

Bryan's Anti-British Political Capital.

A meeting advertised as having been called "to tender a farewell reception to the Boer envoys," was held in Cooper Union last night. Two of the Boer delegates, Abraham Fischer and C. N. Wessels, and Robert B. Roosevelt, Congressman William Sulzer and the chairman, George M. Van Hoesen, made speeches, but the meeting might easily have been mistaken for one called to ratify the ticket to be nominated at the Democratic National Convention.

In all their efforts the speakers were ably seconded by the audience, which was largely anti-British and anti-Bryan in particular. Perhaps 2,000 men and women attended the meeting and hailed Congressman Sulzer as the next Vice-President. The champion of the "peepal" appeared to enjoy the illusions to such a possibility greatly took occasion to inform his audience two or three times that he was "going West on the midnight train."

"This meeting is called for the purpose of reaffirming our sympathy with the cause of the struggling South African republics, of bidding farewell and godspeed to the envoys from those republics to our shores, and of assuring them that, no matter whether or not they have accomplished all they hoped to accomplish when they came here, they carry back to their unhappy land the heartfelt sympathy of the American people. When President Kruger and President Steyn requested the good offices of the United States to end the war they had a right to expect that our government would act upon the request with some vigor. Instead of that all the officials in Washington would consent to do was to act as a mere messenger."

Mr. Van Hoesen talked along leisurely for the better part of an hour and then introduced Mr. Fischer, who wore evening clothes. He had a most enthusiastic reception.

"We are grateful to the American people," said Mr. Fischer, "for the kindly treatment we have received and the respectful and cordial hearing which they have accorded us. We know that we take home with us the warm, earnest, heartfelt sympathy of the citizens of this great republic. Remembering that, we will also remember that liberty here is not shut up in any capital or town or city."

At this somewhat undiplomatic remark, the audience howled with delight and an excitable brother on the platform jumped up and shouted:

"We'll throw the British out of the capital on the 4th of March and then you'll get a show!"

"Three cheers for our Democratic friend!" shouted a tawny-haired young man, who had been nervously stroking a budding moustache and the audience yelled like Comanche Indians.

Mr. Wessels followed Mr. Fischer. He is something of a humorist and having put the audience in excellent humor, he told them frankly that the Boers were much obliged for American sympathy, but they wanted and thought they had a right to expect more.

"We want your sympathy," said Mr. Wessels, "but when you have given us that we want you to rise up in all the majesty of your young strength and say to England: 'Stop that war!' When you get ready to say that, it will stop. We want the help of all of you. We want the help of the ladies in America. I have heard that the almighty dollar controls elections in this country and, of course, the ladies control the purse strings. Therefore if we have the ladies with us we'll get your substantial help."

"You've got us now!" screamed a little, old lady on the platform.

"And besides the ladies," continued Mr. Wessels, "we want your boys to help their brother boys in the little republics. We've got the boys there who are of the stuff of which men are made. Jameson found that out. You know he was coming down to surprise us. (Laughter) He decided to come on New Year's Day, when all our young people were dancing and making merry. When the news reached us that

Jameson was coming a bugle sounded in the streets. What do you think our boys did? Did they go home and change their clothes? Not a bit of it.

"They just got out their Masera, mounted their ponies and went down to fight Jameson in their dress suits. They did the surprising and Jameson was thrashed, sent to England and imprisoned—for not succeeding. (Laughter) Then he was returned as a member of the Cape Parliament." [Hisses.]

Mr. Wessels gave place to Robert B. Roosevelt, who refuted the proposition that the war waged by England in South Africa was like our war against Spain. There wasn't enough billagegate in Mr. Roosevelt's speech to secure an enthusiastic reception for it and the audience got up and went out in considerable numbers. Then came the Hon. Mr. Sulzer and he got a rousing reception. He had no sooner been introduced than some one yelled:

"Three cheers for the next Vice-President!"

