



A POST OF DANGER.

Green Recruit Went Through All the Tortures of Actual Encounter with Enemy.

**Indian Education That Counts.**  
The Indian school at Chillico has just graduated the largest class in its history, and some of its graduates and many of its other classes will help the sugar beet raisers in the vicinity of Rocky Ford, Col., during the vacation. Over 150 of the young Indians are now engaged in this work in that district, and will remain there until the crop is all gathered. They will be back in the school in the fall, ready to resume their studies.

At Chillico and many of the other government schools the young Indians get the right sort of education to fit them for their new role in life. The education is equally divided between the books and the workshops. The boys and girls are taught all that is imparted in the ordinary grammar schools of the country, and a little more, in some cases. In addition the boys are taught to make and repair harness, to shoe horses, to build houses, to do farm work of various sorts, to raise and care for cattle, and some of the rest of the things that need to be done in the average community in the west or east. The girls are instructed, by actual practice, in cooking, baking, laundering, nursing, sewing and other work suitable to their sex.

This is the education that counts, says the St. Louis Globe-Democrat. The Chillico school was in practical operation at the St. Louis world's fair, and was one of its most attractive features. It was visited by hundreds of thousands of people during the seven months of the fair. Admiration for its system and for the intelligence and good behavior of its pupils was expressed on every hand. Superintendent S. M. McCowan, the head of the school, was here with it, and won much praise for the thoroughness and practical character of the work of his pupils. The United States government made many mistakes in its dealings with the Indians in the old days, but for the past quarter of a century it has been on the right track. Chillico, Carlisle, Haskell and the rest of the great government schools are doing a good work in training the young Indians of both sexes to help to intelligently bear society's burdens.

Chinese Students' Uniforms.

The establishment of government schools in China, and the equipment of students in uniforms is furnishing a market for military clothing. According to the British consul at Wuchow 60 of these schools have been opened in that prefecture alone. The uniform consists of a coat and trousers of foreign cut, with brass buttons and peak caps, and shoes of foreign pattern. The material used is either serge, union cloth or cotton tweed for winter uniforms, and for summer wear any light cotton cloth. In the strictly military schools khaki is worn. All the uniforms seen appear to be of British cloth, but there is a rule, which is evidently ignored, that only native material be used. Caps, buttons and braid all come from Japan. The shoes are said to be of Hongkong manufacture, but a very inferior kind is made locally of native leather. The cost of a uniform of cotton tweed, the cheapest, is only \$3.60 Mexican (\$1.80 American currency) made to order; a set of buttons, five in a set, costs 20 cents, and cap from 40 cents to \$2.20; shoes from \$1.10 to \$2.20. Quality in every case is extremely poor. This uniform, the consul adds, is becoming fashionable among the younger male generation in that part of China, and every child whose parents can afford the expense is now decked out as a miniature student.

If "Mary, Mary, quite contrary," be an Algerian, perhaps her garden grows with silver bells and cockle shells and sponges all in a row. The cultivation of vegetable sponges is making progress in Algeria. About ten species of the plant are known and they are cultivated in Asia and Africa, being extensive in the regions of Algiers and Oran. Prior to maturity the fruit is edible; when the stage of ripeness, however, has been passed the pulp becomes separated from the fibrous matter which then forms the spongy mass entitled the vegetable sponge. Fine specimens when bleached in a weak lime bath are sold at about a nickel apiece. Paris is at present the chief market for most of the vegetable sponges grown in Algiers. They are suitable not only for toilet and bathroom, but also for domestic purposes.

This selling of song birds for hats is a pitiful business. There ought to be no necessity for going to law to stop it, and there would not be, if all women were as tender and merciful as they like to be thought. A dead bird in a hat does not advertise pleasant qualities.

It must not be supposed that the manufacturers of black pepper are confined to the use of lampblack and tapoca. They can make an excellent article out of ground cocoon shells.

When the pulse of the nation throbbed in response to Father Abraham's call for "seventy-five thousand men," the rush to arms was so great that the maximum number of companies was exceeded by the enrollment of beardless boys in some instances. The veterans of the Mexican war were in request. One of these was deemed sufficient to season a whole company. The raw young men were eager for the fray—how eager we all remember sadly, so many bright boys went bravely to their death.

