A TEST OF COURAGE.

TORTURES WHICH INDIAN SCOUTS BORE WITH SMILING FACES.

It Was Up to Lieutenant Farrow Once to Emulate Their Example, but the West Pointer Used His Wits and Escaped the Ordeal.

The Indian scouts that joined forces with the United States army in 1878 to make prisoners of the Sheep Eaters in western Idaho were skeptical at first of Lieutenant Farrow's abilities to lead them into battle. They had never seen his courage tested and plainly intimated by word and action that they had no intention of obeying his orders unless he should prove himself braver than any chief, subchief or buck in the command.

First they gave themselves up to all kinds of physical torture as a lesson to him. They slashed their bodies with knives without showing pain. They slit the skin on their chests, ran skewers thereunder and jerked off cutaneous and fleshly strips while smiling happily in his face. They split their ears, pierced their noses, lacerated their cheeks, butchered their arms and legs. Their stunts were so far beyond anything Farrow could inflict upon himself that the poor young lieutenant thought he "saw his finish."

Suddenly, while rivulets of cold perspiration trickled down his spine, the West Pointer recollected that in his schoolboy days he was an adept at driving a pin into the thick of his "vastus externus" without feeling pain and the joyful inspiration to thus illuminate his courage seized him.

The necessary pin was in the lapel of his fatigue jacket. Ruthlessly he slit the front of his breeches leg from pocket to knee, then his drawers till the front of the thigh was exposed to the wondering gaze of the Indians gathered close around. Then dramatically exhibiting the pin, an affair of an inch and a sixteenth, he reached for a flat stone and drove the harmless bit of wire down to the head in the unresisting muscle. His handsome face was as unclouded as when he helped to haze his first plebe.

The red men nodded approvingly, grunted, looked wise and sat down on their haunches. They had seen something new, but wanted something more convincing. Farrow realized this and was in the seventh heaven of despair as he smilingly pulled out the pin and held it aloft for inspection.

To show the white feather meant in that hostile country insubordination and treachery, involving Farrow's mysterious death. It was a moment to try a soul—and to fry it. The lieutenant whispered to his trusted sergeant: "I am going to take a desperate chance. I am going to shoot myself through the head with my revolver, but you stand beside your horse, and just an instant before I shoot you fire your rifle, yell 'Si-wash!' mount and make off through the woods as fast as you can ride. Don't forget to fire before I do, else I shall be a dead man."

Sitting upon a jagged rock, he explained to the Indians what he was about to do, and with great deliberation and some fine theatricals he cocked the pistol and placed the muzzle against his temple. The Indians were wrought up to a high pitch. They had never seen a man shoot himself through the head and live. Surely here was the bravest of all brave leaders. They would follow him through hell.

The sergeant, unnoticed, fired his rifle, his "Si-wash!" woke the echoes of Shoshone and Bitter Root, and the clatter of his horse's hoofs rang down the Clear Water as far as Fort Lapwai. "Si-wash?" The Indians knew what that cry meant. In less time than it takes to tell it Farrow was alone. His forces had scattered to the four winds. In the course of a few hours all were united again, but the courage test was not renewed.

Twenty-two years after this exciting incident, on a certain evening in 1900, Farrow occupied a box in the Madison Square Garden when Buffalo Bill's Wild West was in full blast. Chief Joseph, the celebrated commander of the Nez Perces, whom Farrow had captured 22 years previously and whom he had not seen in the interim, led a wild, whooping, yelling, screeching mob of painted Indians out into the arena for a dash around the circle.

But the charge was interrupted—cut short. When Joseph reached the curve near the Madison avenue end of the amphitheater, he pulled his horse sharply to the right, cutting across the first file of warriors in most dangerous fashion. In a mad gallop he poked his charger's head into an arena box, straightened up in his stirrups, held out his hand and cried: "How! How! How!" The old fellow had caught sight of Farrow, and nothing could prevent him from riding up to salute his captor of 1878. It was a dramatic incident.—New York Press.

