

BATTLE-GROUND OF THE RUSSO-JAPANESE CONFLICT.



RELIANCE.
 Not to the swift, the race;
 Not to the strong, the fight;
 Not to the righteous, perfect grace;
 Not to the wise, the light.
 But often faltering feet
 Come surest to the goal,
 And they who walk in darkness meet
 The sunrise of the soul.
 A thousand times by night
 The Syrian hosts have died;
 A thousand times the vanquished right
 Has risen glorified.
 The truth the wise man sought
 Was spoken by a child;
 The alabaster box was brought
 In trembling hands defied.
 Not from my torch, the gleam,
 But from the stars above;
 Not from our hearts, life's crystal stream,
 But from the depths of Love.
 —Atlantic.



VIEW OF CHEMULPO, THE PORT OF SEOUL, KOREA.

A TYPEWRITER'S STORY.

HOW well I remember the day when I first came into the office, right from the factory, with my enamel black and shining and my nickel trimmings unvarnished! It was late in the afternoon when I arrived and the office was deserted. I was rather lonely that first night, for I missed the lively chatter to which I had been accustomed, and the new oak desk to which I was securely fastened seemed somewhat unsociable.
 The next morning I was abruptly awakened by a babel of girlish voices and soon one of the speakers sat down at my desk and drew me out into the light. When I glanced rather fearfully into her face I was reassured, for her brown eyes were very pleasant and kind, and I found the touch of her hand light and practiced.
 How fast those little fingers would fly over my white keys, as my carriage slipped back and forth over the sheets of paper! I grew very fond of my little mistress, and I knew she was proud of me. Sometimes when a thick pile of letters lay on the desk waiting for an answer, her fingers moved so swiftly, yet unerringly, that I marveled at her skill.
 I grew to understand her moods, just by the expression of her brown eyes. When she was happy they would laugh so merrily; when she was angry they would flash with defiance; but when she was sad they would hide under her long dark lashes, all the happy light in them gone.
 Every few days the mail brought her a letter, at sight of which she would suddenly grow quiet and thoughtful, and her face would take on a sweet gravity which well became her. One day as she furtively opened the cover of her little enamel watch I caught a glimpse of a man's face with eager, dark eyes and a firm mouth and chin.
 One day a tall, athletic young fellow came into the office, whose face I instantly recognized as that hidden in the watch. They greeted one another with a quiet "Well, Ruth," and "How are you, Jack?" but their hands and eyes met simultaneously.
 He could not be called handsome, but there was character in every line of the rather rugged features. He carried himself very erect, with a masterful air and a slight touch of hauteur.
 They went out together, and I was idle for the rest of the day. The remainder of the week Ruth was unusually gay, humming happy little snatches of song, and now and then laughing softly to herself.
 Several months passed by. One day the mail brought her a letter thinner than usual. Her cheeks flushed hotly, as she read it, and her eyes grew dark with anger. Without reflecting upon a hasty decision, her fingers tapped out her answer.
 "Jack—Your letter received. Since you did not trust me, I have no explanation to make to you. Consider our engagement at an end forever. I will return your ring at once."
 In spite of their flashing, the brown eyes were wet with tears, but with set lips and steady hand she dropped the little white envelope into the mail box.
 The next morning the slender crescent of pearls on her left hand was missing, and for many weeks her smile was rare indeed.
 One day, late in December, when she was rushed with work, she told the girls she was going to work an extra hour. For a time she clicked away on my white keys, but soon her fingers began to move more slowly. Suddenly with a great sob she buried her face in her arms and the tears came unchecked.

A RUSSIAN STREET SCENE.

In the intense cold, charitable persons build fires in the streets.
 Americans who have shivered more than usual this winter, and particularly those in the Eastern States, where the thermometer has sunk so low that in one case a temperature of 62 degrees below zero was recorded, should have a great deal of sympathy for the people of Russia at this time and let their thoughts wander in the direction of these unfortunate subjects of the Czar who are hopelessly in the grasp



FIRE IN RUSSIAN STREETS.

of poverty. Many of these sleep at night with a meager fire and scant bed clothing, and during the day peddle, beg or work in the streets in thin garments, while the thermometer shows a temperature of 60 degrees below zero for weeks at a time and sometimes drops as low as 80.
 In Moscow such scenes as that here with depicted are common and they may also be witnessed in other cities of the Czar's realm. Charitably disposed persons light fires in the streets and around these poor persons gather during the day to warm their hands and feet and keep the frost from entering their skins. By old and young these fires are enjoyed.—Tica Globe.
Industrious Smokers in Holland.
 Holland holds the first place in the world as a nation of smokers. Every Dutchman consumes on an average 100 ounces of tobacco a year. The Belgian comes a good second, with an annual consumption of eighty ounces, followed closely by Turkey with seventy ounces and the United States with sixty ounces. Germany, France, Spain and Italy tread closely on their heels, while the United Kingdom comes comparatively low on the list with twenty-three ounces.
American Apples for France.
 In eight months the French have bought 6,000 tons of American chopped apples for cider-making.

