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THE BEST MAN WON

A TALE OF THE MOJAVE DESERT

High noon on the desert. The sun is fire.
That scorches, that maddens, that burns unto death.
And the waves of his fury beat higher and higher.
Till e'en the gray lizard is gasping for breath.
The yucca no longer sets gray against gray.
The sagebrush has vanished, the white poppy fled,
And the sand ocean stretches away and away.
O'er the desolate leagues of a world that is dead.
White night on the desert. The solemn moon glows
O'er the sands where two camp through the cool of the night—
What matters the story of words, and then blows?
While women are fair, men will quarrel and fight.
Now Maggie McHenry was fairer by far
Than many a maid who is known as a belle;
And Duncan had vowed she should shine as his star,
While Donovan's answer I'd shudder to tell.

Gray dawn on the desert. The sun sent a ray,
Like a first arrow shot by a merciless foe,
And the shades of the night-time crept slowly away,
And the sands were alight, like a furnace aglow.
Then Duncan awoke, rubbed his eyes, looked about—

No Donovan there; but a note in his place:
"I've taken the water; I'll need it no doubt,
And the best man, I reckon, 'll win in the race."
High noon on the desert, high noon once again,
Mid the dry bones of death shining white where they fell;
And Duncan, a victim to thirst and its pain,
With the blood in his veins like the liquid of hell,
Yet staggering on. To and fro, to and fro,
Ran the white flames of heat in their devilish play;
And the lying mirage is making its show
Of a green land of peace where the cool waters play.

At eve on the desert, one found him at rest,
Crushed down, beaming low in that furnace of hell;
She found him, and kissed him, and held to her breast,
And laved him with water that soothingly fell;
And, "Maggie," he whispered, as opened his eyes—
What matters the pain when the race has been run?
And I judge there is justice somewhere 'neath the skies,
For, borne through Death's caldron, the best man had won.
—Alfred J. Waterhouse, in New York Times.

FARM ON HISTORIC GROUND

One of the most famous farms in the United States is being conducted by Uncle Sam on a portion of the historic estate formerly the property of Gen. Robert E. Lee. Two hundred acres are set apart for farming operations. The remainder of the estate is the National Military cemetery, where are buried 16,000 Union soldiers who lost their lives in the civil war. Uncle Sam is not engaged in farming for his own profit, says the New York Press, but for the benefit of the farmers of the entire country, who will be given the results of the experiments by the experts in the employ of the government.

For more than a year laborers have been engaged in clearing the land and preparing it for crops. Modern buildings are in course of construction, and within a short time the farm will be in full operation. Breeding of superior wheat, corn and oats will also be attempted. New fruits will be introduced, and those already grown in this country will be improved upon. Diseases of pears, peaches, plums and other fruits will be studied with a view to stamping out the ailments of fruits and making fruit growing more profitable. Experiments for the purpose of determining the best forage crops and the most economical plans for feeding cattle will be some of the features of this interesting place.

Secretary Wilson is taking pride in directing this work. The portion of the Lee estate set apart for farming purposes is about the poorest piece of land in that section of the country. It was entirely unfit for agricultural purposes, and it was necessary to fertilize and improve it. The experts of the Agricultural department expect to demonstrate that the poorest land in the country can be profitably utilized for successful farming operations.

Gen. Lee's former home is one of the most beautiful spots in the vicinity of the national capital. The mansion stands on the brow of a hill which slopes away half a mile to the Potomac, 200 feet below. The view from the portico of the old mansion had been famed for a century. When Lafayette was a guest at Arlington he pronounced the prospect from the porch one of the most beautiful he had ever looked upon. Since Lafayette's visit the view has been changed, new beauties have been added, while some of the old ones were destroyed by the ravages of war. The completed capitol, with its majestic dome, the symmetrical Washington monument, the beautiful Congressional library and other architectural features have taken their place in the picture, while a grove of majestic trees which graced the slope below the house were utterly destroyed during the greatest civil conflict ever waged.

