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The Times' Daily Short Story.

A COLONEL FROM CONNECTICUT

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"Colonel Israel Alexander Perkins, Connecticut, U. S. A.," was the way he was registered at the Near View House, Interlaken, Switzerland, and there was no mistaking his nationality. He not only looked American, but he spelled Connecticut in every movement. He was as much of a downright Yankee as the man who invented wooden nutmegs, and he had all the innocence and ingenuousness of the chap who sold the first dozen to confounding housewives.

Ever since landing in London the colonel had been telling a fish story. It was the same old story over and over, and he told it from five to twenty times a day, according to circumstances. He told it to men of all nationalities. It made no difference whether his listener could speak English or not. He told it in hotel reading rooms, at the table, on the train, on the boat, on the veranda.

Everybody thought him a liar, and it was singular that the European public stood it so long, but it was only after he reached Interlaken and had repeated his story for the twentieth time in two days that an Englishman who had bumped up against him at several resorts made up his mind that the thing had gone far enough.

He took half a dozen other tourists into his confidence, and as a result a certain Frenchman who was stopping at another resort was sent for. The news went around that M. d'Artaign, the famous duelist, was to arrive. He had killed seven different men on the field of honor. He was a man who hated a liar and never hesitated to interrupt a man telling a tall story. Care was taken that Colonel Perkins should be thoroughly informed, and as gently as possible he was advised to hold on to his fish story during the duelist's stay. His answer was:

"That story ought to interest him, but if he don't want to hear it he needn't. I'm not forcing it on anybody."

D'Artaign arrived on a certain evening and had been previously coached as to the part he was to play. Colonel Perkins was introduced to him as soon as possible, and he spent about two minutes sizing the duelist up. Then he observed:

"General, if you have come here to fish you'll be disappointed. You can't get a bite once a week. If you want fishing as is fishing you'll go to the United States. Lord, but what fishing I've had in the Connecticut river! Just to give you an idea of how the shad bite there in April I'll tell you what I did one day. I went out by myself and caught 19,000 shad in ten hours with hook and line, and I must have had all of 19,000 bites that didn't hook the fish. It took a span of big horses to draw my catch home. That's what you call

insuing, though my record don't begin with some others."

That was the old, old story. The figures had not been decreased to 38,000 nor raised to 20,000. The fish had never been named as suckers or mullet, but always as shad. People had been obliged to swallow the story, tails and all, or call the colonel a liar, and they had swallowed and moved on. But the colonel's time had come at last. When he had finished his story the duelist observed:

"Sir, I have the great honor of calling you a liar."

"A liar! Good lands, but what for?" exclaimed Perkins.

"Had you caught one fish per minute you could have caught only 600 in ten hours. It was utterly impossible. Ten men could not have done it. You took me for a fool and lied to me."

"But did you ever fish in the Connecticut river?"

"Never."

"Did you ever fish for shad?"

"Never."

"Then why call me a liar? Bring a notary public here and I'll make affidavit to what I said. I fished for ten hours and the fish numbered—"

"Sir, you insult me!" exclaimed the duelist as he arose.

"Shoo!"

"And he who insults me must fight. There is my card. Have you a friend here? Let us fight at sunrise."

"By gum, but what a peppery man!" said the colonel as the other withdrew.

"Well, if he wants to fight I suppose I'll have to accommodate him. Indeed, I've got to fight because he didn't believe my story. I never tell a story that I ain't willing to back up. Will one of you fellows act as my second in the affair?"

The Englishman volunteered, but the conspiracy didn't call for a duel. The idea was to scare Colonel Israel Alexander Perkins back to his Connecticut river and its shad. He was told that he would be killed, no matter what the weapons, and was advised to call for his bill and seek a change of climate.

Not only one man advised him thus, but half a dozen, but each and every one received the same reply:

"Sorry, sir, but I can't do it. The state of Connecticut would never forgive me, and I could never hope to catch another shad. The duel must go on. Under the circumstances I couldn't even accept an apology from the Frenchman."

When it was realized that the colonel was forcing things he was advised as the challenged party to choose swords, but he held out for revolvers and could not be persuaded. There might be a chance to load with blank cartridges, but they dared not risk it. Colonel Perkins had a twinkle in his eye that meant solid shot when he stood up to aim.

There was nothing to do for D'Artaign but to run the risk or get out, and as he had no banking after hot lead he packed up his grip and was miles away by sunrise. M. QUAD.

Modoc Massacre

Incidents Which Led Up to the Terrible Lava Beds Tragedy.

