is the saddest result of the diseases which affect the womanly organs that they write plainly the sad record of suffering on the face and form. The skin becomes sallow, the cheeks are sunken, the eyes look dull, the body falls away. No woman who values her health or good looks should neglect to use Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription for diseases of the womanly organs. It cures irregularity, inflammation, ulceration and female weakness. It lights up the eye, brightens the complexion, and rounds out the sunken curves of the body.



"I take great pleasure in recommending Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription for female weakness," writes Mrs. Susannah Permenter, of Pauls Store, Shelby Co., Texas. "I was troubled with bearing down pains in my back and hips six years, and I wrote to Dr. Pierce for advice. I tried his 'Favorite Prescription' and six bottles cured me. I feel like a new person, and I thank Dr. Pierce for my health. Life is a burden to any one without health. I have told a great many of my friends about the great medicines I took."

Dr. Pierce's Common Sense Medical Adviser, 1008 pages, sent free on receipt of stamps to pay cost of mailing *only*. Send 21 one-cent stamps for paper covered book, or 31 cents for cloth. Address Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.