



A Popular Railroader.
Henry C. Townsend, the new president of the American Association of General Passenger and Ticket Agents, is one of the most popular passenger men in the country. He is known from Maine to California and from the far north to the gulf, and in all this territory it is doubtful if he has an avowed enemy. He has occupied the position of general passenger agent of the Missouri Pacific proper since July 15, 1884, and under his management the passenger service of the company has more than kept pace with competitive



H. C. TOWNSEND.
lines. For a year previous to his election as president, Mr. Townsend was vice-president of the association, and as such did much to advance its interests and strength.

Famous Author's Illness.
Robert Buchanan, who is now critically ill in London, won fame as a poet when in 1882 he published his first book, "Under-tones," which was followed two years later by "Idylls and Legends of Inverburn." He had already established his reputation as a poet and critic when he caused a great sensation in the world of letters by savagely attacking the poetry of Swinburne and Rossetti, who he catalogued under the name of the "fleshy school." The echoes of the fighting that followed have not yet died out.

Canon Christopher, the veteran English Evangelical leader, has recently completed his eightieth birthday, and it is proposed to commemorate the event by the establishment of a scholarship at Wycliffe hall, Oxford, and Ridley hall, Cambridge. The scheme is receiving warm support from Lord Kinnaird, Sir John Kennaway and the bishop of Liverpool.

He Saw Wilds of Africa.

Where a White Man's Foot Never Before Trod.

William Stamps Cherry of Chicago has just reached Paris after four years spent in heretofore unexplored wilds of Africa, during which time he gathered much information of historic and scientific interest, and took an active part in the Fashoda exploit of Maj. Marchand, which came near causing a war between France and Great Britain.

Maj. Marchand, it will be remembered, took possession of a station on the Nile as an outlet on that river for the French possessions. Mr. Cherry was the leader of a second expedition organized in the French Congo, which followed closely the one led by Marchand. Mr. Cherry on this trip took with him, besides supplies for the French, a steel river steamer in sections, and upon his arrival on the banks of the Nile supervised the steamer construction. The boat played an important part in that international episode, as the intention of France was to use the steamer in establishing French domination over the lands bordering the Nile.

On his return to the Congo country from Fashoda Mr. Cherry devoted a portion of his time to the exploration of the hitherto unknown Kittu region lying to the north of the Congo Free States and the French Congo country.

Lincoln's Double.
A man who bears an almost startling resemblance to Abraham Lincoln arrived in New York recently. He is an immigrant named Antonio Lovogna, who comes with his wife from Gibraltar. Though apparently of a distinctive American type, Lovogna is Spanish. He is tall and angular and holds himself very rigid and erect. The hair is very coarse and wiry and streaked with gray. It is parted, as was Lincoln's, far on the left side and brushed straight across the brow. The beard looks as though it had been made up by a very clever hair dresser to look like Lincoln's. It is thin and straggling on the sides, projects like a brush from the chin and is cut short and square. Like Lincoln's, Lovogna's upper lip is shaven. Lovogna has a rugged, weather-beaten skin from outdoor life and long exposure, which helps to complete the resemblance. The frontal bones are sharp and pronounced. His nose is short and prominent, the mouth firmly set with compressed lips. His eyes are steady and alert. The face has besides much of the expression of kindness and dignity of that of the martyred president.



Sir John Robinson, whose name has been prominently identified with Natal

The Kittu region is far removed from the part of Central Africa with which Henry M. Stanley made the world familiar. It is expected that Mr. Cherry will bring back considerable information of the social life and industries of a people never before visited by a white man. The young Chicagoan also

traveled over equatorial Africa, to correct any misleading information about that country. He has taken many photographs of types of the various African tribes and also added largely to a collection of curios secured on his first trip to Africa.

Mr. Cherry was accompanied on his latest trip by Charles H. McClintock of Chicago. About a year after their arrival in the French Congo Mr. McClintock succumbed to African fever.

