

## THE EAGLE'S FEATHER

By JEAN X. BONNEAU

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"Go rope your horse; he must be sold tomorrow," whispered the old man between groans, as he turned to his other side on the ragged blanket.

The boy to whom he spoke sat in the center of the teepee gazing out, with the unseeing eyes, at the distant snow-crowned mountain peak. He held every muscle and nerve tense lest the tears should come; it would never do for an Indian to weep, an Indian whose grandfathers sang their death-songs without a quaver; but the horse was his only companion, his only friend.

The old man sighed and rubbed his hand across his inflamed lids.

"Look out, Pepe," he said. "Is there not even a coyote in sight? My old stomach is glued to my back, and every bone in my body cries out for food. The evil one, my enemy, presses his teeth into my heart, and it burns. Is there nothing nothing to see?"

"Nothing," replied the boy. "Wait; I see a partidge."

Picking up his gun, Pepe leaped through the opening and sped through the soft wild clover.

"I must go far," he said to himself. "For although grandfather can no longer see, he hears doubly well."

He ran down to the little stream that came from somewhere in the mountains, and fired off his gun into the air. Then he crept along, as softly as a cat, to a tree a few yards from the teepee, where he scraped under the needles and cones until he uncovered a barn-yard hen. Cautiously he retreated to the stream, where he gave a triumphant shout, then ran up the hill and into the teepee.

"See, a fine one," he cried. He picked and cleaned the fowl dexterously, and then cooked it over the fire.

The old man could scarcely breathe for excitement, and crooned like a child over his share; but Pepe did not eat, for his heart was heavy. He sat with his chin in his hands, watching the withered Indian, who was no longer able to tell the difference between wild and domesticated fowl.

As the soft evening came, and the sun gazed for the last time that day at his own reflection in the little pools of the valley, a sleek-coated black horse came loping toward the solitary teepee among the pine trees.

He shook his mane from his eyes, and his long tail swept the sage-brush behind him. Throwing back his head, he called with shrill cries that echoed against the foothills.

Pepe stood erect; a joyful light spread over his face.

"The horse has come," he said. "I need not rope him. Must he be sold tomorrow?" But the old man was asleep; the clean-picked bones of the chicken lay beside him.

A low, coaxing, whinny came from the entrance flaps. The boy rose and placed his hand across the quivering nostrils of the horse, for the grandmother had not slept in many hours. Then, together, boy and horse walked out under the murmuring pines.

Pepe was a Cree Indian, belonging to a Canadian tribe that had no right to expect aid from the United States government. He and his grandfather, with a small band of these aliens, had been following up the game, but the old man's feebleness and blindness so increased that he could not travel; and the others, compelled to follow the food, had left them. Nothing remained to the old warrior but the boy and the horse.

Pepe was courageous, strong and agile as an antelope. At first he managed to find scattered game, but it gradually became more difficult; the wolf of starvation approached very near the pointed doorway; then Pepe took to stealing.

He did not like to steal, for he belonged to a race of chiefs, and it was beneath his dignity; besides (but this was a secret he told only to the horse), the white boy that hunted and fished through the woods, with whom he often talked, would not think it right.

The white boy had given him shot for his gun, and had shown him his dog; but he had no horse like Pepe's, and had envied the Indian boy. This evening he sat on the bank of the stream gazing at the stars.

"The white boy with the hair of sunshine can run faster than you can pace. His voice is like the coyote's, you can hear it many miles."

The white boy had spoken no louder than Pepe, when they had met, but the little Indian was trying to impress the horse. In his ears kept ringing the old man's words, "He must be sold tomorrow," and Pepe knew that, although it might not happen tomorrow, the parting could not be many days off.

If the white boy would only buy him. He would never be cruel to him; and maybe Pepe might sometimes see his old companion.

Several days after this, Pepe, on his horse, rode down the canon. The meadow lark flew above them singing his beautiful springtime song, and Pepe thought he said, "Klahoyum, tillicum" (Good-by, friend). But the boy's eyes were dry and his face wore the calmness of his people.

In the roadway lay an eagle's feather. Pepe curved over, and deftly seized it with his little red hand; then he wound it tightly in the strong black mane of the horse.

"This is so you will not forget me," he said.

The horse paced down into the valley, and Pepe rode straight to the home of the white-faced boy.

"Want sell horse. You buy him?" was the Indian's greeting.

"What! You want to sell your horse! That horse? What is your reason?" was the reply.

"Must have money," said Pepe. "Heep hungry."

