

Fighting Leaders

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head of the war party in Russia. He believes in pushing Russian troops to the uttermost ends of Asia. In the movements toward the Indian frontiers, which have alarmed England in recent years; in the absorption of Manchuria, and in the threatened attacks on Korea, his hand is plainly to be seen by anyone familiar with Russian politics.

Before becoming minister of war Kouropatkin commanded the Russian army. He would probably command it again in the field in any campaign that amounted to a national emergency, for he is unquestionably Russia's greatest general. He is the idol of the army, for Skobelev in a name to conjure with in the Russian service, and he was Skobelev's right-hand man in four campaigns—the Russo-Turkish war, the Khlyan expedition and the Khokandese and Merv campaigns.

One of Kouropatkin's strongest supporters today is the same General Annenkov who admired his march through the desert to join Skobelev before Geok Tepe. General Annenkov made a great reputation by building strategic railways in Central Asia, and his was the vast scheme for a trans-siberian line to the Pacific. He first outlined that plan in detail during a visit to Paris in 1891. Many so-called "practical men" laughed at him then, but his ideas have since produced the greatest railroad in the world, at an admitted cost of £55,000,000, and perhaps a great deal more.

Annenkov is one of "Skobelev's men," like Kouropatkin. No general is thought much of in the Russian army unless he is able to say, "I was with Skobelev at Plevna," or, "I fought in Turkestan under Skobelev." There is hardly a single prominent general in the service who is not one of "Skobelev's men." That great commander showed unerring judgment in picking his subordinates. The unknown subalterns whom he chose for his staff officers and the captains and colonels to whom he entrusted the command of small armies have since become, almost without an exception, famous generals.

Michael Annenkov was born in 1835, and received his first commission in the Russian army in 1863. He is an older veteran than Kouropatkin, for he served as a staff captain during the Polish insurrection, and rose to the rank of colonel at the remarkably early age of 28. He was with the Germans during the Franco-Prussian war as Russian attaché, and acted as one of Skobelev's chief staff officers in the Merv campaign.

General Annenkov has played a leading part in the intrigues against England on the Indian frontier and is credited with having at least fifty specific schemes for conquering India piecemeal in his desk. "I question whether there is a single British officer who has such a good collection of English and foreign books on India as I have pulled about in the library of General Annenkov," said an Englishman who became friendly with him while traveling in Central Asia.

Another well known Russian soldier, who might be expected to play a leading part in time of war, is General Obrubcheff. He is the hero of a hundred desperate fights in the successive Central Asia campaigns and enjoys a greater reputation for personal courage than probably any other Russian general.

During the siege of Geok Tepe, Obrubcheff was sent out by Skobelev one night to reconnoiter the position of the enemy. He refused to take any soldiers with him, as the other officers detailed for that duty used to do, but went alone disguised in Turcoman costume. He penetrated to one of the campfires of the Turcomans, underneath the walls of the fortress and sat down and calmly ate supper with them, introducing himself as a man from another branch of the tribe who had been separated from his comrades.

From the talk around the campfire he learned all he wanted to know and he was about to retire unobtrusively when a Turcoman, who had known him as a Russian officer before the war, strolled up to the campfire and recognized him.

Almost before the Turcoman could denounce him, Obrubcheff sprang to his feet, drew his sword, rushed to the nearest horse and cut it loose from its heel-ropes. Several Turcomans rushed up, but he cut his way through them and was swallowed up in the darkness before most of them realized what was happening.

General Bobrikoff, the governor general of Finland, is another of "Skobelev's men." He is an able commander, but he has a reputation for extreme harshness, and even cruelty. His recent administration of Finland has not belied that reputation. He is credited with great influence in the council of state and the committee of ministers, the two bodies which formulate and execute Russian policy. He is a warm friend and ally of his old comrade, General Kouropatkin.

The czar's uncle, the Grand Duke Michael, may be regarded as the nestor of the Russian army. He played a leading part in the Russo-Turkish war, commanding the army of the Caucasus. He is now 73 years old, and would not be likely to take the field again. But he would certainly help to form Russia's plan of cam-

paign if it went to war. He has been a soldier for over fifty years, and his military talents are held in high esteem by Russian officers. "He would have been a greater general," one of them declared the other day, "if he had not had the misfortune to be born a grand duke."

This veteran prince should not be confounded with the younger Grand Duke Michael, the czar's brother and heir to the Russian throne. The elder of the two Michaels is now president of the committee of ministers. Although himself an old war horse, he is the strongest ally of M. Witte and Count Lamsdorff in their efforts to keep Russia at peace with the world.

"I have seen too much war," he once said to an ardent young officer, who told him he hoped there would soon be a chance of active service. "I want to see no more. War is devilish."

Another grand duke, Alexis Alexandrovitch, is the theoretical head of the Russian army, being "high admiral." He takes keen interest in naval matters, but the practical control of them is in the hands of Vice Admiral Tyrtov, who directs the ministry of marine.

Count Lamsdorff, the foreign minister, is regarded in Russia as a very poor successor to such diplomatic giants as Ignatieff, Co-tchakoff and Lobanoff. He is unpopular with the army because he has always shown himself to be one on the side of peace. The officers accuse him, as Englishmen accused Lord Salisbury, of making too many "graceful concessions" to the nation's rivals.

Personally, Lamsdorff is an attractive man. No other Russian statesman is so much liked by the foreign colony in St. Petersburg and by the mass of the people. He is democratic and approachable. Other ministers of the czar surround themselves by secret service agents, and are as difficult to interview as the grand lama of Tibet. Not so Lamsdorff. He mixes freely with the public, alone and unguarded; and anybody with a reasonable excuse can see him at his office any day.

