CHOOSING A PROPHET

The Way the Khan of Baluchistan Selects a Sooth-Sayer.

Early last spring the sovereign of Baluchistan lost his court astrologer, Mir Ali Khan. This worthy, who had prophesied, like Joseph, before the throne for many years, was fortunate enough to die a natural death.

Prof. Ashley H. Gray of the Woods and Forests department of India, recently a visitor to this country in connection with the ornithological congress, gives the following account of the examination:

"It was my luck," said Prof. Gray, "to be in Khelat, the capital of Baluchistan, when the gathering of astrologers and soothsayers began. They poured into the town from every corner of southern Asia. Baluchistan, as you probably know, is a wild country, lying between Persia and British India, and between the Arabian sea and Afghanistan. The khan of Khelat rules it, with the advice of British agents, but civilization has so far made little progress, and in the interior the provincial governors care very little for the khan, or for Great Britain, either. The people are nominal Mahometans, but their religion is so mixed up with idolatry, fire worship and four or five superstitious beliefs that the pure Mahometans look on them as out-and-out heretics.

"Proclamation for an astrologer was made by heralds and couriers. Queer looking, sheepskin-clad warlocks came from Thibet and Asia, long-robed dervishes from Persia and Arabia, turbaned priests from across the mountains, whiskered and weaponed fanatics from Afghanistan. The tribes now at war with Great Britain sent many candidates. Every caravansari in Khelat was chock full.

"At last, on April 11, there was a grand parade, and the would-be prophets marched in imposing though dirty array past the khan and his vizier. The British agents, among whom was your informant, occupied seats beside his majesty. It was a sight the like of which I never expect to see again. A young Englishman present said that he had never imagined that there was so much unkempt human hair in the world. Indeed, the beards and whiskers of these applicants were simply appalling in their luxuriance.

"As each astrologer strode by he recited in a loud voice his qualifications, religious beliefs and place of birth. To such as pleased him, the khan bowed with great dignity; and, at this signal, the vizier, Mahmud, deftly flung a pebble from one of the sheepskin bags which his attendants held in readiness.

"You should have seen how the lucky prophets caught those pebbles. Our cricket fielders or your American base ball players might have copied their catching with advantage. Once or twice there was a scramble, when two or more astrologers quarreled over the question of to whom the pebble had been cast. But the khan's guards leaped into the thick of the fight, and quickly settled all disputes. The candidates, thus weeded out, numbered only 100.

"Next day there was a second parade, this time in the grand court of the khanat. As each prophet passed the khan he exhibited his talismanic pebble and recited a brief verse, composed by himself, in which the glories of Baluchistan's sovereign were dwelt upon. When a verse pleased his majesty he exercised his nodding prerogative, and a pomegranate was thrown by the vizier to the successful blarney-maker. Only twenty-one poets managed to satisfy the khan's bump of self-esteem. These were the persons permitted to enter for the examinations proper.

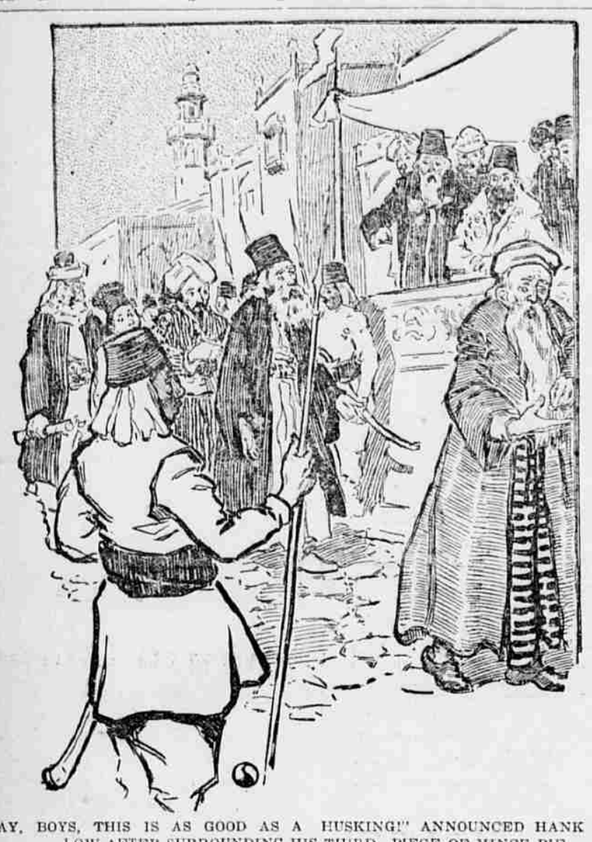
"Every candidate of the twenty-one had assigned to him a cell or small room in a building abutting on the principal mosque. This building was to become his own place were he the chosen astrologer. By day he was guarded and at night he was taken to the flat roof and bidden to examine the stars.

