

ALLEGANY COUNTY REPUBLICAN.

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FRIENDSHIP, ALLEGANY COUNTY, N. Y., OCTOBER 25, 1901.

NO 43

MAILS CLOSE

10:30 A. M.—Train 6, Going East.
12:00 P. M.—Train 8, Going West.
1:30 P. M.—Train 14, Going East.
1:30 P. M.—Train 20, Going West.
6:01 P. M.—Train 17, Going East.
10:15 A. M.—Bolivar Stage.

MAILS ARRIVE

10:00 A. M.—Train 6, From West.
10:04 A. M.—Train 8, From East.
12:00 P. M.—Train 11, From West.
1:30 P. M.—Train 13, From West.
6:00 P. M.—Train 1, From East.
6:00 P. M.—Bolivar Stage.

Office hours—8:00 a. m. to 8:00 p. m.; Sunday's
12 m. to 1 p. m.

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Truman, Arthur Steiner, Foreman; Clark
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Assistant; John Washburn and E. V. Young,
Pipeman; O. Conley and E. Robinson,
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COMPANY No. 1, President, F. S. Smalley; Vice
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Treasurer, E. R. Miller; Foreman, G. W.
Jordan; First Assistant, Fred F. Wilcox, Second
Assistant; Hallie Mc Kee.

CHURCH SERVICES.

FIRST BAPTIST CHURCH—Rev. Nelson
Reynolds, Pastor. Preaching every Sunday at
11 a. m. and 7 p. m. Bible-school at 12 m. A
Sunday school at 12:15 p. m. Christian Endeavor
Meeting at 4 p. m. Boy Scouts at 7 p. m.
Covenant meeting the second Saturday of
every month at 8 p. m. Christian Endeavor
business meeting and social gathering the first
Tuesday evening of each month. Women's
Missionary Circle, Mrs. W. H. Baldwin, Pres.
meets the first Thursday of each month at 8
p. m.

FIRST METHODIST CHURCH—Rev. Jas.
B. Arnold, Pastor. Preaching every Sunday at
11 a. m. and 7 p. m. Class meeting at 10 a.
m. Sunday school at 12:15 p. m. J. M. Bullard,
Superintendent. Junior League at 7:30 p. m.
Mrs. Arnold, Superintendent. Senior League
at 8 p. m. Prayer meeting Wednesday at 7:30
p. m.

UNIVERSALIST CHURCH—Rev. E. Alice
Bradley, Pastor. Preaching every Sunday at
11 a. m. and 7 p. m. Class meeting at 10 a.
m. Sunday school at 12:15 p. m. G. W.
Price, Superintendent. Junior Union at 4 p.
m. Miss Cicile Wetherbee, Superintendent.
Senior Union at 4 p. m. Conference meeting from
the home of the pastor on Friday evenings.

S. ANDREW'S PROTESTANT EPISCOPAL
CHAPEL—George Wallace, Huribert, Hector
Munday, 11 a. m., Evening Prayer, Litany and
Munition. Sunday School 12 noon. A cordial
invitation extended to all.

FIRST CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH—
Rev. D. J. Torrens, Pastor. Preaching every
Sunday at 11 a. m. and 7 p. m. Sunday school
at 12:15 p. m. Christian Endeavor at 7:30
p. m. Senior Christian Endeavor at 8 p. m.
Prayer meeting, Wednesday evenings at 7:30.
Women's Missionary Society meets the second
Saturday of each month.

SEVENTH DAY BAPTIST CHURCH, No. 2—
Rev. W. D. Burdett, Pastor. Preaching every
Seventh day morning at 11 o'clock.
most meetings, the first Sabbath
in January, set apart school at 12:15 p. m. Junior
Endeavor at 8:30 p. m. Prayer meeting at 7:30
p. m. Christian Endeavor at 8 p. m.
new meeting the first Sabbath day evening of
each month. Bible study on Thursday nights.
Ladies Aid Society meets every two weeks on
Thursday afternoons. Ladies' Missionary So-
ciety meets the last Sunday in March, June,
September and December, at 8 p. m.

SOCIETIES.

