

FUNERAL OF GEN. GORDON.

HONORS FOR THE GALLANT DEAD BY KITCHENER'S ARMY.

An Impressive Scene—Martial Requiem
Amid the Ruins of Khartoum "Under
the Conquering Ensign of His Own
People."

Geo. Stevens, writing to the London
Daily Mail from Omdurman, thus de-
scribes a touching incident:—

The steamers—screws, paddles, stern-
wheeler—plugged their steady way up
the full Nile. Past the northern fringe
of Omdurman, where the sheikh came
out with the white flag, past the breach
where we went in to the Khalifa's
stronghold, past the choked embrasures
and the lacerated Mahdi's tomb, past
the swamp-rooted palms of Tuti Is-
land. We looked at it with a dispassion-
ate, impersonal curiosity. It was
Sunday morning, and that furious Friday
seemed already half a lifetime
behind us. The volleys had dwindled
out of our ears, and the smoke out of
our nostrils, and to-day we were going
to the funeral of Gordon. After nearly
fourteen years the Christian soldier
was to have Christian burial.

On the steamers there was a detach-
ment of every corps, white, or black,
or yellow, that had taken part in the
vengeance. Every white officer that
could be spared from duty was there,
fifty men picked from each British
battalion, one or two from each unit
of the Egyptian army. That we were
going up to Khartoum at all was evi-
dence of our triumph; yet if you look-
ed about you, triumph was not the
note. The most reckless subaltern, the
most barbarous black was touched
with gravity. We were going to per-
form a necessary duty, which had
been put off far, far too long.

Fourteen years next January—yet
even through the humiliating thought
there ran a whisper of triumph. We
may be slow; but in that very slowness
we show that we do not forget. Soon
or late, we give our own their due.
Here were men that fought for Gor-
don's life while he lived—Kitchener,
who went disguised and alone among
furious enemies to get news of him;
Wauchope, who

POURED OUT HIS BLOOD LIKE WATER

at Tamai and Kirbekan; Stuart-Wort-
lay, who missed by but two days the
chance of dying at his side. And here,
too, were boys who could hardly lisp
when their mothers told them that
Gordon was dead, grown up now, and
appearing in the fulness of time to
exact ten thousand lives for one. Gor-
don my die—other Gordons may die
in the future—but the same clean-
limbed brood will grow up and avenge
them.

The boats stopped plugging and there
was silence. We were tying up oppo-
site a grove of tall palms; on the bank
was a crowd of natives curiously like
the backsheesh-hunters who gather to
greet the Nile steamers. They stared
at us; but we looked beyond them to
a large building rising from a crum-
bling quay. You could see that it had
once been a handsome building of the
type you know in Cairo or Alexandria
—all stone, and stucco, two-storied,
faced with tall regular windows. Now
the upper storey was clean gone; the
blind windows were filled up with
bricks; the stucco was all scars, and
you could walk up to the roof on rub-
ble. In front was an acacia, as green
as grow in Ismailia on the Ghezireh at
Cairo, only unpruned—deep luscious
green, only drooping like a weeping
willow. At that most ordinary sight
everybody grew very solemn. For it
was a piece of new world, or rather
of an old world, utterly different from
the squalid mud, the baking barrenness
of Omdurman. A facade with tall win-
dows, a tree with green leaves—the
facade battered and blind, the tree
drooping to earth—there was no need
to tell us we were at a grave. In that
forlorn ruin, and that disconsolate
acacia, the bones of murdered civiliza-
tion lay before us.

The troops formed up before the
palace in three sides of a rectangle—
Egyptians to our left as we looked from
the river, British to the right. The
Sirdar, the generals of division and
brigade, and the staff stood in the
open space facing the palace. Then, on
the roof—almost on the

VERY SPOT WHERE GORDON FELL
though the steps by which the
butchers mounted have long since
vanished—we were aware of two flag-
staves. By the right hand halliards
stood Lieutenant Staveley, R.N., and
Captain Watson, K.R.R.; by the left
hand Bimbashi Mitford and two other
officers.

