

ABOUT KITCHENER.

FAMOUS GENERAL, CONQUEROR OF OMDURMAN.

His Personality—Like Nearly All of Britain's Greatest Generals, He is a Product of Ireland—High Honors at the Age of 21.



HER HORATIO Herbert Kitchener, the sirdar of the Egyptian army and the new hero of the Sudan, is a young man—being but 47—for the high place he has won by merit in the military service of his country.

Like all of England's greatest generals he is an Irishman, and at 20 was a lieutenant. By 1888 he had been advanced to the rank of colonel. He spent eight years surveying in the Holy Land, during which he picked up a very fair knowledge of colloquial Arabic. This, together with his knowledge of the native character, went far toward his success in the Sudan.

When Kitchener went to Egypt as one of the officers appointed to assist Sir Evelyn Wood in the formation of an Egyptian army most of the work fell to his lot owing to his familiarity with the fellahs. He donned the uniform of a private and mixed freely with them. He found them treated like brutes, underfed, uncared for, their religion insulted, and in other ways abused. His first care was to change all this. He abolished the flogging lash, gave them good food and beds, paid them promptly and fully, and guaranteed them the full exercise of their religion.

This treatment had its effects. In a short time the same sort of men who under Hicks Pasha tamely submitted

CASTING OUT DEVILS.

Man Does a Thriving Business in an English Village.

Somersetshire is probably the most superstitious county in England. A case just heard by the Wells magistrates affords an amazing insight into the kingly power wielded by the witch doctor, male or female, in the west country villages, says the Birmingham Post. A Mr. Blackburn of Mortlake seems to have launched a crusade against this survival of the dark ages. During a sojourn in Wells he visited the witch doctor, Chambers, alias Elliott, the result of which was a prosecution ending in a committal for two months for imposing on Mr. Blackburn by "subtle craft." The police discovered that hundreds of people from all parts of the country wrote to or visited Chambers for the purpose of having "devils cast out" of either sick children or their cattle. The witch's fee was 10s. 6d., and it was shown that the simple country people paid almost worship to their witch, always addressing him as "sir," and implicitly following his quaint directions. Among the letters was one from a farmer, thanking the witch for curing his cows and mare, which had been ill from the evil wishes of an enemy. Another letter asked "how to make love," another if the writer was likely soon to become a widow. Another indicated that a clergyman had been writing for illumination on the black magic art. Prisoner pretended to consult an instrument and several odd volumes in cipher, and said he effected his cures by burning various drugs at midnight. A curious fact was that, though the police have vainly endeavored for years to get a conviction, the man has all the time obtained his drugs of an alderman of the city who is a chemist.

AFFAIRS IN CHINA.

The condition of affairs in China is critical. There have been repeated reports that the young emperor had com-

RUFUS W. PECKHAM.

HE READ THE DECISION IN GREAT RAILROAD CASE.

It Will Not, However, Do Much Damage to the Companies—They Will Simply Seek Legislation More Satisfactory to Their Interests.



JUSTICE Rufus W. Peckham, who read the decision of the United States Supreme court by which the Joint Traffic association is declared illegal, is a remarkable jurist in more ways than one. He was born in Albany, N. Y., and his father for many years was one of New York's most eminent jurists, and the lives of father and son were parallel up to the time of the elder Peckham's death. Both became justices of the state supreme court and both were given seats on the bench of the court of appeals of New York. The elder Peckham lost his life in 1873 in the wreck of the steamship City of Havre, which was sunk by collision at sea. Justice Peckham at 21 became a practicing lawyer and before his work as a judge was begun he was given the benefit of long residence, travel and study in Europe. He is one of the most logical, forceful and clear writers on the supreme bench. The decision read by Justice Peckham will be wide-spreading in its effects. It will have the effect of dissolving all of the traffic associations that have for their object the maintenance of stable rates. The Joint Traffic association was not intended as a trust. It was organized on lines laid down by eminent lawyers so as to conform to the law, and was for the sole purpose of maintaining stable rates. Instead of being a restraint to trade, it was a benefit to trade. A stable rate is always more to the advantage of the shipping public than an unstable one. A man who can buy his stock when a certain rate is charged, and who knows that the rate will remain the same to his competitors, is safe, while if the rate is unstable and his competitor happens to ship when the rate is low, he can undersell him.

