

GREAT RUSSIAN GENERALS

Captain Kouroupatkin Who Became Hero of the Army.

MANY BLOODY BATTLES

Right-Hand Man of Skobeieff All Through the Russo-Turkish War. He is a Great Leader of Men.—Task of Lifetime Finished in a Few Weeks.

The late Archibald Forbes, the famous war correspondent, used to be fond of telling how he met Skobeieff, the greatest of Russian generals, after one of the fiercest of the many desperate fights before Plevna.

"I was sitting in my tent writing a dispatch," said Forbes, "when the flap was suddenly drawn aside and in stalked the most terrible and awe-inspiring object I have ever seen in my life. It was Skobeieff, whom I knew well, but I had to look twice before I recognized him.

"His smart general's uniform was torn into shreds and stained with blood and gunpowder from head to foot. His sword, which he held in his hand, was simply smothered in blood, and great drops of it fell on the floor of the tent as he greeted me. There was a terrible gash across the top of his forehead, and his eyes still blazed with the fierce excitement of the hand-to-hand fight which he had just had with hundreds of Turks.

"While he stood there telling me about the battle his favorite captain, Kouroupatkin, came up and called him away to decide about the disposition of some of the prisoners. Kouroupatkin looked even more like a god of war fresh from the scene of carnage. He was bleeding from a half dozen wounds, but he stood as steady as a rock when he saluted Skobeieff. The latter suggested that he had better go into the hospital, but he curtly replied: "No, general. There is work to be done."

"I heard afterwards that Skobeieff and Kouroupatkin had fought side by side throughout that bloody day and had slain Turks literally by the dozens. Their exploits formed the theme of many a story told beside the camp fires of both armies throughout the campaign."

Capt. Kouroupatkin, who was the right hand man of Skobeieff all through the Russo-Turkish war, as well as in the fight at Plevna, is now Gen. Kouroupatkin, the czar's minister of war, and the most noted of all the Russian fighting men. He was trained in a harder school than most modern generals, and went through enough perils to satisfy the biggest glutton for adventure.

Kouroupatkin became the hero of the Russian army, second only to his leader Skobeieff, by his bravery and fine generalship at the capture of Geok Tepe in 1882.

When the Russians, balked of their dreams of winning Constantinople by the Berlin congress, were making their great sweep through Central Asia to the gates of Herat, Lord Salisbury told the British public not to be alarmed for the safety of India. "They will not be able to conquer the Turcomans," he declared. "The Turcoman barrier will last for our lifetime, at least."

Gen. Terougoukoff, the Russian commander in Central Asia, disagreed with Lord Salisbury. He told the czar that the Turcomans might be conquered by three years' hard fighting. "That is too long," said the czar. He recalled Terougoukoff and sent Skobeieff to command the troops. Skobeieff promptly secured Kouroupatkin for his chief lieutenant and together they performed in a few weeks the task which the British premier declared would take a lifetime.

Geok Tepe, the great stronghold of the Turcomans, was carried by assault after a month's siege. The brunt of the attack fell on Kouroupatkin, who commanded a contingent of light troops from Turkestan. It was a great victory, but it sullied the reputation of both the Russian leaders. They ordered their troops to give no quarter to the Turcomans of either sex and all the horrors usual when such orders are given were perpetrated.

Spectators say that even when the Turcomans fled in a disorderly mob across the desert, men, women and children mingled together, no mercy was shown to them. Artillery and cavalry followed in their rear and mowed them down, until darkness put an end to the pursuit. In that few hours' chase 1,000 pursuing Russians slaughtered 8,000 fugitives, while over 6,000 were massacred in the fortified camp of Geok Tepe.

Gen. Kouroupatkin is a great leader of men. The march of his Turkestan contingent across the almost unknown deserts of central Asia, in order to join Skobeieff for the siege of Geok Tepe, was as fine an achievement as Lord Roberts' famous march to Kandahar.

