SEND OVER A FLEET

STRONG RESOLUTIONS ADOPTED AT A MASS MEETING ON ARMENIA

HELD IN WEST ST. PAUL.

GOVERNMENT URGED TO ORDER PART OF THE U. S. NAVY TO CONSTANTINOPLE.

ADDRESS BY JUDGE KELLY.

He Wishes W. E. Gladstone Had the Management of England's Affairs Today.

"The Armenian Outrages" was the subject discussed before the citizens of St. Paul, "in mass meeting assembled," at the Clinton Avenue M. E. church yesterday afternoon. Hon. Robert A. Smith was chairman, and George B. Tallman secretary of the meeting. The question was treated in its various aspects, particularly in its relation to the civilized powers of the world, emphasis being placed upon the necessity of immediate action, not only in the cause of common humanity, but to insure protection and safety to the American citizens within the domains of the sultan. The gentle, peaceable disposition of the Armenians was vividly contrasted with the fierce nature of the Turks, who, in their relentless vindictiveness against the Christians, would, unless dominated by the allied powers, stop at nothing short of annihilation. Mayor Smith introduced as the first speaker Ald. C. N. Hare, who discussed briefly the recent massacres, dwelling upon the universal brotherhood of man and the solemn obligation placed upon the American people by virtue of this tie.

Rev. C. W. Scovel, late professor of history in Roberts college, of Constantinople, spoke upon "Armenia and Armenians." Rev. Mr. Scovel spent five years at the Turkish capital, in this way obtaining an extended knowledge of the relations existing between the Turks and Armenians, which enabled him to put before his audience in a graphic manner the horrible outrages to which the Armenians are subjected. They were, he said, a people of intelligence, and thoroughly capable of governing themselves if only given the opportunity. Some of them have occupied positions of prominence as jurists and diplomats, demonstrating their ability to administer the affairs of their nation, but, as a rule, owing to the oppression of the Turks, the Armenians were now only tradesmen. Their spirit had been crushed and their nationality almost stamped out. "And yet," concluded the speaker, "some people, when this long-suffering race attempts to protect its rights, have the heartlessness to say they are themselves responsible for these outrages."

When Judge Kelly arose to deliver the concluding address he was greeted by a burst of applause from the audience. He said:

JUDGE KELLY'S ADDRESS.

Mr. Mayor, Rev. Sirs, My Christian Brethren: That cause is holy which touches in all hearts a responsive chord. That cause, indeed, is holy which draws together men and women without regard to the divisions of society, race, political party, or religious beliefs. In response to such a cause I stand here, a Catholic, to speak in a Protestant church, in behalf of an outraged Christian people—a people separated from us by thousands of miles of land and sea, speaking a strange tongue, worshiping under strange forms—but your brethren and my brethren still.

I thank the gentlemen who honored me with this invitation, and I thank you for your presence; simply saying, that my words come from a man always ready to act in accord with his fellow citizens—however we may differ in some things—in everything that affects the common weal and a common Christianity.

I ask no person doing good at my side for Christ's sake, at what altar he worships, what language he speaks, what party he follows. He is my brother. That is all I need to know.

The little country, partly in Asia Minor and partly in Persia, called Armenia, lying south of the Black sea, and taking in the high slopes and deep valleys of the Caucasus — the fountain sources of the Tigris and Euphrates rivers—carries us back through history or tradition to the cradle of our race. And it was a rough cradle, those great mountain ranges, upon some of which almost perpetual snows are found. Within its border stands Mount Ararat, upon whose peak tradition says the ark of Noah rested when the floods were subsiding, and from some of those slopes the dove brought back the olive branch of peace, and across that sky God's bended bow of promise spread as an everlasting covenant.

Referring to its soil, its agricultural and climatic conditions, that part now under Turkish sway is not an hospitable country. Occupying the highlands of Western Asia, which divide the northern and southern waters, its plains are arid, its valleys rough, its mountains lofty.

Nevertheless, for ages it has been to all the world's people a most interesting and attractive spot. Roman, Greek and Persian have contended here for mastery—to be succeeded by Goths and Genoese and Templar, and lastly by the resistless tide of barbarian tribes, led by Othman and his successors, which swept down from the higher plains of the Altai mountains.

The Armenian people proper are an ancient Christian people; they approach more in doctrine and discipline the great body known as the Greek church, but their ecclesiastical government is distinct. A very large number are still united with the See of Rome.

Originally they were a hardy, self-respecting, gallant, peaceful race of men; but long ages of the cruel domination of Turk and Tartar have left their mark painfully upon the national character today.

SULTAN SAYS NOTHING.