Budget.

The origin of the word "budget," meaning an estimate of government revenues and expenses, is thus explained:

Almost from time immemorial it was the custom in England to put the estimates of receipts and expenditures presented to parliament in a leather bag, the word budget being thus borrowed from the old Norman word bougette, which signifies a leather purse. Curiously enough, the word has passed back again into France from England.—New York Tribune.

"I love company," said a local Mrs. Partington. "It makes things bright and lively—it breaks the anatomy."—New York Sun.

From a cliff 1,000 feet high one with clear vision can see a ship at a distance of 42 miles.

JAPAN IN WINTER.

Colder In Houses of the Rich Man Than In Open Sunshine.

"I suppose that the American people and the Russians are the only western races that really keep warm in winter. Still those who dwell in other countries admit that they have the same ideal by their inefficient effort to attain to it," writes Anna N. Benjamin in Ainslee's. "The Japanese winter is most trying on account of its continual dampness, but the Japanese are content to remain cold. They make almost no effort to overcome it. The old 'bushido' (chivalrous) idea of the 'samurai' (knights) was that it was effeminate to feel cold, and such is their severe training that they do not really feel it as we do. The wearing of some extra 'kimonos' and the use of a 'hibachi,' or brazier, in which are a few tiny sticks of lighted charcoal, are the only concessions to winter weather. With the 'hibachi' they never pretend to heat more than their finger tips, which they hold over the coals. It is used when the house is entirely open.

"The houses, as every one knows, are built of thin, light wood, and the sliding panels which serve for doors and windows have paper panes. They are, as apt to be open as closed during the day. When I took my first jinrikisha ride through the streets of Nagasaki, I forgot my own sufferings in my sympathy for this unhappy nation, which as surely as the cold came endured such misery from it. The coolies wear thin blue cotton clothes and are always paddling through the mud. The storekeepers sit out in their open booths, and the women go bareheaded about the streets. In the houses of the rich the still cold behind the closed panels is often more intense than that outside in the sunshine, where the air is stirring. The schools and public buildings are equally frigid.

"It seemed to me that the only warm things in Japan were the babies, who looked like bundles of gayly colored crape, their round heads covered by knit caps. They slumber peacefully tucked down their mothers' backs. The attempt to keep warm in winter is not entirely a 'modern improvement,' though it goes with western civilization. The Koreans do it very thoroughly, the Chinese to a certain extent. The Japanese, as a race, continue to scorn it as they always have done, and this is merely one of a hundred examples which prove that the Japanese are still true to their traditions in their daily life and as yet little affected in the ordering of their homes by the ideas adopted from the west."

NOVEL CURES.

Unique Methods Employed to Overcome Certain Diseases.

Freezing, baking, illuminating, torturing, frightening and bruising are among the accepted ways of curing certain diseases, says a writer in the Philadelphia Times. For example, the baking cure: When one has a well developed rheumatism, he is placed in a species of stove and the crystals of uric acid are literally melted out of his body.

Another odd cure once tried for rheumatism was burial in damp, warm clay. The first rheumatic burial took place at Menominee, Mich. The treatment was not a success, and this form of cure has been given up.

The freezing cure: This was first introduced by a Swiss doctor, Paul Burdeyront. He placed his patients in sheets immersed in ice water, packing the patient all about with crushed ice. This treatment is today used in typhoid fever cases.

Or the patient is plunged into an ice water bath. The treatment saves many lives. Raging fever above 105 degrees F. has been brought down by these means to normal—98 2-5 degrees—in less than ten minutes.

Neither of these modes of treatment actually freezes one. A physician of Paris, M. Figeau, introduced in 1890 an ammonia vapor method, which really froze the patient. The body was placed in a chamber into which certain chemicals were introduced. Ammonia gas, by sudden evaporation, then produced intense cold, and the blood in the body lost most of its heat.

