

CAPTAIN FYFE OF THE SIXTH

By J. M. LYALL

Copyright, 1901, by A. S. Richardson.

When the Indians of the United States begin the ghost dance, the army prepares for an outbreak. In India when a new prophet comes down from the Himalaya mountains and begins to stir up the people orders are issued to suppress him at once. He is either captured by the military and banished from the province or arrested by the civil authorities and immured in a dungeon until forgotten. The English in India are arbitrary and autocratic. They realize that they are living over a volcano which may spout flame and death any hour. They move quickly and strike hard.

The coming of a prophet means popular excitement, plots and conspiracies, rekindling of the flames of hatred, danger to the English rule. Strong hands must be laid on the holy man at once. Perhaps there will be resistance, and a score of natives will be killed, and the resistance may even grow into an incipient rebellion, but the English put it down, bury the dead and give out nothing for publication. To rule India without gloves of steel would be to lose her in a year.

When the Prophet Rajmahal came down to the province of Behar from his mountain retreat, in which he claimed to have slept and dreamed for twenty years, intense excitement followed in his track. He headed straight for Moorshedabad, on the Ganges, to visit the ruins of an ancient temple and the tombs of his long dead ancestors, but he was headed off sixty miles to the north of that place. A lieutenant in the Sixth rifles had been detailed with half the troop on this special duty.

While it is true that most of the so-called prophets and holy men wandering about India are fakirs of the worst sort, who stir up excitement and sedition for the money there is in it, it is also true that a few of them are earnest and conscientious and should be dealt with harshly only after argument has been exhausted. The lieutenant found the Prophet Rajmahal to be a venerable and distinguished looking man. His age must have been eighty years or more, and yet he was sturdy and upright and had a voice like a clarion. He was a fluent speaker, full of argument, reason and appeal, and he was lighting a flame of zeal in every village he passed through. He utterly refused any cash contributions, lived on what the dogs would hardly eat and addressed the people without fear of consequences. He had dreamed of emancipation and a new ruler. It was sedition straight from the shoulder, and in less than a month he could set the whole province in rebellion.

When the lieutenant came face to face with the prophet, he resolved to try reason and argument. The officer could but yield respect and did not desire to see him dragged around the country, disgraced and degraded. The Rajmahal was for defiance at first, and he had enough adherents in his train to have eaten the troops ten times over, but after an interview lasting for hours he recognized the force of English logic and announced that he would return to his mountain lair.

The prophet was as good as his word, but his return was slow. This was caused solely by the crowds blocking his way and exhorting him to defy the government. He had not yet made fifty miles on the backward track when Captain Fyfe came on with the rest of the troop. The lieutenant was relieved from duty under a cloud, and orders were issued to push the old man out of the province at the point of the saber. Captain Fyfe overtook him, pronounced him a fakir, an impostor and a charlatan, and, wishing to make the degradation complete, pulled him by the beard and spat on his raiment.

This scene took place in the open air in sight of 3,000 people and the full company of soldiers. The act mortally offended every law of caste and religion, and instead of raising shouts of indignation the natives simply groaned in horror. It was the handsome, contemptuous Captain Fyfe, clad in full uniform, who stepped forward and gathered the long white beard in his clutch. It was a wan faced, misshapen and cringing native who fell back before the uplifted hand of the prophet. Captain Fyfe had disappeared off the face of the earth while the eyes of all that vast crowd were full upon him. Three thousand people looked upon the strange scene, and 100 of them were English soldiers. A hundred different men swore to it, and it was talked over wherever two Englishmen met in India. But the press dared not refer to it for fear of encouraging the natives.

The second lieutenant, now in charge of the troop, rode through that crowd a score of times, but his captain was not to be found. He beat up the country around, he coaxed and threatened, but the Prophet Rajmahal strode on, with his face to the mountains, and his followers were dumb. The troops had to turn back. No sooner had the report reached the colonel at Gyal than the second officer was put under arrest. At his trial every man in the command testified to the facts as above related. It was against common sense to believe the story, but could they say that a hundred men had conspired to lie? They had to accept their testimony and clear the officer, and the only

thing left was to poohpooh it and forbid the soldiers to talk.

What had become of the native who had stepped into Captain Fyfe's boots, as it were, no one could say. He had drawn back and mingled with the crowd and then disappeared.

Weeks and months went by. Then one day a strange Hindoo was seen hanging about the cantonment. His face was like that of a monkey rather than of a man, and his misshapen legs gave him a queer gait. A soldier went forward with a stick to drive him away, but the idler protested, weeping, and after speaking in a strange jargon he forced out the words:

"Take me—take me to the colonel!"

