

A SMALL REALM.

UNIQUE KINGDOM IN REMOTE CORNER OF ASIA.

Romantic and Adventurous Career of Its Founder, Rajah Brooke—Independence Recognized by Three Great Powers, America, Italy, England.

(Special Letter.)

There is a unique kingdom hidden away in a corner of Asia of which most people know nothing or at most the bare outline. It was founded by an Englishman, and is ruled by an English king as absolutely as all the Russias are ruled by the czar, and yet England has no right, even of supervision, in its internal government, and the warships of at least three great powers salute its flag when they anchor within its territorial waters.

Its name is Sarawak, and its present king is Sir Charles Johnson Brooke. He succeeded the first king, his uncle, Sir James Brooke, whose life story reads like a romance.

The son of a civil servant of the Honorable East India company, James Brooke was born in India in 1803, and, after attending the Norwich grammar school, received an ensign's commission in the Sixth Native Infantry of the Bengal army, and joined his corps at the age of 15. He was seriously wounded in an engagement in the first Burmese war, in which he commanded a body of volunteer native cavalry, and on returning from England—whither he had been on furlough—suffered shipwreck, and was thus delayed in rejoining his regiment, to which he had been recalled.

As it afterward proved, this was a lucky accident, for it ultimately led to his resigning his commission and severing his connection with the East India company. In the voyage which he subsequently made to China he first saw the isles of the Malay archipelago, and some inner voice then whispered that his destiny awaited him in those long-neglected gardens of the East.

The possibilities of adventure and discovery which Borneo held were sufficient attraction for an adventurous man; but above and beyond this rose an ambition to extirpate piracy and slavery, to reform a distracted country by methods of his own, to stand as a shield between oppressor and oppressed; and it was an ambition to which he remained consistent to his last breath.

In the face of great difficulties a yacht was procured and manned, and in this Mr. Brooke set sail for Brunei in the year 1838. The sultan of Brunei was little better than an imbecile, and all state functions were practically in



THE PRESENT KING OF SARAWAK the hands of his uncle, Rajah Muda Hassim, who gave Brooke a warm welcome, and at once enlisted his services for the suppression of the rebellion which had broken out in the state.

In gratitude for this assistance, and in order to retain the services of an ally whose value he was quick to recognize, Muda Hassim handed over to the then small province—some 3,000 miles in extent—of Sarawak and its dependencies to Mr. Brooke, one cogent reason for this generosity being that he was unable to control it himself.

Of this territory Mr. Brooke was formally proclaimed rajah on Sept. 24, 1841; but in the preceding two years during which he had administered its affairs, he had completely won the hearts of all the better disposed natives. In spite of the fascinations a throne exercises over most imaginations, few kingdoms could have seemed less desirable than Rajah Brooke's, for the condition of the country was anything but peaceful.

There was practically no exchequer and absolutely no revenue; his peaceful subjects were harassed to death, and he never knew how much he could depend on outside assistance to right them. Yet his influence was daily on the increase, for by a marvelous intuition he at once understood the character and the native point of view of the natives.

Brooke succeeded in enlisting the sympathies of the British naval authorities on the China station, and his great friend, Capt. Henry Keppel, who, with sword, pen and voice did more for Brooke than any other man, the Brookes excepted, was sent in command of the frigate Dido to aid him in suppressing the pirates of the Sarawak and Sakarran rivers, and more particularly the formidable bands who followed the flag of the terrible Sheriff Sahib.

These pirates had never been conquered, and were regarded by Mr. Brooke's people as invincible. Yet when he told them he should go, but gave them the opportunity to accompany him or not, as they thought best, they merely replied: "What is the use of our remaining? If you die, we die; and if you live, we live. We will go with you."

So expeditions consisting of the Di-

do's boats manned by bluejackets, and native craft conveying a large force of Dyaks, under the command of Captain Keppel and Mr. Brooke, proceeded 70 or 80 miles up the great rivers and their tributaries, and attacked the strongholds of Serebus and Sakarran, so that for the first time in native experience these pirates were boarded in their dens.

The fighting was of the most interesting description, and was attended by quite a respectable number of casualties on the winning side.