The cheers were given, and Mr. Sulzer proceeded to deliver the real thing in the way of a Bryanized Democratic speech. After he'd been talking about half an hour, during which the audience nearly lost its voice cheering Mr. Sulzer said:

"Now, my friends, I don't want to talk politics. I'm going West on the midnight train. (Loud applause.) And when I come back, I 'As Vice President,' yelled somebody. 'I'll make it my business to talk some politics, and in every speech I make, I'm going to tell the people on my responsibility as a Congressman, that Great Britain is stealing territory right along from the United States in Alaska just as she is stealing it in South Africa. We don't appear to be sympathizing much with our selves, but, thank God! Citizen America is for the Boers, but official America is for England. Citizen America is for helping the Boers fight their fight against the chief of nations, while official America goes

around with its trousers turned up, asking permission of England to breathe. (Howls and cheers.)

"But I'm going west on the midnight train, and when I come back a man will be nominated to be elected President of the United States who will change all this. Therefore I would say to old Paul Kuger tonight: 'Hold on, Kuger! And when Bryan's in the White House, you can read another ultimatum, not to Salisbury, but to Roberts. And you can tell him if he don't take his army out of South Africa in twenty-four hours you'll put him out,' and the armies of the United States will help you."

Sulzer closed his speech by working himself into a fine frenzy over the fact that today, for the first time in our history, American soldiers are commanded by British officers in China. With this for a peroration the speech and the meeting closed.

A Chinese Ferry.

Ferries in China are numerous, and so are the heavy carts to be ferried. The spectacle of a crossing is full of surprises, says Rev. Arthur H. Smith in 'Village Life in China.' To get one of the clumsy carts down the steep and sliding incline to the river requires considerable engineering skill, and accidents are not infrequent. When the edge of the ferry is reached the whole team must be unattached, and each animal got on board as best it can be.

Some animals make no trouble, and will give a mighty bound, landing somewhere or everywhere, to the imminent peril of any passengers on board. When an animal refuses to budge,—an occurrence at almost every crossing,—its head is bashed and it is led around and around for a long time, so as to induce it to get all about the ferry boat.

At last it is led to the edge and urged to jump, which it will by no means do. Then the drivers twist its tail, put a stick behind it as a lever, and get six men at each end of the stick, while six more tug at ropes which are attached to the animal's horns.

After a struggle, often lasting half an hour, and frequently after prolonged and cruel beatings, the poor beast is on board, where the more excitable prance about among and over the human passengers.

Next comes the moving of the heavy

cart, which must be dragged on to the ferry boat by the strength of a small army of men.

On the farther bank another exciting struggle occurs. The exit of the carts and animals is impeded by the struggles of those who are eager to cross to the other shore, and cannot be content to wait until the boat is unloaded. Order is unknown, and it is a wonder that people are not frequently killed in these tumultuous crossings.

Turkish Police Justice.

A trifling dispute between a Kurd and an Armenian, on a street in Constantinople the other day, says the Chicago Record, led to an amusing instance of justice as it is dispensed by the Turkish police:

A tobacco box was found on the sidewalk, as alleged, by a Kurd. An Armenian claimed the box as his own. Neither would give in and the dispute waxed warm. From words they were near coming to blows when a policeman came up; but he could not decide the question of ownership.

At last the Armenian suggested that the policeman ask what was in the box. 'Tobacco and cigarette paper,' said the Kurd, promptly.

'The box contains nothing but a twenty-five cent piece,' said the Armenian smiling. The officer opened the box, and finding the Armenian was right, settled the dispute by giving him the box.

'The Armenian is the owner of the box,' he said. 'The Kurd is a liar.' Here he smote the Kurd over the head. 'Allah be praised! For my trouble in deciding this complicated affair I will keep the twenty-five cents.'

Marylanders in the Revolution.

