

# FREE GARDEN AND TREE SEEDS.

## How Some New Varieties May Be Obtained.

### The Gift of the Herald to Its Subscribers--Vegetables Which Double the Income of Truck Farmers in the East.

By special arrangement with some of the leading seed houses of the world, THE HERALD is able to give each of its cash subscribers (only those who receive the paper by mail or express are included) a most valuable lot of FREE SEEDS. These seeds are recommended by gardeners of long experience as the very best varieties of the plants named known. The market value of the products from them will, of course, be greater than the common varieties now used. It is probably the best premium offer ever made on the Pacific Coast, and old as well as new subscribers may avail themselves of it. The only requirement is a cash remittance. Those who have already paid in advance can have their subscriptions extended by remitting 50 cents on the weekly and 75 cents on the daily, and will receive the seed package free of postage or other charge. A large quantity of the seeds will not, of course, be sent to anyone, but sufficient to make a fair trial. No seeds sent without a request for them. The following is the list:

**GREEN AND GOLD WATERMELON.**—A large and very fine variety. The flesh is firm and sweet. The color is very beautiful.

**HACKENSACK MUSKMELON.**—A large melon; very prolific; rich in flavor; thick, juicy flesh.

**SIBERIAN CUCUMBER.**—Very early; grows from four to six inches in length; good color, firm and very crisp.

**JUMBO PUMPKIN.**—An imported variety of immense size; very productive and a good keeper; flesh salmon colored; good for both cooking and stock feeding.

**KLEIN SUGAR BEET.**—This new German variety, as reported by Dr. H. W. Wiley of the United States Department of Agriculture, exceeds all others in the amount of sucrose in its juice, and also in its yield. According to his analytical table, the yield of the Kleinwanz-lebener was 22 1/2 tons of beets per acre, from which upward of 6200 pounds of sugar were extracted, being 400 pounds more sugar per acre than extracted from any of five other varieties tested and analyzed under the same conditions. It has

also been largely experimented with at the various state agricultural fairs throughout the country, with the same gratifying results.

**LONG-STANDING LETTUCE.**—In shape this variety resembles the White Seeded Giant Company's lettuce, but it heads much better and the leaves are firmer and more numerous. It is very slow to seed, and withstands the heat better than any other variety. Its leaves are very crisp and delicious.

**INDIAN BEAN TREE.**—A quick grower and a useful tree in every respect. Just the thing for timber claims; grows on the driest land.

**JERUSALEM CORN.**—A new and valuable forage plant. Grows on the driest land. It is said the growth on half a 50x150 foot lot will almost support a cow.

**CARDINAL TOMATO.**—This is a beautiful tomato, being of a brilliant cardinal red, very glossy looking when ripe, the flesh of the same brilliant color. Ripens evenly through, having no hard green core, like many others. In shape it is round, smooth and solid.

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#### THE MONKEY'S SCHEME.

The monkey said to the chimpanzee, "In a monkey's original way: 'If we should start a pean stand, Do you think we could make it pay?'"

"The boys would buy the nuts of you As you sat your stool beside, And every boy would divide with me As he passed where I was tied."

"So you could sell, and I could feast, And I think we could make it pay, For you could sit and handle the cash, And I could eat all day."

—Harper's Bazar.

#### THE BLIND CHIEF.

Chikatabac, the blind son of the Indian chief Wahgumacut, was borne during a war between his father's tribe, the Wampanoags, and the Nahigonsiks. The Wampanoags had won the battle and were already showing triumphantly, when the woods about them suddenly burst into a great blaze. Everything seemed turned to fire; it crept like reptiles among the dry grass at their feet and coiled around the trunks of trees, till, reaching the topmost branches, it formed a canopy of twisting, writhing flames.

Many of the warriors perished that night, among them Wahgumacut. The survivors, after undergoing many hardships, reached the little camp where the squaws and children had been left for safety. There they learned that on the very night of their misfortune Naanashquaw, wife of their chief, had given birth to a male child. Instead of the usual rejoicing over such an event, "We were scowls and mottled as armor," the warriors. A child of ill omen they said he was, and to prevent his evil influence doing further mischief they determined to put him to death. But Naanashquaw pleaded for the life of her little one and was permitted under protest to keep him.

The child grew, but he was blind, and the Indians were filled with a superstitious fear of him. All sorts of misfortunes were supposed to fall on the unlucky individual on whom his sightless eyes might appear to rest.

Naanashquaw died, prophesying unlimited disaster to the tribe if her sightless son should meet a violent death at their hands. So the boy, feared, shunned and despised, grew to manhood. He was about 21, tall, broad shouldered and straight, when there came a year of famine. The earth was barren, the deer and game apparently exterminated. Dark grew the countenances of the red men. They drew apart from the squaws and children, who cried piteously for food, and while whispering together pointed ominously at Chikatabac, the blind young chief.

