

ADDITIONAL BRIEFS.

The dance given by the band Xmas night was largely attended, and like all such events given by this organization was a most flattering success.

Frank E. Knox has sold to Abel Ady his 329 acre ranch near Midland, for \$7,500. Owing to the fact that the altitude is too great for Mrs. Knox they are compelled to leave here.

Work is progressing with the Hot Springs Improvement Co., and they expect soon to have a large force of men and teams hauling rock for the crusher, for the cement sidewalks and paved streets.

H. Boyin, for the first time since he opened his plumbing establishment in this city, has visited his family in Ashland, whither he went for the holidays. He only succeeded in getting away from the city by making the most solemn promises about the increased amount of work he could do if permitted to go, and thus mollified his many waiting customers.

For the first time the services of Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament were held in the Catholic church Christmas, Rev. Father Fensl officiating. The church was beautifully decorated and an elaborate musical program rendered, in which Mr. Noel was assisted by his young daughter, Mrs. Noel, Mrs. Nelson and others. The growth of this congregation during the past year has been phenomenal.

The marriage of Miss Ruby Otway and George Nesbit Armstrong, which occurred in London, England, on the 18th of this month, was one of the social events of the year and was attended by royalty, among whom were Prince Francis of Teck, Duke and Duchess of Devonshire, Duke and Duchess of Abercorn, Lord and Lady Mount Stephen, Lord and Lady Brassey, Earl and Countess of Cadogan. Attached to this event is a somewhat local and national interest, as Mr. Armstrong's father was at one time interested in this county in the Olean Land and Livestock company, and his mother is Melva, the bride's prima donna. The mother's wedding gift was an annuity of \$7,500 and a furnished castle in Ireland. The bride is only eighteen and was one of England's most popular daughters, being an enthusiastic follower of outdoor sports.

His Retort.

Laird—Well, Sandy, you are getting very bent. Why don't you stand straight up like me, man? Sandy—Eh, mon, do you see that field of corn over there? Laird—I do. Sandy—Well, ye'll notice that the full heads hang down and the empty ones stand up.—Glasgow News.

Economical.

"Mother said she thought you were extravagant, Tom, but I proved you were not." "You darling! How did you do that?" "Told her you were with me two hours last night and only kissed me once."

Very Thoughtful.

"Just before poor old Dooley died he made his wife promise that she would not marry again." "Poor old chap—he always was kind to his fellow men!"—Tit-Bits.

Nowadays He Wants the Earth.

Times have changed since the poet wrote "Man wants but little here below."—Chicago Tribune.

Puncturing a Fallacy.

The barber applied the rich brown dye with a fine tooth comb, combing it evenly into the grizzled locks of the old man.

"Hair dye, sir," he said, "Plata, unvarnished hair dye is the base of that absurd fallacy about people turning gray in a single night."

"If you investigate those yarns you find that invariably they concern persons in prison. Orsini, plunged in jail, had his hair go black on him. Marie Antoinette, languishing in a cell, found the deep hue of her hair changing to an ugly gray. Raleigh, imprisoned in the tower, developed grayish streaks with incredible speed."

"The secret of all that, my dear, is this: These prisoners in order to conceal their gray hair dyed it, using a poor sort of dye, one of those sorts that have to be applied every day or two. In prison, naturally, they could not get hold of this dye, and hence their locks whitened at a marvellous rate. When people said of them pityingly that their hair grayed in a single night they neglected themselves in the deception, for is it not embarrassing—I leave to you, sir, is it not embarrassing—to explain to the world at large that one uses hair dye?"—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

The Umbrella.

"Where's the umbrella I lent you yesterday?" "Jones borrowed it. Why?" "Oh, nothing; only the fellow I borrowed it of says the owner has been asking for it."

An Expensive Luxury.

Hewitt—These cigars I am smoking are pretty expensive. Jewett—That's true enough; the last one you gave me cost me a doctor's bill.—New York Press.

How They Got Their Rank

(Original.) "Sergeant Millikin, I wish you to take thirty men, strike the Tennessee river at Brown's ferry and look out for a Confederate force said to be making for that crossing. The distance is about forty miles, and you should reach the ferry before dark tonight."

