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Some Indians are Free Masons.

Major E. H. Cooper, attached to military
headquarters at Chicago, recently related an
experience through which he passed while on
the western frontier that possesses more than
a passing interest. "During nearly forty
years of travel and exploration in all parts of
the continent, from the southern part of
South America to Alaska, I have had many
thrilling experiences and many narrow es-
capes from death," said Major Cooper.

"The memories of one instance are parti-
cularly vivid. It was in the early seventies,
and I was carrying on my investigations
among the ruins left by the cliff builders. It
was just across the Colorado border, in Utah,
and I was alone and miles from any white
man, when suddenly I was surrounded by a
tribe of Piute Indians and taken captive.

"I was well acquainted with the savage
characteristics of this renegade tribe, and
knew what was in store for me. It was their
custom to bind their captive, stand him on a
pile of fagots against a resinous scrub pine
tree and then amuse themselves by shooting
arrows at him, coming as close to the victim
as possible without hitting him. When the
Indians had tired of inflicting torture the
flames were lighted, and that was the begin-
ning of a horrible death.

I have never been afraid of death, but I
did not fancy the methods, so I began to
think faster than I had ever done before. I
could see no possible way of escape, but I
was not intending to give up without an
effort. The old quotation about the power
of music to soothe the savage breast came to
my mind, and I started to sing as loudly as I
could. Naraguaynuop, the chief, stood by
and laughed at me, and I knew that the
music trick was no good. Meanwhile the
bloodthirsty savages were using their toma-
hawks industriously and the pile of firewood
was growing. My feet were bound, but when
they approached me to pinion my arms to my
side I used the last resort, vain though I
supposed it to be. I gave the grand hailing
sign and the sign of distress of the Master
Masons, an appeal to which any Mason is
bound to respond when there is an even
chance that his life will not be sacrificed.

"Hardly had I given the sign when the
old chief threw up his arms, gave a command
to his men, and took me into his tent. That
night he stole with me from the camp and
told me to escape. I walked some distance
up one canyon and then retraced my steps,
walking backward. I repeated this trick in
a second canyon and then I walked backward
up a third canyon, where I found my horse.
This was not the only time that the Masonic
sign had been of great service to me, and
wherever I have traveled I have always found
someone who recognized, and responded to
it."

On the day after the publication of the
above incident in a Milwaukee paper a
reporter called upon W. W. Perry, grand
secretary of the Grand Masonic Lodge of Wis-
consin, and asked him what he knew of the
existence of Freemasonry among the savage
tribes of the country.

"They have no lodges that I know of,"
said he, "and I don't know where they got
their Masonry, but some of the Indians are
good Masons. I remember having heard
similar stories of narrow escapes from death
and disaster by white men making themselves
known as Masons. Major Cooper's was a
good story, and he had a narrow escape."

"The story goes to show that Masonry is a
world wide institution," said Dr. W. M.
Wilson. "Many years ago they brought a
shipload of slaves to New Orleans, and when
one of them was put up on the block to be
auctioned off he made the Masonic hailing
sign. He was then taken down from the
block, examined and found to be a Mason.
He was not sold into slavery, but a purse
was raised by New Orleans Masons to pur-
chase his freedom, and he was sent back to
Africa."—Chicago "Chronicle."

WOODSTOCK, N. B., MAY 11, 1904.

Training a Husband.

When Alvin Jones told his mother that he
was going to be married she replied that she
knew he would be unhappy, because no girl
would humor his whims as his mother had.
After the wedding was over, says the Chicago
News, and her son and her new daughter
were established in their cozy home. Mrs.
Jones's maternal interest was tinged with a
fearful expectancy. To be sure, Alvin looked
happy, but for all she knew he might be
putting it on. May was sweet and lovable,
but her mother-in-law noted the firm curve in
her chin and her calm eye, and waited for
something to happen.

"Alvin is so fond of fried cabbage," said
his mother one day, happening in as her
daughter-in-law was preparing lunch.

"I know it," said May sweetly. "He has
asked twice for it, but he doesn't get it.
Such indigestible stuff is not good for him."
Mrs. Jones went home and wept. She saw
down a long vista of years her son treading
his weary way uncheered by his favorite
vegetable. Her heart was hot within her.

"Do you ever have fried salt pork for break-
fast?" she inquired with seeming carelessness
another day. Alvin had been abnormally
fond of it at home.

"Mercy, no!" said May. "That awful
greasy stuff! I believe Alvin did say some-
thing about it once, but I explained the
dreadful things it did to one's system, and he
has not mentioned it again. I find that Alvin
likes a lot of things which are very bad for
him," she ended, thoughtfully.

"I must be going now," said Alvin's
mother, in haste. She felt she could not
stay another moment without begging this
hard-hearted young creature to relent and
make life pleasant for her poor, misunder-
stood boy.

When she dined with them she was sur-
prised to find that Alvin had gained in weight,
and looked better than he had when he had
lived at home. She noticed, too, that once
when he had carelessly flicked cigar ashes on
the floor he rose the next minute and care-
fully brushed them up.

"I make so much extra work for May," he
said, in explanation. "You didn't train me
very well, did you, mother?"

Mrs. Jones was speechless before this rank
ingratitude. Just then May called her
husband, and Alvin hastened out where she
was. He came back laughing, with his cap
in one hand and in the other a glove and a
whisk-broom.