ALL BEARS LIKE PEANUTS.

Favor of the Animals May Be Secured by Feeding Them with Goobers.
 All bears appear to like peanuts, whether the beasts come from southern regions, where the peanut grows, or from the mountains of the frozen north, where the peanut is quite unknown. If the taste for peanuts is not implanted in them naturally they acquire it very readily, as is shown, for example, by the grizzly and the polar bears in the menagerie in Central Park.
 The grizzly comes to the front of its great cage in the bear den and thrusts its nose between the bars and opens its cavernous mouth, thus affording to visitors an opportunity of indulging in the sport of throwing peanuts down its throat. This is a pleasure that appeals chiefly to children.
 But those who try it don't always succeed in tossing the peanut into the bear's mouth. There is a railing in front of the cage that keeps the people at a little distance and the children's fear is likely to make them nervous, and so their aim is uncertain. Therefore the peanut may hit the grizzly's nose instead of going straight into its mouth, or it may hit one of the bars of the cage and fall outside on the stone in which the bars are imbedded.
 But when the children throw more peanuts and when they have thrown all they have and have seen the grizzly eat all it caught they have another sight waiting for them that pleases more, if possible, than it did to see the bear catch the peanuts in its mouth.
 When no more are coming to it the grizzly lifts one of its big paws and thrusts it out through the bars as far as it can reach on the stone ledge and sweeps up and gathers in the peanuts that have fallen there and eats them.
 To see the bear eat the peanut it catches is amusing as well as interesting; to see it stretch out through the bars that ponderous and powerful paw is most startling.
 The polar bear comes up and thrusts its nose through the bars for peanuts in just the same way, and it gleams those that fall outside in the same manner, with this addition, that besides thrusting out its big white-clad paw between the bars to rake in stray peanuts that have fallen outside it sometimes for this purpose thrusts out its tongue.
 The grizzly bear eats the kernels of the peanuts only and rejects the shells; the polar bear eats them shells and all. But the grizzly has been here the longer time—perhaps the polar will come to be equally fastidious. All bears, grizzlies and polars, as well as those from milder climes, appear to be fond of peanuts.—New York Sun.

RATS KNEW CAT WAS ABOUT.

They Never Saw the Cat and Weren't Another Floor of the House.
 "I have observed recently a rather curious thing with respect to the relationship between cats and rats, and it has led to a rather interesting reflection," said the man who takes much interest in animal life. "For a while there was no such thing as quiet around the house. They would scamper across the floor, bump up and down the steps and cut all kinds of capers. We secured a cat, and from the very time the cat appeared on the place the rats began to get scarce."
 "There is nothing curious about this fact in itself. But to my personal knowledge the rats have never seen the cat. The cat has remained on one floor and the rats on another. There has been no chasing and no conflict between them. Now, I want to know how the rats knew the cat was on the place."
 "The inquiry has caused me to indulge the more interesting reflection: How far can a rat detect the presence of a cat by the sense of smell? Evidently at considerable distance. Else the rats at my place would not have known of the cat's presence under the circumstances. I'm quite sure that they know he is there just the same, and they have been awfully cautious since his arrival."—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

The Cause of It.

Cholly—I admit it frequently takes me some time to make up my mind, but—
 Miss Peppery—Ah! naturally. You must lose time trying to locate it.—Philadelphia Press.
Nothing Else Fits Him.
 "He's built in an awfully peculiar way, isn't he?"
 "Yes, the only thing he can buy ready-made is an umbrella."—Philadelphia Ledger.
 When the spring comes a great many unhappy people for the first time in their lives, make a flower garden in a new place—the cemetery.

SALE OF THE "DUDE" RANCH.

