

MAY SUCCEED LORD SALISBURY

The Duke of Devonshire a Conservative Conservative

Premier Salisbury has become inexpressibly bored with his high office, writes a London correspondent. He has had everything he wanted in life except peace, and he yearns for that. He would like to potter about with the chemical apparatus in his big laboratory at Hatfield House, and would rather experiment with liquefaction of hydrogen than control the destinies of Europe. The only question now is whether he can persuade himself to go on through the weary round with the next general election, which may come in a few weeks, or may be put off till next spring. It is thought unlikely that he may retire the moment the end of the Boer war is in sight. And who comes after him? The question is of commercial and political importance to the United States, and would be highly interesting even if it were not important. I have been asking the question of several members of parliament, and, better yet, of press gallery veterans, and the answer almost invariably got around, after some twisting and turning, the Duke of Devonshire, not because he was any one's warm personal choice, but because there was no one else on the Conservative side who would make so little trouble in party politics or in national affairs. Even if Lord Salisbury remains in office till the next election, the answer remains the same, for unless the war department involves the government in some new disaster, it is believed generally that the Conservatives will be kept in power, although with a smaller majority.

The marquis became Duke of Devonshire on the death of his father, the seventh duke, in 1891. He is now 67, plainness is the keynote of his life, and the most simply furnished chamber in each of his houses is his. To this quietness of life his phenomenal health is probably due. He never was a personally attractive man; his face is heavy, his frame lacks grace and he has no taste in dress. One of his

those who work and get the gold. Murders, robberies and other crimes of violence are of almost nightly occurrences. When darkness falls it is the signal to stay at home, and except on nights when society functions and entertainments draw the people out in crowds it is not often that any one



DUKE OF DEVONSHIRE.



DUCHESS OF DEVONSHIRE.

is seen alone in the streets. The fear of violence is ever present and the people talk about the latest crime as something of interest, but in no way surprising.

ASKS TO BE HANGED.

L. E. Walsh Pleads Guilty, but His Sanity Is Questioned. "I plead guilty and I want to be hanged," announced Lawrence E. Walsh when he was arraigned before Judge Baker yesterday, charged with the murder of Robert W. Gilchrist, says the Chicago Chronicle. "Do you understand fully what you are about?" asked the judge in surprise. "Are you

at 3 o'clock Judge Baker asked Walsh to withdraw the plea, inasmuch as all the pleas arising from the work of the recent grand jury should go to Judge Hutchinson on arraignments. Walsh firmly declined. "Well, why did you kill Gilchrist?" asked the judge. "During the Spanish-American war I enlisted in the Second regiment of Louisiana at New Orleans," Walsh replied. "Soon after I had several fights with other soldiers and I discovered that a conspiracy was on foot to make me suffer something worse than death. Gilchrist was in it. When I came back to Chicago I saw him make a sign which convinced me that he was one of the men in the conspir-



DUCHESS OF DEVONSHIRE.

acy. Then I decided to kill him." Judge Baker decided to let the plea of the prisoner rest for a few days. It is likely the court will enter a plea of not guilty and that Walsh will be tried as to his sanity. He was once confined in the detention hospital.

WHITMAN HELPING CHILD.

Unique Employment Given to the Poet by the Editor. The poet Walt Whitman, as is well known, dependent during most of his life upon the kindness of his friends and admirers for a support. A few years before his death one of these friends called upon him in his little house in Camden, a suburban town of Philadelphia. "Well, Walt," he said, "how goes it this winter? Any subscriptions needed for Christmas?" "No," said Whitman; "no, I'm at work now. I'm in the employ of George Childs. He pays me \$50 a month." "You at work! May I ask what is your occupation?" "Why, I ride in the street cars. I fall into talk with the drivers and conductors and find out which of them have no overcoats and guess at their size and notify Childs and then he sends the overcoats. It's not hard work," said the poet, thoughtfully. "And then, you know, it helps Childs along."