"I had stowed my cap behind the dust-
pan," he said gaily to his wondering mother.
"The whisk-broom I had left on the dining-
room table and my glove on the hall floor.
It keeps May busy making me put things
where they belong. I realize how horribly
careless I've been all my life. How long do
you think it will take you to train me into a
civilized being, my lady?" he ended, as May
came into the room.

"I have hopes of you if I keep up the dis-
cipline," she replied.

Mrs. Jones senior is wondering if she really
did not make a mistake in not using more
firmness with Alvin when he was at home.

The Coldest City in the World.

The coldest city in the world is Yakutsk,
Eastern Siberia, in the empire of the Czar
and the Russians. It is the great commercial
emporium of East Siberia and the capital of
the Province of Yakutsk, which, in most of
its area of 1,517,063 square miles, is a bare
desert, the soil of which is frozen to a great
depth. Yakutsk consists of about four hun-
dred houses of European structure, standing
apart. The intervening spaces are occupied
by winter yurts, or huts of the northern
nomads, with earthen roofs, doors covered
with hairy hides, and windows of ice. Car-
avans with Chinese and European goods collect
the produce of the whole line of coast on the
Polar Sea between the parallels of 70 degrees
and 74 degrees from the mouth of the River
Lena to the farthest point inhabited by the
Chookchees. Last year a colporteur of the
British and Foreign Bible Society made a
tour of eleven weeks down the Lena, a river
3,000 miles long, visiting Yakutsk and selling
Gospels in their own language to the Yakuts
in the villages along the banks.

At an author's reading in New York, in
which Mark Twain took part, when it came
Mark's turn to speak he walked slowly to the
front of the platform, glanced down at the
reading stand in a puzzled sort of way, as if
wondering what it was for, and then care-
fully picking it up he walked over to the ex-
treme right of the platform with it and left
it there. Then, returning to the center of
the platform he faced the audience and re-
marked: "Have more room to talk now.
The piece I am going to speak is one that re-
quires plenty of room—for the gestures, you
know. Can't do a subject justice without
the necessary space to—er—motion it off. It
was upon another occasion that Clemens
introduced the solemn and dignified Professor
Stowe, his neighbor in Hartford, to an audi-
ence before whom he was going to lecture,
by soberly delivering himself of these words.
"This is Professor Stowe," jerking his thumb
over his shoulder at him. "who is going to
talk to you when I get through. His lecture
may be a trifle dry, but I can give him a first-
class recommend as a citizen and neighbor.
His backyard joins onto mine up in Hart-
ford. My henry is right up next to his
feuce. Had it there now for going on fifteen
years—and I've never missed a pullet!"



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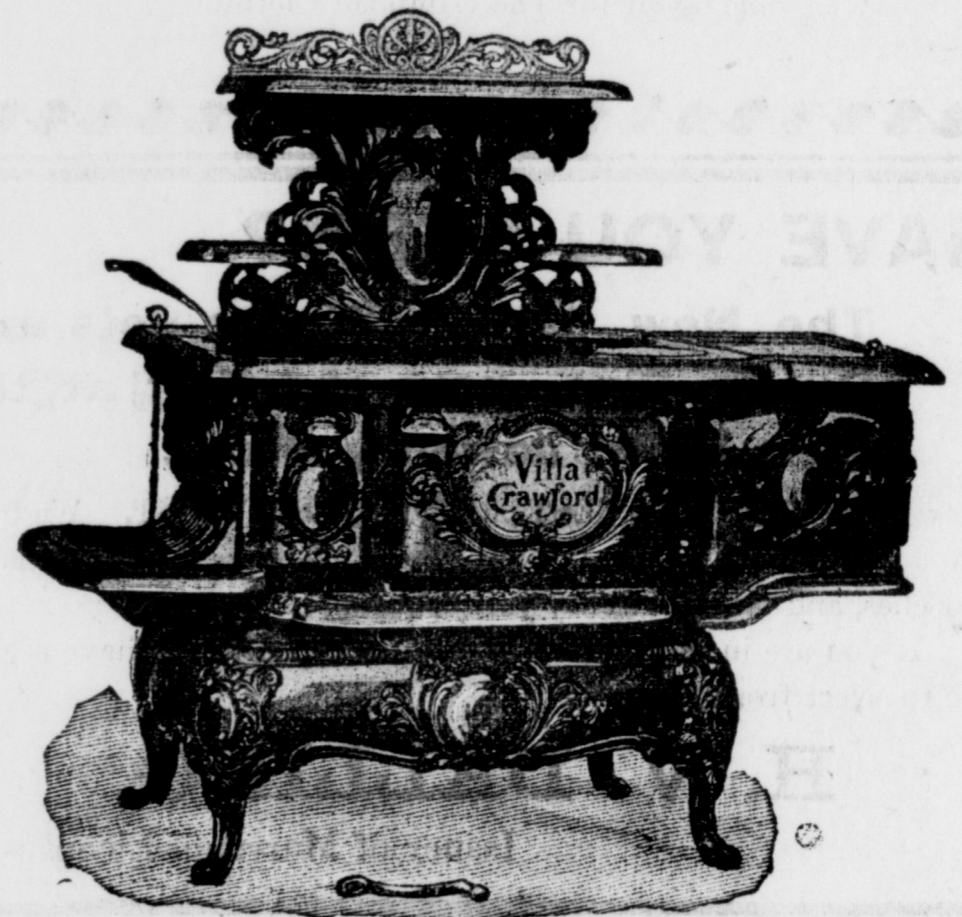
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We advise weighing all lambs be-
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for good lambs than they will bring
by the head.

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