I notice this because many persons are disposed to ascribe the recent horrors in that country to the rebellious and treacherous character of the Armenians themselves. It is a maxim of the law, founded in justice, that no one shall be heard to plead his own wrong, in extenuation of his conduct. The mouth of the sultan is closed, as should be the mouth of every other tyrant. You may not, under cover of the law, goad an unoffending people to the last point of endurance, and then charge them with being turbulant, if they resist. If the are rebels, who made them rebels? If they are deceitful, what cruel system of government made them such? So I care not whether these massacres, about which all humanity now cries aloud, resulted in the first tions is answerable—and the Christian turned upon his torturer, at last, and struck back; or whether, as is more likely, they came from the same old source of devilishness, the Turk's belief that the "Christian dog" is not fit to live. The sultan who has made and continues and fosters these conditions is answrable—and the Christian governments of the world that stand by and see the work of blood go on without effective protest, are answerable.

The sultan is called the "Sick Man of Europe," and yet that man, from the sweet-scented and darkened rooms of the palace by the Bosphorus has defied, up to this moment, all the powers of Europe. Not that England's ironclads cannot blow the sultan's palace and the sultan himself into atoms—not that the Russian cannot force the Bosphorus at any moment, in spite of Turkish power, and lay Constantinople in ashes. It is not the fear of the Turk that keeps silent the guns of Europe. It is the jealousy of each other—the greed—the cruel selfishness of these governments that make the "Sick Man of Europe" its strong man.

The Ottoman empire was founded by the sword; it has been maintained by the sword. The Koran teaches, in terms, that the earth is divided into two classes—believers in the Prophet and unbelievers—the House of Islam and the House of War. Reduced to its last analysis, the strict Mohammedan teaches that the conflict between the House of Islam and the unbeliever is irrepressible. For all times—for all countries—for all men.

From its inception this monster fanaticism carried the active propaganda of its faith in all directions at the sword's point. It settled down upon the fairest portions of the earth—Asia, Africa, Europe. The seats of ancient empires were possessed. Temporary repulses meant nothing—driven from the walls of Vienna in 1529, the attempt was renewed again and again, until the last great invasion in 1683 failed.

TRIUMPH OF CHRISTIAN ARMS.

I may be pardoned by referring to that signal triumph of Christian arms as illustrating what may be done when the arm that strikes, strikes for God and freedom. For two months before September, 1683, Kara Mustapha, the grand vizier of Mahomet IV., had invested Vienna, the last stronghold of Western Christendom, with 500,000 men. Of this vast host, it is said 275,000 were picked troops. But 11,000 soldiers held the beleagured town. On Sept. 11 John Sobieski, at the head of 50,000 men—Poles, Germans and French—swept down from a mountain back of the city, which Mustapha had permitted him to occupy without contest, pierced the Moslem center, and utterly routed an army like unto Xerxes'.

The message which Sobieski sent the pope announcing this victory—so unlike that which Cæsar sent from Gaul to the Roman senate—carries the idea I wish to convey—"I came—I saw—God conquered."

The papers the other day printed a letter dated Nov. 5, 1895, addressed to the Hon. Chauncey Depew, from which I take the liberty of quoting these words:

"I have had the honor of receiving your letter of the 20th ult., which forwarded to me the invitation of the Press club, accompanied and countenanced by the gracious address of the mayor of the great city of Chicago. I cannot too strongly express my sense of the honor thus done me, and I wish to add that, in my opinion, no cause more sacred, and none more urgent, than that of the Armenians has ever been brought before the citizens of humane and enlightened countries. It is for the moment enveloped, so far as the public eye is concerned, in uncertainty, but yet there are indications that the handwriting on the wall which warned one ancient despot of his coming down has again been traced visibly enough to betoken some approaching crash of a system of government far more impious and iniquitous."

This letter was written by an old man whom all the world honors and all the world loves. A man who, after an eventful, useful and honorable life, scarcely if at all paralleled by that of any layman—a life now passed four-score years—looks out from his retirement into the voiceless future with unfaltering trust. Nature in these later years has failed him in his physical vision, but from the depths of a well stored mind he sees and grasps today, as clearly as in his prime, the great questions of the hour. A statesman who, I will not say has made no mistakes—for, like all men, he has made them—but a statesman who has had the moral courage before the world to acknowledge his errors—the greatest Englishman of this century, the Christian gentleman, the grand old man, William E. Gladstone.

NEED ANOTHER GLADSTONE.

Oh, that the man in power today had the spirit of a Gladstone!

I cannot better close than by adopting as my own these words from the Boston Pilot of Dec. 7, the paper which John Boyle O'Reilly made illustrious with his genius, and which his successor, James Jeffrey Roche, so successfully sustains. Speaking of these Armenian atrocities, the Pilot says:

"The sickening stories of massacre and outrage in Armenia still come in. But half of the awful tale will ever be told. Whole towns and villages have been depopulated by the Turkish soldiers and Kurdish banditti; and the sultan does nothing. The allied fleets near Constantinople do nothing. England dare not openly back the sultan, but she stands in the way of those who would call him to sharp account. Oh, for another Decatur, Hull, Bainbridge or Stewart, with a Yankee deck under his feet, to push his way through the impotent fleets of Europe and fire a shot which would be heard from the Hellespont to hades, so that every Turk, living and dead, might know that one nation of Christendom is neither cowardly nor selfish in the presence of such horrors. It might disturb the serenity of some cabinets at home and abroad; but it would make the man who fired it the most popular man in America, and no administration would dare 'call him down.'

