

FEAR THE CHINESE

Newspapers Alarmed Over the Uprising in China.

EUROPE MAY TREMBLE

At some Distant day Under the Lurid Cloud of Menaced Invasion.

(Boston Herald.)

"Europe," said Napoleon, "is a mole hill. There have never been great empires or great revolutions, save in the east, where there are six hundred millions of men." Two thousand years before, and in the same vein, spoke Alexander the Great, after he had broken away from Greece and became involved in his gigantic oriental campaigns: "When I receive dispatches from my own little home kingdom of Macedonia, gravely narrating the event of a fight for the possession of a village or the ford of a river, it seems to me as though I were reading a bit of Homer's mock heroic travesty of the battles of the 'Frogs and Mice'."

The newspapers of late have been in a somewhat alarmist vein the question whether or no the present tremendous uprising in China does not prophetically forebode the not so very distant day when all Europe will be trembling under the lurid cloud of menaced invasion and overthrow by the hordes of Asia. Thirty years ago, the bare suggestion of such an idea would have been received with as contemptuous derision as the prophecy that one day the horses and mules would rise up and saddle and ride their masters. The fallacy, however, of any such comparison lies in the fact that the Asiatics are not horses and mules, but men—ten or twenty to one to the population of Europe—just as hardy, just as brave, far more fanatical, and handicapped at present only by circumstances that are rapidly passing away.

The day was again and again in the past of Europe in which the idea of Asiatic supremacy did not seem so absurdly chimerical a joke as it does to the majority of the people today. When the Persians poured down in myriads upon Greece, or the Carthaginians and the Moorish swarms under Hannibal held Italy, or the Mongolian hordes of Attila swept with the besom of destruction the Roman empire, or the Mahometan powers battered at the gates of Vienna, conquered Spain, burst into France and it was nip and tuck between them and Charles the Hammerer—why, then the laugh seemed to be decidedly on the other side of the mouth. Nowadays, however people have become so accustomed to the thought of a handful of British dominating the millions of India, a handful of Dutchmen keeping as quiet mice the millions of Japanese archipelago, a handful of

Eczema on the Scalp

Would Itch and Burn until the Child screamed with Agony—A Wonderful Cure Effected by Dr. Chase's Ointment.

The case recorded here is one of the worst ever brought to the attention of Toronto's best physicians, and when doctors gave up all hope of recovery, Dr. Chase's Ointment was successful in producing a perfect cure.

Mr. James Scott, 135 Wright avenue, Toronto, states:—"My boy, Tom, aged ten, was for nearly three years afflicted with a bad form of Eczema of the scalp, which was very unsightly and resisted all kinds of remedies and doctors' treatment. His head was in a terrible state. We had to send him from school, and at times his head would bleed, and the child would scream with agony. For two and a half years we battled with it in vain, but at last found a cure in Dr. Chase's Ointment. About five boxes were used. The original sores dried up, leaving the skin in its normal condition. To say it is a pleasure to testify to the wonderful merits of Dr. Chase's Ointment is putting it very mildly."

Dr. Chase's Ointment, at all dealers, or Edmanson, Bates & Co., Toronto.

One Was Pale and Languid

Too Nervous to Sleep, and Daily Drew Weaker and Weaker—Dr. Chase's Nerve Food Restored Health and Vigour.

Miss E. McLaughlin, 88 Parliament street, Toronto, states:—"My daughter was pale, weak, languid, and very nervous. Her appetite was poor and changed. She could scarcely drag herself about the house, and her nerves were completely unstrung. She could not sleep for more than half an hour at a time without starting up and crying out in excitement."

"As she was growing weaker and weaker I became alarmed, and obtained a box of Dr. Chase's Nerve Food. She used this treatment for several weeks, and from the first we noticed a decided improvement. Her appetite became better, she gained in weight, the colour returned to her face, and she gradually became strong and well. I cannot say too much in favour of this wonderful treatment, since it has proven such a blessing to my daughter."

Dr. Chase's Nerve Food is a blood-purifier and nerve-strengthening agent of most unusual merit. In pill form, 50c. a box, at all dealers; or Edmanson, Bates and Co., Toronto.

English and French taking Pekin

looting the famous Summer Palace and dictating to a kingdom of 400,000,000 the payment of an enormous indemnity for their private share in the fun that the bare idea of themselves being some day overwhelmed in their own home, Europe, by such swarms of human ants and lice seems too ridiculous for a serious thought. It sounds as absurd as the suggestion that the washee-washee denizens of Harrison avenue, in Boston, should one day dominate the State House on Beacon Hill, turn out the Governor and council, and, as high mark of favor, send them their soiled shirts and collars to be done up clean and shiny.