Then they pretended to have arranged a hunting trip, and soon the noise and bustle usually attendant upon this event was heard throughout the camp. Before this Chikatabac had always been left with the squaws, but now he was invited to accompany the braves, and his bosom swelled with pride. He imagined that at last had realized he was a man. Dreams of taking his inherited right of

being saganore of the tribe came to him. For days they traveled out of their own land over hot sandy deserts till, reaching a dense forest beyond, they pushed their way through the trees, brush and tangled vines to its very heart. Here they paused, and after refreshing themselves pretended to rest. Chikatabac unsuspectingly lay down and was soon asleep.

The bright eyes of his enemies could be seen sparkling through the darkness. The dusky forms arose noiselessly and stealthily retraced their steps homeward.

In his dreams Chikatabac was a great warrior. The place about him echoed with the cries of his victims and the war-whoop of his army. Onward, onward to triumph he was leading them.

He awoke. A great sense of loneliness oppressed him. He could hear no sound save the sobbing of the wind through the trees. Was it day or night? As if in answer a bird caroled forth its morning hymn, and thousands of sweet voiced songsters joined in the melody. One by one he called the names of his companions, but none answered him. What had happened? Had some terrible disaster occurred and were their dead bodies lying around him? Or were they all sitting near him, grinning at his misfortune?

Angrily he arose and gesticulated wildly, walking rapidly around and around, stretching his arms out into space. Then a feeling of helplessness and utter despair assailed him. With a loud cry he threw himself to the ground.

Chikatabac had been reared with the women of his tribe; they and the children had been his companions. Nothing had arisen in his life before this to develop the more rugged qualities of manhood. But when there broke upon him now a full realization of the enormous cruelty that had been practiced upon him the fighting spirit of his ancestors burst its leash within him, and uncontrollable fury raged in his blood. He beat his head against the ground; he tore the sod with his fingers; he sprang to his feet, and waving his arms cursed his betrayers, the echoes of his frantic yells mocking him from the depths of the forest.

Never before had the unrelenting cruelty of his blindness held him in bonds so galling. He darted hither and thither, clutching the air for his vanished foes. He tore away great branches of trees, and with these for clubs he lay about him with murderous energy, cursing and yelling. The stupendous strength which had lain sleeping in his muscles was now awake for the first time in his life, and with a thousand throats it clamored for exercise. Till he was furnished. He hurled stones at random and gleefully listened as they were tearing through the foliage. He tore up strong shrubs by the roots, dashed them to the ground and trampled upon them.

For the man was mad. A scorching fever sent unaccounted flashes of light into his sightless eyes and went into his blood like wine. From cursing and fighting he fell into laughter and dancing. He sprang hither and thither, and noisy and fantastic figure in the silent and solemnity of the forest.

Then nature asserted herself, crying

aloud for water to quench his burning thirst. Declining himself the chief of his tribe and no longer laughing, he drew an imaginary robe about his commanding form, and with haughty imperiousness asserted his authority and demanded that water be brought. With superb dignity he received an imaginary vessel, drank unsubstantial water from it and threw it aside. Then, grown eloquent, he harangued his tribe on its achievements in battle and urged his people to foster the spirit which had led them to so many victories. At the close he roared, his sightless eyes rolled vacantly, he clutched at the empty air, lurched and then sank unconscious to the ground.

Thus he lay until the middle of the following night. Consciousness returned slowly and painfully, and with his face still buried in his hands he compelled his memory to apply the tortures it had in store for him. Pains racked his frame, and groans forced their way out from the depths of his despair. At last he turned upon his back and opened his eyelids.

His eyes were opened to the heavens, and his stout heart quailed to discover strange things, which warned him of his madness, for there were numberless burning points above him, such as never before had come to the visions of his blindness. As he would move his eyes they would spring in an opposite direction, whereas all the visions that he had had before remained fixed whatsoever direction he might look.

He came to a sitting posture, and instantly the bright points disappeared, but other things, dark, shadowy and more terrifying, arose before him. These apparently reached from the level of his eyes all the way up to the bright, fierce points above, and they, too, would spring in a direction opposite to that in which he would move his eyes. This was madness, he reflected—a strange and distressing form of it. He closed his eyelids and then the visions disappeared. He opened them again and they returned as before. Then he closed his eyes in simple fear, and thus gained courage and relief, and not daring to reopen them he staggered to his feet and began to grope through the forest in search of water, for a bitter thirst was burning him.

