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DENISON, IOWA.

EDITORIAL COLUMN

RUSSIA'S PEACE PROPOSITION.
(From the Pioneer Press.)

In considering such a proposition as that of the Russian czar, for a conference looking to a general reduction of European armaments, it is well to weigh not only the intrinsic merits of the proposition itself, but likewise the source from which it comes and the circumstances under which it was made, before concluding that it is inspired wholly by a humanitarian desire for universal peace and the lightening of the people's burdens.

Russia stands alone among the great powers of Europe as a nation which, notwithstanding the immensity of its resources and the vastness of the armaments it has felt compelled to maintain—and in maintaining which it has in fact "set the pace" for the other powers—has never been victorious in any war which it has waged. It has contributed auxiliary forces to the armies of other nations—as when it assisted Austria in the suppression of the Hungarian revolution under Kossuth—but its own military history is but a record of successive defeats. The character of its domain, the inertia, loyalty and fatalistic patience of its masses, the readiness with which an autocratic government could gather fresh armies and fresh resources with which to repair defeat—these, and a favoring fortune, account for the fact that after each reverse to its arms—as was the case after the Crimean war and its forced retirement from the Balkans at a later period—it has gathered itself together and been able, by watching for its opportunity, to make subsequent advances even greater than those which it had vainly endeavored to defend in battle. All Russia's gains have been through long-headed strategy and the use of diplomatic arts, in which sincerity and good faith have often seemed to exist only in so far as they have been compatible with Russian interests. History would seem to indicate that Russia never makes a treaty with any intention of keeping it if anything can be gained by violating its provisions. She never makes a proposition to other powers but that the suspicion of an ulterior purpose—"a card up her sleeve"—is justified by her past record. So it may well be believed that Russia's present suggestion of a general interchange of olive branches and a general disarmament has its origin in the fact that Russia cannot, just now, use her own vast military organization with any particular success in pushing further territorial ambitions. If a general disarmament can be brought about those ambitions may be furthered by her customary tactics; while there will be none to urge against her the only argument she has ever heeded—that of force.

The immediate circumstances under which Russia appears as the advocate of disarmament are these: The czar's aggressions in China have been so feebly met by the Chinese government (which seems to care little whether its territory is dismembered or not), and that government has shown itself so willing to yield everything to the threats of Russian representatives—under the evident impression that England "would do nothing but talk"—that the British ministry seems to have been finally driven to a bolder attitude in defense of British interests. The queen is said to have withdrawn her declaration, made years ago, that England should never again make war on Russia during her lifetime. An ultimatum is alleged to have been sent to Russia requiring her to agree to keep hands off of China, so far as British interests or the British "sphere of influence" are concerned. Meanwhile, a British fleet, the strongest ever known in Eastern waters, is gathered at Weihai-wei, opposite Port Arthur, ready to sweep the Russian fleet from the ocean and the Russian power from every port on the Pacific. And France, Russia's trusted ally, is unable to help defend Russian interests in the Orient at the expense of a war at her own doors. Afghanistan remains faithful to Great Britain—not by Afghan hands will Russia be let in "the back door of India." The great trans-Siberian railway is yet unfinished, and but a small part of Russia's vast army can be made available in China. The premonitions of an entente cordiale between England and the United States also disturb the czar, who not long ago was willing to join in a scheme of intervention to prevent our country from retaining the Philippines. Verily, does not this combination of circumstances make the moment an opportune one to the czar for proposing a general disarmament—a universal peace?

Peace will give Russia time to complete her great railway to the Pacific coast. A disarmament will enable her to divert some portion of the cost of her military establishment to this and other improvements of strategic value. It will consume some portion of her energies for fighting the famine with which she is again threatened. And after a few years of recuperation, when her railways shall be finished, her finances strengthened and her people better prepared, then her conscription may be relied on to give her a bigger army than ever, with which she may swoop down upon China and other desirable regions in such force that none may resist her. It may be in suggesting that the motives of the czar are not

so lofty as they appear, that injustice is done to that young sovereign. Autocrat though he be, he is probably not responsible for all the acts of his subordinates. Russian diplomatic methods have their source in tradition, and it would be a great man indeed who could stem that current. But if the czar's personal motives are undefiled, the natural ascendancy that his crafty diplomatic advisers have over him may well give Europe pause before entering into a conference that, purposely or not, is bound to give Russia what she needs—time.

