THE COSSACKS FAIL TO SHINE

COWBOYS OF THE CZAR'S ARMY DO NOT SUSTAIN THEIR OLDTIME REPUTATION.

The Japanese Cavalry Appear to Hold Their Own in Manchuria—Learned Nothing From Boer War.

Although the Czar of all the Russias may proclaim his newborn son commander-in-chief of all the Cossacks, signifying to his gallant soldiery that "the little father" has not lost confidence in his chosen troops, the world, expert military critic and mere layman alike, has lost faith in the prowess of these hordes of irregular cavalry, from which so much has been expected and so little realized in the present eastern conflict.

With the memory of the Boer war fresh in the minds of military men, with the exploits of the irregular mounted farmers of the Transvaal but newly added to military records, the general expectation was that the Cossacks, famed since the days of wild Mazeppa as terrible and relnetness foes, resembling those that fought under Botha and Cronje, would add to their luster. Of all fields of battle it was particularly appropriate that Asia should be their chosen fighting ground, for, following Skobeloff and all the famous Russian leaders, the Cossack cavalry has carried the Russian empire from the Ural to the Pacific, as the ancient pioneers of America bore a more peaceful rule from the Alleghanies to the Pacific.

Military critics who study the history of the Cossack find, however, that his exploits belong rather in the volumes devoted to border warfare against uncivilized foes than to the records of cavalry in civilized war, established by generals like Murat, Sheridan and Forrest. From the beginning the Cossacks have seldom distinguished themselves against such foes as the Japanese have proved themselves.

As early as Poltava, the fatal battle which ended the conquests of Charles XII. of Sweden and made Peter the Great master of the land of the Don Cossacks, their battles in open field have been generally unsuccessful. Not even the famous Mazeppa could lead his Cossacks to victory here, and their independence was the price exacted by the Emperor.

Not until Napoleon started on the dreadful retreat from Moscow, when his splendid army was reduced to a wreck, did the Cossacks distinguish themselves, and here their tactics shone in fearful brilliance. The charge of the light brigade at Balaklava, however, found no parallel in Cossack bravery or success in the Crimea, and even for the Turk, when Osman Pasha held Plevna, the Cossack held no terror. But in Asia, where Skobeloff captured kingdom after kingdom, penetrating Turkestan and crushing the Turcoman cavalry, the Cossack won great renown.

WHERE HE IS INVINCIBLE.

Operating against a foe less well armed and equipped, if equal in gallantry, guided by well-trained leaders, the Cossacks proved invincible. Indeed, here their tactics were so successful that the American army in its fights against the Indians adopted many of them, and the Cossack outpost still persists in the Philippines, where an uncivilized foe is met.

But against General Kuroki the Cossack has signally failed. Military critics assert that this is due in part to the vast line of communications General Kuropatkin has to protect to the immense transport-guarding necessary and also to the huge Russian army, immobile and entirely unlike that of the Boers, for which the Cossacks must continually act as a covering force in the endless retreats. Be that as it may, however, his gallantry may have perished, but the little Japanese cavalryman, mounted on his diminutive pony, has not been overwhelmed and destroyed, as the world believed he would be, by his huge Cossack foe, who claimed kinship long ago to the rough riders of the Spanish-American war.

Russian in a measure by race, although having a strain of the blood of the great Tartars who once overran Europe and of the blood of the Polish race, the Cossacks are more of a fighting race, living after habits more suggestive of the North American Indian than a civilized community.

SEEK FREEDOM TO ROAM.

Their very name, a survival of a Tartar term for a light-armed warrior, indicates their character as well today as five centuries ago, when they rode into the history of Europe. Freedom had always been a passion with them, not freedom as the cowboy interprets it, freedom to wander, to live in the saddle, to plunder the country of the foe, freedom from the restraints of civilization, and for such freedom they have sold themselves to many rulers frequently to lose their special privileges for the time, and now, in return for their military service, the Czar of Russia, following in the footsteps of his predecessors, has honored this irregular cavalry, whose loyalty to him has been unflagging.

Poland and Finland may revolt against the conqueror, but the Don Cossacks, inhabitants of the region lying between the Volga and the Don, are loyal to the ruler who grants them the opportunity to live as they please in return for fighting his battles. For the Romanoffs they have overrun half Asia, with the spirit of enterprise and endurance of which the ordinary stolid Russian is incapable. First of all, these Cossacks are horsemen. Every capital in Europe has at some time seen quartered there the Slav cavalry, whose feats of horsemanship have given them the title of the cowboys of Europe.

LIVE AND DIE SOLDIERS.

