

THE AFRIDIS TRIBE.

LIVE SAINT WOULDN'T DO. THEY KILLED ONE.

Then He Was Worshipped Unique Scheme of British Rulers to Keep the Tribe from Stealing The Present Difficulty and Its Causes.

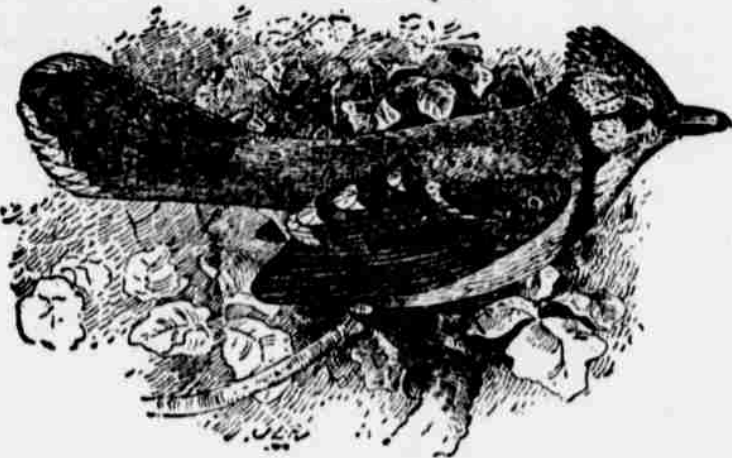


HOSE terrible Afridis who still hold the Khyber Pass against the British are creatures of infinite resources and when they want a thing they generally get it one way or another. Before the recent outbreak the Afridis established a "Ziarat," or place of pilgrimage, in their country, and the way they did it amounted to a stroke of genius.

Now, there does not seem ever to have been any holy man among the Afridis, and in order to have a real Ziarat you must have a holy man to bury. The Afridis had been busy so many centuries robbing caravans and stealing sheep that they had not had time to pay any profound attention to their spiritual welfare, and really did not feel the want of a place of pilgrimage.

Not long ago, however, some Mullahs appeared among them and began to point out their deficiencies in this respect. It was shown to them that they did not even have a Ziarat and were in a bad way generally.

THE BLUE JAY.



The blue jay is a common bird of the United States east of the Great Plains, and remains throughout the year in most of its range, although its numbers are somewhat reduced in winter in the Northern States. During spring and summer the jay is forced to become an industrious hunter for insects, and is not so conspicuous a feature of the landscape as when it roams the country at will after the cares of the nesting season are over.

as to his high principles and general virtues, and he brought a lot of testimony to prove how holy he was.

His examination being satisfactory, they slew the astonished Khattak then and there and built a big pile of stones over his body. Then they proclaimed their deed, and in a week the pilgrims were flocking to the new Ziarat and the reproach was removed from the land.

Among the Afridis the man most respected is the man who is the most expert thief. In fact, thievery is the only road to distinction among them. The scheme by which until of late Britain muzzled these desperate folk is ingenious and worthy of note. To pay an Afridi to behave himself every day of the week is a course too expensive for any government.

If a shot was fired on those days the tribe on whose ground the outrage took place got 1,000 rupees stopped out of its allowance next quarter day. Of this

sum the man fired at got 500 rupees, or his relations if it happened to be a good shot, while the government was the richer for the rest.

BEHIND THE FOOTLIGHTS.

Recently when Ada Rehan was playing in "As You Like It," at Stratford, England, Mrs. Navarro (Mary Anderson) occupied a box. Ten years ago, before she was married, Mrs. Navarro had appeared as Rosalind on the same stage. She was enthusiastic over the performance and invited Mr. Daly and all the company to a little informal dinner she had arranged expressly for them.

Mrs. Cora Urquhart Potter has of late been making unkind remarks about her native land and has signified the intention of never again playing in America. She has signed for a tour embracing England, Australia and India.

