

MAZED THE MOROS

lights the Sultan's Suit Saw on Board the Charleston.

IN FRAMING A TREATY.

General Bates Had a Sort of Circus on his Hands While Negotiating With the Filipino Potentate For the Transfer of the Islands to Uncle Sam.

New treaties ever were negotiated in so interesting and ludicrous circumstances than those that attended the one made in 1899 between General Bates and the sultan of Moro.

Then, after much dillydallying, the Filipino potentate was finally induced to come on board the Charleston, the general's headquarters, every effort was made to put him in good humor.

and his suit partook freely of the food, but refused all food as coming from the hands of Christians. Yet they were in no danger of starving, for he had been careful to bring with him enormous sacks of rice.

When the guests were conducted to the man-of-war they marveled at its mechanical mysteries. At the suggestion of an officer the sultan pushed an electric button, and instantly a Chinese servant appeared. Again, in response to a suggestion, he touched the button twice, and a United States Marine stood in the doorway.

From that time every ornament aboard the ship that in any way suggested an electric button was pushed by the sultan or by some member of his suite. An officer conducted him to a dark room and showed him how to turn the button that adjusted the lighting apparatus. The flood of light that resulted left him with gaping mouth and dilated eyes.

His wonderment continued to grow throughout the afternoon, and whenever an opportunity afforded he repeated the performance of pushing electric buttons and turning electric lights on and off. He even went so far, when he thought himself unwatched, to try to appropriate one of the electric bulbs.

When ice water was brought in the top of ice in the pitcher was immediately seized by his royal highness and as quickly dropped to the floor. The lump gradually diminished in size as the sultan's party looked at it in astonishment.

Mr. Shuck suggested to the sultan that he order one of his men aloft and call him when he reached the crow's nest. The first order was easy to execute, but when a return was ordered, the voice having failed to carry, a megaphone was brought, and into this the sultan shouted for the man to return under penalty of instant death.

Immediately the thoroughly frightened man dropped to the deck. The ruler of the dimensions of the stranglehold and declared that he would take one for himself.

The most amusing incident occurred when the sultan upon invitation fired a machine gun. The explosion of the first discharge appeared to root him to the spot. His hands gripped the trigger, with the result that shells continued to pepper the surrounding waters.

Again and again the royal gunner urged the officers to stop the action of the infernal machine, not knowing that the means of doing it lay in his own hands. So thoroughly frightened was he that it was impossible to make him open his hold, and an officer ordered the tape cut, thus stopping the supply of ammunition.

The one pounder was next brought into play, but the sultan refused to go for one of the eight inch guns, which had been invited to fire.

Meantime the knives of his attendants had been taken to the dynamo and charged with electricity, with the result that the suit were of the opinion that the evil one himself was aboard. They begged and implored to be taken ashore and, quite forgetful of their bags of rice, scurried down the gang ladder.

At night the searchlight was brought to bear upon the Moro town of Busuanga, and the instant desertion of the town followed, even the dogs leaving the town.

For many weeks thereafter no amount of persuasion could induce the inhabitants to return.

General Bates made his headquarters in the town of Jolo, and thither the sultan and his staff came on several occasions to discuss the treaty. Subsequently they made another visit to the Charleston. This time the mother of the sultan accompanied the party, and during this visit a phonograph owned by one of the officers rendered sections for the entertainment of the guests.

The aged dame sat entranced throughout the performance, and it was not until the time came for her to affix her signature to the treaty that she awakened. On one condition only would she permit the sultan to sign—the phonograph must become hers.

AN ARCHITECTURAL MARVEL.

St. Sophia and its Wonderful Dome That is Said to Be Doomed.

The world would mourn were the great dome of St. Sophia to fall. There are persistent reports that the structure is in danger, that the masonry is rotten and crumbling and that the final doom of the edifice is not far off.