M. Figeau's method did not meet with success. Some of his patients succumbed to the drastic measures, and the practice was abandoned.

The Wheel Problem.

Which, at any given moment, is moving forward faster—the top of a coach wheel or the bottom?

The answer to this question seems simple enough, but probably nine persons out of ten, asked at random, would give the wrong reply. It would appear at first sight that the top and bottom must be moving at the same rate—that is, the speed of the carriage. But by a little thought it will be discovered that the bottom of the wheel is in fact, by the direction of its motion around its axis, moving backward, in an opposite direction to that which the carriage is advancing and is consequently stationary in space, while the point on top of the wheel is moving forward with the double velocity of its own motion around the axis and the speed at which the carriage moves.

Flower Gardens of the Sea.

The sea has its flower gardens, but the blooms are not on plants as they are on the land. It is the animals of the sea that make the gardens, the corals of the tropical waters particularly making a display of floral beauty that fairly rivals the gorgeous coloring and delicate grace presented by land flowers. So closely do they resemble plant blooms that it is hard to believe that they are wholly animal in organization. Dr. Blackford says that among the coral gardens there are fishes of curious forms and flashing colors darting about, just as the birds and butterflies dart about plant gardens on land.—Chicago Chronicle.

Sound Judgment and a Careful Regard for the People.

Governor Yates displayed sound judgment and deep political sagacity, as well as a careful regard for the interests of the people, in the nominations which he recently forwarded to the state senate.

The appointment of James McKinney of Aledo on the board of railroad and warehouse commissioners will give general satisfaction throughout the state.

Whether the storm of criticism directed against Joseph E. Bidwell was entirely well founded need not be taken into consideration at all, in the decision of the question as to whether his appointment on the board would have been wise or unwise, so far as the welfare of the state administration was concerned. A great many people thought that Mr. Bidwell's party service entitled him to some consideration, and it is not at all likely that there will be general dissatisfaction over his appointment to the position of chief grain inspector for the city of Chicago. In this position the Quincy Whig sincerely trusts that Mr. Bidwell will render such steadfast and faithful service that it will remove whatever impression has existed against him and reflect credit both upon himself and his party. In this direction the people's wishes will be with him. * * * A great political party is composed of many elements, and these can never be harmoniously held together unless those various elements receive proper recognition. That Governor Yates is doing this with the purpose of not disregadring the better sentiment of the party and the people is apparent from the nature of the appointments made yesterday.—Quincy Whig.

The Great Prosperity.

Republican prosperity continues to sweep over the country in such a way that the cry of "temporary revival of business" raised by the Democrats at the beginning of President McKinley's first term looks even more disgusting than the long list of prophesies that have proven untrue. The export trade of the United States is the best criterion of the business of the country. The fiscal year 1901 seems likely to exceed any preceding year in its record. The steady growth of our exports from $392,000,000 in 1870 to $835,000,000 in 1880, $1,030,000,000 in 1892 and $1,394,000,000 in 1900 has been a subject of much attention and much favorable comment, but it seems that 1901 is to surpass the record of the year 1900 and bring the export figure nearly if not quite to the billion and a half mark. The March import and export figures, just completed by the treasury bureau of statistics, show a total exportation from the United States in the nine months ending with March, 1901, of $1,140,170,728, or $86,540,032 in excess of last year, which holds the highest record in the history of our export trade. Another interesting fact developed by the March figures of our foreign commerce is that imports seem likely to show a decided increase in 1901, as compared with 1900, while the exports are showing the increase above indicated. The excess of exports over imports in the nine months ending with March, 1901, is $540,687,337, as against $411,854,668 in the corresponding months of 1900, an increase of $128,832,671 in the net excess of exports over imports for the nine months of 1901, as compared with the corresponding period of the fiscal year 1900.

A Comparison.