"At the birth of a new moon he was expected to prophesy. We tried hard to obtain from the vizier some of the prophecies, but the utmost secrecy was observed. All we could learn was that, if the prediction thus made did not come true before the waning of the third moon thereafter, the erring candidate was unceremoniously dismissed, after having been subjected to a sound thrashing. Fifteen were thus sent about their business in the first three months.

"Evidently the six remaining were good prophets, for they held their own and a banquet was given in their honor by the vizier Mahmud. But a new trial came with the new moon. I left Baluchistan before then, but I heard that four of the prophets had turned out badly.

"A letter from Darjeeling now informs me that the two still left are running a neck and neck race for supremacy. Every forecast is carefully entered in a book, and before Christmas we may expect to learn the name of the winner. It is rumored that one astrologer has prophesied the defeat of the British in the Himalayas; while the other has announced a British victory. The probabilities are that the war may last into the new year, thus putting both in the wrong. Whether or not an entirely new examination will then be held, I cannot say. It seems hard that after predicting correctly for almost a year the labors of the two candidates should go for naught.

"The post of court astrologer of Baluchistan is one I should not care to own," concluded Prof. Gray; "it is too exciting. The bastinado is inflicted for any remissness in prophesying, and if one's prophesies turn out false, the executioner is almost certain to be called in."



"SAY, BOYS, THIS IS AS GOOD AS A HUSKING!" ANNOUNCED HANK BARLOW AFTER SURROUNDING HIS THIRD PIECE OF MINCE PIE.

ALL THE BETTER FOR IT.

A British Peerage Founded by a Yankee Boy.

Many noble English families are more or less affiliated with America, but it is by no means common to find a British peer of high rank, whose ancestors in the direct male line were Yankees. Such a personage, however, is Most Noble Constantine Phipps, marquis of Normandy.

About the middle of the seventeenth century there dwelt on the banks of the Kennebec river, in what is now known as the state of Maine, a pioneer named James Phipps. In early life he had been a gunsmith, but the delights of the wilderness wooed him, and, flinging off the trammels of civilization he followed the course of the Kennebec until he had reached the frontier settlement of Pemaquid. Here he built himself a log hut, fished, hunted and lived a free, happy life. Hither he brought his wife, a Massachusetts girl; and here, on February 2, 1751, was born to him a son, William. This William was the founder of the Phipps fortunes.

James Phipps, after his wife's death, returned to the madding crowd once more, bringing with him William and several other stalwart, backswoods-born sons. William was apprenticed to a ship carpenter. A bright lad was this, industrious and ambitious withal—the type of many another Yankee boy born in our own time. His rise, unassisted save by his native brain and perseverance, reads like a romance.

The carpenter's apprentice became a journeyman carpenter, but was not yet content. He once more signed articles, this time to learn shipbuilding, and had so much impressed his employer that that worthy made him a partner. Eventually, so well did the joint enterprise thrive, William Phipps was able to buy his old instructor out and continue the business for himself. His younger brothers he placed about him in posts of trust, and the timber whereof his vessels were built came from the primeval woods of Maine, the same woods which had sheltered his childhood.

Gradually Phipps amassed what was considered in those days a great fortune. One of New England's most respected and influential citizens, he was nominated governor of Massachusetts and displayed in that high office the same capacity which he had shown throughout his business life.

