

CITIES THAT HAVE SUICIDED.

An impression has obtained in this country originating perhaps in the solemn utterances of Prof. Leyds, a Boer emissary in this country, that rather than the British should have the satisfaction of taking Pretoria that beautiful city would be reduced to ashes by its inhabitants, as Moscow was destroyed by the Russians to prevent its falling into the all-conquering hands of Napoleon Bonaparte. The British affect to scout at the idea of Pretoria's destruction by its own people, and are confident that in the near future Lord Roberts will hoist the Union Jack above its ramparts much in the same condition in which the city is today.

SAN DIEGO'S SUICIDE.

But though Pretoria is unlikely to die by its own hand, there are dead and dying cities all the world over which owe their ends entirely to the criminal foolishness of their own inhabitants. You could hardly find a more striking instance in point than San Diego, once a rising town in Southern California. Its inhabitants, in 1883, finding their population had jumped 2,000 in a year, determined that San Diego was going to be the most important city on the Pacific. They sank every penny they could raise in buying land and building houses. Prices were artificially rushed up, till building lots on the principal streets originally worth \$100 fetched \$5,000 apiece. Then the bubble burst, and the town was ruined. Today hundreds of half-finished residences stand in bitter warning of this madness to the small remainder of San Diego's inhabitants.

NEVADA'S RUINED CITY.

Evan's City, in Nevada, is now represented by two streets of ruins inhabited by rattlesnakes and coyotes. But twenty years ago it was a flourishing town with a population of 3,000 or more. Fine buildings were put up; but the people were so eager to make money they neglected to provide any water-works or system of irrigation. A drought set in, and lasted six months. Water by that time was being hauled twenty miles and being sold for three shillings a bucket. Then came—as was only natural—fever, and a general exodus. The town was dead in a year.

TWO OTHER AMERICAN TOWNS.

Similar disregard for proper authority killed a town named Greenville, on the Mississippi river. The great Mis-

issippi is only kept in its bed by gigantic embankments. Nowadays they are kept up by the state. But at one time each town along the banks had a section to look after. The people of Greenville became callously careless. They allowed the strong current to eat deep into the banks without replacing the soil. The result was that one April night the river came down in a flood, tore a yawning gap in the worn levee, and swept Greenville and most of its people from the face of the earth. Johnstown, the Pennsylvania town, wiped out by the bursting of the Conemaugh Dam on May 31, 1889, owed this shocking disaster and the loss of 6,000 lives directly to the incredible carelessness of its authorities, who were warned the dam was insecure, but refused to move in the matter.

RUIN OF A SIBERIAN TOWN.

Sometimes it is sheer pignheadedness which proves the ruin of a city. There is a Siberian market town in the district of Smeinsk which rejoices in the extraordinary name of Schemonajewskoje. At present the grass grows in its streets, and the weekly market is a thing of the past. All its grown-up male inhabitants are in jail. Their offense is that they openly defied the authorities in refusing to repair the highway on which the town is built. Warning after warning proved of no avail, and at last the threats have become reality. The town has, of course, received its death blow.

A CASE IN HOLLAND.

If you go to Holland for a holiday this summer it is probable you will visit the dead cities of Zuider Zee, whose grass-grown and desolate streets are a melancholy lesson to careless towns. Monnickendam was the most important of these, and when The Hague was a mere village was one of the twenty-seven great towns of the Dutch republic. Ships of large tonnage filled its port, and gold flowed into its coffers. The town grew lazy. The outer sea was shallowing from year to year, but they took no notice. Amsterdam, when threatened with a similar fate, bestirred herself, and cut the North Sea Canal, which traverses the entire length of North Holland, insuring her commercial prosperity. Monnickendam let things slide. No w her harbor is a mud bank, and the place but a tiny village instead of a great and wealthy port.

BURIED UNDER AN ENGINE.

From under the wreck of a locomotive engine and three tons of coal, Joseph Gregory, engineer, and Thomas G. Holman, fireman, in the employ of the St. Louis, Iron Mountain & Southern railway, were rescued unconscious and brought to the railroad hospital in St. Louis.

They were discharged from the institution last week, but they are still in plaster casts, waiting for their broken bones and cuts and abrasions to heal before resuming the perilous duties in the discharge of which they have just had one of the most marvelous and inexplicable escapes in the history of the railroading business in this country.

Fireman Holman thus relates the story of the accident:

"Engineer Gregory and I were pulling passenger 221, going south, on the night of April 17 last. At 11:30 o'clock we were two and one-half miles south of Howcott, La., 661 miles below St. Louis. The whole country was covered with water and Gregory was feeling his way in an effort to detect washouts and avoid accidents. The excessive rains had made the railroad business rather dangerous and we weren't sure of the track at any stage after we struck Louisiana.