When the Bradley Martins gave their costume ball in New York one of the theaters put on a burlesque of it. When the duchess of Devonshire gave hers the English managers also saw a chance for making some money, but they regarded the affair in an entirely different and solemn light. The man who originated the affair wanted to make the reproduction as true to life as possible, and he has already obtained about three-quarters of the actual costumes worn.

Yvette Guilbert is wrathful. No less than four singers—Anastasia, Londre, Duclere and Spahis—are all singing at various resorts the sort of songs she sings. "Why do they dare?" she storms. "I have originated a method of singing in which none can approach me, and now come four who try to copy my style."

Fanny Davenport will play a short season this year—twenty-five weeks—during which she produces but one new play and has no one-night stands.

EARNERS OF CHARITY MONEY.

Schemes of Church Women to Get Dollars for Philanthropic Purposes.

It is no uncommon thing for women interested in church work to endeavor to raise money for philanthropic purposes by individual or organized labor within their special fields, says the New York Times. Instances have been related of how women, animated by worthy objects, have fulfilled voluntary pledges of earning specified sums within certain specified periods. The custom of forming women's industrial circles, each member of which is pledged to earn a dollar or more by some personal act, has become popular in small communities, and many ingenious schemes have been devised by clever women for extracting the desired dollar from the pockets of men.

The Church on "Brimstone Corner."

There are fears in Boston lest the Park street church, endeared as it is by historical associations, may not stand much longer on a site so valuable to investors for business purposes. It was founded in the outbreak of the schism, in the early part of the century, which divided Massachusetts Congregationalists into Trinitarians and Unitarians, and was from the outset a rallying point for the orthodox party.

New England Erudition.

On a telegraph pole in the suburbs of a New England village is tacked this notice:

"LOST—Between here and the post-office, a real lady's hair switch black mixt with gray with shoe string tied around one end the above which please return to the postmaster and get 50 cents with thanks of owner who needs it badly and will be thankful for the kindness of any lady or gent who will return what cannot be of no use to them, but which is a necessity to her."

A Theatre Hat That Folds Up.

A remedy has been devised for the matinee hat. Of late a collapsible hat has been brought out, not quite on the principle of the opera hat, but practical in a way, as the brim divides in the center of the back and front and folds over the crown, which enables it to be packed much more easily.

Poker on the Klondike.

The most exciting game at Klondike is when the miners play poker with beans for chips. The man who wins twenty beans is sure of a meal.

THEATRICAL TOPICS.

SAYINGS AND DOINGS OF THE PLAYERFOLK.

The Story of an Actor-Playwright's Life—How William H. Gillette Ran Away When a Mere Boy—Current Gossip.



WILLIAM H. GILLETTE, the famous playwright and actor, was born in Hartford, Conn., in 1853. His father having at one time been United States senator from that state. His early education was acquired in his native city, where he graduated from the Hartford high school, going thence to the University of the City of New York and to the Boston University.



EMMA EAMES.

at the Comedy theater, in New York, the farcical play, "Digby's Secretary," which he adapted from Von Moser's play, "Der Bibliothekant," and in which he assumed the role of the secretary, the Rev. Job McCosh. Upon the same night "The Private Secretary" was produced by A. M. Palmer at the Madison square theater. This was Hawtreys' adaptation of the same German play.



MR. W. H. GILLETTE.

terion theater, Brooklyn, N. Y., in 1886, the author playing the role of Thomas Bean, a newspaper correspondent. He next produced a dramatization of Rider Haggard's "She" in 1887, at Niblo's Garden. In 1890 he gave to the public "All the Comforts of Home," an adaptation from the German, and in the following year "Mr. Wilkinson's Widows," also an adaptation. After a lengthy illness he wrote "Too Much Johnson," in which he also appeared. It had its

initial production at the opera house, Holyoke, Mass., Oct. 25, 1894. His latest play, "Secret Service," in which he fills a serious role, was produced for the first time at the Broad Street theater, Philadelphia, Pa., May 13, 1895. It is an entirely original creation, and is considered to be his best work, even excelling in dramatic construction and in absorbing interest his earlier work play, "Held by the Enemy."