"Whether the expression of America's horror at the atrocity of the Turk, and of sympathy with his Armenian victims, will prove more than a mere voice, time must determine. So far removed by distance and governmental policy we may accomplish but little. But this the United States can do; it can protect its own citizens. Every law-abiding American citizen in Turkish lands, or in any other land, should be protected from insult or injury at all hazards.

"The stars and stripes must be made everywhere a reality, not a dream.

"As a nation we have wronged no people; we should not tamely submit to wrong from any in the person of even the humblest citizen. Our boast, like the Romans, is 'I am an American citizen.'

"Make that proud title mean something the world over."

RESOLUTIONS ADOPTED.

The following resolutions, presented by J. M. Hawthorne, were unanimously adopted:

Whereas, the people of St. Paul, Minn., as well as their fellow citizens all over the United States, have heard from time to time, with growing feelings of mingled horror and indignation, of the atrocities and outrages which have been inflicted upon their fellow Christians in Armenia, with the consent or connivance of the Turkish government; and,

Whereas, instead of abating, the murder and pillage of those defenseless people has continued to increase to such an extent as to shock the entire civilized world, and the government of Turkey, if not a direct party to those crimes, is either unwilling or unable to prevent them; and,

Whereas, The other nations of Europe are either entangled by treaties, or prevented by mutual jealousies from taking any prompt and decided action in suppressing these outrages, and preventing a repetition thereof; and,

Whereas, The United States of America, with its 70,000,000 inhabitants, uncontrolled by these conditions, is free to take a more decided stand in preventing a repetition and continuance of these enormities; and,

Whereas, The corpses of the 12,000 Armenian Christians massacred in 1894; the 10,000 additional, who thus far in 1895 have shared a similar fate; the moans of the dying; the despair of the Christian mother, as she watches her babe slowly hacked to pieces before her eyes, and the agonizing cry of the Armenian girl as she defends her virtue and her life, call to God for vengeance, and to Christian nations for action. Now, therefore, be it

Resolved, by the people of St. Paul, in mass meeting assembled, irrespective of party, creed or nationality, that the president and congress of the United States be, and they are hereby petitioned and urged to take immediate, definite and vigorous action on behalf of the Armenian survivors.

Resolved further, That inaction, in this matter, on the part of this great nation, at this time, would be cowardice, and would be unworthy of the descendants of the Pilgrim Fathers, or of the signers of the Declaration of Independence.

Resolved further, That in our opinion, an American fleet, comprising many of the best vessels in our navy, should be dispatched at once to Constantinople.

Resolved further, That our sympathies and efforts are pledged to the Armenian survivors in their struggle for life and liberty, and that we hereby call upon the people of the United States to organize mass meetings similar to this one and arouse public sentiment on this subject, which appeals so strongly to every instinct of humanity.

Resolved further, That these resolutions be signed on behalf of the people of this city by the chairman and secretary of this meeting, and that the same be forwarded to Hon. C. K. Davis and Hon. Knute Nelson, senators from Minnesota, and to Hon. A. R. Kiefer, our representative in congress from this district, for presentation by them to his excellency, the president of the United States, and to the senate and house of representatives thereof.

Awarded
Highest Honors—World's Fair,
DR. PRICE'S CREAM BAKING POWDER
MOST PERFECT MADE.
A pure Grape Cream of Tartar Powder. Free from Ammonia, Alum or any other adulterant.
40 YEARS THE STANDARD.

HER INTENTIONS WERE GOOD.

But Her Judgment Was Bad—Or a Barnyard Tragedy.

1

2

3

4

He Was Particular.

Washington Star.

"Are you the warden of this here jail?" he inquired, as he leaned on the stick over which he had carried his bundle.

"I am," was theh reply.

"Well, how's the wentilation?"

"Why—good, of course."

"An' the food?"

"Same as usual."

"Any elevators yet?"

"Of course not."

"Hot an' col' water in the rooms?"

"Not a bit."

"Well, they's time yet. Hustle 'round an' git things in shape. Ye know I've been a reg'lar boarder with ye fur many winters, but ye'll have ter git in er few modern improvements, er I'm going ter transfer me custom."

A FLOWERY TRAGEDY.

The poet found a violet
Upon the frozen way.
Blue-eyed and bright, it charmed his sight—
A memory of May.

He took the outcast to his breast—
A little pearl of price,
And marveled much at finding such
A tender flower in ice.

