AL HERO OF OMDURMAN

MACDONALD'S REPULSE OF 20,000 DERVISH WARRIORS.

ently Published Work Gives a Vivid Description of a Man Who Wrought onders.

Bennett Burleigh, the famous paper correspondent, in his recently published work on the Khartoum campaign, gives a vivid description of the repulse of the attack on onald's brigade. When Mr. Burleigh who looked down upon the affair the slopes of the Surgham hills the scene lay spread before him picture, saw the Khalifa's 20,000 ors charging down upon Macdonald his Soudanese brigade from one ion, and the Sheikhs Ed Din and ll advancing to attack him in he feared that he was about to ss a catastrophe; "an order was o Macdonald, which, had he been , would have ensured inevitable er to the brigade, if not a catas to the army." He was bade re by, possibly, his division com r. Macdonald knew better than empt a retrograde movement in ce of so fleet and daring a foe d have spelled annihilation. The Highlandman said, "I'll no do see them d——d first. We just fight." Mr. Burleigh thus es the affair:

THE BATTLE.

r the finest feature of that g of battles was the action by Colonel Macdonald with his . The dervish forces that to crush him numbered fully men. To oppose them he had r battalions, or in all less than udanese and Egyptian soldiers. tact, coolness and hardihood ever seen equalled, Colonel Macmanoeuvred and fought his They responded to his call with nce and alacrity begotten of quaintance and implicit faith in ader. He had led several of the ns through a score of fierce nd skirmishes, always emerg covering himself and his men ory, honor and victory. All of ew him, they were proud of d reposed implicit confidence in general. Unmistakably the and his son, the Sheikh Ed ught that their fortunate hour —that, in detail, they would first Macdonald, then one by other Khedivial brigades. What ave been, had father and son at the same time and distance sides of Macdonald, as they intended, I will not venture s. Happily the onslaughts ild, angry dervishes did not nchronise, and Colonel Macas able to devote virtually his ing strength to the overthrow halifa's division ere rapidly about first one then another talions to deal with the Sheen's unbroken columns. The both sides got very close in, of them being killed almost t of the men of the Khedivial Dervish spears were thrown over the staunch and unyieldanese and Fellaheen soldiery. Lawrie's and de Rougemont's stood their ground, side by the infantry, never waverg point blank upon the ders.

ADY AS A GLADIATOR,

t to some of us looked like disaster staring him in the onel Macdonald fought his r all it was worth. He oved upon the best available rmed up, wheeled about, and e or win. He won practical, for the pinch was all but the Camel Corps, hurrying upon his right, after he had t to receive the Sheikh Ed laught. The Lincolns, who ter on, helped to hasten the e enemy, whose repulse was e they or any of Wauchope's re within 1200 yards of Macwis' brigade were not even sist so much, and such outs came in time to be of use first instance from the ajor Williams' and another d the Maxims upon the left ham hurried forward by the nself, as I saw. General e over to the headquarters ng to get assistance and with Wauchope's brigade, led for a considerable disrious was the situation and tension of that thrilling s. Had the brilliant, the ed of arms wrought by been done under the eyes of or in some other armies, ely been created a general If the public are in search hero of the battle of Ondurhe is, ready made—one who no blunder to be redeemed ous conduct afterwards. He rcised his right of personal n a moment of extreme he result amply justified ess of his decision.

APID-FIRE GUNS.

of modern German artil the new quick-firing guns supplied them, can fire a minute at a range of over

UMPTION OF COFFEE.

mption of coffee the world wing rapidly. The aver consumption in the decade was 792,000,000 pounds; in ecade it was 1,320,000,000. t was 1,580,000,000.

THE WORLD'S MODEL CITY

MUNICIPAL OWNERSHIP HAS MADE GLASGOW SO.

Necessities of Life Are Very Cheaply Furnished—The Death Rate Reduced Nearly Two-Thirds—Street Railway, Water, Gas, Laundries and Concert Halls Owned By the People.

Apropos of the agitation for municipal ownership a few facts concerning the much talked of Glasgow will doubtless be of interest.

Eighty years ago Glasgow was a filthy little fishing village, situated on a muddy ditch. To-day she stands second in point of population and commerce in the British Empire, and in matters of sanitation and municipal government a century in advance of her nearest rival.

Till 1845 the corporation levied no taxes. The whole of its revenue was derived from duties made on all articles of food brought into the city. Every year this revenue was in excess of the expenditure, and the surplus was put aside, and in 1845 they invested this accumulated money in the purchase of ground right in the heart of the city now known as the "Common Good." That purchase was the foundation of Glasgow as she stands to-day. At first the income from the "Common Good" was only a little over $75,000. It now brings in over $170,000 yearly.

OWNED BY THE PEOPLE.

