POOR DOCUMENT

MC 2033

COMMANDANT CRONJE.

Some Facts About the Man Who is Now Beleaguering Baden-Powell.

One who claims personal acquainance with General Cronje writes thus in the Sunday Special of the man who is now investing Mafeking:—

In the deep gloom which now overshadows South Africa, presently to be converted into a garantuan, shambles one figure looms out prominently on lurid canvas—that of Commandant Cronje, at once the vilified poltroon of Potchefstroom and the belauded hero of Dornkop.

Boer of the Boers, fanatic to the core, imbued with the strongest racial prejudices of his nation, Cronje has at least one characteristic which is acknowledged alike by his friends and enemies—consistency. In the farm at Potchefstrom, close to the Mooi River, where his homestead is situated, he is worshiped as one who stands quite apart from his fellows, a leader of men, and this reputation, acquired in the early days when the Boers trekked north, fighting their way through swarms of hostle savages, still clings to him. Traditions of his prowers and skill in those bygone times, embroidered by the vista of years, are to this day related to the young folk by their parents as they sit over the evening meal; how he withstood the savage rush on the laagered-wag ons at daybreak and brought them safely through.

Commandant Cronje is a man of distinct personality, in spite of his somewhat stolid countenance. A heavy thick-set man with bushy eyebrows, a stern, set mouth scarcely concealed by the grizzled mustache and dark thick beard streaked with gray; merciless as his creed, and utterly relentless and unscruplous in all dealings with his enemies. As a tactician in guerrilla warfare, he is unsurpassed, even by Piet Joubert, and with the exception of the affair of 1881, alread mentioned, his bravery has never been called into question. This is the man who at the head of 10,000 men now faces Colonel Baden-Powell on the borders of Bechuanaland, and he it is who has opened the "ball."

It was in the village of Dornkop. The smoke still hung about in a mist from the recent engagement, and the burning sun poured down on the small farm house with the white flag of surrender flying from the roof. The low stone wall inclosing the garden be hind shone white, while all around lay brown groups of the men who had done their best to get through to Johannesburg and failed. On the slopes above hundreds of irregular horsemen, rough and unkempt, with slouch hats and bandoliers, came circling round and winding to the little farmhouse on which the small white flag fluttered in the breze, Grouped in front of the building was a knot of officers, the leaders of the expedition, with surrender writ large on every face.

At the head of the advancing horde rode a burley figure in a dirty slouch hat stooping his saddle, unclean and unkempt, everything about him betokening neglect; the wretched looking ungroomed horse, the antiquated saddlery, the rusty steel, everything. Yet one could see that his was the master mind directing the hordes which were gradually enveloping the unfortunate body of men lying at their mercy. It was Commandant Cronje In arrogant, truculent tones he dictated the terms of surrender. They were at his mercy, but he dare not go so far as he would like to have gone. In coarse guttural invective he put forward his terms. The small body of men, tired, hungry and thirsty, still had their weapons in their hands, and he knew well that if he gave vent to his feelings, which meant putting the leaders with their backs to the wall and shooting them, he would find it a very dangerous game to play, but it is doubtful if he would not have done it but for the restraining influence around him. He snarled like a tiger deprived of his legitimate prey. They were the accursed English whom he hated and whose portion was to be shot down like dogs. But the influences around him predominated. With a keen eye he watched the process of disarmament taking place, and there was a glut of satisfaction, almost amounting to a smile—if such a thing were possible with him—in the abject humiliation of his hated enemies, as they filed before him, prisoners of war, on their way to Pretoria, there to receive their judgment. I was there.

In the Midst of Meteors.

The grand meteoric exhibition which is promised for this week is to be a repetition of a similar spectacle witnessed in 1866, and of the more famous meteor "shower" of 1833.

