

THE KOOTENAI HERALD

Issued Every Saturday By

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Should Have Had a Medal.

"Fido ate the canary yesterday."
"Ato the canary! What did you do to him?"
"We gave him some pepsin, poor thing! You know he isn't used to such strong diet."
—Puck.

Human Nature.



She—Indeed, it's not an easy thing for a girl to get a husband.
He—Why, a pretty girl can make her choice of four out of every five men she meets.
She—But it's the fifth that she wants.—Life.

Mistaken Security.



Mrs. Hobson—Well, James, we can rest assured that Mary and her fellow are not doing any silly courting down stairs; that piano has been going ever since we came to bed.



A Puzzle.
"It's very puzzling," said a worried looking woman to one of her neighbors.
"What is that?"
"I can't tell whether Willie is corrupting the parrot or whether the parrot is corrupting Willie."—Washington Post.

A Handy Fashion.

Tailor—The fashionable spring coat, sir, has but three buttons.
Old Customer—Put on the usual number. They will get down to three soon enough.—New York Weekly.

Developed.

"I never told you that story before, Jim."
"Yes, you did, Bill; but it has grown a good deal in the last twenty years, and I'm glad to meet it again."—Harper's Bazar.

All on Account of McGinty.

The Hon. William McGinty, the prominent Harlem contractor, was a prosperous and happy man a few short weeks ago.



But his friends got off so many bad jokes about his unfortunate name that his mind gave way and he has become a raving maniac.—Argosy.

Deferred.

Charlie—How is this, Gus, I thought you were to have a new suit?
Gus—I was talking with my tailor, and he says my suit will have to be put over until the March term.—Lowell Citizen.

To Live on the Old Man.

"I understand young Briefless is about to marry the daughter of old Bonds, the millionaire."
"Yes, so I am told."
"Will he give up the law business?"
"Yes; he will give up the law business and go into the son-in-law business."—Lowell Citizen.

What He Found Fault With.

"What is your opinion of cranks?" asked Miss Brighton of Gus De Jay.
"Candidly," said the dainty Augustus, "I don't like cranks much, you know."
"Why not?"
"I can't approve of the way they wear their hair."—Washington Post.

A Long Time Coming.

Winks—When did you get back from California?
Binks—Only this noon. I came by easy stages.
Winks—Is that so? I should think you would have come by rail.—Lowell Citizen.

PENITENCE.

Life is too short, dear love, for unkind feeling. Too short for harsh reproach or bitter tone. We two should know but gentle words alone; if I have wronged you, dear, here let me kneel—
Low at your side in penitence appealing, Seek pardon for a fault I had not known, Save that my love for you so strong had grown
It passed the bounds of reason's wise concealing.

Dear love, by all our past of untold gladness, By every tender word and fond caress Which filled our lives with such sweet happiness, Forgive, forget that one brief hour of madness. Then may you know the highest joy of living, The Godlike peace, the sweetness of forgiving.
—Jennie Porter Arnold.

LOVE OF WHITE FAWN.

However it may be now; whatever of demoralization has followed the tribe since fate and the United States government pushed them to the beggarly life of reservation rations, the time once was when the Sioux girl could not go astray without sharing the same social ostracism as that meted out as a punishment for her white sister. When the Sioux dwelt in and around the famous hunting grounds now known as Minnesota and Dakota, the same nicety of distinction prevailed among them as in any refined white community as between the moral and the immoral woman.

Indeed, it has been hinted that these Indians went a step farther than the whites in their respect for virtue in their women; that one of their braves, emulating Roman heroism, killed his wife, and that one of their chiefs slew his daughter for the unforgivable offense.

Nobody knew this better than Charles Dorr, a young Michigan man, who went to Minnesota in the early 60's and found employment as a clerk in one of the shops of the advance settlements.

Dorr was fond of hunting and fishing, and his good natured and shrewd employer allowed him ample time for the bent of his inclination, when, on the occasion of the young man's first sally for game and fish, he returned full handed and with sufficient to support the family for a fortnight.

On one of these single handed expeditions from the settlement down the Red river of the north, late in the fall, Dorr's birch bark canoe was upset by sliding up upon a concealed rock midway the comparatively narrow stream, and Dorr took a header into the cold water.

