SOUDAN BATTLE PICTURES

THE FIERCE FIGHTING AT THE ROUT OF THE DERVISHES.

12,000 British Fought Against 60,000 Mahdists—Vivid Description of the Charge of the British Army—Courage Shown on Both Sides—The Carnage.

Those who are impatient to read the news of a great battle on land need not wait for the development of the Spanish-American war. The story of the greatest engagement of recent years is told in recent London newspapers, and it is a story of greater carnage, more desperate, fiercer fighting than, perhaps the whole Cuban struggle may witness. The battle at Atbara, between the British army of 12,000 men and the dervish forces of about 60,000 was not one of those African skirmishes which are usually referred to rather contemptuously during the occasional little wars in which Great Britain is engaged. It was a combat which brought out splendid gallantry and fine generalship, and which tested the latest resources of warfare in a manner that especially concerns a nation with a war on its own hand. The death roll of Atbara has been made up—probably it never will be accurately recorded—but the casualties number well up in the thousands, and the deadliness of modern weapons is sufficiently demonstrated.

A THRILLING NARRATIVE.

It is a thrilling story, even the brief, laconic telegraphic account of how the white and black British troops overthrew the hosts of Mahmoud. To-day it is told in more impressive detail by two of the ablest of English war correspondents, who were with the Sirdar's army. The main features of the account which follows are taken from the report of G. W. Steevens, of the London Daily Mail:—

"Now the sun rose behind us, and the men rose, too, and we had arrived. Gen. Hunter had led the four brigades in the half light to within 200 yards of the exact position they were to take in action. Now, too, we saw the whole army — right of us McDonald's, right of him, again, Maxwell's; to our left rear, Lewis'; in support, far away leftward of them, the grey squadrons of cavalry. The word came, the men sprang up; at one impulse, in one superb sweep, the 12,000 men moved forward toward the enemy. All England and all Egypt, and the flower of the black lands beyond, Birmingham and the West Highlands, the half-regenerated children of the earth's earliest civilization, and grinning savages from the uttermost swamps of Equatoria, muscle and machinery, lord and larrikin, Balliol and the board school, the Sirdar's brain, and the camel's back—all welded into one, the awful war machine went forward into action.

"We could see their position quite well by now—the usual river fringe of grey-green palms meeting the usual desert fringe of yellow, grey mimosa. And the smoke-grey line in front of it all must be their famous zareba. Before its right centre fluttered half a dozen flags, white and pale blue, yellow and pale chocolate. The line went on until it was not half a mile from the flags. Then it halted. Thud! went the first gun, and phutt! came faintly back as its shell burst on the zareba into a wreathed cloud of just the zareba's smoke-grey. I looked at my watch, and it marked 6.20. The battler that had now menaced, now evaded us for a month—the battle had begun.

SHOWER OF DESTRUCTION.

"Now, from the horse-battery and one fixed battery on the right, and from two batteries of Maxim-Nordenfeldts on the left, just to the right front of the British, belched a rapid, but unhurried, regular, relentless shower of destruction. The round, grey clouds from shell, the round white puffs from shrapnel, flighted down methodically, and alighted on every part of the zareba, and of the bush beyond. A fire sprang and swarmed redly up the dried leaves of a palm tree; before it sank another flung up beside it, and then another. When the shelling began a few spare shots came back, one gunner was wounded. And all over the zareba we saw dust-clothed figures strolling unconcernedly, in and out, checking when a shell dropped near, and then passing contemptuously on again. The enemy's cavalry appeared galloping and forming upon our left of the zareba, threatening a charge. But tut-tut-tut went the Maxims, and through a glass we could see our cavalry trembling to be at them. And the Baggara horsemen, remembering the guns that had riddled them, and the squadrons that had shorn through them three days before, fell back to cover again. By now, when it had lasted an hour or more, not a man showed along the whole line nor yet a spot of rifle smoke. All seemed empty, silent, lifeless, but for one hobbled camel, waving his neck and stupid head in helpless dim bewilderment. Presently the edge of the storm of devastation caught him too, and we saw him no more.

THE ADVANCE.

