

RUSSIA'S INVASION OF SOUTHERN ASIA.

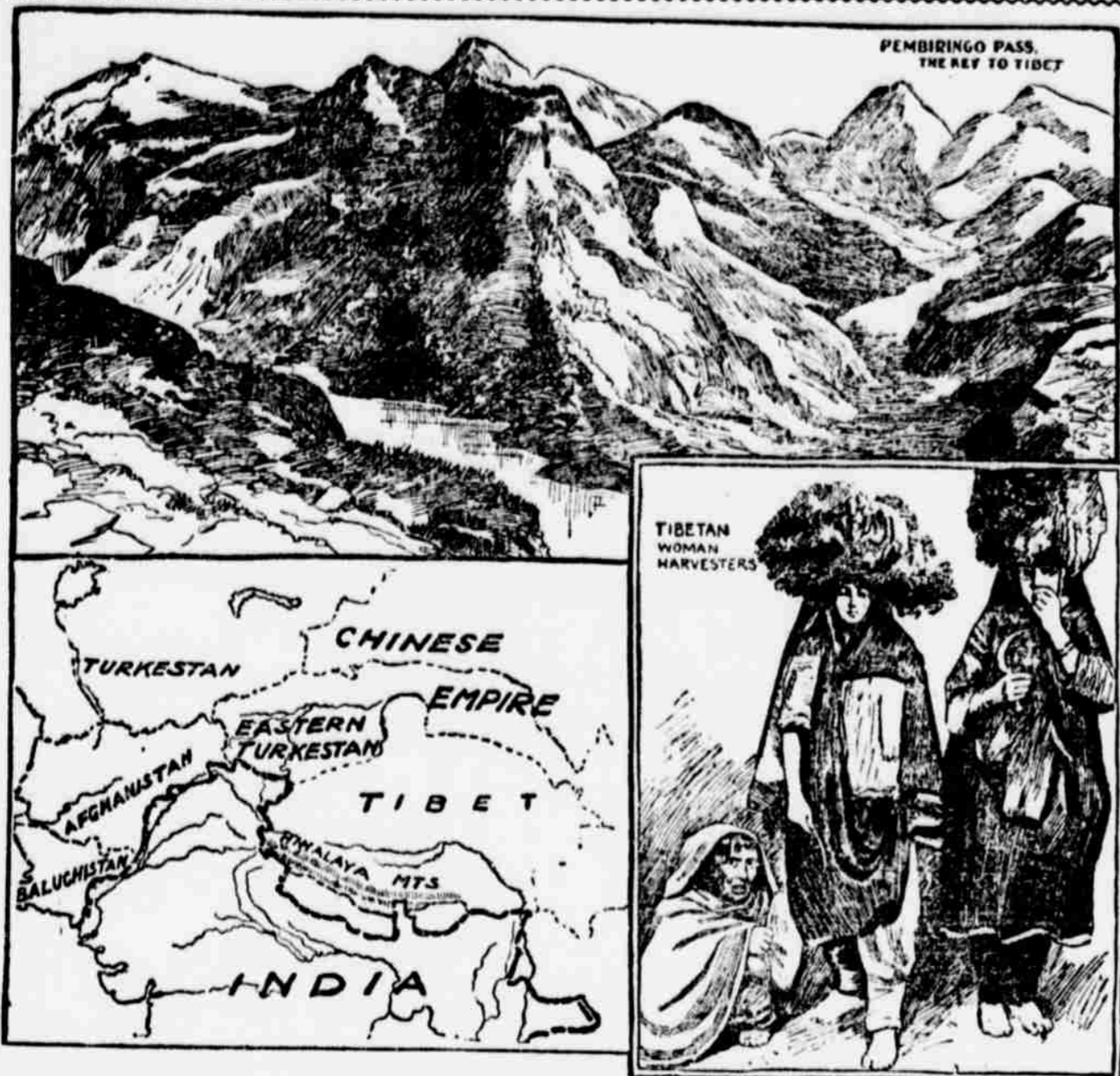
Tibet and Afghanistan might well be called one of the world's sore spots. It has long been known that the Russian bear has had designs on this Himalayan territory and would like to poke an aggressive paw down into these disrupted little kingdoms if once the opportunity presented itself.

Russia seemed to think the chance had come when she saw Great Britain engaged in an unexpectedly serious struggle with the South African Boer. England had spent much blood and money to extend the northeastern border of her Indian empire up across the Himalayas. For two decades she has been carrying on small tribal wars

officer for the sake of his health. But the white bear waited. Now that England has her hands full in South Africa, this same insatiable bear realizes that if ever there was a time for her to move it is the present. So this is why we hear of Russian advances in the east and vague reports that Tibet and Afghanistan are being threatened by the Slav.