The shower schedule for this year has been advertised far and wide, but these particular metors —the "Lenoids"they are called, all because they shoot from the direction of a point in the constelation Leo—affect the morning hours, and rare ly appear until midnight. A nearly full moon will interfere seriously with the moon will interfere seriously with the spectacle, blotting out from view all except the brightest of the meteors.

A meteor is a bit of solid matter, stone or metal, which, dashing from outer space into the earth's atmosphere with terrific speed, is quickly heated to the melting point by the friction of the air, and usually within a second of time is dissipated into dust and vapor. The streak of light which we see—the "shooting star"—announces this fatal catactrophe of the meteor, which is ordinarly a dark, invisible body.

The space traversed by the earth in her annual journey round the sun is thickly strewn with these tiny celestial bodies, which probably rarely surpass a paving stone in size, and more often are not as large as peas—so thickly strewn, indeed, that it has has been estimated that the average fall of meteors over the whole earth is not less than fifteen millions daily

These tiny bodies are subject to the same laws of attraction as govern the movements of the planets, and, like the planets, they circle around the sun. In some cases, if not in all, they are aggregated into shoals, or streams, countless millions of them journeying around the sun together in great elliptical orbits, some of which cross the earth's path and are encountered by her at certain seasons of the year. A large number of such meteor systems are now recognized, of which the best known is that of the Leonids, which the earth strikes annualy about the middle of November. Dr. G. Johnstone Stoney has given this description of this system:—

"This great body of meteors traverses an immense oval orbit, which, near its outer limit, crosses the path of the planet Uranus, and near the point at which it approaches nearest to the sun crosses the earth's path. The meteoric orbit does not intersect the orbits of the intermediate planets, Saturn, Jupiter and Mars, owing to the considerable inclination of its plane.

"Round this great inclined orbit the meteors glide in a stream, which lengthens as it moves inward toward the sun, and becomes shorter during each outward journey. Where the swarm passes the earth it is about one hundred thousand miles thick, and of such length that, though it travels at the rate of 27 miles a second, the great procession takes over two years to pass us, and when its hinder part is still with us its front has reached a point between the orbits of Jupiter and Saturn. Nevertheless,although so immensely long, it extends over only a portion of its own great orbit, which it takes about a third of a century to traverse."

Ordinarily, when the earth crosses the path of these meteors she encounters only the stragglers of the system, individual meteors which in the course of time have become separated from the main column, and are scatered to a considerable distance on either side of it and in greater or less profusion around the whole orbit. But at intervals of thirty-three years she she finds directly in her path the main body of the meteors, and then it is that occurs the meteor "shower," millions of these hapless bodies being gathered up by the earth, as she plunges through their midst with her reckless speed of more than eighteen miles a second, in the course of a few hours.

The earth passes diagonally through the stream in a direction nearly contrary to that in which the meteors themselves move so that the collision is nearly "end on." As a consequence, the speed with which the meteors enter the earth's atmosphere is about forty miles a second—more than one hundred times the velocity of a cannon ball. Hence the rapidity with which these meteors shoot and the great brilliancy of many of them.

The great shower of 1833 has been described by many witnesses, all of whom testify to its awful grandeur. An observer in South Carolina has described the terror which the spectacle inspired among igorant blacks, who thought "the world was on fire."

"It is difficult to say which excited me the most," says this observer, "the awfulness of the scene or the distressed cries of negroes. Upward of a hundred lay prostrate on the ground, some speechless and some with the bitterest cries, but the most with their hands upraised, imploring God to save the world and them. The scene was truly awful, for never did rain fall much thicker than the meteors fell toward the earth. East, west, north and south it was the same."

This is the sort of exhibition which, it is expected, will be witnessed somewhere upon the earth within the next few days. The van of the meteor column reached the earth's orbit six or seven months ago. The column now lies directly in the earth's way. She will strike it somewhere between November 14 and 16, and will be about five hours in passing through it, and this will be the duration of the shower.

