

STRUGGLE FOR RACE EXISTENCE

African and Asiatic Potatoes Recognize Their Impending Fate

From the London Spectator.—The plain truth is that the natural fighting power of Asiatics and Africans is very nearly equal to that of Europeans, so nearly equal that whenever the dark men are even decently organized and armed, or led by a man of capacity, the white men's advantage disappears, and they have to fight with all the care and generalship and even numbers which they would require in Europe.

The ameer of Afghanistan is accumulating European weapons year by year, and is actually manufacturing them in such quantities that, should we ever come in conflict with his successor, the general in command will have to be as careful as if he were face to face with a European foe. It is not General Roberts who will tell anybody that the conquest of Afghanistan, supposing that democracy decided on that foolish enterprise, would be an easy task or a military parade.

WHY THE MAN WAS MAD:

Six Cents Damages Awarded Him Without Cost.

He came aboard at 84th street. His lips quivered, his eyes blazed, his breast heaved and it was clear that there was murder in his heart, says the New York Mail and Express. Everybody noticed him, but he noticed no one. He sat down near the door and looked out of the friendly window. It was day. Had it been night none could have seen him under the miserable lamp lights.

"Go away, go away. I shall go mad if you do not." He looked it, too. "To think," he remarked after a pause, "to think that my hopes should be ruined thus. Lawyers are dogs and the courts are their kennels. I shall leave that to my heirs that they may take warning. Oh, the brutes!"

Now that it is all over, it is no surprise that the man was mad. He had just been awarded a verdict of 6 cents' damages without costs, and who would not be mad under the circumstances?

His Prophecy Coming True.

John Trompeter, one of the jurors who convicted Thomas Punshon of the murder of his wife at St. Joseph, Mo., the other day fell from a roof and was fatally injured. When Punshon was convicted he said he would live longer than the men who found him guilty, and one of them is already dead. Trompeter was a schoolmate of Punshon, and it was expected that he would favor acquittal, but he favored conviction, and held out until the other jurors reached the same verdict.

Banghart's Queer Colt.

A Fairfield (Mich.) man named Banghart has a colt that would bring a fortune to any enterprising showman. It has only three legs. The third leg is forward and located almost in the center of the chest. It is not yet three months old, but is healthy and gives promise of reaching maturity.

The Colonel's Definition.

"The horn of plenty?" repeated the Colonel, pressing his hand to his brow. "That would be difficult to define for any and all circumstances but I should say that five fingers was a good, average figure."

With which he didn't care if he did.—Detroit Tribune.

A Natural Question.

Miss Nobby—Oh, girls, did you see the handsome Mr. Goodman, who has just arrived in town? Chorus of Voices—Handsome, Mr. Goodman, no; how much money is he worth?—Adam's Freeman.

Oldest National Flag.

The oldest national flag in the world is that of Denmark, which has been in use since the year 1219.

AN OASIS WITH A CASINO.

Bit of Luxury to Be Met With in the Great Sahara.

The Biskran oasis, with its 150,000 trees, is only about two miles long and extends in half a dozen little villages by the Oued stream, says the Westminster Record. The Arabs, in their poetic phraseology, style it variously the "Desert Queen," the "Queen of the Oasis" and the "Pearl of the Desert."

The Oued Biskra flows through the oasis and causes much of its prosperity. The chief industry is date raising and nearly all the inhabitants own a little plot of ground devoted to this purpose and generally their only source of revenue. Biskra owes much to the Compagnie de l'Oued el R'rh, whose members bored artesian wells and laid out vast date plantations. They also erected a fine casino and constructed a tramway to the celebrated Hammam Salahine, about six miles distant—springs well known to the Romans, whence Biskra was called Ad Placinum.

Biskra is practically the "key to the Sahara" and hence ever since the French entered in 1844 has been an important military station. The lover of orientalism will find it here in a much purer form than in semi-Europeanized Algiers, and can also enjoy an almost perfect climate. The district, however, is not rainless, as is often supposed; on the contrary, in winter there is a fair share of rain, though not so much as in Algiers, where this is the weak point in the climate.

Like Algiers, it is beautifully mild, there is no snow, and for the majority of the winter there is a brilliant sunshine and a very even temperature. In the summer, however, it is almost uninhabitable. No one dreams of staying there unless military or other duty compels it. The heat is intense, the water noxious, and snakes and scorpions abound whose bite often proves deadly in an hour. The country at this period is subject to plagues of grasshoppers, the ruination of all verdure and produce. A very annoying malarial called "clou de Biskra" prevails, which is said to resist most treatment except change of air.