Place in Dakota for Entertaining Scions of Rich Men.
 The recent sale of the Eaton ranch at Medora, N. D., at the crossing of the Little Missouri River, known as the "Custer trail," because General Custer's Big Horn expedition in 1876 crossed at that point, marks the transfer of probably the only "dude ranch" in the country. The name was given to the place by the pioneer settlers and cowboys because of the large number of more or less illustrious scions of wealthy families who flocked there annually for a taste of the real wild West.
 The Eatons were formerly Pittsburghers, who settled at Medora in the early days when Marquis de Mores established his big packing plant, when the finger of the cowboy was continually on the trigger and the gin bottle was always open to all who might apply. For some years they engaged in the stock business. Buying wild animals, such as bear, elk, deer and similar species for eastern parks proved a profitable occupation, and they engaged for a time in that business. At one time they had an immense corral full of live elk awaiting shipment to eastern parks. They also drove some traffic in buffalo, when one could be bought and sold.
 Subsequently the Eatons discovered the possibilities of the "dude" traffic. Many wealthy families of the East had sons of more or less comfort to them, and a summer in the wild West appeared to them as a good thing for the boys. Accordingly they went out in singles and in pairs and droves to rough it for a season and see the West as it was. The Eatons boarded them, furnished them with horses, guns and the accessories necessary, and planned expeditions during the summer for hunting and other bits of western experience.
 Upon the ranch grounds they erected a long building, separated by numberless partitions into small rooms, in each of which was a bunk and what furniture was necessary. This was known as the "dude pen," and here the visitors slept and had their being during their stay. The dudes were conspicuous by their fondness for immense hats, revolvers, high-heeled boots, rattlesnake belts and leather "chaps."
 It is understood the ranch has been sold for \$30,000 to a wealthy New Yorker.—Minneapolis Tribune.

SALUTED HIS SUPERIOR.

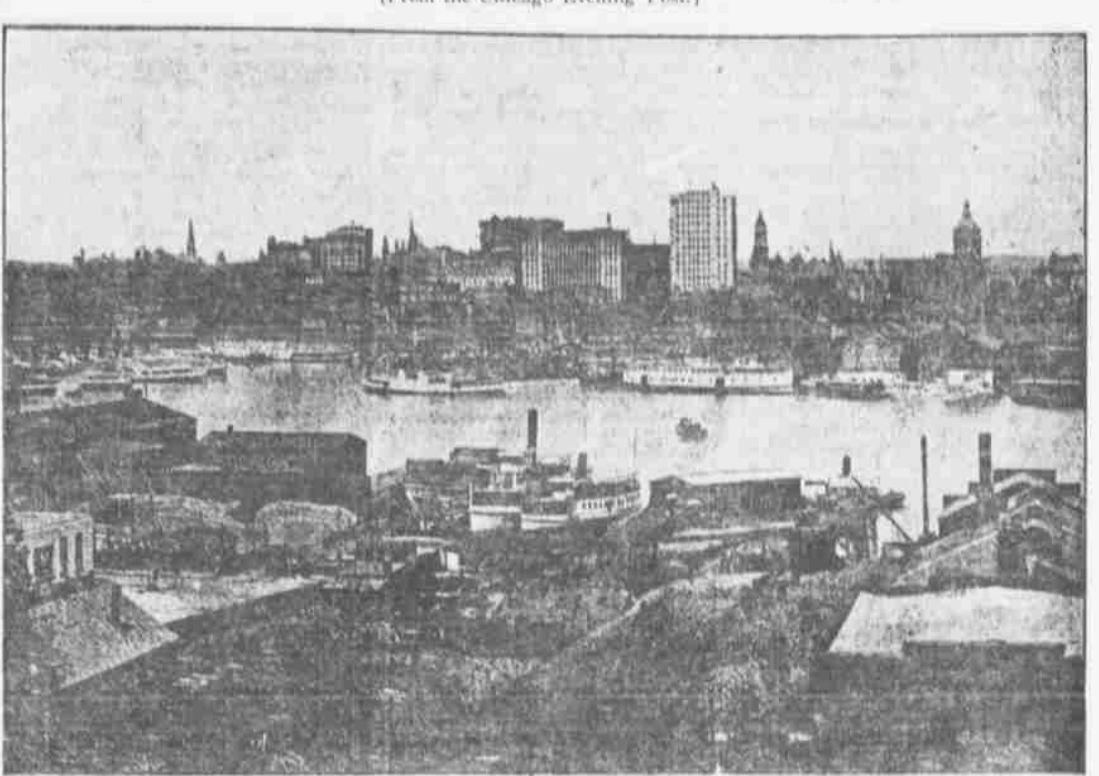
Officer Has Interesting Adventure When in Citizen's Clothes.
 "Speaking of military matters, reminds me of a good story an officer was telling me sometime ago and it goes to show that the private does not always know the men to whom he must pay more than ordinary respect," said a man in the New Orleans Times-Democrat. "The incident happened where a considerable number of fighters were quartered, and the private who figured in the story no doubt experienced some trouble in keeping up with the officers."
 "One afternoon he was addressed by a gentleman he did not recognize as being another more than of an ordinary sort, and in fact he paid only scant attention to him. The gentleman was prompt to resent the scant courtesy. He was not only hurt because of the lack of regard shown him by the private, but he was wrathful.
 "Why don't you salute me? he demanded of the private. 'Salute you?' said the private questioning and sneeringly. 'Yes—why don't you salute me?' the gentleman said again pulling his shoulders up and assuming the characteristic military attitude. 'I am your superior officer, and you owe me some sort of regard.'
 The private scanned him carefully. He thought for a second, then raised his hand and saluted the gentleman. 'I'll salute you,' said the private, 'and if I find out you are not an officer you or we will have to take a licking.' He found out afterwards that he had made no mistake in saluting the gentleman, for he was an officer. But the officer never thought any less of the private because of the incident."