The Feathered Hobo.
"Did you ever know that the English sparrow is a tramp," asked Depot Superintendent Sanford the other day. "Well, he is, and the worst kind of a 'hobo.' Recently I have seen a flock of them fly from under the pilot of one locomotive to the pilot of an outgoing locomotive, and in that way they travel over the country."
"Sharp? Well I should say so. It's the brightest bird I know of, as I have maintained for a long time."
Mr. Sanford was in dead earnest, and the reporter went out to look for himself at these "tramp" sparrows. As he stood under the sheds at the union depot a big Missouri Pacific engine came along pulling in slowly from its long trip from St. Louis. No sooner had the train come to a standstill until out from under the pilot of the locomotive hopped a dozen English sparrows. They looked around as if to get their bearings, and then made straight for the pilot of a Burlington engine. They disappeared, and remained there until the train pulled out.

Sure enough the English sparrow is a tramp. Evidently they are sharp enough to know they will be transported over the country without exertion. It may be that they enjoy the rapidly moving engine, at least it evidently pleases them to take a free ride.—Kansas City Times.

Burns Won the Dinner.
There is a story told of Robert Burns in his youth. Burns was living in the town of Ayr and, though still young, had attained more than a local reputation as a poet. One day he was passing through the main street of the town and saw two strangers sitting at one of the inn windows. With idle curiosity he stopped to look at them. Seeing him and thinking that the rustic might afford them some amusement while waiting, the strangers called him in and asked him to dine with them. Burns readily accepted the invitation and proved a merry, entertaining guest.

When dinner was nearly finished, the strangers suggested that each should try his hand at versifying and that the one who failed to write a rhyme should pay for the dinner. They felt secure in the challenge, believing that their rustic guest would pay for the meal. The rhymes were written, and Burns read the following: "I, Johnny Peep, saw two sheep; two sheep saw me. Half a crown apiece will pay for their fleece, and I, Johnny Peep, go free." The strangers' astonishment was great, and they both exclaimed: "Who are you? You must be Robbie Burns!"
—New Castle (England) Chronicle.

A Bismarck Reminiscence.
Professor Aegidi, who was for many years the chief of the press bureau, under Prince Bismarck, has published the following reminiscence of Prince Bismarck and the czar, Alexander II: "Before the outbreak of the Franco-German war the czar was with King William at Ems. They were together one evening, and Prince Bismarck was standing at the other end of the room anxiously watching the czar, whose more or less friendly attitude toward Prussia's policy was a matter of very great importance.

"Suddenly the czar's big dog, which had been lying silent under its master's chair, rose, prowled about the room, stopped before Prince Bismarck, looked at him, wagged its tail affectionately and licked the hand he held out toward it. The czar, who had attentively watched its movements, called out to Prince Bismarck at this moment, 'You see, the dog knows his master's friends.'"
Prince Bismarck, who told Aegidi this story, added: "I felt relieved. That was a historical moment for our policy."—Berlin Cor. London Standard.

The Russian Wolf Hound.
Faroff Russia, where winters are so severe that but for a few months in the entire year are the fields free from snow, is the home of a breed of dogs known there as the Borzoi, or Psovoi. The dogs are grand in aspect, with long, flowing coats of silken texture that defy the terrible cold, and they are built on lines that speak volumes for the antiquity of their origin. In this country they are known as Russian wolf hounds. England is the country that has perhaps done most for the breed. Some 15 years ago the Briton secured the best that Russia had and bred them with the exceeding judgment he displays in such matters. He today possesses beyond question some of the grandest living. Within the past few years, however, Germany has made most wonderful strides in breeding these dogs, and, together with the Briton, has brought them very rapidly to the fore.—Ounting

A Wonderful Map.
The Ordnance survey map of England, which contains over 108,000 sheets, and which has cost \$1,000,000 a year for 20 years to keep up to date, is said to be the largest map in the world. The scale varies from ten feet to one-eighth of an inch to the mile. The details are so minute that sheets having a scale of 25 inches show every hedge, fence, wall, building and even every isolated tree in the country.

The Apaches have three different kinds of violins, each having but one string and played with a small bow.

Slow Barcelona—Slower Madrid.
Barcelona is a great trading port, about on a level with Marseilles. It has grown very much within recent years. The Barcelonenses consider themselves a model to all Spain in the matter of industry and in common sense, yet in this town, which is really a handsome place and rich, the head telegraph office is in the suburbs; there is only one branch office in town, and messages have to be sent from that by hand. The postoffice is well away from the port in a by-street. If you are there on business, you will find as likely as not that one clerk is in attendance out of an immense staff. He will probably be very polite, but he will put his hand to a pen or a bundle of letters as if he feared they would burn, and Barcelona is a model of smartness compared with Madrid.

