

BEGINNINGS OF THE NORTHWEST MOUNTED POLICE

In 1874 the Blackfoot nation had camped upon the Cypress hills, and from that eyrie their warriors kept watch upon the Canadian plains. Far to the eastward they saw the smoke of camp fires at dusk, and by day the herds of buffalo disturbed, while scouts rode in reporting a new tribe of the Long Knives, the American cavalry, on the war trail, rapidly advancing. The Blackfeet sent their women to the rear, painted for war, performed the solemnities of the war dance, appealing to the Almighty for aid in battle, then set their ambush ready, while they watched the enemy—vedettes, advance-guard, transport, rear-guard—winding like a little snake over the waves of the golden grass. Could these be Long Knives? The strangers had no "long out. Then it was seen that they wore red hostile American cavalry to be wiped out. Then it was seen that they wore red coats—so they belonged to the Hudson's Bay tribe. That scarlet coat, worn by a Hudson's Bay company's officer when he sat in judgment, was known to all the Red Indians as the symbol of staidness and honor and of fearless justice. Because of the sign of the scarlet coat the terrible Blackfoot nation came out of ambush, and gave a brotherly welcome to the Northwest mounted police.



The Northwest Mounted Police.



Types of the Northwest Mounted Police Thirty Years Ago.

a body of cavalry, the Northwest mounted police. In 1874 they marched across the plains, met the Blackfoot nation, and formed that singular alliance which enabled them to seize the territories without the shedding of blood.

The liquor traders had been among the Blackfeet, so that they were sorely reduced by hunger and pestilence, but at once the sale of alcohol was made penal, so that the Indians are now increasing yearly in numbers and in wealth. A truce was arranged between the Blackfeet and their ancient enemies, the Crees, which put an end to intertribal war. These Red Indians of the Plains, supposed to be the most formidable savages on earth, and numbering 23,000, were subdued by 200 men, and in solemn treaties made allies of the empire.

A little to the southward lived the Sioux Nation, ruled by the statesman Sitting Bull, and the soldier Spotted Tail, with 8,000 warriors. In 1876, having wiped out Gen. Custer's force of American cavalry, they were driven a little west, sat down in front of it, and said: "Hand out your food!"

"Come and take it," said the little fort, throwing its gates open.

So the Sioux swarmed into the fort, where they saw a couple of officers armed with revolvers who stood smiling blandly by the guard room door. All round the square were log buildings, loopholed and battlemented. The Sioux force was neatly trapped by a garrison of thirty men, and at a word could be massacred.

Two days later, Sitting Bull sent word from his camp to the officer command-

ing: "Who are you, anyhow?" "Northwest mounted police," "Well," said the big chief, "if I see you killing men who are not of our race, I will kill you."

Now as soon as the Blackfeet heard that the Sioux were at Wood Mountain they came down for a fight, but were told by Maj. Walsh to camp and behave themselves. The little stockade was now surrounded by 6,000 savages, all howling for blood, and resolved either to fight each other or to join hands and wipe out the police. To begin with, the Blackfeet stole thirty ponies from the Sioux, and Sitting Bull, their chief, brought his complaint to Walsh. "Don't you know," said the major, then told of his men with orders to bring the thirty ponies out of the Blackfoot herd. In those days the Canadian Indians thought of more of Red Indians than they did of blackbeetles, so the six riders rumped down into the Blackfoot herd, not knowing one pony from another, they took good measure, rounded up 180 horses, and galloped them past the Blackfoot camp, which seethed out in furious pursuit. Then the six policemen having robbed and defiled 2,000 thousand warriors, stamped the plundered horses straight for the stockade, and rolled in just in time.

Instantly the Blackfoot troopers were paraded up to see Maj. Walsh, and they blushed and simpered because they were going to be praised. "Don't you know," said Walsh, "that you've declared war against the Blackfoot nation? I've a mind to give you each three months' imprisonment."

Within an hour the Blackfeet surrendered their thirty Sioux horses to get back the sure which the police had stolen. Such were the beginnings of this mighty regiment.

Poker Game That Shocked Conscientious Spectator.