The celebrated Mrs. Jordan's maiden name was Bland, but she called herself Miss Francis when she first took to the stage. Before long, however, her mother wrote to request another change, and she then assumed the name by which she is now known. The Mrs. was prefixed, it is said, to keep "frivolous suitors at bay."

Sarsate, the great violinist, who has not been heard in the United States for seven or eight years, and has indicated no intention to come here, has returned to his home in Pamplona, and was received as a hero by his own people. He played once in an open square one of the Spanish dances, to the great enthusiasm of the people who gathered to hear him.

Hilliary Bell, the racy theatrical ges-

OUR BUDGET OF FUN.

SOME GOOD JOKES, ORIGINAL AND SELECTED.

A Sure Thing for Smith Why Erastus Horse Was Last His Catching Average—A Sign of Cultivation—Flotsam and Jetsam.



Just as Happy. They silent sat, while round them went. The whispering breezes crept; On high the moon, a kindly cloud. Its face averted kept. The stars were filled with envy of The light within her eyes— At least, he thought so, and he looked Disdainful at the skies.

They silent sat; no intoned word The tenderness did break; Nor needed was to voice their love, No softer of them spake. She smiled—a ripple faint and vague Her charming lips did curl— She laughed, and straight delicious went His brain all in a whirl.

They silent sat; their souls did throb In rhythm sweet and soft The refrain of their love and did Repeat it oft and oft. Now was the time, it would be thought For him to say the word, But not a sound did pass his lips Nor was one by her heard.

They silent sat; it did seem strange On her part, if not his. Nor did a word from either come When he stole a sudden kiss. No occult wave did voice their thought. Nor did it keep them numb— Their finger ends they used, you see, For both were deaf and dumb.



She—"Oh, Mr. Smith, won't you recite for us this evening?" He—"Really there will be so many strangers present, that—ah—" She—"Oh, don't mind them, they'll be gone before you're half through."

A Public Benefactor. Mr. Smithkins (drawing up his will) —To the Pokeville Home for Incurables I leave and bequeath the sum of \$10,000; to the Pokeville Orphan Asylum, \$40,000; to the Pokeville Baptist church, \$5,000; to start a town library in the town of Pokeville, \$10,000; to the Mrs. Smithkins—Goodness me! are you crazy! You ain't worth ten cents, and you know it.

Mr. Smithkins—Oh, shut up and lemme me alone! I'm going to take this will round to the president of the Pokeville National Bank and have him witness it. I've got to overdraw my account there for \$27 next week.

Its Antiquity. A large earthenware vase in a down town window in one of the large cities is surmounted by a conspicuous sign bearing this inscription: Made of Egyptian Clay. Three Thousand Years Old.

One day an expert, who happened to be passing the window, stopped and looked at the vase. "Yes," he said, after a brief inspection, "it is considerably older than three thousand years. I refer, of course, to the clay. The vase probably was made in 1893."

A Sufficiency. Daughter (sentimentally)—Ah, mother! the summer wanes. How beautifully it does! Soon we will have the frost— Mother (who has tried ten seasons to get the girl off her hands)—Oh, pshaw! You have had nothing but a "frost" all summer!

Fast Indeed. Squire—"Is it a fast horse, Erastus?" Erastus—"He oughter be, Squire. He's been er fastin' fo' free weeks."



His Catching Average. "Have a good time on your vacation?" asked the man who could not go. "Made a record of 750," cheerfully answered the young man. "Did what?" "Proposed to thirty-six girls and was accepted by twenty-seven."

A Sign of Cultivation. "Somebody must be cultivating the widow." "Yes." "Anyway, her weeds have disappeared."