Shall we be able to see it? If it were known exactly where the meteor swarm now is, and, consequently, precisely when the earth will reach it, this questlon could be answered. But astronomers have not yet gotten a sufficiently accurate knowledge of the meteor orbit to be able to locate it with this precision. Besides, these meteors, like comets, are liable to be "perturbed" in their movements by the attractions of the planets and drawn more or less out of the path which otherwise they would pursue. The record of the meteors shows, indeed, that their orbit is slowly changing its location in such a wise that it is now crossed by the earth later in the year than formerly. In the last hundred years the time of the earth's encounter with the meteors seems to have been retarded two days at least.

It is generaly agreed that last year the earth crossed the central line of the meteor path about three o'clock in the morning of November 15. This year she will reach the same point in her orbit six hours later, or at nine o'clock a.m., Washing time, November 15. If the earth finds the thick of the meteor stream at that point this year, as seems not unlikely, the showers can not be observed in Europe or the eastern part of the United States, since it will then be broad daylight. Observers on the Pacific coast may witness the latter part of it, and it will be at its finest over the Pacific Ocean.

Trouble in Rome.

Relations between the Vatican and the Italian government are reported to be more than ordinarily strained just now. It appears that during a recent religious celebration at Vico Equense the Archbishop of Sorento, Mgr. Giustiniani, administered a reprimand to the canon in charge of that parish for having delivered a patriotic speech at a recent centenary commemoration, and having exhorted his hearers to love their country and to be faithful to the glorious dynasty of Savoy. The speech concluded with a recommendation for young Italians to adopt as their watchwords, "Religion, Italy, Savoy." The precise terms of the reprimand are unknown, but the Archbishop himself has admitted that he refused to allow the canon to kiss his hand, and advised him curtly not to be troublesome, but "to kiss the hand of Italy." An official inquiry was instituted, with the result that Count Bonasi, Minister of Justice and Public Worship, withdrew the stipend paid by the state to the Archibishop of Sorrento, and directed that the money thus withdrawn should be expended for charitable purposes within the diocese itself. This act has evoked loud protests from the clerical press. A somewhat similar incident occured recently at Palermo, when a priest was suspended by Cardinal Celesia for having refered in terms of approval to Italian unity. A great outcry arose, but the offending priest was induced to make a public retraction of his patriotic utterances, and the suspension was cancelled. —[New York Post.

First lady—What New Year's present are you going to give your husband?

Second lady—A hundred cigars.

First lady—And what did you pay for them?

Second lady—Oh, nothing! For the last few months I have taken one or two out of Jack's box every day. He hasn't noticed it, and will be so pleased with my selecting the right quality of cigars.—[Collier's Weekly.

MONEY TO CHUCK OVERBOARD.

Heartbreaking Sport of a Man Who Knew His Business.

At one of the Washington cafes the other day a frequent visitor walked from his seat at the table in the front room into the kitchen.

"May I use your fire?" said he to the chef.

"Bitte, mein herr," responded that worthy who for years back had been serving this particular guest with the best the cafe afforded. The visitor stood in front of the fire for a moment in a reflective mood and then taking a large rool of bank bills from his pocket threw them one by one into the fire.

"Oh, sir! Oh, sir!" said the chef "Why do you throw away so much money? What have I done that you should burn all that money? Why don't you give it to me if you want to be rid of it? Instead of the finest in the market, I shall serve you hereafter with corned beef and cabbage. You are unworthy the hospitality of the house."

The stranger, a banker, by the way said nothing, but continued feeding the flames from his fat package. In a few moments some friends, who had been dining in the front room, came rushing into the kitchen, the story of his lunacy having reached them, says a writer in the New York Tribune.

"What are doing? What are you doing?"they cried, striving in every way to prevent him from burning the money, of which he seemed to have such an unlimited supply.