The Sirdar raised his hand. A pull
at the halliards, up ran, out flew the
Union Jack, tugging eagerly at his
reins, dazzling gloriously in the sun,
rejoicing in his strength and his free-
dom. "Bang!" went the Melik's moun-
d-pounder, and the boat quivered to her
backbone. "God Save our Gracious
Queen" hymned the Guards' band—
"bang!" from the Melik—and Sirdar
and private stood stiff—"bang!" to
attention, every hand at the helmet
peak—"bang!"—in salute. The Egyp-
tian flag had gone up at the same
instant; and now, the same ear-smash-

ing, soul-lifting bangs marking
time, the band of the 11th Sudanese
was playing the Khedival hymn.
"Three cheers for the Queen!" cried
the Sirdar; helmets leaped in the air,
and the melancholy ruins woke to the
first wholesome shout of all these
years. Then the same for the Khedive.
The comrade flags stretched them-
selves lustily, enjoying their own
again; the bands pealed forth the
pride of country; the twenty-one guns
banged forth the strength of war.
Thus, white men and black, Christian
and Moslem, Anglo-Egypt set her seal
once more, for ever, on Khartoum.

Before we had time to think such
thoughts over to ourselves the bands
were playing the "Dead March in Saul."
Then the black band was playing the
march from Handel's "Scipio," which
in England generally goes with
"TOLL FOR THE BRAVE."

This was in memory of those loyal men
among the Khedive's subjects who
could have saved themselves by treach-
ery, but preferred to die with Gordon.
Next fell a deeper hush than ever,
except for the solemn minute guns
that had followed the fierce salute,
Four chaplains—Catholic, Anglican,
Presbyterian and Methodist—came
slowly forward and ranged themselves,
with their backs to the palace, just
before the Sirdar. The Presbyterian
read the Fifteenth Psalm, The Angli-
can led the rustling whisper of the
Lord's Prayer. Snow-haired Father
Brindle, best beloved of priests, laid
his helmet at his feet and read a me-
morial prayer, bareheaded in the sun.
Then came forth the pipers and wailed
a dirge, and the Sudanese played,
"Abide With Me." Perhaps lips did
twitch just a little to see the abony
heathens fervently blowing out Gor-
don's favourite hymn; but the most
irresistible incongruity would hardly
have made us laugh at that moment.
And there were those who said the cold
Sirdar himself, could hardly speak or
see as General Hunter and the rest
stepped out according to their rank
and shook his hand. What wonder!
He had trodden this road to Khartoum
for fourteen years, and he stood at
the goal at last.

Thus with Maxim-Nordenfolt and
Bible he buried Gordon after the man-
ner of his race. The parade was over,
the troops were dismissed, and for a
short space we talked in Gordon's gar-
den. Gordon has become a legend
with his countrymen, and they all but
deify him dead who would never have
heard of him had he lived. But in this
garden you somehow come to know
Gordon the man, not the myth, and
to feel near to him. Here was an Eng-
lishman doing his duty alone, and at
the

INSTANT PERIL OF HIS LIFE

yet still he loved his garden. The gar-
den was a yet more pathetic ruin than
the palace. The palace accepted its
doom mutely; the garden strove against
it. Untrimmed, unwatered, the
oranges and citrons still struggled to
bear their little hard green knots, as
if they had been full ripe fruit. The
pomegranates put on their vermilion,
star-flowers, but the fruit was
small and woody and juiceless. The
figs bore better, but they, too, were
small and without vigour. Rankly
overgrown with dhurra, a vine still
trained over a low roof its dwarfed
leaves and limped tendrils, did yield
not a sign of grapes. It was all green,
and so far vivid and refreshing after
Omdurman. But it was the green of
nature, not of cultivation; leaves grew
large and fruit grew small, and dwindle
away. Reluctantly, despairingly,
Gordon's garden was dropping back to
wilderness. And in the middle of the
defeated fruit trees grew rankly the
hateful Soudan apple, the poisonous
herald of desolation.

The bugle broke in upon us; we went
back to the boats. We were quicker
steaming back than steaming up. We
were not a whit less chastened, but
every man felt lighter. We came with
a sigh of relief. The long-delayed duty
was done. The bones of our country-
men were shattered and scattered
abroad, and no man knows their place.
None the less Gordon had his due burial
at last. So we steamed away to the
roaring camp, and left him alone again.
Yet not one nor two looked back at
the mouldering palace and the tangled
garden, without a new and great con-
tentment. We left Gordon alone again
—but alone in majesty under the con-
quering ensign of his own people.

GRAINS OF GOLD.

Be not merely good; be good for
something.—Thoreau.

Evil is wrought by want of thought
as well as by want of heart.—Hood.

Our ancestors have traveled the iron
age; the golden is before us.—St. Pierre.

We are indebted to Christianity for
gentleness, especially toward women.—
C. Simmons.

God governs the world, and we have
only to do our duty wisely, and leave
the issue to him.—John Jay.

Good taste rejects excessive nicety;
it treats little things as little things
and is not hurt by them.—Faulstich.

No man was ever so completely skill-
ed in the conduct of life as not to re-
ceive new information from age and
experience.—Terence.