Knowing the stream so well, his quick eye would have avoided the accident under ordinary circumstances, but his eyes were elsewhere at the time, and intent upon the graceful form of an Indian girl who stood upon the wooded bank of the river, for the Red river banks are prairie on one side and wooded on the other.

Dorr heard a ringing laugh as he made the plunge; but he swam like a cork and soon arose, shaking the water from his head like a retriever. He struck out for the shore, but he scarcely struck a half dozen strokes before the girl with one of the canoes, which were drawn up on shore, was by his side, so agile were her movements.

Turning it deftly as she reached him Dorr, with one hand lightly placed on the side of the canoe and swimming alongside, was paddled ashore. Returning rapidly she recovered the canoe and the paddle, but Dorr's rifle and a set of traps were at the bottom of the river.

Now the ordinary Indian maiden would have left Dorr to sink or swim, and get his own canoe as best he might, and would have stood laughing at the exhibition from the foyer of the shore until the curtain of Dorr went down, no matter that the rain swollen river swept the swimmer helplessly along. It would have been because they knew a brave would lose caste by being helped by women in anything but a battle where the foes were two to one, but it was no ordinary Indian girl who had helped Dorr out of his difficult if not dangerous predicament.

She was White Fawn, daughter of Gray Otter, chief of the principal band of the Minnesota Sioux, the impulses of whose kindly heart modified the strict observances of tribal forms and rules. Besides, her woman's instincts told her that she herself was not a little in fault for the accident, as she had observed Dorr's steady gaze, which had pleased and had not abashed her, had the faintest trace of the coquette in her composition.

The accident had occurred opposite the encampment of White Otter's band, which was but a few rods back in the timber. Thither she invited him, and played the kind hostess in the chief's tepee in the absence of her father, and Dorr, before a rousing fire, dried himself, hunter and warrior fashion, and still his chattering teeth with a swallow of whisky from a curiously carved cup of elk horn.

Not a word had passed between them up to the moment when Dorr arose to go, and then he essayed to thank the lady in his best but briefest Sioux.

Now he it known the Indian possesses as keen a sense of the ludicrous conveyed by broken language as that entertained by the whites, and this was the secret that locked the tongues of the twain up to that moment. But locking their tongues for this reason unlocked another secret, and that was the secret of their admiration for one another. Dorr was smitten, and the White Fawn furnished another of the hundred keys to a woman's heart. She responded in English a timid "thank you," and looked into Dorr's eyes for any ridicule that might be there. She only saw glowing admiration in those eyes, and she dropped her own.

Dorr went back to the settlement only to return the next day with an improvised grappling hook, with which to recover his gun and traps. He never found them, but failure only seemed to lend impetus to his industry. In fact he never looked for them after the first day's search, but he found their loss a convenient excuse for several days of absence and a return to the shop without his usual quantity of game.

While ostensibly occupied in the search he continued to communicate with White Fawn, and to establish a secret meeting place, instead of openly entering the camp like a bold warrior. He lived in a mild delirium of satisfaction, only disturbed by

any long interval that separated him from the Indian girl.

Later in the fall Gray Otter's band took up their long journey to the westward in one of their great hunting expeditions and did not return till the spring. News came down to the settlement of their return, and with it also the news that the hunt had been a comparative failure. The whites were driving of the game. This, together with the fact that the government was not keeping its pledge with the Indians, made the prospect anything but pleasant for the settlement. As the spring waned the ominous news arrived that the more westerly bands had begun the war dance, and then that actual hostilities had begun.

But the rumors were vague, and there was not the slightest movement to implicate a disposition to go on the warpath by Gray Otter's band. All was quiet.

As may be well supposed, Dorr was not long in re-establishing his secret meetings with White Fawn, safe from the eye of any prowling savage, the trysting place being chosen by the combined cunning of those members of the white and the red race.