Thus he proceeded, with closed eyelids and hands outstretched, and his fine instinct led him straight toward a stream a mile away. But to keep his eyelids closed was unnatural and irksome, so once he opened them, and instantly the terrifying visions reappeared and with far greater distinctness than before. Strange forms stood all around him, grotesque and formidable, but wonderfully fascinating. Almost convinced they were real, he put out his hand to touch them and was pleased to find that they had no substance, for he could not reach them. But he felt safer with his eyelids closed, for then he saw no alarming visions.

Before long a sensation—it had been growing for some time, and it happened contemporaneously with the advent of his knowledge that day was breaking—came upon him, and he halted in dread.

It seemed more like warmth than anything else, and yet not warmth of the kind that he had known. It was in his head—no, it was in his eyes, which he dared not open. He sank to the ground in weak helplessness. Still keeping his eyes closed, he felt the warmth in them increase, and then it became so painful that he opened them. Instantly a tremendous heat burst forth within his head, racking all his sensibilities with excruciating pains. Trembling with fear and awe, Chikatabac fell to the ground and buried his face in his hands. The sun had risen.

Thus lay the helpless savage, filled with terror and marvelings. His great frame quivered, and agonized moans issued from his burning throat. After a time his courage returned. He clasped his hands tightly over his eyes, the more securely to exclude the burning, blazing, terrifying vision that had appeared whenever he opened them. Onward he went toward water, and finally the presence of a mossy sod under foot warned him that a stream was near.

He now went forward cautiously, and then dropped to his hands and knees and crawled toward the stream till he touched the cool water. Then he eagerly stretched himself at full length upon the bank and was about to drink, when unguardedly he opened his eyes. So strange a vision at once appeared to him that he started back in dismay.

A strange vision indeed and immeasurably unlike the others, for that which he had seen as he bent over the still water was much like the spirit of one dead, as he had imagined it. Then a great comprehension came to his soul, and so swift and heavy was the shock it brought that he was stunned, but after that a gentle peace fell upon him and tears of happiness rolled down his cheeks. Biting to his feet, and with calm courage opening his eyes to the dazzling visions which confronted him he raised both arms to heaven and reverently said:

"O thou Great Spirit, I know now that I, thy child, have died and am now in the happy hunting ground of my kindred who died before me. Accept thy humble child, O Spirit. Teach him to understand thy will and to bear with courage the blazing glories of thy habitation."

No sound but the strangely familiar singing of birds and the rustle of the trees in the morning breeze came in answer to his prayer. But though oppressed with a sense of loneliness and wondering that no other spirit came to greet him, he faced the new world with a manly front and open eyes, and turned again to the stream. Once more the spirit which he had first seen confronted him, but he was not afraid. As he brought his lips nearer to the water, the face of the spirit came close to his. He drank, seemingly from the mouth of the spirit itself, whose features became strangely wavering and distorted.

But, oh, the sweetness of the water! It was only in spiritland surely that such water could be found. He drank deeply and was refreshed as he had never been before.

In the reports of a white missionary

among the Indians appears the following quaint narration of a legend which had been handed down through generations of the Wampanoags, a warlike tribe of great power and prosperity in those days of his peaceful ministrations among them:

"I trust your reverence will not deem it trivial in me (but rather a manifestation of my zeal that your reverence will have an understanding of these strange people) if I relate a curious legend cherished by these simple savages. It goes to the following effect:

"Upon the death of a great chief in battle his squaw gave birth to a blind son, whom, when he had come into manhood, the young men of the tribe took away into a distant forest and left there to perish, believing that by reason of his blindness and his total lack of skill as a hunter he must perish, for to what they supposed had been a curse sent upon him in the form of blindness they ascribed the dire sufferings of the tribe and the imminence of its extinction. Well, it is related that the tribe, some time after the supposed death of the blind chief, mustered its energies for a final resistance against the Nahigonsiks, its ancient enemies, who, finding that the newly elected chief of the Wampanoags was merely a loud braggart, without the true metal of a great warrior in him, determined to fall upon the feeble Wampanoags and sweep them from the earth.

"The battle was a very unequal one, for the Nahigonsiks greatly outnumbered the Wampanoags. But it is related that in the fiercest part of the fight, when the arrows of the Nahigonsiks were reaping the Wampanoags as ripened wheat, and despair and consternation sat upon the weaker tribe, there suddenly sprang forth a stalwart young man of great size and strength, who, with commanding voice and gesture, swinging aloft a club which he had wrenched from a tree, cried, 'For your lives, my people,' and leaped to the front.

