

Animals of Africa

To Be Protected by Powers of Europe.

(Special Letter.)

Seven great European powers signed an agreement the other day, through the diplomatic representatives

guaranteeing protection for the wild animals of Africa, some of the most valuable of which are threatened with extinction, owing to reckless destruction by sportsmen and hunters for hides and ivory. The area thus marked out as a vast game preserve extends from the 20th parallel of north latitude to the southern line of the German possessions in the Dark Continent, and from the Atlantic ocean to the Indian ocean and the Red sea. Under the terms of the convention, the hunting of giraffes, gorillas, chimpanzees, mountain zebras, brindled gnus, elands and the little Liberian hippopotamus is prohibited. The young of the elephant, rhinoceros, hippopotamus, zebra, antelope and ibex are protected, and all elephants' tusks weighing less than 20 pounds are to be confiscated. Eggs of the ostrich, as well as those of many other birds, come under the provisions of the agreement, but those of the crocodile and of poisonous snakes and pythons are to be destroyed.

One of the animals to be protected by the convention is the white and square-mouthed rhinoceros, which is the largest of existing land animals, excepting only the elephant. Apparently, this great beast never was very common, being a local species, confined originally to those parts of South Africa where they were to be found in the open, grassy tracts necessary to its existence. It is now on the verge of extinction, only a few individuals remaining alive. On the other hand, the black rhinoceros is still very



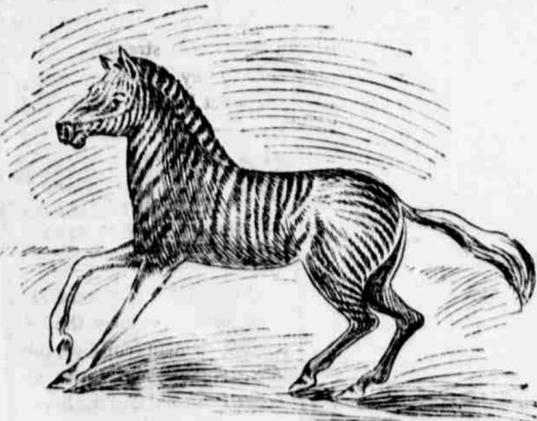
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plentiful in many parts of the interior of the Dark Continent, and its final extermination is likely to be postponed for some centuries.

The Giraffe in Danger.

The giraffe, unless protected, must succumb before very long, though still found in considerable numbers over a great extent of country south of Zambesi. It occurs in various other localities, and many small herds wander over parts of the Kalahari desert. Like the eland, it is most common where water is scarce, and doubtless it is able to go for a long time without drink. The meat of the beast is particularly good to eat, and the natives, while hunting it on this account, find valuable uses for its skin, making water bottles and other things out of it. The hide is an inch and a half thick, and a rifle bullet will not pierce it unless at short range.

This interesting creature is the tallest of all animals, sometimes attaining a height of 18 feet, so that it is able to browse on the topmost branches of mimosa and acacia trees. It is the sole surviving species representing a distinct family of ruminants and seems to be related to the deer, the ox and the camel. Formerly it existed in Europe and Asia, where its fossil bones are occasionally dug up, but at the present time its range is restricted to the great plains of the interior of South Africa. It is usually very gentle, it will fight fiercely on occasion, and its kick has been described as the second most powerful blow in nature, the first being the stroke of a whale's tail, and the third the tap of a lion's paw. The giraffe is never known to



THE QUAGGA.

Use of a Poisoned Razor.

Mr. Mazaraki, a member of one of the richest and best families in Austria, has just died of blood poisoning, brought about in a very extraordinary way. Several cases have already occurred of contagious diseases communicated by a cut from a razor that the barber had neglected to clean; but this is the first case of death. Mr. Mazaraki at first paid no attention to the cut, but swelling and fever compelled him to call in a surgeon, unfortunately too late. The poison had entered his system, and he died in a few

hours after the operation. It is supposed that the razor had been used to shave a dead man before he was laid out in the coffin, and that it had not been cleaned afterward. It appears that there is no law to punish a man who thus causes the death of a fellow-creature, and as there are no public inquests in Austria, there is no official information even as to the name of the barber.—Chicago News.

