

WHITE MEN AS HEAD HUNTERS

White men turned head hunters—that is the story of another war in the East Indies. It is older than our war in the Philippines, for it has been going on since 1873. The scene of these atrocities is the island of Java, where the Dutch, failing to conquer the brave Achinese, are striving to exterminate them.

To what extent white men can be converted into fiends by prolonged warfare on an inferior race is shown in recent correspondence of H. Van Kel, member of the Netherlands States General, who is making a tour of the Dutch East Indies. Here are passages from his letter on the war in Java:

"Cut off their heads" seems to be the watchword of this eternal war. It occurs even in the dispatches of the governor-general.

"I quote his excellency's own language:

"Two Achinese, who continued fighting, though wounded to the death, were deprived of their heads."

"And again: 'Nja Makna, the rebel chief, was found in a dying condition. Two soldiers cut his head off to make sure of his identity; the head was yesterday presented to me with due ceremonies.'—Dispatch of Sept. 17.

"Heads, heads, heads! The government of Batavia is hungry for heads. It raised the premium on Achinese heads to 25 florins. Yet these colonies are administered in the name of a sweet girl.

"Head money is paid only upon the delivery of the corpus delicti, and as parts of the human body quickly decompose in the hot sun our soldiers 'smoke' the captured heads like so many hams, afterward forcing women



and children to carry the trophies in baskets to the next government post. "Many a time have I met these sorry processions of blood and gin drunk whites urging on by whip and point of bayonet stoic, solemn, proud Achinese women, whose shoulders bled and ached under burdens that contained perhaps the head of husband, father, brother, son or lover. "Once, when 'doing' the stumps of Batavia, I ran across a Dutch sergeant who boasted of having personally corralled 110 heads in a single village. I spat in the scoundrel's face."

THOUGHT HER A SNOWBALL.

How the Boys Treated a Woman Who Fell from a Car.

The other morning two men were standing at the corner of Wells and Illinois streets commenting on the efforts of pedestrians to wade through the thick layer of snow and watching the cable trains throw up big white winnows as they curved around the corner and shot up Wells street. "Makes me think of a queer thing that happened on this corner about ten years ago," said one of the men. "There had been a terrible fall of snow one Saturday night. The next morning the snow was about two feet deep on the level. Just at the side of the cable track it was a great deal deeper, for the snow plows had been along and heaped it up in little mountain ridges. I was standing right here where we are now, when I looked down Illinois street and noticed a cable train flying along. As the train cut around the curve a woman sprang off with her back in the direction the train was going. Well, sir, she was flung into that snow bank just like a cannon ball, and whirled over and over, clear across the street, gathering more snow around her as she rolled. Just then a lot of boys came frolicking down the street. They hadn't seen the accident, and when they saw that big ball of snow they just supposed that some one had been rolling a snowball. They went at it to make it bigger, and before I could stop them they had rolled that ball a block, and it was about five feet high. The little imps thought I was joking when I told them there was a woman inside of it. I called for help, and it took four men about five minutes to get the poor woman out. She was half suffocated, but in an hour after being taken to a drug store recovered sufficiently to go home unaided."—Chicago Chronicle.

Loyal Infant in South Africa.

Cape Town Cape Argus: A baby (girl) born lately in one of the suburbs has a distinct mark (strawberry color) on the right shoulder. The mark is the facsimile of the British coat-of-arms. So distinct are the several outlines, etc., that the very features of the animals are visible, the tail, and especially the horn of the unicorn standing out prominently, but not quite as conspicuous as the crown. The father of this wee mite is naturally very proud of his offspring.

Nearly Half Learned.

Visitor—So your young brother is taking lessons on the violin. Is he making progress? Phil—Yes, he's got so far now that we can tell whether he's tuning or playing.—Stray Stories.

SOLDIER DYED FOR HIS LOVE.

Ridiculous Plight in Which a Persistent Russian Officer Was Placed.