For forty years, but who has been compelled by feeble health to abandon most public work, will soon write the story of his experiences since he went out as a youth to South Africa to try his fortune. He was elected to the Natal legislature in 1863, when he was only 24 years old.

Alfred S. Kitson, youngest son of Commodore W. Kitson, the millionaire horse owner of a decade and a half ago, has been appointed inspector of billboards in the St. Paul buildings department at a salary of \$60 a month. Kitson came into \$100,000 on his 25th birthday, but spent it. He will draw another installment of his endowment when he is 30 years of age. Meantime he is forced to go to work.

One member of the British parliament, recently dissolved, Captain Seeley, though alive and well, never took his seat. He was elected to a vacancy while he was in service in South Africa, and was unable to leave the field to take up his peaceful duties. He is still in South Africa.

Bishop Potter of New York is not a college graduate, and though a learned man never attended any college. Yet his grandfather was a president and his father and brother were vice-presidents of Union College.

The Sultan of Turkey is sensitive on the subject of Armenian blood in his veins. The most distant allusion to it is said to put him in a passion and call down his lasting disfavor.

SAYINGS and DOINGS

Face Muff for Football Players

Now that the football season is approaching, parents will begin to worry about broken noses and disfigured faces and not without good cause, as past experiences have proved. Perhaps the nose and mouth guard illustrated below will be the means of preventing the breaking of a face or two. The guard only touches the head at the forehead and chin, and there it is provided with inflated rubber rings, which would deaden the force of any chance blow or fall on the face. The attachment to the head is made by strong elastic straps, which can be tightened



to the right tension, and the cup-like chin portion of the guard prevents any side motion or accidental displacement. As the guard does not come in contact with the mouth or nose it will not interfere with the breathing in the least.

The Late Charles Dudley Warner.

Charles Dudley Warner, who died in Hartford, Conn., last week, was born at Plainfield, Mass., on Sept. 12, 1829. He was graduated from Hamilton College in 1851. While in college he contributed to the magazines, and at his graduation received the prize in English. In 1853 he was a member of a surveying party employed on the Missouri frontier. In 1854 he entered the law department of the University of Pennsylvania, was graduated in 1856, and for four years practiced in Chicago. He accepted a position as assistant editor of the Hartford Press in



1860, and was made its managing editor the following year, and in 1867, on the consolidation of the Press with the Courant, co-editor. In 1884 he became one of the editors of Harper's Magazine. He has traveled widely in Europe, the Orient, the United States, Canada and Mexico. He was an abolitionist previous to the civil war, and was always a member of the Republican party. He always took an active interest in prison reform and university extension.

He received the degree of A. M. (1872) from Harvard and from Dartmouth (1874). He first appeared before the public as an author in 1870, and his writings, which have been very popular, have all been marked by grace, subtle charm and great versatility. Among his best known works are "My Summer in a Garden," 1870; "Backlog Studies," 1872; "My Winter on the Nile," 1876; "Being a Boy," 1877, and "Our Italy." In 1873 he wrote, in collaboration with Samuel L. Clemens, "The Gilded Age," humorous story, that was afterward dramatized. His works displayed banter and paradox, always handled with active fancy that sometimes would rise into imagination or pathos, irony that was never bitter and sarcasm that was never savage.

Among the stories being told of Joseph Chamberlain is one to the effect that while in Paris some time ago he saw an exceedingly rare orchid. Mr. Chamberlain, who is an enthusiast in the matter of orchids, asked its price. "Twenty pounds (\$100)," said the florist, "and it is the only specimen in France." Chamberlain paid over the money and tore up the beautiful flower, saying: "I have a duplicate in my own collection, and I object to a Frenchman owning this."

W. P. Dillingham.



The New United States Senator from Vermont.

Miss Jennie C. Powers, who is a member of the Presbyterian Sunday school in Germantown, Pa., has been presented a gold medal by the congregation for what is believed to be the world's record in regular attendance. She first went to the school as a baby in her mother's arms and has not missed a single Sunday in twenty-five years.