Unlike the rest of the Russian population, which serves its allotted time in the army and returns to ordinary life, the Cossacks live and die Russian soldiers. They are regarded as a military division of the population in boyhood. As infant Venetians are taught to swim, so the youthful Cossack mounts a real horse while his American contemporary is still on a hobby horse. At seventeen compulsory service in the Stanitsa begins, and at twenty comes field service, which lasts for five years.

The Cossacks are divided into eleven corps, or voiskos, and each corps equips its own men, receiving special grants from the crown in return. Indeed, the Czar himself now commands the Cossack sotnias, or regiments, Nicholas' predecessors having seized the office of hetman or ataman, once held by the for-famed Mazeppa, making him the sole authority over the 2,000,000 Cossacks of Russia.

Having their own uniform of dark green, still carrying the famous lance so long their deadliest weapon, the Cossacks are a sort of imperial guard, worshiping their Czar, finding in his favor the opportunity to enjoy the life they love and in return serving him gallantly and loyally. It was Cossack cavalry that penetrated the Caucasus and overran Asia until the great "roof of the world" alone interposed between India and Russian Asia. Cossack cavalry also carried the realm of the Czar to the Pacific Coast.

SURE REGULATORS.—Mandrake and Dandelion are known to exert a powerful influence on the liver and kidneys, restoring them to healthful action, inducing a regular flow of the secretions, and imparting to the organs complete power to perform their functions. These valuable ingredients enter into the composition of Parmelee's Vegetable Pills, and serve to render them the agreeable and salutary medicine they are. There are few pills so effective as they in their action.

The most remarkable of all the papers in the Japanese household are the leather papers of which tobacco pouches and pipe cases are made. They are almost as tough as French kid, so translucent that one can nearly see through them and as pliable and soft as calfskin.

A sanitary crusade upon barber shops is threatened in London, Eng.

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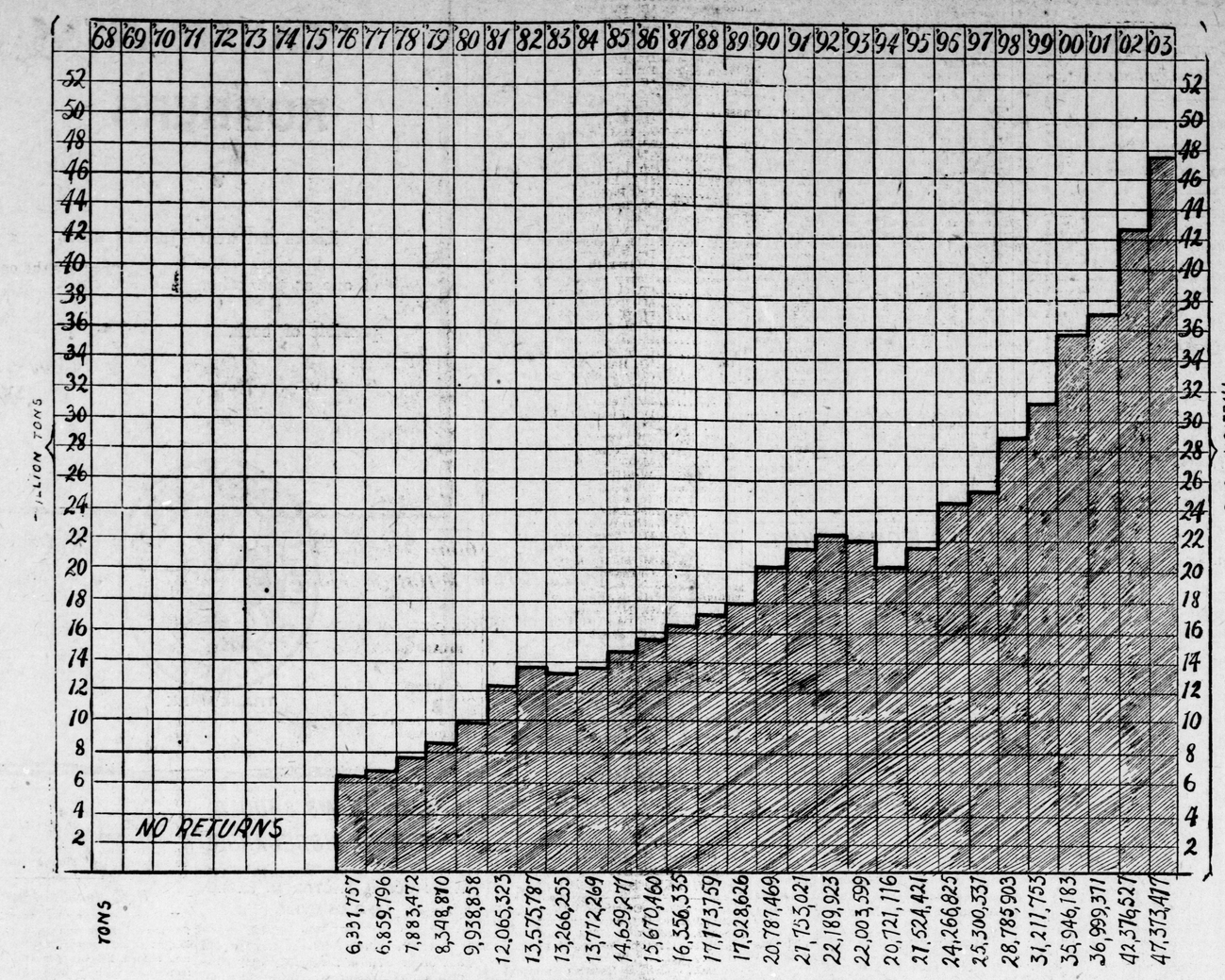