"My good people," he said, when the excitement was at its highest pitch,"listen a moment and I will explain to you my seeming insanity. My friend Smith was made executor for the famous bookmaker Jones. Among his effects he found this package of greenbacks, and, as I happened to be a banker, he brought them to me to ask why such a large amount of money should have been thrown carelessly in one of the drawers I examined the package and found that all of it except about three dollars was counterfeit. He left it on my counter, saying: Here, take it. I will have nothing to do with the stuff. I will not even carry it about my person,' and I packed it away in my pocket to afford a little amusement to my fellow convives here."

The banker was so toasted on all sides he found it convenient to take a cab home A similar scene was enacted on one of the river boats the next day when he distritributed along the course of the steamer a peck or so of silver dollars, all of them frequenters of the boat, he escaped detection and was put down as a harmless counterfeit, but not being knnown by the lunatic.

Pearl Fishing in the Sulus.

The boat comes to anchor and the diver begins his initial preparation for a descent by donning a thick red blanket suit, which incases his whole body in its soft folds. A great bag comes next, with arms and legs to it, open only at the neck, where the heavy brass collar plate supports the helmet, and at the rubber wristlets, through which the hands are painfully thrust. It is no easy task to get into a heavy, unwieldly sack of this kind, made of alternate thicknesses of canvas and pure red rubber, and two men work and tussle to get this muffled object of red flannel shaken down inside. At last he is in and the hands are squeezed through constricting rubber rings at the wrists, which hermetically seal themselves on the soft flesh, but over which, as a further precaution, are snapped heavy rubber bands.

Perspiration begins to pour down the diver's face and trickle into his eyes, as his assistants struggle again with the grotesque metal shoes, much like a large pair of Dutch wooden shoes. Now the metal neck yoke is slipped over his head, with its encircling row of perpendicular bolts, which are slipped through the holes in the rubber collar, one by one. It could hardly be called an artistic ruffle, this throat-encircling chevaux-de-frise of iron bolts over which the pondorous, glass-eyed helmet is dropped and bolted down into position, until the soft rubber ring of the suit makes a water tight joint between the two metal rings.

The front bull's eye of plate glass is left out to the last moment, as the diver is equipped with a corded basket for shells and a heavy knife with which to fight big fish or cut off the arms of some frightful squid. Looking out through this encircling frame, the diver's ordinarily sallow face is colored with hot blood and his breath comes faster from the steam bath he is taking in the hot air and padded clothes.

Down in the hold two Tagalogs, nude to the waist, are grinding round and round on the handle of the pump, and the hot air sighs through the long hose pipe and pours out at the back of the diver's head where the pipe joins the helmet. The plate glass front is put in position and bolted on, while the diver, now drawing breath only by the effective working of the pump, twists the side valve on his helmet to control the escape.

He is assisted down the short rope ladder over the side, as he is almost helpless in the weighty trappings, and the last act before he goes bubbling downward out of sight is to add more weights of lead to his shoulders.

"It is only fourteen fathoms (eighty-four feet) here," remarks Captain Tiana, as the stream of bubbles alone tells the position of the diver. The submerged man walks astern the boat, and, as he moves away, the life-line, the hoisting rope, and the jealously-guarded air pipe are played out, and, as the remaining portion on board becomes shorter, four members of the crew in the bow let out, yard by yard, the anchor hawser.

In the pumping room the men are straining at the pump which ran so easily before they were overcoming a presure of fifty pounds' weight of water to the square inch. One wonders what the sensation of breathing air condensed to such a degree would be like.

Fifteen minutes, and the signal cord gives a jerk, and half a dozen men are pulling for dear life on the submerged rope. The novice expects to see him come up underneath the boat, but Tiana points astern, and there, through the surface water, ploughs a sputtering, flopping sea monster, which finally assumes the shape of the diver.

