

INDIAN COURTSHIP.

How the Sioux Brave Wins a Wife.
 There are two characteristic methods of Sioux courtship commonly practiced, though it must be admitted that with the gradual education of the young men and women in the schools, there is an apparent tendency to ape the ways of their white brothers and sisters, and to consume the fuel of their parents in the pursuit of their love-making; but with those from whose natures it seems impossible to eradicate the traits of their forefathers, the customs followed by their ancestors are still *comme il faut*, and to these they stubbornly adhere.
 Ration day is seized upon by these "true Indians" for love-making, and the sport of it is as heartily enjoyed by the old as by the young. When a brave finds upon the agency grounds the maiden of his choice, he manifests his preference for her by taking the blanket from his shoulders and stretching it out before him, rushing at her with the intention of throwing it over her head and shoulders. If the brave doesn't succeed in capturing the girl at the first attempt he tries again, and persists in his efforts until he is satisfied by her actions that his suit is not approved. If his advances are favored the maiden, after a brief period of coquetry, allows the blanket to settle over her head, and thus enveloped she listens as well as she can to a verbal accounting of his deeds of prowess as a hunter, of his possessions in ponies and skins, and to the low chanting of a song in which he pledges his love eternally.

THE SIGN OF FAVOR.

If, after listening to this, the maiden is still willing to become his squaw, she tells him so. The blanket is removed from her shoulders, and together they go to the maiden's parents, or, if they are dead, to her nearest relative, to whom they declare their desire. The match is speedily sanctioned, and when they leave the agency the bride carries on her shoulders a portion of her husband's rations.

There is less romance in this method of winning a wife than in the custom of wooing with the aid of a flute. Such a courtship as this must be carried on in the spring when the sap is running in the trees, for only at that time can the wooer make his tuneful instrument.

The manufacture of a flute is not a difficult piece of work. A section of willow or any other wood with a smooth bark is chosen. It must be about fifteen inches long and half an inch in diameter. With a smooth stick this piece of wood is vigorously rubbed until the bark has been loosened on the wood. It is then twisted off. A row of holes is cut through the bark, and it is, when completed, exactly like a fife, though less thrilling in tone.

The brave invariably chooses a pleasant night for his love-making. When the conditions are favorable he locates himself a short distance from the tepee in which the object of his affection is sleeping and blows on his bark flute a weird chant, probably an impromptu composition.

Of course the sound of the flute attracts the attention of the people in the village, who gather around the ardent swain and indulge in good natured badinage at his expense. If he is a true lover and a desirable man for a husband he will continue his playing, indifferent to the presence of his tormentors.

WHERE PAPA COMES IN.

The test sometimes lasts two hours before the father of the maiden—who is thus being wooed issues from the tepee and ascertains who the serenader is. He reports to his laughter, and, if she approves the suitor, she goes forth to meet him and leads him to her tepee for the sanction of her parents. If she doesn't approve the man she tells her father to dismiss him, which he does, and the unsuccessful lover disconsolately pockets his flute and leaves, followed by the jeers of the crowd.

It not infrequently occurs that the lover-maker is unable to keep his temper while the crowd is rallying him. He sometimes even throws down his flute and attacks his persecutors. Such a manifestation is considered an evidence of bad taste and indicating a defect in the wooer's character. It is useless for the unfortunate fellow to press his suit further after such a breach of etiquette.

Sioux parents of a marriageable daughter use a good deal of diplomacy in disposing of her hand in marriage. They are always ambitious to find a husband who has considerable wealth, for according to tribal law, they are entitled to a certain portion of the possessions of the son-in-law. It sometimes happens that the hand of the same maiden is sought by several braves. When this is the case, the will of the father rises superior to that of the daughter, and she is compelled to consider his choice, which he does not make until he has excited a lively bidding among them for his daughter's favors. Needless to say, she usually goes to the man who has the greatest amount of property to share with her father.

The Age of Nervousness.