"Wait, let me think," said the white boy. "I have a plan. Do not sell him; rent him for the summer. I will give you four dollars a month, and whenever you wish him come and get him."

Pepe slipped to the ground and whispered in the horse's ear:

"Remember the eagle's feather. By it I promise to come for you when the roseberries are ripe."

For many weeks the horse called after his master, running back and forth in his corral all night. He grew thin, and would have refused food altogether if it had not been for a small white hand that fed him, and a sweet voice that comforted him. They belonged to the white boy's little sister, who came each day to feed him oats and smooth his neck.

Sometimes she would tie red ribbons in the horse's mane and tail, and ride him over the foothills.

The days went by, and the horse ceased to call; but every night he would stand by the fence and gaze up toward the canon. The great yellow lilies were blooming on the mountainsides, while the red berries hung in clusters on the kinnikinnik. The huckleberries ripened and still Pepe did not come.

"What do you think is the reason, Jack?" said the little sister. "You don't suppose he has starved to death, or has been killed, do you?"

"Maybe the officers have him," Jack replied. "You know he is a Cree, and they are being rounded up and sent back to Canada. They are killing all the game."

The roseberries ripened and the boy did not come.

As the weeks passed on, all the Crees to be found on the western side of the Rocky mountains were gradually gathered at a nearby military post, a poor, huddled mass of sick and starving humanity, with dull, despairing eyes, who preferred starvation to the possible punishment awaiting them for past misdeeds across the border.

The band was guarded by colored soldiers stationed there, under a white commander. Stretched on his face, near one of the soldiers, lay an emaciated Indian boy.

"He been that way even since he come, sah. Think he crazy, sah." As the officer turned away, he saw, riding across the sage-brush flat, that stretches between the town and fort, a party of gay young people on horseback. In a race, one coal-black horse outdistanced all the rest, and the girl on his back proudly tossed her head.

Suddenly the horse stopped, trembling in every limb. His shining black eyes were fixed on the camp outside the fort. Then he gave a call, high, shrill and piercing; back through the clear air came as shrill an answer. The horse bounded forward. Over the sage-brush he flew like a bird, and bore his rider into the midst of the camp, past guard, past commander; what cared he for the cry of "Halt!" He did not stop until he reached the boy.

Then his rider understood, and slipped from her saddle to the ground. "He has been expecting you ever since the roseberries ripened," she said. "Why did you not come for your money?"

"The soldiers hunt, and I hide in the mountains," he replied.

That night he told the horse all about it; how the old man had died suddenly, and gone to the happy hunting grounds.

Several days after this, escorted by the troop, the Crees were marched away.

Behind the train came a band of horses, the ponies belonging to the Indians. The dust flew into the eyes of the driver, but he did not care. His face beamed with happiness, and he shouted with joy as the wind blew back his straight black hair, while he cracked his whip at the drove in front.

The horse he rode tossed his head; his tail swept the sage-brush, and beside red ribbons he had an eagle's feather twisted in his mane.

**First Silk Hose in Ireland.**

Women who have done so much knitting within the last few years will no doubt be interested to know that Scotland is the home of the knitters, and by the Scotch it was introduced into Ireland, where, in the 16th century, the gallants of Galway sported fine knit silken stockings and foreign pantoufles." In those days Galway was the center of a thriving trade with Spain and it was through this port that Henry VIII got his silk stockings, worn on special occasions, that no doubt were of Spanish manufacture. About that time, possibly, knitting became a popular work and pastime for the ladies of Ireland and it is well known that its history trade is carried on most extensively, the balbriggan stockings being known the world over.

**All Right, So Far.**

Father was hanging pictures and little Tommy was watching him. Presently the small boy sought his mother in the kitchen.

"Oh, mother," he asked, after the cat had stopped playing with him, "did you hear the stepladder when it tumbled over in the parlor just now?"

"No, dear," replied the mother. "I hope father didn't fall, too."

"Not yet," was the youngster's answer. "He's still clinging on to the gas bracket."—London Answer.

## Rivals for Our Favor



## THE UTILITY GOWN

Black Velvet Draws Palm of Popularity, Writer Says.

Fabric Suitable for All Purposes From Breakfast Robe to Ball and Theater Attire.

In these days of the high cost of everything few women can afford to make a distinction between dinner gowns and evening dress. They both signify formal wear, but to persons of meticulous care in dress there is a difference. With housekeeping such a tremendous problem and the domestic question a shoal on which many households founder, the custom of dining out is becoming more and more prevalent. At the more exclusive restaurants one is not properly dressed unless in evening clothes, yet if the evening's entertainment includes the theater one's costume needs to be more reserved than if a dancing party or the opera is contemplated.