Brooke's best fighting man, Patting All; Mr. Seward, one of his white staff; Lieutenant Wade of the Dido, and many another brave Englishman and Dyak met their deaths in these battles, but in attaining their object the expeditions were entirely successful. The once dreaded chief, Sheriff Sahib, was driven across the mountains single and unattended, beyond the reach of doing further harm.

In 1847 Rajah Sir James Brooke visited England and met with an enthusiastic reception from those who could understand and appreciate his work. He was bidden to Windsor, where the queen not only made him a knight of the Bath, but conferred on him the appointments of governor of Labuan and consul general of Borneo. Two years before his death, in July, 1868, the independence of Sarawak was recognized by America, Italy and England, and the great man died with the knowledge that it had entered on the path of prosperity, with increasing population, trade and revenue.

Sir Charles Brooke, his successor, was born in 1829, and having spent 19 years in the royal navy, served under his uncle for 20 years in Sarawak. He married the Rane, Margaret, only daughter of Mr. de Windt of Blunsdon Abbey, Wiltshire, England, in 1869, who is now queen of Sarawak.

By concessions and purchases of territory, including coal mines, harbors and splendid rivers away to the north—chiefly from the declining sultanate of Brunei, Sarawak has increased to 13 times its original area. It now comprises 50,000 miles—five times the size of Belgium—with 400 miles of coast line, and has a population of 300,000. Notwithstanding the cost of its efficient administration is less than that of any Asiatic country presided over by Europeans. Its expenditure is about \$500,000 annually.

PSYCHE, OF GREECE.

So Beautiful That Mortals Mistook Her for Venus.

Psyche is an exquisite creation of the later mythology of Greece. She was the youngest of the three daughters of a king, and so beautiful that mortals mistook her for Venus herself, and did not dare to love, but only to worship her. This excited the jealousy of the goddess, who sent Cupid to inspire Psyche with a passion for the most contemptible of all men. Cupid, however, was smitten with her charms, and carried her away to a beautiful palace, where he visited her every night, unseen and unknown. He bade her never let curiosity overcome her, and one night while he was asleep she took a lamp and went to look at him. She saw with rapture that he was the most handsome of the gods, but in her excitement she let a drop of hot oil fall on the sleeper's shoulder. This awoke Cupid, who upbraided her for her mistrust, and vanished. Psyche then set out to look for her lover, and coming to the palace of Venus she was seized by the goddess and kept as a slave. Cupid, however, reconciled her to his mother, and was united to her in immortal wedlock. In works of art Psyche is represented as a beautiful maiden with the wings of a butterfly. Her story has been considered as an allegory of the progress of the human soul through earthly passion and misfortune to pure celestial felicity, but it must not be forgotten that it is merely a version of one of the most widespread folk-tales in the world.

Keep the Hands Clean.

To keep the hands nice, cleanliness is the first essential, and, therefore, when rough work has to be done it is well, if possible, to put on gloves. Prevention is better than cure, and as nothing spoils the hands like getting them grimed it should be avoided as far as possible. When this occurs, however, don't go to work upon them with soap and a brush. Instead, take some vaseline or oil and rub it into the hands and then wash them thoroughly with a good toilet soap and a piece of flannel in warm water. The flannel will soon clean them and without injuring the skin in any way. It is far better than a nail brush for ordinary use and if used regularly a nail brush will be found almost, if not entirely, superfluous.

Deluding Young Filipinos.

In the maps of Europe which were used in the Filipino schools under the Spanish regime a large place in the center of the continent, usually occupying more than one-half the page, was marked Spain; all the rest of the countries were scattered about the edge. Thus the young Filipino came to have a very distorted idea of the magnitude of the country of his oppressors. Even Aguinaldo was surprised to learn that America covers a greater area than Spain.

Millionaire Knows How to Live.

James Gordon Bennett, who recently paid one of his semi-occasional visits to New York, is somewhere in the 60's, but really looks ten years younger. One of his friends is quoted as saying that "Jim seems to have learned the secret of how to live on a million a year. Nine out of ten men with his income would have been dead long ago, and Jim hasn't traveled snail-fashion at that."