Our lives, by acts exemplary, not
only win ourselves good names, but do
to others give matter for virtuous
deeds, by which we live.—Chapman.

Narrow-minded and ignorant persons
talk about persons and not things;
hence gossip is the bane and disgrace
of so large a portion of society.—Sheri-
dan.

There cannot be a surer proof of low
origin or of an innate meanness of
disposition than to be always talking
and thinking about being genteel.—
Hazlitt.

BOTH HAPPY.

Yes, my wife and I have separated.
Indeed? What is the trouble?
There isn't any now.

ROUND THE WHOLE WORLD.

WHAT IS GOING ON IN THE FOUR CORNERS OF THE GLOBE.

Old and New World Events of Interest Chron-
icled Briefly—Interesting Happenings of
Recent Date.

A peer cannot resign his peerage.
Crabs two feet in length are often
seen in India.

There are enough paupers in Lon-
don to fill every house in Brighton.

San Marino, the smallest republic in
the world, has an annual revenue of
£3,000.

Charity organizations existed in
Egypt 2,500 and in China 2,000 years
ago.

Police Court statistics show that
Cornwall is the best behaved county
in England.

There are supposed to be something
like a thousand murderers at large
in Great Britain.

Tea is cheap in China. In one pro-
vince of the empire good tea is sold
at 11-4d. a pound.

Italy produces annually 70,000,000
gallons of olive oil, the market value
of which is £24,000,000.

The largest organ in the world is
in the Cathedral of Seville, Spain. It
has 53 pipes, and 110 stops.

The Lord Mayor of London receives
more than 30,000 letters in a year,
most of which have to be answered.

The deepest mine in the world is the
Lambert mine in Belgium, which is
3,490 feet beneath the earth's surface.

While boring for coal at Barrow
a bed of salt was found at a depth of
300 feet. The bed is said to be 70 feet
thick.

There are said to be in London alone
8,000 children who are feeble-minded,
as distinguished from idiots and im-
beciles.

The mummy of a Pharaoh which re-
cently arrived at Marseilles from
Egypt was charged import duty at the
rate for dried fish.

In an exhibition at Dresden are col-
lected a number of boots, shoes and
slippers once worn by emperors, kings
queens and princes.

The cheapest railway travelling is
to be had in Hungary, where it is
possible to go a distance of five hun-
dred miles for 6s 8d.

Capital sentence cannot be pro-
nounced upon any criminal in Sweden
until a confession of the crime has
been obtained from him.

Italy leads in the number of crema-
tories, having twenty-four. America
has twenty-two, Germany four, Eng-
land three, and France two.

About 6,000 persons are employed by
the London hospitals, and of this num-
ber 1,300 are honorary medical officers,
who receive no fee of any kind.

Compulsory army service has just
been established in Holland for all
males over nineteen years of age, ex-
cept priests, ministers and divinity stu-
dents.

A scientist declares that a block of
steel ten feet square would be pressed
into a block only two feet square if
taken 4,000 miles below the earth's
surface.

Berlin is one of the most cosmopoli-
tan of European cities. Though it
is the capital of Germany, only 37 per
cent. of its inhabitants are German
by birth.

It is stated that 40,000,000 dozen eggs
are used every year by calico print
works, 10,000,000 dozen by wine clar-
ifiers, and many millions more by pho-
tographers and other industries.

Ten thousand new cab and carriage
horses are among the items which
Paris is acquiring for the accommo-
dation of visitors to the Exhibition
in 1900.

At the sunset hour in Seoul, Corea,
a town bell proclaims the fact when
the sun has vanished beneath the
horizon. No man is allowed in the
street after that hour, under penalty
of a flogging.

More than half the Lord Chancellors
of England during the past fifty
years were the sons of poor men. One
of them was the son of a country bar-
ber, and the father of another was a
Newcastle coalheaver.

The Persians in 516 B.C. invented
a transparent glass varnish, which
they laid over sculptured rocks to pre-
vent them from weathering. This coat-
ing has lasted to our day, while the
rocks beneath are honeycombed.

The Great Eastern Railway has an
income of £4,000,000 per annum, which
is larger than the entire revenue of
the kingdom of Greece, and not quite
so large as the revenue of the united
kingdoms of Sweden and Norway.

Including policemen, post-office of-
ficials, market men and women, care-
takers, bakers, hospital nurses and
newspaper writers and printers, it is
estimated that fully 100,000 of the in-
habitants of London are night workers.

One of the Sunday amusements in
Havana is cock-fighting. It is cus-
tomary at such contests to revive a
half-vanquished bird by spraying San-
ta Cruz rum over its head. The rum
is blown from the mouth of one of
the fight directors.