Just how it will come out it is impossible to tell. If England retains her full influence and all the territory she now claims and holds as her Indian empire, it will be through no fault of the Russian. Russia realizes that the time to make hay has arrived and

has no scruple whatever about punishing, to the full extent of her power, any individual of the opposite sex that happens to be inferior to her in size or strength. So strong is this unwillingness to strike a female that few male hounds will attack a she wolf or even follow her trail. Something of the same deference to the gentler sex may be seen among horses. Although a horse will promptly attack any other horse that may interfere with him, either in the field or in harness, he will very seldom attack a mare. Farm horses, which cannot be worked alongside of any other horse on account of their savage tempers,



and sending out punitive expeditions among the tribesmen of the northeastern hills. She had pushed her strategic railways in the north of India nearer and nearer the land of her desire.

Russia, in her own territory, has been working just as hard. The czar has for a long time been anxious to consolidate his claims in the east, and with this end in view, has been quietly massing troops on his southern frontiers in Asia. It was only in the year 1872 that the zones of influence of Russia, Afghanistan and east India were settled between the cabinets of St. Petersburg and London, yet today they are more menacingly indefinite than ever before.

Afghanistan and Tibet are the little buffer states between the two contending nations, or, rather, empires. All borderlands are turbulent districts. One of these little buffer states may, perhaps, be ground out of existence before the Asian border is really settled upon. But the two giant imperial millstones will find both Tibet and Afghanistan a very hard flint pebble to grind.

Chitral and Swat and Wazirland and Kashmir are properly a borderland between British India and Afghanistan, and, though at one time supposed to belong to the latter, are now coming to be calmly looked upon as out and out British territory. The ameer of Afghanistan, however, is also under the thumb of the czar of Russia. The ameer is equally afraid of England. Yet, slowly but surely, Russia has been working her way down to "the roof of the world," as this territory is called, and from the desolate heights of the Pamirs she has been casting longing eyes upon the fertile Indus valley.

Chitral is at present the apex of the British wedge. It is the one border state that touches the Russian frontier and the Chinese at the same time. It is the British Indian wedge driven and forced up into the heart of the Asian continent to meet and check the apexes of the other great imperial wedges driven down in the opposite direction. When the ameer of Afghanistan prepared to seize both Chitral and Jandol, some time ago, and Russia was considered as ready in turn to seize them all, Downing street put its thinking cap on and woke up to the gravity of the Indian situation. A British force was dispatched to Chitral to constitute a permanent garrison there and to keep the throne of the reigning sovereign secure. A military road was opened up from Peshawar and a subsidy was settled on the mehtar, thus making him a vassal of the coy and cunning British Indian empire. Russia watched all these moves uneasily. She realized that an open frontier clash would be unwise, and so resorted to her usual wily Slav diplomacy. She assumed an attitude of injured innocence and proclaimed that presence of any strange officers who might be found in disputed territory should be looked upon as merely an excursion on the part of stay such

only some unforeseen contingency will keep the czar's scythe long suspended.