"We expected trouble this side of Fish Creek trestle, just out of Howcott, and Gregory slowed down to a stop, but we found the track all right. We had no anticipation of danger at the other end of the trestle, where the ground was high, well banked and substantial.

"Gregory pulled along slowly across the trestle. We had gone about 200 yards further, feeling the ground hard and safe, and the engineer was in the very act of urging the engine forward when I felt myself going down—I didn't know where, and had no time to think. And that's the last I know until many hours afterward.

"Our speed at the moment of the accident was not over seven and one-half miles an hour. The engine had gone down in a washout that was 25 feet deep and 30 feet across. She sank at the tender, with her smokestack up, the tender standing on its forward end. The tender turned its three tons of coal over on top of the cab, adding to the weight that was on the engineer and myself. How we got out of it alive God only knows.

"The postal car, immediately following, dropped her trucks, jumped the washout and landed on the track on the other side. It carried the engine's smokestack and headlight along with it, and they were found imbedded in the car's front end.

"When the postal car's trucks dropped, they fell end up. The baggage car which was next lost its forward truck and its front fell and rested on the up-turned end of the tender. There it remained, ready to move forward upon us at any moment.

"The fall of the baggage trucks disconnected the air brake, which, working automatically under the sleeping car, at once stopped the train. The

passengers got out, and wading in three feet of water, came to our rescue. Gregory and I were hours under the coal and wreckage, but as both of us were unconscious we knew nothing of it. Our ribs were broken, we were badly scratched and a mass of cuts and bruises were on head and body. The company had us brought up to St. Louis, where we are slowly recovering from the injuries.

"Our engine was a ten-wheel passenger and at the point where the wreck occurred we are usually going at the rate of 35 to 40 miles an hour. Altogether it was the most remarkable wreck I ever knew in the history of railroading. If we had been making our customary speed the whole train would have been thrown down the embankment and many of the passengers killed. As it was, none but the engineer and fireman suffered any injury whatever."

When the wrecking crew got to work they found they could not detach the chair car from the baggage car without letting the latter go down upon the wrecked engine, and the exercise of great skill and labor was required to pull the baggage and chair cars back from the washout. But eventually the work was accomplished and the track cleared.

Engineer Gregory is 48 years old and has been twenty years in the employ of the company. He lives at Alexandria, La.

Fireman Holman is 43 years old and has been with the company eleven years. He had only been in the southern section of the Iron Mountain road one month, having previously been fireman of the shops at De Soto, Mo. He now lives at Alexandria, Mo.

SNAKE WHIPPED THE CROWS.

On the farm of Mablon Hampton, near Webster, Ind., a peculiar battle between two crows and a large black-snake was witnessed by Mr. Hampton, who chanced to be passing through a dense woods. The crows would circle about the snake a few yards above the ground and would then swoop down on the reptile and attempt to capture it with their bills. The snake was game, and would spring from its coil and strike at every descent of the birds. The fight continued for fully fifteen minutes before the crows finally withdrew in defeat.

This is not Irish. It is genuine picturesque English, perpetrated by a London paper called the Christian. "The remarkable providential escape of the Prince of Wales from assassination," has called forth a chorus of profound regrets from all the European governments and almost the whole of the continental press."

Little is heard of General Weyler nowadays, but it is safe to bet he punctuates the news from Cuba with hoarse toots.

THE LAND OF THE ASHANTEE.

The king of Ashantee, Great Britain's implacable foe, is the most extraordinary monarch in the world. He is picturesque, powerful and a merciless despot. Twenty-six years ago England sent out an expedition at a cost of \$4,000,000 to bring the king of Ashantee to terms, and before the expedition returned it had cost \$4,000,000 more.

This king lives in the interior of Africa, several hundred miles from the Gold Coast on the western shore. He wears a girdle of dried grass around his loins, and a "plug" hat. Where he got this hat nobody knows, but it is his only crown. He has no throne, but instead he has a stool of solid gold, which four slaves carry around him whenever he goes. Upon this he sits and gives his orders. They are all verbal, but often they mean either life or death.

The king's name is Prempeh, and he is the absolute monarch of more than 3,000,000 savages. His emblem of authority is a giant umbrella. The spokes are of embossed gold, and on the end of each spoke is a human skull. This emblem has descended to him through a long line of ancestry.

King Prempeh has exactly 3,333 wives. Why this number should have been decided upon he does not know. Like several other things, they come to him by inheritance. He takes them for granted.