Justice.

While M. Constans, the artist, was spending a day with President Loubet at Rambouillet he was asked by his host upon what subject he was now engaged. "M. le President," said the other, "I am painting a big canvas symbolizing justice." "Indeed, and how do you conceive her?" "Whereat the painter began to describe his ideal in glowing words, speaking from the heart as only an artist can when delivering his soul to a sympathetic listener. But the president quietly interrupted him with a twinkle in his eye. "Is that how you conceive justice?" he said. "Parfait! And now would you like to know what she really is, in point of fact, and in actual life?" He rummaged in his pocket and produced a coin, which he spun in the air. "Head or tail?" he said. "That is justice!"

About "Stinking Three Times."

There is no truth whatever in the belief that any one falling into the sea necessarily rises and sinks three times before drowning.



CHATSWORTH, HOME OF THE DUKE OF DEVONSHIRE.

greatest characteristics is a faculty of arriving just after the hour set for the opening of parliament, a cabinet meeting, function or what not, and the caustic Mr. Chamberlain once raised a laugh by referring to his grace as the "late leader." His "got up" is usually that of the country squire.

In the house of lords he sits with his hat tilted over his eyebrows, his body buried in a long, dark colored coat with deep pockets, and one leg thrown over the other, revealing a stretch of drab stocking, invariably on the point of coming down. His hair and beard have grown wholly gray. Unlike Lord Salisbury, who never uses a note, the duke, on rising, drags a roll of manuscript from an inside pocket, adjusts his eyeglasses, and, standing in a loose attitude, drones out his speech. Many parliamentarians make an effective use of the pocket handkerchief; the Duke of Devonshire grips his tightly under his hands. Tricks of oratory, the coining of happy phrases, are beyond him, and what meager success he has had in speech-making has come from his common sense and candor.

In 1892 the duke married a woman who was already a duchess—the widow of the Duke of Manchester. The marriage was of the most private nature, as the duchess's son, the late Duke of Manchester, died in the same week. The bride and her husband had been firm friends for over thirty years and it was even said that they had been engaged before the marriage to Manchester, but this has been denied with positiveness.

Russia's Wickedest Town.

Krasnoarsk is not all as good as it looks. It is one of the most notorious centers of crime in all Siberia and violence is so common that it is hardly noticed by the townspeople, says the Philadelphia Press. Hosts of exiled criminals from European Russia have been distributed in the region immediately surrounding the city for many years past. The gold mines in the vicinity have helped to attract a lawless class, not only to work in the mines, as is usually to some extent the case, but to profit by robbery of

aware that under your plea of guilty the court can send you to the penitentiary for not less than fourteen years, or for life, or may inflict the death penalty?" "Yes, I know all that. This is a capital case and I want capital punishment inflicted," said the prisoner quickly. "I am guilty and I enter that plea. I killed that man and therefore I am guilty." "Take him back to jail," said Judge Baker. The case will be put on the call for trial soon. Walsh is believed to be mentally unbalanced. March 21 he shot and killed Robert W. Gilchrist, a barber at 1764 West Twenty-second street, without cause or provocation. It is said, just before the adjournment of court

DOGS AS POLICEMEN.

All the world knows of the noble work of the dogs of St. Bernard, and everybody has heard of the German military scheme to use dogs to succor the wounded on the battlefield. But the town of Ghent in Belgium, has introduced a distinct novelty in the use of dogs by making policemen out of them. There are fifteen Belgian collies on the police force of that town, the long-haired, and the short and the rough-haired ones, and one Picardy dog besides. The dogs are trained first to obey policemen in uniform only, and afterwards are introduced to the residents. They are taught to swim and to grasp objects in the wa-

ter; to save people from drowning, and to leap high obstacles. The duties of the dog service begin at 10 o'clock at night and finish at 4 in the



morning. The animals are held in leash by policemen until all the residents are abed, when they are let loose, and, each having its particular

"beat," patrols the streets noiselessly and vigilantly. The dog wears a huge spiked collar, so that if it is attacked it cannot be grasped by the throat.