Let all subalterns take warning by the misadventure which befell a young Russian lieutenant, who loved a young woman, the daughter of a dyer, not insensible to the assiduous court which the young officer paid her. But the father proposed for a son-in-law one of his own class, forbade his daughter having anything to do with the young man and warned him off the premises. But the brave and passionate soldier took no heed of prohibition, though had he been aware of the rod the dyer had in pickle for him he might have hesitated. The gay young militiaire came, then, to visit his sweetheart, when the dyer, who was lying in ambush, rushed on him, seized him by the shoulders and pitched him headlong into a dying vat. The wretched fellow got out as best he could, but covered from head to foot in a coating of deepest crimson. He ran to a well to wash, but the lac was sound and declined to part. The lieutenant went home, spent hours in soaping himself, brushing himself and getting himself scrubbed up by the orderly. But all to no purpose. The carmine did not pale. In despair he swallowed his pride and took counsel of the author of his condition. "I can advise no remedy," said the dyer; that lac was invented by me, and I flatter myself is immovable." He then went to the chemist. Although the officer has not recovered his original color, he is progressing. He has already passed from crimson to violet and from violet to green. So, like the statue of Lebig, it is hoped, after ringing the changes of the rainbow, he will revert to his natural complexion. With that fickleness and ingratitude which characterize the fair sex, his well-beloved, far from sympathizing with her lover in his misfortune, only laughs at him.—Army and Navy Journal.

One Drawback.

Wickwire—"Come to think of it, you have a pretty easy life of it, after all, don't you?" Dismal Dawson—"Guess I do, take it up one side 'n' down the other. But they is one drawback about it; the feller what has a good job has it easier, 'cause he kin loaf on the boss' time, while I got to loaf on me own."—Indianapolis Press.

Liberal Victory in New Zealand.

The New Zealand general elections have resulted in a victory for the Liberal party for the fourth consecutive time.

A state lunch in China contains 146 dishes.

CUBA'S BOILED MILK.

It's Not Nice When Mixed with Seltzer the New American Learned.

An American who had recently come to Cuba was having a discussion with a companion in a cafe concerning what was the best temperance drink. The companion was insisting that a tamarind fruit—which is an acid concoction from the tamarind fruit—was the best he could do in this country. "Oh, no," said the newcomer, "milk is milk anywhere. Give me seltzer and milk. It's the best teetotaler's drink in the bartender's guide. I've drunk it from Maine to Frisco." "Well, have you tried it on here?" inquired the friend. "No," said the other fellow, "but I will just to show you that I know my business." Thereupon he lapsed at a waiter, who responded, and was ordered to bring a "leche con seltzer," which in plain English is a seltzer and milk. When it arrived the advocate of its merits clinked glasses with his friend who had tackled a high ball, and then he took a long pull. "Why, this milk is sour," he exclaimed. "It's pretty near 'clabber.' It'd make a fellow sick." "The milk's all right," insisted his companion. "Drink it if you think seltzer and milk is the only thing. Go on and drink it." The temperance man smelled the glass in front of him and then sipped its contents. Again he insisted that it was sour milk that had been brought to him. He called the waiter and abused him in English until his wiser comrade came to the waiter's rescue and explained what the trouble was. All milk in Cuba is boiled as soon as it comes from the cow. In no other way can it be kept, even with the lavish use of ice. The climate seems similar in effect to the atmospheric conditions obtaining in the states during a thunder storm when the good country housewives generally find their milk spoiling on their hands. At first it is rather disagreeable to drink, but after becoming accustomed to it one does not mind. It is a great drink late at night before retiring. The Cubans generally put into it a panole, a flakey cake of sugar and the white of an egg, mixed and hardened. This sweetens the milk, destroying the boiled taste and is at the same time strengthening. But they never put seltzer in the milk, for that combination makes it taste exactly as though it were raw milk which had been soured.—New York Sun.

LONDON'S BATHS.

Facilities for Ablution Are Many and Are Being Increased.