"An hour and twenty minutes the guns spoke, and then were silent. And now for the advance along the whole line. Maxwell's brigade on the right—Twelfth, Thirteenth, and Fourteenth Soudanese and Eighth Egyptian—used the Egyptian attack formation— four companies of a battalion in line, and the other two in support. McDonald—Ninth, Tenth and Eleventh Soudanese and Second Egyptian—his space being constricted, had three companies in line and three in support. The British had the Camerons in line along their whole front, then, in columns of their eight companies, the Lincolns on the right, the Seaforths in the centre, and the Warwicks, two companies short, on the left, their orders were not to advance till it was certain that the dervish cavalry would not charge in flank. Lewis' three-battalion brigade—Third Fourth, and Seventh Egyptian—was at this time in square behind the British. All the artillery accompanied the advance.

"The Camerons formed fours and moved away to the left, then turned into line. They halted and waited for the advance. They were shifted back a little to the right; then halted again. Then a staff officer galloped furiously behind their line, and shouted something in the direction of the Maxim battery. 'Advance!' yelled the Major, and before the answer could come the mules were up to the collar and the Maxims were up to and past the left flank of the Camerons. These stood still, waiting on the bugle,—a line of khaki and dark tartan blending to purple, of flashing bayonets at the slope, and set, two-month-bearded faces strained towards the zareba. In the middle of the line shone the Union Jack.

"The bugle sang out the advance. The pipes screamed war, and the line started forward, like a ruler drawn over the tussock-broken sand. Up a low ridge they moved forward; when would the dervishes fire? The Camerons were to open from the top of the ridge, only three hundred yards short of the zareba, and up and up, forward and forward; when would they fire? Now the line crested the ridge; the men knelt down. 'Volley firing in sections'—and crash it came. It came from both sides, too, almost the same instant. Wht-t, wht-t, wht-t piped he bullets overhead; the line knelt very firm, and aimed very steady, and crash, crash, crash, they answered it.

BULLETS LIKE RAIN.

"Oh! A cry more of dismayed astonishment than of pain, and a man was upon his feet and over on his back and the bearers were dashing in from the rear. He was dead before they touched him, but already they found another for the stretcher. The bugle again, and up and on; the bullets were swishing and lashing now like rain on the river. But the line of khaki and purple tartan never bent nor swayed; it just went slowly forward like a ruler. The officer at its head strode self-containedly; they might have been on the hill after grouse; only from their locked faces turned unswervingly towards the bullets could you see that they knew and had despised the danger. And the unkempt, unshaven Tammies, who in camp seemed little enough like Covenanters or Ironsides, were now quite transformed. It was not so difficult to go on— the pipes picked you up and carried you on—but it was difficult not to hurry; yet whether they aimed or advanced they did it orderly, gravely and without speaking. The bullets had whispered to raw youngsters in one breath the secret of all the glories of the British army.

"Forward and forward, more swishing about them and more crashing from them. Now they were moving, always without hurry, down a gravelly incline. Three men went down without a cry at the very foot of the Union Jack, and only one got to his feet again; the flag shook itself and blazed splendidly. Next, a supremely furious gust of bullets, and suddenly the line stood fast. Before it was a loose low hedge of camel thorn—the zareba, the redoubtable zareba. That it? A second they stood in wonder, and then, 'Pull it away,' suggested somebody. Just half a dozen tugs, and the impossible zareba was a gap and a scattered heap of brushwood. Beyond is a low stockade and trenches, but what of that? Over and in! Hurrah! hurrah! hurrah!

SPRANG TO LIFE.

"Now the inside suddenly sprang to life. Out of the earth came dusty black, half-naked shapes, running, running and turning to shoot, but running away. And in a second the inside was a wild confusion of Highlanders, purple tartan and black green, too, for the Seaforths had brought their perfect columns through the teeth of the fire, and were charging in at the gap. Inside that zareba was the most astounding labyrinth ever seen out of a nightmare. It began with a stockade and a triple trench. Beyond that the bush was naturally thick with palm stem and mimosa thorn and halfa grass. But besides, it was as full of holes as any honeycomb, only far less regular. There was a shelter pit for every animal—here a donkey tethered down in a hole just big enough for itself and its master; beside it a straw hut with a tangle of thorn; yawning a yard beyond, a larger trench, choke full of tethered camels and dead or dying men. There was no plan or system in it, only mere confusion of stumbling block and pitfall. From holes below and hillocks above, from invisible trenches to right and innocent tukas to left, the bewildered bullets curved and twisted, and dodged. It took some company-leading, for the precise formations that the bullets only stiffened were loosening now. But the officers were equal to it, each picked his line and ran it, and if a few of his company were lost—kneeling by green-faced comrades or vaguely bayonetting along with a couple of chance companions—they kept the mass centred on the work in hand.