It is the soul which creates to itself a body; the idea which makes to itself a habitation.—Mazzini.

IN DRESDEN CITY.

A CENTER OF ART CALLED GERMAN FLORENCE.

A Visitor Describes the Green Vault of the Royal Palace and Some of the Famous Works of Art—The Grand Museums.

(Dresden Letter.)

This city, the capital of Saxony, sometimes called the German Florence on account of its art galleries and opportunities for studying art, is one of the finest cities in Europe. It has magnificent buildings, parks and squares. Among the most notable are the opera house, the Zwinger museum, the Frauenkirche and the Japanese palace. In winter 2,000 Americans live here and the city is one of the gayest in Europe because of the court festivities. Of the sights perhaps the green vault of the royal palace, which holds the crown jewels, articles of brass, ivory, gold and bronze, each a marvel of workmanship, is the most unique. In other parts of the palace are the solid silver service comprising pieces enough to serve 1,000 persons. A silver gilt service of quaint design dating from 1740 is also shown. The royal linen is a splendid exhibit. There are 3,000 napkins, which are three times the size of those now in use, and which are only brought out from the wooden drawers, where they are carefully laid, on great occasions, when royalty feasts its votaries. Dresden is famous for its linen and royalty has taken advantage of its excellence. The apartment used for china abounds in sets of the royal ware, better known as Dresden china. The most valuable set is ornamented with red dragons made in 1700 from designs by Marcolini, under whose genius porcelain ornamentation attained its greatest perfection.

The Grand Museums.

The Johanneum museum, which contains the finest collection of armor, ancient and medieval, under any roof, is here set off to the best advantage. There are curios by the thousand in this historical collection, but the armored horseman and footman eclipse all the other attractions.

The Zwinger museum, whose treasures have made Dresden first in art among the cities of Europe, is the crowning glory of the Saxon town. It is immense in size. On its sides hang two of the 12 greatest paintings in the world—the Sistine Madonna by Raphael, and Correggio's Nativity or



ROYAL CHURCH AND ROYAL CASTLE.

(In the latter is the remarkable collection of jewels in the green vault.) Holy Night. The former, to be studied to advantage, must be seen in the original, for no copy has ever done it justice. It has been claimed that Raphael was inspired while placing the figures on the canvas. Whether this is true or not the picture makes an indelible impression. It is hard to realize that oil can produce such apparent realism.

Like a Vision.

The effect is like that produced by a vision. The Madonna's face has a happy, dreamy, inscrutable expression never to be found in a copy, no matter how well done. To see the Madonna in all her beauty and majesty you must go to Dresden. This marvelous painting is kept apart from the others in a room devoted wholly to showing off its beauties. It is enclosed in a standing silver frame. This statement doubtless will surprise many, as there is an impression that the subject is heroically treated and that the painting is of uncommon size. A vigilant guard enforces silence in this room and suppresses any attempt at familiarity with the picture. Hour after hour the chairs set before it are filled with reverent admirers, some of whom spend days studying it.

The Nativity by Correggio was disappointing in its coloring, which lacks brilliancy, while the marks of time are plainly discernible. I regretted that our stay in Dresden was limited, for this richly endowed city deserves many days instead of two, to which our visit here was confined.

Solitude Ripens Despots.

Solitude would ripen a plentiful crop of despots. The recluse thinks of men as having his manner, or as not having his manner; and as having degrees of it, more or less. But when he comes into a public assembly, he sees that men have very different manners from his own, and in their way admirable. In his childhood and youth he has had many checks and censures, and thinks modestly enough of his own endowment. When afterward he comes to unfold it in propitious circumstances it seems the only talent; he is delighted with the success, and accounts himself already a fellow of the great. But he goes into a mob, into a banking-house, into a mechanic's shop, into a mill, into a laboratory, into a ship, into a camp, and in each new place he is no better than an idiot; other talents take place and rule the hour.—Emerson.