The kingdom of Ashantee is rich in gold, and Prempeh is many times a millionaire. He wears earrings of solid gold. All of his personal adornments are of gold.

He owns the only house in his kingdom. It is a rude structure of stone. His royal highness sleeps on the floor.

King Prempeh is a bloodthirsty rfiel and is in the habit of making human sacrifices. This is one of the practices which England desires him to stop, for whenever his gods are displeased he seeks to propitiate them by having a few hundred of his subjects beheaded. It was to put a stop to this that England made war on the king of Ashantee in 708. There was fighting again in 1895, and again in 1896. Now there are indications of more trouble. Still the king of Ashantee goes on with his barbarous practices, killing whenever he pleases and ruling with absolute power. His subjects love him because he is of their royal blood and fear him because of his cruelty. But they will allow no other country to interfere with their affairs, if they can help it.

When, in 1874, England sent an expedition against King Koffee, the predecessor of King Prempeh, Sir Garnet Wolseley was at the head of it. He burned the king's capital, Coomassie, and forced him to agree to certain conditions, among others that he would abolish the practice of human sacrifices—but these agreements neither Koffee nor Prempeh have carried out. The consequence has been frequent trouble ever since Great Britain has undertaken the task of civilizing these black-skinned and untutored savages.

The fact that the country of Ashantee is exceedingly rich in gold, and that France controls the neighboring country of Dahomey, may have something to do with England's solicitude for the people of Ashantee and their comic opera king.

There is probably no other savage race who are capable of putting up such a stiff fight, for they are born warriors and love their country with a savage kind of patriotism. Besides,

HER WORLD IS TOPSY-TURVY.

There is a seven-year-old girl in Alviso, California, who lives in a world all her own. Nobody would want to share her world with her, because it is a topsy-turvy one—so very topsy-turvy that it makes the head dizzy just to think about it.

Little Mary Terry sees everything bottom-side up and backward. The experiences that each day brings to this child in real life are more remarkable than those which befel Alice in Wonderland, for Alice was fiction and Mary is fact.

This sole inhabitant of topsy-turvydom is the daughter of a Portuguese rancher near Alvarado. For two years she has attended the Alviso public school. She is a pretty child, shy and graceful, with rosy coloring and black hair.

Her case puzzles the wise men of the west. So far as is now known, a similar instance has not been brought to the attention of science.

It was nearly a year before her teacher, Miss Carrie Parrish, discovered the peculiarity of little Mary. The first six months' work in the receiving class consists mainly of the teaching of English. From the first Mary appeared timid and seemed slower of comprehension than the other members of her class. Nobody could understand why she did not learn faster. For a whole year her strange hieroglyphics appeared utterly meaningless to her teacher, who could only wonder at their invariable incorrectness. One day a certain method in their madness became apparent to Miss Parrish. Then she discovered that her little pupil was not only writing everything upside down, but was reversing everything that she wrote.

Since the date of her discovery it has been a perpetual struggle for Miss Parrish to keep pace with her pupil's peculiar point of view, and after patient effort, most praiseworthy on the

part of a teacher who is in constant charge of four and five different grades of pupils, Miss Parrish has succeeded in making the little girl understand that to be herself understood she must reverse and invert what she sees. A simple inversion of things, without the accompanying reversion, is a fairly common conception, and the attempt to conceive of the various physical and psychical phenomena consequent on living in an upside-down world has been made the subject of practical experiment in San Francisco, as when Mr. G. M. Stratton, A. M., professor of psychology at Berkeley university, made his famous looking-glass experiments. But neither of these reached the unique point of view which is Mary Terry's peculiarity. The other day at the school, in looking at the words on the blackboard, she seemed to be trying to peer over them—to the other side, which is exactly the mental attitude necessary to the ordinary observer for the conception of the origin of Mary's kind of writing.

It is apparently impossible for her, until she has seen over the letters, to understand their meaning.

Whenever a king of Ashantee dies a guard of 2,000 of his subjects are slaughtered to conduct him to the other world. It is said that as many as 10,000 people have been slain on such occasions.

Every time there is a national festival there are human sacrifices. In fact, blood-letting seems to be one of the principal occupations of royalty in Ashantee.

Back of the town of Coomassie there is a place called by travelers the Grove of Skulls, where the bones of victims are thrown. Here is what Henry Stanley said of it when, in 1874, as a war correspondent, he accompanied the expedition of Sir Garnet Wolseley: "As we drew near the foul smells . . . became suffocating. It was almost impossible to stop longer than to take a general view of this great Golgotha. We saw thirty or forty decapitated bodies and countless skulls, which lay piled in heaps and scattered over a wide extent. The stoutest heart and most stoical mind might have been appalled."