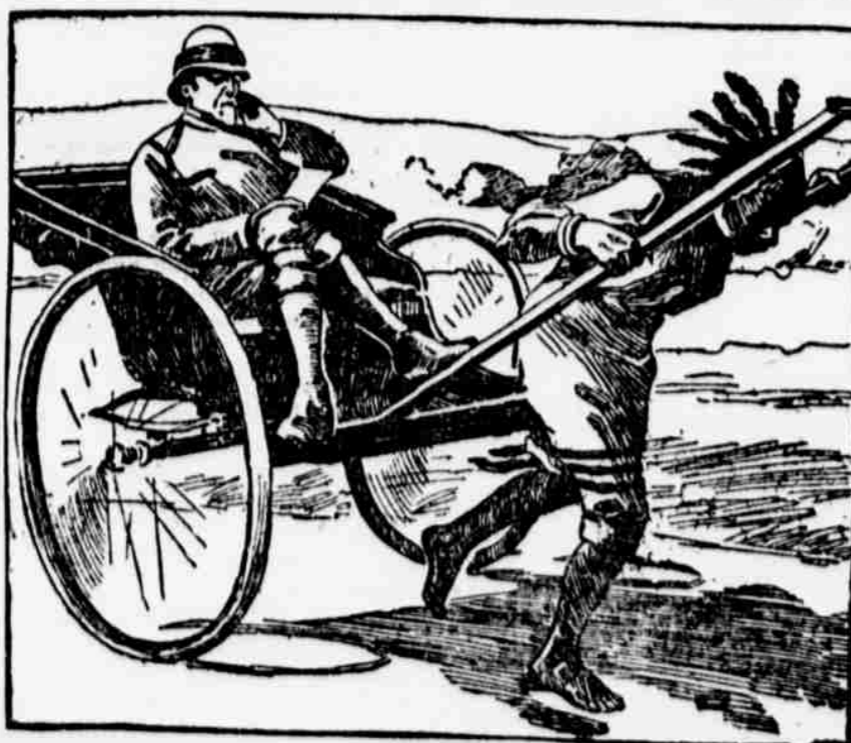
Shells Four Miles in the Air.
The power of the modern gun is a thing that cannot be grasped. The 100-ton projectile strikes with a force equal to 465,000 eleven stone men jumping from a height of one foot. When the 81-ton gun fires a shot twelve miles it is fired at such an angle that the shell goes up to a height 5,432 feet higher than Mt. Blanc. Big guns have been longer in use than most people think. In the year 1478 they had guns called "bombards" which threw a projectile weighing a quarter of a ton. They were wider at the muzzle than at the bore, and were used for battering buildings. The English used big guns at the battle of Crecy, and amazed the French, who had never seen such weapons before.—Advertiser.

Chivalry of Lower Animals.
The chivalry of man toward woman finds a duplicate in the lower animals and, except in rare cases, the male always treats the female kindly. It is rarely that a dog will bite a female, except in the extreme need of self-defense, though the female, as a rule,

may be safely yoked in double harness with a mare. Mares, on the other hand, will attack their own or the opposite sex without the slightest hesitation.

Pure Tunnel Air.
The entire railway world will probably profit by recent experiments made in connection with the smoke in tunnels. The scene of the experiments was a long tunnel not far from Genoa, through which some 200 trains pass a day, leaving an immense amount of smoke. Two methods were tried. First compressed air was used. Large cylinders of steel were filled with air and compressed to 750 pounds to the square inch. These were placed in the tender of the locomotive. In passing through the tunnel the air was allowed to escape. The pure air blew back the smoke and purified the atmosphere. The second method was with compressed oxygen. This was allowed to escape through the cylinders into the fires of the engines, causing complete combustion, and preventing the formation of dangerous gases as well as making the air purer by the addition of the oxygen. The compressed air method is to be adopted, as it is cheaper and almost as good as the oxygen.

A WAR SURGEON IN SOUTH AFRICA.



One of the many celebrated English physicians who have volunteered for service in a non-combatant capacity during the South African war is Sir William MacCormac, who has been rendering valuable service to the British wounded at Pietermaritzburg. The illustration shows the famous surgeon in his jinkish, being pulled about by a native runner—in fact, going out on a daily round of inspection. Sir

William MacCormac was present at the battle of Colenso and afterwards operated on many of the wounded, while he was consulted in most of the more difficult cases. He highly praised the all but perfect arrangement of the British for the prompt and effective succoring of the wounded at the front and all along the lines of communication and stated that the field hospital results reflected special credit on the volunteer ambulance corps.

HISTORY OF A HEART

"Yes, I have always said that the dear women could get the best of us every time," he continued, "unless—"

"Unless what?"

"Well, unless they themselves fall in love in real earnest."

"Then what?"

"Then we men win the game. A woman in love is never a very wise woman. You know there are two kinds of women who fall desperately in love. The cool, calculating, unscrupulous, woman, who stops at nothing to secure her wish; she is usually discovered in some of her underhanded schemes, and this foiled. Then there is the quiet, unselfish woman who loves deeply, truly, sincerely, but silently, often secretly, because she believes she is in this way furthering the happiness of the one she loves. The world calls her cold, unfeeling, because the world judges superficially."

"Why, doctor! One would think you had studied the human heart exclusively. I thought you were decidedly not a ladies' man. But pardon me, I believe you, too, have some sort of a love history, haven't you?"

"Oh, yes, most men do."

"Was she—do men usually lose their hearts to the beauties?"

"Yes, and no. The young men of a certain type are often carried away by a pretty face. Seeing you are convalescent, I'll tell you a bit of my own experience, if you care to listen."

"Oh, yes, doctor, please do. That will be pleasanter to take than your medicine, and may do as much good."