It is no fault of the authorities of the metropolis if any considerable proportion of the people of London continue to merit the description of "the great unwashed." Facilities for ablution are many, and these are yearly being increased. At present there are thirty-five parishes in London where the bath and washhouses act has been adopted, and in most of these there are one or more of these establishments in full working order. In 1898 the number of bathers and washers reached the respectable total of 5,000,000, and of these 4,463,109 were bathers who used the private or swimming baths, and the remaining 627,881 women using the washhouses. The number of hours paid for by the latter were 2,054,393, or an average of 3.3 hours per washer. Of the bathers using the private baths 18 per cent were females, and of those using the swimming baths 10 per cent. In no instance is any establishment carried on so as to produce a surplus over expenditure, though in a few cases there is no actual charge on the rates. The total expenditure of the whole is £158,671, and the total revenue £75,311, so that the baths of London altogether cost the ratepayers an annual sum of £83,360.—Newcastle (England) Chronicle.

Sleeping Sickness.

In Africa there is a disease that attacks the natives, and that, although not uncommon, is yet involved in mystery. It has been the subject of a good deal of profound study, but very little has been discovered that throws any satisfactory light on the subject. The victims are usually men and boys between the ages of twelve and twenty. At first the patient is observed to be listless, and takes little interest in whatever is going on about him; then he drops off into sleep, which may continue for a long time, with intervals of entire or partial wakefulness. With each recurring sleep the condition is more marked and the period increases. This state of things may last for several months. There seems to be little if any desire for food, and after a time the body and face appear to shrink and become wrinkled; then there is great emaciation and atrophy. Sometimes the disease runs twelve months, but usually not more than four or six. At the last the patient's mind may become perfectly clear and all symptoms of the disease leave him, so far as the mind is concerned. This is one of the peculiarities of this malady, and is wholly unaccounted for. The only treatment that seems to be of any benefit whatever is strychnine and the use of cathartic medicines.

Anecdote of Charles Lamb

On a wet, miserable, foggy London day, in autumn, Charles Lamb was accosted by a beggar woman, with "Pray, sir, bestow a little charity upon a poor destitute widow woman, who is perishing for lack of food. Believe me, sir, I have seen better days." "So have I," said Lamb, handing the poor creature a shilling; "so have I; it is a miserable day! Good-by! good-by!"

Joubert's "Pet" Name.

"Old Pietz" is the pet name by which General Joubert is known to his Transvaal soldiers.

THE HELIOGRAPH IN WARTIME

The heliograph is by no means a modern invention. Although it has been a good deal spoken of during the present South African campaign and is generally looked upon as one of the mechanical marvels of the nineteenth century, the fundamental idea of using the sun's rays for writing is as old as the Roman empire itself.

Every student of the classics will remember how the old Roman soldiers used their shields for flashing back information to the rear or from one wing of an army to another. The heliograph is practically the same system of sun flashing reduced to a scientific basis so that the message may be transmitted a distance of from five to even 100 miles when the circumstances are favorable.

The military value of the heliographic method of transmitting information may be readily imagined. Its first advantage is its extreme simplicity. It does not necessitate the keeping open of lines of communication, there are no wires to protect, no batteries to look after and no burdensome apparatus to carry about.

The Indians of America, like the old

ray. The station mirror has a small disk at the center, and when the two mirrors are used they must be so adjusted that the shadow from the center of the sun mirror shall be reflected against the small disk on the face of the station mirror. In making signals long and short sun flashes take the place of the dots and dashes of the magnetic sponder, the same call being generally used for both instruments. When the air is clear, signals may be taken by the naked eye at a distance of 100 miles, and by an expert at the rate of fifteen words a minute.

USED HIS COFFIN

As a Trunk Because He Lived Longer Than He Expected.