ALLEGANY LODGE NO. 25, F. & A. M.—
Meets the first Friday of each
month. N. BRITTON, Worshipful Master.
D. M. McClaire, Secretary.

ORDER OF THE EASTERN STAR—Meets
the second and fourth Friday evenings of each
month. MARY BRITTON, Worthy Matron.
MISS RUTH SCOTT, Secretary.

W. M. FRIENDSHIP FEST, K. O. T. M.—Meets
Monday evening of each week.
CHARLES D. WILDERICK, Commander.
J. L. MOLL, Record Keeper.

VAN CAMPEN LODGE, NO. 255, I. O. O. F.—
Meets Thursday of each week.
ARTHUR JORDAN, Noble Grand.
HUGO BRADEN, Secretary.

FRIENDSHIP LEGION, NO. 27, NATIONAL
PROTECTIVE LEGION—Meets at the W. C. T.
U. rooms every Tuesday evening.
W. MURRAY, President.
DAM. MURRAY, Secretary.

STAR LEGION, NO. 255, NATIONAL PRO-
TECTIVE LEGION—Meets every Tuesday even-
ing in the K. O. T. M. room.
MARQUETTE E. WEST, President.
JENNIE L. BRAINARD, Secretary.

ESTELLA HOME, NO. 7, L. O. T. M.—Meets
every Tuesday evening.
MARION CHON, Lady Commander.
JENNIE L. BRAINARD, Record Keeper.

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WITH
William H. Scott.

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LIFE,
ACCIDENT:
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Secretary; James W. Hinman, President;
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Assistant, Pipeman; O. Conley and E. Robinson,
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J. H. STONE

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every Tuesday evening.

MARION CHON, Lady Commander.

JENNIE L. BRAINARD, Record Keeper.

CHEAP STATUETTES.

HOW THEY ARE MADE, HARDENED,
FINISHED AND COLORED.

ITALIAN FROM TUSCANY EXCEL THE
WORLD IN THEIR PRODUCTION—THE
DEMAND FOR THESE CASTS THAT
COMES FROM OUR SCHOOLS.

WHILE IT IS NOT DIFFICULT TO SECURE GOOD
AMERICAN WORKMEN FOR CARRYING OUT
SCHEMES OF INTERIOR DECORATIONS, IT IS
IMPOSSIBLE YET TO GET NATIVE BORN MEN
CAPABLE OF MODELING STATUETTES AND
BUSTS SUCH AS ARE SOLD ON THE STREET
CORNERS AND IN MANY OF THE ART SHOPS.
ALL THE WORKMEN EMPLOYED IN FACTORIES
THAT PRODUCE THESE ARE ITALIAN, CHIEFLY
FROM TUSCANY. THIS IS EQUALLY TRUE OF
THOSE WHO FOLLOW THIS TRADE IN GERMANY
AND FRANCE. THE TUSCANIS APPEAR TO HAVE
A NATURAL ABILITY FOR THAT SORT OF WORK
THAT HAS GIVEN THEM THE MONOPOLY OF IT.

THE GREAT MAJORITY OF THESE BUSTS AND
STATUETTES ARE COPIED DIRECTLY FROM THE
ORIGINALS WHEREVER THEY HAPPEN TO BE,
AND THEN THE MOULDS ARE MADE FROM THOSE
COPY AND SENT TO ALL PARTS OF THE WORLD,
THE STATUES BEING CAST IN THE PLACE
WHERE THEY ARE TO BE SOLD. IN THE LARGER
SHOPS IN NEW YORK CITY, HOWEVER, A CERTAIN
AMOUNT OF ORIGINAL WORK IS DONE IN ORDER
TO KEEP PACE WITH THE POPULAR DEMAND;
BUT THE POPULAR TASTE IS SO GREAT THAT
THESE WORKMEN ARE OVERWHELMED BY THE
NUMBER OF ORDERS RECEIVED, AND CONSEQUENTLY
THEY ARE OBLIGED TO CONTRACT WITH
SMALLER WORKMEN IN THE COUNTRY, WHO
THEN MAKE THE BUSTS AND STATUETTES
FOR THEM AT A LOWER PRICE.