Several officers of this expedition, although it remained in Coomassie only two days, visited this Grove of Skulls, and subsequently described it as surpassing in horror anything to be seen in the world.

The king of Ashantee is opposed to progress. He does not want any roads in his domain. When the English cut their way inland from the Gold Coast they left a fine road behind them. With several pistols pointed at his head the king agreed to keep this road in repair and not allow it to be overgrown, but he knew that the rainy season was at hand, and that the English would have to hurry back to the coast. The road was never touched.

The system of human sacrifices practiced in Ashantee is founded on a wild idea of filial duty, for it is believed that the rank of dead relatives in the next world will be measured by the number of descendants sent after them from this. There are two periods, called "The Great Adal" and "The Little Adal," succeeding each other at intervals of eighteen and twenty-four days after the death of some member of the royal house, at which human victims are immolated to a monstrous extent.

On the Great Adal the king visits the graves of the royal dead at Bantama, where their skeletons, held together by links of gold, sit in grim mockery of state.

A short prayer will get to heaven quicker than a long one.

THE DIFFERENCE.

IN THE YEAR 100 B. C. "Coward" said the barbarian, "The men of my tribe would scorn to use a shield!"

"So be it," said the Roman. "For the honor of my legion I will meet thee on thy own terms!"

And, casting aside his shield, he sailed in and seized the barbarian by his long whiskers with one hand, while he plied his short sword vigorously with the other. In three minutes and five seconds his antagonist bit the dust. The Roman reported his casualties as an arm a lung and an ear. In the vicinity it was regarded as a fair-to-middling fight—nothing extraordinary.

THE SUGAR-COFFEE WAR.

New York.—(Special).—Never in the history of the new world has such a prolonged and ruinous commercial war been waged as is now on between the giant industries, the sugar and coffee trade, with the Havemeyers on one side and John Arbuckle and the independent companies on the other.

It has been a battle of millions, a financial war of extermination and no end in sight.

When John Arbuckle two years ago threw down the gauntlet and H. O. Havemeyer picked it up, it was understood that it was to be a duel to the death.

With singular bitterness these men have continued the fight, sacrificing during the period more than \$100,000,000. A natural hatred has sprung up now between the men, and they are prepared to further use their millions and their power to annihilate each other.

Neither has left a single thing undone to drive the other out of business. It is to be another case of the "survival of the fittest."

Just how much it has cost to carry on this fight will perhaps never be determined. The market value of the trust company's stock alone has depreciated in the last two years over \$20,000,000, while the company's earnings have dwindled until the common stock, which earned 12 per cent before the fight, has lost half its earnings.

It is the same with the other concerns. In the game of cut throat, both sides have been forced to reduce the prices of their commodities, and in this way they are said to have cut down their revenues over \$100,000,000.

The \$50,000,000 "accumulated surplus" which the sugar trust once boasted of has been entirely swept away and the company's finances reduced to a deplorable basis.

When the fight first began the price of sugar was reduced until it was selling at \$3 less per barrel than formerly, and as the sugar trust had an output of 10,000 barrels a day at the time, the tremendous loss can easily be figured. The profits of the refined sugar industry naturally are limited to the margin to the margin between the raw and refined sugar, and when it amounted to a cent or more a pound there were "millions in it." Every quarter of a cent profit on a basis of the trust's total output means from \$5,000,000 to \$6,000,000 net revenue.

At the price the trust is selling today according to the figures given by Mr.

Havemeyer before the Washington trust investigation, there is not only no profit to the company, but an actual loss.

A statement made at the time the fight was inaugurated is significant today. It was then said by an authority: "A lot of capital will be destroyed, many refineries will be closed, and the whole business will relapse into the old conditions when no one made money, when sugar was inferior and dear, and when refineries were not profitable investments. Then natural causes will operate to produce results, the industry will be reorganized, the weak will go to the wall and the strong survive."

The war was precipitated in this way: The Arbuckles were doing an immense business with the patent branched bags of coffee. They wanted to branch out, and hit upon the idea of having similar bags filled with sugar and placed on the market. A contract was accordingly made with Havemeyer to supply the sugar.

Two years ago the price of raw sugar dropped. But the Arbuckles noticed that the rate was maintained so far as they were concerned and protested. The Havemeyers told them they were getting their sugar as cheap as anybody else and there would be no reduction.

"All right, then," said John Arbuckle to H. O. Havemeyer, "You're not the only man who can refine sugar."