The loyalty of the country press to the administration, state and national, shows up in strong contrast when comparisons are made with the so-called metropolitan newspapers. Just now, while the Chicago papers are vieing with each other in their brutal and wholly uncalled for criticism of the state administration, just because Governor Yates insists on keeping his pledges to the people of the state, it is a pleasure to read the following comments from a provincial newspaper, whose editor might possibly conclude he had a grievance. Reference is here made to Morris Emmerson, late a member of the state board of pardons, who has recently been succeeded by Andrew Russel of Jacksonville. Commenting upon this fact Mr. Emmerson says, in a recent editorial in his paper, the Mount Vernon Register:

"The affairs of the board of pardons were competently administered before The Register man became identified with them, and they will be competently managed without his assistance long after he is "over on the other side." The great state of Illinois is not so hard pressed for good men to fill the various appointive offices that it is limited to one set of appointees. Forty different governors could select as many different sets of officials and each and every one of them have good appointees.

"Governor Yates, like every other man who has reached the governor's chair, had his personal friends, and he would have been little short of an ingrate had he failed to reward them with the appointments within his gift. The men whom he has appointed thus far, so far as the writer is acquainted, are good, reputable men—men who enjoy the respect and esteem of their fellow acquaintances. The gentleman who succeeds the writer on the board of pardons is one of Jacksonville's most prominent and respected citizens, a gentleman who enjoys the respect and esteem of all who are acquainted with him, and is competent to discharge the duties of the office much more satisfactorily, possibly, than his predecessor. More than that, he was one of Richard Yates' original supporters and expended both his time and his money to further the nomination of his choice for governor. Governor Yates did the proper thing in rewarding him for his faithfulness, and The Register indorses the governor in his action.

"The Register also firmly believes in the Jacksonian principle that 'to the victor belongs the spoils.' It has no sympathy with the idea that good men cannot be found in the ranks of any man who can command sufficient support to nominate and elect him to the governor's office to fill all the offices which the governor has at his disposal."

There are men of prominence in the Democratic party who recognize that this is the proper time to keep quiet.—Crawford County Republican.

RIDING ON AN AVALANCHE.

Down a Steep Canyon Without a Bruise or a Scar.

Few mountaineers go far enough into the avalanche regions to see much of them, and fewer still know the thrilling exhilaration of riding on them, says John Muir in The Atlantic. In all my wild mountaineering I have enjoyed only one avalanche ride, and the start was so sudden and the end came so soon I thought but little of the danger that goes with this sort of travel, though one thinks fast at such times.

One calm, bright morning in Yosemite, after a hearty storm had given three or four feet of fresh snow to the mountains, being eager to see as many avalanches as possible and gain wide views of the peaks and forests arrayed in their new robes before the sunshine had time to change or rearrange them, I set out early to climb by a side canyon to the top of a commanding ridge a little over 3,000 feet above the valley. But I was not to get top views of any sort that day, but instead of these something quite different, for deep trampling near the canyon head where the snow was strained started an avalanche, and I was swished back down to the foot of the canyon as if by enchantment. The plodding, wallowing ascent of about a mile had taken all day, the undoing descent perhaps about a minute.

When the snow suddenly gave way, I instinctively threw myself on my back and spread my arms to try to keep from sinking. Fortunately, though the grade of the canyon was steep, it was not interrupted by step levels or precipices big enough to cause outbounding or free plunging. On no part of the rush was I buried. I was only moderately imbedded on the surface or a little below it and covered with a hissing back streaming veil, and as the whole mass beneath or about me joined in the flight I felt no friction, though tossed here and there and lurched from side to side, and when the torrent wedged and came to rest I found myself on the top of the crumpled pile, without a single bruise or scar.

Hawthorne says that steam has spiritualized travel, notwithstanding the smoke, friction, smells and clatter of boat and rail riding. This flight in a milky way of snow flowers was the most spiritual of all my travels, and after many years the mere thought of it is still an exhilaration.