"I feel like talking of the past tonight. It's a weakness men sometimes show. Well, you have possibly heard that when a young man I fell in love, or supposed I did, with a bright, handsome girl. The love seemed returned and the match in every way suitable. So we were soon married. The result was disastrous. We had nothing in common. Could not agree. Both were high strung, and things went from bad to worse. At last we agreed—which we seldom did—to brave the opinion of a careless world and live in peace separately. We were both anxious for the separation. But neither asked for a divorce. Each felt, I think, that one matrimonial adventure of our kind was

In the company of the popular beauty or the fascinating coquette, but they are always on the watch, so to speak, and leave it to some young, inexperienced fool to get singled because he doesn't know the world well enough to keep at a respectful distance from the alluring flame. The man of the world will pass through the galaxy of wit and beauty without a scar only to fall hopelessly in love with some insignificant person who cannot boast of good looks or wit. It's her way, her manner, and she becomes a very part of his life ere he is half aware of it. He does not realize to what extent he is enslaved until he attempts to break the chain. But she usually breaks it for him. Duty is stronger than love with such women."

"Oh, doctor, you are moralizing again. What about your case?"

"Well, I called there nonprofessionally afterward. She never seemed to realize I liked her or it was her I was interested in. We were seldom alone, but one night, O ye gods; how well I remember it all. She was looking so sweet, but fragile and tired. Well, I just couldn't keep still any longer. So I told her my life, told her all, and asked her to let me love and take care of her during the rest of my life."

"And what did she answer?"

"I hate to think of it even now, but she said, 'Your former wife may still love you. If so, and should you now sue for a divorce, think what pain, what suffering for her. No, no. I can not win my happiness through the suffering of another.' I argued, pleaded with her. Told her the theory was all wrong. She supposed love where love was dead."

"Ah, I know women's hearts better than men do, even though they be doctors," she said. "Separation does not always cause indifference."

"She remained firm. But suppose, I pleaded as a last resort, suppose she, my former wife, first asks for this legal separation. What then?"

"Well, time will tell. But promise me you will make no first move, but remain absolutely passive in this matter. You will promise?"

"I promised, of course, would have promised to go to Africa and become a cannibal, I suppose, had she asked it. And then, finale?"

"No, not yet."—Chicago Tribune.

FAMOUS RAT-HUNTERS.

Unusual Sport Pursued by Natives of Pacific Islands.

The native rat has a great enemy. When brought into competition with the common brown rat of Europe, introduced by ships throughout the world, it usually disappears—an example of the evils of the influx of aliens, says Chambers' Journal. The depredations of the latter are such that in Funafuti the indigenous breed has been driven from the village and indeed almost exterminated upon the main islet by the foreign rat; in many of the islands it has been completely rooted out. Even more deadly onslaught has been carried on against it by the domestic cats, which, originally brought over by missionaries and afterward migrating to the bush, have proved of service in destroying the rats. In the old days, when unchecked, rats literally overran most of the islands of the Pacific. The natives shoot the rats for sport. Fanna gooma, or rat shooting, as practiced on Hoonga in the Tonga group, apparently was an amusement reserved for chiefs, and was undertaken with much ceremony. Attracted by bait previously distributed, the rats were shot with formidable unfeathered arrows six feet long. The game was not an individual but a party affair, the side first killing ten rats were accounted the winner, and if the rats were plentiful three or four games were generally played.

In Childish Eyes.

The vagueness of the young with respect to the age of their elders is pleasantly illustrated by the early history of a nobleman who once represented a division of Manchester in the English parliament. His mother had a maid, who seemed to childish eyes extremely old. The children of the family longed to know her age, but were much too well-bred to ask a question which they felt would be painful; so they sought to attain the desired end by a system of ingenious traps. The boy chanced in a lucky hour to find in his "Book of Useful Knowledge" the tradition that the aloe flowers flowered only once in a hundred years. He instantly saw his opportunity, and, accosting the maid, with winning air and wheedling accent, asked, insinuatingly: "Susan, have you often seen the aloe flower?"

Why We Forget Names.

Many persons are especially forgetful with regard to names—as of acquaintances or some familiar object. Dr. Bastian, in discussing effects recently, quoted with approval this explanation: "The more concrete the idea the more readily is the word used to designate it forgotten when the memory fails. We easily represent persons and things to ourselves without their names. More abstract conceptions, on the contrary, are attained only with the aid of words, which alone give them their exact shape in our minds." Hence verbs, adjectives, pronouns, adverbs, prepositions and conjunctions are more intimately related to thought than nouns are, and can be remembered when nouns, or names, slip from the mind.