FREAK INSECTS.

CREATURES OF QUEER HABITS AND STRANGE MIMICRY.

Many of Them Have Wonderful Powers of Concealing Themselves—Some Envelop Themselves in Wax—The Walking Sticks.

(Special Letter.)

Freaks exist among insects as among other creatures that inhabit the earth. A few are remarkable for great size, others for their dangerous character, and others yet for their mimicry, a power which enables these last, whether for timid concealment or for disguise or wickedness, to counterfeit the aspect of leaves, of twigs, or even of other insects not at all nearly related to them, says Everybody's Magazine.

To the first of these classes belong the giant spiders, tropical and semi-tropical, known popularly as "tarantulas." They spin no webs, but make for their nests substantial boxes of earth—the particles cemented together with a secretion of their own—with daintily contrived trap-doors at one end. Such a box looks like nothing but a clod of dirt, its door—held by a strong elastic thread that serves the purpose of a spring—fitting so perfectly that, when it is shut, no trace of an opening can be seen. One spe-

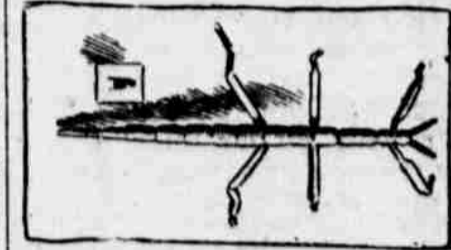


TARANTULA ATTACKING A BIRD. One of these huge arachnids, finding flies and other insects insufficient to satisfy its remorseless appetite, makes small birds an occasional prey, leaping upon them and sucking their blood.

In Central America is found a very peculiar insect which apparently for the purpose of disguising itself resorts to a tree or other convenient shelter and there proceeds to excrete a white waxy substance in great quantities, so enveloping itself in the material as to be rendered hardly recognizable as an insect at all. The wax is of excellent quality, and the native Indians gather it, boil it and utilize it in various ways.

Among the many insect curiosities there is none more strange and even weird than certain species which counterfeit leaves and twigs for the sake of concealment from their enemies. The so-called "walking-sticks" are so like twigs in appearance that the expert entomologist has the greatest difficulty in securing specimens, even when he goes hunting for them in places where they exist in immense numbers. They invariably resemble in structure the trees or other plants on which they occur, so that they are to all intents and purposes invisible to the eye, their ingenious disguise rendering them safe from detection. And this is true even of the largest kinds, such as one found in Brazil, which is eighteen inches in length. On certain spiny plants in tropical America big spiny "walking-sticks" dwell, adapting their aspect as usual to their environment.

"Walking-sticks" are rare in entomological collections, and few persons have beheld more than one or two in their lives; yet the woods almost everywhere in this country are full of them—mostly moderate-sized species, two or three inches long—and they might be gathered readily by thousands if it were not for the disguise they assume. Even the knots of the twig and the appearance of the bark are copied by the insects, so that there is no way in which they may be detected, unless they move, and they are usually stationary or nearly so. Now and then, though very rarely, an imprudent member of the tribe is seized with an adventurous fit and



A WALKING-STICK INSECT OF BRAZIL.

(It stimulates the appearance of a twig. By comparison in size the common house fly is shown one-half life size.) wanders from its arboreal home into the road, thus inviting capture.

In tropical countries are found a number of species of insects that counterfeit leaves in a wonderful way and some kinds among them are said actually to assume in dying the changing hues of the decaying leaf. The untutored natives of the regions where these creatures abound commonly believe that they are in reality transformed leaves, in other words that a bud developing into a leaf becomes at length a leaf insect by a mere change of habit.

A Word to the South.