"I feel constrained to inform your reverence that, according to the legend, this valiant dropped from heaven, but your reverence will understand that I believe nothing of the kind, having, through the mercy of the Son of God, received a clearer light than that which illumines the minds of these benighted savages, and that I am constrained to believe that this strange omen the spirit of Chikatabac, the blind young chief; you and I, your reverence, recognized in him Chikatabac himself with slight restoration. Be that as it may, his superior presence, the calm majesty of his bearing, the infinite earnestness of his glance and the superb dexterity of his movement inspired the Wampanoags with an almost for-

gotten courage, to the end that they followed their strange leader, despite the frantic warnings of their newly elected chief, and moved to extraordinary daring, voice ringing far above the din of strife, crying, 'For your lives and your children, my countrymen!' Your reverence, I trust you will not think I am too deeply stirred by this narration. I give the legend merely as it has been told to me.

"It is related that the Wampanoags carried the field and won the day, and that this was but the beginning of a series of victories which restored them to their original glory and sent the Nahigonsiks into another part of the world. That which more directly concerns this legend is a matter of simple record. The new chief, it is said, after placing his tribe upon the old footing by means of numerous valorous battles—maintaining always the extraordinary reticence and solitude which followed his advent among his people—kept apart and silent until all had been finished. Then one evening as the sun was setting he was seen upon an eminence with arms outstretched toward the west and eyes uplifted to heaven, his lips moving in silent invocation. And after that he walked slowly toward the west and was never seen again by his people. He had faded forever into the silent mysteries of the twilight."—L. G. Harton and W. C. Morrow in San Francisco Examiner.

Mr. Gimp Takes Exercise.

"My old friend, Lucius Gimp," said Mr. Gratebar, "was all run down, and the doctor said he must get about more and go to the theater and divert his mind from business and take lots of exercise. The getting about was something that he could manage easily enough, but taking exercise was quite another matter, for while Mr. Gimp is a man of intense application and a tremendous worker at his business he appears to be quite averse to any sort of physical exertion. But he had an idea. Mr. Gimp is an extremely sensitive man, and it seemed to him that perhaps he might take the exercise by a sort of mental absorption. So he hired an athlete to come to the house, and every morning for an hour this athlete swung Indian clubs and took other vigorous exercises while Mr. Gimp looked on. Strange as it may seem to some, this manner of taking exercise proved quite effectual. In less than a month Mr. Gimp was quite restored to health."—New York Sun.

Foreign Population of Two Cities.

There are more Swedes, Hollanders, Bohemians, Norwegians, Poles, Danes and Welshmen in Chicago than there are in New York. In all other elements of foreign population New York is ahead of Chicago. There are 17 more Greeks in New York than in Chicago.

A Story About Tin Foil.

Some years ago a tobaccoist discovered the utility of tin foil for wrapping chewing tobacco. Tin foil paper had been exclusively used for the purpose, but it did not seem to keep the moisture of the atmosphere away from the tobacco nor preserve the natural moisture of the tobacco from the effects of a dry or heated atmosphere. Paper also absorbed the aroma of the weed and was not sufficiently lasting. Therefore tin foil was used for wrappers. But it became costly and could only be rolled to a certain thickness or thinness beyond which the ingenuity of man seemed to find it impossible to go. The fact was that no rollers could be made to sustain the pressure necessary to making the tin foil to a leaf sufficiently thin to suit the manufacturer.

Many ingenious inventors struggled with the proposition for months and gave up the problem as unsolvable, when a simple workman about the shop one day, after rolling two sheets of the customary thickness, put the two sheets together into the rollers and made both halves as thin as one was before. This was as simple as standing an egg on end, but it created a revolution in the manufacture of tin foil for tobaccoists' use and made a mint of money for the boss of the discoverer. The man had struck upon the idea by accident, but the discovery was as great and as profitable as if he had been a great inventor and spent years of his valuable life over the question.—Boston Herald.

Battleflags Made by Women.

In olden days, when armies went forth to battle all in their armor dressed, the flag they carried in the forefront of their ranks was worked and embroidered by the hands of fair ladies at the court, who thus visibly signified to every man who carried sword or halberd the hopes, sympathies and good wishes of those whose limbs were unfit for the rough experience of the war. It is a custom which in modern days has nearly gone out of fashion. Recently the Andrea Doria, an Italian battleship, was presented with colors worked by the ladies of the city of Genoa, and the hoisting of the symbol to the mast was made the occasion of great rejoicing.

A correspondent in The Queen asks why something of the same kind should not be done in England. It is believed that no ship of the British navy has ever left port carrying an ensign worked and presented by the ladies of England. And yet it would be difficult to imagine a more appropriate flag for any vessel, whether entering into battle, liberating slaves from terrible cruelty or carrying a message of peace and protection to the oppressed, than one made by the hands of women at home. The correspondent suggests that ladies should bestir themselves in this direction and make a beginning by presenting to a battleship a silk ensign worked by themselves.—London Telegraph.

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