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EXTRA.

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THREE COMMANDERS.

MEN WHO WOULD LEAD EUROPEAN
ARMIES IN CASE OF WAR.

An Englishman Who Thinks It Would Be
Profitable to Make a Technical Compar-
ison Between Viscount Wolseley and a
Russian and French General.

I do not know the new commander
in chief of the English land forces. I
saw him once or twice in my life, but
this is many years ago, and in military
matters of the magnitude involved in
the supreme command of a great army
I am afraid I should prove an incompe-
tent critic. But I believe to a great ex-
tent in physiognomy, and if Viscount
Wolseley be not a very clever man he
ought to bring an action for libel against
his face, for he looks decidedly clever.
If there were any doubt in my mind
about his ability, it would be set at rest
by the not very enthusiastic remarks in
connection with his appointment I read
in one or two French newspapers. "You
are an irritable people, envious, jealous
and proud to a degree," said Bismarck
to General de Wimpffen on Sept. 1,
1870. "You are an irritable people, en-
vious, jealous and proud to a degree,"
he repeated. "You were under the im-
pression that victory is an appendage
which was exclusively reserved to you."

Has the quarter of a century gone by
since those words were uttered made a
difference in that respect in the French
people? I should not like to say.
It may not be altogether uninterest-
ing to look at the two men against
whom the English commander in chief
will be pitted if a quarrel should ever
unhappily break forth in Europe. I am
alluding to the commanders in chief of
the Russian and the French forces.

The Russian army contains several
men of unquestionable capacity; never-
theless, there appears to be a consensus
of opinion that, in the event of war,
with no matter whom, the supreme
command would virtually devolve upon
General Obrotcheff, to the exclusion
even of General Kourapatkine. I say
virtual command, for, nominally, young
Nicholas would be at the head of his
legions.

Having declared myself at the outset
incapable of judging the English com-
mander in chief from a military point
of view, I am not going to stultify my-
self by endeavoring to do this in the
case of Obrotcheff. I only repeat what
I have heard. Until very recently the
chief of Vannowski's staff and Aid-de-
camp General Obrotcheff was, in spite
of his recognized talents, looked askance
at in Russian military circles. The
epithet "red" was invariably tacked to
his name as late as 15 years ago, and
the third section of the Imperial chan-
cellerie, without troubling to inquire
into the matter, placed him on the list
of "dangerous" men "to be watched
very closely." A note like that from the
Russian police becomes practically
indefinite, and, aid-de-camp general
though he was, not the slightest attempt
was made to efface his name from the
list. After his exploits on the Danube
Loris Melikoff drew the attention of
Alexander II to this apparently flagrant
injustice, to this permanent insult. The
name was maintained on the list for
all that, but the epithet was changed
from "red" into "well meaning."

Obrotcheff has married a French-
woman, and is a declared partisan—or
supposed to be—of an alliance with
France. His views in that respect date
from 1870, when he was an obscure
general. I repeat, about his abilities
there is little or no doubt. After the
first checks in the Russo-Turkish cam-
paign he was sent in hot haste to the
Danube, and he is credited with having
saved the Russian army from total de-
struction. Before that, though, he had
already become the intimate friend of
the heir to the throne, and the friend-
ship underwent no diminution during
Alexander III's reign.

Wherever the scene of the next Euro-
pean campaign of the French may be
laid, General Felix Gustave Sausier,
the present military governor of Paris,
is beforehand designated as the leader.
Sausier is close upon 70. In spite of
his large size he is very active, but for
that size he would give one the idea of a
magnate of the Louis XIV period
dressed in modern uniform. There is no
doubt about his value as a soldier,
which does not always mean an equal
value as a supreme commander, but it
is fair to state that in the battles around
Metz, a quarter of a century ago, he
distinguished himself most signally.
The famous infantry charge at St. Privat,
which practically barred the progress
of the Germans on that side, was led
by him.

Sausier was one of the officers who
signed the protest against the surrender
of Metz. Having refused to pledge him-
self not to serve again during the cam-
paign, he was sent as prisoner of war to
Cologne. Nor would he give his promise
not to escape, consequently he was
transported to a small town on the Vi-
stula (Grandenz, I believe), and abso-
lutely sequestered—without effect, for
he made his escape after all.