Takes After His Dad.

From the Chicago News: Visitor (viewing the new baby)—"He's the very image of his father." Proud Mother—"Yes, and he acts just like him, too." Visitor—"Is it possible?" Proud Mother—"Yes; he keeps me up nearly every night."

FILIPINO MOTHERS ARE KIND.

Their Railing Passion Is Their Love for Their Boy Babies.

She is like no one else in the world, this Filipino woman, writes the Manila correspondent of the St. Louis Globe-Democrat. From the white man's standpoint she is least like a woman of any feminine creature. She will work for you, sell you things, and treat you politely, but beyond that the attitude of her life, as it is presented to you, is as inscrutable as a bolted door. You can get well enough acquainted with her husband to detest him cordially, but the nature of the woman is as hard to fathom as a sheet of Chinese correspondence. It is never a common sight to see a mother, who believes she is alone, playing with her baby. A young native woman was making love to her first man child. The two were in the shack next to mine, but the windows were together. She had the little fellow in a corner and was kneeling before him in a perfect ecstasy of motherhood. The baby could not have been more than several months old, and the mother was perhaps 16. She would bend her body far back, with hands outstretched; and then gradually sway closer, closer, while the baby, very noisy and happy in his diminutive way, shrank back into the corner and showed his bare red gums. And then the mother swayed at last very near, she would snatch her naked bundle of brown babyhood and toss him into the air. And there would be great crowsings and strangled laughter from the infant and low murmurings of passionate worship from the woman. Then she placed her face close to the head of her son and whispered wonderful secrets in a voice strangely soft and tender, such as you would not think could come from this smileless creature of the river banks. I watched, and the greatness of the mother heart was laid bare before me, and now better impressions came where false ones had been—and I remembered she was a woman. Rapt and ardently interested, I watched, leaning witlessly out of the window. The woman saw me. The sullen, implacable stare came back. She snatched up the child and disappeared. She bathes in the river, unconscious of the passing white man, but he must not see the woman's love for her first-born.

HARDY FILIPINO BUFFALOES.

Have Immense Strength, and Wild Ones Are Constantly Caught.

The wild buffaloes of the Philippines come from the interior, where many natives spend their time in capturing and taming them. It takes a long time to tame the wild creatures and break them into service. Some old bulls absolutely refuse to be tamed, and they show their resentment for capture up to the time of their death. Most of those in service are born and bred in captivity, and the young calves are very easily trained for use. Still enough of the wild carabao are caught every year to keep the stock from degenerating. They take to civilized life much more readily than our American bison, resembling in this respect the true water buffalo of India. The strength of these animals is marvelous. In respect to size, strength and ponderousness they resemble the elephant more than any other creature. They simply haul anything that is hitched behind them, and it is the shaft or traces that break if the load cannot be moved. Across all sorts of rough and miry country they pull the load, although they have not the sure footing of the mule in climbing steep and rough mountains and hills, they are better in the soft, miry lowlands which compose so large a part of the Philippines. When angered and running away, they dash across the country with their heavy load, as if it were so much light, flimsy cotton. Not only are they then regardless of what is behind them, but also of what may rear itself in front. Be it a river, a fence, a ditch or jungle, or another cart, the maddened animal plunges blindly through or across it, and never halts until disabled or its anger has evaporated. In the latter case it then suddenly becomes as meek and docile as before. If whipped for its misdeeds, its meek eyes seem to ask why it is punished, and they look as innocent as those of a child or a deer.—Scientific American.

Changed the Places.

It is said that Jared Sparks, chosen president of Harvard college in 1849, yielded promptly and courteously to the opinions and wishes of the faculty where no important interest was at issue, but wherever the welfare of honor of the college or of its individual members was concerned, he adhered immovably to his own judgment. A case in point, says Doctor Peabody, in his "Harvard Graduates Whom I Have Known," occurred when Kossuth was making his progress through the country. Mr. Sparks was one of the few who were disinclined to pay homage. The then usual spring exhibition, normally held in the college chapel, was at hand, and it was understood that Kossuth would be present. The faculty voted unanimously, or nearly so, to hold this exhibition where the commencements were held, in the First Parish church. Mr. Sparks declared the vote, but added: "It is for you, gentlemen, to hold the exhibition where you please. I shall go to the chapel in my cap and gown at the usual hour." The vote, of course, was reconsidered.

Need Not Hunt for It.

Why should a man borrow trouble when he can pick it up almost anywhere?—St. Louis Star.