THE KILLING.

"For now began the killing. Bullet and bayonet and butt, the whirlwind of Highlanders swept over. And by this time the Lincolns were in on the right, and the Maxims, galloping right up to the stockade, had withered the left and the Warwicks, the enemy's cavalry definitely gone, were volleying off the blacks as your beard comes off under a keen razor. Further and further they cleared the ground—cleared it of everything like a living man, for it was left carpeted thick enough with the dead. Here was a trench; bayonet that man. Here a little straw tukal; warily round to the door, and then a volley. Now in column, through this opening in the bushes, then into line and drop these few desperately firing shadows among the dry stems beyond. For the running blacks—poor heroes—stiff fired, though every second they fired less and ran more. And on, on the British stumbled and slew, till suddenly there was unbroken blue overhead, and a clear drop underfoot. The river! And across the trickle of water the quarter mile of dry sandbed was a fly paper, with scrambling spots of black. The pursuers thronged the bank in double line, and in two minutes the paper was still black-spotted only the spots scrambled no more.

"'Now I call that,' panted the most pessimistic senior captain in the brigade, 'now I call that a very good fight.'

CEASE FIRE.

"Cease fire! Word and whistle and voice took a little time to work into hot brains; then sudden silence. Again hurrah! hurrah! hurrah! It had lasted forty minutes; and nobody was quite certain whether it had seemed more like two minutes or two years. All at once there came a roar of fire from the left; the half-sated British saw the river covered with a new swarm of flies, only just in time to see them stop still, as the others. This was Lewis' brigade of Egyptians at work. They had stood the heavy fire that sought them as if there were no such things as wounds or death; now they had swept down leftward of the zareba, shovelled the enemy into the river bed, and shot them down. Bloodthirsty? Count up the Egyptians murdered by Mahdism, and then say so if you will.

"Meanwhile all the right-hand part of the zareba was alive with our blacks. They had been seen from the British line as it advanced, ambling and scrambling over rise and dip, firing heavily as they were ordered to, and then charging with the cold bayonet as they lusted to,. They were in first, there cannot be a doubt. Their line formation turned out a far better one for charging the defences than the British columns, which were founded on an exaggerated expectation of the difficulty of the zareba, and turned out a trifle unhandy. And if the zareba had been as high and thick as the Bank of England, the blacks and their brigaded Egyptians would have slicked through it and picked out the thorns after the cease fire. As against that, they lost more men than the British, for their advance was speedier, and their volleys less deadly than the Camerons' pelting destruction that drove through every skull raised an inch to aim. One battalion, the Eleventh Soudanese, lost 108 men killed and wounded out of less than 700.

FOUGHT WELL.

"But never think the blacks were out of hand. They attacked fast, but they attacked steadily, and kept their formation to the last moment there was anything to form against. The battle of the Atbara has definitely placed the blacks—yes, and the once contemned Egyptians—in the ranks of the very best troops in the world. When it was over their officers were ready to cry with joy and pride. And the blacks, every one of whom would beamingly charge the bottomless pit after his Bey, were just as joyous and proud of their officers. They stood about among the dead, their faces cleft with smiles, shaking and shaking each other's hands. A short shake, then a salute, another shake and another salute, again and again and again, with the head-curving smile never narrowed an instant. Then up to the Bey and the Bimbashis—mounted now, but they had charged afoot and clear ahead, as is the recognized wont of all chiefs of the fighting Soudan when they intend to conquer or die with their men—and more handshakes and more salutes. 'Dushman quaiss kiter,' ran round from grin to grin; 'very good fight, very good fight.'