He allowed Gambetta to remain ig-
norant of all this, as well as of his re-
publican origin, and the "great trib-
une," whose infallible instinct had
been vanquished so much, only looked upon
Sausier as a colonel of the empire and
treated him as such. After that Saus-

sier went once more to Metz. I should say, has had more fight-
ing than any general in the French ar-
my, but it would be rash to say that
this made him a strategist. A brilliant
soldier he was and is still, in
spite of his age, and as he was barely
40 when France suffered her reverses
he may have profited by them. To many
in France herself he is an unknown
quantity. These are the two men a com-
parison with whom and Viscount Wolse-
ley it would be profitable to establish,
but I mean a technical comparison.—
London Illustrated News.

How She Got the News.

Two Louisville women who are "great
friends," as the phrase goes, from one
cause or another had not met for several
weeks, though living only a few squares
apart. The other night one dame went
down to visit the other one and said on
entering the house:

"Margaret, I came down to visit you
because I heard you were sick."

"Well," answered Margaret, who
seemed a trifle out of sorts, "you took
your time about it. I have been sick a
week."

"Yes," Deborah replied, "but I could
not come sooner because you took such a
roundabout way of letting me know you
were sick."

"Roundabout way? I don't remember
sending you any word at all. How did you
hear?"

"Well, you wrote the news to your
daughter Alice in Milwaukee; she wrote
to my daughter Mary in New Orleans; Mary
mentioned it when she wrote to me—and
that is how I happened to come over."—
Louisville Courier-Journal.

Artificial Scenting of Flowers.

Flowers that have lost something of
their perfume are now scented artificial-
ly by watering them with an alcoholic
solution of essence, using a little glycer-
in to fix the odor. Thus, for violets, the
liquid is composed of 100 grams of glycer-
in and 10 grams of essence of violet.
In many places, while scented
violets are comparatively rare, the un-
scented kinds grow wild in great profu-
sion. These are now bought up in large
quantities, scented artificially and put
into the market in advantageous com-
petition with the perfumed violets grown
by the horticulturists. Cut flowers which
have wilted from time or transportation
are revived by being plunged into a
weak solution of sal ammoniac. Flowers
which have little or no scent are also
perfumed for sale by being put into a
box with ice and then saturated with a
current of "bonic acid charged with
perfume."—London Public Opinion.

Muscular Christianity.

The Westminster Budget tells a char-
acteristic story of the late Rev. Peter
Mackenzie of London. Many years ago,
after delivering a lecture in a village
near Sunderland, he was returning to
his host's house along a lonely road,
when he was accosted by a robber. The
latter was a believer in the right of
might and requested Mr. Mackenzie to
turn out all the cash he had got. "Well,
my dear man," replied Mr. Mackenzie,
"you know I am big enough to thrash
you. If it's money you want, I'll give
you half a crown." The robber would
not accept this very charitable offer.
Mr. Mackenzie "doffed" his coat and
gave him what the man is now pleased
to call "a dashed good hiding." That
thrashing did the man a great service,
for he afterward left the paths of vice
and became one of Mr. Mackenzie's
many converts.

King Alfonso's Tact.

Alfonso, king of Aragon, was one
day examining the different articles in
his jeweler's shop in company with
many ladies of his court. He had scarce-
ly left the house when the jeweler seized
a diamond of great value and ran
after him, complaining of the theft. The
king, not willing publicly to disgrace
any of his attendants, commanded a
large basin full of sand to be brought
him, into which he directed each person
to put in the hand clenched and to draw
it out flat. By this means the diamond
was left in the sand, unknown by
whom.—Household Words.

Not Interested.

An old man and his wife were last sum-
mer sailing on a steamer between Black-
pool and the Isle of Man. As the sea
was rather rough and the old woman
unaccustomed to sailing she said to her
husband:

"Oh, John, this ship is going down."

"Well, never mind," said her hus-
band. "It isn't ours."—London Fun.

San Salvador.

San Salvador is built on a volcano. It
has been three times destroyed by an
earthquake, but the people are becoming
accustomed to such occurrences. Earth-
quakes are pretty frequent, and while
one is naturally very nervous there is
really little danger to life. The shocks
have been known to come as frequently
as 80 times in an hour.