He wrote a poem six yards long;
His wife—she laid it flat
By saying, "Dear, that violet
Was cloth—from Sallie's hat!"
—Atlanta Constitution.

A Singular Form of Monomania.

There is a class of people, rational enough in other respects, who are certainly monomaniacs in dosing themselves. They are constantly trying experiments upon their stomachs, their bowels, their livers and their kidneys with trashy nostrums. When these organs are really out of order, if they would only use Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, they would, if not hopelessly insane, perceive its superiority.

"We have the plain people with us," said the suffragist orator, drawing to a close. And yet she often wondered afterward why she ran so far behind in the wards where the women's vote was the strongest.—Albany News.

MUSIC OF INDIANS.

CAPT. STEES DIFFERS WITH MISS DENSMORE ABOUT INDIANS SINGING.

WAR ANTHEM AT MENDOTA.

WARWHOOPS WITH TRILLS AND CHILLS TO SUIT THE OCCASION.

THE LAY OF THE THIRTY-NINE.

Suggestion for Major Wilkinson's Indians at the Carnival Stockade.

Miss Frances Densmore, of Red Wing, recently delivered a lecture before the Schubert club, of this city, upon the subject "Music of the American Indian." She took the position that the wild, weird music of the Indian reveals a new phase of his character and that in this music there is an absolute rhythm and harmony. In speaking of the lecture to a Globe reporter, Capt. Charles J. Stees, one of Minnesota's pioneers, said:

"I have all due respect for Miss Densmore, but when I read the account of her lecture I was forced to smile, for when I heard the song of the Sioux at Mendota in 1851, when they had assembled at Sibley's trading post, at the mouth of the St. Peters—now the Minnesota—river to treat with Gov. Ramsey and United States Commissioner Luke Lea for land on the west side of the Mississippi, I failed to discover any music in their song. Later on, during Indian summer, when we went to sit and listen to Little Crow's band over at Kaposia, dancing a war dance, I failed to discover any music in their song; but perhaps there was none in my soul.

"When they would cross over at the upper levee and come marching down Third street for their beggar dance, their gorgeous costumes being simply a breech clout, their first stopping place being the trading post of Henry M. Rice, their second, J. W. Simpson's, corner Third and Robert, and their third at Maj. Forbes', corner Third and Jackson, now the Prince block, and when Little Crow's band, neither naked nor shod, stopped at each of the above-named trading posts and sung and danced until each trader came out and gave them a roll of calico, a box of tobacco or a bucket of sugar and water to entice them away, I must still confess I failed to discover any music in their souls.

"But later on—say, eleven years, or September, 1862—when I met these same fellows at Wood Lake, there was one who had 'music in his soul,' or at least his song was of that nature that sent a thrill through my heart.

"And it was one I recognized and was bound to respect, for what could I do after having emptied my gun and having failed to find Mr. Dakotah, who, with scalping knife 'well in hand', and a war-whoop in his mouth, was a close gainer?

"Oh, yes! there's music in the Indian, and there is no song he sings that created so profound an impression upon the boys who wore the blue and followed Sibley in 1862 and '63, as the war whoop; especially if he had you at a disadvantage. For it possesses trills, thrills and chills—principally chills—and if you don't believe it ask any of the boys of Col. Crook's gallant old Minnesota Sixth.

"But the finest music we heard was after we captured a few thousand bucks and set 250 white women and children, with George Spencer, free. We proceeded toward Blue Earth, where Camp Lincoln was established and a court martial held, wherein 400 Sioux prisoners were convicted upon the evidence of witnesses who saw them in the act of committing murder, and they were all condemned to be hung. All but thirty-nine were commuted to imprisonment for life, and these were marched upon the platform, excepting one who conveniently died, where they chanted most elegantly, not so sweetly as St. Paul's boy choir; but after each was presented with a cravat from Uncle Sam and the platform draped 'there was music in the air' that enchanted the eyes of 30,000 admiring spectators. Never was such an enthusiastic and appreciative audience of one accord assembled.

"By the way, speaking of Indians, why don't A. L. Larpenteur and Gen. R. W. Johnson, when writing up the early aristocracy or 400 of St. Paul of 1850, such as Lott Moffett, C. P. Y. Lull, Louis Robert, Charles Cave, Joe Rolett, Bon Syphers, John P. Owens, Vincent Shelly, Seisholts, Goodhue, Jackson, Heitz, Tom Odell, Parson Willoughby, Hock, Washta and Old Bets—I say, why do they always forget to mention Old Bets' mother? She was among the prisoners we took at Camp Release, who afterwards died in the squaw pen at Fort Snelling in the winter of 1862-3."

In speaking of the visit of the Indians to the winter carnival, Mr. Stees said:

"I would suggest to Maj. Wilkinson, U. S. A., who is to have charge of the Indians, the stockade, etc., that he get up a fishing party on the ice as I saw it Jan. 1, 1852, under Little Crow and his band across the river where West St. Paul now stands.