Having no children of his own, Governor Phipps adopted his brother's child, Constantine. Constantine Phipps was a Bostonian by birth and began life as his uncle's secretary. Soon afterward he became agent general for the province of Massachusetts and as such made a record for skill and honesty that pressure was brought to bear upon him by the English court to settle in Great Britain. He did so, entered the bar, was appointed lord chancellor of Ireland and received the title of baronet. In 1767 his grandson, Sir Constantine Phipps, was elevated to the peerage under the title of Baron Mulgrave. After that the rise of the family was as rapid as had been that of its founder, William Phipps, the shipbuilder. Lord Mulgrave's son became the first earl of Mulgrave, and in 1838 Constantine, second earl, was created first marquis of Normandy.

It is odd to contrast Constantine, marquis of Normandy, earl of Mulgrave, Viscount Normandy, Baron Mulgrave and baronet, with his progenitor, plain James Phipps of the Kennebec river, fisherman, trapper and humble pioneer.

History repeats itself in the present generation of the Phipps family. Just as old Governor Phipps, the one-time carpenter's boy, was succeeded by his nephew, so will the present marquis, who is a clergyman and over 50, resign his titles and estates in process of time to another nephew—Mr. George A. C. Phipps. The heir of Lord Normandy and of the stanch old governor of Massachusetts has just passed his 22d year.

A Brave Little Girl.

Little Margaret Kelly of Goose Island, a division of Chicago, deserves a medal for skill and bravery as a thief catcher. The Tribune relates that little Margaret saw a thug holding up a man at the North Halsted street bridge. Instead of running away and screaming she pluckily ran at the thug, seized him by his coat tails, and pluckily notified the astonished scoundrel that if he didn't stop she would tell a policeman. The thug, evidently dazed by her proceedings, obeyed and his victim promptly disappeared. Before she had released her hold, however, a policeman made his appearance whereupon the thug offered Margaret a dollar to keep quiet. She declined the bribe, whereupon the fellow set out to run. She promptly called the policeman, who gave chase, arrested him, and took him to the station. Little Margaret has set the police a good example. If there is anything the city government can do for Margaret it certainly ought to do it. It might at least call the attention of the police to the signal ability and skill of Margaret as a thief catcher.

The Family Alarm Clock.

Harper's Young People.

When the sunlight peeps in through the curtains at dawn,
His Highness awakes with a smile and a yawn,
And his little fat hands fly up in the air,
Out of whole-souled delight that a new day is there.

He laughs to himself and he churns his pink heels,
He gurgles and chirps at the pleasure he feels,
And he looks with dismay at the big folk near by
Who sleep while the daylight is kissing the sky.

The sight of a sunbeam is thrilling and new,
The big folks are missing it—that will not do!
Awake, oh, good people, awake to the sight!
Come out of your pillows, 'tis no longer night!

See what a wonderful broad streak of gold
Has come through the window! Arise and behold
A slice of the dawn dancing over the floor!
Was ever so glorious a vision before?

But the elders, to whom the awakening of day
Is old as their memories, turn blindly away,
And His Highness is left with the birds of the trees,
To carol his joy at the new life he sees.

PRATTLE OF THE YOUNGSTERS.

Mabel—I'm getting a new tooth in my mouth.

Ruth—Oh, that's nothing. My papa's a dentist and I can have all the new teeth I want.

"Well, anyhow," said the little boy, "the spankings a kid gets in the winter for staying out too late is better than the ones in summer, 'cause they warm him up good and soon."

"Children, I hope you peeled the apples before eating them?"

"Yes, mother, dear."

"What have you done with the peelings?"

"Oh, we ate them after!"

Schoolma'am (encouragingly)—Come, now, Harold; spell chickens.

Harold—Please, ma'am, I'm not old enough to spell chickens; but you can try me on eggs.

"What is the worst thing about riches?" asked a school teacher of a boy.

"Their scarcity," he replied, and was immediately rewarded with a prize.

"Mamma," said Edith in a whisper, as the bald-headed man with the full beard entered the room, "there's a man whose hair is all growed down through his face."

Little Willie—Mamma, it seems to me turkeys must be awfully wicked.

Mamma—Why, Willie?

Little Willie—Well, when they die they always go to a hot place.