Poker, like prize fighting, has a tremendous fascination for very many conscientious persons who read about it and talk about it and know a lot about it, but would no more play a game than they would go to see the biggest fight that was ever hippodromed. The stories told so often in the newspapers about the great boys who travel on the big liners during the summer season, skinning a living out of unsuspecting men who play the game for the pure love of it, are especially familiar to these people. This is the story of how it worked on one of them.

The steamer sailed from Liverpool about 5 o'clock in the afternoon. Half past 4 found the fat, good-natured young man from the middle West leaning over the rail, watching the men on a coal barge throw in the last of the 2,000 tons the big ship was going to burn on the voyage. Some one strode down the deck and gave the fat man a thump between the shoulders.

"Dave, old man," the thumper exclaimed, "what the devil you doing here? Thought you were on the ranch!"

"Hello, Jim!" responded the other. "You over here, too? Me? I could put in in two weeks from New York. Got here this morning, didn't like the place and concluded to go back."

They Explode Bubbles.

Jim had him by the arm before the explanation was half through and was heading him toward the smokers' room, explaining that it was surely an occasion which justified the explosion of a few bubbles. In the smokers' room Jim found four other young men making similar demands on the steward. "Here," he called out, "you fellows get into line here and meet the real thing. This is Dave Brown, who owns more cattle in Wyoming than there are straws in a bale of hay."

Then he introduced the rest of the crowd—the son of a millionaire oil man from New York, the head of a theatrical syndicate from Philadelphia, another Philadelphia man, son of a millionaire whose name is known on both sides of the Atlantic, and a young lawyer from Cleveland who won't starve if he never gets a client.

"This," said Jim, when the "hows" were all said, "is the red necktie brigade and you are formally initiated. Tom, fetch out the badge of membership."

The lawyer pulled out of his pocket a staring red necktie with bright yellow spots and Jim began to fasten it around the throat of the gentleman.

"This means," he explained, "that you are a member in good standing of the brigade. You observe that all the rest of us are wearing the badge. The business of the brigade is to play pok-

er every minute of the voyage home that we can keep awake. It is to be the biggest game ever played on a trans-Atlantic steamer. Chips are dealt with swiftness, with markers for anything you like."

He came close to the cattle man and dropped his voice.

"That's for public presumption," he added. "We settle up the morning we get into New York on the 10-cent limit basis."

"I'm in," responded Dave heartily. "What's the limit of membership for the brigade?"

"Six, and they're all in with you," chorused the others. "Game begins right now! Every member stays in throughout every session, and sessions last all day except during meal hours."

It was going down the Irish coast from Daunt's Rock to Fastnet that the superheated conscience found its chance to get it, and met its surprising rebuff.

The session began as soon as the screws began to churn after the last of the long word went around the ship that a very fast game was going on in the smoking room, and there were comments not concealed with entire success as to the shame it was to see such young men playing for such sums. The brigadiers winked occasionally at one another and set to it all the harder.

There began to be side talk among some of them as to the regularity of Brown's winnings. It was a little suspicious, they thought, that luck should set so persistently toward him, and then followed naturally the covert threats of combining to beat him.

"Let's rock old Dave," one would say as he raised the pot.

"Till him again," would be the response from the other side of the table, and it was raised again after Brown had come in.

Then Brown would win and remark

that the way of the transgressor was certainly hard.

So it had gone on until Fastnet was nearly abeam. Then the great hand uncovered itself.

A Big Jack Pot Arrives.

It was a jack pot that had gone around unopened for three or four decks and was highly sweetened. Finally the theatrical man, who was sitting third from Brown on the right, opened with a bunch of blue chips, that represented the large language of the game \$100 each, instead of the 10-cent pieces of settlement day. The Philadelphia merchant, who was next, came in with a whoop, and then Tom, the Cleveland lawyer, followed.

Brown looked at his hand and seemed to study the chances. He had a pair of jacks, an ace and two spot cards.

The superheated conscience looked at him, and he followed his luck and chipped along. Then Jim, who sat on his left, hoisted in another bunch of blues, with the cheerful remark that he thought it was time to give Dave the benefit of a little cradling.

The oil man hustled in and it was up to the opener again. He raised back, because, he said, he wanted to see Brown rock a few more times before he would sleep quietly after it was over.