Ambling and clucking and chattering, he was passed to the colonel. Now and then a native came in with reports worth heeding, and this "thing" was supposed to be the bearer of some such news. Standing before the colonel, he stuttered and stammered and giggled like a fool. What few words he did utter no one could understand. The colonel lost patience and spoke to him sharply, and the "thing" groveled at his feet.

"Try your cane on him," said the colonel to a captain who had been drawn thither by curiosity.

"That will make him speak," replied the captain as he brought the cane down over the chatterer's shoulders.

So it did. He sprang up, screamed out like a wild beast two or three times, and then, holding out his hands in appeal, he cried distinctly:

"Colonel, don't you know me? I am Captain Fyfe!"

"God in heaven!" gasped the colonel, springing to his feet.

"I am! I am! I tell you, I am Captain Fyfe, and I want to come back here!"

Horror struck, the officers looked in to his hideous face and at his deformed limbs, and no man could speak.

"I tell you, I am Captain Fyfe!" screamed the "thing," "but you won't believe it—you don't want me. I will go back!"

And as the group continued to stare and wonder and feel their blood run chill he ran out of the room, fled across the grounds with growls and cackles, and before a move was made to prevent he was out of sight behind some buildings. The closest search was made, but in vain. For months and months watch was kept for him, but he never returned.

Nature Study That Failed.

A certain clever teacher in a public school once congratulated herself on having given her geography class a vivid idea of islands by cutting out pieces of brown paper and pinning them on the wall. "That's all very well," said the master of the school, speaking from a longer experience of the youthful mind, "but those children will go out into life with a fixed idea that an island is a piece of brown paper pinned on the wall." The New York Post says that two little "fresh air" girls were noticed on the morning after their arrival gazing at the landscape with evident disapproval.

"What's the matter, children?" asked their hostess. "Why are you disappointed with the country?"

"Why, there's no grass here," said one, pulling a blade and biting the end of it.

The lady could only stare. "What is your idea of grass?" she asked at last.

Little by little the truth came out, and he had enough adherents in his train to have eaten the troops ten times over, but after an interview lasting for hours he recognized the force of English logic and announced that he would return to his mountain lair.

"Oh, no!"

"How is it different?"

"Why, grass is black," said one child.

"Black and white," added the other.

Then the explanation became apparent. They had drawn their ideas of vegetation from the black and white prints of newspapers and books.

Lines in Maple Wood.

Nobody seems to know what cause it is which produces those delicate and beautiful lines in maple known as birdseye. Some people think they come from the hundreds of little branches which shoot out over the trunk of the tree as soon as a clearing is made around it. Expert timbermen say that is not the case. The only way to tell a birdseye maple tree is to cut it. There are no outward signs by which one can judge. The Railroad Gazette tells a story of the late George M. Pullman. Many years ago he was offered a mahogany log for \$3,000, to be cut into veneers. It was supposed to be a very fine piece of wood, but this could only be determined by cutting it. He declined the offer, but agreed to take the log cut into veneers for what it was worth. The owner had it sawed and was paid \$7,000 for his veneers. Any one who can discover the secret of determining the interior nature of wood from the outside will have a fortune.

Unhappy Princesses.

The figures of the old maids presented to the astonished court when they returned to take their places at Versailles may be seen today in the portraits by Nattier, which adorn the walls of the palace where they lived their futile, often mischievous lives. The very names Louis jovially fastened upon these melancholy dames illuminate the scene and the attributes of the royal maidens. Loque, Coche, Graille and Chiffe were the endearing titles by which the fond father addressed his daughters. The terms are not quite translatable, but they signify Rag, Piggy, Sloppy, Tatters. None possessed a single trait of beauty, none had intellectual resources above the ordinary scullion maid save the elder, Mme. Adelaide, who had just enough ability to make misery in court and camp. Their existence was a constant mortification of the flesh.—Era.

A Story Worth Telling

We never tire of telling the story of **Uneeda Biscuit**. We do not believe that lovers of good, wholesome food ever tire reading it.

Uneeda Biscuit are the result of two ideas. That soda crackers could be made better than they had ever been made before. That it was possible to convey them to the home fresh, crisp and clean.

The importance of the soda cracker as an article of daily consumption, made this worthy of extraordinary effort. True, many people laughed at the idea of so much thought—time—labor—capital, being devoted to a soda cracker. But the greatest industries of the greatest country in the world have been developed from smaller things than a soda cracker, and so it seemed worth while to make the best soda cracker that could be made and to place it on the table as good as it had been made.

To do the first required the selection of the best materials, of the best equipment, the highest skill. To do the second upset all traditions. The oldest bakers said there was no way to keep a soda cracker good.