On the occasion of one of these meetings in the early summer, White Fawn startled him with the information that the Indians would go upon the warpath, and on his return he quietly gave this information to the people of the village. But several weeks elapsed, and the people allowed themselves to ignore the precautions which they had begun so actively. Meantime Dorr's situation drew him back upon his frequent visits, though he knew the agitation among the whites had put the Indians upon the alert, and that scouting parties went out. Indeed, his last visit was upon the night when Gray Otter's band held their remarkable war dance, after which began those scenes of horror and devastation in the outlying settlements with which all who are familiar with the country's history will well remember, but with which it is not the intention in this brief sketch to deal with, save thus to mention.

Dorr on the night in question had left his canoe half a mile above, screened by overhanging bushes, and with true hunter's instinct entered the woods deep enough to screen himself from any canoe prowler on the river, but near enough to catch the shimmer of the starlit stream to serve as his guide to the well known spot. Cautiously advancing, now creeping where the trees were thin, set, now stepping quickly from tree to tree and now pausing to catch the least sound. All was still as death. But at a point near to his haven of love, and while creeping cautiously over a starlit space, his ear was saluted with the frightful yells of the war dance, appalling to ears far more accustomed to the demonism than those of Dorr.

Coming in the midst of a profound silence, startled and terrified, Dorr arose and uttered an involuntary exclamation. Instantly realizing his error, he dropped to the ground again and attempted to reach the dark shade of the undergrowth. It was too late. Two stalwart Sioux scouts glided forward, threw themselves upon him, and in a moment he was a pinnioned prisoner. There was but little struggle, but so close to the trysting place did the scene occur that the cry reached White Fawn's quick ears, and knowing from the sounds of the struggle that her lover was captured she vanished to the camp.

The war dance was interrupted by the entrance of the prisoner and his captors, and Dorr was led into the circle of the fire before the chief. Gray Otter looked up quietly at Dorr and then glanced inquiringly at one of his captors. The latter with some natural savage exaggeration related the facts of Dorr's capture. The other scout corroborated the statement.

It was evident that here was a spy caught in the act of crawling in upon the camp with no explanation to make, for Dorr had hung his head when the chief, with the justice that always characterized his dealings with the whites, asked the question, "What were you doing there?" Grants of satisfaction went the rapid round of the painted warriors as they revelled in imagination over the prospect of a foe roasted by a slow fire and tortured with savage ingenuity before they took the conquering war path. It was an omen sent by the Manitou. But the end was not yet. White Fawn listened in the shadow unable to control her terror until the chief's question was asked, and seeing Dorr's head bowed to his own death sentence, leaped into the circle of light and confronted her father. Love had triumphed.

With an unmoved face Gray Otter heard his question to Dorr answered by his daughter, who looked unflinchingly into his face. In the Sioux tongue she said, "I asked him to come." It was love's sacrifice, for White Fawn had pleaded guilty. The old chief glanced keenly into the faces of his warriors as his hand sought the buckhorn handle of the heavy knife at his side, but the faces showed no traces of a sneer, only an expression of wonderment. Then his eyes sought his daughter's face and settled on it with a deadly look. He rose with his hand still on the buckhorn handle and took a step toward her, and she did not stir. But before the chief could take another step Dorr sprang before the chief with pinnioned arms and yelled: "The girl lies. I came here as a spy."

Gray Otter paused, irresolute, as with a purpose unfulfilled, and his face changed as he said slowly after the pause, "Unbind him and see him safe to the settlement." Quick as the cords were cut, Dorr was quicker in his leap to the side of White Fawn. Seizing her hand he turned to the chief and wondering warriors and said: "This is my wife. I will stay with her people."
It was a simple ceremony, but valid in the tribe, and Gray Otter extended his hand.—J. W. W. in Detroit News.

There's Many a Slip.

Soupin (eagerly)—Hello, Inswim, what number drew the prize at that church fair lottery fandangoo last night?
Inswim (daconically)—Number 90 won. (Delightedly)—You don't say that 91 got it. Well, well! That's my number. A fool for luck. I never won a thing before in my life, but I sort of felt it in my bones this time.
"But you didn't win anything."
"No! I thought you said that 91 got it!"
"No, I said that 90 won."
"Oh!"—Time.

MR. WOOD'S INVESTMENTS.