Jack's Prowess—Mamma, said little Jack, "did God ever make any one with one blue eye and one black?

"I never heard of any one that was so," said his mother.

"Well, then, you just look at Tommy Jones the next time you see him and just see what I can do."

The Little Japs as Athletes.

Athletics and gymnastics form an important part of school life in Japan. In the large playgrounds attached to every school the children are drilled; boys and girls forming squares, marching and countermarching. The attention given by the Japanese to providing the children with proper accommodation for outdoor exercise both in wet and dry weather is worthy of imitation. It is a pretty picture to see between 100 and 200 little Japs pouring from one of the large city schools in their quaint costumes. The contrast between the school buildings, which are two stories high and painted, and the native houses is very great.

AN HUMBLE ROMANCE.

Story of a Daughter's Devotion and a Lover's Faithfulness.

Twenty-five years ago there was a romance at Maysville—a love story in which there was nothing out of the ordinary, relates the St. Joseph News. It was like hundreds of others, and there did not then appear to be a possibility that it would become remarkable. It became known there that two young people, who will be called John Smith and Mary Jones—because that is not the name of either of them—were engaged to be married. John Smith had been paying attentions to the young lady about two years, and the announcement of their engagement did not cause any surprise.

The wedding day was set, and nearly all the preparations had been made, when the mother of the bride-to-be became ill. On account of her illness the marriage had to be postponed. In a short time it became apparent that her mind was impaired, and still a little later the terrible truth forced itself on the minds of her friends—the mother of Mary Jones was insane.

Arrangements were made to send her to the asylum, and it was then that her daughter raised objections. She would not have her mother sent to the asylum at all, and declared that she would devote her life to taking care of her.

When she made that vow Mary Jones was 18 years old, a bright, intelligent young woman, handsome and talented. In addition to that, she was engaged to be married to one of the best young men in the county—a young man of wealth and refinement, to whom she had made a solemn promise. Her father owned a large tract of land and a fine house. He was amply able to employ a nurse for the demented woman as long as she might live, and to his mind there was no reason why his daughter should not marry after a reasonable length of time.

There was a reason, however—the strong sense of duty the daughter had, and her resolve that she would never leave her mother while she lived. She triumphed over the arguments of her friends, and settled down to a life in which there appeared to be little hope, except the reward for filial duty. She put aside all thoughts of the life she had contemplated, and from that day she has been her mother's loving and devoted attendant. The mother's mind is a total wreck. She is not violent, but her mind is gone, and she must have constant care and attention. Twenty-five years have passed since she became demented, and during that time her daughter has not been away from her a single day.

Twenty-five years ago John Smith used to call every Sunday night at the home of Mary Jones. They sat on the cool front porch during the summer, and by the fireside in winter. Then they planned their future—the happy life they were to live after they were married.

John Smith still makes the Sunday night visits as regularly as in the olden time. If he should miss one Sunday night it would be understood at once that he was ill, or that some other good and sufficient cause had prevented him from being there on time. His hair is gray, and there are wrinkles in his face. The girl he expected to claim as his bride is an old maid now, and her once bright eyes are beginning to lose the luster of youth, but she is still firm in her determination to remain with her mother as long as her mother lives. The engagement has never been broken. The young man said he would wait until her task at home was over, and he has waited. The years seem long to him, but he is true. If he ever grows impatient, the patient face of the woman whose devotion is more than remarkable is enough to make him ashamed of his impatience. It is said to his credit that he has never made the slightest effort to persuade the daughter to leave her mother.

Stories like this are often told in books, but this is one in real life.

THE FIELD OF ELECTRICITY

A Lively Telephone War Imminent in Greater New York.

ELECTRIC POWER IN AN ELEVATOR

Details of a Novel Electric Locomotive Produced in France—Mileage Record of Trolley Cars—Other Developments.

New York City hails with much enthusiasm the prospect of competition with the Bell Telephone company. The man who is engineering the new concern is President Holmes of the Detroit Telephone company. In Detroit this company has overwhelmed the Bell people and brought rates down to $35 for business houses per annum and $25 for residences. President Holmes announces that he and his backers will invest $15,000,000 in the New York venture and will put in a $50,000 telephone exchange in the city. It is also proposed to connect nearby cities and all cities in New York state.