Since the war of 1812 the United
States army has by no means enjoyed
the life of luxurious ease sometimes at-
tributed to it, for, in the intervening
years, it has fought 640 battles or ac-
tions with the Indians.
The state of Iowa is so far from being
wholly agricultural that it has 59,174
persons engaged in its factories, whose
annual output is \$125,049,183.

Napoleon's Generosity.

Count de P— had been raised by
Bonaparte to honors and dignities, but
for some unaccountable reason he be-
trayed the confidence which his patron
had reposed in him. When Bonaparte
became cognizant of the man's treach-
ery, he ordered him to be arrested. He
was to have been tried the following
day and in all probability he would
have been condemned, as his guilt was
fully established. In the meantime
Mme. de P— solicited and obtained
an audience of the emperor.

"I am very sorry for your sake, ma-
dame," he said, "that your husband
should be mixed up in an affair which
places his ingratitude in so glaring a
light."

"Perhaps he is not so guilty as your
majesty supposes," said the countess.

"Do you know your husband's signa-
ture?" inquired the emperor, taking a
letter out of his pocket and handing it
to her.

Mme. de P— rapidly perused the
letter, recognized the handwriting and
fell into a swoon. When she came
around, Bonaparte put the letter into
her hands, saying:

"Take it. This is the only legal evi-
dence that exists against your husband.
There is a lighted fire behind you."

The countess quickly snatched up the
important document and threw it into
the flames. P—'s life was saved, but
as for his honor, not all the influence of
a generous emperor could avail to restore
it.—Chicago Daily News.

Glad to See Him.

New members of congress feel shy and
lonesome. To be thrust suddenly in
among almost 400 members, many of
whom they have never seen, and only a
few of whom they have ever heard of,
is rather a trying experience. To make
a speech under these conditions takes
some courage. James Kerr, ex-member
of congress from Pennsylvania, recently
told his experience in going into con-
gress for the first time. He came down
from Pennsylvania raw and green. He
sat in his seat for several days, and in
that time managed to pick up a formal
speaking acquaintance with one or two
of his neighbors. One day he was sitting
in his seat, discomfited, listening to the
reading of some tiresome bill, when the
member who sat next to him, who had
served two terms, came in like a breeze
and said cheerily:

"Hello, Jim."

Mr. Kerr wheeled in his chair and
said eagerly:

"Say that again, will you, old man?
It sounds like home."

"Well, Jim, let's go down to Murray-
ville and talk about home."

The reference to Murrayville is unin-
telligible to the outsider, but Mr. Kerr
had learned by that time that the name
referred to the house restaurant, where
oysters and the cup that cheers were to
be had, and they tended their way
down stairs.—New York Tribune.

Making the Sound of Hoof Beats.

In three days of war plays and stage
realism the sound of hoof beats is worked
into pretty nearly every melodrama.
Very few people know how the effect is
produced, and very few, too, could make
the noise right even if they had the ap-
paratus. It takes quite a lot of practice
to be a good "horse," as it is called.
The necessary outfit consists of a table
on which is a long marble slab covered
with rubber graduated from an inch
thick down to the thinness of a piece of
paper. The operator has strapped to
each hand half a coconut shell, on the
edge of which is fastened a horseshoe.
He starts in pounding them on the thick
rubber to imitate hoof beats in the
distance and gradually works along to the
thin part as they are supposed to come
nearer, and finally ends up with a clat-
ter on the bare stones as the horse is
pulled up just outside the scene.

This is considered generally to be the
most effective of all the hoof beat ma-
chines.—New York Herald.

And Then He Proposed.

There had been a brief interval of sil-
ence, and he felt that he ought to say
something.

"I see that the students of sociology
have figured it out," he began, "that
education!"

He paused as if in doubt whether he
ought to proceed.

"Yes?" she said encouragingly.

"That education is having a bad ef-
fect upon matrimony," he continued;
"especially the education of women."

"I never did believe in too much edu-
cation," said she softly.

She waited for him to speak, but he
said nothing.

"I'm glad I never knew my lessons,
anyway," she added.

Some men are slow to take a hint,
but they are quick to understand when
they are hit with an ax.

He saw the point.—Chicago Post.

No Jealousy.

"My dear," said young Mrs. McFlim-
my to her husband, "I do wish you
would not go about the house in your
shirt sleeves. People will think your fa-
ther worked for a living."

"They won't when they know his
son."—Detroit Free Press.