GO BACK TO SAVAGERY

There are about half a dozen men living somewhere in the interior of the big African continent that the English military authorities would like to interview. And it wouldn't be a long interview, either.

One of these much-wanted individuals was formerly a colonel in the Russian army, but had to leave it under disgraceful circumstances. Another is a Prussian ex-sergeant, who also got into trouble at home. The rest were European soldiers of various nationalities.

All of them drifted into Egypt, where they abjured Christianity, professed Mohammedanism and joined the forces of the Mahdi when that strenuous party was at the height of his power. Their military experience made them valuable, and as the Arabs thought their converts were sincere and looked upon them with the utmost favor, all obtained responsible positions in the army of the Mahdi.

The Mahdi and his followers were not inclined to deal any too gently with Christians who fell into their hands,

but these apostates went far beyond the dervishes in cruelty. Their presence with the Mahdi ultimately became known, and the feeling toward them among the English soldiers was quite different from that felt toward the dervishes, who were regarded as brave men and their legitimate enemies.

Yet, while thousands of better men fell before the sweep of the Maxims in the terrible charge at Omdurman these apostates escaped. At least their bodies were not found on the battle field, although a most careful search was made for them. It is supposed that they fled to the south, and are now hiding with some of the tribes of central Africa or the southern Sudan. Should they ever fall into the hands of the English it will not take long to decide their fate.

The call of the wild, unrestrained life is one that at times appeals to many. It is the old call of the jungle and forest. But there is little hope of reclaiming the man who has really yielded to it.

The Dangerous Drama.
Charles Frohman is laughing over the naivete of a woman friend whose young daughter wanted to see "a beautiful play, with lots of ginger in it."
"I'd rather you didn't attend the theater just yet, dear," said the mother. "I'm afraid the influence of some of the present plays is demoralizing. What is this particular one?"
"It's very exciting, the boy next door

told me; it's a sort of Buffalo Bill play, full of fights, and gambling and things."
"Oh, that's all right, then," was the reply, in a measured tone, "I'll send one of the maids with you. I feared it might be a society drama!"—New York Times.

Suicides Favor Monday.
Monday is the favorite day for committing suicide.

HUMOR OF THE DAY

A Close Call.
First Tramp—Wot are yer so happy about?
Second Tramp—I caled at a widder's house fer something to eat and the woman 'most killed me with a club.
"Don't see nothin' in that ter-smile over."
"I was jus' thinkin' wot an escape I had. She might a-took a fancy to me and married me."—New York Weekly.

Degraded.
First New Yorker—"What has become of Delancy? I haven't seen him for an age."
Second New Yorker—"O, he was run over by a street car in Philadelphia."
First New Yorker—"What a disgrace!"—Smart Set.



Not With Him.
Charlie—I knew a girl once that nearly died from eating too much ice cream.
Jane (cuttingly)—How did you happen to hear about it?

Fireworks.
"There is going to be a fireworks display at one of the near-by summer resorts," said the host.
"My dear sir," answered the visitor from Kentucky, "I got enough of politics when I am at home. I don't want to see or hear anything that reminds me of an election."

Another Sherlock Holmes.
"Have you any evidence against the prisoner?"
"None," answered the detective.
"Then why did you arrest him?"
"It's a great idea of my own. When the real criminal sees an innocent man in trouble, maybe he'll come forward and confess."

Unfortunate.
Moneybags—How did your banquet go off, Banklurk?
Banklurk—Not as well as it might, you know. The toastmaster called on a gentleman who had lost an arm and a leg to answer to the toast "Our Absent Members."—The New Yorker.

Thoughtful George.
"George, dear," asked the fair female in the hammock scene, "was you ever in love before?"
"Sure," answered the masculine portion of the sketch. "You don't think for a minute that I'd practice on a nice little girl like you, I hope."



A Difference in Necks.
Ostrich—Yes, I have a great deal of trouble getting collars high enough.
Parrot—That's strange. Why don't you patronize my haberdasher; he always suits me?

In Pleasant Fields.
"Yes," mused the person who lets out an occasional audible thought, "he certainly makes hay while the sun shines."
"What haymaker do you refer to?" asked his friend, who was afflicted with the rubber habit.
"Why, the man who marries a grass widow," replied he of the clamorous thoughts.