"No," responded Havemeyer, "and you're not the only one that can roast coffee."

The result of that tilt was that the Arbuckles went into the sugar business and the Havemeyers tried their hand at selling geoffee. The slashing of rates followed, which was joined in by all the refineries not in the trust, including the Doecher and Mollenhauer institutions.

And the question comes, when it is all over, who will pay the price. The conqueror will get back the millions he has lost, be it Arbuckle or Havemeyer.

In the end there need be no fear. The consumers will be made to pay for the benefits they have enjoyed from the war.

When one or the other has cried quits the price of sugar and coffee will be placed on a basis that will assure the speedy return of the millions that have been sunken in the efforts of these kings of commerce to ruin each other.

The harm of a creed is in converting it from a staff into a club.

A NEW SHIP RAILROAD.

Every winter many vessels are wrecked in rounding Cape Cod, and it is to avoid this danger that a Massachusetts inventor, George M. Copeland, has devised a ship railroad to carry vessels across this dangerous piece of land.

Speaking of his plans, Mr. Copeland says:

"The most expensive part of the railroad will be at either terminal, where it would equal about one-half of the entire construction. It would be a twelve-rail system, with each pair of rails the same distance apart, as on steam railroads, and the rails would be of similar construction. The rails directly at the terminals are sectioned off. The section is large enough to hold the car cradle, which will hold the vessel, and will be held in place by hydraulic means, while the car and load is upon it. This can be lowered down under water far enough to allow the vessel to be floated in over it and then fastened. The rails and cradle will then be raised until the keel of the vessel rests in place, and the touching of the keel will send a signal to the officer in charge.

"There are four cab-like constructions on the car, one in each corner, and the tops of these are always above water, and allow the men a place to work. Tackles, windlasses, and other working tools will be placed on each

As soon as the vessel is in place the men will haul in the chucks, which are adjustable to any formed vessel. They have finger-like ends, and as soon as one strikes the side of the boat the others soon sink the side with a rolling motion. As soon as all the chucks are in place the cargo is firmly in place and the car and vessel is raised to the level of other tracks. Twin engines, which will be used in transportation, will then be put in place, one either side. They are so constructed that they fit in between the cab houses at the sides, and with couplings they are made a part of the big cradle. The engines are on rails which exactly fit onto those of the main road, where they are in place the cradle, and these run on rails running at right angles, and thus allow the whole to be slid into place.

"When this is done the immense car is ready for transportation with its load. It is estimated that this work would take about thirty minutes. At the other end of the route everything is reversed. The engines are withdrawn to the sidings, the cradle and car are lowered to a depth sufficient to allow the vessel to float, and the chucks are removed and the vessel hauled clear, and is ready for another sea journey. In making this transit a speed of twelve miles an hour can easily be made with safety."

BLACK SOLDIERS OF ENGLAND.

The Boers feel that a crowning insult has been offered to them by the British government in getting black soldiers to guard their heroic Genera Cronje.

The Boers, as it is well known, have an intense contempt for the colored race.

The guards for Cronje and his men have been selected from the Third West India regiment, which now forms the military garrison on the island. For several years these negro troops have been assigned to this isolated post. Owing to their being used to the tropic heat from infancy, they are better able to endure the trying life on the rock, which soon saps the energy of white soldiers.

The black troops are commanded, however, by white officers of the English army. They have been recruited from Jamaica and Barbadoes, and constitute a body of the best picked black men from these two islands. They have been thoroughly drilled and possess remarkable powers of endurance. They wear a picturesque uniform of the zouave pattern, consisting of bright red waistcoat, braided and loose fitting trousers, with white leggings. The head wear is a white madras turban, which makes a light and airy head covering, broadly contrasting with their other

gay colored garments.

A detachment of these black soldiers is stationed near the quarters of the Boer general, and will watch all his movements and accompany him on his walks and drives in and around the limit prescribed for the exile. Whether General Cronje will fare better at the hands of the present governor of St. Helena and his black watchers than did Napoleon from the tyrant, Sir Hudson Lowe, and his nagging followers, is a question for time to solve.

Bishop William Taylor, who is now on the superannuated list of the Methodist Episcopal church, has had a most eventful career. Before his retirement from active life, four years ago, he had preached regularly for fifty-three years. He began as a street preacher in California, and then entered the foreign mission field. He has worked in Africa, Australia, Asia and South America, and on most of the islands of the South Pacific.

Philadelphia Press: Mrs. Peck—Gracious! I dread diphtheria more than any disease I ever heard of. Henry Peck—Really? Didn't you ever hear of lockjaw?