The Twelfth Pennsylvania regiment in the three months' service were stationed on the Northern Central railroad; they did guard duty. That road was all important—it was the great highway over which the troops that were to fight the union's battles were dispatched to the capital. The regiment was stretched out over an interval of 30 miles. It relieved the First New York infantry, if my memory serves me. There is one thing there can be no doubt about. The First New York "stuffed" the Twelfth Pennsylvania. We lit down there in the evening. Before the First New York left the ground a number of the Twelfth Pennsylvania imagined there was a confederate soldier behind every tree and rock near the roadbed.

It will not be deemed remarkable, says Corporal Cloverside, who tells the story in the American Tribune, if I add that half the boys comprising Company "I" requested to be put on "posts of danger."

One of these patriots I will call L. His request was not gratified. He had the mortification of witnessing others detailed for duty at dusk. His opportunity arrived with the second relief.



HE STOOD WITH HIS HANDS GRASPING HIS GUN.

His ears were strained, his eyes ditto when the "corporal of the guard" responded to the nervous queries propounded by the men on the posts. When it came to his turn to be left all alone at the foot of a big tree his frame of mind may be imagined when I state that the man he relieved whispered before leaving him:

"Keep a sharp lookout back of you. There are a lot of negro huts up there. I thought I saw some one move between them, and, mind, there is only one post beyond you."

L. was deeply depressed by the manner, as well as the words of his messmate. He strained his eyes in the direction of those huts—or where the huts ought to be—it was pitch dark—until his head ached. He adhered rigidly to the advice given him by the man he had relieved; refrained from coughing; did not budge from the tree an inch; grasped his gun—at full cock—with both hands; thus he stood for four mortal hours. Four hours! they seemed weeks—months—ages! The bats flitting past struck terror to his heart—until he remembered there was such a thing as bats. The first hoot of an owl caused him to run—until he realized it was an owl. But might it not be a signal? What could be easier than for a confederate to hoot like an owl—to lull him into fancied security, pounce on him, disarm him and cut his throat? The owl's hoot was listened to with an earnestness that would have served a brigade.

A twig snapping seemed as loud to the listener now as the cracking of a saw-log. Every sense was tense. The guard on a dangerous post, resolved not to be caught napping, yet unused to midnight vigils, exhausted his faculties before the first hour passed. The remaining hours were simply torture. He caught himself dozing—he, on a post of danger—absolutely dozing. Time and again he was within an ace of falling—only his grasp on his musket prevented it. His eyelids were weighted with tons of sand—of lead. It was impossible to keep his eyes open.

If he dare walk! If he could walk around the tree! If he dare sit—or hum a low tune! But he was not a tobacco chewer—could not even ruminate like a cow in the shade.

Lights gleamed here and there through the trees. They might be fire-files—and they might not. What if they were not? Would the relief never come?

It is always the darkest before dawn. L. thought there was darkness sufficient that morning for half a dozen dawnings. He wondered if all war was like his experience. It could make a man gray or bald-headed in a year or less time. Then he wondered who was sleeping in his bed. It was a mighty comfortable bed. If he ever got home sa'e he'd compliment that bed in a way—

The guard on the dangerous post was sound asleep by this time; a sound as though his head was lying on his pillow. He stood with his hands grasping his gun near the muzzle, his chin resting on the muzzle, and his back against the tree. The stillness was profound, when suddenly, and without an instant's warning, a sound like that of a man falling from a great height smote the calm morning air. The guard jumped—jumped straight up at least six inches, and settled back in his tracks with every sense as alert as though his soul's salvation depended on their instant and effective exercise.

A man! And lodging in a tree like that! It was not possible he made that noise jumping. Could it be? Yes, it was possible the confederate had dropped!—fell from his perch. But why did he not cry out?

In vain the guard pricked up his ears. No sound was heard. Yes, there was something rustling in a field near by. Would he shout? No! He would fire his gun off. Poo! and he laughed out. The man on a dangerous post concluded to keep his own counsel. He was glad he did.

When the relief came along the corporal was laughing and talking. "It must be a great country for coon hunting. He saw one as big as a shoat strike into a cornfield down the road a mile or two."

L. listened and smiled. He was immensely relieved in a double sense. The sound—the appalling sound—that startled him was explained. A coon had dropped, with all the weight of 30 or 40 pounds, from the tree near him and ran away through the cornfield.

BATTLE LITERATURE.

A Feature of Military Description Which Has Been Hitherto Neglected by Historians.