Asked and Answered.
"Look here," said the bartender in a wet goods emporium to a liberal patron of the lunch department, "what do you want for a nickel, anyway—the earth?"
"Not guilty," replied the hungry party; "it's two-thirds water."

THE BARTENDER GETTING EVEN

How the Drink Mixers Generally Resent Insults From the Boss.
Since the bar is a necessary evil—to some folk—and is an institution of the state—being licensed—reference to it occasionally must be excused. There are some very clever men behind the bar, and once in a while a gentleman. Tab is usually kept on him by the metal cash register. He feels that he is being watched at all hours by a maze of patented machinery. If he steals a check of 15 cents he is caught, you may say. Not at all! The other day in a fashionable resort the proprietor, big-bellied and pompous, "called down" one of his men before some customers. As to the question of right or wrong, I say nothing. But presently, when Signor Pomposity turned his back, the barman emptied a full bottle of the finest whisky into the washing trough under the bar. It was worth at least \$1.50. That was his way of getting even. I am informed that it is the usual way of resenting an insult from the proprietor. The mere stealing of 15 cents is a small matter, when the barman is to be trusted with thousands of dollars' worth of liquors. If a man is not to be trusted with change, how is he to be trusted with liquors?—New York Press.

OUR BIG RAILROAD OF INDUSTRY

A Million and a Quarter Workers and Their Number Increasing.
The railroads in this country are employing more persons than ever before in their history. According to statistics in the report of the Interstate Commerce Commission there were 694 railroad employes for every hundred miles of tracks last year, and there were 1,189,315 employes altogether.
In the year before there were only 1,071,169 railroad employes, and the average was only 548 for every hundred miles of line, so that independently of the increase in mileage the number of workers employed has increased 46 for each hundred miles of line.
Since these statistics were collected there has been a correspondingly large increase in the number of employes, if railroad statisticians are to be believed, so that the number of men on the railroad payroll in this country is considerably over a million and a quarter.

FOODS FOR THE TRAVELER

Government Now Settles What They Shall Be in Germany.
Several of the German governments have recently manifested great interest in catering to the stomachs of railroad passengers within their borders. In Germany, much more than here, refreshments are hawked along side the passenger trains by waiters attached to the station restaurants. Now the authorities in Saxony have ordered that these things must be included in the offerings:
Cool drinking water—for not more than 5 pfennigs (12 cents) a glass of 0.4 litre (the capacity of a small beer mug); mineral water for not more than 5 cents a small bottle, and fresh fruit in season, with the price plainly marked.
Bottles and glasses must be kept perfectly clean, and the provisions in the station buffets must be kept under glass to protect them from dust. Severe penalties are to be inflicted for violations of these rules.

The Murder of Czar Paul.

The nearest approach in modern times to the recent Servian tragedy was the murder of the Emperor Paul of Russia, who was done to death by his nobles March 24, 1801. He had gone to bed in his accustomed manner, wearing his uniform, as well as booted and spurred. He was awakened in the night by hearing the struggle between the sentry and the nobles, who, after dispatching the soldier, burst into the emperor's room. Paul begged for his life but all in vain. He then tried to escape by the window, cutting himself badly in the attempt. He was dragged back and for a time kept his nine assailants at bay by striking out with a chair. Then, after a terrible struggle, they seized him and strangled him with his own sash.

Substitute Got Hilarious.

Nathaniel Hawthorne once told how he felt when he was called upon unexpectedly to speak at a dinner. "As I rose," he said, "I tapped upon my mind and it sounded hollow. It was quite empty; there was nothing in it whatsoever!" To prevent such distress among his guests the proprietor of a celebrated restaurant in Paris which made a specialty of wedding festivities engaged a clever fellow, who excelled in speaking, to propose all the toasts. Thus the guests were free to enjoy the affair to the utmost without any of that nervousness which besets most people who have to speak at a banquet. But, unfortunately for the success of this novel scheme of "oratory by proxy," the talented substitute began to get hilarious after a series of festivities and had to be dismissed.