PURELY PERSONAL

Princess Eulalia Agass.

Princess Eulalia will be remembered as the Spanish bit of royalty who honored the World's Fair with her personal presence. Her late husband, the Prince Antonio, son of the Duc de Montpensier, was in Chicago with her in 1893, but attracted little attention. This couple had two sons, who remain in the care of the Princess. Princess Eulalia was for many years only third in the succession to the throne of Spain. She was popular at Madrid, and it was openly said that she would have made a better regent than her sister-in-law, Christina. That, however, was before the latter had been tried with the experiences that have since endeared her to the Spanish populace. The princess was married when she was twenty-two. She is now on the shady side of 40. For some time past her home has been either in England or France. With the political life of Spain she has had very little to do since her own chances of ascending the throne disappeared. As for Antonio, he is called in Paris "a gay duck," and as having an eye for a great man things not approved by royalty or even common people. When in Chicago he appeared to be a devoted husband.

Colonel Marchand before leaving Paris had a remarkable landlord. He hired a flat near the war office for one year at a rental of \$640. The landlord steadfastly refused to take a penny of the money due him, stating that he was recompensed sufficiently by the honor of furnishing a house to so distinguished a man. Colonel Marchand, before he went to China, gave orders that the sum refused by the landlord should be distributed among the poor.

Lord Rosebery is about to publish a volume entitled "Napoleon—The Last Phase," a study of the emperor during the closing years of his life at St. Helena. This is the first time the former premier of England has undertaken such an ambitious task in the literary line as the writing of a book, although he has been a contributor to newspapers and magazines and some of his

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LORD ROSEBERY.
(Former Premier of England is to Publish a Book on Napoleon.)

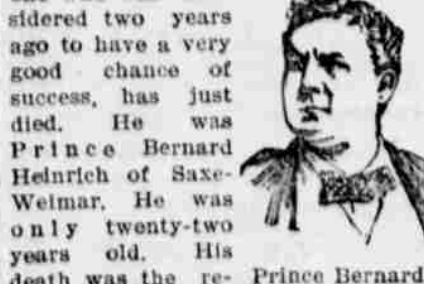
articles have been preserved in book form. The earl, however, has marked literary talent, and his friends predict a success for his work on Napoleon on its own merits. Rosebery is a deep student. He was an amateur actor of much ability and a fine raconteur. Still he is not a sociable man in the usual acceptance of the term. On his great estate at Mentmore he leads a lonely life, fond of receiving friends and acquaintances at certain times, but usually quite content to sit alone with his books, with his writings and his plans. It is, indeed, a characteristic fact of his life that now and then he runs up to London on a Sunday, because London on a Sunday is often the quietest and most deserted of solitudes. And the people he loves most to meet are not politicians—especially not politicians in high places.

Lieutenant Walter R. Gherardi, who is known as one of the bravest men in the navy and has three gold medals for saving lives, does not look much like his father, the retired rear admiral. The latter is about the average height, but is made to look much shorter by his great breadth. The son is 6 feet 2 inches tall and built in symmetrical proportion.

Sought Wilhelmina's Hand.

One of the suitors for the hand of Queen Wilhelmina of Holland, and one who was considered two years ago to have a very good chance of success, has just died. He was Prince Bernard Heinrich of Saxe-Weimar. He was only twenty-two years old. His death was the result of a cold caught while hunting.

James Gordon Bennett, who is now paying 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."



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Khadija.

BY MICHAEL GIFFORD WHITE.

(Copyright, 1900, Daily Story Pub. Co.)
Seated on his spirited charger in the scarlet and gold laced uniform of the guard, the Jamadar Muhammad Husain Khan seldom failed to draw admiring glances from European as well as native female eyes—attentions which he seemed to little appreciate in the deep attachment which he felt for his young wife, Khadija. All had gone well with the Jamadar, and his ambition to be appointed an aide-de-camp to the Viceroy seemed in a fair way to be gratified, when a new governor general of India and his wife came up to Simla, bringing with them as an attendant upon the latter, a French maid, Elise Dumont.



