

WAR PICTURES FROM TRANSVAAL

Man's Inhumanity to Man Vividly Brought to the Surface.

Reports from England tell us that the gray hairs of the beloved queen are indeed "being brought down with sorrow to the grave." Although other heads have contrived and other heads have executed in such a manner as to carry England into the South African war, still the good queen feels the terrible responsibilities upon her own shoulders.

This is perhaps the most pathetic incident of the war. A tearful old lady, whose life has been a plea for peace, is grief-stricken with the thought that her boys are dying in battle.

It is pathetic indeed to turn from this picture of the sorrowing queen to scenes of war. Nineteen centuries have passed since the Prince of Peace was heralded to the world with the song of "Peace on earth, good will toward men," and yet to-day the demon of war is numbering his victims by thousands.

When a report is sent by a commanding officer, giving the numbers of dead, wounded and missing, it is a solace to think that but few of the missing are suffering pain—that they are probably prisoners. While not treated as honored guests, these prisoners are fed and protected until there comes an exchange or the war is over.

One of the illustrations shows the British loading the Boer prisoners upon a vessel. They do not sail as cabin passengers, but they live through these hardships and fare much better than many of their brother Boers, who are in their own lines, but are destined soon to be killed or wounded in battle.

Another picture of striking reality is that showing the method of removing the wounded from the field of battle. Ladysmith has been thoroughly invested by the Boers for weeks past. Gen. White and his gallant little army are defending, not only the town, but British honor as well. The neighboring hills are alive with Boer artillerymen, whose guns speak through night and day in bitter tones of hate. Now the gun reports are few and far between; now they come in quick succession, telling with their angry voices the Boers' determination that Ladysmith must fall. And all this time the British bravely wait for the relief that does not come. Now the firing of the Boers becomes more effective. The enemy has taken some new position.

All is lost if the enemy is not driven further back, and for that reason the commanding officer orders a sortie. It is taking a great hazard, but the sortie must be made, and the bravest regiments are selected for the attempt. As they proceed, men are constantly falling, dead or wounded.

The mule carts, for picking up the wounded, follow, and as soon as one is loaded it turns back and moves heavily over the rough road to the city.

Two natives walk beside the wagon, carrying the Red Cross flag.

The faces of the wounded tell the story. Study the features of the soldier in the left of the picture. How his heart throbbes with hope in the early morning, when he knew that he would be one of the attacking party. Today would be an opportunity for glory, promotion, perhaps even for the Victoria cross of honor. But a chance bullet had changed all this. He can hear the physical pain that comes from his right arm, but it is hard to think he has so soon become incapacitated for deeds of glory.

Before him are long weeks of suffering and hardship, ending perhaps in death. And then his thoughts fly over land and sea, away to "Merrie England," where the "folks" he knows are anxiously waiting for news from their soldier boy, and where the little girl, who promised to wait until he re-

turned, is singing the same love songs she used to sing.

The Pope and the Princess.

The greatest number of photographs sold in this country and in France are



BRINGING WOUNDED BACK TO LADYSMITH.

portraits of singers and actresses. In Europe the photographs of the pope find the largest sale, 18,000 pictures of him being sold every year. This does not include chromos and paintings which also have an enormous sale. Second only to the pope in popularity



TAKING PRISONERS ABOARD—CAPTIVE BOERS ARE LOADED UPON H. M. S. PENELOPE AT CAPE TOWN TO BE CARRIED OUT OF RANGE OF HOSTILITIES.

is the beautiful Alexandra of Wales, whose photographs sell at the rate of 16,000 per annum. The German emperor comes next with a record of 15,000 a year, and the czar, who hates to be "snapshot," nevertheless is pictori-



ally popular to the extent of 14,000 pictures a year.—New York Commercial Advertiser.

Premature consolation is but the remembrance of sorrow.

Court Decides Charity Case.

The Supreme court held that a church subscription made on Sunday is collectible. E. M. Donald of Fort Madison, defendant in a suit brought by the First Methodist Episcopal church, appealed from a similar decision by the district court. His defense was that the obligation, having been entered into on Sunday, was illegal, and that there was no consideration. Both claims were overruled. In discussing the case the court said the object of the subscription was not worldly gain,

but the advance of Christianity and the betterment of morals in a particular locality. The sole purpose of the plaintiff's statutory existence as a corporate body was to do good. If so, contributions for its support must be classed as charity. "Charity," said Judge Cooley, "is active goodness; it is doing good to our fellow-men."—Des Moines (Iowa) Correspondent New York Journal.