He cannot climb even the first rungs of the ladder, and has to be lifted on deck, doubling up with his legs dangling in the water over the low board around the boat. The front glass is quickly unscrewed, but before it comes off the men at the pump suddenly stop turning. Up goes the diver's hand in a signal of distress, and he grabs his side valve to ease it to the suddenly diminished pressure. A yell goes up from those outside, and the throb of the pump is heard again until the glass plate falls open.

Six or eight times a day this man undergoes the suffering that now leaves him palid, nerveless and shivering, so frightfully exhausted that he is helpless to assist in the undressing. He may, if he works on a good bank of shells, bring up a dozen or even more at a trip, but a hundred shells a day is excellent work and a mint of money. On this exhibition trip, over barren ground, he had but a single fair sized shell, some six inches in diameter, and half a dozen of the curious spiny star fish of these waters.

A big shell, whose inside nacre is beautiful, even in its unpolished condition, will measure a foot in diameter, though the majority of the shells do not average over six or seven inches.

The crew were Tagalogs and Moros. The divers were Tagalogs, both pinched faced, hollow cheeked fellows, who looked as if their lives were being squeezed out of them by inches. Such is literally the truth. For ten years of comparative affluence, at the enormous salary—for the East—of sixty pesos, or $30, a month, they forfeit their chance of a longer life and undergo, it is said, the most frightful torture day by day in a watery, close-fitting mould, which crushes the life blood back upon the struggling heart.

Twenty-five fathoms under water, in a rubber diving suit, with only the head procted from the grinding pressure of the ocean's grasp by a copper helmet! Even yet the significance of this statement is not felt, until it is said that these men work at the wonderful depths of a hundred and forty to a hundred and sixty feet, for ten or fifteen minutes at a time, under the most overpowering weight of water, exerting a pressure of from sixty to seventy pounds upon every square inch of their flesh. The craving of the human heart for wealth is amazing!

Not only do these divers, in their fifty-pound copper shoes, which hold them to the bottom, go down through green depths filled with the monsters of a tropical sea, confronting daily the danger of immense fish making direct attack or appropriating their air tubes for bait, but they walk along an uneven ocean floor for hundreds of yards—a floor overgrown with enormous coral groves, in whose shadows lurks the giant devil fish with its outspreading tentacles from whose embrace it is well nigh impossible for pigmy man to escape.

One of these Tagalog divers—a young old man at thirty, who had survived longer than most of his class—nonchalantly told me, as we drifted away in the soft breeze from Jolo to the diving ground, that he was slowly becoming paralyzed, adding,in the most indifferent way, "Oh, yes! I have stood it better than my brother. He was paralyzed two years ago, and he cannot move his arms or legs. We have to feed him with a spoon."

The great rock fish has more terrors for the divers than the monster sharks of the tropics. This man went on relating story after story of what happened to Pedro or Menos or Jesus. One man had gone down in very deep water, and touched bottom directly in front of a rock fish fifteen feet long, which had rushed at him with open mouth, crushing his thigh and perforating his diving suit. Oh, yes! He went dead," the diver concluded, in the bad English learned on the coast of Borneo.

There was another friend of his who had his air tube broken in a fight with a shark, when twenty fathoms down. The dead shark, with a great knife gash in his belly, floated to the surface, and behind him floated the black corpse of a man.

"Oh, yes! I had bad trouble once. Never had much trouble with big rock fish except once. Big fish grab my head in his mouth, but he no can bite hard for strong helmet. Other time was when man who pump no like me; get in fight with other man an' stop pumpin', and I no can get air. Men outside on big rope, they no fight an' pull me in quick, but I no remember anything till I wake up on deck. I just black all over with blood. Yes, I thought I die that time."

The German Gambling Scandals.