The end of this thing will be that the railroads will have to join together and try to have congress pass an act that will allow some pooling plan that will do away with rate wars, which are equally harmful to both railroad and shipper. For the present the roads will have to do just what the receivers of the Wisconsin Central have been doing—keep out of the associations. The decision has not been condemned by railroad men. They will at once

seek legislation more satisfactory to their interests. Nearly all railroad managers disliked the old plan.



JUSTICE PECKHAM, seek legislation more satisfactory to their interests. Nearly all railroad managers disliked the old plan.

WANTS \$5,000 FOR LOST HAIR.

Two lawsuits have resulted from the cutting of little Katherine Joyce's hair—one against the person directly responsible for the work, the other against the person in whose custody the child had been placed and who did not prevent the mutilation, says the New York Herald. Katherine had very long hair when she left her home last May and Mrs. Dora Mitchell. She had scarcely enough to reach her neck when she returned. Her mother, Mrs. Anna Joyce, wept over the long braid that the little girl had brought home, and then consulted her lawyer, who told her that she could recover heavy damages from those who were responsible. Suit was then begun in the Supreme court against Mrs. Josephine S. Bailey of Buffalo for \$5,000. The complaint recites that: "On June 10, 1898, the defendant caused the infant to be set upon forcibly with a sharp instrument and without cause or provocation or the consent of plaintiff, said infant was wrongfully maimed, cut, maimed, wounded, disfigured and deprived of the hair of her head, which, before said assault, measured at least twenty-seven inches in length, and was of unusually full and luxuriant growth, leaving but seven inches, and made personal recognition of the child difficult and troublesome. The infant suffers from nervous prostration as a result of the assault, necessitating outlay and expense for medical treatment and medicine." Mrs. Joyce complains that she, as well as the child, had nervous prostration as the result of the hair-cutting. Many years must elapse before the child's hair grows twenty inches. Mrs. Bailey in her answer denied that there had been any assault or that the child



KATHERINE JOYCE, had suffered in any way. She desires to have the suit removed from New York to Erie county for trial, claiming that all the witnesses are in Buffalo. Mrs. Bailey swears that the complaint is false and malicious and that the suit is wrongfully brought in order to extort money. Katherine's hair, she declares, was cut in the usual manner, "for the protection of her health, cleanliness, comfort and personal appearance, at her wish and request, and with the consent of her custodian and the person legally in charge of her in loco parentis."

A Narrow Escape. In his book, "The Crimen of 1854," Sir Evelyn Wood, V. C., relates the following anecdote: "I was making for a place where the parapet had been worn down by men running over it, in order to avoid the exertion of mounting up even four feet, when a young soldier passed me on my left side, and, doubtless, not noticing I was wounded, knocked my arm heavily, saying, 'Move on, sir, please.' As he passed over the parapet with his rifle at the trail, I caught it by the small of the butt to pull myself up. He turned round angrily, asking, 'What are you doing?' And while his face was bent on mine, a roundshot, passing my ear, struck him full between the shoulders, and I stepped over his body, so exhausted as to be strangely indifferent to the preservation of my own life, saved by the soldier having jostled me out of my turn at the gap."

FAMOUS BRITISH BEAUTY.

Lady Alice Montagu, the English beauty who will spend the winter in New York, is one of the twin daughters of the beautiful Consuelo, Duchess of Manchester. She was the most admired of all the belles of the past London season, and is exquisitely pretty. Her mother, Consuelo, is of Spanish-American descent, and as a young woman was a gorgeous beauty. She was greatly admired by the late head of the house of Vanderbilt, who named the present young Duchess of Marlborough in her honor. The last two dukes of Manchester introduced for-



LADY MONTAGU, eign blood into the line of Montagu. The grandmother of the present duke and his sister is a Hanoverian. She is now the Duchess of Devonshire, and is granddaughter of the famous Von Alten, who fought with Wellington on the peninsula and at Waterloo.

How London Lives. There are, according to the latest returns, at present in London 37,000 people living five in one room; 17,000 people living six in one room; 6,000 people living seven in one room; 1,800 people living eight in one room; 2,000 people living eight in two rooms, and 14,000 people living nine in two rooms.

HUNTING THE TIGER.

THRILLING YARNS FROM THE EAST INDIES.