Two heads may be better than one, but not in the same family.

FUNNY OLD RAILROAD.

Cars Drawn by Locomotive Which Could Not Turn Around.

According to Dr. W. W. Smith of Williston, S. C., the first railroad in the United States was the South Carolina railroad, afterward called the Charleston & Augusta railroad, running from Charleston to Augusta, a distance of 140 miles. The road was begun in 1825 and completed in 1833. It says the Augusta Herald. Some of the queer things which distinguished it from the roads of today were: The first motive power used on this road was wind, utilized in sails made of cloth on the cars. The locomotives had two smokestacks, one at each end. In going to Charleston one of the stacks was used, and in coming back the other. There were no spark arresters, and everybody along the route had to watch his property to prevent its being burned up. One hundred miles a day was good traveling in those days. When night came on all hands struck camp and waited for daylight to come in order to proceed. The track was composed of ties and thirty-two-foot stringers, on which a band of iron like a common tire was laid and nailed down to the wood. A track walker went ahead of the engine every day to knock down the "snake-heads" or nail heads to prevent accidents. The dread of the engineer was the "snake-heads" or nails protruding above the iron rail, for they were prolific sources of accidents. The conductors collected the fares from the outside, walking on boards about like the open street cars are now arranged. There were no conveniences on the cars as in this day and time. The cars stopped at stated intervals for the convenience of the passengers. The mail facilities were meager and very primitive. A split stick served for a mail bag, as letters were put in sticks and

thrown up to the conductor, and were handed up to the same way. The coupling links were made of wood, so that when a car ran off it would break and save the others from running off.

AT THE PARIS EXPOSITION.

The American Pavilion a Beautiful and Attractive Structure.

Our coacher has been ordered to turn into the Avenue de la Tour Marbourg, and suddenly I find that we have come out upon the Quai d'Orsay, and are at the entrance of the Pont des Invalides, says the New Lippincott. Here cabbies is ordered to halt, and looks on in surprise as we descend into the ankle-deep dust and proceed by means of our open sesame, to the place where four American flags at the corners of a large square indicate the inclosure chosen by our commissioner-general for the American pavilion. Here, on the river gauche, in company with others of the Pavilion des Etrangers, will stand the American pavilion, a beautiful and attractive structure, whose broad steps lead down to the water. Here Americans may land, and at once receive that welcome and attention which the visitor soon discovers is second nature to the commissioner-general and his staff; and here, more than anywhere else in Paris, will he find himself thoroughly at home. It is to our commissioner-general and his untiring industry that we are indebted for the great amount of space which is to contain the great American exhibit, and even my gloomy guide is tempted to break into a triumphant smile at this new proof of American skill and energy.

The Horse Still in It.

The largest riding academy in the world is to be built near Central park, New York. It will have 400 stalls, a ring 290x190 feet, and seats for an audience of 2,500. Instead of a horseless era, there will be one of more and better horses.

Seeming calamities may be real blessings.

WOMAN VS. WOMAN.

Mrs. Larned looked at her little watch with a feeling of dismay. The morning would not go. She could not persuade time to hasten. She paced with measured tread that she might appreciate her sorrow to the full. For the truth was that Marie Larned had made a painful discovery. She had convinced herself that her husband called with more frequency than convention could warrant upon another woman. Hints of the matter had come to her several times, but she had thought little of it. It was the custom among the gentlemen she knew to call upon their friends for tea in the late afternoon or during the evenings. It had always been the habit of her husband to do this. He said ideas rested him after his business—which he insisted involved the exercise of no ideas—and he preferred the ideas of women to those of men. He liked the quality of the feminine brain. This intense appreciation of a delicate wit and a whimsical fancy had been one of his chief charms to his wife, who often apologized to herself for being more serious-minded than he. She blamed herself for what she termed her stupidity, and with a large-minded tolerance made light of his complimentary attitude to other women.

