THE WISDOM OF ALL.

THE Prophet once, sitting in calm debate,
Said: "I am Wisdom's fortress; but the gate
Thereof is All." Wherefore some who heard
With unbelieving jealousy, were stirr'd;
And, that they might on him confusion bring,
Ten of the boldest join'd to prove the thing.
"Let us in turn to All go!" they said,
"And ask if Wisdom should be sought instead
Of earthly riches; then, if he reply
To each of us in thought accordantly,
And yet to none in speech, or phrase the same,
His shall the honor be, and ours the shame."

Now, when the first his bold demand did broke,
These were the words which All straightway spake:
"Wisdom is the inheritance of those
Whom Allah favors; riches of his foes."

Unto the second he said: "Thyself must be
Cleared to thy wealth; but Wisdom guardeth thee."

Unto the third: "By wisdom wealth is won;
But riches purchased Wisdom yet for none."

Unto the fourth: "Thy goods the thief may take;
But into Wisdom's house he cannot break."

Unto the fifth: "Thy goods decrease the more
Thou givest; but use enlarges Wisdom's store."

Unto the sixth: "Wealth tempts to evil ways;
But the desire of Wisdom is God's praise."

Unto the seventh: "Divide thy wealth, each part
Becomes a pittance; give with open heart
Thy Wisdom, and each separate gift shall be
All that thou hast, yet not impoverish thee."

Unto the eighth: "Wealth cannot keep itself;
But Wisdom is the steward even of pelf."

Unto the ninth: "The camels slowly bring
Your goods; but Wisdom has the swallow's wing."

And lastly, when the tenth did question make,
These were the ready words which All spake:
"Wealth is a darkness which the soul should fear;
But Wisdom is the lamp that makes it clear."

Crimson with shame the questioners withdrew,
And they declared: "The Prophet's words were true;
The mouth of All is the golden door
Of Wisdom." When his friends to All bore
These words, he smiled and said: "And should they ask
The same until my dying day, the task
Were easy, for the stream from Wisdom's well
Which God supplies, is inexhaustible."

—Bayard Taylor.

THE SLAIN IN BATTLE.

IN proportion to the number of men engaged upon both sides there have been practically no marked losses of life in the Transvaal campaign, says the Chicago Times-Herald. The forces of England in South Africa are rapidly approaching 200,000 in number. The highest estimate placed upon the size of the Transvaal army is 80,000. Englishmen and Boers have confronted each other in battle since October 12. The number of English killed, wounded and missing or taken prisoners does not yet exceed 10,000. In all probability, owing to their intrenched positions and mountain embattlements which surround them, the Boers have not lost over two-thirds this number. It is fair to suppose that the total losses on both sides in 120 days of fierce campaigning do not exceed 17,000 men. The killed on both sides do not number 1,500. This is a merciful war, so far as taking human life is concerned, but as all war is beneficial in its destruction of waste forces and vitalizing power upon the best which survives. The words "carnage" and "slaughter" have no real place so far in the Transvaal fighting. Wolf, Kitchener, on one day alone—September 2, 1898—destroyed of Omdurman 17,000 dervishes, miserable, ignorant fanatics, who thought they had a right to live. That is slaughter.

But be we how men killed each other in the Dark Ages, dreams were not modern or idle but calm, and when the opportunity to kill in battle was much greater than it is at the present time. Edward III and Philip VI died with each other at Crecy August 26, 1346, and the killed and wounded and prisoners amounted in all to 42,000 men. The English, although victorious, lost 12,000. This was right royal fighting and would have given war correspondents remarkable material for bloody dispatches. At Hohenlinden, December 3, 1800, the French loss was approximately 9,000, while the Austrians, in killed and wounded, lost 8,000 and 12,000 prisoners were taken. Thus the killed and wounded of that one day equaled the total losses in the Transvaal war of both sides in 120 days. One might infer that the marksmanship of 1800 and 1900 was of poor quality. This is not true. The fact is that armies meet less in hand-to-hand conflicts to-day than ever before. At Marengo, June 14, 1800, the French loss was 5,000 and the Austrian loss between 10,000 and 12,000, or 18,000 in all, which figures for a single twenty-four hours of fighting make the battling at the Tugela and Modder rivers seem like a skirmish. But greater carnage than this has been recorded. At Chancellorsville, May 2, 3 and 4, 1863, the Union loss was 16,020, the Confederate loss 12,281. In other words, 28,300 men were put out of active service in three days. At Chickamauga, September 19 and 20, 1863, the Union loss was 15,851 and the Confederate loss 17,804, an average of about 17,000 a day. Still a human life is of more value in 1900 than it was in 1863. The week value of a man is greater to-day than it was then, and it is said to be a law of the Fates that as work value increases the morality wrought in warfare decreases. Which may or may not be so.