Glasgow is owned by her population. They own the ground, the street railways, the gas plants, the waterworks, the parks and gardens and concert halls. And although every one of these institutions is worked more cheaply than in any other town, each one is made to bring in a greater yearly profit to the community, the total profit per annum on municipal undertakings being $374,500.

The corporation of Glasgow has spent over $150,000,000 on making their mud ditch into a river up which the greatest ships afloat can sail, and in raising their town to its present position. And yet its public debt is, taking into consideration its size, by far the smallest of any city in the world. The key to its prosperity is that every common improvement, everything has been done by the corporation

Take, for instance, the poorer dwellings. In 1844 a Royal Commission was sent in reply to a cry that the poorer districts were unhealthily overcrowded. The report of the commission was that the death rate was over 44 in every 1,000 of the population, and that typhus fever was as well known as the face of the oldest inhabitant. The corporation took up the matter, and to-day Glasgow's model dwellings are the very best of the kind.

CLEAN BEDS FOR SEVEN CENTS.

To build these, of which there are now five, capable of housing 2,000 persons every night, the foul rookeries, which are still the curse, from every point of view, of nearly all other large towns were swept away. Any one, man or woman, can get a thoroughly clean bed for the sum of seven cents. And although over $450,000 of the public money was spent on erecting these houses, a good yearly return is paid on it—nearly 6 per cent. And the death rate has been reduced to 19.9.

Instead of the city being supplied with those necessaries of life, water and gas, by those private companies, the people, through their own corporation, supply themselves at the nominal rates of, in the first case, 12 cents, and in the second 37 cents, as against 17 and 64 when formerly supplied by companies. And it may be added that not only is the charge for water the very lowest of any town, but the water itself is acknowledged by experts to be the very purest supplied to any city or village.

Yet Glasgow reaps from the water supply alone an annual profit of $210,000.

At the same time as Glasgow purchased the Common Good property the markets were also bought. And although the lightest tolls are levied, so that the sellers are able to dispose of their goods to the inhabitants at less price than in any other town, the city garners in a yearly revenue of $16,500. And $147,500 is also gained from the gas supply.

THE GREAT PARK SYSTEM.

Working on the good results of their former enterprise in these directions, they have now taken over the electrical lighting of the city at a yearly profit of $10,070. With this money the Corporation has looked to procuring public recreation parks, with the result that, in the matter of "lungs," Glasgow stands first in the world. It has some 700 acres allotted to this purpose, which works out at one acre of public grass-covered ground for every 800 of the population. During the spring and summer bands play in each of these parks, and there is no collection. They are paid by the Corporation, which puts aside $8,500 for this purpose.

In one matter Glasgow stands alone. All laundries are public property. By this means the inhabitants are able to have their clothes washed in the very best manner at the very lowest price. And one can feel, when indulging in an extra clean shirt, that any profit made on it goes to the public welfare.

STILL HAVE THE SMOKE NUISANCE.

There is one great source of evil which, up to the present, Glasgow has not been able to cast off. Millions upon millions of tons of coal are consumed yearly, and the black, suffocating smoke hangs continually over the city like a death pall. But it is not Glasgow's fault that it has not been removed. The corporations are willing to pay any one $10,000,000 who will dash it away.

By running their own street railways, gas plants and waterworks, and also being owners of their own city, they have been able to build Glasgow at practically no cost to themselves. And not only this. By improving their city they have saved every year an average of over 1,200 lives, and scourging diseases are known no more.

It must not be thought that Glasgow never rests. She was one of the first to enforce Sir John Lubbock's Hours Act, wherein it is set down that no one under 18 shall work for more than 54 hours a week.

EASY TO SWIM—IF YOU KNOW HOW

Fear Is the Only Thing That Makes It Difficult to Learn.

Now that the bathing season is not far distant, a few hints as to swimming by one who is an expert will prove timely. If the student will faithfully observe these, there is no reason why he or she may not become a first class "natatorial artist."

That which prevents most persons from learning how to keep afloat in the water for hours, with no further assistance than that which nature affords, is the fear of water. In many cases this fear can never be overcome but if the tyro will strive to conquer it, confidence will be gained.

Swimming on the side is an easy, graceful way of covering distance in the water. There are several different means by which the side stroke is accomplished, but the most usual one is this:—Place the right cheek against the water, when the right arm and right shoulder will be partially submerged. The left arm and hand will be raised slightly above, and the stroke for this side will be a short, quick one, the elbow away from the body. The right hand will describe a circular, long, downward and backward movement, the palm almost literally pulling the swimmer forward. The legs are drawn up and kicked, back, as in the "breast stroke." Some swimmers give an extra kick with the right leg before drawing both for the kick out and back.

LEARNING THE "BREAST STROKE."

The "breast stroke" is when both hands are brought toward the breast, on which the swimmer rests, then extended forward and back in a circular movement until they reach far back. The arm movement alternates with the leg movement. This is a steady way of moving through the water and is an easy method to learn.