But it had always been "women." Now it was a woman. That made it different. The woman was beautiful. By closing her eyes Marie Larned could summon to her perfect recollection the abundant brown-gold hair, the limpid brown eyes, the sumptuous figure, and the fine assurance of her rival. High spirits and a perfect taste in the matter of dressing went with the rest—an alluring woman, truly. The reflection which Mrs. Larned saw in her glass was not reassuring after this, for the mirror gave back the presentment of a short, muscular, quaint little creature, with a nervous energy so strong as to be almost grotesque, a pair of bright and penetrating eyes, a too serious mouth, and a trick of extreme simplicity in dress.

"What a ridiculous person," she sighed to herself. "I could not suggest romance to anyone. I wonder I had the bravado to marry."

She wondered on this particular day what she could do to pass the time. She walked about her house. It was in absolutely perfect order. Her bank book was made up. She was not in arrears with her calls. Her paper was written for the club. She was sick of driving and she didn't wish to walk. As for reading—she could not read. To sit calmly down and concentrate that feverish, tortured mind was an impossibility. But at last she thought her of the athletic club. There was good sport there and of a sort to her liking. She put on a shabby soft little felt hat which she wore, to the scandal of all her proper neighborhood, and in the exultation that comes for a short walking skirt and a com-

fortable pair of boots, made her way swiftly along dirty Chicago streets.

Very luxuriously looked the room and very charming the women, but Mrs. Larned did not particularly notice. It was her way to take luxury for granted, and she always had the effect of subduing material things immediately. Wherever she was, she dominated. It was so now—the room was made for her, the water drawn for her. She ran up the spring board to take a dive and just as she was putting her hands together she chanced to look toward the other end of the room and there she saw a figure which, for a moment caused her to forget her purpose.

It was the woman, Marie gazed, admitting to herself that she had never seen anyone more beautiful. Marie gave a look of disgust at her own muscular, stubby little figure, and with a vast impatience with the mysteries of life, dove violently down under water and swam to the end of the tank. She had the intention of coming up as near the woman as she could. She meant to stand near her, like a miserable dripping little dog and to be as ridiculous as she could. If the woman had any reason to exult, she would give her full opportunity.

But the woman was not standing where Mrs. Larned had last seen her. It was evident that she had entered the tank. Mrs. Larned looked about for several seconds without seeing her, then, discovered that glorious head held painfully above water while the woman made her way with the feeble strokes of an inexperienced swimmer toward the far end of the tank. A premonition of impending disaster held Mrs. Larned to the spot. She saw the woman slowly moving on with awkward strokes, saw her reach the deep water, and knew that the swimmer was aware of the fact and nervous over it, by the increased jerkiness of



THE HEAD ROSE AND SANK.

From the Washington Star: It is doubtful whether any institution in the world has such a record for long tenure of office on the part of those directing it as has the Greenwich observatory. That institution was established in 1675, and in the 224 years of its existence it has had just eight directors, whose average terms of office have been twenty-eight years. The Harvard observatory has been established sixty years, and has had but four directors. The naval observatory in the district, however, has in the thirty-three years of its existence had ten directors, owing to the custom of detailing naval officers in that duty for a term of three years each. This constant change of directors, it has been claimed, is responsible to a large extent for the lack of continuity in the work of the naval observatory and its consequent failure to meet the requirements of a great national observatory, although more money is spent for its maintenance than for any other like institution in the world.

Intoxicated Bats.

Among the curious inhabitants of the Philippines, according to Prof. J. B. Steere, are fruit-eating bats, some of which are nearly as large as cats, with wings five feet in extent. During the day they remain hanging from the branches of trees in roosting places where they congregate by hundreds. They avoid the thick forests and sometimes roost in a lone tree on the plains. At twilight they become animated and attack the fruit orchards and coconut groves. They are fond of the juice from which the natives make tuba, or palm beer, and drink it from the bamboo cups in which it has been collected. Sometimes the juice has begun to ferment, and then the bats are intoxicated by it and fall helpless upon the ground, to be killed by their enemies in the morning.

Why do they ever buy white horses to draw coal carts?

QUEER OCCURENCE.

The Remarkable Alpine Experience of a King's Messenger.