One wonders what would happen to the dawdling officials one sees at these places if they were transported by some malignant fairy to St. Martin's-le-Grand. Madness would probably be their fate if they made an effort to meet the call. But then they would not. The hurry and drive would simply revolt their sense of what was due to a gentleman.—Pall Mall Magazine.

Mrs. Cleveland's Courtesy.
The following pretty story is told of Mrs. Grover Cleveland: At one of the public receptions given at the White House an old lady who was drawn up in the line that was pushing its way forward to shake hands with the president's wife dropped her handkerchief just before getting to Mrs. Cleveland. She was too old and rheumatic to stoop down and recover it, and those back of her in the line were too intent upon getting the one fleeting glimpse possible of the mistress of the White House to notice the old lady's loss, and the handkerchief was trampled upon roughly.

Just before the old lady reached her Mrs. Cleveland stepped out of her place and deftly picked up the handkerchief, tucked it in her dress and, taking her own fresh one, which was of the most delicate, dainty lace, smilingly handed it to the old lady with the sweet remark, "Please take mine, and when you get home send it back to me, will you?" And when the handkerchief came back to her Mrs. Cleveland returned that of the owner, freshly laundered, lying on the top of a beautiful box of rosebuds that came from the White House conservatory.

An Accommodating Neighbor.
Not long back Mr. X. moved into a new house, which had not before been occupied. The bell wires were rather stiff, and in consequence the bells gave no uncertain sound. This was particularly the case with the doorbell, whose clangor disturbed the whole house.

Mr. X. is a man of sensitive nerves. The tremendous jangle of the doorbell made him shudder, so he wrote in chalk above the handle of the doorpost, "Pull gently."
About 9 that evening there was a violent ringing. Somebody tugged at the bell as if he were going to pull it out by the roots. The noise was terrific. X. himself ran to the door in a rage and found his friend Z.

"What the dickens do you mean by ringing that way?" exclaimed X. indignantly. "Don't you see what's written there?"
"Yes," answered Z, "I do so—that's why I pulled so hard."
X. looked at the writing and saw, "Pull urgently." A passing wag had added the "ur." X. has now muffled the bell.—London Telegraph.

Artillery Terms.
All artillery may be divided into two main classes, heavy and light. Heavy artillery is called also garrison artillery. Heavy artillery guns are placed permanently in forts, and the men who handle them form foot artillery batteries and regiments. Light artillery refers to guns not permanently emplaced—that is, light enough to be taken from place to place by means of horses and maneuvered by hand. In our army the light artillery gunners ride on the caissons and gun carriages. In horse artillery the gunners ride horses, so that a horse artillery battery has a great many more horses than a light battery. We have no horse batteries in our army. A field battery is a light battery. A flying battery is a horse battery. Siege guns are between heavy and light artillery. They are intended to be placed permanently for the time being and are brought to their places by teams, but they are not maneuvered as light guns are.—New York Sun.

"Nanny Dummy."
In his "Highways and Byways in Devon and Cornwall" Arthur H. Norway tells of a fragment of antiquity that still "lingers in the neighborhood of Redruth, where the country people, when they see a ghost, say, 'Nanny dummy.'" and he adds, "I leave the riddle to be solved by any one who is curious enough to undertake a useful piece of practice in unraveling the corruption of language."
The phrase is probably a corruption of "In nomine Domini," the Latin for "In the name of the Lord," a phrase so familiar in the devotion of the middle ages.

Lost Time.
"Time is precious," remarked the minister.
"It is indeed," replied the man of business, "and I've wasted lots of it."
"By indulging in foolish pleasures, I suppose?" said the good man.
"No," replied the other. "I lost it by being punctual in keeping my appointments with others."—Chicago News.

A woman always credits another woman with having excellent judgment when they both dislike the same person.—Chicago News.

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1899—February 13, April 17, October 9, Dec. 11.
Zala A. Church and G. M. Ellwood, Judges.

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Assessor..... A. J. BOND
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Night watch..... L. W. BAKER
Marshal..... HY. ROEBB
ALDERMEN:
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Third Ward..... H. Sca. gs and Max Sime

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