"The Indians cut three holes in the ice, each two feet square, at an equal distance from the shores. At each of these holes stands a squaw with a switch. She kneels down at the hole and throws her blanket over her head and the hole so as to exclude the light, and she can thus see plainly into the water. After the squaws have taken their positions at the holes, say thirty or forty, the fun commences, for the entire band starts up for the first set of holes on the ice, each provided with a heavy club, pounding on the ice, dancing, singing and yelling as only Indians can. With all this hideous music they approach the openings in the ice, and, of course, the fish are frightened and rush along until they come to the holes, when, seeing the light, they make a pause and become huddled up together. The squaws then take advantage of the opportunity and whip the fish out as rapidly as a Chinaman can throw rice into his mouth with chop sticks. Such a scene on the ice at night with torches would have a very pretty effect.

"I would also suggest that the captain establish a line of fish hunt on the ice midway between the two shores, beginning at the Robert street bridge and extending under the Wabasha to the high bridge. At each hole where a squaw is stationed place a steamboat pike or iron lamp, filled with pine knots. Let the bridges be illuminated and each Indian carry a torch. Then start off with all the yells of an Indian camp. It will, I think, afford an attractive feature of the carnival."

A NEW COUNTERBLAST.

A Buffalo Philosopher Points Out Some Tobacco Dangers.

Buffalo Express.

I have been favored with a new counterblast to tobacco which, though written by a plain citizen with the unpretentious nome of J. T. Martin, deserves as high a place in literature as that accorded to the famous counterblast of King James. Mr. Martin has observed that there is a good deal of heart failure going on in the world and he thinks it strange that people should not be enlightened as to the cause. If a vessel came into the port of New York, he argues, with cholera on board, it would immediately be quarantined and the newspapers would tell all about it, but the tobacco habit is carrying off thousands every year, and the press never lets the people know. That is strange. And Mr. Martin might have added that whenever a man reaches the age of 100 after using tobacco all his life, the newspapers are sure to chronicle the fact. This looks like a conspiracy. Perhaps there is a secret agreement among the newspapers to encourage heart failure.

John Smith hates to believe it, but, anyhow, his column always can be counted on to lend its aid to every honest effort to abolish heart failure. It's a menace to human life—this habit which hearts have of failing, whether it is caused by tobacco or by trolley cars. Personally, I never knew of a case when a person lived after his heart had failed. I judge that there are such cases, however, for Mr. Martin states that only nine-tenths of the deaths of males that have occurred in his neighborhood the last year, have been due to heart failure. The other tenth and the women, therefore, must have died without any failure of their hearts.

My informant notes some remarkable instances of the evil effects of tobacco. A boy of his acquaintance whose grandfather and grandmother were both inveterate tobacco users has suffered three amputations of his leg. A grandfather, who is an inveterate tobacco user, has an idiot grandchild. Several cases are known in which the grandchildren of tobacco users have shortening of the legs.

I can supplement these cases by several quite as wonderful, which I have noticed myself. A man who chewed incessantly was killed recently in a railroad wreck. Another man who smoked tobacco was lynched by a mob in Texas not long ago. A man whose great-grandfather smoked constantly, had his leg amputated last week in Brooklyn after being run over by a trolley car. A man right here in Buffalo, who tried to weaken the nerves and produce heart failure among the voters of Buffalo by giving away cigars, was buried out of sight on election day. It's really a serious matter.

Still another strange effect of tobacco noted by Mr. Martin is this: In traveling a distance of six miles between two country towns, he counted sixteen widows. Their husbands had all been tobacco users. Now think of that! Two and two-thirds widows to a mile throughout this great country, and all caused by tobacco! Down with the evil! Smoke it out! Find new husbands for those sixteen widows, if every tobacco store in the country has to be mobbed!

REGAINED HIS SABER.

Good Luck of a Michigan Soldier on His Trip to Louisville.

Comrade Perrine, of Petoskey, was a soldier in the Fourth Michigan cavalry and drew his first saber, with other accouterments, at Detroit, says the Detroit Journal. He cut his name on the inside of the belt immediately on drawing it. Months after at Munfordville, Ky., he went out, with three others, to forage for chickens, but various raiders had cleaned out the roosts, and at last they had to content themselves with a fat sheep, which Perrine was to carry to camp on his horse. The animal's legs were strapped, and then it was trussed up to the pommel of his saddle with straps. They rode merrily toward camp, until, on passing some timber, out of which a side road issued, a squad of Morgan's men fired on them and set up a chase. There was only one thing to do, and that was to "git," and they got, under whip and spur. The other three foragers rapidly pulled away from poor Perrine, as the heavy sheep made his horse run lopsided, and the Johnnies were gaining on him fast and shooting from the rear.