How Captain Jack and His Gribermen Murdered the Government Peace Commission.

The coming removal of the remnant of the Modoc tribe of Indians from their reservation in Indian Territory calls up memories of the bloody deeds of Captain Jack and his followers in the early seventies.

The Modocs were cut out by nature for "irreconcilables," or in modern parlance "kickers." They were never satisfied with anything, even the rule of their own kinsmen of the Klamath tribe in southern Oregon. After throwing off that yoke and wandering about the Pacific coast in search of other In-



THE WHITES WERE COLDLY RECEIVED.

dians and isolated white settlers to prey upon they were soundly whipped by a detachment of United States troops. But they had not yet had enough, and presently they made another outbreak, led by their war chief, Captain Jack.

In a second encounter the United States troops were surprised and defeated with considerable loss. Reinforcements were hurried forward, but in response to an outcry against further bloodshed the government countermanded its orders for another expedition, and the president appointed A. B. Meacham of Oregon, A. M. Roseborough of California and a Methodist clergyman named Thomas as a peace commission to treat with Jack and try to bring him to terms by moral suasion. General Canby was instructed to join this commission and assist it in person.

The commission approached the lava beds in February and sent in a messenger with a flag of truce to invite Jack to a peace powwow. Jack was ill disposed to parley, especially as he had long cherished a grudge against Meacham individually. But attached to the government party was a ranchman named Fairchild, whom the Modocs knew and had always liked, and the chief sent word out that he would meet Fairchild and another white man named Steele of Yreka, Cal., on a certain day which he named if they would come with only a few companions of their own choosing unarmed and without any soldiers. Steele was a lawyer who had once defended a group of Modocs prosecuted for cattle stealing, and they regarded him as friendly.

Fairchild and Steele accepted the invitation, though realizing the hazardous character of the enterprise, and selected three newspaper correspondents for their companions, but imposed the conditions that five unarmed warriors should be sent out by Jack to act as the escort for the white party. General Canby also supplied them with a few hundred cigars to distribute among the braves.

Hooker Jim, Boston Charley, Bogus Charley and Shacknasty Jim constituted the escort that came out to meet the whites, and Scar Faced Charley, Jack's head lieutenant, joined the party later. The parleying crew were led into the heart of the lava beds by a tortuous and hidden trail and found themselves in a natural fastness formed by volcanic action. They took with them some pack animals laden with bacon, flour and other edibles as a peace offering for the Indians. Before starting Steele addressed a few words of warning.

"Gentlemen," said he, "this undertaking may be made a success or a fatal failure by the degree of discretion you show. Keep cool. Do not talk to the Indians. Leave all that to Fairchild and myself. Submit to any indignity, maintain a conciliatory air throughout and do what we do without question. If Captain Jack asks you who you are we will explain that you are men who write for the newspapers that pass under the eye of the great

father and that you will take careful notes and report faithfully any grievances he may have to make known." These instructions were obeyed to the letter.

The Indians were far from cordial in their greeting, but abstained from any overt act of hostility. They did, however, without so much as a grunt of appreciation, make off with the provisions the whites had brought and feasted on these while the guests were left to cheer their stomachs with a little coffee. A formal council of some duration was held, at which, after Jack had opened the discussion with a short talk, Fairchild and Steele assured the Indians that the great father was much grieved at the way his red children had acted and would feel still worse on learning that this peace commission was not going to be kindly received. Jack's response was a tirade against Meacham, whom he denounced for some reason as having brought all their troubles upon the Modocs. But at the end, though with a savage and threatening gleam in his eye, he announced his willingness to meet the great father's emissaries by and by.

Night having fallen, the white visitors were informed that they were expected to remain where they were till morning. They were distributed among certain prominent Indians as bed fellows and kept under close guard. In the morning another council was held, and then Jack let them depart, calling out as they drew a long breath and hurried away: "Meacham—you tell Meacham me want him come. Me want see Meacham." Although these words were uttered with an attempt at sobriety of manner, the bystanding Indians undoubtedly placed a special interpretation upon them, judging by the coarse laughs and grimaces with which they were received.