That no one expected it any way. That people were satisfied to eat them stale, as they had been in the habit of doing. And so it fell to the lot of younger minds to do this unheard of thing—to keep a soda cracker good until eaten.

The result was the creation of the In-er-seal Package with red and white seal. An invention that kept out the air, moisture, dust germs, that first retained the natural flavor of the biscuit, keeping it crisp and fresh until it reached the table, and so **Uneeda Biscuit** became a reality. The little thing that seemed hardly worth while became a great thing that seemed hardly possible.

To-day over 300,000,000 packages have been consumed by the thoughtful people of this country and the demand is ever increasing.

That is the story of **Uneeda Biscuit**. Some day we will tell it over again for the benefit of those who are still "satisfied" with the stale and broken crackers that come in a paper bag, when they can get **Uneeda Biscuit** whole, fresh, and clean.

5¢

NATIONAL BISCUIT COMPANY

She Repudiated the Charge.

At the men's service in a Yorkshire parish the vicar tried to convey the lesson that the truest heroes and heroines are those who do noble deeds in the secret corner of the home, where none can see or applaud.

"Few of you seem to think," he concluded, "that your wives staying at home uncomplainingly to mind the children and prepare the meals are heroines, and yet their touching devotion to duty proves them to be so."

It certainly hadn't struck one old farmer in this way before, and as soon as he got home he promptly told his wife that the vicar had called her a heroine.

"Whatever does that mean?" asked the good lady.

"Oh, it means a woman who stays in 't' house instead of goin' out to show herself," explained the farmer vaguely.

"Then I'm not a heroine, an' I'll thank 't' vicar to mind what he's sayin'," snapped the wife. "I go to his church as much as 't' other women do, an' he must be blind if he can't see me. Why, I'd five different colors in 't' bonnet I wore last Sunday!"—London Answers.

Mark Twain's First Earnings.

Mark Twain was once asked by a friend if he remembered the first money he had ever earned.

"Yes," answered Mr. Clemens, puffing meditatively on his cigar, "I have a distinct recollection of it. When I was a youngster, I attended school at a place where the use of the birch rod was not an unusual event. It was against the rules to mark the desks in any manner, the penalty being a fine of \$5 or public chastisement.

"Happening to violate the rule on one occasion, I was offered the alternative. I told my father, and, as he seemed to think it would be too bad for me to be publicly punished, he gave me the \$5. At that period of my existence \$5 was a large sum, while a whipping was of little consequence, and so"—here Mr. Clemens reflectively knocked the ashes from his cigar—"well, he finally added, 'that was how I earned my first \$5.'"

Imitators.

Little Ethel—Mamma, Mrs. Next-door's children are playin' house in their garden. Mayn't we play house in ours?

Mamma—Certainly. Little Ethel—That'll be lovely. Then we can quarrel over the back fence just like real neighbors.

His Course Clear.

"Say," whispered the conductor to the motorman, "that fat slob with the jag says if I want his nickel I'll have to whip him to get it. What'll I do?"

"None but the brave deserve the fair," replied that worthy as he put on full speed in an effort to run over a dog.—Houston Post.

BEARDS AND GLASSES.

Two Ornaments That Are Rarely Found Upon Hotel Waiters.

"Ever see a waiter wearing glasses?" demanded the inquirer.

No one could remember, although just why a waiter should not be seen with glasses as well as any other man was not apparent.

"It's just like the wearing of beards," went on the inquirer. "The proprietors of our important hotels, restaurants and cafes will not permit either beards or glasses to be worn by their waiters. It is possible that in some old fashioned family or commercial hotel the servitors may be found with their noses straddled by optical helps, but you won't find 'em along Broadway."

"Now, this is a fact worthy of note because in every other calling in life the number of persons wearing glasses is on the increase, and even in our schools a considerable percentage of very small children will be found wearing glasses, and while, as I say, hotel, restaurant and cafe proprietors are opposed to the glasses, still I have seldom found a waiter whose eyes indicated that he was in the slightest need of them.

"You may argue that restaurant waiters are generally young men. Grant you that instantly, but all the same thousands of men of similar age have to wear them in almost every other occupation.

"The majority of those servitors commence in boyhood, and the demand of their vocation causes no strain on the eyesight. Consequently that may account in a measure for the absence of any necessity for the use of specs. Moreover, the steam from hot stoves would render them useless probably."—New York Telegram.

No Serious Drawback.

Bridget was engaged to be married to a young plumber, Terence Dolan by name, and when, two weeks before the day set for the wedding, she fell down the cellar stairs she was in the depths of woe.