At a critical moment of international complication which occurred a good many years ago it was found necessary to send a king's messenger across one of the Alpine passes charged with dispatches the importance of which was so great that they practically involved the issue of peace or war. It was in the depth of winter, and in those days, even under the most ordinary circumstances, a journey across Europe meant no trifling undertaking. The first part of the journey was safely accomplished in postchaise as far as the foot of the pass, where a transfer to a sleigh was necessary. Here, on inquiring at the posting inn for horses and a sleigh, the passenger found to his dismay that none was to be had. "Impossible, monsieur, to go forward this night." Toward evening, however, a private carriage arrived, occupied by one traveler, with a sleigh, several spare horses and plenty of servants—evidently the equipage of a personage of distinction. The traveler halted at the posting inn and after a short parley determined to enter and have dinner, the journey across the pass to be continued at nightfall, when a clear moon might be expected. Under these circumstances the king's messenger and the other traveler naturally dined together and entered into friendly conversation, with the result that an offer of a place in the traveler's sleigh was gladly accepted by the former. At nightfall the journey across the pass was commenced, the messenger carrying in his hand a small dispatch bag containing his dispatches. The route wound up and up the mountain side, all being soon covered deep in snow. The horses seemed fresh and high mettled and were urged at full speed by the driver. Suddenly, at a turn of the road, a man jumped out from a rock. The horses seemed to shy, and in less time than it takes to tell the sleigh was rolling over and over in the snow, with its occupants tossed hither and thither. Some moments elapsed before the half-stunned messenger came to his senses, and when he did so the first thing which struck his astonished eyes was the sleigh tearing back down the pass at breakneck speed. No human being was to be seen beside him, his late companion, and, worse still, his bag of dispatches, which had escaped from his grasp in the tumble, having vanished like magic. Nothing remained but to plod wearily through the snow back to the inn, where all that he could ascertain was that the strange traveler was unknown to the landlord and that he had returned by the way he had come with his own horses, explaining that there had been an accident. Neither the mysterious traveler nor the bag of dispatches was ever traced, nor has the full history of the adventure ever come to light up to the present day.—Quarterly Review.

WINTER SPORTS

In Zurich When the Lake is Frozen Over.

Zurich (Switzerland) Cor. Chicago Record: Switzerland is usually considered to be very cold by Americans in general. Chicago residents may be surprised to learn that their city is colder than any city in this country. The thermometer rarely touches zero (Fahrenheit) here. In most winters it does not reach that temperature at all, and when it gets below that the "oldest inhabitants" begin to tell stories of the past. For four winters no ice has been seen on the beautiful Lake Zurich. The lake is supposed to freeze every 50 years, and then King Carnival holds reign. Cabins are built forming streets like the Midway Plaisance, and restaurants, carousels, museums and bazaars are erected upon the glittering ice, while skating is to be had on smooth ice for miles. Places of business are closed in the afternoon and all the city moves to the lake. This century the lake was frozen in 1829, 1879 and partly in 1890. Indications are that it may partially freeze again this year. Famous winter resorts in Grison, like St. Moritz, have a long winter. There is much snow, but the atmosphere is so dry that it is customary to wear straw hats throughout the winter on sunny days. The climate, otherwise, at the latter places is similar to that of Denver, and they are, like this city, the last hope of many poor mortals suffering of consumption.

Gave a Realistic Reckoning.

From the San Francisco Argonaut: E. A. Sothern of "Dundreary" fame was once dining at Portsmouth at a regimental mess. After dinner one of the officers asked Sothern to give them a recitation. Now Sothern would not tolerate being treated as an entertainer when he was by way of being treated as a gentleman. He coldly declined. They pressed him. He hotly declined. Still they would take no denial. At last he said, in a manner which showed that he was nettled, but yet yielding, "Well, if you won't let me off, I must. I'll give you the dinner scene from 'David Garrick.'" He did. He had never acted it better. They were delighted until, springing to his feet, he made his wild tipsy exit, just as he did on the stage, and dragged the cloth off the table and with it all the regiment's prized dessert china and decanters and glasses, etc. Thereupon he calmly resumed his seat, but thereafter Sothern dined no more with that regiment.

His Dream.

Mr. Murray Hill—I dreamt of you last night. Miss Bunker Hill (coldly)—Ah, how good of you. Mr. Murray Hill—Yes; then I woke up and shut down the windows and put an extra blanket on the bed.—Patent Record.