What He Found on South Water Street and Other Matters.

"Lovey," pertinently remarked Mr. Ken Wood at dinner last evening.
"Dovey," responded Mrs. Ken Wood, with emotion.
"Sweet," continued Mr. Ken Wood, "I was on South Water street today."
"Darling," queried Mrs. Ken Wood, "what for?"
"To lay in some supplies, little pet."
"All right, Ken dear; you're just the nicest man that ever was, and I'm so sorry I acted the way I did. Please forgive me and tell me all about South Water street."
"Well, here goes, then," and Mr. Ken Wood pushed his chair back from the table and lit a cigarette. "Just come over and sit by me. That's right, pet. Well, I got the price of vegetables and fruit first."
"And what did you buy, Ken?"
"I got some potatoes, some apples, and oranges and onions."
"Oh, you don't love me, Ken. I knew how it would be. We're married now, and you don't care."
"Darling, I'll never eat an onion. I'll countermand the order."
"Would you do that for me?"
"I won't have them in the house."
"You dear, sweet boy. Let me kiss you. You shall have all the onions you want. What else did you get?"
"I got some creamery butter and some eggs."
"O, that's lovely."
"And some codfish."
"What for?"
"O, it's nice in the morning; and then the fish balls are nice."
"Ken, you know I don't like codfish."
"Well, you can have something else. I'm fond of it."
"And I'm of no account. You don't care for me. You just want to break my heart. If you feel that way you'd better go down town."
"I will, Mrs. Wood. I'll go to the club until you come to your senses."
"That's right, go! Here's your hat."
"Mamie."
"Let's"—
"Let's go to the theatre, pet."
"O, yes, Ken, let's, you great big, darling bear."—Chicago Tribune.

Fond of It.

Lady (to tramp who promised to saw some wood)—Look here! Why aren't you working? You said you were fond of work.
Tramp (arousing from his reverie)—Fond of it, mum! Why, bless yer, I loves it so much that I can't bear ter use it all up so that the next feller that comes along can't get any ter do. I'm no hog, mum!—Lawrence American.

Two Striking Hits.

Deacon Smooth—By jove! that's a great hit, tho' not half forcible enough. If there is anything in this world I admire, it is force.

Her Weather Eye.
"Why do you encourage attentions from both Tom and Harry?"
"Well, dear, you know I like Tom best, but he is not very well off, and can't afford a coupe when we go out together. I call him my fair weather bean."
"Then what do you call Harry?"
"Why! my rainbow."—Racket.

Dying in Harness.

He had been in the gas office for most of his life and the end was at hand.
"Are you resigned?" kindly inquired the minister.
"Never," cried the old man, fiercely. "I may die, but I will never resign."
And he passed away as he had lived.—Philadelphia Times.

Love in Chicago.

Mr. Porkham—Again I ask you, Miss Leaf-lard, will you be my wife?
Miss Leaf-lard—No, Mr. Porkham, I cannot be your wife; but I will be—
Mr. Porkham—Sister, of course.
Miss Leaf-lard—No; a grandmother. Your grandfather proposed last night.—Epoch.

It Would Be a Pleasing Sound.

The young musical enthusiast, after a fearful four handed sonata on the piano, addresses his uncle: "Uncle, would you like to hear something that sounds even better than that?"
Uncle—Yes; suppose you let the lid down hard.—Fleegende Blaetter.

An Unknown Point.

Miss Rosebud—Oh, well, you must not blame her; she is one of the period.
Bronson—Period? She a girl of the period? She doesn't know what a period is. Why, she never stops talking except with an exclamation point.—Harper's Bazar.

A Curious Fact.

"There is one thing I don't understand about a crab."
"I?"
"Why, whenever a crab wants to see anything he puts his eye out."—Harper's Bazar.

The Matter with Them.

"Some gymnasts are too fresh," remarked Arnold as he looked at an exhibition of tumbling.
"Yes," added Constable, "and somersault."—Puck.

THE ARBEITER KOLONIE.

Germany's Attempted Solution of the Problem of Dealing with the Unemployed.