A few weeks later a council was arranged between the Modocs and the peace commissioners, Canby, Meacham, Thomas, a white man named Dyer and Frank Riddle, an interpreter, met Jack, Boston Charley, Bogus Charley, Shacknasty Jim, Hooker Jim, Schenckin, Ellen's Man, Tobey and Black Jim. All the negotiators were supposed to be unarmed. After some preliminaries Jack proceeded to state the terms under which his band would resume their normal relations with the government. He had got as far as to name the site which he wished the government to give them for a home and the commission had made a partial promise that they should have it when suddenly he thrust his hand into his bosom and drew forth a revolver, which he aimed at Canby's head, at the same moment pulling the trigger. Only the cap exploded. He tried another barrel at once and sent a bullet through the general's brain. Canby had tried to escape, but Jack and Ellen's Man had pursued him, and as he fell they stripped him of his clothing. Then Ellen's Man put another bullet into his head. Dyer and Riddle broke and ran, Dyer covering his retreat with a pistol which he had till then concealed. Both escaped.

Boston Charley had drawn a revolver on Dr. Thomas at the same time that Jack had attacked Canby. The minister received the bullet in his breast just above the heart and dropped upon his knees, begging his assailants to shoot no more, as he was already wounded unto death. Their response was to push him over and mock him about his religion, shouting at him: "Why don't your medicine turn the bullets? Isn't it strong enough?" Finally Bogus Charley, placing the muzzle of a gun against the dying



CAPTAIN JACK FIRED AT CANBY.

man's head, blew a hole through it while his lips were moving in prayer. The murderers stripped his body also. Meacham, who had been simultaneously attacked by Schenckin, made a hard fight for his life. He was shot in different parts of the face and head and fell, as the Indians supposed, dead. It was said, but Boston Charley, who was resolved to have his scalp in some way, whipped out a dull pocket knife and hacked away at the uncovered skin till a squaw among the victim had once befriended interfered, shouting that the soldiers were coming. The Indians engaged in the bloody business scattered, and Meacham's life was saved by the ruse, though he was always a semi-invalid after that and disfigured out of all semblance to his former self.

UNCOOKED FOOD FEAST

Elementary Pabulum Advocates Enjoy a Novel Dinner.

TO COOKS AND STOVES, FAREWELL

A Ten Course Dinner in New York, Including Twenty-seven Dishes, Prepared Without the Aid of a Fire—Eugene C. Christian, Physical Culturist, the Host—Nut Dishes a Feature—Sun Cooked Corn, Etc.

Simple diet is best, for many dishes bring many diseases, and fish sauces are worse than even heaping several meats upon each other—Pliny.

Probably the most unique dinner ever held in the United States was enjoyed in New York by a large number of guests recently at the invitation of Eugene C. Christian. Mr. Christian, president of the Physical Culture Association of America, is well known as an advocate of correct living. He believes that most of the ills that flesh is heir to are the direct result of faulty diet, a diet in which predominate meats and heavy pastries and which are other foods frequently overcooked, and the aforementioned dinner was held to demonstrate the feasibility of living on uncooked or elementary foods, thus solving the problem of emancipating the housewife from the evils of the cook stove. In the entire ten courses, consisting of no less than twenty-seven dishes, not a single dish was cooked in or on a stove, and not a vestige of meat or pastry appeared. Notwithstanding these features, all present found rare enjoyment in the repast and averred that their hunger had been entirely appeased.

Many of the women, who, like the majority of housekeepers, had suffered for years the bondage of the kitchen and had experimented with cooks galore, vowed unhesitatingly that their season of servitude was now ended and that henceforth they would by following in the path blazed by Mr. Christian enjoy a glorious freedom never even dreamed of by housekeepers of the past. Then, too, the health of their families, the elementary foodists believe, will improve vastly through the introduction of the new dietary system, thus awarding them a double reward.

The menu placed before Mr. Christian's guests was as novel as it was interesting and was as follows:

- Cream of Corn, Unfried Walnuts, Ripe Olives, Celery, Tomato Salad.
- Stuffed Peppers, Blanched Almonds, Macerated Cereal Dates, Whipped Cream, Sun Cooked Corn.
- Pocon Meats, Brazil Nuts, Eggnog, Unfried Bread, Sweet Butter.
- Fruit and Nut Medley, Ginger Pudding, Whipped Cream, Turkish Full Figs.
- Spanish Persimmons, Pignolias, Cream, Cheese, Date Butter, Unfried Fruit Wafers, Ice Cream, Nut Fruit Cake, Cereal Wafers.

The dishes were chosen with due regard to their combining qualities, and, in spite of their large number, no discomfort was caused. The cream of corn was served in cups and was made by extracting the juice from fresh green corn and combining it with milk and the proper seasoning. The unfried wafers and the unfried bread were distinct innovations unused to those folk that considered themselves somewhat experienced in uncooked food affairs. On being questioned, Mr. Christian stated that they had been placed in a cabinet lined with electric lights, giving a temperature of about 140 degrees F., and dried. This process gives the wafers and bread a peculiar whiteness.