An English newspaper correspondent, who attended the funeral of Skobeieff at Tarskoe Selo in 1882, was there thrown into company with many of the dead general's favorite officers.

"More than once," he said, "I heard a controversy among them as to whether Kouroupatkin was not almost as good a leader as their lost general.

Her Castle Her Home. Whenever a woman's home shall be her palace, her pride, her delight, she will not be the victim of snarl, or ambition or discontent.

AFRICAN KINGDOM.

A Sort of Civilization and a Fine Country.

"Widah is a kingdom of Africa, on the coast of Guinea, and to the west of the Gold Coast, extending about ten miles along the sea," said the poet laureate of all the Pascagoulas yesterday at the Cosmopolitan. "It is a populous country, well supplied with large villages, and there are so many small ones that they are not above a gunshot from one another. The houses are small, round at the top, and encompassed with mud walls or hedges, together with a great number of all sorts of beautiful and lofty trees, which afford the most picturesque prospect in the world, inasmuch that those who have been there represent it as a perfect paradise. The fields are always green, and they cultivate beans, potatoes and fruit; nor will the negroes let a foot of ground remain uncultivated. They sow again the very next day after they have reaped. The inhabitants are greatly civilized, very respectful to each other, especially to their superiors, and very industrious. The women brew the beer, dress the victuals and sell all sorts of commodities at the market. Men who are rich employ their wives and slaves in tilling the land, and carry on a considerable trade with the product. The chief men have generally forty to fifty wives, the principal captains three or four hundred, and the king four to five thousand. They are extremely jealous. If any one happens to touch any of the king's wives accidentally he is doomed to perpetual slavery.

It is no wonder then that the women are not fond of being the king's wives, and some of them will prefer a speedy death to such a miserable life. They have no distinction of hours, days, weeks, months, or years. They are such gamblers that they will stake all they have at play, not excepting their wives and children. They have a vast number of idols, and they deify the most contemptible animal they first see in the morning, and even sticks and stones. Their principal regard is for snakes, very high trees and the sea. They have oxen, cows, goats, sheep, hogs, turkeys, ducks and hens, which last are extremely plentiful. There are many elephants, buffaloes, tigers, several kinds of deer and a sort of rabbit. The fruits are citrons, lemons, oranges, bananas, tamarinds, etc. and they have vast numbers of plain trees, from which they obtain wine. Their trade consists of elephants' teeth, wax, and honey. Bows, arrows, beautiful assegais and clubs are the principal weapons of this far away nation."—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

Queer Old Law.

Speaking of tobacco recalls an old law that beat our cigarette law.

In the code of laws passed by the towns of Windsor, Hartford and Wethersfield in the years 1738-39 may be found the following on tobacco chewing:

"Forasmuch as it is observed that many abuses are crept in and committed by the frequent taking of tobacco—it is ordered by the authority of this court that no person under the age of 21 years, nor any other that hath already accustomed himself to the use thereof, shall take any tobacco until he hath bought a certificate under the hands of some one who are approved for knowledge and skill in physics, that it is useful for him, and also that he hath received a license from the courts for the same.

"And for the regulating of those, who either by their former taking it, have, to their own apprehensions, made it necessary to them, or upon due advice, are persuaded to the use thereof—it is ordered that no man within this colony, after the publication hereof, shall take any tobacco publicly, in the streets, highways, or any barnyards, or upon training days, in any open places, under the penalty of six pence for each offense against this order, in any of the particulars thereof, to be paid without gainsaying, upon conviction by the testimony of one witness, that is, without just exception, before any one magistrate.

"And the constables in the several towns are required to make presentment to each particular court, of such as they do understand, and can convict to be transgressors of this order."—Pittsburg Gazette.

Giving Anaesthetics.