IVAN VANNEKOFF.

The Diamond Derelict

(Continued from Page Fifteen.)

among sailor men, he told me. I can readily believe it. You have doubtless earned it."

The mate had leaned back against the ship's rail, but as Parton paused he started forward with his fists clenched. But in a moment the fingers, which had been tightly closed in great knots, slowly relaxed; the face which had been tense and drawn with passion, slowly changed its expression to one even less admirable, but far from defiant; the voice which had been harsh and overbearing became somewhat propitiatory, although it was not a pleasant one as he spoke:

"Well," said he, "there's no use of rowing over it. What I ask of you is very reasonable, and you ought to be damned glad that I am reasonable. Perhaps I haven't put it very well, but you know that I am a rough man and I spoke roughly, I suppose. There ain't no use of your flying at me like a tiger. I suppose that we fellows who spend our lives at sea do get rough in our way of talking."

"As I remember what has been said," said Parton, not raising his voice at all, but still with the glitter in his eyes, "it is I who have used the rough language. I will add something. You are not only a cur, but you are a coward. I will go even a little farther still. You are not only a cur and a coward, but you are a thief—or would be if you had nerve enough to steal. What you lack is the courage of the pick-pocket. You thought that I had something valuable in my possession when I came on board, and you have ransacked my bunk in trying to find it, so that you might steal it; but there has been nothing there. You are a cur, a coward and a thief. As a cur and a coward you are successful. No one could be more cowardly or more a cur. As a thief, however, you have failed, because you could not find what you wanted to steal."

For an instant the mate paused, as if dazed by the temerity of the young Englishman. Then he clenched his fists again and started forward with the look of a devil on his face.

"You—you—you," he said, almost inarticulate from rage. But that was all he said, and again the clenched fists loosened. Other clenched fists had loosened in South Africa when the gleam that there was there now had come into Parton's eyes, and when their owners had noted the iron-like rigidity of the muscles which controlled Parton's face, holding it in a hard, angular, fixed expression of real hatred.

For a few seconds only the mate tried to answer eye with eye. Then his face broke weakly up into what he desperately tried to make a contemptuous smile, but which really amounted to nothing more than a frightened and astonished contortion. He turned away and went out of the cabin.

Parton went on deck, and for an hour paced the ship from end to end, with no more sign that he dreaded the mate or anything which he might do than that he saw fair women and heard wit passing.

As the afternoon waned he went below again. The mate was in the cabin and

was smoking. This infuriated Parton. He paid no heed to his nod of greeting, but went to the opposite side of the cabin table and, quietly reaching across it, took the cigar from between the officer's teeth, and tossed it through the open port hole.

"We will not smoke in the cabin, Mr. Brown," he said briefly and calmly. "I fancy that the captain will want all the air that he can get. If you want to smoke, smoke on deck. If tomorrow is a fine day I shall have the captain taken up there, where the breeze may freshen him up a bit."

The mate said absolutely nothing. For a moment he sat at the table, breathing so heavily that the hissing of the air between his lips and teeth was louder than the captain's labored respiration. Then he rose and went to the companionway and out upon the deck.

(To Be Continued.)

Secret of the Ancients

(Continued from Page Eight.)

tell where one riot of color begins and another ends.

The wonderful colors thus secretly, yet apparently openly, imparted are on the surface only and constant washing and scouring will eventually cause them to fade and disappear. A vase, however, to adorn the parlor mantel, colored thus, would retain its wonderful hues for all time.

The World's fair means much to these Aztec artists and laborers. When the fair is over they may return to their southern homes and live the life of luxurious ease so much desired by the natives of that semi-tropical climate. There are eighteen of these Aztecs to be engaged in the replica of the Carrizo mine. The average wage paid laborers there is 37½ to 62 cents per day, and this, too, in Mexican money, which in American money would be equivalent to from 15 to 25 cents per day.

Jesus Tobano, with his wonderful secret known to only one other man on earth, and with a skill little short of marvelous, draws a salary of \$1.25 a day, Mexican money, or 50 cents a day in American money. During the World's fair at St. Louis these men will draw the wages of Americans and unless they develop unexpected extravagant habits each one will be able to return after his seven months' harvest with sufficient wealth to live in affluence the remainder of his days.

W. C. M'CARTHY.

First Baptist Church

(Continued from Page Nine.)

feet, with a height from the street grade of 63 feet. The auditorium is to be octagonal and will be 63 feet across. The floor will be sloped. The pulpit is to be at the east, with organ loft at the rear, also robing rooms, toilet, choir rooms, library and pastor's study. At the west end of the auditorium will be a gallery over the vestibule. In the lower floor will be a large Sunday school room, which can be separated from other rooms or enlarged by movable partitions. There is a vestibule to the entrance from Harney street and a woman's parlor, toilet rooms, kitchen, pantry and boiler rooms.

Blundering Again

"I tell you," observed Mr. Shenson, "I think a great deal of my daughters. I have six, but I am not in a hurry to part with them, and if some young man should marry one of them and not treat her right I'd wring his neck."

"I believe you would," said Mr. Makin-

brakes, cordially assenting to the proposition. "I'd hate to marry one of your daughters—that is, of course, if I were a young man—I mean, you know, that if I were a mean young man, I'd be afraid to—or rather I'd know, you know, that I—that there would be all kinds of trouble ahead, and it wouldn't be—er, safe, and all that kind of thing—and anyhow—looks as if the war between Russia and Japan might break out any minute, doesn't it?"—Chicago Tribune.

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