DRIVEN MAD BY FORESTS.

Some Travelers in the Woods Are Strangely

One of the woodmen had told me of a waterfall on a trout stream of considerable size which emptied into a lake nearby, and in the hope of finding a subject on it, I took the boat one afternoon and began to follow the course of the stream up from the mouth. After a half mile of clear and navigable water it became so clogged with fallen trees that more lifting than paddling was required, and as its course was extremely tortuous I occasionally got out and examined the vicinity of the stream bed and the course above if perchance there might be better navigation beyond. On one of the digressions I suddenly came on the stream running back on its previous course and parallel to it. Instantly, in the twinkling of an eye, the entire landscape seemed to have changed its bearings; the sun, which was clear in the sky, it being about 3 o'clock, shone to me out of the north, and it was impossible to convince myself that my senses deceived me or accept the fact that the sun must be in the southwest, the general direction from which the stream was flowing, and that to get home again, I must turn my back to it if I had lost my boat, as seemed certain. Then began to come over me, like an evil spell, the bewilderment and the panic which accompanied it and which, fortunately, I recognized from the experiences I knew of, and I was aware that if I gave way to it I was a lost man beyond any finding by the woodmen even if they attempted to track me. Fresh wolf tracks were plenty all along the bank of that stream, panthers and bears abounded in that section and the wilderness beyond me was never explored and hardly penetrable, so dense was the undergrowth of dwarfed ferns and swamp cedars. I had one terrible moment of clear consciousness that if I went astray at that juncture no human being would ever know where I was and the absolute necessity of recovering my sense of the points of the compass was clear to me. By a strong effort of the will I repressed the growing panic, sat down on a log and covered my face with my hands and waited—I had no idea how long—but until I felt quite calm, and when I looked out on the landscape again I walked back to my boat without difficulty and went home and I never lost my head again while I frequented the wilderness.—Atlantic Monthly.

WHAT RAN ACROSS FLOOR.

A Toddler's Joke Makes the Father Excited.

A Lake View father had impressed his little son with the value of observing things and reporting anything that seemed strange and interesting. Though not more than 5 years old, he had already taken his father's advice, although his reported discoveries of a halo around the moon and the manner in which the hens scratched up the early vegetables were more enthusiastic than valuable. The other day he came running in to his father in great excitement and said: "Oh, papa, I just seed something run across the kitchen floor!" "Rats!" exclaimed his father in amusement. "No, it wasn't wats." "Cats?" "No, it wasn't cats either." "A dog—a bowwow?" "No," he continued, in great glee at puzzling his father. "You?" "No." "Brother Tommy?" "No." "Little sister?" "No. It was something that hasn't any legs." "A worm?" "No." "A snake?" "No, it wasn't a snake." By this time the boy had excited his father's curiosity, but exhausted his knowledge. So he had to say: "What was it? I can't guess." "Why, papa, it was just some water."—Chicago Chronicle.

Man and Bird in Collision.

A dove winging its flight over the tracks of the Southern Railway near Juliet, in Georgia, collided with a passenger train going in the opposite direction at a high rate of speed. The bird's body plunged through the glass window of the cab. Its beak, sharp as a needle point, pierced the right eye of Engineer Charles Wallace, and the surgeon say it destroyed the engineer's sight temporarily, and possibly permanently. The dove was killed by the sudden contact with the cab window. Its quivering body fell on the iron floor of the cab, after striking the engineer, and was picked up by the fireman. So great was the momentum of the train and the dove's body that the glass window was not smashed by the blow of the collision. The hole through which the bird was hurled was clean-cut, like that made by a bullet fired through glass.

Kaiser's Mustache Curl.