GET SEASICK IN A HOUSE.

Peculiar Effects of Attempts to Walk in Storm-Beaten Buildings.
 At a recent meeting of the Women's Literary club of Baltimore Mrs. Charles C. Morgan read a paper in which she cited a peculiar but well-authenticated fact concerning some storm-beaten houses on Cobb's island, off the western coast of Virginia. The houses were eventually washed away by the encroachments of the sea, but for a long time they were firmly imbedded in the sand at such an angle that the wanderer could walk in their second story windows from the bluff, while the floors all slanted to an acute degree.
 There was not the slightest danger attendant upon walking up or down these floors, yet no one was ever found who could traverse their length without becoming sea sick. Experienced sailors, who knew no quains in mid-ocean, turned faint and giddy on trying to walk these perfectly steady plankings. To all the neighborhood the buildings were known as the "seasick houses," and that the sickness was not due to imagination was proved by persons who never had heard of the tradition experiencing the same unpleasant results.
 Mrs. Morgan who resided on the mainland near by, concluded her account of the houses by saying that a small dog belonging to her husband which followed that gentleman "foot to foot," as the negro term it, never

VIEW OF BALTIMORE FROM TOP OF FEDERAL HILL.

(From the Chicago Evening Post.)



ARRANGING THE BOOKS.

The books of the Brown family were just being moved back into the renovated double parlor, and Aunt Louisa, who was helping, paused thoughtfully with a row of Temple "Shakespeare" on her left arm and a fat "Pilgrim's Progress" on her right. "It's a good opportunity to rearrange the books," she announced, "and I'm going to do it. Those front parlor shelves have always looked top-heavy, with the encyclopedia in the upper row instead of the lower one. 'Hidiculous!'"
 "Father said they were the books oftentimes used and handled to get at them if you had to stoop for them," ventured Milly, weakly.
 "Hidiculous!" reiterated Aunt Louisa with decision. "There's only one principle in placing books, and that's to make your shelves stand firm, like a pyramid; big books at the bottom, little ones at the top."
 Here Valeria put in a word. Valeria had been to college. "If those books are to be rearranged," she announced, "and it's high time they were, I say they should be grouped by subject matter, so we'll know where to look for anything. I'll help you do it, Aunt Louisa, and I'll make a card catalogue of the whole library afterward. I think it's an excellent idea."
 "Whole library!" echoed Tom, contemptuously. Tom had also been to college. "Why, we haven't three hundred books in the whole house! Stick 'em in any old way, and don't fuss."
 Aunt Emily, with her gentle brows puckered, had been anxiously considering. She ignored Tom. "I'm really afraid Valeria," she observed, timidly, "that your plan wouldn't result well in appearance, though of course it would be very convenient otherwise. You see they don't publish books in sizes according to subject, and titles and spines would all be mixed together. It would look like a jagged set of teeth."
 "Exactly!" cried Aunt Louisa, with triumph. "You want all the big books at the bottom—"
 "But, Louisa, dear," interposed Aunt Emily, deprecatingly, "surely you would want Edwin to have his encyclopedia where he wants it? If the size on each shelf were uniform I should think that would be regularly enough, and just having a large set in an upper row—"
 Aunt Louisa snorted; Aunt Emily unrolled her knitting and was silent; Valeria stalked away in injured dignity; Tom departed whistling; Milly slipped to the foot of the front stairs, and called up, "Mother! How do you want us to arrange the books?"
 From the sewing-room a cheery voice, slightly touched with surprise, called down immediately. "Why, by color, dear, of course! Just see that the reds and pinks don't fight, and the bright purple Gibbon doesn't come too near the end of the old blue sofa. That's all you need to think of."
 Milly cast a twining glance from the top of the stairs to the backs of the retreating family; then she sat down on a leather-bound gazetteer looming large on the floor in the middle of a sea of abandoned literature, and chuckled softly to herself.