From the evidence given in the recent "gambling trial" at Berlin, it would appear that the Innocents' Club, where the high play occured, was appropriately named. It seems that a majority of the members were a set of young spendthrifts who actually believed that they could retrieve their ruined fortunes by steady gambling, and hoped to emulate the prosperity of the bank at Monte Carlo. A good many of them, apparently, were the dupes of a few shrewd professionals, like the man Wolffe, who already had served served a sentence of two years' imprisonment, and his associate Montalbi. Both these worthies disappeared, probably with material gains, at the first sign of trouble, leaving their luckless associates to bear the brunt of prosecution. The three young men who were tried fo r"professional gambling" escaped conviction on a legal technicality, receiving the benefit of the doubt, but the judge intimated pretty clearly that their moral responsibility was beyond question, the implication being that there was fraudulent intent. If so the would be biters would be bitten pretty badly. Just what the total losses of all the members were can only be guessed, but it was known that twenty-six of them lost $150,000 which is a tolerably large sum for lads existing upon moderate allowances—[New York Post.

The Kearsarge Quite English.

The Kearsarge demonstrates some radical advances in the theory of armor plating. The United States battleship Iowa, launched in 1896, had a belt of limited length and two gun turrets,but in the case of the Iowa the armor was not continued above the belt. In the Kearsarge, and the ships of her type, some of which are still under construction, the practice adopted in Great Britain of covering the sides up to the main deck with five inch armor has been followed. There are changes in the grouping of the armament beside the adoption of the superimposed turrets. The aim of the armament experts seem to be to avoid the multiplication of gun positions and top-heavy structure. In this the American designers are following the example set them by British designers of battleships. In fact, our ships are becoming decidly English in appearance.—[Collier's Weekly.

HORSES IN BATTLE

Behave in Very Much the Same Manner as Their Masters.

A veteran cavalry horse partakes of the hopes and fears of battle just the same as his rider. As the column swings into line and waits the horse grows nervous over the waiting. If the wait is spun out he will tremble and sweat and grow apprehensive.

If he has been six months in service he knows every bugle call. As the call comes to advance the rider can feel him working at the bit with his tongue to get it between his teeth. As he moves out he will either seek to go faster than he should or bolt. He cannot bolt, however. The lines will carry him forward, and after a minute he will grip, lay back his ears and one can feel his sudden resolve to brave the worst and have done with it as soon as possible.

A man seldom cries out when hit in the turmoil of battle. It is the same with a horse. Five troopers out of six, when struck with a bullet, are out of their saddle within a minute. If hit in the breast or shoulder up go their hands, and they get a heavy fall; if in the leg or foot or arm they fall forward and roll off. Even with a foot cut off by a jagged piece of shell, a horse will not drop. It is only when shot through the head or heart that he comes down. He may be fatally wounded, but hobbles out of the fight to right or left, and stands with drooping head until the loss of blood brings him down.

The horse that loses his rider and is unwounded himself will continue to run with his set of fours until some movement throws him out. Then he goes galloping here and there, neighing with fear and alarm, but he will not leave the field. In his racing about he may get among the dead and wounded, but he will dodge them if possible, and in any case leap over them. When he has come upon three or four riderless steeds they fall in and keep together, as if for mu tual protection, and the "rally" of th bugle may bring the whole of them into ranks in a body.—[Cincinnati Enquirer

E. L. Godkin.

The Evening Post in Mannhattan has announced the retirement of Mr.E. L. Godkin from the editorship,but adds that he will continue to be an occassional editorial contributor to it . He meant to retire next January in any event, but the state of his health has led him to do so now. The separation of Mr.Godkin from journalism is a loss to that calling. That ill health has expedited it is a matter for regret. As the founder of the Nation newspaper and editor for many years of the Evening Post, Mr. Godkin filled a large space in the journalistic world. While much was attributed to him that he did not write, no injustice was done by the fact, for its resemblance to his known writings showed that he inspired it, either directly or by the influence of his mind on those who worked with him.