The project, if entered into for blood, insures one of the liveliest battles of the closing century. The Bell company is pretty thoroughly entrenched in Greater New York. There it enjoys the best paying telephone snap in the United States. Its rates range from $90 to $125 per annum for a specified number of calls. An excess number of calls increases the bill. Connections between New York and Brooklyn or Jersey City affords a handsome extra item. These rates have been vigorously attacked in the legislature and in the press without success. Naturally the new company is warmly welcomed and it will secure all the business it can handle as soon as it is ready.

A representative of the new company said to a New York Sun reporter: "We will put in telephones at a cheaper rate and give as good service as any of our competitors can give. We will knock out the present high rate without a doubt, and will furnish telephones at a minimum rate of $24 for business and $18 for residences."

The difference between the proposed and the present telephone rate furnishes a diagram of the approaching fight.

ELECTRICITY IN ELEVATORS.

A trial of the electric power installed in the Great Northern elevator at Buffalo proved a great success. Power is furnished by the Niagara Falls plant.

The Great Northern elevator is equipped with independent motors, so arranged that one, two or all of them can be used at a time. This means a great saving in expense, for the instant a motor is cut out, the supply of power stops and the bill for electricity is correspondingly reduced, for the current is passed through a meter which measures and registers the exact horsepower used. That is one of the great advantages of electricity over a steam plant. In a steam plant of 1,000 horse-power there must be steam enough kept up and fuel enough burned at all times to run the plant to its full capacity, and the full strength of the big engine is applied even when there is only a small load to lift.

DAY AND NIGHT CAR SIGNS.

It is in some respects fortunate that the public has never quite realized how much inconvenience it suffers from the absence of a proper system of showing the route and destination of railway cars by night as well as by day. Many street railway companies have been fully alive to the importance of filling this want, and some sixty different patents have been granted upon various intricate sign mechanisms. But hitherto the end sought has not been reached. Nearly all the proposed methods involved a good deal of extra wiring, and many of them were for the car roof, which is about the worst possible place for the device, necessitating complicated mechanism, and increasing the chance of break-downs. A new sign, which serves equally well night and day, is placed under the board or projecting roof of the car, over the heads of the car crew, and directly accessible by them. The signs are interchangeable, and can be moved from one car to another when necessary. The lamp placed upon the platform serves the double purpose of illuminating the signs and lighting up that part of the car. In the daytime the lettering shows white on the dark background, and is legible a long way off.

AN OLD ELECTRIC LOCOMOTIVE.

What seems to many railroad men, mechanical and electrical experts and unprofessional people a curious experiment has been made in France during the last three or four years by an engineer named Heilmann. He designed and built a locomotive on the following plan, and, after studying its workings carefully, he has made a second one which underwent its first official trial only two or three weeks ago.

A furnace, boiler and engine, not of the usual locomotive class, but of the stationary type, such as one might find in a manufacturing establishment, were mounted on a platform, and beside them were set up two powerful dynamos. The platform rested on sixteen moderately small wheels, of uniform size. On each of the eight axles was a motor, like that of a trolley car, but larger. And these were operated by the current generated by the dynamos. In other words, instead of having the power plant in a station, as is customary in trolley line (or third-rail) practice, it was carried along with the train, and the overhead wire (or third rail) was dispensed with. Another point of difference between this system and the modes of electric traction with which we Americans are familiar is that M. Heilmann would have a separate power plant for each train, whereas we Yankees would try to operate several trains, or numerous independent street cars, from a solitary station.

The first question which most people ask on hearing this odd procedure is: "If the man is going to have a steam engine at the head of the train anyhow, why does he convert his power into electricity before applying it?" The addition of a dynamo may not be much more costly than driving wheels in the original construction; but even with the most perfect apparatus the conversion of power from one form to the other involves a loss of about 10 per cent. M. Heilmann's answer to this inquiry is that a stationary type of steam engine will develop power with about one-third of the fuel consumed by an ordinary locomotive; and, even if the coal burned in the former case is of a more expensive kind than the latter, there is nevertheless a large net saving in the cost of horse-power. Therefore, a small loss by conversion into electricity will still leave a clear gain.