THE STATUETTES WHICH ARE CARRIED
ABOUT THE STREETS WRAPPED IN HARMONIUM
YELLOW PAPER OR ARE DISPLAYED ON THE
SIDEWALKS OR ON THE STEPS OF UNOCCUPIED
HOUSES ARE MADE BY QUITE A DIFFERENT SET
OF MANUFACTURERS. THE LARGER DEALERS
DO NOT SELL THESE TO STREET PEDDLERS AT
ALL. THE PEDDLERS HAVE THEIR OWN LITTLE
WORKROOMS, WHICH FURNISH THEM WITH
THEIR STOCK AT A MUCH LOWER RATE THAN
THE REGULAR DEALERS CHARGE. NO ORIGINALS
ARE MADE IN THESE ATTERS, AND MOST OF THE
MOULDS ARE GAINED BY TAKING THEM FROM
SOME OTHER FIRM. THE STEARIC ACID BATH
IS LEFT OUT OF THE PROCESS, AND CONSEQUENTLY
THE COLOR OF THESE CHEAPER WORKS IS
WILDERING TO LOOK AT.

THE PROCESS OF CASTING THESE STATUETTES
IS A COMPARATIVELY SIMPLE ONE
WHEN THE MOLD IS ONCE COMPLETED. THE
MATERIAL USED, PLASTER OF PARIS, IS
CHEAP, AND A VERY EXCELLENT QUALITY,
PRODUCED IN THIS COUNTRY. WHEN THE
STATUETTE COMES OUT, IT IS PURE WHITE
AND COVERED WITH RIDGES MADE BY THE

DIFFERENT SECTIONS OF THE MOLD. THESE
RIDGES ARE CAREFULLY REMOVED, AND THEN
THE CAST IS PLACED IN AN OVEN HEATED AT
ABOUT 180 DEGREES. AFTER IT HAS BEEN
BAKED FOR A CERTAIN LENGTH OF TIME IT IS
PLUNGED INTO A SOLUTION OF STEARIC ACID
AND KEPT THERE UNTIL THOROUGHLY SATURATED.
THEN, WHEN IT HAS DRIED, THE YELLOW COLOR
IS GAINED BY APPLYING TO THE SURFACE A
SOLUTION OF BEESWAX, TURPENTINE, AND
COLORING MATTER. THIS COLOR WILL NOT
WASH OFF, AND, OF COURSE, ANY SHADE
CAN BE PRODUCED AT WILL.

"WHAT YOU CHILLIN' BEEN DOIN'?"
"WE AIN'T BEEN DOIN' NOTHIN'!"
"DEAH ME!" YOU GROW MOAH LIKE
YOU PA EVERY DAY!"—INDIANAPOLIS
NEWS.

GIVE A BOY A DIME, AND HE IMMEDIATELY
BEGINS TO LOOK AROUND FOR HIS HAT.

THE story of the Indian woman left alone on the island of San Nicolas for nearly twenty years has been written by a number of romancers who gave but little heed to fact and free rein to imagination. From occurrences that have passed into history and are known to be authentic, this tale is drawn.

The aborigines of San Nicolas Island were supposed to be of Aztec or Toltec origin, a peaceable people like all tribes indigenous to the tropics.

War with the savage Alaskan Indians had nearly exterminated the Indians of San Nicolas when the Catholic fathers who founded the missions on the mainland desired to bring the few remaining natives across the channel that they might teach them the Christian religion. Accordingly, after repeated efforts to accomplish this, a schooner was sent to the island in 1836 for this purpose. Some time was consumed in gathering together these people and their effects.

As the last boat was leaving the

these people and their effects.

As the last boat was leaving the strand, a woman with a young babe in her arms sprang on shore. Her little girl, a child of eight years, had slipped from her side in the confusion—gone probably in search of some remembered trinket dear to her childish heart—or, perhaps, run away, overcome with terror at the unusual migration of her people.