The annual returns of the British registrar general show a steady increase of mortality from anaesthesia since 1863. In 1900 there were 140 cases of mortality from anaesthesia ties. According to Dr. A. D. Waller (F. R. S.) of the University of London this is an entirely unnecessary price to pay for the boon of anaesthesia, as the chief reason of its payment is ignorance of the most elementary principles of the subject. Dr. Waller believes that death from chloroform (the popular anaesthetic in England), are due simply to a great concentration of the inhaled vapor. Using a pump invented by Dr. Dubois of Lyons in anaesthetizing animals, Dr. Waller has never lost one from chloroform among the thousands operated on.

The pump has already been tried to a limited extent on human beings, with entirely satisfactory results. The best percentage of chloroform for anaesthesia is between 1 and 2 per cent.; there is practically no danger from such a mixture. This can be accurately maintained by means of the Dubois pump. In many ways chloroform is preferable to ether as an anaesthetic, and if it could be rendered as safe the latter might largely replace it in this country.

THE DUCHESS' COUP.

I was sitting by the river with the duchess. She was deep in thought. I was not thinking more than I could help. Across the sparkling water the trees were green and gold, with here and there a gleam of silver or a band of black. The birds were wailing ardently in the tree tops; indeed, one practical fellow seemed already to be making furniture for the home, or, at least, sawing the necessary wood. There was scarcely a breath to move the rushes, and the fish slumbered peacefully in the cool depths of the river, or gilded slowly beneath their water lily sunshades.

But the beauty that surrounded her brought no peace to the mind of the duchess. "It's such a suitable match," she remarked, rousing me from a reverie.

"Perhaps Lady Marion might not think so," said I, aware of what was troubling my companion.

"Fiddlesticks! She's a sensible girl!"

"Marriages are not made—by being sensible," I remarked.

"That's your opinion."

"Not exclusively. Your husband told me—"

The attitude of the duchess warned me to desist.

"Besides, he is much older than Marion, and immensely rich," I continued. "Her motives might be mistaken."

"Winterton himself is the chief difficulty," she said, presently. "He wants stirring up."

"If they were together, under suitable conditions—"

"Moonlight?" I suggested.

"I've tried that."

"Mixed with music?"

"I don't see how it could be arranged."

Then a brilliant idea flashed into my brain.

"Have Peter Macnulty play to them!" I cried.

The duchess sat up.

"You are really a wonderful man, Massingham. Just when I'm thinking your mind is permanently gone you sparkle like this. Mr. Macnulty is the very man."

"With the man in the moon to help."

"But how are we to mix them?"

I thought for a moment, and then set my scene.

"Winterton and Marion must be inveigled on to the terrace; you and I will be seated in a dark corner of the room."

"I shall feel like Guy Fawkes!"

"The moon, luckily full just now, will be in its usual place; and in the far end of the room Macnulty will play soft love-music as no one else can play it—shaping destinies with his finger tips—the deus ex plano!"

"It's magnificent!" cried the duchess, as I sank back exhausted in my chair. "But how are we to get Macnulty?"

"I know his address in London. Write to him. The duchess rose.

Then I began to think of Peter Macnulty. A little man, inclined to stoutness, with a merry laugh and bright eyes; a good companion and a thorough sportsman. He had faced a tiger together and Macnulty found his shoulder just in time to prevent unpleasant consequences for me.

But Macnulty shooting tigers was just a quiet, plucky little English gentleman, with a certain dry humor and forgetfulness of self that made a capital companion. There are (it is a matter of congratulation) thousands like him in this little island of ours. But Macnulty at the piano! Then you forget the plump little body, and the shock of red hair. And when he had done with you—when he had made you laugh and cry, and love and hate, and stirred and tickled your very soul with his music—then he was your master, and you could never think of him in quite the same way again.

That he was the very man to suit the purpose of the duchess, I had no doubt. I decided that. Then I fell asleep. I felt I needed rest.

answered: "I've been with the Southboroughs."

"I had an invitation."

"We'll go back together, this evening."

"But I refused it. I think of running over to Paris the end of the week."

"From the frying pan to the fire. London's hot enough—besides, the duchess wants you at Eccleston."