July 1, 2 and 3, 1863, at Gettysburg, the Union loss was, killed 2,834, wounded 13,709, missing 6,643, and the Confederate loss 21,621, so there was an average loss per day on that battlefield of 17,000 men. At Antietam September 17, 1862, the Union loss was 12,469, Confederate loss 9,000 to 12,000, or a total of at least 21,500. The second Bull Run was fought on August 29 and 30, 1862. The Union forces lost 15,000 men and the Confederates 8,000. In the battle of the Wilderness, May 5 and 6, 1864, the Union side was crippled by the loss of 18,000 men and the Confederate by a loss of 11,000 men. The Germans and French did equally as well at Mars-la-Tour, August 16, 1870. The German loss in killed and wounded was 15,000. The French loss in killed, wounded and prisoners was 17,000. One regiment lost 46 officers and 1,776 men, but this regimental loss does not compare with the Union loss at the time of the first discharge of the Confederate batteries and musketry at the battle of the Wilderness, when it is estimated that in five minutes 3,000 Union soldiers were wounded and killed. Gravelotte, August 18, 1870, was a carnage to be remembered. The Germans left upon the field 20,159 dead or wounded men. The French lost between 12,000 and 15,000. Plevna, situated in the snows of Bulgarian mountains, was a battlefield in July, 1877, where the mountain side ran streams of blood and Turk and Muscovite died with their teeth fixed in each other's flesh. The total Russian losses in ten days' fighting were 32,000. The Turkish losses have never been accurately known. They have been estimated at 20,000.

Last but not least of the fierce battles of the world where life was treated as a bauble comes Waterloo, June 18, 1815. The loss of the English and Prussians was 22,000 and of the French 25,000. Wellington's army could not have survived the ravishes of the French guns but for the support of the allies, and England as an Empire has never come so near annihilation on the field of battle as it did at Waterloo. President Kruger is said to have promised that before England reached Pretoria the loss of life in her army should be 10,000, and unless internal treachery weakens his forces it is reasonable to suppose that near the gates of Ladysmith or somewhere within the confines of the Transvaal there will yet be a royal battle in which the dead will be strewn as thickly upon the field as they were at Peach Tree Creek years ago when the infantry crossed the waters upon the bodies of the slain.

IRVING IN CHICAGO.

From Chicago newspaper reports.

THERE was much shimmering of satins and laces and diamonds, for the set got its most gorgeous trappings on for the occasion.

It was easy to see before the curtain fell tinkled that the audience was the sweetest that ever happened at the Columbia.

It was a gathering of splendid proportions and colossal achievement.

The acclaim of the most fashionable audience of the season was great.

The loges held many men of years who have piled up fortunes in this town. They also held many women who are spending the fortunes.

The whole house was full enough and paused that there was scarcely room for more than a handful of latecomers with the throng of hackers.

Society has every reason to be satisfied with its share in having been invited out to see Mr. Irving and Miss Terry last night.

A thoughtful mind starting out to evaluate up the immensity and of the shifting brilliant of the stage was sure to get lost in the mass of material which intervened.

Every lady's daughter who came thought should have been, and on a hundred was missing in the comfortable seats provided for the women of the set.

BUSINESS AND RELIGION.

E. W. Stephens in the Columbia Herald.

BUSINESS is not one thing and religion another. A religion that does not permeate and inspire everything it touches is unworthy the name. A man, be he editor or anything else, who does not make his religious faith his guiding star, his motive force in every relation of life, has no religion worth speaking of. Jesus Christ as a force in the world is not confined to churches. He is everywhere, in society, in politics, in commerce, in education, in journalism, in professional life, in business. The creed he left is not a namby-pamby sentiment. It is a vital force. Nor is it a code of prohibitions, to keep people from doing wrong. It is a living impulse to incite them to do right. The history of civilization proves that Christianity has been the greatest of all influences in the progress, development and elevation of mankind. It has brought civil freedom, happiness, peace, enlightenment to the world. What it has done for humanity in the aggregate it does for each individual life. Whether a man belongs to a church or not he is better and stronger in proportion as he embodies in his life the teachings of the Savior. Just as they become a part of him is he a better business man or professional man. It is at last the safest standard of merit, the surest measure of success.

It is pleasant to note that the sneering, flippant style of journalism is passing. The habit of ridiculing sacred things, the reckless irreverence which has pervaded much of journalism is not as conspicuous as it was. The young smart Alecks of journalism, the bohemian reporters of city journals who have thought it smart to scoff at things religious and to make them the butts of coarse paragraphs and ribald jest, are not in evidence as they once were. The newspaper man sees so much of the hypocrisy and hypocrisy of life that he is liable to become sceptical and cynical, and before many young and pert reporters think it smart and entertaining to treat sacred things with lightness and irreverence. Charles A. Dana once promptly dismissed one of his men for having attended a baptismal and made in with other candidates and been baptized himself that he might write it up. He would tolerate no such shocking act as blasphemy.

It is a pleasing evidence of the reverence in which the Savior of men is held that no newspaper, however reckless, or sulphurous or blasphemous or yellow it may be, however much it may ridicule and scoff at other things, ever casts upon him a reproach or refers to him in other than the language of respect. It is the silent but powerful tribute which modern skepticism pays to his divine and spotless life.