Perrine made up his mind that he didn't like mutton, anyhow, and, getting out his jackknife, he made a pass at the strap which held the sheep to the pommel. Now, he had strung his saber to the pommel also, only on the other side, and when he slashed the strap it was the sling strap of the saber he struck, and down went the weapon with a clatter. The next cut, however, hit the right one, and down tumbled the sheep. He was galloping up a slope covered by timber, and just after he had unloaded his saber and sheep a line of men in blue rode out of the timber and opened fire on his pursuers, but Perrine did not stop until safe in camp. He learned, however, that his rescuers were a part of the Fourth Kentucky cavalry. That's the part of the story which dates back thirty-three years.

On the day Perrine was to start back home from Louisville after the grand army reunion he was sauntering along a street leading to the Tenth street station. He was wearing the badge of the Fourth Michigan over his heart, and presently came to a man leaning over a gate. The stranger noticed the badge and hailed him, saying: "Hello, comrade; you belonged to the Fourth Michigan cavalry, didn't you?"

"Yes, I did," answered Perrine.

"Well," continued the stranger, "my neighbor has a saber that belonged to a fellow in your regiment. The name is cut in the inside of the belt, and is 'L. B. Perrine,' and if my neighbor could find him he would send the saber to him."

To make a short story of it, explanations followed, the neighbor was hunted up and Mr. Perrine proved his identity and brought home with him the identical weapon which he had lost so many years ago. The men belonged to the Fourth Kentucky, and when they had stopped Morgan's men and sent them whirling down the hill they picked up the saber, while the comrades gathered in the mutton. Perrine hasn't got done wondering how it happened that out of 60,000 soldiers in Louisville he should have been picked out by a stranger as the proper person to supply information about himself.

The Finest Cake
In the World is made with
Horsford's Baking Powder.
Use one-third less quantity than other powders require and the Cake will be remarkably light, of fine texture, and will retain its fresh condition longer than when any other powder is used.

THE USEFUL BURRO

MUCH-MALIGNED ANIMAL INDISPENSABLE TO THE WEST.

PATIENT BEAST OF BURDEN.

STEADY-GOING AND HOMELY, STRONG, AND OF WONDERFUL ENDURANCE.

GREAT BUMPS OF CAUTION

Manifested in His Disposition—A Boom to the Freighter of the Plains.

Strangers have to laugh when they see the burro, says the New York Herald. His small body, enormous ears and look of preternatural wisdom are as good as the clown in a circus. But, nevertheless, this pigmy divides the honors with the railroad in building up and developing the southwestern part of our country, particularly New Mexico.

Where the railroad lays down its burden, there the burro takes it up. Not much bigger than a mastiff, he is yet almost as strong as a horse. As a saddle animal you would spurn him—not because he couldn't carry you, but for the reason that if you should fall for an instant to keep your knees bunched up under your chin your feet would strike the ground and Mr. Burro would quietly walk off, leaving you behind him on the road. It is as a pack animal that the burro excels. He is patient, strong and sure-footed. His board is not expensive, for such costly delicacies as oats and hay are to him as strangers. From the time he was weaned from his mother he has known no other rations than such as he could procure by nibbling the grass by the wayside.

On his patient back the lonely prospector ties his worldly possessions, and, following behind with rifle and staff, threads the mountain trails in search of the new El Dorado. The delving miner, far up in cloudland, uses him to carry sacks of precious ore to the smelter, and bring back in return food, clothing and even water to drink. When the mine, which began as a mere prospect hole, sinks deeper and deeper into the mountain, the burro assumes an added role—this time to bring lumber for bracing the shafts and galleries, or, perchance, to build a more permanent residence for the miner himself.

When the mine has been established on a paying basis, so that a large number of men are required for its operation, then a settlement is formed around its mouth, and the iron rails are laid to connect it with civilization. The burro's work is finished here and he pushes on to other fields of usefulness far in advance. He is ever a pioneer.

The word burro is simply Spanish for donkey. Yet a burro is smaller than a donkey—just a pocket edition of one, as Lummis happily puts it. The difference in size probably comes from a difference in food and work, continued through many generations. So far back as history extends the burro has been abused, overworked and left to "hustle" for himself. No wonder he is small.

THE BURRO'S BUMP OF CAUTION.

But, notwithstanding his scanty dimensions, he is wonderfully strong and enduring and will grow fat on rations that wouldn't keep a horse from starvation. These qualities, coupled with his sure-footedness, are the reason for his being so valuable as a pack animal.

His sure-footedness comes from the instinct of self-preservation, which is far better developed than in the horse. So far the instinct is profitable, but it sometimes leads to great annoyance. One day while a burro train was being guided down a mountain canyon the leader came to a place where the trail led across the bed of a stream. A torrent rushed over it in the rainy season, but now it was simply dry as sand, as hard almost as a pavement.