The sun cooked corn was cut from the cob about two weeks before the dinner and dried out of doors. To prepare it for use it was soaked in milk.

On a page of the menu was a quaint expression of sentiments distinctly appropriate for the occasion. It read: We may live without poetry, music and art; We may live without conscience and live without heart; We may live without friends, we may live without books, And civilized man may now live without cooks.

—Apologies to Owen Meredith.

In a speech Host Christian stated that the dinner was but one of a series that he purposed giving. He thus hopes to spread further the gospel of elementary foodism. By a series of exhaustive experiments he has demonstrated that uncooked food, the food "that grows in the sunshine, among the breezes and the green trees," is man's natural food, and he is of the opinion that the closer we adhere to nature and her simplicity just so much further will we have advanced toward the solving of the all important food question and its relation to health.

Among the guests were several men and women having rank as authorities on dietetic matters. Albert and Dr. W. R. C. Lanson, publisher and editor respectively of a well known health magazine, were among the speakers and expressed interest and delight at the unqualified success of the dinner.

One of the women, who is an advocate of elementary foods, told of the envy her comparatively care free life had aroused among her sister housewives. A neighbor recently said to her: "Why is it that your home life is so simple? You do not even have a cook, and yet you yourself never seem overburdened with work."

"Well," was the reply, "for breakfast I eat a bunch of grapes, and my husband drinks a quart of milk."

Salvage Corps For Alpine Tourists. Permanent salvage corps to render aid in cases of accident are about to be organized by the Swiss Alpine clubs.

IN BOSTON MARKETS.

Quotations on the Leading Products That Are in Demand.

Boston, Oct. 14.—Butter is easy at the recent decline. The demand is moderate, and receipts are still heavy. Northern creamery, round lots, 23@23½c; western, 21½@22c; Vermont dairy, 20@21c; renovated butter, 17@18c; jobbing, 16½@17c more.

Cheese shows little change. Prices hold firm, but the demand is quiet. Round lots, Vermont twins, 11½@12c; New York twins, 12@12½c; jobbing, 11½@12c higher.

Receipts of eggs from the west are liberal, but prices are steady, with choice eastern and nearby stock in good demand. Western fresh, 22@23c; eastern, 20@22c; nearby, 20@21c; jobbing, 16½@17c higher.

Beans are quiet at the recent decline. Carload lots, pea, \$2.35@2.40; medium, \$2.30@2.35; yellow eyes, \$1.15@1.25; red kidneys, \$3.40@3.45; California small white, \$2.65@2.75; foreign pea and medium, \$2.20@2.25; jobbing, 10c more.

There is a firm market for apples and the demand is excellent at the recent advance. Maiden's blush, \$2@2.50; Maine gravensteins, \$3@4; Maine pippins and Porters, \$1.75@2.25; Harveys, \$2.25@2.50; wealthies, \$2.50@3.50; snows, \$2.50@3.50.

A few York state peaches are selling at 65¢@81¢ per bushel, and \$1.50@2¢ per carrier.

Cranberries are quoted at \$2@2.50 per bushel and \$6.50@7.50 per bin.

Domestic grapes sell at 12@13c per bushel for Concord, 10@11c for Niagara, 14@15c for Salamis, 18@20c for Delaware and 14@15c for Catawbas.

California peaches are quoted at \$1.60@1.75; Tokay grapes, \$1.50.

Potatoes are steady in price with a fair demand. Astorbrook hobsons, 5@5½c; Green mountains, 5@5½c; York state round white, 5@5c; blb stock, \$1.75; sweets, Norfolk, cloth heads, \$1.75@2; Jersey, double heads, \$2.25@2.50.

Native celery is selling at 3¢ per box each; Pascal, \$3@4 per box, 3 doz in box.

Onions are quoted at: Spanish, large cbs, \$1.25@2.50; native, 85¢ per bushel; bbls, \$2.25.

Tomatoes are quoted at: Native, per bushel, \$1@1.50; green, 35@50¢ per bushel; Cucumbers sell at \$1.50@2 per bushel.

Yellow turnips are selling at \$1 per bushel; white French, \$2 per bushel; white, 50¢ per bushel; beets, 85¢ per bushel; carrots, 85¢ per bushel; parsnips, 75¢ per bushel.

Marrow squashes are quoted at \$1@1.25 per bushel for native; Bay state, \$1.50 per bushel; turban, \$1.50 per bushel.