One of the publishing houses is said to have under way a project for a joint history of the civil war to be written in combination by a major general of the Union army (Howard) and a lieutenant general of the confederate army (Lee).

The field of war literature has been fairly well covered, but there remains one feature of military description which, however unsatisfactory it might be to soldiers and to those having technical knowledge of the art of war, would be a refreshing novelty to laymen if it were introduced into the new history. That is a comprehensive account of a battle—comprehensive and comprehensible.

The ordinary style of battle description as written by soldiers goes to the extreme of technical detail about as follows:

"Our line extended for about six miles irregularly from the fork of the plank road to the bank of the Susquegee, one mile south by west from the Tobin farmhouse. On the left was Johnson's corps connecting with Major's detachment of sharpshooters, behind which (though a little to the front of the Williams brigade) was the Jones cavalry.

"Along the center were the corps of Thompson, Roderick and Henderson. On the right were irregular masses of cavalry, the heavy artillery of Smith's brigade, detached from the Sanderson legion. There were in all 25,000 troops, and anyone standing on an eminence could from the above description see exactly how they were placed.

"Opposite, nine divisions of the enemy, variously estimated at from 6,500 to 45,000 men, awaited the signal to attack. At the first shot Johnson's brigade moved diagonally in front of Thompson's division, supported by Smith's brigade, which cut off the advance of Sanderson's legion.

"The forces of Roderick fell back and those of Major advanced northwesterly, throwing 7,000 men into the entrenchments between the lines of Henderson's force and Smith's detachment. So placed, our forces were ready to withstand, either on the right, left or center, any attack of the enemy.

"As may be seen at a glance from this changed position, the enemy crossing the plank road near Thomas' barn could by a flank movement overpower the portion of Roderick's detachment which, notwithstanding an enfilading fire, had crossed to the position vacated by Sanderson's troops in their concentric movement toward the Roberts farm. For three-quarters of an hour the battle raged within these lines, when a sudden shout going up from the extreme left wing showed that the Jones forces had crossed irregularly to a position in front of Allen's division of Johnson's brigade.

"This skillful tactical movement turned the enemy's right in confusion, and it fell back on Warren's Hill, around which the battle now raged. At noon the enemy retired, leaving 1,200 prisoners, 500 stand of arms, 9 guns and enormous stores. Our loss was 4 wounded and 17 missing."

**Indignities to Old Glory.**  
The people of Los Angeles were deeply stirred up by learning that the Chinese and Japanese used American flags for targets in shooting galleries, says the National Tribune. The Japanese own the galleries, but the Chinese went in and paid liberally for the pleasure of shooting at the flag. The police caught them at their impudent work, routed the shooters and closed up the galleries.



It is often said that we have no American style of architecture, but that need not worry us because we are a nation of inventors. This probably is the very reason why we have no one distinctive style or manner of building. Our inventive architects are continually working for improvement and they are succeeding wonderfully well.

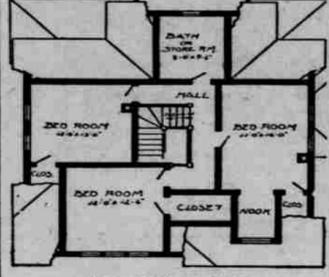
In my experience I have learned that comfortable, attractive houses cost no more to build than the ordinary structures usually seen in towns and villages, the only requisite is to know how to do it. The average American citizen wants a house that is pleasing in appearance, but the exterior must not in any way interfere with the comfortable arrangement of the rooms. While a man takes pride in the outside appearance, his first thought usually is for the wife and her life is spent inside. The good wife has the housework to do, and American husbands are thoughtful, and they are good providers. The most popular houses I ever saw were the most convenient.

Dwellings in older countries are heavier, usually in design, more expensive to build, not so pleasing in appearance, for the same amount of rooms they usually cost more than the ordinary American home. Of course we have many incongruities. Some of the residence streets certainly look very odd. There is room for improvement in every section of the country.

In some of our older villages the struggle for better houses may be read in the houses themselves. Improvements are attempted here and there by adding bay windows, porches or extensions and generally the attempt is

ter and that each room may be made easy of access which is another way of stating that there is less work in taking care of the different rooms in a square, compactly built house.