The newspaper may be none the greatest of all pulpits, the editor the greatest of all preachers. He may do so without compromising any of his dignity or doing any damaging injury to his business or himself. It may increase his power, strengthen his business, add to his circulation and enlarge his columns of advertising. The principles of truth and temperance and justice and charity, hope and faith and diligence and industry taught are those which underlie every success.

Then if there is another life, be there to, and if seed sown in this one bear fruit there, who like the journalist possesses such opportunities and who in the world, that lies beyond care responsible harvest?

SONG FOR ST. VALENTINE'S DAY.

APOLLO has peeped through the shutters
And awakened the wrens and the
The boarding-house bird begins in a flutter
The twopenny post's in despair
The breath of the morning is fragrant
A magic on blossom and spray,
And coldness and sparrows are singing
In chorus on Valentine's Day.

Punch.

AN AMERICAN INDIAN BAND.

Plans Being Made for These Music Makers to Go to Paris.

The authorities of the Carlisle Indian School have begun arrangements for a tour of the famous Indian band previous to its departure for the Paris Exposition. All the principal cities of the United States and perhaps Canada, will be visited, writes a Carlisle correspondent to the Philadelphia Inquirer.

The public has long been aware of the existence at Carlisle of one of the greatest philanthropic educational institutions of the world, conducted under the supervision and appropriation of the general Government. At the present time there are 1,021 Indian pupils in attendance at this school representing seventy-five different and distinct tribes. The recent exploits of the great football team from this institution have attracted universal attention to the remarkable possibilities of educating Indians and it is for the purpose of demonstrating that Indians are not only capable of receiving and assimilating instruction necessary to the development of scientific football, but are worthy competitors with the white men in higher lines of training, such as music, law, medicine, etc., that the authorities have determined to have the band appear in all the larger cities of this country, before leaving for the Paris Exposition. Where it goes simply to counteract the impression there made by "Wild West" shows, and for the education there may be in the trip for the members of the band.

The history of the band began in 1881, two years after the Industrial School was established, and the circumstances which led to its organization was this: When the school opened the only musical instrument known to the Indians besides the Indian flute was the tom-tom. The flute is a sweet-toned instrument, and in the hands of a skillful Indian player produces very effective music, but the tom-tom is more suited for its decided rhythmical tone. When the Indian sings he always has this as his accompaniment, and in its absence rope with his fingers the very beats the tom-tom would have played. However, the boys and girls who were first to come to Carlisle were limited in their musical output to the voice and tom-tom. These they used incessantly and on many a night the sounds which emanated from the pupils' quarters were, to say the least, disheartening to those who wished better things for the red man.

There came a time, finally, when it became evident that this must cease and the music of civilization be given the children. A rule had been made just previous to this that no more Indian talk should be spoken at the school upon discovery that the several tribes represented were all learning the Sioux language, and it was reasoned that if they had to learn a new language to communicate with each other they should learn the English, which was decidedly in the direction of the school's purposes. And from this reasoning it followed that if the pupils were not to be permitted to use their language and compelled to talk in the English language, why shouldn't savagery in all its forms be entirely prohibited and the arts of civilization given in their stead?

The government at that time, however, had very little hope for the Indian, and consequently the annual appropriation was not calculated to cover the "luxury of band instruments," which prevented the teaching of the Indian drum with clarionets, cornets and other up-to-date instruments. About this time Mrs. Walter Baker of Boston visited the school and became very much interested in what was being done. As a token of pleasure she donated a set of band instruments to the "tom-tom" boys. The boys were placed at once under competent instruction and made fair progress. At the first entertainment given the Indians determined to do things up red. They selected a big Sioux boy as their band leader. At the appointed time Mr. Sioux walked up on the stage with the dignity of a chieftain and the grace of an artist, and began to play "Sweet By and By." He started with a tremulous blast which upset the ensemble outlook-looking audience, but suddenly toning down he continued to the end of the strain without causing a serious catastrophe. However, when he attempted to play the second strain the thought that he was making a fool of himself dawned upon him. This so disorganized his mental equilibrium that he forgot the tapering of his solo and went on to grace. After making several unsuccessful efforts to continue he sent a tremulous "Good-bye" suddenly penetrated through the hall and Mr. Sioux was seen walking off the stage in great triumph.

The first instrument of the band was a woman's cornet. Later an excellent band leader and at present Mr. Dennison Wheelock, a full-blooded Oneida Indian, a graduate of the school, under whom they have won many laurels. The band is always a special feature whenever it appears. Their special arrangements of Indian songs and Indian songs and war dances are thrilling, and while people will come to hear them play "Yankee Doodle" and other popular airs, they all want to hear them render a war dance in the good old style, and talking it up around that if any band could play it it was their band.

A unique feature connected with the affair is the chorus which was in charge of a cultured Indian lady, who was a graduate of the school. This was a thrilling chorus, which had to be encored to pieces in Indian war dances. As a whole it was the most unique and novel entertainment ever given in Carlisle, and the pleasure which it gave was evidenced by the enthusiasm with which it was received. It was the first time that the school had ever been represented in a public way, and it was a great success. It was a great success, and it was a great success. It was a great success, and it was a great success. It was a great success