The woman besought them to await her return, and hastened over the hill, calling as she went. The moments passed—the white man is ever impatient, and he grumbled at the delay. An hour went by, but the woman had not returned. The wind was rising rapidly, and a storm was imminent. The schooner had signalled them twice in the last half hour. The waters about the island were shoal, and there was no safe anchorage along its shores. The waves were running high upon the ledges surrounding the little bay, and their crests were white with the foam of action. The ship signalled again, and with a muttered imprecation and a gruff command, the boat pushed off to join the tossing vessel.

As soon as all were on board, Cap-

As soon as all were on board, Captain Hubbard weighed anchor and stood away for deep water. When the relatives and friends learned that the woman had been left behind, they besought the captain with many tears, and with pleadings in their own tongue, to return and bring her away.

The gale increased in fury and continued unabated for the space of a week. The heavy-laden schooner labored hard and disaster threatened.

When San Pedro Harbor was finally reached, the San Nicolas Indians were distributed between Los Angeles and San Gabriel missions, and Captain Hubbard departed for Monterey, where he had orders to take on a cargo of lumber for San Francisco.

On reaching the Golden Gate, in rough weather, the improperly laden craft capsized and was eventually blown out to sea, and is supposed to have been taken by a Russian vessel. The crew reached shore in safety, and it was always Captain Hubbard's intention to return to San Nicolas for the lost woman. There was now no

tention to return to San Nicolas for the lost woman. There was now no craft of any description except open boats and Indian canoes from San Francisco to San Diego, and no one could be found willing to risk a voyage to San Nicolas in one of these.

It was generally known along the coast of California that an Indian woman and her children had been left upon the Island of San Nicolas, but as time passed and they were not rescued, it came to be generally believed that all had perished. Fifteen years slipped by, and in the spring of 1851 Captain Nidever, of Santa Barbara, with one other white man and a small crew of Mission Indians, visited San Nicolas in a schooner in search of otter. They made a landing at the eastern end of the island, and walked along the southern shore a distance of five miles or more. Captain Nidever discovered footprints of a human being soon after landing. These were no doubt made when the ground had been soaked by the previous winter rains, for the impressions were deep and quite dry and hard. The footprints were small, and the captain felt convinced that they were made by a

were small, and the captain felt convinced that they were made by a woman. A short distance from the shore were found several circular, roofless huts made of brush, about six feet in height and the same in diameter. These enclosures were fully a mile apart, and near them were stakes of driftwood driven in the ground, from which were suspended pieces of seal's blubber out of the reach of wild animals. The blubber was comparatively fresh, and had no doubt been placed there but a few weeks previous.

Captain Nidever had landed upon San Nicolas early in the morning, intending to remain during the day to search for seal and otter, but near noon a northwester began blowing, and he hastened back to the schooner. Here they remained at anchor for eight days in the lee of the island, the sea being at times so rough and the wind so fierce that he expected momentarily to be driven from his anchorage. When the storm abated sufficiently, Captain Nidever returned to Santa Barbara without again landing upon the island.

The next year he once more visited

San Nicolas for game, landing near the same place as on his previous voyage. He and his ship's mate explored the island nearly to its western extremity. The blubber found on the previous visit had been replaced by a fresh stock. In the crotch of a tree near the west end of the island they found a basket containing a garment made of the skins of the cormorant, cut in squares and neatly pieced together; with the ends of the feathers all pointing downward. There were shell hooks, bone needles, a rope of sinew, and various trinkets in the basket with the robe. These things Captain Nidever scattered upon the ground, thinking if they were replaced on his next visit to the tree it would be conclusive evidence that the woman was still alive. After several days spent in securing seal and otter upon the ground already explored, another wind storm came on, and the spot containing the basket was not revisited; as on all previous voyages, the woman was left to her fate and the schooner crossed to San Miguel Island without her.

schooner crossed to San Miguel Island without her.

In July, 1853, Captain Nidever again went to San Nicolas, determined to rescue the woman, if she could be found. Before, he had gone to find otter and seal; now he had a nobler quest.

He anchored midway of the north-western shore of the island, near Corral Harbor, where the natives had embarked in 1836. At this point and at the western extremity of the island is found an abundance of good water, seal and fish. Here Captain Nidever made camp, and with his men began a systematic search. On the second day a hut was discovered upon the ridge, and on approaching it, piles of ashes and bones were seen at its entrance.