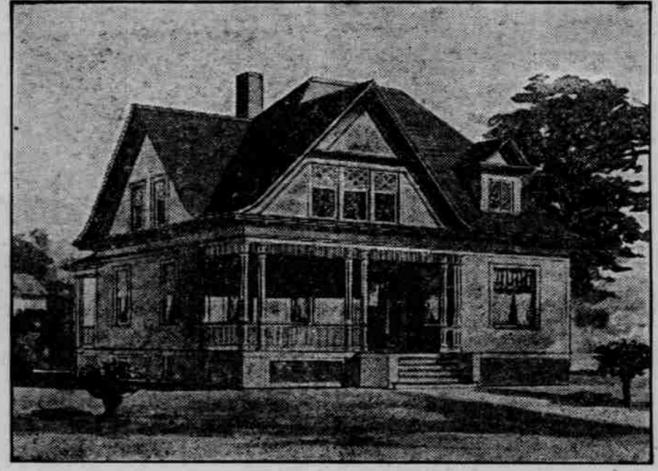
This design admits of a center hall with rooms on both sides. Such houses may be heated by turning all the furnace heat into the lower hall, but I am not saying that this is the best and



Second Floor Plan.

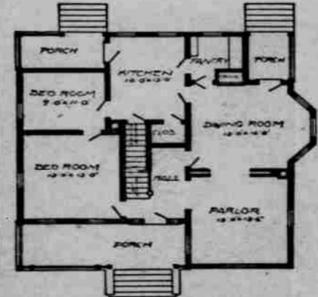
most satisfactory way to do. If a furnace is put in the cellar of any house, separate pipes should lead the heat to the different rooms.

This is another one-story house with bedrooms finished off in the roof gables, which is a great economy if rightly managed. Never in the history of building has this been done to so much advantage as at the present time. The scarcity and high prices of building material as well as the increasing price of coal combine to make such economies necessary and they are not



a failure because the new construction does not correspond with the old. It is a patched garment, and it shows it. The interior usually is damaged instead of improved. In most cases it would be better to sell the old house for a barn, and build new from the bottom of the cellar up. Repairing an old house always is unsatisfactory.

Even in the newer streets in our best towns there is a wide difference in the appearance of the houses. Some are very neat and tasty, but others are very poorly designed. It is not necessary to cut up a house into odd shapes to make it look good. Very often a plain square house built in proper proportions, with a porch across the front and without further ornamentation, makes a more pleasing home both inside and out than a more expensive



Ground Floor Plan.

house of some fancy design. Such a house except that the porch is built in under the main roof is shown in the illustration on this page.

This house is exactly square, being 36 feet wide and 36 feet long, and it will cost from \$1,600 to \$2,000.

The greater amount of cubic space enclosed by a given length of wall is in circular form; next to this comes the square. For economy in construction, when the amount of room is taken into consideration, no other plan will equal the square house and there are other economies beside that of first cost. A square house means square rooms bunched as closely together as possible, which means that the rooms in such a house are easily heated in win-

only necessary but they are desirable. True economy is a virtue that should be cultivated.

THE LAOCOON CORRECTED. Fragment Recently Found Said to Show That Present Group Is Entirely Wrong.

Everybody familiar with the famous group known as the Laocoon will be glad to know that at last it will be possible correctly to restore it.

The group was found in a vault in Rome in 1506 and was bought and placed in the Vatican by Pope Julius II. In 1796 Napoleon carried it off to Paris, but it was returned in 1815.

When the statue was unearthed the right arm of Laocoon and the younger boy were missing, and likewise the right hand of the older boy. The group was restored by Giovanni Montorsoli. Even in his day some doubt was expressed as to the accuracy of his reconstruction.

At last a young German, Herr Ludwig Pollak, has been fortunate enough to chance upon a fragment which undoubtedly formed part of a reproduction of the Laocoon group and which makes it possible to correct Montorsoli's restoration.

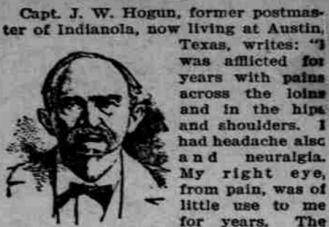
The fragment which, according to the Scientific American, was found by Pollak in a small Roman scalpellino, among a mass of other fragments, is the right arm of a Laocoon. Pollak learned that it was found in the Via Labicana. That was all he could discover. The stone of which it is made is a coarse grained Parian marble.