CRY THAT WON THEM

CAPT. LYSAGHT KNEW MEN HE COMMANDED.

Not Pleased at the Idea of Fighting Fellow Countrymen, the Emmet Guard Were There as One Man to Face the British Lion.

A little party were discussing one day last week the Emmet anniversary. The conversation led one of them to relate the following reminiscence:

"The first military organization I ever belonged to was the Emmet Guards," he said. It should be explained that he came from another state than New York. "Every member was a stalwart in physique and we were all young men.

"Our captain was Dan Lysaght, a merchant of our town, who was one of the most popular fellows you ever saw. He was a patriot true, believe me, and he came very near believing in his soul that when Ireland was freed the Emmet Guards would be largely responsible for that blessed event.

"We were the crack organization of the town and we always turned out, no matter what the occasion. We had just got our new uniforms and accoutrements when the civil war broke out in this country.

"We were a part of the State Guard, and our state was strongly Southern and the governor was a Secesh, we went into camp with the other militia of our town and country when the governor ordered us so to do.

"Things were getting pretty hot, I can tell you, and the word was passed round that we would soon be called upon to take the oath of allegiance to the C. S. A. and to join Pa Price as the general of the Confederate forces was called. He was then marching on Lexington, where our countryman, Col. Mulligan, made his first gallant stand for the Union.

"It was pretty hard, boys, for the Emmet Guards to think of going against Col. Mulligan, and the situation was discussed at our campfires. Naturally, there was a suspicion in camp that the Emmet Guards were not sound for Secesh, and the Colonel in command put up a job to test the Guards' mettle. Capt. Lysaght, of course, did not know it was a job.

"In the middle of the night the word was passed around that the enemy was upon us. When a courier aroused Capt. Lysaght he tumbled into his uniform and went to every tent, and, shaking the flap of the tent, called out bravely:

"Fall in, fall in, Emmet Guards! We are attacked!"

"Would you believe me, not a man fell in! Capt. Lysaght was enraged. He was as sensitive as he was plucky, and the idea that the Emmet Guards would not turn out to repel an attack made him furious and white at the same time.

"My God, men!" he said, "what is the matter of ye?"

"And still the Emmet Guards remained docile, on might say. Then Capt. Lysaght used a bit of strategy. Passing along the line of tents he called out:

"Emmet Guards, awake and fall in! Fall in, for the British lion is loose amongst ye!"

"Ah, as Byron said of the heavy sound that broke up the revelry in Brussels by night, 'then and there was hurrying to and fro.' Every Emmet Guard fell in and stood well to be led on. The colonel commanding heard of us, and then the word was passed that it was a false alarm, and the Emmet Guards went back to their bunks."

"Did you join Price in the fight on Mulligan?" asked one.

"Some of us joined Price, but not until after Mulligan had surrendered. The Emmet Guards would never have fought Mulligan, depend upon that. But the Guards were sworn to turn out on the British lion at all hours, and it was that oath which established our reputation as warriors in the old Secesh camp."—New York Sun.

Quit Kicking.

Quit kicking just because you think the old world's going wrong; There's always something somewhere Of happiness and song.

Quit kicking, when the play is bad. Remember what you've lost Some other fellow's gained, and so. In summing up the cost. We find that in the end we know What other men have known— Results? We take them as they come— We reap what we have sown.

Quit kicking, man. The world's not bad; At least, it could be worse. We laugh; sometimes we weep— So all the pulsing passions are Compressed in the sweep.

Of what we are and what we feel— Quit kicking, man! The blame, If, in this whirligig of chance And then you lose the game, Is with the man who whiles his life Complainingly away. Just laugh, old man; just dream, and Just live—and live to-day. —New Orleans Times-Democrat.

JOKE WAS NOT APPRECIATED.

Gift of \$11,000,000 in Checks Makes 2 Columbian Student Angry.