Sergeant Millikin and his thirty men were soon in the saddle briskly cantering westward. Reaching the ferry at sunset and finding no enemy, they crossed the river and rode on for a few miles. By this time the twilight had faded and it was nearly dark. Hearing something ahead, Millikin halted his command and listened. Presently not eighty yards distant he heard a voice:

"Lieutenant, go back and tell Colonel Williams to halt his regiment and go into bivouac. Then go on and order the other regiments to bivouac, the Sixteenth Alabama on the left of the road, the Fifty-second and Eighteenth Tennessee on the right. Let the artillery remain in the rear."

Millikin heard horses' hoofs receding but before they were out of hearing the same voice said: "Captain Carter, I wish you would ride off into the woods there where the cavalry are and tell Colonel Hunt that we're going to halt here till daylight, when we'll cross the ferry and I shall expect him to be on the other side to cover our crossing before day."

Bushes beside the road were breaking before a horse, and Millikin, who had heard all he wanted to know, whispered an order to his men to walk their horses as silently as possible to the rear, and after he felt that they were out of hearing the command broke into a trot, then a gallop, till they reached the ferry. Having crossed they rode on to headquarters, pressing fresh horses by the way, and Millikin rode up to the general's tent long before noon.

"General," said the sergeant, "we struck a force of infantry, artillery and cavalry about six miles beyond Brown's ferry. They were to cross at daylight this morning."

The sergeant was commended for his effective scouting, and preparations were made to receive the enemy. A vedette line of cavalry was sent out, back of which skirmishers were deployed, and the main force of infantry and artillery was posted on choice ground for defense. For two days the Union troops waited under arms, then a scout came in from the commander of the cavalry, who said that the Confederates must have retreated, for every avenue of approach had been scouted and no enemy found. Then the troops were marched back to their camps. Sergeant Millikin for having given timely warning—though the enemy had changed his plans and thus rendered the information unnecessary—was made a lieutenant at the first vacancy.

One night recently at one of the banquets of the Military Order of the Loyal Legion two graybeards sat side by side, and, though not acquainted, fell into conversation. One was an invited guest, who had served in the Confederate army, and both held the rank of major.

"I sometimes feel," said the Confederate, "that I never performed but one service to entitle me to the rank I hold, and that was a mere matter of presence of mind. In the summer of 1862 I was a sergeant in the Sixteenth Alabama infantry. I was sent out from Corinth to discover if the force holding north Alabama was pushing across country to attack us in flank. One evening when I was many miles from Corinth, and becoming fearful of running into a trap, I took two men of the thirty I commanded and rode ahead to search for a place of concealment in which to spend the night. Hearing the sound of horses' hoofs ahead we hid among the trees beside the road. A party of cavalry came along and stopped not far from me. I knew that if we three men were to take to our heels we'd be overhauled. So I ordered my men in a loud voice to tell imaginary infantry and artillery to go into camp and the cavalry to be ready to cover our retreat."

The Confederate stopped short. His hearer was staring at him as at a ghost.

"Do you mean to tell me that you were the man that gave those orders?" "I do."

"And there were only three of you?" "I had but two men with me in that spot. There were twenty-eight more half a mile back of me."

The Union ex-officer gulped down a glass of wine, then turned to the other and said:

"You mentioned, I believe, that you were promoted for that service. May I ask why?"

"Well, my general considered my performance a cool one, and the negroes told me that you Yanks were pushing forward on the other side of the river 10,000 strong and nearing Tusculum. I never stopped till I had carried this news to my general."

"Major," said the Union officer, and paused.

"Major," repeated the Confederate expectantly.

"You and I both reached the same rank through a mistake. I was a sergeant commanding the troop you met, and I went back and reported that you were coming in force. Our men stood under arms waiting for you. You reported 10,000 of us nearing Tusculum. We hadn't half that number, all told, in north Alabama."

"I reckon," said the Confederate in a lowered voice, looking about furtively to see if they had been overheard "that we'd better not say anything about how we got our start in rank."

EDWARD C. IRVING.

SCALPING THE ENEMY

HOW THE INDIANS GLORIED IN THIS FIENDISH PRACTICE.

The Greater the Bravery of the Victim the More His Scalp Was Prized, Mea Who Survived This Terrible Ordeal—The Case of Robert McGee.