The burro refused to cross and finally had to be pulled from the front and pushed from the rear. Then, when half way over, he deliberately laid down and commenced to groan.

The cause was this. The sand recalled to his mind a time long ago, when he had stepped on just such an innocent-looking place. It was smooth and dry and yellow, and gave every indication of plain sailing. His little feet had gone through, however, and he would have sunk out of sight in the quicksand beneath had he not been rescued with ropes in the nick of time. Catch him trying that experiment again! Doesn't he know a quicksand when he sees it?

Another instance of utter despondency under slight provocation happened on the same trip. In passing through a very narrow part of the canyon one of the burros caught his pack between two projecting ledges of rock and stuck fast. In vain he tried to push forward and then to back. Then he gave up utterly. Such groans and lamentations as issued from his little throat have rarely been heard from a beast, but when his pack was untied with the utmost haste, everybody thinking that he had been internally injured, he quietly trotted off to join his comrades, with every indication of being in robust health and spirits.

But what discourages a burro quicker than anything else is wetting his ears. He is very sensitive about those grotesque appendages under any circumstances, but wetting them simply breaks his heart. If while swimming a stream a few drops of water touch their inner membrane he will give up and drown. This is no fiction. The fact has been verified many times, although the reason may seem absurd.

Children are very fond of burros as pets, and many are brought from the West by rail to be used or that purpose. To their attendants they are at once the most amusing and provoking of creatures. In the cars they are all right, but when it is necessary for them to cross a city the trouble begins. They will not lead, neither will they be driven, and then, in desperation, the impatient porters lift and carry the kicking, struggling burros to the wagon. They are no sooner tied than they throw back their heads in such a manner that they must inevitably strangle if left to themselves. The only way in which they can safely be transported is tied behind a wagon going at a "snail's gallop," with a rear guard armed with a stick to keep them moving.

When the children get their pets there is amusement for the whole family. Their long ears, small stature and look of vast wisdom have a resistless attraction. They are very gentle, too, and soon become much attached to their owners. But if you value sleep, or have near neighbors, keep your burros stabled at night. A back yard may seem just the right place, and with your new pets therein a few nights may pass in peace. But do not be deceived. Some night you will be startled from your slumbers by such wild screams and shrill yells that you will imagine the whole Apache nation charging on your defenseless domicile. It will be the burros braying. The "sad-eyed philosopher of the West" is merry enough when he takes the notion.

BUSY VESUVIUS.

Showers of Lava Are Increasing the Mountain's Height.

Chicago Inter Ocean.

Year after year and century after century Vesuvius puffs away. Last July it suffered a new eruption in the side of its great cone. It did no damage save to the roadway by which the traveler ascends to the steep cog railway that carries him from the middle of the mountain to the apex of the smoking, spluttering cone itself. The first recorded eruption of Vesuvius was in 79 A. D., when Pompeii and Herculaneum were overwhelmed. Between the first and sixteenth centuries nine eruptions are recorded, and since that epoch there have been forty-eight great ones.

The last destructive eruption was on April 26, 1872, when about fifty sightseers were killed and more than 40,000 people fled from Naples. Of the present condition of the ominous monster the Paris Herald says: Vesuvius is 150 feet higher than it was nine month ago. The constant showers of porous lava have filled in one side of the old hollow crater, and have built up the new cone, which, from its bold out lines, has greatly changed the appearance of the summit, and is still changing it shlightly every day. Formerly the volcano, as seen from Naples, had a rounded top, but now it comes to a wedge point.

A year ago visitors looked into the hollow of the old and somewhat cooled-off crater. Of late they have gone inside the boundaries of the old crater to get a good look at the new cone, from the summit of which, at intervals of a few minutes, there is a gust of steam, laden with red-hot ashes, which are sent into the air 200 feet or more. Before the steam has drifted away there is another rumble, a sound of watery explosion, and another shower of ashes. Thus, from a distance in the daytime, there seems to be a constant curl of white vapor from the summit, but at night each separate eruption throws up a vivid light, which then fades away in a dull glow.

The natives who live on the slope of the mountain say that after the new cone has been built somewhat higher it will fall in of its own weight and close the present breathing hole. Then the mountain will be like a worked-up bottle. A new vent will have to be made, and in the making of this vent there will be a fierce eruption, an overflow of lava and the formation of a new crater.

There was, indeed, a general belief that the renewed and growing activity of the volcano would lead to some sort of eruption, but it was hoped that it would be nothing more serious than a flow of lava down over the old and hardened beds. The last outbreak and the flow towards Resina (in the direction of the buried city of Herculaneum) was, therefore, not unexpected.

The large cone is simply a heap of cinders dignified by size. The ride to the foot of the cone consumes five hours, but it requires only ten minutes to reach the top of the funicular railway. Then there is a walk of ten minutes up the jagged edges of the huge crater to the bowl, and in this is the little cone thrown up by the recent eruptions.