Lawlessness begets lawlessness, brutality begets brutality, torture begets torture. Is it not enough, in heaven's name, that these terrible crimes are committed by the black brutes, but we must make the thing worse and torture ourselves and southern society

by resort to barbarous torture of the victim? Are we going to permit these brutes to make us brutal? Are we going to make these savages to make us savage? Are we going to be more brutal and more savage than the brutal savage who commits the crime? Because a brutal negro commits a nameless offense, are we going to trample our laws under foot and overthrow our institutions and undermine our society? These are questions, we say, that the southern people must consider seriously and prayerfully. Our institutions are in danger from ourselves. We cannot expect to maintain law and order and to raise up our boys to respect the law if we ruthlessly trample the law under foot and defy the officers of the law, and not only deprive a man unlawfully of life, but by methods that would put a savage to the blush. We cannot be law-abiding and yet trample the law under our feet. We cannot be civilized and yet imitate the ways of the savage.—Richmond Times.

GIRL'S QUEER FANCIES.

Lived in Fear of the Coming of the Judgment Day.

"There was no church in our neighborhood, and it was only at rare intervals that a preacher came from some near settlement or from the village and preached at the schoolhouse," writes "A Secluded Girl," in the October Ladies' Home Journal. "The first sermon that I have any distinct remembrance of hearing made a deep impression upon me. The minister was a man of such melancholy cast of countenance, of such sombre aspect and gloomy appearance, that I shrank from him instinctively as if an icy wind had gone out from him and entered my soul. For months afterward I was haunted by his presence and the terror his words had inspired, inwardly fearful at the same time lest God should punish me for such a wicked aversion for one of His ministers. I was particularly depressed by the preacher's description of the Judgment Day, which, he averred, might come upon us at any time—early in the morning perhaps, following some night on which the stars had fallen. The perpetual dread of this awful calamity was another source of mental anguish to me that drove sleep from my eyes during the silent hours of many a night. At such times I often stole from my bed to see if the stars were still in the sky, and when I saw them shining in the heavens a sense of thankfulness came over me, and I returned to my bed and surrendered myself to slumber. During this period of fear of the coming of the Judgment Day there was but one night of the week in which I rested securely, and this was Saturday night, for I reasoned that as God had rested on the Sabbath day He would not choose that day on which to destroy the world."

CHINA'S ARMIES.

Probably the Strongest Military Consolidation the World Ever Saw.

Writing from Tientsin, a correspondent to the St. Louis Globe-Democrat gives a description of the various armies constituting the international force in China and concludes with this interesting pen picture of the strange scene: The men of all these arms and countries have marched, fought, camped, foraged and frolicked together, and each succeeding scene has seemed stranger than the first. And if it has all been strange to the eye there has also been an appeal to the ear. From road or field come a jolly, rollicking song of German Fatherland, and its echo may be a Cossack war chant, an American coon melody or a coarser love song. Bugle, bagpipe, drum, fife and band send out their sound together, and somehow there is a strange harmony in it. There is something almost mysterious in the fraternizing of soldiers. Possibly the rifle levels distinction, and is a badge of membership. You can see an American who does not speak a word of Japanese holding a long conference with a soldier of the Mikado who knows no English, or a Russian delivering an eloquent address to a group of Sikhs and the strange part of it is that they all understand. There seems to be a special bond of friendship between Americans, British and Japanese, but the American is generally a good mixer and carries his sociability and amiability everywhere. The Russians, French and Germans have shown great friendship for one another, and in this camp far away from the political capitals of the world, there is much talk of such an alliance taking more than sympathetic, sentimental form.

Religious Mendicants in Russia.

There are two types of tramps in Russia, and they may be classified as the authorized and the unauthorized, says a foreign correspondent. The first are the so-called religious mendicants, who are protected by the church and tolerated by the police; the second are the common vagabonds. Their national name among themselves is "Gorjouns"—mourners or victims of grief. If you ask them why they do not work—and the great majority are perfectly able to do so—they reply in the forlornest voice mortal ever heard. "Master, I am a Gorjoun, a victim of sorrow." They seem to have accepted the philosophy that a certain number of human beings are foreordained to a life of misery and sadness, and they pose as members of this class.

Co-Operative Railways.

Victoria, Australia, has built seven local railways on the co-operative principle. The railways were estimated for by contract at \$547,908, but by working the co-operative principle they were completed for \$251,311.