EACH SQUARE REPRESENTS 2,000,000 TONS.

GO BARE-HEADED AND PROMOTE YOUR HEALTH

VENTILATION CURES CATARRH—SUN KILLS MICROBES.

We learn that the new fashion of going without a hat is not limited to this country. According to the writer, it has everything hygienically in its favor, and the arguments against it need only be stated to be refuted. He says:

The mass of hair that covers the top of the head is a feature of the human race in both sexes, and appears to be one of its most stable physical characteristics. Nevertheless, long observation is unnecessary to prove that this characteristic is weakening, and that the vigor of the hair is decreasing in man. Now, a question presents itself: Is this due to a transformation of the species, or must we attribute the fact to man's habits? This second solution appears to be correct, which is consoling, since it allows us to hope that the evil may be checked. This loss of hair that has become more striking from one generation to another by heredity is due, according to some scientists, to the habit of covering the head.

"This habit must affect the hair injuriously in three ways: (1) By depriving it of the life-giving light of the sun, of free ventilation and of the movement of the hairs by air currents; (2) by pressure on the small arteries of the scalp which bring nourishment to the hair; (3) finally, because all head coverings are an excellent culture medium for microbes and facilitate their development.

"The promoters of this reform are meeting at the outset with certain objections: (1) To uncover the head may bring on colds, neuralgia and rheumatism. They answer that colds, catarrh, etc., are of microbian origin and cannot come from the scalp. (2) As for neuralgia and rheumatism, they are convinced that if the habit of leaving the head uncovered is adopted in youth these troubles will not follow. In fact, they say the uncovered parts of the head are not subject to them any more than the uncovered part, less of him perhaps. (3) So far as the incontestable danger of exposing the bare head in the sun is concerned, there are many ways of avoiding this without smothering the scalp. (4) The fear that septic bodies may be deposited on the uncovered parts, especially in cities, certainly deserves consideration, but care in the toilet will enable us to escape the consequences. (5) Finally, the fear lest the hair should be injured by sun, wind or cold has no serious basis, since unprotected parts of the head are covered with vigorous hair.—Translated for the Literary Digest from Cosmos.

Genesis of "Ben Hur."

In his book "On the Trail of Moses" Dr. Louis Albert Banks repeats Gen Lew Wallace's story of how he was inspired to write his great novel, "Ben Hur":

"I had written a serial story of 'The Nativity,' but had laid the manuscript away. On a railway train I met Col Robert Ingersoll, who invited me to sit down beside him.

"'Well, if you will let me dictate the subject, I will,' said I.

"'Certainly. That's exactly what I want.'

"I took a seat by him and began: 'Is there a God?'

"Quickly as a flash he replied, 'I don't know; do you?'

"'Is there a heaven?'

"'I don't know; do you?'

"'Is there a hell?'

"'I don't know; do you?'

"'Is there a hereafter?'

"'I don't know; do you?'

"I finished, saying: 'There you have the texts. Now go ahead.'

"And he did. He was in a prime mood; and, beginning, his ideas turned to speech, flowing like a heated river.

"When we separated at Indianapolis it was a long distance to my destination, but I preferred to walk, for I was in a confusion of mind not unlike dazement.