One is next tempted to inquire why, if all this be true, the Frenchman does not put his economical stationary engine in a station, instead of on a carriage at the head of its train. In reply, he says that the losses in transmission over a long line (whether by wire or third rail) are considerable, and that in a service like that of the Chicago elevated road, for instance, these "line losses" are added to the waste in conversion, whereas his system gets rid both of the original construction of an electrical conductor and the extra consumption involved in transmission for several miles.

There is great force to M. Heilmann's reasoning; and if he really secures all the economies he claims, and if no serious disadvantages are developed which offset his gains the world is likely to hear more of his system. Nothing remarkable in the way of speed has yet been exhibited in any of the trials made with this unique locomotive, but its designer has enlisted prominent railway men in his schemes, and his tests are made on established steam roads.

CAR MILEAGE RECORD.

When a street railway man wants to know just what his cars and his line are doing he looks up the car mileage record of the road. The maintenance of this record has been developed into a perfect system. T. J. Nicholl gives some interesting details of how the system is operated by a street railway company which has seventy-eight miles of track in one city and an average daily mileage of between 13,000 and 14,000 miles, or about 5,000,000 miles annually. In the first place the road engineers make a careful survey of each line, mapping out their observations to the scale of 400 feet to an inch. These maps show all switches, cross-overs, junctions, cross streets, etc., and the distances are given from the head of the line to all points where it is possible to turn. From these maps, figured tables are made for any specified number of trips or half trips in either direction on each route. Travelers on a street car that is approaching the terminus have often observed the conductor filling in a schedule. The report thus made is indispensable to the vital statistics of the road. Each motorman makes report of the number of trips made by his car daily on a card which answers a three-fold purpose. In addition to giving the number of trips made it answers as a time card and also as a trouble report. Any motorman taking out a car makes out one of these cards, which he hands to his relief, and the man pulling the car into the barn drops this card into a box provided for the purpose. The night foreman has access to this box. From the reports he finds out where repairs are necessary, and what he is unable to complete he reports to the day foreman. On every motorman is impressed the importance of having his trips, time, etc., correct, and he is required to account for any trips lost. He is also held strictly accountable for any defect about the car which he may fail to notice. The trip cards are checked with the starter's report, so that no cards can be left out. Beyond this, the time of leaving the barn and pulling in must agree, so that there is no chance of any one getting paid for more time than he has actually put in. From these trip cards the mileage is figured by routes, the mileage for each car being put down separately on the slip. A daily report is made for the manager, which shows the mileage and earnings on each line, the weather and other details. It also gives the corresponding figures for the previous year. From the monthly mileage statement are figured all the various operating expenses per car mile. A record is also kept of the cost of repairs per mile on the various equipments in use, as well as of the life of car wheels and other parts of an equipment. In short, from the mileage are obtained most valuable statistics in almost every branch of the business.

ELECTRIC SHOCKS.

The New Haven road's third-rail system of electrical propulsion now encounters the question of damages. This may prove a serious question. If anybody touches or steps on the rail it is apt to knock them over or burn them, and the rail is where people and animals can easily step on it. One woman now brings suit for damages for injuries received in contact with the third rail on the New Britain line. She was knocked down and claims to have been severely burned. One man during the opening days of the line reached down and touched the rail with his steel-handled umbrella. He got a shock which might entitle him to damages in the eyes of some juries. The outcome of this first case will be noted with interest.

A new feature was introduced in the celebration of St. Cecilia's day at Rome this year, when the catacombs were "lit up by thousands of electric lights" and all the pilgrims and visitors in Rome crowded to see the sight. This is truly an age of progress. Old-fashioned folk used to like the darkness and mystery of the Roman catacombs, with their impressive associations with the early martyrs of the faith but all that is now dispelled. With electric lights and other modern improvements, including steam heating and elevators, the catacombs can be made quite a cheerful resort for tourists, much more in accord with the religious spirit of the day and a great attraction to the Eternal City.

WARRIORS OF THE SIOUX TRIBE.

A Few Have Shown Great Ability and True Courage.