Anthony Simpkins, a nonagenarian of Lansboro, Mass., started one day last week for Hopkins Station, Mich. The nearest railway station to Lansboro is in Pittsfield, and when Anthony arrived in that city, with his blooming wife of 27 years, he created a sensation of considerable magnitude. It was neither the nonagenarian nor his wife,

to take it along, anyhow." Despite Mr. Simpkins' plausible explanation the railroad officers refused to accept his coffin trunk, and with a good deal of grumbling he and his wife transferred the contents to a dry goods box.

HISTORICAL PALACE FOR SALE.

Many of England's Kings and Queens Resided There.

The crown lease of Eltham court and palace, which forms one of the most interesting links with the past which have ever passed into the estate market, is advertised for sale, says the London Chronicle. Its history dates from the time of Edward the Confessor (1042-66). At that time the manor belonged to the crown. It was granted by William the Conqueror to his brother Odo, earl of Kent, but reverted to the crown. While the date of the erection of the palace is uncertain, it is known that it was a royal residence from 1270 to 1628. "John o' Eltham," Edward II., Edward III., Richard II., Henry IV., Henry V., Edward IV., Richard III., Henry VII.,



OPERATING THE HELIOGRAPH IN SOUTH AFRICA.

however, that was the real cause of the excitement, but a peculiar article of baggage which the aged traveler had with him. When the baggagemaster came to look over the traveling equipment which Mr. Simpkins unloaded from a wagon and offered for transportation he was somewhat surprised to see, in the midst of bandboxes and carpet-bags, a coffin, with all the usual funeral adornment. The coffin apparently contained a body, for the sturdy old man handled it as if it were heavy, and with the greatest care. The baggagemaster at once asked for the death certificate. "I guess I don't need none," said Mr. Simpkins, grinning. "We can't take the body unless you show a certificate of death," said the baggagemaster, firmly. Simpkins grinned again. "There ain't no corpse in there," said he. "There's jest some of my wife's dresses, and some chiny and tinware, and the big Bible and some of my things. I guess I don't need no certificate for them, do I? I'd jest as soon show yer what they be." The baggagemaster admitted that he would like to look into the coffin, and straightway Anthony unfastened the lid and exposed the articles which he had mentioned, and many more as well. The controversy had attracted the attention of the people who were waiting in the station, and by the time the owner had raised the lid of the coffin he was surrounded by a large and curious crowd. Somebody asked the old man how it happened that he used a coffin as his trunk, and he explained the matter in this way: "Three years ago I had an idea that I wasn't goin' to last much longer, so I thought I'd better make sure of a good coffin while I had money to buy it. I bought this coffin then, but I ain't had no chance to use it until day 'fore yesterday. Then Mary told me there wasn't room enough in the trunk for all the things we wanted to take out west, so I said that coffin would make a good trunk. I wanted

Henry VIII., Mary, Elizabeth and James I., all resided at the palace. It was there, also, that Edward III. held his parliament, Richard III. entertained the captive king of France, Henry IV. was espoused to Joan of Navarre and Edward IV.'s daughter Bridget was born. After passing through other royal hands, the palace came into the possession of Sir John Shaw. It is from one of the three parks known as the middle park that the "Middle Park Plate" takes its name. The present house retains the old moat and part of the original palace is still standing.

Many Fine Pictures.

Most of us have read of rooms which have been papered entirely with canceled postage stamps, but certain monks at the hospital of St. Jean de Dieu, at Ghent, have beaten all this by, in their leisure moments, decorating the walls with gorgeous landscapes, glowing with color and full of life, which are formed entirely by means of the postage stamps of all the nations of the world. Palaces, forests, streams and mountains are represented, butterflies flit about in the air, birds of beautiful plumage perch on branches, snakes and lizards glide about, and innumerable animals find places here and there. The pictures are most artistic, in the style of Chinese landscape gardening, and already between 9,000,000 and 10,000,000 of stamps have been used.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

A "Galloping Hospital."

A doctor with cavalry experience has invented a patent galloping hospital, drawn by two horses, and capable of accommodating six wounded.

Public School Expenses in Illinois. Illinois expended \$18,299,803 on its public schools in 1899.

AT THE BALL.