In distinct respect he was a very able writer. His vigor was so marked and his point of view was so original as to make his style unmistakable. He always sought to account for things or to commend them or to attack them by clear and sheer reasoning. Appeal, or warmth, or the union of the two in eloquence never was possible or at least tolerable to him. But the effect eloquence produces, and some beyond them, or more lasting, were accomplished by him by the depth of his learning, the power of his statement and the fine scorn of any devices or fetches. We never were under debt to a more straightforward writer or to one alike so strong and so simple. His style was the final result of the best culture. A tribute merely to his originality, structural power and terrific directness of thought would fail to do justice to his prodigious sincerity. He never in serious articles said less than he belived, or other, and he never was afraid to say it. In lighter vein or in paragraphs he drew on the old Adam that is in all of us and took sardonic pleasure in making an apponent wince or howl or jump. This made for him more short fun than long fame.

His defect were on the side of these high qualities. They comprised an extreamism that did not allow for the halting habit of slower intelligences, an inability to bear with them at times, a peremptoriness that antagonized where patience would have won, and a cultivation of destructive criticism as an art that grew to be a veritable passion. The few who agreed with him were not more anxious to read him than the many who did not. The admiration of the first created for him not nearly so large a constituency as did the rage of the second. Both respected him, though his opponents felt a sense of anger at themselves at having to do so. He was principle or prejudice and courage incarnate, lacking the ability to believe that any who absolutely disagree with him were so good as they ought to be.

A preaching or pedagogical habit caused him in latter years to take a parochial or personal rather than a cosmopolitan outlook on many matters. His attachment to reforms was so great as almost to make him feel that he was their exclusive nurse or defender. He could not let them fight their way in the world as healthy children are apt to do. He could not understand the part that struggles and set backs play in revolutions. Nor could he see that the opposition of millions to his ideas had in it any more moral significance than that of one person or paper. That it indicated an unpreparedness, and not an iniquity, seemed not to occur to him. He could understand the gradual movement of a glacier, though not the slow pace of multitudinous minds.

But his ire was as often glorious or celestial as it was childish or comical. His indignation at dissent took the form of characterization of adversaries that were alike so acid and at times substantially so unjust as to make them at whom he aimed his personal enemies . He reveled and excelled in the art of making them. That art in his case was never the gentle art. As a consequence we have seen no considerate allusion to his retirement in any newspaper. Editors bless not those whom they hate and pray not for those who despitefully use them and persecute them.

One may doubt that Mr. Godkin realized his self-created isolation from love or liking in his own vocation. Hitters as hard as he rarely do. Nor is it likely he realized the severity of the retorts he drew. He probably regarded them as legitimate and in a sense as the homage which imitation paid to him. The suffering he caused could hardly be measured. Intent or consciousness of it should not be ascribed to him, for in a very concrete and personal world, he thought as abstractly and fulminated as impersonally, in the spirit of his work, as could be conceived. The unpitying and mechanical quality of fate, rather than the volition of fury, the whirl of a dervish rather than the calculation of a dancer, was what he suggested.

Had he written for history instead of for now, or for quarterlies instead of for a daily, his recourse to personalities had been needless and avoided. And it is by his essays on permanent and universal themes he will be remembered or by his contemperaneous treatment of national traits or errors. The momentary or the ephemeral not seldom made him unjust to himself—and to others. To drive tacks with trip hammers is excessive. A want of proportion, an over zeal either in controversary or in sarcasm suggests a want of immagination and of saving, warm, educational humor. That was so in his case. one who loves vinegar abhors honey.

But liberty,reforms, arbitration, righteousness, honesty in money, in social values and in thought owe a large debt to him. Journalism received from him a stimulation that was constantly valuable. The integrity of the editorial page had in him a grand exponent He wrote more that will long survive him than almost any other commentator of his time. We who agreed with his aims much more than we could with his methods cannot let his retirement pass without an acknowledgment of profound obligation to him as a moralist to admire rather than as a tactician to emulate. We wish wish for him many years of happiness in honored and rehabilitating rest.—[Brooklyn Eagle.

"SAG HARBOR" BABY LOST.