A distinguished German physician declares this to be the age of nervousness, and thinks the civilized race is deteriorating under it. Our lunatic asylums are filling up at a frightful rate; women, who should be plump and rosy, are pale and emaciated; school children, instead of being joyous, active, vigorous, are debilitated, overworked and unhappy; business men have become engines of perpetual worry and victims of insomnia; social life has become a nerve disordering whirl of excitement; cities are clamorous with the distractions of railroads, traffic, manufacture, and all bustling affairs that destroy repose and murder quiet. Everything is at high pressure. Headlong, mad activity has become the law of circumstances. Health, peace, happiness, and the prospect of a serene old age are bartered at ruinous rates of discount for swift coming fortune. Society seems to be keeping pace to a sort of devil's tattoo, and out of all this reckless squandering of vital energies something with the dreadful name, *neurasthenia*, has come upon mankind, a name under which are classified an endless array of nervous ills proceeding from all sorts of causes and terminating in premature death, insanity, paralysis, anything, everything that is frightful to contemplate. The fact is this age is bowing along with frightful rapidity and the most extraordinary erraticism. We crowd a lifetime into a decade, and are weary with earth before we have fairly made her acquaintance. We go capering after business or folly when we should be snugly tucked in bed and fast asleep. We

bother about matters we should let take care of themselves. We eat the wrong things and at the wrong times. We smoke to excess, we drink to excess. We spend too much time in bad air. We don't do quartet enough exercise to keep the muscles in good order, the limbs strong, the nerves well toned.

In short we are doing everything we should not do, and very little that we should. Yet the good natured doctor says we need not despair if we will let drugs alone and learn to behave ourselves. The things to do are simple enough; take regular and sufficient sleep; eat simple and nutritive food; breathe in plenty of fresh, pure air; do lots of outdoor exercise, hoe in the garden if you have one, or use a gymnasium, home made or public; do not be indiscreet in the use of cold water; some people suffer more harm than others derive benefit from cold water baths; be patient, even if it takes all your time to cultivate patience; let your mind be engaged with wholesome thoughts, and keep it from fretting; and, again, beware of drugs. And then this good doctor says: "The cure of even serious cases may be hoped for by following the hints we have given above; a corresponding right application of nature's healing factors may bring about speedy cures, even in apparently hopeless cases." This advice to healthy living is excellent, we doubt not, and worthy to be observed; at the same time our German savant is inclined a little to exaggerate the conditions. Is it not a comparatively small part of the general population that is riding pneumatic tires to destruction? Men and women who are worth much in the world are not going insane very fast nor are they so nervous that they seem smitten of a palsy.

Our Future Heat Supply.

When our coal does finally give out, it is not in mere substitutes of this kind that we must hope to find domestic safety. There is no fear of the human race perishing of cold yet awhile, so long as the tides rise and fall and water continues to run down hill. The great modern discovery of the conservation of energy tells us that the natural tendency of all forms of energy is to become that particular kind of energy which we know as heat; and it is upon this fact that our future heating systems must be based. It is no exaggeration to say that almost all the work of any kind which is done upon our globe is directly traceable to the benign influence of the sun. Hitherto our chief source of energy, as well as of artificial heat, has been the stores of coal in which are actually packed away the sunbeams of past ages, ready to be liberated on our hearths and to move our steam engines. They are giving out; and all we need to do is to begin to utilize the vast amount of energy which the sun daily sends to us in the present by way of the luminiferous ether. One of the simplest forms in which we see this energy doing work around us is in the raising up of water by evaporation from the oceans. This water comes down as rain and forms our rivers; and in returning to the level from which it started it can do as much work as the sun did in drawing it up to the clouds. From time immemorial water-wheels have driven corn mills; it seems that in the immediate future they will have to do all the work of the world besides lighting and heating our houses. This can be effected by means of that useful servant of man, electricity, which enables us to transport power to any extent over a wire. Until this was possible the waterfalls were nearly useless; people could not take them into their cotton mills or kitchens. Professor Forbes was describing the works now in progress at Niagara the other day. When completed they will be able to distribute nearly half a million horse-power among the factories within a radius of 20 miles. The same principle can be applied to all our waterfalls; the tides, according to Professor Tait's pet idea, can also be utilized, and until the sun gives out we need not be afraid of any failure of heat or other forms of energy.

The Tragic Side of Alpine Life.