Better Than a Wife.

The placid oriental, when his wives rave or affliction smites him, will stroke his beard—if he have one—and thank Allah for the good gift, which on the Moslem's ottoman divides His hours and rivals opium and his brides.

An old Persian legend brought to light by Lieut. Walpole tells the story of a virtuous youth distraught at the loss of a loving wife. A holy man looks tenderly upon the disconsolate one and tells him a balm for his affliction. "Go to thy wife's tomb, son of sorrow," says the anchorite, "and there thou wilt find a weed. Pluck it, place it in a reed and put fire to it, then inhale the smoke thereof. This will be to thee wife and mother, father and brother, and, above all, will be a wise counselor and teach thy soul wisdom and thy spirit joy."

The lofty, poetic strain of this eastern sage breathes of implicit faith in his native Shiraz tobacco. For doubtless he, a dweller in

• • • the land where the cypress and myrtle Are emblems of deeds that are done in their clime;

Where the rage of the vulture, the love of the turtle, Now melts into sorrow, now maddens to crime

had often experienced its influence on a wounded heart. Indeed, the history and associations of the plant, from its wild Indian home to the remotest east, are full of romance of more than ordinary interest.—Gentleman's Magazine.

Alec Sheppard, the Mule and the Turtle.

Alec Sheppard, a Nut Bush, Tenn., man, while riding along the road the other day encountered a seventy-eight pound turtle, and finding the labor of dragging it rather onerous, tied it to his mule's tail. The mule looked back and reached the conclusion that he had been imposed on. Having tilted Sheppard on the roadside, he started off, with the turtle sometimes trailing along on the ground, sometimes flying in the air. The mule still had been on the run if its tail had not parted.

Woman Will Save Their Home.

Mrs. H. Eastby and her daughter Clara started from Spokane, Wash., recently to walk to New York. They live on a farm and hope to make enough money in the venture to lift a mortgage. They are under contract to a manufacturer of a health costume.

A Tree 1,000 Years Old.

In the Baldar valley, near Balacava, in the Crimea, there stands a walnut tree which must be at least 1,000 years old. It yields annually from 80,000 to 100,000 nuts and is the property of five Tartar families, who share its produce equally.

Worse.

"There's a rumr in the congregation," said the deacon, "that you went slumming when you were in Albany." "It is a cruel slander," replied the parson. "I merely attended one meeting of a legislative investigating committee."—Truth.

IN THE DEEP SEA.

Robert Louis Stevenson Tells of the Life of the Depths.

I thought the other day something that I read would interest so great a sea-bather as yourself, wrote Robert Louis Stevenson in St. Nicholas. You know that the fishes that we see and catch go only a certain way down into the sea. Below a certain depth there is no life at all. The water is as empty as the air is above a certain height. Even the shells of dead fishes that come down there are crushed into nothing by the huge weight of the water. Lower still, in the places where the sea is profoundly deep, it appears that life begins again. People fish up in dredging buckets loose rags and tatters of creatures that hang together all right down there, with the great weight holding them in one, but come all to pieces as they are hauled up. Just what they look like, just what they do or feed upon, we shall never find out. Only that we have some dimly fellow creatures down in the very bottom of the deep seas, and cannot get them up except in tatters. It must be pretty dark where they live and there are no plants or weeds, and no fish come down there or drowned sailors either, from the upper parts, because these are all mashed to pieces by the great weight long before they get so far or else come to a place where perhaps they float. But I dare say a cannon sometimes comes careering solemnly down and circling about like a dead leaf or thistle-down, and then the ragged fellows go and play about the cannon and tell themselves all kinds of stories about the fish higher up and their iron houses, and perhaps go inside and sleep, and perhaps dream of it all like their betters. Of course, you know a cannon down there would be quite light. Even in shallow water, where men go down with a diving dress, they grow so light that they have to hang weights about their necks and have their boots loaded with twenty pounds of lead, as I know to my sorrow. And with all this and the helmet, which is heavy enough of itself to any one up here in the thin air, they are carried about like gossamers, and have to take every kind of care not to be upset and stood upon their heads. I went down once in the dress, and speak from experience. But if we could get down for a moment near where the fishes are, we should be in a tight place. Suppose the water not to crush us (which it would), we should pitch about in every kind of direction; every step we would take, we should pitch about in our seven-league boots and we should keep flying head over heels and top over bottom, like the liveliest clowns in the world.