The character of the revolutionary soldiers from Maryland, who went to Massachusetts to join Washington's army, may be seen from the following letter to a gentleman then residing in Philadelphia:

I have had the happiness of seeing Capt. Michael Cross, marching at the head of a formidable company of men from the mountains and backwoods, painted like Indians, with tomahawks, and although some of them had marched eight hundred miles from the banks of the Ohio, they seemed to walk light and easy. Their health and vigor declared them,

after what they had undergone, to be intimate with danger and familiar with hardship. Many of them exceed six feet in height.

Yesterday they were drawn out to show the gentleman of Frederick Town their dexterity in shooting. A clapboard, with a mark the size of a dollar, was put up. They began to fire offhand, and few shots went wide of the paper. Then they lay on their backs, some on their breast or side, others from twenty or thirty steps, and firing appeared to be equally certain of the mark.

A young man then took the board in his hand, not by the end, but by the side, and while he held it up, his brother walked to the distance and very coolly shot into the white. Then he laid down his rifle, took up the board, and held it as it was held before, while the second brother shot at it. By this exercise I was more astonished than pleased.

But will you believe it, when I tell you that one of the men took the board, and placing it between his legs, stood with his back to his tree while another drove the cartridge?

What would an army of one thousand of these men do in the forests of America? They want nothing to preserve their health and courage but water from a spring, a little parceled corn, and what they can easily procure in hunting. Wrapped in their blankets in the dampest night they need only the shade of a tree for shelter and the earth for a bed.

An Inquisitive Bear.

The story of a bear, whose inquisitiveness was the occasion of his death, is told by a woodman in the New York Tribune.

One summer I worked for a man on the Sinnamon's Creek, who had a queer experience with an inquisitive bear. The water used on the premises was forced to the house from a spring behind a knoll by a hydraulic ram that stood in a covered plank box a few feet below the spring.

Every beat of the ram's valve could be plainly heard in the wood-house, and the ram had worked all right for six years. When, one morning, it got balky just as the owner was dipping his pail into the trough, it stopped and started several times, and the astonished farmer, after he had listened to it a while, handed a monkey wrench to me and told me to go over to the spring and find out what the matter was.

Just when the man's wife wanted me to do something in the cellar, so the man himself took the wrench and started for the spring. When he got to the edge of a groove the secret of the ram's queer conduct was revealed to him.

He saw a large bear with its paws on the box peering down at the ram, the animal's inquisitiveness having driven to tearing the cover off to find out what sort of a thing was beating in the box.

The bear was very much amused with its new plaything, for it touched the valve several times with its paw, and acted as if it was trying to ascertain why the valve didn't work when its paw was on it.

It circled around the box, eyed the valve and seemed to be bound to solve the mystery. Finally it grabbed the box and wrenched it apart.

That was more than the man could stand. He ran to the house, got the rifle and hurried back just in time to see the bear upset the ram and almost ruin it. Then he banged away and killed the bear.

Perjudiced.

Not exactly the right word, but a very expressive, was that used by a dilatory witness, a woman, who, says the Kansas City Journal, was brought by the sheriff before District Judge Thompson at Westmoreland.

'What reason, madam,' said the judge, severely, 'have you for not obeying the summons of the court?'

'I haint got none, Mr. Judge, only we have smallpox down at our house, an' I thought you might be kinder sorter prejudiced agin' it.'

The judge was kinder sorter prejudiced and the spectators must have heep more so, to judge by the quickness with which the court room was emptied.

A Humility.

'What do you think of these yarns about the Chinese being among the most civilized people on earth?' asked Plate Pete.

'Well answered Three-Finger Sam, 'I must say their way o' treatin' strangers they don't happen to like reminds me o' the palmy days in our great an' growin' city of Crimmon Gulch.'

It's Always Midnight Gloom to the sufferer from stomach disorders and the diseases which can be directly traced there—neglect or ignorance may have produced the darkness, but so sure as night follows day, just so surely will Dr. Von Starz's Pineapple Tablets set in the sunshine and bring back the full, sunny brightness of perfect health. This is taking strong ground—but proof is to be had—each tablet after eating—in a box—25 cents. Sold by E. C. Brown.



Tom Fels zum Meer