Where Coolies Extraordinary Came Into Play—Under Certain Conditions It's Safe to Walk Right Into the Arms of a Hating Foe.



It was hot, and the fellows were a bit tired of pool, but being guest-night at the mess of the gallant Royal Tipperary Fusiliers, it was still too early to break up. So an adjournment to the veranda, with a fresh relay of whiskies and sodas, was voted, and the conversation turned on tigers and sport, as it often does in the East. When the writer joined the listeners, Harvey, of the Gunners, was holding forth, as follows:

"My queerest adventure with a tiger happened years ago when I was quite a griffin, the youngest of a party under the direction of Major B—, a noted shikaree (guide), whom we obeyed implicitly, and whom we expected to show us no end of tigers. I had been out with him time after time without seeing one. At last, however, the day came. I was posted on a shady tree. The branches near me served as a gun-rack, and as, putting rifle to shoulder, I sighted right and left, through interlacing boughs and leaves, every avenue of approach, I felt myself most favorably situated. The beat began, and at last I saw my first tiger. Instead of passing within any of my ranges I had marked out for him, he quietly trotted under my tree and lay down at its foot. Swinging round hastily into an attitude not previously rehearsed, in the excitement of the moment I overbalanced, and, my rifle going off, (descended in a heap on the top of the tiger. Luckily for me, the report of the shooting-iron, and the vision of a dark body in the air, fright-

ed me to shoot snipe from either shoulder. Never seemed to miss. I had better give it you in his own words as far as I can remember.

"I hate going after tiger with a married man—this is how he began—and I'll tell you why. There was a fellow called Cranley was always bothering me to show him a tiger. 'I have been twelve years in India,' he said, 'and never set eyes on one.' So I took him with me. The beat was to skirt at the finish a natural parapet of rock and boulder about 300 yards long, running north and south. To give Cranley first shot I posted him near the northern end of the parapet close to a narrow slit in it through which he could fire at anything with perfect safety. I told him to wait till the tiger was broadside on, and then to fire. If his shot failed, the beast would come down to me at the southern end of the parapet. Well, on came the beaters and when I judged from their shouts that they were well past Cranley's post, and no shot rang out, I naturally concluded there was no tiger.

"After I had waited a little longer, this conclusion was so certain that I went round my end of the parapet to the other side to meet the beaters and make inquiries. Just as I turned the corner, what should I see, about 50 yards to my front, but a tiger? I pulled up with a jerk, my heart in my mouth, and we stood looking at each other while he slowly waved his tail. I covered him with the rifle, and felt my life depended on his dropping to a single shot. My aim was too unsteady to let me draw the trigger, so I lowered the weapon and stared spell-bound at the enemy. Again I raised it only to lower the rifle as before. My hand shook; I dared not fire. A third time I drew a bead on that magnificent head between the terrible eyes; but it was no use—I had not the pluck to shoot. Then to my astonishment and immense relief the big brute, blinking lazily, turned round and moved slowly toward the beaters, who by this time were within 150 yards of him. In an instant I was back round the corner of my parapet, and on the right side as the beaters turning the tiger sent



DESCENDED IN A HEAP ON THE TOP OF THE TIGER.

ened him so much, he was off at a gallop at the moment I crashed down upon him. A bruised shoulder and damaged rifle were the only reminiscences of that adventure. Of course, I got horribly chaffed about it."

him on again, past my entrance, to meet the fate he ought to have experienced at the hands of Cranley. Talk of funk—I have never been in such a funk before or since as I was when, glued to the ground, I faced that tiger and dared not fire."

"I was once pretty close to a tiger under different circumstances," said another man. "It was in this way. I got a shot at him from a tree, and felt sure I hit him, as he bounded into a thicket from which I did not see him emerge. I pointed out the spot to my men, but after exploring, throwing stones, and loosing off guns, they told me I was mistaken; the tiger had got off and was miles away. After some time I was obliged to accept this conclusion, and, getting out of my tree, prepared to depart. An impulse to look for myself led me to the bush into which I had seen the beast spring. As I rounded it, a sudden roar made my heart stand still. There was the tiger on his hind legs, with his fore paws in the air, as one sees a lion in a heraldic coat of arms, only a few feet from me. I thought my last hour had come. I had nothing in my hand but a stick, having given up my rifle to my shikaree to carry. Stepping back instinctively, I gazed upon him terror-struck, expecting he would be on me in a second. It seemed an age before my hand reached a rifle and pulled the trigger. We found afterwards that my first bullet had paralyzed his spine, which alone prevented his springing on me. Had he been able to drag his hind legs two or three yards, I should surely have been done for." "For nerve combined with prudence, I know a story which some of you may think worth hearing," said a voice from a long arm-chair. "Don't suppose any of you ever heard of M—, one of the best shots I ever came across. Used

and hid his face, thereby leading me to believe there was no tiger, and when I was already related, he was going tiger-shooting. I was for it."