Peacefulness and Vegetables. An objection urged against vegetarianism is that it would make us too peaceable. A mixed diet is supposed to give restlessness, energy and love of domination, and, therefore, to give to races which adopt it some advantages over others which do not. The connection of food with racial character—if there be such a connection—is a matter which cannot now be discussed. The savage eats his enemy's heart because he thinks he thereby acquires his enemy's mental qualities. We know that the analogy is a false one, but we sometimes reason much in the same strain. The Anglo-Saxon race is supposed to acquire its energy from the quantity of meat which it consumes. We might with an equal show of logic contend that our energy is due to our drunkenness or our love of gambling. If national predominance be a desirable thing that race will be the fittest to survive which has the greatest intelligence and the highest physical efficiency and which practices the greatest economy in the use of its resources.—Westminster Review.

Why He Left.

This incident isn't intended to discourage the legitimate business of a book agent, says the Oxford Democrat, but perhaps it may point a moral. There was a ring at the door of a South Paris house one forenoon recently and the lady of the house, taking her hands out of the flour on the cake board, went to the door. "Is Mrs. Blank at home?" inquired a stranger who stood at the door. "I am," was the reply. "Well," said the stranger, as he pushed by her and took possession of the parlor, "I would like to talk with you a few minutes." Tossing his coat and hat on the sofa and taking his prospectus from his pocket, he continued: "I am introducing a work that—"

Got the Wrong Man.

Old Mr. and Mrs. Shuman, from Bryan, went to Atlanta, and in going to the hotel for dinner saw a crowd around a justice's court. The old couple, with pardonable curiosity, inquired the cause of the gathering. They were informed that a man was on trial for beating his wife. Edging their way through the bystanders to get a look at the prisoner, the old lady whispered to her husband: "What a murderous looking creature the prisoner is. I'd be afraid to get near him." "Hush!" warned her husband. "That isn't the prisoner; he hasn't been brought in yet." "It isn't? Who is it, then?" "It's the judge!"

That Fashionable Hand.

Harry—"What are you doing with all those books?" Reggy—"Studying them, dear boy. They're the latest things on hieroglyphics and cipher writing." Harry—"How does that interest you?" Reggy—"Why, you see, I've commenced a correspondence with Miss Frills, and am still at work deciphering her first letter."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

New Chinese Mint.

A mint is to be built at Soochow, China, for the coining of dollars and subsidiary coin. The machinery for the mint has been ordered in England. The governor of the province of Shanghai has contributed about \$35,000 toward the enterprise.

Walked Off a Train in His Sleep.

Charles Vinsey, a traveling man, walked off a train near Anderson, Ind., recently and was probably fatally injured. Vinsey was walking in his sleep. The train was moving at the rate of forty miles an hour.

HIS TIME WAS LIMITED.

The Train's Delay Was a Matter of Importance to the Traveler.

They were holding the westbound express at Reno for the eastbound to pass, says an Exchange, and after a while a tough-looking character came sauntering into the waiting room and asked of the ticket agent:

"Well, how long afore this train leaves?"

"Can't tell," was the curt reply.

The man went away, but in the course of half an hour he returned to inquire.

"Heard anything yet?"

"No."

"Can't you tell when this train will pull out?"

"No, sir. If you are here when the train goes you can go with it. It's no use coming here to bother me."

"I don't want to bother you nor nobody else," slowly replied the questioner. "But maybe you don't understand how I'm fixed. I'm Prairie Sam's partner."

"Well?"

"Sam got into a little shootin' scrape uptown this forenoon."

"Yes."

"And about an hour ago the boys turned out and pulled Sam up to a limb."

"Did, eh. I hadn't heard of that. Why didn't they pull you up with him?"

"The blamed limb wasn't stout 'nuff to hold the both of us and they was too tired to hunt for another. They gim me two hours to leave town in. One of the hours has gone and I'm kinder anxious about the other. I kin buy a hoss and ride out if that train won't be here in time, but I'd a heap rathar take the kyars. I don't want to bother you but under the circumstances—"

"I see. Well, the train will be here in half an hour."

"Good. That gives me thirty minits to play on and I won't look for a hoss. Nice weather this."

"Beautiful weather for a lynching bee."

"Of course. That's what I mean. I'll jest step up and take one long, lingerin' look at Sam and then catch the train."

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