When it is remembered that St. Sophia was built in the sixth century, that it has for more than thirteen centuries withstood the vicissitudes of fires, earthquakes, sackings and bombardments, rain and wind, heat and cold, the marvel is that it has endured so long. Having stood through all these ages, there will be the keenest regret if it finally yields to the destructive forces of nature.

St. Sophia is often spoken of as the grandest monument of Christian architecture. It is the perfection of the Byzantine style, differing from the early Romanesque and late renaissance of western Europe and the beautiful Gothic which must be considered the ideal of ecclesiastical architecture. It may not be as impressive as other great edifices built from fire to ten centuries later, but its strength, solidity and grandeur, together with its great antiquity, give it a place unique among churches.

The collapse of St. Sophia's dome would be a greater loss than was the fall of the Venetian campanile, and its reconstruction would be utterly impossible. The problems of its building were so intricate and complex that the secret of them died with the architect Anthemius in the sixth century. It has been said that St. Sophia, "like Karnak, in Egypt, or the Athenian Parthenon, is one of the four great pinnacles of architecture; but, unlike them, it is no ruin, nor does it belong to a past world of constructive ideas, although it precedes by 700 years the fourth culmination of the building art in Chartres, Amiens or Bourges and thus must ever stand as the supreme monument of the Christian cycle."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

ONE DAY'S WORK.

That is All There is Before You, So Do It to Perfection.

You have a hard thing to do. So hard it is that your breath comes short when you think of it, and your heart sinks down and becomes a bottomless pit of despondency.

If you let it go on sinking down and down you are done for, so stop it! Climb up again and look around. You underrate your own courage if you tell yourself you cannot accomplish this task which looms before you.

Men have done great things before now—things which make one gasp at the splendor and glory of human achievement. Do you think their hearts never failed them; that they never looked forward with utter weariness to the heights they must climb and the seas they must cross and the years they must wait before success crowns them?

How did they manage it? The secret is simple. Through the eyes of imagination they pictured their distant goal as close to them; they saw it only one day ahead. Then they did one day's work—cheerfully, hopefully. And still the goal was one day distant—only one day—and, in fact, it had been brought one day nearer.

Sometimes through weariness or discouragement the goal vanished from sight, but the acquired habit of plodding on steadfastly, step by step, one day at a time, from hour to hour, brought them close to it in spite of themselves. And so, necessarily, at last they "arrived."

For tasks in hours of insight will do Can be through hours of gloom fulfilled. Never were truer words spoken. Let us make the most of our "hours of insight," never thinking of the visions we see in them as delusive dreams and impossible ideals.—London Express.

Helping the Bride.

When Mrs. Blank, who had always lived near the coast, was married she went to live in a small inland town.

Shortly after her arrival she called on her butcher and ordered a quart of scallops.

"Why, Mrs. Blank," said the dealer, "I guess you will find those at the dressmaker's. And," he added kindly, remembering that she was a bride, "I think they're sold by the yard."—Lippincott's.

Disagreeable Advice.

"I asked him how he got rich, and he told me, but I shan't follow his advice." "Why not?" "I don't like his methods." "Dishonest?" "Not at all. He said he simply saved his money instead of spending it for everything he thought he wanted."—Detroit Free Press.

In Russia.

"What is the matter?" demanded the grand duke. "Excellency, your cook demands a vacation." "Give her a knouting," was the autocratic command.—Kansas City Journal.

The Solo.

He (during a number)—I don't care much for this solo. She—Solo! Can't you see that there are two ladies singing? He—Yes, but one hasn't any voice.—Boston Transcript.

Playing Safe.

"I want you to understand my word is as good as my bond." "That's why I'm playing safe and insisting on the cash."—Detroit Free Press.

THE PARSON'S MISTAKE.

It Changed His Mind About the Customs of the Fine Folks.

A Scottish parson whose parish was remote from great cities was invited to a house party at a certain castle, and after much persuasion from his family and friends accepted. Mrs. Walford in "Memories of Victorian London" says that the elderly clergyman had never before been inside a large country house and was not at all familiar with the customs in vogue.