"It's very flattering!"

"You're a charming young man when you're nicely dressed. She is very fond of you."

Macnulty roused the sugar in the bottom of his glass to a sense of its duty.

"Is—Lady Marion there?" he inquired presently.

I thought a moment. There was a meaning in that question that might explain his mysterious refusal. It had not occurred to me before.

"What's that got to do—"

"Oh, nothing—nothing!" said Macnulty, jumping up from his seat. "Come out and lunch with me."

With my dinner trembling in the balance, I thought the suggestion excellent.

There is no doubt that a good meal undermines a man's moral character. He feels comfortable and peaceful. He wants to know why he shouldn't do the thing he ought not, and finds he has forgotten the many reasons that had suggested themselves before luncheon. Probably, if no one stops him, he does it.

It was so with Peter Macnulty. We caught an afternoon train to Eccleston.

The duchess had evidently determined to act promptly. Macnulty was carefully fed (I had no reason to complain myself), and when the moon climbed over the treetops, she saw us all assembled in the great drawing-room that looked out on the stone terrace where in olden days many women had waved adieu with dainty kerchiefs to their knights riding in the war, there to do great deeds for their love.

The duchess displayed considerable skill in arranging her tableau. Winterton and Marion were lured on to the terrace (by a suggestion that the park was well worth looking at in the moonlight). Macnulty was coaxed to the piano, and the duchess herself took a seat by my side.

But then matters went awry. After playing a few soft, low chords and letting his fingers run gently over the keys for a minute Macnulty broke suddenly into one of the wild, grand melodies of his native land. There were the skirl of the pipes, the shouts of the tribesmen, and the clang of their broadswords—all the wild barbarism of a fierce battle of the clans.

It stirred the blood in my veins. I too, grasped a slaymore, and bounded over the heather, filled with a wild lust of slaying. There was a kilt around my waist, and I felt the sharp sting of the heather on my bare knees. I would shout and kill—kill—and my arms would never tire while the wild shrieking of the pipes rang in my ears.

Presently I looked up. The duchess was standing by me, with her hand on my shoulder.

"This will never do," she whispered. The music had not moved her. Possibly she found it difficult to imagine herself in a kilt.

I looked out on the terrace. Winterton was tapping with his foot and looking at the moonlit country.

"Tell him to play something soft," said the duchess.

I rose obediently and walked across the room.

"They would like it more," I said, softly.

I was determined he should know what he had to do.

Macnulty's face grew very grave.

"Did she ask for it?"

He was thinking of Marion. I substituted the duchess.

"Yes," said I.

Then Macnulty began to play, at first softly, as of a lover thinking; then louder, in a passionate appeal. I saw Winterton's hand steal slowly toward Marion's and close over it. (The duchess leaned a little forward in her chair). But the hand underneath was gently twisted away, and Marion rose. I could see her lips move, and then she came through the doors into the room. Her mother gasped audibly, and for a moment I thought she would have barred her entrance, but she sank back again into her chair. In the dim light I could see her expression. I was sorry for that.

Marion walked to the piano, but Macnulty continued playing as if he did not see her. But it was no longer music that he played; it was the man himself speaking, a passionate torrent of words.

Winterton leaned over the terrace, and I saw a gleam of a match. He had lit a cigar. For a few seconds we remained motionless; then I rose and went out on the terrace, and, to my surprise, the duchess followed me. I think she wanted more air than the room afforded, and did not realize the danger that lurked under the softly shaded lamp that stood by the piano. She had scarcely gained the terrace when the music stopped. The duchess and I turned quickly into the room. Macnulty had risen and was standing by the piano, holding both Marion's hands in his. The duchess bounded (I can use no other word) into the room. Macnulty sat down again quickly.

"Marion!" she cried.

"Yes," responded that young lady, quietly.

Macnulty's hand came down heavily on the keys. Again the pipes shrieked out their music, but now in wild strains of triumph and rejoicing.