Of all the materials we have seen this season, observes a fashion writer, the palm of popularity goes to black velvet—unquestionably the fabric suitable for all purposes from breakfast to ball-gown, and in the restaurants and theaters it predominates. A clever woman whom we see at every important function is not noted for her wealth nor her lavish expenditures on dress, but she is always tastefully if rather unobtrusively gowned.

At the opera one evening she appeared in a stunning gown of black silk velvet made severely plain with a round of decolletage and the skirt ankle length with a long, straight panel falling from one hip to form a side train. We remarked the costume for its extreme elegance of line and lack of adornment. A few nights later this woman came into the dining room of our most fashionable and exclusive hotel again gowned in black velvet. We noticed that the bodice was cut rather low and filled in with a shirred gilet of embroidered black net, short sleeves edged with tiny ruffles were of net and chiffon, and on one hip several flat loops of the velvet simulated the bouffant effect.

It was not until afterward that we realized that this costume was in fact the opera gown worn with a guipure of net, and with the train looped up. Not one woman in a hundred, unless she were in the habit of scrutinizing and analyzing feminine wearing apparel, would have discovered the metamorphosed frocks. Very convincing transformations may be accomplished by a woman who is clever with her needle or who has a good dressmaker.

## FOR MILADY'S SPRING WEAR



Becoming, indeed, is this straw hat in sennet braid which soon will be added to the wardrobe.

Turn Gloves Before Washing. Turn a silk glove wrong side out before washing.

**Materials for Handbags.**

Chiffon velvet and suede are the favorites for handbags.

## New Lingerie and Long Gloves

Dainty Undergarments Are Embroidered; Shoes and Slippers of Satin and Velvet.

Lingerie is one of the things which have had an impetus during the season. There seems to be an idea of getting away from the old and well-tried ideas and of indulging in undergarments which are original and pretty at the same time. Chiffon is the material most favored. The pale yellows and the shades of mauve are particularly attractive, and so are the tones of cerise and orange. For a bright color in chiffon loses the heaviness which might result from the use of a thicker material.

These dainty bits of undergarments are embroidered in thin rows of flower patterns and are generously helped along by inlays of hemstitching. Then there are ribbons used not too conspicuously and varying a little from the general tone of the material.

Accordion plaiting is cleverly used. Two or three rows of double hemstitching, with the rest in plaiting, and you have a slip which cannot be said to have a serious rival. Laces are used with caution and they are, of course, most attractive when they are hand-made.

Shoes and slippers are often made of satin and velvet. In Paris these are cut with scarcely any vamp and they are supplied with straps over the insteps and with butterfly ornaments in the place of buckles. These are made of a bit of gold or silver gauze and a strip of wire and some rhinestone sparkles.

Gloves are another accessory of woman's dress which have undergone a change in Paris in that they no longer are worn wrist length. Every sleeve ends in a gauntlet glove or a mousquetaire glove or a long 14-button glove. There is always a wrinkle around the wrist when style is in the balance and sleeves that are long are made tight enough for the glove to slip over them. The shorter sleeves expect the glove to meet them. Long gloves decidedly are in again.

## FURS FOR CHILDREN'S COATS

Imitations, to Represent Different Animal Pets, Are Having Tremendous Vogue.

Real fur coats have been featured for children for several seasons, but furs are so expensive this year that imitation furs, that is wool materials woven to represent the different animal pets, are having a tremendous vogue. They are specially good for children's coats. Many of the coats for little girls are very boyish in line, finished with big patch pockets and buttoned-over or reefer collars. For the very little girl from two to six years, broadcloth is a favorite fabric. When a real fur coat is selected for a child, the pets preferred generally are coney, natural gray squirrel or muskrat. Fur sets with cloth coats are far more frequently seen and the smartest things are the three-piece sets consisting of muff, scarf and cap or hat.



Billowing charm is in every bit of this accordion plaited pongee skirt, trimmed with several rows of stitching in delicate blue. This stitching is also used on the cuffs of the charming waist which has a dainty collar of old blue velvet. The girdle is of the same material.

**JEWELRY OF CHINESE JADE**

Season's Vogue for Green Tints Brings Costly Decorative Articles into the Limelight.