From the first this young woman of coquettishly fascinating exterior evinced a discreet partiality for the handsome native officer, casting in his direction stolen glances of admiration, and giving vent to little sighs and exclamations of rapture whenever there was a probability of their being noticed or overheard by the object of her affection.

"Oh, mon dieu!" she exclaimed, upon a certain occasion when the Jamadar stood near by. "He is so—so handsome, that brave Indian sabreur." Then she delivered a cupid's dart from her eyes that went home true to its mark in the breast of Muhammad Husain Khan. The Jamadar looked grave, twirled his fierce moustaches, and then smiled. "By the beard of the Prophet," he thought, "that little foreign girl has a comely form." And the thought abode with him during the rest of the day and brightened his dreams by night.

From that moment in the bungalow home of Muhammad Husain Khan, where previously all happiness had reigned, disquietude took possession. "Thou art away a great deal now, and thy brow looks troubled, my Muhammad," said his wife. "Is not all going well?"

"The new Viceroy Sahib has much for me to do," he replied. "I hope to be appointed one of his aides-de-camp, as the Bisalzar Abdul Hanif is old and will retire soon. These things are upon my mind."

Khadija regarded her husband thoughtfully, and then asked: "Am I growing old too in thine eyes, Muhammad?"

"Why dost thou ask, Khadija?"

"Because," she hesitated a moment. "Because of late I had thought that I did not appear so well favored



"Don't thou not love me a little in return?"

before thee. I thought that perhaps thou were going to bring another wife to place over me; and I prayed Allah that it might not be so, for did I not save thee from the cholera. O my husband, Ah! you love me still do you not?" she cried, taking one of his hands and placing it upon her forehead.

The tall soldier looked kindly down upon his wife as he replied: "I have not forgotten, Khadija. Didst thou think I had done so?"

"I do not know," she returned, "but, O Muhammad, there is a greater danger than the cholera nigh thee."

Khadija paused as if fearful that she had said more than was prudent, and drawing her chudder about her with a significant glance left the bungalow. The Jamadar thoughtfully regarded his wife's retreating figure, then adjusting his turban, he also left the house, making his way through the Viceregal compound just as darkness was swiftly descending. Avoiding the buildings of the Viceregal lodge, the Jamadar finally approached a spot screened by a clump of bamboo, about which he peered in a manner that indicated the keeping of a secret appointment.

Evidently disappointed in his expectations, he impatiently strode back and forth a short distance, when a voice at his elbow caused him to start, for the owner had approached him unobserved.

"Ah! my brave soldier," cried the voice softly. "Surprised at your post. That is not good. I am late, I know, for the rendezvous, but midnight took a terrible time over her dressing to-night."

"If the enemy always surprised in such a form, who would fear the consequences," gallantly replied the native officer, as he saluted low before a dainty white form.

"Thank you, sir," rejoined the girl. "Ah, no!" exclaimed the girl, playfully avoiding his embrace. "No, not those things, but yet I would like that you should prove your love."

"Tell me, tell me how?" he besought eagerly.

The Jamadar drew close to her and passionately whispered: "Thou art as beautiful as the lotus bud. I love thee; I would make thee my wife. Ask anything of me, money, jewels, silks. What is it you desire, my treasure?"

"Tell me quickly," he interposed. "Well, hush!" Then starting as the bamboos creaked. "Ah! what was that?" she asked. "What noise was that among the bushes?"

"It is nothing," replied the Jamadar, drawing his sword and thrusting it between the canes. "Perhaps a jackal or a fox. Do not be frightened. Come, tell me the little thing that is to be the price of thy love."