THE WEATHER.

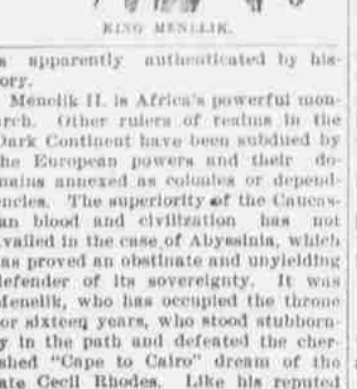


As a rule, man's a fool. When it's hot he wants it cool; When it's cool he wants it hot— Always wanting what is not.

—Cincinnati Post.

MENELIK MAY COME.

Descendant of Solomon May Visit the St. Louis Fair.
 Should King Menelik of Abyssinia visit the St. Louis Fair, as is expected from the special invitation which has been sent him by President Roosevelt, he will be by far the most interesting personage who will see the twentieth century creation of art and science. Menelik claims descent from Solomon and the Queen of Sheba and this claim



KING MENELIK.

is apparently authenticated by history.

LINEAGE RAN TO KING DAVID.

Philadelphia Woman, Now Dead, Descended from Israel's King.
 A lineal descendant of King David died in Philadelphia recently. Mrs. Gustav Lipschultz was her name. She lived with her husband and five children at 1419 Diamond street, but death came in St. Luke's Hospital, where she had undergone an operation. She was 63 years of age.

could be induced to follow his master across the mysterious thresholds, he the command ever so peremptory of the inducement ever so strong.

Through the misty reaches of sacred history this woman could trace her kinship to the distinguished Jewish family Abarbanel, whose relationship to King David is undoubted and whose achievements throughout Europe are matters of history.

Mrs. Lipschultz, whose maiden name was Bertha Neuman, sprang from that branch of the family of which Don Isaac Abarbanel, prime minister in Spain in 1492, was the head. During that time, when persecution against the Jews began as a result of the change in the religious views of Ferdinand and Isabella, Don Isaac was obliged to flee with his less favored brethren. The family scattered, settling in various parts of Europe. Don Isaac afterward became prime minister in Italy.

The grandfather of the dead woman was Ludovik Hirsch Abarbanel, one of the foremost rabbis of Germany in the last century. The city of Metz, where he died, gave him a public funeral, and the government buildings were draped in mourning.

Equal to the Emergency.
 A little story illustrative of the ingenuity of some colored waiters when they are really "up against it" is told by Mongrove Burke, secretary to Engineer Commissioner Biddle, at the district building.

"I went into a near-by pie garden the other day," says Mr. Burke, "and ordered a sandwich and a cup of coffee. It is one of the rules of this food emporium that the waiter shall write the order on a little slip of paper and put the price opposite. The check is then paid to the cashier at the desk."
 "When I had finished my light repast I picked up the slip placed on the table by the waiter and, glancing at it, saw written thereon:
 "Pie, 5c.
 "Coffee, 5c.
 "I called to the waiter in curiosity: 'Hey, John, I didn't have any pie, I ate a sandwich.'
 "That's all right, boss; he replied, pie and sandwich is both the same price, and I ain't so good on spelling that sandwich."—Washington Star.

A Suggestion.
 Clerk at the telephone—"What's the matter, sir?"
 Employer—"Why, if you can holler that loud into the telephone, you might as well go out into the street and holler over at the man."—Detroit Free Press.

After a man has boarded about a year, he longs to follow home every man he sees on the streets with a beefsteak under his arm.

Most of us have a hard row to hoe because we dislike hoeing.