"Well, there is a striking couplet by some great English poet, the historic significance of which it will never do to forget. It runs as follows:

"Here we go up, up, up,

And here we go down, down, down."

Human history, in its sportive delight in oscillations, reminds one forcibly of a gigantic teeter board, with now a pig-tailed Chinaman down and a wide-trousered British tar up, now a squint-eyed Tartar doing the like for a late omnipotent Roman emperor, and now an infidel Semitic Mahometan playing at will with the bulkiest and most orthodox of Arian Christians. It is all a question of shifting the weight from one end of the board to the other, and so securing the kind of leverage which made that bumptious old classical gentleman, Archimedes, brag that, once give him the right position, and he would tilt the world over downside up as easily as an old Maryland colored cook flaps over a paucake.

Within the last thirty years history has been making with bewildering rapidity. When, in the early fifties, our revered Uncle Samuel sent Commodore Perry over to Japan with a fleet of what would now be called old wooden tubs with pop-gun batteries, the commodore at once had the 40,000,000 of Japan at his mercy. Today the whole combined fleets of the United States—protected cruisers, torpedo boats, battleships—could not force an entrance to any Japanese port. So much for a single additional weight on the other end of the ethnological teeter board.

But how about China! There, in the last five years, history has been making with a gallop. The forces Japan encountered in her late war have already given place to armies drilled by European officers, armed with the best rifles and supplied with the most formidable artillery, and behind them, once fully aroused, lies a recruiting field of 400,000,000. This, moreover, is only the beginning. In twenty years China will have her vast systems of railways, her inexhaustible mines, her ship building plants, her arsenals and impregnable naval stations. She will have become forty Japans, and then will it be found that the Occidentals have given away their talisman of power to the Orientals. The reason of the difference between east and west will have passed away. Physical science is no respecter of persons

MINARD'S LINIMENT Cures Diphtheria.

ARIZONA KICKLETS.

Items of News From a Breezy Exchange.

PERSONAL REMARKS

Together with Hidden Moralizing on the Mutability of Human Affairs.

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We learn that the local vigilance committee at Lone Jack has been disbanded. This is as it should be, or, rather, the members should have hung each other first and thus cleared the town of rascals.

The Grass Valley Recorder suspended publication last week after a record of three months. The editor says that the people didn't seem to want a lively newspaper, but as the only lively item The Recorder ever contained was a poem on Columbus we think there is another side to the story.

Monday evening last a stranger to the Gulch named Harrison entered the Fifth Avenue restaurant and called for deviled crabs, and when told that the only dish approaching

and makes no distinction between Chinese gunpowder and bombshells and British or German. The man who then ventures to think that because the Mongolian seems to squint he cannot shoot straight will have daylight let in upon his cerebral obtuseness through a hole in his own head.

The English historian, Freeman, was always talking about the 'Eastern Question.' He saw that, from the first dawn of authentic records, the question of Asia and Europe had played the grand role in the historic drama of human history. That a new act in this stupendous drama is now on the eve of opening, no man with an eye in his head can fail to see.

Attila and his Huns versus the Roman empire—Attila and his Huns, infinitely more prolific in numbers, infinitely more mobile and capable of self-subsistence by the way, quite as well armed and up-to-date in military tactics, and with exhaustless recruiting forces pressing restlessly onward from behind a new version of this tremendous episode in human history may well be that which, before its close, the twentieth century is destined to witness. At any rate, there is sufficient reason to fear some such awful catastrophe to induce The Boston Herald to give earnest warning to its more enlightened readers to cultivate the tenderest of relations with their individual Chinese laundrymen, and to avoid all disparaging remarks about holes eaten in their shirts by virulent chemicals, to the end that when, after first over-whelming Europe, the Mongolian hordes shall appear on our shores, each prudent Herald reader may have a friend in need to stand by him on the wharf and testify: "Him good Melican man!"

COULDN'T LACE HIS BOOTS.

Mr. P. L. Campbell, of Fortune Bridge, P.E.I., a great sufferer from pain in the back.

Doan's Kidney Pills completely and permanently cured him.

Mr. P. L. Campbell, the well-known general merchant of Fortune Bridge, P.E.I., was troubled with severe pains in his back and hips for over two years.

At length he became aware of the fact that backache was simply a symptom of kidney trouble and did not hesitate long in taking Doan's Kidney Pills, and was promptly and permanently cured.

Here is his statement: "I was in an awful state for two years with pains in my back and hips. Some mornings these pains were so severe that I couldn't stoop to lace my boots. I started taking Doan's Kidney Pills, and one box so completely cured me that I have been perfectly well for over a year now and free from the least trace of pain."

them was wolf steak he lost his temper and had to be shot in the shoulder by the genial and enterprising proprietor. This is no town for a kicker.