"Now fall in, and back to the desert outside. And, unless you are congenitally amorous of horrors, don't look too much about you. Black spindle-legs curled up to meet red-gimbleted black faces, donkeys headless and legless, or sieves of shrapnel; camels with necks writhed back on their humps, rotting already in pools of blood and bile-yellow water; heads without faces, and faces without anything below, cob-webbed arms and legs, and black skins grilled to crackling on smouldering palm' leaf—don't look at it. Here is the Sirdar's white star and crescent on red; here is the Sirdar who created this battle, this clean-jointed, well-oiled, smooth running, clock work perfect masterpiece of a battle. Not a flaw, not a check, not a jolt; and not a fleck on its shining success. Once more, hurrah, hurrah, hurrah!"

A MUNICIPALITY'S RESTAURANT.

The city of Grenoble, France, has been running a restaurant and kitchen for fifty years. Meals are supplied at cost in the restaurant, or delivered at residences, as may be desired. The food is of the best quality, the cooks are as skilful as any in Paris, and the service excellent. The dining-rooms are of several grades, according to the attendance, so that all classes and tastes may be suited. One may dine there for three cents on bread and soup, and have his hunger thoroughly appeased; or one can pay twelve cents and enjoy a full-course dinner. The best rooms are marble-floored and prettily decorated. There is no financial profit whatever to the city of Grenoble in operating this huge restaurant, which serves from 15,000 to 20,000 meals a day. The charges are based on the cost of the materials used, help, and keeping utensils and buildings in repair.

REASON FOR DOUBT.

Billings—"Knowledge is power," you know.

Henderson—I'm not so sure of that. My knowledge of the fact that you owe me $10 is thoroughly grounded, but I don't seem to have the power to get it.

New Women.

Scene: A drawing-room in Kensington. Present Mrs. Van Tassyl Hussey, Lady Betty, Miss Peck and the hostess.

"Will you take sugar with your second, cup, dear?" said the hostess sweetly to Mrs. Van Tassyl Hussey, hovering with the sugar tongs over the basin.

"Thank you, I always take sugar. My late husband used to say that a sweet tooth was an excellent thing in the middle-aged; it denoted simplicity of ideas."

"Fie! my dear Mrs. Van Tassyl Hussey, surely you don't lay claim to——"

"Middle age or simplicity?"

"Either," returned Lady Betty.

"They usually go together nowadays,' observed the hostess; "it's the young people I don't understand. They seem to be developing into a strange order of being. Have you read Lady Warwick's book on 'Women's Education'?"

"You mean," interposed Miss Peck in her precise manner, "Lady Warwick's collection of papers read at our recent education congress? They are very valuable, and we are greatly obliged to Lady Warwick for her admirable preface; but of course her ladyship has not taken any great part in our work."

"I never could understand," said Mrs. Van Tassyl Hussey, "how ladies of position could interest themselves in slumming matters."

"Excuse me," returned Miss Peck tartly; "women's education in the British empire is certainly not a question of slumming."

"But these things often fall into the same category, do they not? I heard only the other day," pursued Mrs. Van Tassyl Hussey, blandly, "that a great friend of yours had been appointed an inspector--or is it inspectress—of . . . dear me--of nuisances, was it not?"

"No," corrected Miss Peck, "of factories. She read an admirable paper on women as factory inspectors at our recent congress. It is included in Lady Warwick's book. We hope, by means of this volume, to open up a great many new careers to women."

"So it would seem," remarked the hostess. "I suppose, though, they cannot all be quite womanly professions?"

"Oh! we are abolishing these distinctions,' explained Miss Peck; "we find that they rather trammel us in our work; besides, the great principle that we advocate—the equality of the sexes—does not permit of any concessions on our part to——"

"Womanliness?" questioned Lady Betty.

"If you like to put it so."

"How stupid!" continued Lady Betty. "For my part I wouldn't change places with the most learned man in the world. As the merely frivolous little butterfly that I am, I can get all the admiration I want"

"From men, I suppose?" sniffed Miss Peck. "The homage some women pay to men is perfectly disgusting; they pander to their vanity in the most contemptible manner."

"As the superior sex, my dear, don't forget that," said Lady Betty.

"Superior in brute strength, but not in intellect."

"Well, let us say in discernment," insinuated Lady Betty. "However contemptible the mere man may be, I find him at least appreciative. George told me yesterday my new hat was a perfact stunner! How's that for an opinion? And you women have never even noticed it!"

"George! your husband?" queried Mrs. Van Tassyl Hussey.

"My husband?" laughed Lady Betty, "why he never sees what I've got on. One never expects a compliment from one's husband. I mean George Gillow; he was skating with me at Prince's yesterday."