The Phantom Mill

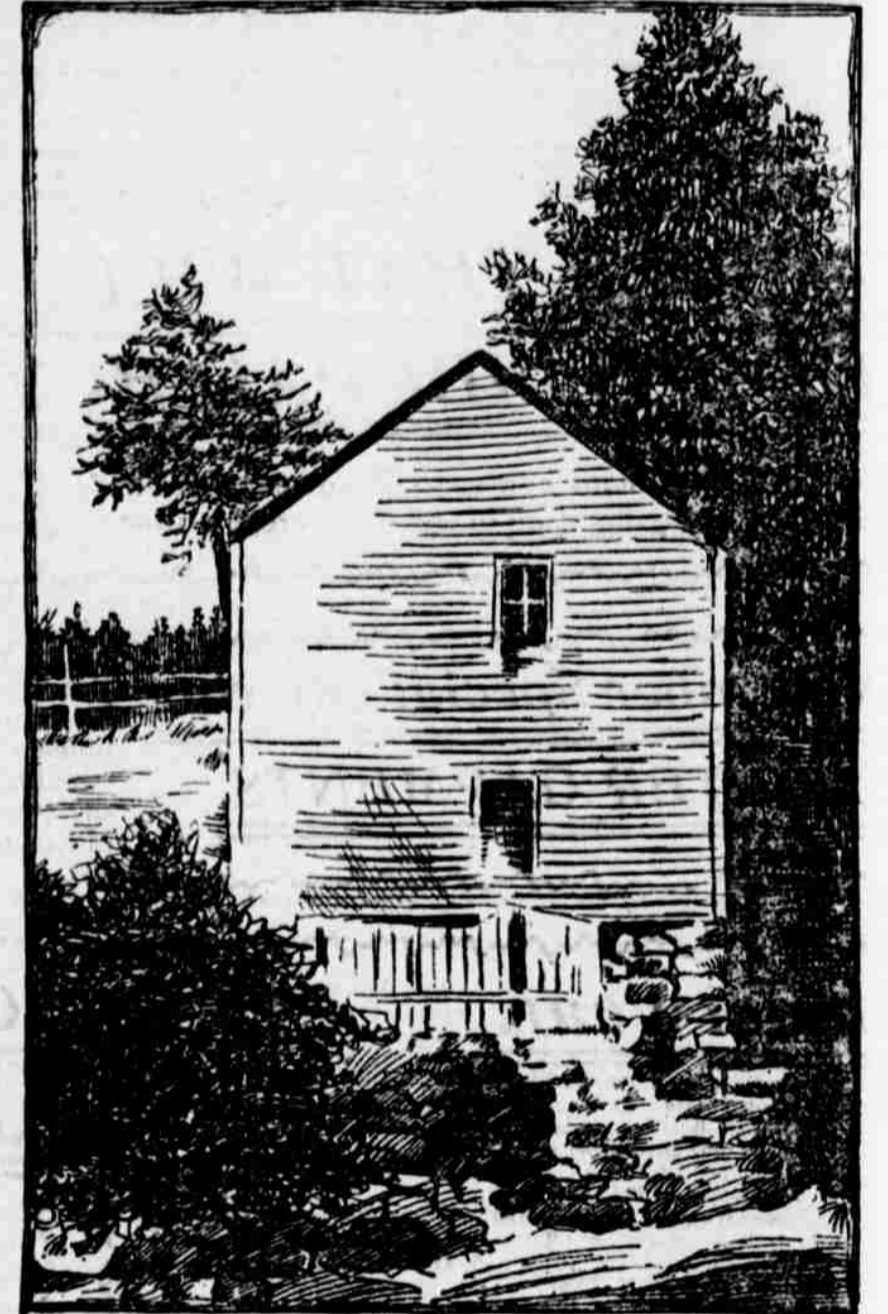
Said to Grind Away on Wolf River

Special Letter. Far up among the Cumberland mountains of Tennessee that turbulent little stream known as Wolf river has its source, and in its course between steep and rugged banks, through steep mountain gorges and narrow vales it passes through a country which, for tall and perpendicular cliffs, tall, pine-clad mountain peaks, bluffs and caverns, surpasses anything east of the Rocky mountains. Many years ago there was a mill on this little river, and the rapid force of the water furnished sufficient power to turn all

carrying with it dirt, sand and gravel. In one hour from the time the mill sunk the great hole where it went down was filled up, and the river was flowing over the old mill site.