For the Clan Macnulty had won a victory.

Of course the duchess was annoyed, but Mr. and Mrs. Peter Macnulty were very happy.—The Lady's Realm.

DIAMONDFIELD JACK

Spectacular and Dramatic Life Story of Cowboy Days.

NOW TO BE MILLIONAIRE

From Gallows Tree to Affluence—A True Life Romance Comes Out of the West—Twice sentenced to Death He is Pardoned and Restored to Citizenship.

Three times condemned to be hanged for a double murder and now a free man, a mine owner, with every prospect of becoming a millionaire—such in brief is the transition that fate has wrought in the fortunes of John Davis, known as "Diamondfield Jack." Riches have come to him as the fairy-like climax to a life story as picturesque, as dramatic and spectacular, as any in the romantic history of the far west.

Mining men from Goldfield, the new camp near Tonopah, declare that Davis and his partner will be millionaires before two years more have rolled away. Davis has been mining ever since he was snatched from the shadow of the scaffold, when death was so near that he could almost feel the tightening of the noose about his neck. He and his associates are now owners of the Daisy group of mines, in one of which the strike referred to was made.

"Diamondfield Jack" Davis was one of the leading actors in the bitter range war of 1896, and, so far as popular interest was concerned, he held the center of the stage until December, 1902, when he was released from the Idaho state prison. Davis was in the employ of the Sparks-Hartford cattle company, the biggest stock raising concern in Nevada, whose cattle fattened on the ranges of that state and Idaho.

The senior member of the firm was John Sparks, "Honest John" now governor of the silver state. The possession of the ranges had long been disputed between the cattle raisers and the sheep men. Intensely bitter feuds have raged and many lives have been sacrificed to the hatred between the two classes.

In the spring of 1896 this bitter personal feeling reached its height. Thousands of sheep were driven on to the ranges that the cattlemen had formerly claimed as their own. The cattlemen prepared to defend what they considered their territory, and armed men patrolled the ranges. Conspicuous among these was "Diamondfield Jack."

In the western part of Cassia county, Idaho, the fight for the range was the fiercest. The sheepmen had been warned that to cross a certain ridge near Deep Creek meant death for themselves and their stock. Nevertheless, some of them persisted in driving their sheep into the forbidden territory.

Among these men were John C. Wilson and Daniel Cummings, herdsmen. One day a rancher found both men dead in their camp wagon. They had been killed with a rifle.

There were many circumstances that seemed to point to Jack Davis and another man as having knowledge of the crime. They were arrested. The man who was jointly charged with Davis was soon released, but with "Diamondfield Jack" it fared worse.

The jury found him guilty, and on April 14, 1897, he was sentenced to be hanged. The case was appealed to the supreme court of the state, which affirmed the judgment of the lower tribunal and rescheduled Davis to die, fixing the date of execution as October 28, 1898. Eight days before the sentence was to be carried out Governor Hunt granted the condemned man a reprieve until February 1, 1899.

Then the case was taken into the Federal courts. From the United States circuit court of appeals the fate of "Jack" Davis was passed to the supreme court of the United States, which promptly affirmed the previous decisions.

For the third time Davis was sentenced to death, June 21, 1901, being fixed as the date of the event.

"Jack" Davis was a poor man, but powerful and wealthy friends came to his aid, conspicuous among them being Governor Sparks.

When the last legal resource had been exhausted and when it seemed that Davis was doomed to die, the influence of Governor Sparks resulted in restoring "Jack" Davis to freedom. A temporary reprieve a day or two before the date set for the execution was followed by a full pardon and restoration to citizenship, which was issued December 17, 1902.

After spending six years in prison, "Diamondfield Jack" was free to go his way. He chose to go to Nevada, to the new mining camps surrounding Tonopah, and there he found the fortune that has set every human tongue in the cattle country to wagging about his phenomenal luck.