THE WHIPPING-POST.

The Treatment of Wife-Beaters Discussed Editorially.

The Washington Post is a warm advocate of the whipping post for wife-beaters, and hails with approval the occasional demand for its use. In a recent editorial the following remarks are made: It has been commanded by wise and humane men and by benevolent organizations of thoughtful and progressive men and women to the legislatures of a number of states, including New York. But up to this date Maryland is the only state of the Union in which the lash for the wife-beater has statutory sanction, if we except Delaware, whose whipping post is at the service of a variety of offenders. In that state the flogging, instead of being the only penalty, is in addition, and often a cruel one, to other methods of punishment. It does not take the place of imprisonment, and thus save the taxpayers the cost of feeding and sheltering and guarding culprits and at the same time, giving them freedom to work for the support of their dependents. It simply supplements the sentence that is customary elsewhere with a flagellation. This, like several other Delaware institutions, is indefensible. The latest and one of the loudest demands for the whipping post for wife-beaters comes from the good old county of Berks, in the state of Pennsylvania. The magistrates of that county, at a recent meeting in Reading, unanimously resolved that "the adoption of the whipping post for the punishment of wife-beaters would be a proper means of lessening this inhuman practice." The members of the magistrates' association pledged themselves to exert their influence in all proper ways to get a whipping post law passed by the legislature—a whipping post for wife-beaters only—and the last to be the entire punishment, not a vengeful annex to the regular penalty. It is the opinion of the Post that nothing but a whipping will appeal to the fears of the wife-beater, and says that thousands of such brutal husbands are found among the immigrants that yearly crowd into this country, and nothing but such a punishment will prevail, as the common jail fare and treatment is luxury and ease to them. "Common sense dictates the lash to the wife-beater," says the Post. It is a nice question. It is undoubtedly true that many immigrants are persons not amenable to reason and recognize only brute force, but that is believed by many to be most demoralizing.

GOOD COWS.

Best Dairy Animals Are Profitable Says Prof. Hayward.

Of the various obstacles standing in our way and daring us to remove them, says Professor Hayward of the Pennsylvania Experimental Station, none is greater than the poor dairy cow. No matter how much care we take with our butter, nor how skillfully we feed the cow, if she has not the capacity to produce more than 200 pounds of butter in a year our labor is useless, for profit is impossible. I need not tell you that every dairymen would be better off if he had better cows. We all know this. Why, then, every dairymen does not take steps to secure better cows is a question I cannot answer. It is a simple matter to improve a herd, if one goes about it in the right way. A little extra care in weighing the milk and testing samples of each cow's milk once a month will give a correct idea of what each cow is doing and \$30 or \$50 every five or six years will purchase a well bred bull of any dairy breed. Then, by careful selection of the female calves a herd can be brought up to and maintained on a profitable basis. Too much care cannot be taken in choosing the sire who is to head the herd. A good pedigree and a good looking individual is not all that is necessary, since even a calf from the most popular strains and of a most promising individuality may be a failure as a sire. I have in mind a herd which had made a reputation by its large production, which was put back almost to the average by the use of a poor sire. It appears to me to be safer for two or three dairymen to unite in buying a sire who had proven himself a producer of superior offspring, rather than to pay the same money for an uncertainty, even if you owned him alone.

What's In a Name?

Consistency is a jewel and there are some men who wear it. We hear of men who are true to their names in the sense of conducting their business with relation to the honor they will reflect upon it, but it is rare we hear of people who conduct a business that is harmonious with their names. But there are such. For instance, not so very long ago there was a mullage used largely in Milwaukee, though not made here, that was made by Stickwell & Co. Chicago boasts of the firm of Wooley, importers of woollens and of Candy Brothers, confectioners, both firms well-known here. Then in Milwaukee we have Leadbeater, a plumber and Plum, also a knight of the lead-pipe cinch, while Joe Reader was a successful book agent, though he is not with us now, and Jimmy Driver was a well known teamster in the railroad yards.—Milwaukee Journal.