That being a limestone region and the earth being full of caverns, it happened that the mill had been built over a large subterranean recess. The water from the river had gradually cut its way through, weakening the roof of the cavern from year to year, until it could bear its own heavy weight and that of the mill no longer.

There is a strange and weird story



THE "PHANTOM" MILL, BEFORE IT WAS ENGULFED.

connected with the spot where the old mill stood. The mountaineers of that section are superstitious, and claim that the old mill site is haunted. They say that on any moonlight night, after the fog from the river rises, any one who may take the trouble to go there may see, plainly outlined in a bank of fog, the old weather-beaten mill steadily but silently grinding away, and that at a back window of the ancient-looking building, resting his head upon his hands and his elbows upon the window sill, may be seen the form of the old, white-haired man, ghostly in appearance, quietly watching the rushing current of the river.

MUSIC FOR ANIMALS.

Harmony Soothes the Brutes, Discords Enrages Them.

A student of animal habits made some experiments recently with music at the London Zoo. Here is his account of the effect on a tiger: The violin player approached a sleeping tiger, which was lying on its side, with feet stretched, touching the cage bars. He played so softly that the opening notes were scarcely audible. As the sound rose, the tiger woke, and raising its head without moving its body, looked for some time with fixed attention at the player. It remained for some time in a very fine attitude, listening to the music, and then, making the curious sound that, in tiger language does duty for "purring," it lay down again and dozed. The soft music was played on, while the great beast lay as if lulled to sleep. The violin was then put aside for the piccolo. Judge of our surprise when, at the first notes of the new instrument, the tiger sprang to its feet and rushed up and down the cage, shaking its head and lashing its tail from side to side. As the notes became louder and more piercing, the tiger bounded across the cage, reared on its hind feet and exhibited the most ludicrous contrast to the calm dignity and repose with which it had listened to the violin. Then came the final and most successful experiment. The piccolo was stopped and a very soft air played upon the flute. The difference in effect was seen at once. The tiger ceased to "rampage," and the leaps subsided to a gentle walk, until the animal came to the bars, and, standing still and quiet once more, listened with pleasure to the music. "There are many men," the student remarks, on summing up his experiments in music at the Zoo, "there are perhaps many races of men, who could not detect a discord, and would alike be indifferent to harmony and its opposite. Yet among the brutes on which the experiments were tried the sudden start of displeasure at a discord was general from the snakes to the African elephant."

Cubs Rich in Song Birds.

Cuba has a robin which is bigger than ours and a good singer. A so there is a kind of quail, darker in color and much more brilliant than our quail. Our kingbird has a much larger representative on the island, where are also to be found sparrows with yellow throats and other sparrows which are black with white spots on the wing. The black sparrows are fine singers and the natives catch them for cage birds, selling them for a dollar. One of the most interesting birds is a great cuckoo with a tall a foot and a half long. It is brown and has a harsh guttural note. Its body is small, but its wings are so big and its tail and neck are so long as to give it an appearance of considerable size. —New York Herald Correspondence

Box Applaud to Ship.

The word ship is masculine in French, Italian, Spanish and Portuguese, and possesses no sex in Teutonic and Scandinavian. Perhaps it would not be an error to trace the custom of feminizing ships back to the Greeks, who called them by feminine names, probably out of deference to their goddess of the sea. But the English speaking sailor assigns no such reasons. The ship to him is always a lady, even though she be a man-o'-war. She possesses a waist, collar, stays, laces, bonnets, ties, ribbons, chains, watches and dozens of other distinctly feminine attributes.

A Painter of the 19th.

Charles H. Stephens, whose painting decorates the cover of the October Ladies' Home Journal, is a close artist-student of the Indian and Indian life, and is regarded as a very high authority on all that pertains to the picturesque side of the Red Man. He was formerly an instructor in the Philadelphia Art School, where his most apt pupil in illustration was Miss Alice Barber, who subsequently became his wife, and whose drawings, signed Alice Barber Stephens, are the admiration of all lovers of black and white art.