Cabbages sell at 40¢ each for native; Savoy, 85¢ per bushel; red, 75¢ per bushel.

Lettuce is quoted at 10@12c per bushel; radishes, 35¢ per bushel; mint, 25¢ per dozen; cress, 35¢ per dozen; leeks, 40¢ per dozen.

String beans sell at \$1@1.25 for green and \$1@1.25 for wax.

Spinach is quoted at 15¢ per bushel for native; parley, hothouse, 25¢ per bushel; peppers, 31¢ per bushel.

Green corn is selling at \$1@1.50 per bushel. Shell beans bring \$2@2.50 per bushel; lima beans, \$2@3 per bushel; eggplant, \$1.75 per dozen for native.

Cauliflower is quoted at 85¢ per bushel. Lard is again marked down, and prices on other pork products are revised. The export demand has been larger, the total value by Boston packers having been about \$11,000.

Fresh beef is steady, with prices unchanged. The arrivals of fresh beef have been heavy for local consumption, but for export there has been a decrease.

Spring lambs are easy; muttons and yearlings are steady; veals are firm. Western fall lambs, 7@8c; spring lambs, 9@10c; yearlings, 6@7c; muttons, 6@7c; veals, 10@11c.

There is a fair demand for poultry at steady prices. Turkeys, northern, 16@18c; chickens, northern large, 16@18c; medium, 12@15c; western, large, 13@14c; medium, 11@13c; fowls, northern, 14@15c; western, 13@14c; ducks, 15@15½c.

Receipts of medium and common grades of hay continue heavy, and prices are easy. Choice hay is firm and in good demand; rye straw is firmer; millfeed is steady. Hay, No. 1, \$1.9@2.0; lower grades, \$1.6@1.7; rye straw, \$1.9@2.0; oat straw, 80¢@1.0.

Until the latter part of the week wheat continued the downward trend that has been in progress for some time past, but in the last two days suddenly developed a bull movement of some magnitude. St. Louis began the advance, giving as an excuse a very strong cash situation on red wheat. Other markets resisted for a time, but being heavily oversold on December soon fell into line, advancing rapidly.

The Minneapolis mills last week turned out an exceptionally small quantity of flour. This was due to the effect of the operatives' strike, says The Northwestern Miller. The week's output was only 130,000 bushels, against 216,180 in the preceding week, 374,200 in 1902 and 354,010 in 1901. Aside from the disturbance caused by the strike, Minneapolis millers had nothing to complain of. Though buyers appear to be reluctant about taking flour except as they actually need it, sales were in most cases of fair volume last week. Little was sold for export, and therefore most of the business was done in domestic markets. The best feature of the situation was that where sales were made, good prices were secured. Millers have enough orders booked to be independent and discriminating, and they are accepting new business only when it represents a fair margin. The larger mills have not been in a position to actually seek foreign trade, and consequently have held export prices very stiffly. Foreigners have lowered their bids, but it only makes the difference between buyer and seller the greater.

Exports of Songsters. Germany sends annually 120,000 canaries to the United States, 3,000 to England and 2,000 to Russia.

Infection From Consumption. Regarding the main channel of infection in the case of tuberculous medical men are now divided into two camps—one holding that the greatest danger comes from dried sputum, the other that there is more potency for harm in the droplets thrown off by a consumptive patient during coughing.

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YACHT AMERICA MAY RACE.

Famous Cup Winner May Sail Across the Ocean in Lipton Cup Contest.

According to Butler Ames, owner of the famous old schooner yacht America, winner of the cup that bears her name, the boat is very likely to be started in the transatlantic race next May, for which Sir Thomas Lipton has offered a \$5,000 cup, says a Boston special to the New York Times.

"The America is staunch and sound today, and I have no hesitation in saying that I believe she can sail across the Atlantic next summer if necessary without mishap," said Butler Ames.

"It is too soon to say anything positively, because the whole thing has been hardly considered yet," added Paul Butler, "but I know of no reason that would make it impossible for the America to enter the race if it is to be free for all, as announced."

The America is at present out of commission, tied up at Chelsea bridge, in Boston, but she is staunch and sound and could easily be put in condition.

WHITE HOUSE GUARDS.

Giant Detective and Big Policeman to Watch For Cranks.

Besides the two or three secret service men, uniformed policemen and civilian guards always on duty in the executive offices at Washington a detective in plain clothes has been assigned to the waiting room, says the New York World. He is a giant and is expected to make short work of cranks, for whom it is his particular duty to watch.

A six foot policeman in uniform now stays very close to the north door of the White House, where most of the cranks call.