Of the origin of scalp taking but little is known, and that vague and indefinite. Nearly every tribe has some wild, weird legend to account for the custom, but these traditions vary widely as to the cause. That raising the hair of an enemy is of great antiquity there is no doubt, for in the Bible it is related how the soldiers tore the skin from the heads of their vanquished foes.

With the North American savage there appears to be some close affinity between the departed and his hair. I have often asked many a blood-begrimed warrior why he should care for a dead man's hair, and invariably a number of reasons have been assigned. It is an evidence to his people that he has triumphed over his enemy. The scalps are very prominent factors in the incantations of the medicine lodge, a feature of religious rites. The savage believes there is a wonderfully inherent power in the scalp of an enemy. All the excellent qualities of the victim go with his hair the moment it is wrenched from his head. If the victim is a renowned warrior so much greater is the anxiety to procure his scalp, for the fortunate possessor then inherits all the bravery and prowess of its original owner.

I never knew of but one instance in all my experience among the Indians covering a period of more than a third of a century where a white man taken prisoner in battle escaped death. It was a great many years ago; the party, a dear friend, is still living, a grand old mountaineer, but the homeliest man on earth probably. He was red faced, wrinkled and pockmarked, with a mouth as large and full of teeth as a gorilla, and there was no more hair on his head than there is on a billiard ball.

He was captured in a prolonged fight and taken to the village of the tribe, where the principal chief resided. That dignitary gave one disgusted look at the prisoner and said that he was "bad medicine," and, if not the "evil spirit" himself, closely related to it. The chief ordered his subordinates to furnish the prisoner with a pony, loaded with provisions, provided him with a rifle and told him to go back to his people.

For the reasons stated the Indian of the great plains and Rocky mountains would rather take one scalp of a famous scout or army officer who had successfully chastised them—for example, Custer, Sully, Miles or Crook—than a dozen scalps of ordinary white men.

There are many instances on record where men have been scalped and yet survived the terrible ordeal, but in every case the scalper supposed his victim dead, the latter taking good care that his foe should not be disabused of the supposed fact.

In 1867 a party of Indians took up a rail on the Union Pacific railroad and laid obstructions on the track. After dark a freight train ran into the trap and was wrecked. The engine driver and fireman were instantly killed. The conductor and brakeman jumped off to find themselves beset by a band of yelling savages. The engineer escaped in the darkness, but the luckless brakeman was shot and fell. The Indian who had fired dismounted from his pony, scalped him, stripped him of his clothing and rode away.

Early in the morning another freight train was flagged by a hideous looking object, which turned out to be the brakeman, who had been shot through the body and scalped. He had recovered his senses, and knowing that the train was due, walked some distance down the track to save it from being wrecked. He was taken on board, and the train moved up to the wreck, which, after plundering it, the Indians left just as it was thrown over through their devilish act.

I saw the unfortunate man some months afterward. He was perfectly recovered, but with a horrible looking head. He stated that the bullet, although knocking him down, had not made him unconscious, and the greatest trial during the awful night was the necessity of shamming dead, he not daring to even groan while the Indian was sawing at his scalp with a very dull knife.

The other instance which has come under my own observation is that of Robert McGee. In 1864 McGee, a slender strapping of a lad, came to Leavenworth, Kan., seeking employment. That town was the base of government supplies for all the frontier military posts, even as far away as Arizona. A freight caravan was at that time loading for Fort Union, N. M. The wagons and whole outfit were owned by a contractor named H. C. Barret, but he would not take the chances of the long and perilous trip of more than 700 miles through the Indian infested plains unless the government leased the train outright or gave him an indemnifying bond or assurance against loss. The bond was given and Barret proceeded to hire teamsters—a hard task on account of the danger attending the journey. Young McGee was among the number engaged, and the caravan started on July 1, 1864.

It took the old Santa Fe trail, striking the Arkansas river at the striking bend of that stream near its confluence with the Walnut. The region was very rough and called the "dark and bloody ground," for some of the worst Indian massacres in the history of the plains were perpetrated there. Some insignificant skirmishes with the

Indians had taken place, but nothing to cause any serious alarm, and now as the caravan was approaching the vicinity of Fort Larned, its proximity was believed to be sufficient protection from further possible danger.