At the Gate.

New York World.

The bicycle girl stood at St. Peter's gate. With a perplexed look, and his keys shifted around to the back of his belt, the Keeper of the Doorway, venerable and tottering, bent toward her.

"I don't see how we can manage it, madame," he finally said. "We have nothing on hand but the conventional robes cut Grecian style on the bias and absolutely undivided."

"Yes," she murmured, her hands falling helplessly against her bloomers, "I remember now. It has always been said, 'There shall be no parting there.'"

And with a bitter cry she lighted her lamp and prepared to flee into the outer darkness.

Unanswerable.

Truth.

A rolling stone gathers no moss, it is said.
But the saying's repeated in vain
To the youth who remarks, with a shake of his head,
"What of that? The stone don't complain."

What is CASTORIA

Castoria is Dr. Samuel Pitcher's prescription for Infants and Children. It contains neither Opium, Morphine nor other Narcotic substance. It is a harmless substitute for Paregoric, Drops, Soothing Syrups, and Castor Oil. It is Pleasant. Its guarantee is thirty years' use by Millions of Mothers. Castoria is the Children's Panacea—the Mother's Friend.

Castoria.

"Castoria is so well adapted to children that I recommend it as superior to any prescription known to me." H. A. ARCHER, M. D., 111 So. Oxford St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

"The use of 'Castoria' is so universal and its merits so well known that it seems a work of supererogation to endorse it. Few are the intelligent families who do not keep Castoria within easy reach." CARLOS MARTYN, D. D., New York City.

Castoria.

Castoria cures Colic, Constipation, Sour Stomach, Diarrhœa, Eructation, Kills Worms, gives sleep, and promotes digestion, Without injurious medication.

"For several years I have recommended 'Castoria,' and shall always continue to do so, as it has invariably produced beneficial results." EDWIN F. PARDEE, M. D., 125th Street and 7th Ave., New York City.

THE CENTAUR COMPANY, 77 MURRAY STREET, NEW YORK CITY.

JOS. SCHLITZ BREWING CO.'S
Celebrated Milwaukee
EXPORT BEERS
AND MALT EXTRACT.
DEPOT, FOOT OF SIBLEY.
TELEPHONE 52-70.

DIED.

ALSTROM—Florence Jessie, aged sixteen months, youngest child of John and Larettah Alstrom, Dec. 7, 1895. Funeral from family residence, 192 Goodrich avenue, Monday, Dec. 9, at 2 o'clock.

WILSON—At his residence, 924 De Soto street, James F. Wilson, aged fifty-nine years. Notice of funeral hereafter.

AMUSEMENTS.

Metropolitan
L. N. SCOTT, Manager.
TONIGHT, Matinees Wednesday and Saturday.
CANARY and LEDERER'S New York Casino Production Intact,
THE PASSING SHOW
With its wonderful cast, including John E. Henshaw, Geo. A. Schiller, John D. Gilbert, Seymour Hess, Gus Pixley, E. S. Tarr, Vernona Jarbeau, Lucy Daly, Cheridah Simpson, Madge Lessing, May Ten Broeck, The Boston Quartette, The Original New York Casino Pickaninnies and the beautiful "L'Enfant Prodigue" Ballet. Bigger hit than ever. Next week, THE BOSTONIANS.

THE GRAND
The Carletons.
All Week, Matinee Wednesday,
THE LILY OF KILLARNEY,
Preceded by THE CHARITY GIRLS.
Sunday, The World Against Her.

OPENING SALE
WEDNESDAY, DEC. 11,
Of the Latest Importations of
Chinese and Japanese NOVELTIES
Silk Goods a Specialty.
QUONG GIN LUNG & CO.
Chinese and Japanese Bazaar,
390 WABASHA ST.

The Oldest and Best Appointed Studio in the Northwest.
1850 C. A. Zimmerman 1895
59 and 101 East Sixth Street.
Opposite Metropolitan Opera House.
EXQUISITE PHOTOGRAPHY
For a Short Time Only.
One Doz. CABINETS for "OUR BEST WORK." $3
Outdoor and commercial work a specialty
Mr. Zimmerman's Personal Attention Appointments. Telephone 1071

MENK BROS.
Use Our Self-rising Buckwheat Flour!
Patronize Home Industry.
ALL GROCERS SELL IT.

HOREJS BROS.
USE OUR
Best Bread
—MADE FROM—
Lindeke's Apple Blossom Flour.

HEILBRON BRASS WORKS
Machinists and Designers.
Brass Founders and Finishers, Electro Plating, Manufacturers of Electric Heating and Gasoline Lighting Specialties. Office, and Works,
FOOT OF MINNESOTA STREET.
Telephone 1578. St. Paul, Minn

DEFECTIVE PAGE