There seems hardly any limit to the
age of fish of many kinds. In the
Royal Aquarium of St. Petersburg
there are fish to-day that are known

to have been there at least 150 years.
Some of them are five times as big
as when first captured; others have
not grown an inch.

There are no fewer than 35 tunnels
over 1,000 yards in length on English
railway lines. Those of notable ex-
tent are the Severn tunnel on the G.
W. R., 7,664; the Totley tunnel, on the
Midland, 6,226; the Standedge, on the
North-western, 5,342; the Woodhead, on
the Great Central, 5,297; and Bram-
hope, on the North-eastern, 3,745 yds.
long.

The largest inhabited building in
the world is unquestionably the Vati-
can at Rome, with its eight grand
staircases, 200 smaller ones, 20 courts,
and 11,000 apartments: Its marbles,
bronzes, frescoes, paintings and gems
are unequalled in the world, and its
library is the richest in Europe in
manuscripts. Its collection of sculp-
ture not only surpasses any other, but
all others together.

One of the most beautiful sights in
the world is the annual migration of
butterflies across the Isthmus of Pan-
ama. Where they come from or
whither they go no one knows. Tow-
ards the end of June a few scat-
tered specimens are discovered flitting
out to sea, and as the days go by the
number increases until about July 14th
or 15th the sky is occasionally almost
obscured by myriads of these frail in-
sects.

A statistician, who has been looking
into the matter of divorce has found
that the proportion of divorces to
population is least in Ireland—only
one divorce to every 400,000 inhabi-
tants. In the United States the pro-
portion of divorces is ominously large,
88.71 to every 100,000 of a population
(the largest known, in fact, save in
Japan, the figures for that happy em-
pire being 608.45 divorces to every 100,
000 of population).

The Duchess of Marlborough and the
Duchess of Devonshire probably have
the finest pearls in England, the Man-
chester necklace being very well
known. Many smart ladies wear their
pearls constantly, although they are
not seen, as they are worn under a
high dress, as pearls are supposed to
keep their colour better when worn
next to the skin. Pearls have, within
the last twenty-five years, increased in
value 1,000 per cent.

IRREGULAR BY SYSTEM.

The Ameer of Afghanistan Is Not a Be-
liever in Punctuality.

Civilization, at least as we under-
stand it, makes much of economy—a
saving of money, effort and time.
Moreover it teaches us that one of
the most efficient helps to economy of
any sort is regularity. Nevertheless
the civilization of Afghanistan teach-
es the lesson otherwise.

Miss Lillian Hamilton, M.D., who oc-
cupied the important position of lady
physician to the ameer tells some of
her amusing experiences—among oth-
ers of the lack of regularity in the
ameer's household, and the reason
therefor. She found that work be-
gins in the morning when he is ready,
when he is tired, work ceases. When
he wishes to eat, dinner is served, and
when he feels inclined to sleep the
court is closed. He seldom rises be-
fore noon, though he may be astir
early.

The difficulty is that as soon as he
is astir every one is expected to be
in attendance. The most important of-
ficials keep a servant waiting at the
court door, to leap on his horse, and
warn his master the moment the ameer
wakes.

Being so unused to punctuality him-
self, the ameer cannot understand it
in others. Miss Hamilton says, that
one day when she had been sitting with
him, she noticed that it was about
her lunch time. Accordingly she ex-
cused herself, explaining where she
was going.

"Are you hungry?" asked the ameer.

"No, I cannot say I am."

"Then why are you going to eat?"

he persisted. "What a strange idea."

Again she explained that it was her
lunch time.

"Lunch-time?" he said. "Who made
it your lunch-time? And what has that
to do with it? I should have thought
appetite was what had to be con-
sulted, not time."

The treatment of servants was an-
other subject on which the stranger
found her ideas had to be remodelled.
She quickly dropped into the habit of
being as free and easy with them as
was the custom.

"Indeed," she says, "I should have
gained nothing if I had tried to keep
them in what we should call 'their
places.' They would not have under-
stood it, because they were not accus-
tomed to it. Moreover you could never
be quite sure what their places
were, they changed about so. I shall
never forget my surprise when I met
the ameer's old doorkeeper riding some
distance outside Kabul, surrounded by
quite a retinue of servants. He was on
his way to Kandahar, of which city
he had just been made governor."

"Several of the ameer's own relations
are table servants. This is, indeed, ra-
ther a coveted post, as it often means
advancement. But when they have
laid the cloth—on the floor, of course
—and placed the dishes on it, they sit
down and partake of the repast with
the rest of the courtiers."