"To explain this, it is necessary now to confess that my attitude with respect to religion had been one of absolute indifference. I had heard it argued times innumerable, always without interest. So, too, I had read the sermons of great preachers, but always for the surpassing charm of their rhetoric. But—how strange! To lift me out of my indifference, one would think only strong affirmations of things regarded holiest would do. Yet there was I moved as never before, and by what? The most outright denials of all human knowledge of God, Christ, heaven, and the hereafter. He had made me ashamed of my ignorance; and then—here is the unexpected of the affair—as I walked on in the cool darkness I was aroused for the first time in my life to the importance of religion. And while casting around how to set about the study to the best advantage, I thought of the manuscript in my desk. Its closing scene was the child Christ in the cave of Bethlehem; why not go on with the story down to the crucifixion?

"I did as I resolved, with results—first, the book 'Ben Hur,' and second, a conviction amounting to absolute belief in God, and the divinity of Christ."

CONSUMPTION IMPOSSIBLE

You'll never develop consumption if you inhale Catarrhozone. Why, it kills the germs instantly, cures catarrh and throat trouble like magic. For coughs and colds there's nothing equal to Catarrhozone. Used in hospitals, prescribed by doctors, indorsed by thousands. Catarrhzone never fails; try it.

After-Dinner Stories.

There is a tall, lean-faced, bald-headed man, who always eats his luncheon in a certain corner of a down-town cafe. He always has some friend at the table with him, and, according to the testimony of the waiters, he never eats with the same friend twice. There used to be a rumor that the reason of this constant change of companionship was because the friend paid the bill; but the head waiter at last killed the story by a flat contradiction.

Those who have chanced to overhear the bald, lean man, however, firmly believe that he needs a new face in front of him each day in order to have his stories appreciated. They are always the same stories, and each seems to be inspired by a different dish. The soup will prompt one story, and there will be one for every kind of vegetable.

Thus, when the soup is brought on the bald, thin man, will smile and say:

"In ordering the soup I always think of the Chinaman who made an oyster stew. John worked for a wealthy old lady, who knew how to cook, and who always instructed her servants in the preparation of her dishes. When she first showed John how to make an oyster stew, she found that the milk was sour, and accordingly she threw it away. Then she put in some fresh milk and completed the task. About a month after that when showing some visitors the house and telling them what a wonderful Chinaman she had, she came upon John in the act of making an oyster stew. John took the milk pitcher, and quietly poured all of its contents into the drain. Then he took some more milk and made the stew.

The fish story that always goes with the second course runs as follows:

"Talking about fish, did you ever hear of the fishing contest between two Adirondack anglers? Well, one of them bet that a worm was the best bait and the other bet on minnows. The money was put up, two witnesses were called in, and the two fishermen seated themselves in the end of a boat. They had agreed that the man who landed a trout first with his bait should get the money. Finally the man who had a minnow for bait felt a nibble and hauled out of the water a magnificent mountain trout.

"'I've won the bet,' he said as he pulled in the fish, and one witness was just about to hand him the $10, when they discovered that both hooks were in the fish's mouth. On closer examination it was found that the minnow had swallowed the worm. The two men got into such a dispute over the matter that they finally upset the boat, and all were drowned save a solitary witness, who lived to tell the tale."

Should the bread that is placed on the table be molded in long, thin rolls, the bald, thin man will say:

"I suppose you have heard the story of the man who bought a loaf of Vienna bread and then got on a train. He fell asleep and let the bread protrude out of the window. When he awoke he found three mail-bags hanging on to that loaf of bread."—New York Tribune.

PERSONALITY OF NEW YORK'S EXECUTIONER

CORDIAL IN MANNER, SOMEWHAT RESERVED—AN INVENTOR.

M. de Paris, Public Executioner in Paris, whose death occurred lately, is a prototype of one of New York State's little-known employes. Like his French counterpart, the Empire State's executioner is a man whose life is largely shrouded in mystery. He never obtrudes himself upon the public gaze. On the contrary, he takes every precaution to veil his movements and his business in secrecy. No one apparently has ever had from his own lips the reasons for wishing thus to obliterate himself. Some people have professed to believe that his controlling motive in keeping his identity so securely hidden is one of self-preservation. There have been stories current at various times that certain friends of condemned men, whose lives have gone out through the official intervention of the state executioner, have vowed to do him bodily injury if they should chance to recognize him. It is further declared by these veracious chroniclers that on this account the public executioner goes about heavily armed, and continually apprehensive of personal encounters with desperate men and women, at any time of day or night, and wherever he may be traveling.

Doubtless these melo-dramatic recitals are bits of fiction. Over a dozen years have passed since the State of New York substituted the electric chair for the noose, and in all this time no attempts at physical violence have been made against the State executioner, nor for that matter has he received disquieting communications or threats of any sort. Possibly he may have a pardonable sensitiveness about exploiting the nature of his calling which, while it pays well, is not just the kind of vocation the average man would care to adopt, if only for his family's sake.