Jack Davis began life for himself as a newsboy in London. Later he stowed away on a sailing ship bound for South Africa. He went to the diamond fields of the interior and met with varying fortune, until he attracted the attention of Cecil Rhodes, then just beginning his consolidation of the diamond interests.

Davis became a confidential detective for the empire builder. Several years of this life satisfied Davis, and he came to this country, seeking the far west as affording the excitement and danger he had learned to love. He drifted about the border for several years and then became a cowboy on the Nevada-Idaho ranges.

England's Self-Made Men.

England, long disparaged by American "boasters," particularly by those American boasters who think America the only land of unlimited opportunity, is beginning to count up her self-made men. Says the St. James's Gazette: We hear so much of American capitalists of industry, of John D. Rockefeller, the farm laborer's son of Edison, the newspaper boy, Yerkes, the youthful soap jobber, that we are apt to forget British giants of perseverance. Livingstone worked a factory hand until twenty-five; the man who sought and found him in the wilds was born in a working boy's room. The great firm of W. H. Smith & Son was begun by two brothers, poor that the wife of one had to go into domestic service. The house of Tangy began in a little workshop whose rent was but a few weeks' of Lever Brothers had a pretentious start at Bolton, a coffee stall on a London curb was the point and origin of Parrot & Pigeon, 2790 ones formed the total capital of the "universal" Whitley. Bass brewery was founded by a carrier, the Elder Dempster Line of steamers by a ship's apprentice, now Sir Alfred Jones. The inventor of Bessemer steel was one poor almost starving boy in London. The power for having devoted his labor to an invention whose profits the government robbed him. So one might go on through the whole range of our industrial life—the sergent and the plain country life's state who have made their nation industrially great and have their flag and fame to the ends of the earth.

No Aristocracy. There is no aristocracy in England, not either of birth or wealth. The Chamberlains and the numerous branches of their family are, of course, at the top of the social ladder, and in some respects form a set of their own. But like everybody else there, they are all connected with trade. It is one could discover any dividing line it would probably be between manufacturers and retail dealers. But the instances where the line had been crossed would be at least as numerous as those in which it had been kept. Practically everybody is on an equality in England. No one puts on "side," there is no Jeuneesse done, and, except at lunch time, the purely social clubs are almost deserted. Everybody dresses in the same admirable style, takes part in the same pursuits, and in happy and contented in the same way. Everybody, too, seems to have a real pride in their city. There is no local patriotism to the square across Birmingham than you will find in the whole of London. The only thing that the "best" government municipalities in the world, and they do not forget that they owe the title as they owe much else, to Mr. Chamberlain. The self-esteem of Athens and Chicago is the self-esteem of Birmingham.—Harper's Weekly.

High-Bred Nests. Speaking of nests, an East British correspondent writes that Frank Canning has twenty-eight nests. From January 1 to January 31, he says, they laid 350 eggs. He says he has sides the usual food, he fed the eggs, hatched, hatched, hatched, hatched, hatched. This is a fully recommended. One of those who lay what eggs are...

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No Aristocracy. There is no aristocracy in England, not either of birth or wealth. The Chamberlains and the numerous branches of their family are, of course, at the top of the social ladder, and in some respects form a set of their own. But like everybody else there, they are all connected with trade. It is one could discover any dividing line it would probably be between manufacturers and retail dealers. But the instances where the line had been crossed would be at least as numerous as those in which it had been kept. Practically everybody is on an equality in England. No one puts on "side," there is no Jeuneesse done, and, except at lunch time, the purely social clubs are almost deserted. Everybody dresses in the same admirable style, takes part in the same pursuits, and in happy and contented in the same way. Everybody, too, seems to have a real pride in their city. There is no local patriotism to the square across Birmingham than you will find in the whole of London. The only thing that the "best" government municipalities in the world, and they do not forget that they owe the title as they owe much else, to Mr. Chamberlain. The self-esteem of Athens and Chicago is the self-esteem of Birmingham.—Harper's Weekly.

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