In ancient times it had been broken in two places and repaired. The serpent was injured at the time of the last fracture, but its convolutions can still be traced. The body of the serpent has the smooth surface so characteristic of the restored group. In all probability the scales were painted. At the inner side of the upper arm three indentations are to be seen, evidently caused by the pick of some workman.

So different is this fragment from the Vatican group that it could not have belonged to it, but to an ancient replica about one-ninth smaller than the original. The arm was probably broken when the statue was removed from its pedestal in Rhodes and taken to Rome.

UTTERLY WORN OUT.

Vitality Sapped by Years of Suffering with Kidney Trouble.



Capt. J. W. Hogan, former postmaster of Indianola, now living at Austin, Texas, writes: "I was afflicted for years with pains across the loins and in the hips and shoulders. I had headache also and neuralgia. My right eye, from pain, was of little use to me for years. The constant flow or urine kept my system depleted, causing nervous chills and night sweats. After trying seven different climates and using all kinds of medicines, I had the good fortune to hear of Doan's Kidney Pills. This remedy has cured me. I am as well today as I was twenty years ago, and my eyesight is perfect."

Sold by all dealers. 50 cents a box. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y.

ALL TRUE.

Too many bills are apt to make a man feel bilious.

The fools are not all dead. In fact, a lot of them haven't been born.

Joy cometh in the morning—unless you've been making a night of it.

It's a mistake to marry too young, but it's a mistake that isn't repeated.

A woman is never quite happy with a man who refuses to argue with her. Many an unsuccessful man would rather preserve his dignity than hustle.

It is better to have too little confidence in yourself than too much in others.

We are told that love levels all things, but often it seems like an uphill fight.

To indulge in the things we can't afford is the average man's idea of pleasure.

Life is like a game of cards, in which a good deal depends upon a good deal.

The fellow who is always under a cloud reminds me of nothing so much as a borrowed umbrella.

The Salvation Army, according to its regular custom, is making arrangements to look after the needs of the poor during the hot summer months. These include "Fresh Air Camp," "Penny Ice," and "Free Outings" for the poor.

The Camp, which opens on June 29th and closes the end of August, will be held near Swope Park. Large batches of poor women and children will be taken every Friday, each batch remaining one week. A plentiful supply of good, wholesome food will be given, and every arrangement made for their comfort and enjoyment.

This is a noble work, and one which is well worthy of the support of the general public.

Donations for the same should be addressed to Colonel T. W. Scott, 1309 Walnut St., Kansas City, Mo.

PROVERBS AND PHRASES.

He who would gather honey must bear the sting of bees.—From the Dutch.

When you make de jail too nice you better strenkin de hogpen.—American Negro.

A sensible housekeeper begins to sweep her stairs from the top.—From the German.

An honest man does not make himself a dog for the sake of a bone.—From the Danish.

It is good to be a priest at Easter, child in Lent, peasant at Christmas, and fool in harvest time.—From the Danish.

**Trees of Great Age.**  
The distinction of being the oldest living thing undoubtedly belongs to one of four trees. A century ago De Canbolle found two yews, one at Fortingly, in Perthshire, and one in Hedder, in England, that were estimated to be, respectively, 2,500 and 3,240 years old. Both are still flourishing, and the older tree has a trunk 27 feet round.

The extraordinary popularity of fine white goods this summer makes the choice of Starch a matter of great importance. Defiance Starch, being free from all injurious chemicals, is the only one which is safe to use on fine fabrics. Its great strength as a stiffener makes half the usual quantity of Starch necessary, with the result of perfect finish, equal to that when the goods were new.

The parson was talking to little Elmer about his habits, and asked him what time he was usually called for breakfast. "They don't have to call me," answered Elmer. "I'm always Johnny-on-the-spot."

Give Defiance Starch a fair trial—try it for both hot and cold starching, and if you don't think you do better work, in less time and at smaller cost, return it and your grocer will give you back your money.

"Married life is a constant struggle," says the Manayunk Philosopher. "The wife struggles to keep up appearances and the husband struggles to keep down expenses."

FITS, St. Vitus Dance and all Nervous Diseases permanently cured by Dr. Williams' Great Nerve Restorer. Send for Free \$2.00 trial bottle and treatise. Dr. R. H. Kline, Ld., 631 and 933 Arch St., Philadelphia, Pa.

Some women wouldn't be satisfied in Heaven without burglar-proof vaults in which to lock up their halos.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup. For children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic. 25c a bottle.

Man's inhumanity to man is often the result of indigestion.