"Listen," said the girl, drawing closer to her companion. "The Viceroy has been busy these two days with some papers that now lie on his table. I am curious to know if the name of a friend is mentioned in them, and—and I want to look at those papers. You understand?"

"Thou wouldst look through some papers of the Viceroy Sahib?" repeated the Jamadar.

"Yes. Do you not comprehend, and I need your assistance to get them."

The Jamadar drew himself up to his full height. "It could not be done," he replied tersely.

"Now, I see," exclaimed the girl. "You do not care for me. I thought so. You swear by your Prophet that you love me, but when it comes to a test, then you say, no, it is impossible. Very well. I do not like such affection. My brave savage," and she turned quickly as if about to leave him.

"But listen; listen, my treasure," he pleaded. "Dost know what would happen if I were discovered?"

"A ha! You would not be discovered," she retorted. "It would be so simple if you carry out my instructions. The papers now lie on the Viceroy's table in his study. You can pass in there as if to deliver some report without causing suspicion. I will wait on the veranda outside the window. Then you can hand the papers to me and by the light from within I can see if my friend's name is mentioned. It will only take five—three little minutes, and is so impossible of harm. You will, you will to please me, my handsome soldier?"

The native officer pondered deeply for a moment, when a soft hand laid caressingly upon his cheek decided the matter.

"Well or ill, for thy sake I will do this thing," he said, "though discovery means—"

"You will not be discovered interposed the girl. "But there is no time to lose as dinner will soon be over, when the Viceroy returns to his room. No, not yet," she protested, as the Jamadar again sought to embrace her. "When I have seen the papers, then you may take your reward. Now go quickly."

So with an amorous parting whisper the Jamadar made his way to the front entrance of the lodge, while the French maid cautiously passed round to the window she had indicated. "When I know what is in those papers," she soliloquized, "will I marry the black soldier? I think not. I will carry my secret to the handsome Monsieur Preloff of the Russian embassy in Paris who has promised to pay me for it with a ring. To think that I could love this black savage. Ah, mon dieu! how ridiculous. He is a fine fool. I have tricked him well."

The Jamadar entered the mansion and passed unquestioned into the Viceroy's study. There finding himself unobserved, he took a small packet of papers from the table, and was about to pass them out of the open window, when his hand was thrust roughly back, the window abruptly closed, and a scuffling of feet without followed by a few smothered screams led him to conclude that the plan had been discovered.

Hastily replacing the papers upon the table, he was about to leave the room when he found himself confronted by the Viceroy, who had risen early from dinner to resume work upon some dispatches to the minister at Kabul.

"Ah, Jamadar," said the Viceroy gravely. "You are the very man I wanted to see."

"He is going to order my arrest," thought the native officer, as he saluted nervously. "A court martial will settle my affair with the foreign girl."

"I am about to intrust you with a very important commission," resumed the Viceroy. "Certain dispatches are to be sent by special messenger to Kabul, and you have been selected to command the escort. Should you acquit yourself well, as I have no doubt will be the case, you will be appointed an aide-de-camp on my staff. Here is your commission," and the Viceroy took up one of the papers in question from his table.

The Jamadar was so astonished that he was unable to do more than again salute, and in faltering sentences express his appreciation of the confidence reposed in him.

Returning to his bungalow, he there found his wife, to whom he communicated his good fortune.

"Thou hast seen greater danger tonight than the cholera, Muhammad," she spoke gravely.

"How so?" he asked.

"Hast thou delivered those papers to the Frenchman, thou wouldst surely have been discovered. She was watched."

"Thou knowest then?"

"Yes, I watched thy meeting as a fox from under the bushes. I heard and followed her, and sprang on her as a leopard on the enemy of its own. Ah husband," and she placed her arms about his neck. "Twice have I saved thee. Dost thou not love me a little in return?"

"Truly thou art well named Khadija, my faithful wife," he answered, embracing her affectionately.

It is somewhat of a satisfaction to note the failure of our friends who declined to follow our advice.