"I've broke out one o' my front teeth," she wailed to her mistress, "and my teeth has been my best beauty, ma'am! Manny's the time Terence has had me show 'em to his friends and remarked how fine they were! Oh, what'll I do? What'll I do?"

"Tell Terence all about it when he comes tonight, and I'm sure he'll say he's only glad you were not more severely injured," said her mistress, but Bridget shook her head and refused to be comforted.

"'Twould be better for me if I'd broke some of my bones," she said gloomily, "and maybe all of 'em."

That evening after Terence had come and gone Bridget appeared before her mistress, the gloom gone and her face set in a broad smile.

"I told him all about it," she said

gayly, "and he says to me, 'What's a tooth more or less when it comes to cookin'?' he says carelesslike and passed on to Cassidy's wake as if 'twas no matter at all!"

A Fish Story.

"Talk about fish and things of the sea!" said he who claimed to be a seafaring man. "'Twas in the year—well, it was a good while ago and we were floating somewhere around—well, one of the oceans. One day we were heading south by south-west, latitude—I forget exactly which—when a ripple in the water suggested the presence of a shark. You can always tell a shark by his ripple. He's got one of his own. We never landed a good specimen, and when he showed his head I could well tell he was a ten footer. I always was quick and precise. A knife in me mouth, a jump, and I landed headforemost between the shark's jaws. Quick as a flash I turned around. With me knife I cut holes through his sides for my legs and arms to pass through and swam back to the ship. Well, he was a fine morsel, that fish was, and we lived on him for weeks. Is it true? Well"—and he displayed a splinter from the handle of the knife.—Harper's Monthly.

The Racing Camel.

The ordinary camel, which will never hurry under any circumstances, has been transformed in southern Algeria into an animal so different in size, temper and appearance that it may almost be looked upon as a different race. This is the racing camel, prized for its speed. The result of many generations of careful breeding, which has been encouraged by valuable prizes, it can be depended upon for nine or ten miles an hour, which it can keep up for sixteen or seventeen hours, almost without a stop. Its value is five or ten times that of the beast of burden. The camel races are popular sport and are made exciting by the evident interest of the creatures themselves in winning.

What He Had Read.

An unlettered Celt's application to the Philadelphia court of naturalization resulted in the following dialogue: Judge—Have you read the Declaration of Independence?

Applicant—No, sir.

Judge—Have you read the constitution of the United States?

Applicant—No, sir.

Judge—Have you read the history of the United States?

Applicant—No, sir.

Judge—No? Well, what have you read?

Applicant—O! have red hair on me head, your honor.

A New Suit In Prospect.

"All my best gowns were destroyed in that railway wreck."

"And didn't the company give you any redress?"—New York Press.

The Word "Cafe."

It is really difficult to understand how the word "cafe," a French term, has come into such general use in this country and how it happens that it is so grossly misapplied. The term means coffee, or a place where coffee is sold, and what relation there is between a coffee shop and a place where liquors are sold we are at a loss to know. It is not improbable that the idea comes from combinations of bar-rooms and restaurants, in the latter of which of course coffee is sold, but to our mind nothing seems more absurd or more emphatically marks the modern disposition to follow blind custom than sticking up on the window where only beer, liquor and wines are sold the word "coffee," and that in a foreign language. Were it not that an age of misnomer gives recognition to this anomaly we would just as soon see the word "meat" or "bread" signalled places where liquors are sold. Either would have as much sense and logical application as "cafe."—Exchange.

No Need of Assistance.

The father of the family had stepped into a bookstore to buy a birthday present for his fourteen-year-old son. "What kind of book would you like?" asked the salesman to whom he had confided his purpose.

"Something that would be useful for the boy," was his reply.

"Well, here is a very good one on 'Self Help.'"

"Self help!" exclaimed the father. "Ben don't need anything of that kind. You'd ought to see him at the dinner table!"

He Feels It.

"Does a draft give you cold chills down your back?" asked the philosopher.

"It does," replied the wise guy, "when my bank account is overdrawn."—Cincinnati Commercial Tribune.

Bobby's Comment.

Little Bobby was inspecting the new baby for the first time, and his dictum was as follows:

"I s'pose it's nice enough, what there is of it, but I'm sorry it ain't a parrot."—Tit-Bits.

Unfair.

"Don't you sometimes feel that wealth is unfairly distributed?" asked the social reformer.

"I do," answered Senator Sorghum. "Many is the dollar I have given away in a campaign that didn't do me a cent's worth of good."—Washington Star.

As Others See Him.

"Ah, he'll never be able to fill his father's shoes."

"No. But he thinks his hat would come down over the old man's ears all right."—Chicago Record-Herald.