On the afternoon of July 18—it had been an excessively hot day—the caravan went into camp at an early hour. The escorting troops staked arms about half a mile distant, but in full view of the train. The men should have kept a good lookout for surprises—probably did in a way—but there was a feeling of security in the knowledge that a regular attack by savages is rarely made until the early hours of the morning, when sleep is heaviest.

About 4 o'clock, however, a band of Brule Sioux, under the lead of Little Turtle, descended from the sand hills in all the fury of a tornado, uttering their wild war whoops, and of all the small army men employed by the caravan young Robert McGee alone came out alive to tell the story of the massacre. Every individual was shot dead and scalped as he lay or sat at the mess table. The mules, of course, went to swell the herd of the savages, but the wagons were destroyed by fire, their canvas covers cut up into breech-cloth and the flour with which the caravan was loaded emptied from their sacks on the prairie.

Young McGee was attacked by Little Turtle himself and knocked to the ground by one blow of his tomahawk. As he lay there, partially stunned and bleeding, Little Turtle fired two arrows into his body, pinning him to the earth. Then, in a transport of fiendishness, he took Robert's own pistol and shot him, the bullet lodging in his backbone. Not quite satisfied that he had made a good job of it, he stooped over the boy's prostrate body and, running his knife around his head, lifted sixty-four square inches of his scalp, trimming it off just back of the ears.

Believing his victim to be dead by that time, the chief abandoned him, but others of the band in passing hacked him with their knives and poked holes into him with their long lances. All the others in the train were long since dead, killed outright, and their bodies mutilated.

After the savages had completed their work they rode, whooping and yelling, away, and the troops that had witnessed the whole affair from their vantage ground came upon the scene to investigate and learn whether the Sioux had been properly met or not by the ill-fated men of the caravan. The officer in command was very properly court-martialed and dismissed in disgrace from the service. He never gave any satisfactory reason for his outrageous and cowardly conduct.

The only part the troops took in the affair was to bury the dead. When they attempted to put young McGee under the ground they found a very lively corpse, despite the fact that he was scalped and had received fourteen distinct wounds, any one of which would have terminated the life of an ordinary man.

After interring the dead the soldiers hastened to Fort Larned, thirty miles distant, where young McGee was placed under the care of the post surgeon. It was three months before he was able to be moved from there. During that time he had fair command of his mental faculties and was sufficiently strong to tell all the incidents of the attack.

The owner of the caravan, who had remained in Leavenworth, on hearing what had befallen his property put in a claim for bad damages from the government and was awarded a sum which made him independent for life, but he persistently refused to do anything for the sole survivor.

McGee's claims were laid before the president, and in October, 1864, Mr. Lincoln sent him a letter and a pass by special envoy, directing him to come to Washington as soon as he was able to travel and stating that he himself would see that McGee's wrongs were righted.

When McGee had recovered sufficiently to move about, his mind, which had been remarkably clear up to that time, began to cloud, and he became possessed of a mania to hunt Sioux to the pass and the letter from President Lincoln were stolen from him, and neither the president nor the army took any further notice of him.

For a dozen years after receiving his injuries McGee was a wanderer, and when it was discovered that Little Turtle had been wiped out it was said that the biggest notch on McGee's gun barrel commemorated the full measure of his revenge, a long mark for the chief and nine shorter ones for the subordinate headmen who had bitten the dust at the command of the unerring rifle that never failed to execute its mission when pointed at a Brule's breast.

After Little Turtle had been sent to the happy hunting grounds McGee's mind began to regain its normal equilibrium until at last he once more became perfectly sane.—Kansas City Star.

Feasting Spiders.

An interesting instance of the much discussed ability of spiders to exist for lengthy periods without food has been noted by J. H. Fabre, the eminent naturalist, who while studying the habits of the spider known as Lycosa tarbuisensis observed that this spider carries its little ones upon its back during seven months and that during this time the young spiders consume absolutely no food. He concluded from this observation that it is the solar heat and light that for them directly take the place of nourishment. In other words, "the motor heat in these young animals instead of being released from the food might be utilized directly as the sun, source of all life, radiates it."—London Sphere.