The Mother's Clock Was Wrong, and the Actors Had a Bad Scare.

The bouncing baby that plays so conspicuous a part in James A. Heron's new play, "Sag Harbor," kicked up considerable excitement last night behind the green curtain of the Park theatre.

At 8.30 p. m., the baby should properly arrive on the stage of the theatre in its mother's arms.

At 8.30 last night, there were no signs of distress plainly visible on the face of William Young, Mr. Herne's manager. Why? Mr. Baby had not arrived.

Much of the dialogue and action of act third in "Sag Harbor" clusters around this baby. After the little one is brought upon the stage almost all the principals in the cast take turns in holding it.

At 8.45 p. m., the expression of concern on Stage Manager Young's face had elongated to one of comparative horror. Baby had not yet arrived.

At this time word was sent out "front" to Mr. Herne's manager of the important nonarrival. The members of the company, of course, learned of the impending catastrophe, and a sort of horrified trepidation took possession of all, as the play ran swiftly along to the moment for baby's entrance.

Mr. Herne's manager faced the issue calmly for a moment and quietly gave instructions to the stage manager as he hastily climbed into his coat. "Mr.Young I am off to find the baby. Hold the curtain on the third act and keep the orchestra playing until the baby arrives; if I don't return successfully in my quest by 9.15 raise the curtain and go on with the property baby."

Napoleonic generalship then gathered itself into all concerned. Off went the carriage at mad gallop for three different destinations given by the stage manager By this time the watch in the vest pocket of the cool and always collected star commenced rather nervously to tick off the seconds—it was almost 9 o'clock.

Just as the hands of Mr. Herne's watch reached 9 a burst of delight proceeded from the back door entrance and billowed all over the stage, while the callboy shouted "Hurrah! the baby is here!" The orchestra had about played their arms and lungs out when the staccato voice of the stage manager penetrated through the curtain, "Third act—ring up."

About 15 minutes later a fast-driven steed dashed up the alley to the stage door and out jumped the managerial party. Happy sighs escaped them as they learned that the tiny actor was already upon the stage.

When the stage manager's delight had merged into thoughts of discipline he asked the child's mother: "What was the matter Mrs. Wilson? What caused this awful delay?"

The mother replied with lymphatic calm: "I guess my clock was wrong." [Boston Herald.

Variegated Birds.

The most variegated bird in the world has lately been discovered in India and Ceylon. No less than nine different colors are distinguishable in its plumage. It is called the nine colored pitta (Pitta Bengalensis Vell), and with its long legs, short tail and plump body it bears considerable resemblance to a thrush. But its colors are gray and beautifully harmonized.

Its powerful long beak is curved on top and is generaly held firmly closed. The foot is widely spread, the middle toe very long. The wings are short and well rounded. This bird is a light brown, with black stripes on the upper part of its body. The head and sides of the neck are black, while a white line passes over the eyes, forming a kind of eyebrow, and the throat and part of the back are also white. The other parts under the body are a yellowish brown, with a greenish tinge. The tail and under parts of the wings are a bright scarlet. The tops of the wings bluish brown, with a greenish tinge. The shoulders are a pale blue. The tips of the shoulders have spots of asure blue, and the pinions are black.

Their wings do not permit any very extended flight, and their long legs show that much of their time is passed on the ground, where they feed on different kinds of beetles, which they crush in their strong beaks. Shy and difficult to approach, they are generally found in the bush of the uplands singly except at breeding time and while the brood is young. The natives of India call the bird "Nourang." A specimen of this brilliantly plumaged bird has lately been taken to the Zoological Garden at Berlin, where it is the cynosure of many eyes.

SOMETHING UNUSUAL.

[From the New York Journal]

Jimmie—Ain't yer going' ter lick me today, teacher?

Teacher—No; why should I?

Jimmie—'Cause if I go home an' tell paw I didn't get no lickin' he'll think I'm lyin'.