"It was always my practice to consult my husband on all matters," said Mrs. Van Tassyl Hussey, "but then I suppose you young people would call me——"

"Not middle-aged," smiled the hostess.

"No, rather old-fashioned. Marriage itself, they say, is getting old-fashioned."

"Yes, it is going out," said Lady Betty."

"Only a very small percentage of our women marry," observed Miss Peck; "I mean the Girton and Newnham women.'

"Does their education make them too fastidious?" inquired the hostess.

"Perhaps it makes the men fastidious,' said Lady Betty. "I never knew a man yet who would make love to a woman because she had a diploma. They like a nice little ignoramus who doesn't know enough to see through them."

"One can see why you are so popular with the men," snapped Miss Peck. "For my part, I should like to see the male population of this and every other country swept off the face of the globe—but come to the meeting of our Hygienic Clothing Association at St. George's Hall next Thursday, and then you will understand better than you do now why——"

"Why so many learned women prefer spinsterhood?" interposed Lady Betty.

"Let us say rather independence," said the hostess, genially. "Pass me your cup, Miss Peck—one lump?"

"I never take sugar, the glucose element is not wholesome."

"But talking of independence," continued the hostess, "is independence at the price of spinsterhood, the best state for a woman? Isn't it after all rather a pity to be educated so far above the head of the average man? For the average man is the best we can get as a rule, isn't he?"

"Yes," answered Mrs. Van Tassyl Hussey, "and I always think an unmarried woman is such a hopelessly incomplete specimen of humanity—I mean, of course, the woman of a certain age."

"Quite an exploded prejudice," snapped Miss Peck.

"Now a female factory inspector," observed the hostess, "I do not really think I could stand. She would give me the creeps I'm sure."

"It is to careers like this that we look for relief in the female labor market," remarked Miss Peck, severely. "It is this way that the brilliant future of the emancipated woman lies. We have our foot on the ladder, we are mounting."

"Yes, but when you have climbed to the top, where do you think the ladder will land you?" queried the hostess. "It will land us," answered Miss Peck, with a gleam like cold steel in her eyes, "at the glorious goal where the present degradation of women will not exist, where they will take their proper position in the world, and where man will be shown himself as he really is.'

"Dear me," ejaculated Mrs. Van Tassyl Hussey.

"Well," said the hostess, "emancipation, and the moralizing influence of Girton and Newnham may be all very well, but for my part I think that it does not promote the welfare and happiness of its devotees. And to condemn women to an eternal spinsterhood is surely not promoting their chances of happiness in the general scheme of things."

"For my part," interposed Lady Betty, with an irresponsible shrug of her shoulders, "call it degrading if you like, but I would rather purr on the hearthrug of the merest of men than I would go prowling about factories and sniffing down people's sinks in the glories of emancipation."

"I will wish you good afternoon," said Miss Peck, snapping the clasp of her serviceable golf cape severely, "I am due to speak on the 'Regeneration of Man,' at 5.15."

"Isn't she funny?" laughed Lady Betty as the door closed behind her.

SPRING SMILES.

When Hamlet said: But I have that within which passeth show, it is believed that he had in his pocket a complimentary ticket to the circus.

Jack—I hear that she speaks every known language. Tom—Must be a mistake. Last night I asked her to give me a plain English 'yes,' and she said she couldn't.

Do you find my son prompt and punctual, Mr. Grindley? I never had a young man in my employ who, at the close of business hours, could get out of the office with less delay.

I hate to bother you, pa, said the small boy home for the holidays, but really I'd like to know— Well what? How it is that baby fish don't get drowned before they've learned to swim.

Miss Cordelia Summers (upon presentation of some flowers by young Spunkins)—Yes, children, this is my birthday. You see I am getting old—very very old! Children (enthusiastically)—Yes, ma'am!

Reverse Action—The Elder Matron—You shouldn't mind the baby crying a little. It strengthens his lungs. The Younger Matron—Oh, no doubt; but it weakens his father's religion.

Dixon—Why is it that it is usually unmarried women who write articles on 'How to Manage a Husband?' Hix—on—Oh,! you don't suppose a married woman is going to give her little plans away, do you?