For several years a movement has been progressing in Germany to solve logically the problem of dealing with the unemployed, independently of alms giving and charities. Though little has been reported of the societies having the work in charge, there have been very satisfactory results attained in the past three years, and the success of the Arbeiter kolonie, of Berlin, the most important colony, has been of a character to recommend the plan to all large cities of Europe and of the United States as well. How to deal with men out of work without making them a charge upon the county is a question for most serious consideration; yet it has never been squarely met nor studiously investigated. Any one who will take the trouble and look into the labor and aid statistics of a large city, even in bounteous America, will be astonished at the large percentage of persons capable of doing work who are, nevertheless, objects of common charity, or are on the dependent rolls of the country. The condition is proportionately worse in many European countries, but Germany is the only country in which has been undertaken a practical plan of dealing with the idle classes that are willing to work but are unable to find employment.

The colonies referred to, of which that of Berlin is the fittest example, were organized "to employ industrious and unemployed men of all professions and classes, so far as they are really capable of work, in agrarian and other labor until it is possible to procure them remunerative work elsewhere and to help them to quit the life of itinerants, and also to remove the excuse of lazy vagabonds that they have no work." The Berlin colony was founded in 1883. It has a plot of land several acres in extent, on which fruits, flowers and vegetables are cultivated, and several shops, besides lodging and eating apartments, where various trades and general work may be engaged in. An investment of more than 85,000 marks is represented. Besides the garden and fruit culture the occupations are straw plaiting, carpentering, shoemaking and copying, and all kinds and conditions of workmen are represented, including tradesmen, clerks and writers, apothecaries, engineers, teachers, servants, etc. There are three systems of employing colonists—work on the premises on behalf of the institution, work on the premises for outside parties, who furnish their own tools and raw material, and work on the outside under special agreement.

The cost of keep is six shillings half-penny a day, but all earned in excess of this goes to the credit of the workman who receives his surplus earnings on quitting the institution. Some, of course, do not earn their keep, and the colony is not reimbursed for excess of expenditure on their behalf. The proportion of these is not large. The two objects of the colony, to do away with begging and indiscriminate alms giving, and to give the honest unemployed a chance to work till better employment can be secured for them, are doubly encouraged by the public. That is to say, the householder gives to the beggar at his door a ticket entitling him to admission to the colony, where work may be had, and general employers give preference to the applications of the colony. So well has the plan worked that, despite its comparative newness in the reformatory field, the Berlin colony has received 595 colonists, all of whom were relieved from pressing want and most of whom were helped to settled employment at their own trades.

Small as these figures are in themselves, they are large when taken into account with the fact that there is less mendicancy in Berlin than in any other great city of the world. Indeed, Germany is exceptionally free from beggars. Moreover, the colonies are only for those who can and will work, but are unable to find employment. We hardly need moralize on the good results possible to be accomplished by an institution that steps in between unemployed workmen and beggary or starvation, or the crimes of desperation. Nor need it be urged that there are few better ways for the utility of practical philanthropy. The moral influences of such a movement are incalculable, and the material good to be accomplished not inconsiderable. An institution of the kind could quickly be made self supporting; or if it were not the indiscriminate charities now so liberally dispensed could be turned wisely to its maintenance.—Chicago Inter-Ocean.

The Arbitrer of His Own Fate.

Tennyson N. Twigg—Would it make any difference if I should read this poem to you or leave it here for you to read?
The Editor—Yes; I think it would. If you leave it, you'll go out of the door; but if you read it you may go out of the window.—Lippincott's.

Smith at the Bar.

Judge—What's the charge, officer?
Officer—He was examining doors.
Judge—What is your business, Smith?
Smith—I am a locksmith.
Judge—Jailer, lock-Smith up. Whereupon Smith made a bolt.—New York Herald.

Danger Ahead.

Youth (in deep, passionate, tender tones)—How can I tear myself away?
Young Lady's Pa (wrathfully)—The tearing won't be done away. It will be done right here. Wait till I loose the dog.—Boston Courier.

In the Soup.

"Thank heaven! that new insect powder worked. The cockroaches about the house have come to grief at last," said the landlady.
"Yes," assented old Stubbins, "they're in the soup."—Merchant Traveler.