These heavy crosses, each covered with a narrow, pointed roof and decorated with a rude picture, standing beside the path, or on the bridge, or near the mill—what do they mean? They mark the place where a human life has been lost, or where some poor peasant has been delivered from a great peril and has set up a memorial of his gratitude. They tell of the danger that lurks on the steep slopes of grass where the mowers have to go down with ropes around their waists, and in the beds of the streams where the floods sweep through in the spring, and in the forests where the great trees fall and crush men like flies, and on the icy bridges where a slip is fatal, and on the high passes where the winter snow-storm blinds the eyes and benumbs the limbs of the traveller, and under the cliffs from which avalanches slide and rocks roll. They show you men and women falling from wagons and swept away by waters and overwhelmed in landslips. In the corner of the picture you may see a peasant with the black cross above his head—that means death. Or perhaps it is deliverance that the tablet commemorates—and then you will see the miller kneeling beside his mill with a flood rushing down upon it, or the peasant kneeling in his harvest-field under an inky-black cloud; or a landlord beside his inn in flames; or a mother praying beside her sick children; and above appears an angel, or a saint, or the Virgin with her Child. Read the inscriptions, too, in their quaint German. Some of them are as humorous as the epitaphs in New England graveyards. I remember one which ran like this:

Here lies Elias Queer,
 Killed in his sixtieth year;
 Scarce had he seen the light of day
 When a waggon-wheel crushed his life away.
 And there is another famous one which says:
 Here perished the honored and virtuous maiden,
 G. V.
 This tablet was erected by her only son.

Five Centuries into the Past in as Many Hours.

It is barely five hours since leaving Spain, and yet here we suddenly find ourselves in the midst of people totally different from those with whom we breakfasted—in race, religion, and civilization. In the morning we were living in the nineteenth century, surrounded by science, learning, and art, and among a people who, if differing from ourselves in race, still belong to our age and fundamentally are in sympathy with us in aim, religion, and thought. At noon all is changed. White men have become black; trousers have become burnouses; hats, tur-

bans; enlightenment, darkness. Civilization has been left behind, and in five little hours, hardly more than one might pass at an opera, our ship has borne us backward along the path of time as many centuries. It is dreamy, weird, fantastic, and the doctor even thought he smelled brimstones and suggested that "his majesty" had been shifting the scenes. Often have we been requested upon the programme to fancy a lapse of five years between the acts, and we have accomplished it, but never have we experienced the sensation of so suddenly parting with five centuries. There is much, of course, to remind us of our epoch—the villas, the flags, the steamer, ourselves—but it is far too little to disturb the illusion—we and the rest are merely anachronisms, incongruous and out of place. The city is an absurd relic of mediæval life, and it is difficult to take it seriously. It must be, in its homely everyday life, but little changed from what it was one thousand years ago—for notwithstanding its close proximity to the advanced civilization of Europe, with the indolent contentment of the degenerate Moslem—it has not only declined to be influenced thereby, but, from a total lack of any native inclination to keep abreast of the world, it has failed even to hold its own, and is to-day far to leeward of the position it occupied several centuries ago. It is truly a Rip Van Winkle.—[Alfred Jerome Weston, in the February Scribner.]

A Chance for Inventors.

The government of India is offering a number of prizes for the best designs or models of a cart suitable for military requirements, to wit, a mule cart for the transport use of the British army in India. The prizes offered are five in number, and are respectively \$3,750, \$2,500, \$1,875, \$1,250, \$625, or \$10,000 in all. Industries says: The award will be entrusted to a jury consisting of three military and three technical experts. The question of cost being of the highest importance, the designs should give the estimated price in pounds sterling or rupees of a single cart delivered free on board in London or at Bombay, Calcutta, or Allahabad. As a guarantee of good faith on the part of the competitor as regards estimated cost, he will, if recommended for a premium, receive, in the first instance, only one-half of such premium immediately on its award. He will, however, only receive the same proportion of the other half as represents the proportion by which he may have under-estimated the actual cost of the cart. It is left to the jury to ascertain by tender in the open market, or by such other means as it considers suitable, the cost of the cart to the government, and to make its award accordingly. The object desired to be attained by this competition is the production of a design, accompanied in all cases by a working model, for a military transport cart adapted to conditions which make the use of interchangeable metal parts for all important portions of the cart absolutely indispensable. The designs and models should reach the secretary to the government of India, Military Department, Calcutta, not later than June 30, 1893.

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