Emperor William has had to abandon that peculiar curl of the mustache which has helped to make the kaiser famous because Haby, the imperial barber, and the only man that knew how to do it, has been dismissed for impudence and for trading on the royal favor he enjoyed.

Journeys Morning and Evening.

On account of the great heat of the middle of the day in Egypt a caravan journeys in the early morning and in the evening. During the heat of the noon hours the tents are pitched and men and beasts get through it as best they can.

Gov. Allen Speaks Spanish.

Gov. Charles H. Allen of Porto Rico, possesses, among his other qualifications for that place, a thorough knowledge of Spanish, which he is said to speak like a native.

KNOW HOW TO DIE.

A WRITER'S TRIBUTE TO THE BOERS

And a Graphic Pen Picture of Pathetic Incidents on the Battlefield—Remarkable Devotion to One Another—Description of a Fight.

The pathos and awful tragedy of the war in South Africa are admirably painted by a British writer, who at one time was a prisoner among the Boers. I was only a prisoner in their hands for about a month, he says, yet every moment of that time was so fraught with interest that I fancy I picked up more of the real nature of the Boers than I should have done under ordinary circumstances in a couple of years. I was moved from laager to laager along their fighting line; saw them at work with their rifles; saw them come in from more than one tough skirmish, bringing their dead and wounded with them; saw them when they had triumphed and saw them when they had been whipped; saw them going to their farms to be welcomed by wife and children; saw them leaving home with a wife's sobs in their ears and children's loving kisses on their lips. I saw some of these old gray heads shattered by our shells, dying grimly, with knitted brows and fiercely clenched jaws; saw some of their beardless boys sobbing their souls out as the life blood dyed the African heath. I saw some passing over the border line which divides life and death, with a ring of stern-browed comrades around them, leaning upon their rifles, while a brother or a father knelt and pressed the hand of him whose feet were on the very threshold of the land beyond the shadows. I saw others smiling up into the faces of women—the poor, pain-drawn faces of the dying looking less haggard and worn than the anguish-stricken features of their womanhood who knelt to comfort them in that last awful hour—in the hour which divides time from eternity, the sunlight of lusty life from the shadows of unsearchable death. Those things I have seen, and in the ears of English men and women let me say, as one who knows and faint would speak the plain, unglorified truth concerning friend or foe, that not alone beneath the British flag are heroes found. Not alone at the breasts of British matrons are brave men suckled; for, as my soul liveth, whether their cause be just or unjust, whether the right or the wrong of this war be with them—whether the blood of the hundreds that have fallen since the first rifle spoke defiance shall speak for or against them at the day of judgment—they at least know how to die; and when a man has given his life for the cause he believes in he is proven worthy even of his worst enemy's respect. And it seems to me that the British nation, with its long roll of heroic deeds, wrought the world over, from Africa to Iceland, can well afford to honor the splendid bravery and self-sacrifice of these rude, untutored tillers of the soil. I have seen them die. Once as I lay a prisoner in a rocky ravine, all through the hot afternoon, I heard the rifles snapping like hounds around a cornered beast. I watched the Boers as they moved from cover to cover, one here, one there, a little farther on a couple in a place of vantage, again in a natural fortress a group of eight; so they were placed as far as my eye could reach. The British force I could not see at all. They were out on the veldt, and the kopjes hid them from me; but I could hear the regular roar and ripple of their disciplined volleys, and in course of time, by watching the action of the Boers, I could anticipate the sound.

Resources of Culture.

A distinguished lecturer once told a story of an engagement he had made to deliver a discourse in one of the interior towns, on the subject of "The Beacon Lights of Civilization." "I reached the place," he said, "a little behind time, and went directly to the hall. A large audience had assembled. I was introduced in due form by the president of the literary society under whose auspices I was to appear, and laying my manuscript on the desk before me I opened it and waited a moment for the applause to subside. Imagine my horror when I found I had accidentally brought along the wrong lecture—one on the 'Wonders of Modern Electrical Science'!" "What did you do?" asked one of the group to whom he was narrating the incident. "I went right ahead," he replied. "The audience didn't know the difference."—Youths' Companion.