Declaring Himself — Proprietor — Yes, there's lots of golf playin' here. Some folks 'd rather play golf than eat. Guest—Well, I'm not one of that kind. Just remember that I expect three square meals a day.

Two Sides.—Mrs. Call—It's too bad of you, Ethel, to worry your mamma so. Ethel (aged five, tearfully)—Well, Mrs. Call, if you'd lived with mamma as long as I have you'd know which of us was to blame.

I am sorry to hear about those bread riots in Spain, remarked Terwilliger. It seems to indicate, suggested Jiggs, that even the bread is ridiculous against the dynasty. Whereupon the audience settled down on the group.

Of course, said one Spanish official, we were unprepared for war. Yes, replied the other. But there is some satisfaction in reflecting that we are just as unprepared now as we would have been had they waited a few years more.

Scrap of Ancient History.—The aspiring monkey looked at his ancestor, born, lying idly in the shade of a cocoa palm, and shook his head. I have tried to make a man of you, he sighed, but I suppose I am about 5,000,000 years too soon!

HIS PROGRESS.

Willie, how did you get along at school to-day?

Very well.

Now, Willie, his mother went on severely; don't tell stories. I heard you had to be punished.

Yes, but it didn't hurt as much as usual.

THE POOR AUTHOR.

The Poor Author—Visitor, at Home for Aged and Indigent Literary Workers—And who is that venerable-looking meek looking old man?

The Warder—Oh, he's the author of "Push! or the Pathway to Fame and Fortune."

BUTCH CASSIDY AN HUNDRED OUT

Hundreds of Miles of Ter Mercy—They Are the Western American Stat

The Governors of Colora coming, and Idaho, recen ference to devise means the notorious Butch C gang, who for years hav and property unsafe in c other States.

"Butch and his ban growth of the rustlers o Since then they have b field, and increased the is no idle boast to say t of this notorious band beck and call. Their de upon a scale never bef the history of frontier conditions are favorable know every foot of the in which they operate, it does, the wildest and sible portions of four man of them is thoro with frontier life in its The forces are sub-di bands, each controlled b er, with Cassidy as the er. The outlaws now prac the sparsely settled reg from central Wyoming through north-western Utah, and almost to the Marauding and murdero duct their raids with re thefts of livestock run tions. Ranchmen are murd on out of business, and the law are powerless.

There are five camps v lous bands make their each of which is well hi except to the bandits th of the most famous Roost" and "Hole in th former is in South Cen the San Rafaele River, west of the Green River, hidden away somewhere mountainous district to t of Casper, Wy.

The other camps are l in basin, near the east Idaho, and south of the Powder Springs in South ming, near Colorado, a miles east' of thr Uta Brown's Park, taking in t tern corner of Colorado, a eastern portion of Utah. finitely known in just w Brown's Park camp lie thought to be across th rado.

The five camps form a, ing for hundreds of mi these posts communicatio by a regular system o cipher dispatches, facilit operation of two or mor an enterprise of more tha itude is undertaken.

These bands are comp the most reckless character, long accustome crime. Whenever a murd in the mountain sta viet escapes from a pen criminal flees to the nea retreats, where he is sa suit. In this manner the bandits have been recru strength conservatively While each band h leader, "Butch" Cassi some sort of authority operation.

Each of the strongholds nervous and a fortress a nguable. They can onl by traversing deep and na ling lofty and rugged penetrating the wildest re ky Mountain. In man trail lies over a nar cut by the bandits a precipice. Holes have which in case of clos nite can be placed a n from the face of chasm below, thus baff rs.

ere are also many robber can hold fift and as the bandits teeth and will fight any effort to exter ordinary process of la as a useless sacrifice retreats are numero usly fitted up and co nce sufficient for mon bandits enabled to se the forces of law an outlaws roam the a and smaller settleme station. Many settl unity by extending ous ways, and the rob country dances and occasionally "shoot or indulging in oth ation. It is only ued by officers of t retire to their mount utch" Cassidy, howe of the price upon his he higher altitude mo health and seldom health and seldom towns unless he is m surrounded by a y men, in which cas molestation. As a k d a reputation durin ears probably equaled by that of "Wild B to his ashes.

tle stealing is the ch e to Cassidy and h company alone in c st 2000 head during worth at the presen These were dirven t and into New Mex g these stolen catt