To Save Her Good Name

(Original.) Not long after I began to practice law I was assigned by the court to defend a man for having entered a rich man's house and stolen a lady's watch. The moment I laid eyes on him I was astonished. He was not only well dressed, but bore the marks of a born gentleman. The name he gave was Alfred Stark, but I did not suppose that was his real name. I took him aside to interview him as to the line of defense, and to my further surprise he told me there was to be no defense. He intended to plead guilty—that is, unless I saw some technicality by which he might go free without entering upon a trial, I saw none; the man pleaded guilty and was sent to the penitentiary for ten years.

It was about five years later, when I had achieved some success in my profession, that a card was handed me at my office bearing the name of Mrs. Clarence T. Bostwick. When the visitor was shown into my private office I saw a young woman dressed in mourning and wearing a widow's cap. She could not have been more than twenty-five years old, and, though still possessing beauty, it had been marred evidently by suffering. When we were alone she asked me:

"Do you remember a man you were appointed some years ago to defend on a charge of entering a gentleman's house and stealing a lady's watch?"

"Perfectly."

"Would you know him by his appearance?"

"She drew from a shopping bag and carried on her arm a photograph which I held it up before me."

"That's the man," I said.

"Supposing that I can furnish proof of his innocence. Could you secure his freedom?"

"Only by inducing the governor to pardon him."

She then gave me the facts of the case which I took down in legal notes, and that afternoon I went by train to the capital and having obtained an interview with the governor, said to him:

"Seven years ago Howard Read and I were both very young and since then I had his way to make he went to the purpose. At parting the two parted, what they called an ever steady truth, not to be broken even at the cost of the other's life. For two years I corresponded and at the end of the time Miss Pittman wrote her lover that her father and mother were I might say to her a pressure to force her to marry a rich old man. Some day that she wrote that she had yielded."

"Read at once took a train and started for the east. This the parents of Miss Pittman knew he would do, and had all the arrangements for the wedding made before they permitted the letter announcing the fact to go through the mails. Indeed their daughter had married the day it was mailed, but crazed by his misfortune, went to the new home of the girl he had not solved to see her, not stopping to think of the futurity or the probability of success of such a course. The poor wife was weak enough to see it. While they were together the husband's step was heard without. For a moment it looked as if the lady would be irrevocably compromised, but she was saved by the presence of Miss Howard Read, whom the old man had never seen. Snatching her watch, she told the wife to leave the room by the door a moment before the husband entered by another. Read, caught by the watch belonging to the lady of the house, made no resistance and was arrested, giving the name of Alfred Stark."

"The lady (Mrs. Bostwick) was prosecuted. She gave as a reason a natural terror at a burglar having been caught in the house. When she was told that the man would be sent to prison for a term of years her nerves seemed to collapse entirely, and her husband could only reassure her by promising not to prosecute the burglar. He did not prosecute. The state did it in his place, but still he did not tell his wife, and she supposed her lover had gone free."

"Clarence Bostwick lived three years after his marriage. At his death his widow, who had completely lost track of Howard Read, began an investigation as to his whereabouts. To her surprise she found that a short time after her meeting with him a man had been sent to prison for robbing her husband. Securing the name and address of the attorney who had had charge of the case, she came at once to me."

"Armed with Mrs. Bostwick's affidavit, I had no difficulty in securing a pardon for Howard Read, and Alfred Stark, and having telegraphed the lady to meet me at my office the next morning I started for home. When I told her of my success she wept from the sudden unlooked-for relief of the nerve springs that had kept her up, in half an hour we were on our way for the prison and by noon were in the office of the warden."

"I would have parted with the young widow to bear the burden of the prison, but she was not aware of her danger, though something told me I might go wrong in doing so. It turned out that I would have made a great mistake in interfering. The Halliwells had planned the affair, had kept out of Nevada Tim's way and gone out to the gambling home to lay in wait for him. Furthermore, I found that a number of persons present as soon as Nevada Tim entered, knew that either he or Harry Halliwell would not go out alive. Halliwell could not hit a barn door with a pistol. My introduction to the country did not please me and the same evening I packed up my traps and returned to the east."

EDWARD MORRISON.