The Only Difference.

"Did you ever see my dressmaker, John?" asked the wife, leading up to the unpleasant subject of that person's bill. "She's so awfully small; the most petite little thing I ever—"

"Come! Out with it!" exclaimed the great brute. "What are you driving at?"

"Well—er—I was going to remark on the similarity between the size of her bill and her own—"

"My dear madam," he interrupted, "the difference between her and her bill is only a question of pronunciation. She is not a tall modiste, and her bill is not at all modest."—Catholic Standard and Times.

Gorman's Power of Silence.

Judge Grubb, of Delaware, has a high opinion of ex-Senator A. P. Gorman's power of silence. "We've been spending a summer as friends for a dozen years at the same hotel," he recently said to Gorman, "and I've told you everything there is to tell about myself, whereas you never told me a thing." William Bryan is fond of books and has a good-sized general library, but he cares little for art and rarely visits a picture gallery.

days of the terrible persecution of the Huguenots. He himself had been many things—hunter, trader, farmer and fighting man. He had fought against the natives and he had fought against our people. The younger man was his son, a tall, fair fellow, scarcely more than a stripling, and I had no need to be a prophet to tell that his very hours were numbered. Both men had been wounded by one of our shells, and it was pitiful to watch them as they lay side by side, the elder holding the hand of the younger in a loving clasp, while with his other hand he stroked the boyish face with gestures that were infinitely pathetic. Just as the stars were coming out that night between the clouds that floated over us the Boer boy sobbed his young life out, and all through the long watches of that mournful darkness the father lay with his dear laddie's hand in his. The pain of his own wounds must have been dreadful, but I heard no moan of anguish from his lips. When at the dawning they came to take the dead boy from the living man the stern old warrior simply pressed his grizzled lips to the cold face, and then turned his gray beard to the hard earth and made no further sign.

HEAT BREAKS THERMOMETER.

Arizona Has Summer Weather That Cannot Be Recorded.

The cottonwoods have shed their caterpillars, there has been a thunder-storm, mesquite wood has fallen in price, Indians are selling bows and arrows, the rose and the oleander have long been out, oranges are in bloom, the umbrella tree is putting out its leaves, last summer's suit has been cleaned and pressed, the small boy has gone swimming in the canal, the wise man stays up nights and steals irrigation water from his neighbors, alfalfa is almost ready to cut, strawberries have been shipped, mulberries are nearly ripe, summer will soon be here and the Phoenix summer bedroom will soon be necessary. Phoenix sleeps out of doors in the summer and the bedroom is born out of that necessity. It is on stilts, is built of wire screen of fine mesh, for the Phoenix mosquito is microscopic in size. It is furnished according to the taste of the occupant, with interior curtains to keep out the morning sun, the gaze of the curious and the sand storm. The bed is a cot of canvas or woven wire, covered, perhaps, with a sheet, but even a sheet feels like a featherbed on a Phoenix summer night. The bed covering is the roof of the bedroom, and careless folks who consult their comfort only don't wear nightshirts. Phoenix is proud of its climate during eight months of the year, but it doesn't talk much in public about its midsummer. It is a right warm day when the government weather bureau doesn't know what the sun temperature is and is unable to determine it, and that is how hot it gets in Phoenix. I called on Observer Burns one day last July and asked him what the "official" temperature was in the sun. He said he did not know and that the government couldn't afford to experiment to that end. He said he had attempted to catch the sun temperature during the summer of 1898 and had broken a \$3 thermometer in the attempt. To please my curiosity he hung a thermometer in the sun, watched it until it registered 136 degrees, and then took it in, fearing it would break. The dryness of the atmosphere relieves this great heat of any terrors to all living things except women and cats.—Phoenix Graphic.