Within the enclosure sat the object of their search, talking aloud to herself, and with a rude knife, manufactured from a piece of rusty iron hoop, washed up by the waves, she was diligently scraping blubber from a piece of sealskin.

She watched the approach of the

or seal-skin.

She watched the approach of the men with interest, but made no attempt at flight. She was clothed in a garment of cormorant skins which reached nearly to her ankles, and her throat and arms were bare. Her hair was yellowed by the sun and tangled, and her skin, where exposed, was brown, but where protected by her robe it was quite fair, showing her to be of Aztec or Toltec origin. She received her visitors with the quiet and dignity of a queen, greeting each with a bow and a smile. She talked incessantly, but no word of hers could be understood, although the Indians of the rescuing party spoke several dialects. In her hut was a fire, and when the captain and his men were seated, the woman roasted roots, termed "car-comite" by Californians, which she served to the company an abalone shells.

One day she took her new comrades to a deep, hidden grotto, where bubbled a cool spring from whence she drew her supply of water for cooking. Here they found several unique water jars woven by her of the island

where they found several unique water jars woven by her of the island grasses, and lined with asphaltum, which is plentiful on the western shore. The water jars resembled wide-mouthed bottles, and would hold from two to six quarts. It was interesting to watch her make baskets water tight. She would drop into them bits of asphaltum and hot pebbles, whirling them deftly as the asphaltum liquefied. It required skill and patience, but when they were thoroughly galvanized with a thin coating the jars were both light and durable.

A second spring near the above-mentioned grotto she used as a laundry, and would frequently visit it, for she was very cleanly in her habits.

At the expiration of a month, when the schooner was ready to depart, she was made to understand by signs that she was to go on board. She evidenced the pathetic struggle she had waged with want in the years of solitude by gathering together every fragment of food in her possession. In the crevices of rocks and in other spots secure from the depredations of the wild dogs which infested San Nicolas she had laid up stores of bones and other re-

which infested San Nicolas she had laid up stores of bones and other refuse in anticipation of some future "starvation time." These she insisted should be carried with her. Once on board and the firebrand she had brought burned to ashes she clung closely to the stove, showing that she often suffered from cold, as well as hunger.

Captain Nidever conveyed the Indian woman to his home in Santa Barbara, where she lived in his family until her death. She was supposed to be about fifty years of age when rescued.

She had a docile, loving nature and was of a peculiarly happy disposition. How she had retained these qualities in her years of lonely life is a mystery. She became much attached to her new friends, and they in turn gave her a most cordial affection. She was naturally intelligent and full of resources, and soon learned to communicate with those about her. She told of her sorrow at the death of her oldest child, who was devoured by wild dogs on the day her people were taken from the island by Captain Hubbard. The young babe met a similar fate

Indian, whom the mother, driven by hunger, was forced to leave in unprotected and go forth in search of food.

Strange to say, this woman had formulated an apparently fluent language of her own, which no one was able to understand. Three of the mission fathers, versed in every Indian dialect on the California coast, were quite unable to make themselves understood. Some of the former inhabitants of San Nicolas were brought from San Gabriel and Los Angeles, but they were also unable to converse with her or interpret her language. But few of her words have been remembered. Many she called "noche," the sky, "toys-wah," a hide, "tocah."

Possibly the Alaskan Indians, who overran San Nicolas in the early part of the last century, left upon her memory an indelible impression of their nomenclature, which superseded her native tongue in the years when human association was denied. This is a question that might be settled from the meagre vocabulary she has left by some enthusiastic, painstaking student of philology.

Travelers abroad who visit the Vati-

or pathology.

Travelers abroad who visit the Vatican in Rome, and are permitted to view the priceless relics from many of the lands that have been gathered there, will find among the collection a basket woven of Island grasses, and within it a wonderful feather robe made of soft breasts of the cormorant. This garment was fashioned by the deft fingers of Morenita, the Indian woman, when she dwelt alone upon the island of San Nicolas.—*Los Angeles Times.*