Among the public improvements planned for the coming summer is that of throwing open our private graveyard for a public park. There are three acres of ground neatly fenced in, and the 13 residents lie all in a row at the west end. We shall erect a fountain, put in a score of benches, and it will be a cool and breezy place for the public to congregate after sundown.

Three or four days ago old Ben Johnson, the mighty hunter of Bill William's mountain, heard that another war with Spain was on, and he came to town with two guns on his shoulder and 500 cartridges in his belt. When we told him that the report was false, he went off and got drunk and fired about 30 bullets into the front doors of the city hall, and his whoops and yells aroused the town. He was locked up overnight, but started back home in good shape next day.

The Eureka Stage company started out about a month ago to secure our scalp and become boss of this locality, but after numerous failures it gracefully threw up its hands the other day and let go of our trail. We are not a trust, but as mayor, postmaster, deputy United States marshal, state senator and editor of The Kicker we have got wires planted to stay. We expect to get tackled by the Union Pacific road next, but we have every confidence that we shall be there to the end.

At midnight Tuesday, as we were asleep in our bedroom in The Kicker office, some critter stood on the street and fired six shots through the window. As the last bullet was rattling down the plaster we reached the window and threw up the sash. Half a block away we saw a man running, and he jumped high and yelled out as we fired. Next day a teamster named Henderson was limping

MINARD'S LINIMENT Cures Dis-temper.

around and explaining that he had been bitten by a tarantula. We think we were the insect.

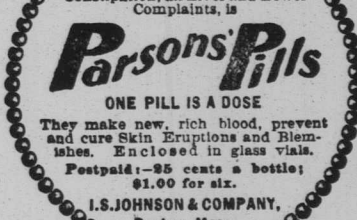
News reached us several days ago that Major Baker, who resided here for a year or so and went to New Mexico last fall, had been lynched for killing a man in a quarrel over a game of poker. A dozen times over while he was among us we warned the major that he ought to throw the game over. He got flushes and straights and threes and full house all mixed up, and he died claiming that a straight would knock out four aces. Some kinds of eccentricities are permitted out here, but when you sit down to poker no man is allowed to wobble.

The trifling misunderstanding between Mr. Hornbecker of the Palace hotel and the editor of The Kicker has been greatly magnified by the gossips. Mr. Hornbecker is a nearsighted and an impulsive man. We happened to enter his house while he was looking for another party with whom he had bad words. He immediately called us a liar and struck us on the chin. It wasn't ten seconds before we had him against the wall, with a gun covering his left eye, as soon as he heard our voice he explained and apologized. There were no hard feelings on our side. We never walk streets without being prepared to be called a liar and to hear the click of a pistol. If it's a mistake, we pass it over; if there is any shooting to be done, we shall let Hornbecker simply make a mistake and for this he will we say give us and take other precautions.

M. QUAD.

Some have said that there cannot be a general purpose or double purpose breed of cattle, says a correspondent of the Prairie Farmer. Now, a moment's thought will convince us that to a certain extent every cow is a double purpose cow. The dairy cow to be kept in milk must produce a calf at stated intervals, and no breed has yet been developed that will produce only heifer calves or ton heifers to one bull, so she is producing some beef besides what she puts on her back. Again, the beef animal produces milk usually in excess of the needs of her young and is therefore a dairy cow. On the grass ranges it may be most profitable to select a breed of cattle that has exhibited a tendency to put on flesh rather than to produce an excess of milk. The exclusive dairyman would prefer an animal that secretes large quantities of milk rich in butter fat. The general farmer, however, who

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They make new, rich blood, prevent and cure Skin Eruptions and Blemishes. Enclosed in glass vials. Postpaid—25 cents a bottle; \$1.00 for six.
J.S. JOHNSON & COMPANY, Boston, Mass.

has land upon which to feed will profit most from the breeds and individuals that combine these two tendencies in the largest degree. If he does not wish to feed beef animals, the calves can be fitted for the block without loss of cream and with but a short period of feeding. The large, blocky calf commands the best price from the first day of its life. If then there is a breed which while counted a beef breed has made high records at the pail, that breed is most profitable for the farmer. We cannot change back an inch from dairy to beef, as the market changes, and so should be prepared to gain an advantage from those changes by our regular method or to make a profit in spite of fluctuations that might be discouraging to the specialist. The same reasons which make general farming preferable to special farming apply to the selection of a herd of cattle—viz. the bringing in of returns from several sources and the conserving of the fertility of the farm.



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