He arrived about 5 o'clock and found the men just returned from shooting and the ladies from driving, all being at tea in the hall.

It seemed nice and sociable on a chilly November afternoon, and, delighted to find such simplicity prevailing where he had not looked for it, he partook heartily of cake, sandwiches and so forth.

At a little before 7 o'clock some neighbors, who were merely calling, took themselves off, and the rest of the company broke up and went upstairs with bedroom candles in their hands.

"Well, this is better still," thought his humble friend, and he rehearsed to himself the phrases he would use to describe the situation afterward. He would emphatically repudiate the notion that the "aristocracy" kept late hours and were too much addicted to conviviality. He heard himself saying: "Late hours, indeed? I haven't been to bed so early since I was a boy."

He judged that he had been asleep some time when the sound of a gong reverberating through the passages made him start up in bed. What was the meaning of it? What terrible thing had happened? Could the house be on fire?

Finding the back stairs close by, down he rushed to the housekeeper's room and electrified the good woman by demanding breathlessly: "What is it? What's the matter?" "Lor, sir, nothing ain't the matter," said she reprovingly, "except that you'll be late to dinner. The second gong sounded five minutes ago, and you're not half dressed!"

Such speed did he make, however, on being thus enlightened that he actually got into his evening clothes and was in the drawing room before half the other guests appeared. "But," said he, "I never had the chance of delivering the speech I had so carefully prepared exculpating great folks from the charge of evil ways."

A THREE FOOT LEAP.

As Thrilling Behind the Scenes as For the Audience in Front.

The opera is "Tosca." You sit breathless in your seat in the last act waiting for the climax, when Tosca shall find Cavaradossi not shamming, but dead by the trickery of the slain Scarpia, and shall run and leap over the parapet to be dashed to pieces far below. The captain and his guards look over the edge, aghast at the sight. You rise from your seat thrilled.

Now go behind the scenes and watch Tosca leap. Nearly every one who can leave his post does go back stage, left, for this climax, which is as exciting in the reality as it is in the pretense of the footlights. Before the curtain went up a stage hand had dragged across and thrown down just beneath the parapet a mattress some twelve inches thick and the size of an ordinary bed. The opera moves swiftly. The soldiers fire the volley, and Cavaradossi falls. Tosca, learning the truth, rushes to the parapet, looks backward toward the audience, stuns magnificently defiant and leaps.

It is a good three feet in the vertical to the mattress. Do not think that the prima donna, however plump she may be, strives to save or catch herself. That leap is too great an opportunity for histrionic realism to lose one little part of its effect. She lands plump at full length, fairly taking the breath out of her, while the back stage watchers get the real gasp. It is perhaps half a minute before she recovers herself. Then she gathers herself together, all businesslike again, and hurries through the press of stage hands, chorus, supes, principals, down front stage to receive the curtain call.—New York Post.

Paper Money.

The earliest paper money issued in America was in Massachusetts in 1690 in order to satisfy the demands of clamorous soldiers. The first authorized by the Continental congress was in May, 1775. Six years later it ceased to circulate as money.

Benjamin Franklin and his partner, D. Hall, printed the bills of the colony of Delaware. On the face of the note in conspicuous letters was the warning, "To counterfeit is death."

An Endearing Act.

Wife (pleadingly)—I'm afraid, Jack, you do not love me any more—anyway, as well as you used to. Husband—Why? Wife—Because you always let me get up to light the fire now. Husband—Nonsense, my love! Your getting up to light the fire makes me love you all the more.—Lippincott's.

Why They Are Happy.

"There goes the beautiful Elsie! They say she is very happy with her husband, the young artist!" "Happy? Well, as you take it! It is true they harmonize splendidly. He does not understand her, and she does not understand him!"—Fliegende Blätter.

Nothing can possibly be conceived in the world or even out of it which can be called good without qualification except a good will.—Kant.

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