THE MEETING IN THE PARAPET.



GEN. KITCHENER.

their necks to or fled in fear from the sword of the dorvishes were changed into brave, strong warriors, ready to fight fearlessly and willing to place implicit confidence in their leaders. It was this at once humane and shrewd management of the Egyptians that enabled the sirdar to lead them victoriously against the mahdists all along the Nile to the triumph at Omdurman and the taking of Fashoda. General Kitchener, at an extraordinarily early age, has attained to honors rare in the British army.

In 1878 Kitchener was sent to Cyprus to organize the land courts of the island, and in a short time he had mapped every cranny of the land. But despite his civil service Kitchener's military ardor did not abate a jot. As long ago as 1888 he led an expedition of 500 British and some Sudanese and a few bashi-bazouks to check Osman Digna, and very nearly succeeded in capturing that fiery leader. In the same year, after recovering from the wounds he had received, he took part in the attack on the dorvishes besieging Suakin, commanding a brigade consisting of the Ninth, Tenth and Twelfth Sudanese battalions. This brigade carried the trenches of the Arabs by storm. He has been in several actions in the Sudan, and always successful and brave.

An adequate story of the sirdar's life would read like one of Scott's romances of the east. His wanderings in Palestine, the Sudan, Erseroum, Africa and elsewhere have been filled with thrilling episodes. He has been shot at by Bedouins, almost murdered in Palestine, nearly hanged for being a spy, but his delight has been to penetrate dens of villainy to find out at all hazards the mysteries of the Orient for himself. He has disguised himself a score of times, and has thrown dice with death to further some military plan of his own.

mitted suicide, or had been murdered, but these have been officially denied. Six of the emperor's advisers who recommended reforms have been put to death by order of the dowager empress. Reactionary tendencies have shown themselves among the people as well as in the palace, and there have been outbreaks of mob violence at Peking, directed against foreigners. Marines have been landed to protect the British, German and Russian embassies, and the cruiser Baltimore and the gunboat Petrel have been sent from Man-



DOWAGER EMPRESS.

Something of an Arm. "Gud—I don't like that Charlie I was; he tried to put his arm around me four times last night. Dolly—My, what a long arm he must have!

Steel Used in Pens and Guns. More steel is used in the manufacture of pens than in all the sword and gun factories in the world.

Making It Worth While.

An Irishman, walking over a sidewalk, in counting some money accidentally dropped a nickel, which rolled down a crack between two of the boards. The Irishman was much put out by the loss, trifling though it was, and continued on his way swearing audibly. Early the next day a friend, while walking by the spot, discovered the Irishman in the act of deliberately dropping a dollar down the same crack through which he had lost his nickel. The friend was, of course, much astonished at what he saw, and, desiring to learn why Pat should deliberately, to all appearances, throw away money, inquired his reasons, and was fairly taken off his feet by the following lucid (?) explanation. "It was this way," said Pat. "It's yesterday that I was for passin' this way when I lost a nickel down that hole. Now, I reckoned that it wasn't worth me while to pull up that sidewalk for a nickel, but last night a scheme struck me, and I am dropping down the dollar to make it worth me while."

Casualties of the War. The war department has prepared a statement of casualties in the army during the war with Spain, and since the cessation of hostilities. Between May 1 and September 30, inclusive, there were 280 officers and men killed in battle, 65 died of wounds and 2,555 died of disease. The mortality was 2,910 out of a total force of 274,717, or a little more than 1 per cent. The navy department reports that 17 sailors killed and 87 wounded constitute the total loss in the navy.

A Champion. Mrs. Ipeley—"They say your husband is one of the best golf-players in this town." Mrs. Wanst—"Oh, yes, he is a thorough master of it. Why, he can actually talk the language in his steps."—Chicago News.