The conscience was working overtime when it came to Brown again, and now it got a terrible shock, for Brown took a hand at raising, remarking that the hand that rocks is the hand that rules the world. They all stayed, but Brown's raise seemed to have given them plenty.

On the draw, Brown held only his jacks. He noticed that the opener had two cards and the others three each. There was no one-card draw, and so he thought, the chance of meeting a straight or a flush, or a straight flush was very small.

Then he picked up his own cards and found that he had drawn the other two jacks and a king. That made four aces and four kings that he had accounted for, and with no straight flush possible to go against he figured that the pot was his, for the chance that there would be four aces was too small to be reckoned with.

The betting began with a good, stiff bunch of blues from the opener. The Philadelphia merchant had failed to help him hand on the draw and quit with an audible remark that he was not to be in at the skinning of Brown.

Tom took a shy at it, but there was a slight hesitancy about his way of shoving up his chips that indicated either a very deep guilt or a slender hand. Brown took a good-sized chance. He suspected that the desire to hit him would lead some one to raise, and so he merely chipped in to get the others along as far as he could before he went out after them, on the principle that the longer they stayed in the further they would go when he set sail.

Give Brown Another Rock.

Jim, however, merely saw the bets, and Brown thought his chance was gone, when the oil man came in with a whoop and boosted the pile a hard one.

"One more for poor old Dave!" he said, as he shoved up the chips.

"Still another," said the theatrical man, and piled up another raise.

The onlookers were beginning to buzz at the size of the pot, and the superheated conscience behind Brown was very near the melting point. A few degrees more and it would begin to go off in thin vapors.

These raises were too many for Tom and he threw down his hand, declaring disgustedly that it certainly was a West could handle the cards, even when they did not deal. Brown saw that his chance had come and he gave it a whack that made the others sit up like he had drawn. Also they asked him, but he only smiled and looked wily, and the extra-developed conscience behind him couldn't help nudging him not to fall.

Jim chipped in again, and then it was the oil man's turn once more. He had a fine stack of blues in front of

him, and now he pushed them slowly across the table and began knocking the top off into the pot. The theatrical man did the same thing with his blues, and Brown followed suit.

"It seems to be a question of who has the tallest pile," he said, "and I'll bet that I have."

"I guess you have," replied the oil man, "but if that is your deliberate intention, I'll just save the rest of these, for I may want to play a little after dinner."

But the theatrical man held on. First he pushed in a few blues, and then Brown chipped in, and then went until the tall stack of the manager was almost gone. He counted the chips of Brown's last raise and saw that they were exactly as many as he had left.

"Gunning for my pile, are you, Dave?" he asked with a grin. "Well, if you get a chance to take it, I'll let it go." And he shoved up the last of his chips. "I call you," he said.

The superheated conscience was floundering about in its chair behind the sure-thing imbelle. With a managed to keep from openly addressing the cattleman, "but it just simply had to turn to one of the other on-lookers and was his wise head.

"He's got 'em sure," it said. "My! but that's a corker!"

"I thought I just about had this one," retorted Brown, as he spread out his cards on the table.

Then wicked fate prompted him to make the explanation of his draw, that always cheer the heart of the winner and fling the loser with three-ply, four times normal quadruple expansion rage.

"Caught two of those jacks on the draw," he added with the cocksureness of the sure-thing imbelle. "Threw away an ace and got the king. That settled four kings and four aces, and I just about guessed there wouldn't be any four queens out against it."

All this time the opener wasn't saying a word. He was just looking at Brown with a dreamy sort of smile and paying out the rope for the hanging pile of chips as Brown reached for the pot. He was sorry he hadn't thought to bring along a scoop shovel, the theatrical man laid down his hand and said softly:

"Wait a minute. Perhaps you would like to look at these ladies."

Had the Four Ladies.

He had four Queens.

He opened on three, you see," he went on cheerfully, while Brown stared and stared and then stared some more, "and I drew two cards and caught the fourth."

He began to pile up the blue chips that one by one, and Brown turned to call the steward.

"It's time to turn on some bubbles," said the cattleman, "and it's my turn to hold the nozzles."

"Say," he remarked in a whisper that penetrated to the far corner of the room, "if I'd been playing that hand I'd have laid it down right straight."