With flushed face and flashing eye, Marcellus Hartley Dodge, favorite grandson of Marcellus Hartley, the dead millionaire, yesterday was the recipient of checks representing \$11,000,000 from his classmates at the class day exercises in Columbia university. That the reference to the legacy he will receive from the estate of his grandfather was not pleasing to the young man was made manifest. He did not arise to accept the checks, but compelled Roi Cooper Magrue, the presentation orator, to carry them over to where he was sitting and place them in his hand. Neither did he utter a word of acknowledgement of a gift which recalled so unexpectedly the death of his grandfather.

It was a joke designed by the graduating class. Not until its effect was shown by their popular fellow student did it dawn upon the students that a breach of good taste had been committed. In making the presentation Mr. Magrue said:

"Although Mr. Dodge is a very hard worker, we are afraid his path in life will not be as smooth as we should wish. Therefore, to assist him at the outset of his struggle with the world, we have taken up a collection and raised \$11,000,000, which is represented by these three checks. I take pleasure in presenting them to you, sir, as evidence of the interest of the class in your welfare."

Mr. Dodge was evidently offended and the other exercises were hurried along.—New York Press.

WAS A FLOATING FIREFSHIP.

Derelict Sailed for Thousands of Miles in Safety.

A naval officer recently returned from China tells an extraordinary story about a derelict which has been floating around the Eastern sea. The Fannie Kerr is a four-masted bark of 2,425 tons, built of steel. She left Newcastle in April, 1902, with a cargo of coal for San Francisco. She rounded the Horn in safety, but her cargo caught fire in the South Pacific, and after trying for more than a month to extinguish the flames the ship became so hot that the captain and crew abandoned her on the 6th of June and took to their boats. They landed at Kanai, an island of the Hawaiian group, made their way to Honolulu, where the captain made his report and the crew was discharged. On the 10th of March last the captain of the steamship Heathdene, bound from Yokohama to Formosa, sighted a vessel adrift, from which smoke seemed to arise. Steaming toward her he discovered that she was the long missing Fannie Kerr, which had been gradually drifting westward several thousand miles for nearly nine months, with her cargo still on fire.

The Bachelor Born.

"There was never yet a bachelor of forty whose heart has not been at some woman's feet to take or leave, as she would," says a well-known writer, and this, generally speaking, is absolutely true. However, there is one type of man, a very rare one fortunately, who from a mixture of cold love of self and miserliness rigidly eschews matrimony.

Of such a one the story is told that, being on one occasion somewhat impressed by the bright eyes and red lips of a certain damsel, he gave some thought to the married state and pondered over the advisability of entering it. Racked with doubt, he ordered a meat pie to be prepared, and on its appearance divided it in half. There was ample! Then the reflection crossed his mind that in course of time a subdivision might be necessary. The portions were divided by a tremulous hand into two. He looked, hesitated and scraped them all on to his own plate. The damsel had to find another lover.

The Pitcher.

The pitcher takes a telling pose, And holds the ball on high, Then turns it with his finger tips, His new in-curve to try. Then swiftly swings his strong right arm— The vicious deed is done! The umpire dodges skillfully And hoarsely shouts: "Ba—all one!"

The pitcher takes his pose again, Both feet firm on the ground, Again he holds the ball on high, And slowly turns it round. Then once more he uncurls himself, The batsman to undo, The ball smacks in the catcher's glove, The umpire shouts: "Ba—all two!"

The pitcher fiercely grinds his heel In desperation grim, Once more he holds the ball on high, All eyes are fixed on him. Once more he swiftly lets it drive— Then fiercely snaps his knee Because the umpire coldly cries, In foghorn tones: "Ba—all three!"

The pitcher's face is firm and set, A wild gleam in his eye Shows his determination, as He holds the ball on high. He huris it in—the bat swings round And meets it with a thud! The ball soars o'er the left-field fence! The pitcher's name is mud! Somerville Journal.

Bricks of Glass.

Glass houses of a very substantial kind can now be built. Silesian glass-makers are turning out glass bricks for all sorts of building purposes, claiming for them such advantages as variety of shape, free transmission of light, strength, cheapness and general adaptability.