Western Banker's Introduction.

Gilbert G. Thorne, who has been elected a vice-president of the National Park Bank of New York, was given a dinner at the Union League club recently by President Richard Delafield of the National Park Bank to introduce him to other New York bankers. Mr. Thorne was cashier of the Northwestern National, the largest bank in Minneapolis, before he associated himself with the New York bank.

A STRANGE BEQUEST.

MADE BY A MAN WHO LOVED A LITTLE CHILD.

How Little Dorothy Creede Came to Be Heir to Millions. Provided She Leads "a Proper and Virtuous Life."

(Special Letter.)

Dorothy Creede, infant heiress to an old man's millions, will come into full possession of her fortune in twenty years, "if she has led a proper and virtuous life."

Five of these years have already passed over Baby Dorothy's head. It is a lucky head; the luckiest in all California, and one of the prettiest as well. It is covered with a curling mass of fine, soft hair. Helene and Cleopatra and other sirens of other centuries are declared to have possessed just such hair as made Dorothy heiress to the Creede millions. For it was the Titian tint of the little one's tresses that caught the fancy of childless Nicholas Creede in Los Angeles four years ago, caught his fancy and held it by a thousand glittering threads while the sweet dimpled face with its rare red-gold aureole won his heart.

Dorothy was the only being on earth whom Nicholas Creede loved when he died. She had become more precious to him than the gold for which he had delved deep in the Colorado mountains. And when he loosed his hold on life and the riches that had mocked him when he tried to buy happiness with them, Dorothy was the only object to which he clung, the one thing that he could not reconcile himself to leave behind him.

Brought Sunlight to Him.

For a year she had brought sunlight into his chill, hard life. One year he had known the joy of teaching lisping lips to say "Papa," of feeling the dear embrace of baby arms about his neck, the satin touch of baby lips upon his rough miner's cheek, the strangely strong clasp of a baby's tiny, fragile fingers instinctively clinging around his own. For twelve months Dorothy had been his legally adopted daughter.

Some time during that last year of his on earth Millionaire Creede made a will. Prompted by his adoration of the child, whom he could scarcely bear to have out of his sight, the natural anxiety of a doomed man looking into the uncertain future of a beautiful girl for whose fate he felt a father's responsibility, he dictated the clause which will stand for two decades as an admonition to Dorothy's guardians, and which is to be the rule by which she will order her existence: "It is my wish that she shall then take full possession of the property, if she has led a proper and virtuous life." As to the inheritance itself, it will not be less than \$2,000,000.

It was a lucky day for Baby Dorothy when the rich man who lived in the big, handsome house next door, looked through the window when the sunbeams were frolicking with her Titian-dressed little head, the while the young mother taught her to put her rose-leaf feet one before the other upon the golden path. The mother was Mrs. Walker. She is Mrs. Basford now.

It was a pretty picture that the sick man saw from his window—the mother teaching her first-born how to walk. It reminded him of other pictures, not so real nor so animate, of the Madonna and her child. And Titian hair had always seemed to him the most wonderful hair in the world.

The Mother Love.

When he asked to take the baby into the lovely grandeur of his house, with



DOROTHY CREEDE'S MOTHER.

its two city blocks of beautiful garden, and bring her up as his very own, the heiress to his silver mines, his horde of banked gold, and his valuable realty, the mother shuddered at the thought and said "No," for never was the mother instinct stronger in woman than in Edith Scott Basford. But it troubled her to think that she had nothing to give her baby excepting a mother's love and tender care, for Dorothy's father had forsaken them both and the young wife was compelled to earn a livelihood for herself and child upon the stage, with the superb contralto with which nature had endowed her, in addition to the gift of personal charm and hair that in infancy had been like Dorothy's own. So she said good-by to the rich man and came with her baby to San Francisco. Here her health failed. She was taken to a hospital. The doctors said she had only a few weeks to live. There seemed to be but one thing for her to do, and she did it for her baby's sake. She gave her into Creede's legal keeping.