The Sioux nation has produced some very great warriors and chiefs, says the Washington Star. Red Cloud, Rain-in-the-Face, Gall, John Grass, Big Head and Sitting Bull. Gall and Red Cloud were mighty fighters; Rain-in-the-Face and Sitting Bull were crafty plotters; John Grass was the greatest orator of the Indians, and was known as the silver-tongued orator of the Sioux nation. He also possessed great intellectual gifts, and was the unswerving friend of the white man. Among these Indians Brave Bear was an equal. He was as indomitable as Red Cloud, as crafty as Sitting Bull, and almost as eloquent as John Grass. But he had a bad heart, and, in company with a band of congenial companions, he was long the terror of the northwest. Yet the historians of the west have let him pass without much more than mention.

Brave Bear first became conspicuous in 1871, the year the famous inspector of Indians, George Faribault, took charge of the reservation at Fort Totten in the Devil's Lake county in Dakota. At that time the country was not settled save here and there a mail station. Fort Totten was little more than a fur company post, and Major Yard was in command. Associated with Mr. Faribault was Major James McLaughlin, now Indian agent at Standing Rock.

Brave Bear wished to give a great medicine dance, but both Faribault and McLaughlin decided that such a celebration would be unwise, and orders were issued against it. These restrictions only angered Brave Bear, and with his friend Isnakiyapi, or "The Only One," he determined to hold the dance, and during the ceremony to declare his undying hatred of the palefaces and his intention of killing every white man, woman and child that crossed his path. He did considerable missionary work among his tribe, and, possessing remarkable ability as an orator, he had little trouble in stirring up a sentiment of rebellion.

Tidings of the proposed dance reaching Major McLaughlin's ears, he proposed to charge on the camp with cavalry and arrest the two malcontents who were causing the trouble. But on learning of his plan Mr. Faribault objected; his knowledge of the Indian character made him quick to see the flaw in the proposed maneuver. He believed it far better to call a council; when all were assembled the two culprits could be easily captured.

The council was called, but it took some time to get the cautious Brave Bear and the wily Isnakiyapi inside of the fort. When all were assembled in council the Indians seated on each side and Major McLaughlin at one end of the room and Mr. Faribault at the other, the door was opened suddenly and in marched Captain Slocum, then a lieutenant, followed by a squad of soldiers. Wheeling back to back, they stood with muskets ready for instant use. Faribault pointed out Brave Bear and Isnakiyapi and they were instantly seized. On reaching the door Isnakiyapi let his blanket drop, made a tremendous spring and fled across the parade ground.

The soldiers fired and he was struck in the ankle. Lieutenant Slocum attempted to capture him, but the Indian drew a knife and made several savage thrusts at the officer, who, in self defense, was obliged to kill him. But "The Only One" had been true to his oath and had not surrendered to his enemies.

Meanwhile Brave Bear was not idle. In the confusion attending the escape of Isnakiyapi he managed to wrest a rifle from the hands of his guard, and shooting one soldier and stabbing another, he ran like a deer for the cottonwoods outside the stockade. Several volleys were fired at the fugitive, but he reached the shelter unharmed.

After a series of high-handed crimes, extending through a number of years, Brave Bear was finally captured, tried and hanged. The relief which followed the hanging of Brave Bear is said to be not unlike the feeling today in Arizona and New Mexico since it has been definitely settled that the Apache Kid is no more.

JACK FROST.

Chicago Record.

Ho! ancient friend and honest peddler, Jack,
With ruddy face and beard of snowy cast,
What cheerful ventures since we saw you last?
What trinkets nestle in that bulging pack?
Good sooth! We're glad to see you tripping back,
Although your gay lips blow a wintry blast,
Most cheering rogue and quaint enthusiast!
Come, have you brought a New Year's almanac?

Expose your wares; I see some tonics there
To paint the cheeks of youth and age with rose;
Some tinsel of the mist, as light as air,
And curtains woven of translucent snows—
But stay, good friend; I'll take that lively scene
Of boys snowballing on the village green!

Father, mother and children, in one family of a dozen at Lincoln Centre, Kan., are all in school, the parents and two elder children being in the same class. The father is an ambitious minister, 45 years old.