One of the things which the season's vogue for green tints in women's garments has done is to bring into unprecedented popularity various articles of jewelry made of real Chinese jade. The articles in demand range from tiny eardrops to necklaces so high in price as to surprise even persons who think they know a good deal about costly gems. It is a matter of record that small necklaces of jade beads, every one measuring less than a quarter of an inch in diameter, have been sold in China at \$1,000 to \$8,000 each. Naturally, the values of these necklaces are enhanced when they are brought to this country and resold.

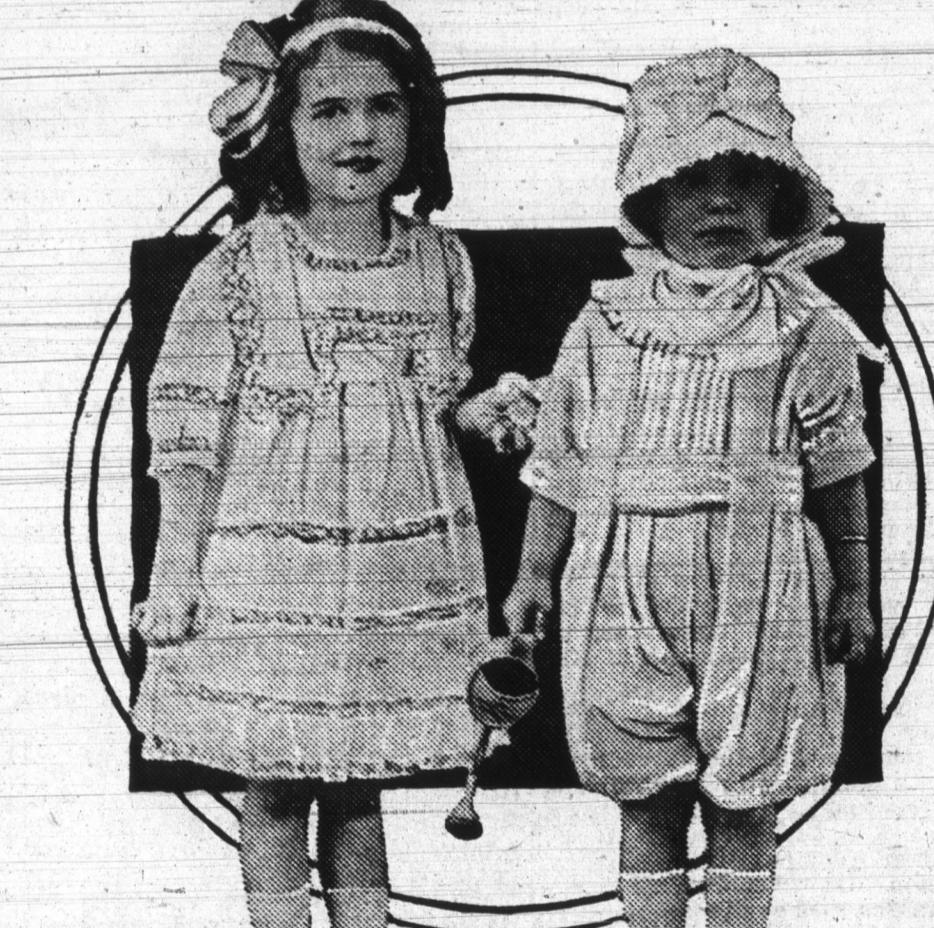
## New Veil Fastener.

A smart veil shown in one of the exclusive hat shop windows was made of heavy black mesh with a ribbon of leather fastened at a point that would come right below the chin in the front. This ribbon extended on either side and was provided with a snapper so that when it was down around the neck it would fasten securely in the back collarwise, leaving the veil itself snugly gathered in about the lower part of the face.

## Materials for Handbags.

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## Waiting for Summertime



**I**n the showing of spring and summer clothes for very little girls we are distracted between the contemplation of sheer little frocks that bespeak "dress up" wear and numerous ingeniously designed rompers that foretell good times both in and out of doors. Fashion smiles on hand sewing and as a result we find hemstitching, fancy stitching and fine hand-run tucks. Black and white stitchery is used for decorating little frocks and rompers and by way of adding another charm, tiny figures of animals done in cross-stitch in colors often appear on the belt.

A good many of the rompers are made with waists and knickerbockers separate and buttoned together. By this management two pairs of knickers may be allowed each waist, and white waists worn with colored knickers. Checked gingham is combined with plain chambray both in dresses and rompers, the body being of the plain material and the skirt or knickers of the check. The small checks are very popular and pretty and show all the different spring colors combined with white in checks. One of the simplest and most effective decorations on children's clothes is easily

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Julie Bottomly