The doctors know a great deal, but they do not always know what is going

to happen to a patient who means to live; and miracles sometimes occur. Mrs. Basford recovered. She was glad her baby was destined to enjoy every advantage procurable by wealth, but the sacrifice was none the less hard to bear. What she suffered during that year of separation other mothers can understand. Then Nicholas Creede passed away, and Mrs. Basford became a maiden of his heiress' parents little perch.

The Little Heiress.

She is bright-minded and well-mannered. She knows that some day, "in a long, long time," she will have a great deal of money, but she does not know why people insist upon talking so much about it. There are so many other things infinitely more interesting—the yards upon yards of silver-paper chain, for instance, that she decorates the Christmas tree at home with, so that Santa Claus would be "sprised" when he tumbles in upon the glittering sight of it. And her two baby half-brothers, for her mamma is happily married and cozily housed in the Mission, where colicking baby boys



DOROTHY CREEDE.

can kick up their fat little heels in a sunny back yard and romp with a small sister worth 3,000,000 times more in money than they are—which doesn't trouble them in the least. And the pretty cardboard pictures that she has made with bright-colored worsteds, and that are pinned proudly to the wall, her French and German lessons; and the way she has learned to spell her name—the name that will sometime be signing checks with a row of six figures.

VISION OF BEAUTY.

When the Sun Glorifies a Glacier the Prospect Is Enchanting.

The fascinations of a glacier are as witching as they are dangerous, says the New York Evening Post. Apostolic vision of a crystal city glorified by light "that never was on land or sea" was not more beautiful than these vast ice rivers, whose ice rivers, whose onward course is chronicled, not by year and centuries, but by geological ages. With white-domed snow cornices wreathed fantastic as arabesque, and with the glassy walls of emerald green reflecting a million sparkling jewels, one might be in some cavernous dream world or among the tottering grandeur of an ancient city. The ice pillars and silvered pinnacles, which scientists call seracs, stand like the sculptured marble of temples crumbling to ruin. Glittering pendants hang from the rim of blue ice chasms. Tints too brilliant for art's brush gleam from the turquoise or crystal walls. Rivers that flow through valleys of ice and lakes, hemmed in by hills of ice, shine with an azure depth that is very infinity's self. In the morning, when all thaw has been stopped by the night's cold, there is deathly silence over the glacial fields; even the mountain cataraacts fall noiselessly from the precipice to ledge in tenuous, windblown threads. But with the rising of the sun the whole glacial world bursts to life in noisy tumult. Surface rivulets brawl over the ice with a glee that is vocal and almost human. The gurgle of rivers flowing through subterranean tunnels becomes a roar, as of a rushing, angry sea. Ice grip no longer holds back rock scree loosened by the night's frost, and there is the reverberating thunder of the falling avalanche.

Emperor's Sons' Severe Education.

It is well known that the Emperor William has his sons educated with Spartan severity. Not only does he keep them at their lessons for the greater part of the day, but the regime of the school savors of the baroque. All unnecessary titles are dispensed with, the ordinary form of address being "you," not "your royal highness." An amusing incident is told of the Prince Adalbert, who was confirmed recently. He and his younger brother, Augustus William, were walking along together in the Thiergarten, when a general passed by on horseback. The younger brother immediately saluted him, without waiting for his brother to first set the example. This displeased Prince Adalbert, who saw therein a slight to himself as elder brother; he therefore sharply rebuked his younger brother, but was himself immediately punished by his father for his arrogance by being ordered to treat his junior for a whole week as if he were older than himself.

Mrs. Takahira's Accomplishments.

Mrs. Takahira, wife of the Japanese minister at Washington, is said to be a most charming woman. She is distinguished in appearance, with a wealth of shining black hair and a vivacity of expression that makes her a delightful conversationalist. Diplomatic life is not new to her, for she has accompanied her husband on his previous missions to The Hague, to Rome and to Vienna.