GUIDANCE.

Mudge—I have always tried to guide
myself by the truth.

Yabley—Well, you have succeeded in
steering yourself past it pretty suc-
cessfully.

THE CZAR AT HOME.

The Russian Court is the Most Magnifi-
cent in the World.

The Russian court military and min-
isterial dress is costly and rich in the
extreme, and the richness is carried
out even to the liveries of the ser-
vants, their scarlet coats being liter-
ally ablaze with gold, says a writer in
the English Illustrated Magazine. It
is a fact that no court in the world
presents such a picturesque and
magnificent appearance as does that of
Russia. At any function, therefore, the
show is brilliant, but more especially
perhaps, at a ball, when the rich even-
ing toilets of the ladies, enhanced by
jewels of priceless worth, add much to
the already brilliant effect. The Rus-
sian dances are of a very stately de-
scription, and both the emperor and
empress take part in them very thor-
oughly. The aspect of the armorial-hall
where the supper is often laid, is grand
beyond all description. This meal is
not partaken of standing, as at the
majority of the courts, but the guests
sit down at the long row of tables. A
porcussion is formed, which is head-
ed by his imperial majesty, and the
most distinguished lady present, and
the room is then entered in the order
of precedence. Of course, an immense
quantity of plate is displayed. This
and the china that is also used are
noted throughout Europe for their
richness and beauty. There is one ser-
vice alone, capable of dining 500 per-
sons, that is composed entirely of the
purest silver overlaid with gold. Added
to all this the use of a variety of the
choicest fruits and the rarest flowers
among which orchids figure largely,
makes the scene one of the most gorge-
ous magnificence. During the evening
a state progress through the suite of
rooms is made by the imperial person-
ages, and the chief officer of the house-
hold, the guests forming up into a long
avenue on either side. One special
feature is that two or three of the
largest halls in the palace are, on the
occasion of a ball, fixed up as a huge
conservatory, palms, exotics, ferns,
banks of flowers, and even fruit trees
being transplanted thither with the
most marvellous effect. Electric light
is carried throughout, and glows
down from myriads of globes of a vari-
ety of colors. In this veritable fairy-
land hundreds of seats are placed for
the convenience of the guests between
dances. It would be utterly impos-
sible to mention the rare works of
art to be seen in this palace, compris-
ing paintings, statuary, collections of
jewels, antiquities and curios of every
description. Everything is of oriental
magnificence, and to see it all the eye
must weary of the continuous dazzle.

The Russian court military and min-
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extreme, and the richness is carried
out even to the liveries of the ser-
vants, their scarlet coats being liter-
ally ablaze with gold, says a writer in
the English Illustrated Magazine. It
is a fact that no court in the world
presents such a picturesque and
magnificent appearance as does that of
Russia. At any function, therefore, the
show is brilliant, but more especially
perhaps, at a ball, when the rich even-
ing toilets of the ladies, enhanced by
jewels of priceless worth, add much to
the already brilliant effect. The Rus-
sian dances are of a very stately de-
scription, and both the emperor and
empress take part in them very thor-
oughly. The aspect of the armorial-hall
where the supper is often laid, is grand
beyond all description. This meal is
not partaken of standing, as at the
majority of the courts, but the guests
sit down at the long row of tables. A
porcussion is formed, which is head-
ed by his imperial majesty, and the
most distinguished lady present, and
the room is then entered in the order
of precedence. Of course, an immense
quantity of plate is displayed. This
and the china that is also used are
noted throughout Europe for their
richness and beauty. There is one ser-
vice alone, capable of dining 500 per-
sons, that is composed entirely of the
purest silver overlaid with gold. Added
to all this the use of a variety of the
choicest fruits and the rarest flowers
among which orchids figure largely,
makes the scene one of the most gorge-
ous magnificence. During the evening
a state progress through the suite of
rooms is made by the imperial person-
ages, and the chief officer of the house-
hold, the guests forming up into a long
avenue on either side. One special
feature is that two or three of the
largest halls in the palace are, on the
occasion of a ball, fixed up as a huge
conservatory, palms, exotics, ferns,
banks of flowers, and even fruit trees
being transplanted thither with the
most marvellous effect. Electric light
is carried throughout, and glows
down from myriads of globes of a vari-
ety of colors. In this veritable fairy-
land hundreds of seats are placed for
the convenience of the guests between
dances. It would be utterly impos-
sible to mention the rare works of
art to be seen in this palace, compris-
ing paintings, statuary, collections of
jewels, antiquities and curios of every
description. Everything is of oriental
magnificence, and to see it all the eye
must weary of the continuous dazzle.

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