"That's too thin," that sort of thing. They're laying for you. You better get out now while you have a chance. I know about these card sharpers that travel on these big steamers just to fleece the passengers. You never hear the ghost of a story with them."

Brown had been regarding him with mildly contemplative eyes, and listening solemnly to all he said. Now he thought it was his turn to play, and he patted the extra-developed conscience on the arm and said, hopefully:

"Would you mind falling off the rail and drowning yourself? There's a lot of water out there, and it won't take long."

The conscience spluttered with indignation. It was a scandal and an outrage and a shame, and he for one would do his plain duty and report it to the captain of the ship. That sort of thing had got to be stopped. It was gambling and nothing else, and he went off to try to make good.

Then Brown turned to the other brigadiers and remarked:

"That's the first one. Now, cheaters, whose deal is it? I want my chips back."

California

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The queen's perfumes are made by a firm which grows the flowers, and uses processes the secrets of which are carefully guarded. Following the queen's example, the modern English beauty perfumes her hair and imparts the odor of roses or of lavender to her skin.

To perfume the flesh, to make it soft, elastic and pink, a flower bath must be taken. If this is to be of roses a quantity of rose petals are put in a bag and covered with boiling water, which is allowed to boil for ten minutes. The water is cooled and poured into a bathtub, half filled with tepid water. Before entering the bath the body is sponged with milk slightly warmed. After fifteen minutes in the bath a shampoo of rose water is given by means of an atomizer or a bath sprinkler. Then masses of the flowers must be inhaled.

This fad is too costly for ordinary mortals. There is a way of perfuming the hair, however, that one may try. With the fingers dipped in rosewater the scalp is given a gentle massage. Then extract of violet or roses is placed in an atomizer and is sprayed over the head through a comb-like arrangement.

The most famous manufactory of perfume is a little old-fashioned building in Warwick street, London.

In that spot the royal perfumery has been made for more than 200 years, large supplies going at regular intervals to the principal courts of Europe.

The famous Ess, Bouquet, first used by George IV. at a state ball in 1829, has been supplied to the royal family of England without a break since then.

The flowers from which the queen's perfumery is made are grown on farms at Byfleet. In making the scent a quantity of beef or deer suet is put into a metal pan. This is melted by steam heat. Then the flowers required

basis of animal fat. This serves to fix the perfume and make it lasting. The "fixers" used are civet musk and ambergris, a fatty material obtained from the whale.

The chemist has done much to reduce the price of perfumery by manufacturing imitations, but those are easily detected. Perfumes prepared from flowers improve with age, while those chemically prepared often become nauseous after a short time. The spurious article, too, is often responsible for neuralgia and headaches.

Fun on the Wireless.

One of the many unsuspected possibilities of wireless telegraphy was developed down the harbor on the occasion of the second cup race. To say that an electrical storm raged is to put the case mildly. On the water were three boats endeavoring to transmit news to three stations on the shore. The rivals were unable to agree on the question of precedence, and the result that to spite one another they bombarded their several stations with news so persistently and continuously that only one coherent wireless message reached the excited crowds in Herald square and Park row. When, owing to the haze that enveloped the yachts, authentic, or even approximate, facts were lacking, the operators have recourse to the poetry of the sea, which got even more hopelessly mixed than sea poetry is accustomed to be. Afterward they shifted to religious poetry. The Marconi operator on board the Cretoliah led off with "The Wreck of the Hesperus," closely followed by "The Ancient Mariner" from the De Forest operator on the Bowker. The resulting information was picked up by the Marconi receiving station at Jamaica.

It was the good ship Shamrock that called the Summer sea. "By thy missing chain and anchor, too, Now wherefore bearest thou me?"

The De Forest company at Coney Island made the message as follows: It was the Ancient Lipton.

And he hoped for one in three; But alas! no sup from the Yankee cup Will cheer his company.

By and by the station at Brooklyn navy yard got the following: Sham Rock of Ages number three!

Why did I put my faith in thee? A variant of the message from Jamaica: Shamrocks enough I've put to sea; Henceforth I'll hide myself in tea.

Now, though the drift of events may be gathered from all this, we hold that in common justice both to Sir Thomas and Signor Marconi, to say nothing of the yachting public, the competing companies should be obliged to cut lots for precedence.—New York Times.

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