E. F. Davis is the name of the State's chief high executioner. He lives somewhere on Long Island, precisely where has not been revealed. The State prison authorities have means of communicating with him when needful, and that suffices for all practical purposes. Mr. Davis is an expert electrician. He is of medium build, has dark hair, plentifully sprinkled with gray, and in general appearance and conversation would not attract special attention. He dresses quietly and looks like a well-to-do business man. His manner is cordial, although somewhat reserved. Probably he is not far from 55 years of age. He is married, but has no children.

The Legislature enacted a law providing for inflicting the death penalty by electricity, which was to have gone into effect on Jan. 1, 1889. There were certain formalities to be observed meantime, however, so that it was not until August 1890, that the electric chair claimed its first victim in New York State. It was at this time that Mr. Davis entered the State's service. He had invented certain appliances designed to perfect electric apparatus used in inflicting the death penalty, and it was this fact that gave him a peculiar value in the estimation of the State authorities and led to his employment. Recently the State bought Mr. Davis' patents at a cost of $10,000.

On the day previous for that set for an execution Mr. Davis always reaches the prison. He is accompanied by an assistant named Currier, who comes from one of the New England States. They at once set about testing out the electric apparatus, to make sure it is in proper condition for its morrow's work. During the execution neither Mr. Davis nor his assistant are to be seen.—Brooklyn Eagle.

PALE, SICKLY CHILDREN should use Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator. Worms are one of the principal causes of suffering in children, and should be expelled from the system.

Perhaps the most remarkable bridges in the world are the kettle bridges, of which Cossack soldiers are expert builders. The materials of which they are constructed are the soldiers lances and cooking kettles. Seven or eight lances are passed under the handles of a number of kettles and fastened together by means of ropes to form a raft. A sufficient number of these rafts, each of which will bear a weight of half a ton, are fastened together.

Keep Out Those Cold Fall Chills

By Putting the Stomach in Shape to Supply the Stomach With Heat—Dodd's Dyspepsia Tablets Will Do It.

After the summer heat you should tone up your stomach and put it in shape for its winter's work of supplying the body with heat. If your stomach is working right you will never feel those chills that make the fall the coldest season of the year. Dodd's Dyspepsia Tablets will make your stomach right. Thousands who have used them will tell you so. Miss Lizzie Watling, 177 King William street, Hamilton, Ont., says:

"I suffered for several years with Dyspepsia. Nothing I ate would digest without great pain. I could not get anything to relieve me till I tried Dodd's Dyspepsia Tablets. I have only used one box and now I am cured."

Dye to any Color

At Home!

"Maypole" is a cake of soap that washes and dyes at one operation. Not an old fashioned dirty, messy powder dye. It gives brilliant, fast colors—dyes anything—dyes to any color or shade. Good-bye to that trip to the dye house—dye at home with Maypole.

Maypole Soap

Made in England but sold everywhere.
10c. for Colors—15c. for Black.

Washing Proves

There's only one real test of unshrinkable underwear—the wash tub. Two or three hard rubbings will soon shorten the usual so-called "unshrinkable" underwear. That's why the directions for washing are so elaborate—why there are so many "ifs" and "don'ts."

Stanfield's Unshrinkable Underwear

is absolutely unshrinkable. The wash tub proves it. Your dealer guarantees this to you—and we back up that guarantee to him. We know it won't shrink because it can't shrink. Our special process takes out the shrink before the garments are cut. Even then, each one is tested by washing.

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It makes new blood
It invigorates
It strengthens
It builds
BONE AND MUSCLE

Used with the greatest advantage by all weak people. Prevents fainting, makes pallid cheeks into rosy ones.

Davis & Lawrence Co., Ltd., Montreal.

The life of an express locomotive in England is estimated at 25 years; that of a freight locomotive at 26, that of an ordinary passenger engine at 25 and that of a switch engine at 27. In the United States the life of an express locomotive is 18 years, of a freight engine 16 years, of a passenger engine 19 years, and of a switch engine 22 years. In 18 years, however, the American machine has run 2,000,000 miles—double the average travel of an English locomotive.

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There are hundreds who are martyrs to Kidney Trouble, having tried everything else without relief. There are dozens in every town who may have Kidney Trouble without knowing it. If you are pale—losing flesh—can't sleep—no appetite—if you constantly desire to urinate—if the urine is scanty, burning or highly colored—if the feet and hands are swollen—if the eyesight is dimmed—if there are frequent pains in the back, through the hips and legs—then you have the most positive symptoms of Kidney Trouble.

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