The Knife Thrower

(Original.) When a mining fever struck a new region in the west I thought I would go out and take a hand. One night soon after my arrival I went to a show that had come to the place where I had located. It was given in a big tent and consisted of acrobatic, sleight of hand and other such performances. There were two brothers, knife throwers, who showed great skill, Ben and Harry Halliwell, as their names were given on the roughly printed playbills. Ben's part was to stand with his back to a board while Harry planted knives all about him so that when Ben walked away he left his outline in knives on the board. It occurred to me that it was a horrible way of making a living, for an accident must surely occur in time. But this gave the sympathy of the audience to the brothers, the spectators holding their breaths till the end of the game, then applauding vociferously.

The Halliwell brothers were down for two performances, and just before the second a specimen of the toughest class at the mines, a thickset, red faced, thick lipped man, with Satan's own look, sidled around and got in behind the ropes on to the plot reserved for the performers. He stood opposite the knife thrower and sidewise to the man at whom the knives were thrown. Harry had nearly pinned his brother in when I saw a flash of light on Harry's face just as he was throwing a knife. It went through the fleshy part of his brother's leg. I had been watching the man who stood opposite him and a second before the knife that wounded Ben was thrown I saw the intruder manipulate a pocket mirror. It was he who threw the light of a lamp into Harry's eyes and caused him to miss the knife. The audience had kept their gaze fixed on the brothers, especially the one standing for a target, and nobody but myself seemed to have seen the cause of the failure. I'm sure if they had the man who had contrived it would have suffered for his act. Being unused to such scenes I prudently kept my own counsel. A tenderfoot is not fitted to take part in the quarrels of the people of new countries.

I saw Harry Halliwell give the man a glance and was confident that he was aware of the cause of his wounding his brother. In that glance I also saw a premonition of revenge. Of course the incident ended that part of the performance. The brothers withdrew, and the bill was finished by the others. So far as I could see, the spectators supposed that an accident had happened, but were so used to scenes of sudden bloodletting that they soon forgot it.

The next day I learned that the foad who had caused the trouble had been incited against Harry Halliwell for some reason not known to my informant. He passed under the name of Nevada Tim and had a black record behind him. His occupation was gambling, and he passed most of his time at the Metropolitan, a gambling den in the place. I was also told that he had been informed that Harry Halliwell had accused him of throwing a light in his eyes as he was about to throw the knife, and he was looking for Harry to kill him.

The afternoon after the performance, having nothing to do, I sauntered into the Metropolitan and stood looking at the game. I was surprised to see Harry Halliwell sitting at the table playing very moderately. He seemed more interested in watching the door than in the game. I went out after awhile, but something—I could not tell what—led me to go back. There was Harry Halliwell still sitting at the table, the door on his left, and now I noticed his brother leaning on a crutch standing opposite. Presently the door opened, and Nevada Tim walked in. I saw him start when he saw the knife thrower, and instead of walking straight up to the table, as he had started to do, he sidled around to the left.

As soon as the man entered I saw that both the Halliwells were aware of his presence. Ben drew a little off from the table where he and Harry could better see each other, and his eyes never left their enemy for a second. Nevada Tim kept edging around to get in Harry's rear, but in an apparently careless way not likely to attract attention. I wished I hadn't come there, for I knew what he was bent on, and I wasn't sure the brothers did. Finally he attained a position directly behind Harry, and I saw him turn with sudden swiftness and level a revolver at the back of Harry's head, but before he could pull the trigger I heard a thud and at the same moment saw the handle of a knife protruding from his left breast. He pitched over backward and lay perfectly still.

Ben Halliwell had given his brother a signal which, had it come a few seconds later, would have come too late. Harry had turned only half around and thrown the knife over his left shoulder. So sure was his aim that he had pierced the heart in its center.

I had condemned myself bitterly for not interfering to save a man I supposed was not aware of his danger, though something told me I might go wrong in doing so. It turned out that I would have made a great mistake in interfering. The Halliwells had planned the affair, had kept out of Nevada Tim's way and gone out to the gambling home to lay in wait for him. Furthermore, I found that a number of persons present as soon as Nevada Tim entered, knew that either he or Harry Halliwell would not go out alive. Halliwell could not hit a barn door with a pistol. My introduction to the country did not please me and the same evening I packed up my traps and returned to the east."

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