How to swim on the back is not hard to learn. The lungs should be inflated and the legs allowed to drop as far down as they will. The arms may be folded on the breast. Sometimes, if paddled about, they will allow the head to sink. Locomotion is gained by drawing up the legs and kicking straight out. This method of swimming is a great rest after other methods have been used continuously for some distance.

Floating is easily acquired after the art of swimming on the back has been learned. It is no trick to float for hours and hours at a time.

There are many tricks which can be learned easily after a swimmer has once acquired some knowledge of how to sustain himself in the water. These are graceful and pretty, and are certain to gain applause for the performer, for, while they are not difficult, there are few who are certain enough of themselves to attempt them.

The art of keeping afloat in the water is one which every one should acquire, for it may be of use at some time. When once learned, also, it is never forgotten.

VERY WARM.

Comes a cry across the threshold,
Sounding shrilly on the ears,
Such a cry as in its echoes
Wakens all the woes of years;
Grating harshly on the hearer,
Prompting deeds he'll live to rue—
Comes once more that fiendish question;
"Is it hot enough for you?"

Flies a man straight through the threshold,
Through the hall and down the stairs,
What his fate is in his transit,
No one knows—and no one cares.
He's the fool who asked the question,
Hark the fiendish, ghoulish glee
O! the man who fired him, saying:
"Yes, it's hot enough for me!"

ON THE STEAMBOAT.

Muddle—By Jove! just look at that hat skimming into the water.

Tangle—By the way where is your hat? Did you leave it in the cabin?

Muddle—No I distinctly remember having it on when I came on deck. Great Scott! Come to think of it, that must be my hat.

SO THEY ARE.

This magazine article, said Mrs. Northside, says that the kangaroos of Australia are being rapidly exterminated.

So those animals are on their last legs literally as well as figuratively, added Mr. Northside.

SAND COVERS MILLIONS.

HOME-BOUND GOLD BARK SUNK ON AUCKLAND ISLANDS.

Survivors Sought in Vain to Revisit the Spot—Treasure For Which Many Have Hunted—Heroism of One of the Passengers.

Another effort is about to be made to recover the treasure lost with the ship General Grant. The story of this unhappy vessel and her tragic end was once a household tale in both England and America, but the half century elapsing since her fatal voyage has dimmed the details in the minds of all but a few. Her tale is unique. Of the thousands of vessels of which a record is at hand, none sank under such peculiar circumstances as the Australian bark, whose cargo of uncounted millions, moreover, has made her an object of especial interest to all who would seek for lost treasure. Perhaps as many lives and as much money have been sacrificed in a vain effort to find the scene of her disaster as were lost on the stormy morning on which she went down.

WESTWARD, HO!

The General Grant set sail from Melbourne, Australia, on May 4, 1866. She was a fine full-rigged sailing ship of 1,200 tons, and was owned in Boston by an extensive shipping firm. The voyage which she had lately completed from Boston to Melbourne was her maiden trip. For the return voyage she was billed to England. They were wild and eventful times in those early years of Australian gold diggings, and what with the "bushrangers," "sharpers" and escaped convicts, and the like, the miner's life was often a short and rarely a merry one. They had to maintain their rights with a strong arm, which often proved awkward to the bully and the thief. It was of such men that the passenger list of the General Grant was largely composed—men who had toiled hard and with their well-earned gold were returning to their old homes in Merry England. There were 83 souls on board. In addition to the general cargo, stowed away in some safe nook in the Captain's cabin, and known only to a few trusted men, were several boxes containing each 1,000 ounces of gold, valued at about $18,000 each. This was the gold that was insured, and in addition to this there was the individual wealth of the returning miners, carried privately, including a large amount of jewelry.

STRUCK ON AUCKLAND ISLANDS.

She cleared the port of Melbourne at dawn on a day such as only Australia can promise. Her voyage for the first few days resembled a trip through fairy land. The hearts of her passengers were beating high with hope; they were successful miners returning home. As a call had to be made at New Zealand, a course was shaped so as to make the middle island of that colony, but by some extraordinary circumstance, which no one of the survivors seemed ever able to explain, the vessel passed away south of her intended course. At four bells in the first watch, 10 p.m., of May 13, just one week out from Melbourne, the "lookout" man reported land on the "lee beam" three or four miles distant. The vessel was kept to the southeastward, and in a short while the land became more clear and distinct, and it was soon ascertained that they were on the weather side of Disappointment Island, one of the largest of the group.

WRECKED IN A CAVE.

The story of the wreck is one of a thousand. The peculiar feature was that the final coup came from above rather than below. The ship struck on some shallow sands near a huge cave. The cavern is supposed to run into the interior of the island, and has never yet been fully explored. As the ship drove inch by inch into this truly awful place the tall masts began to scrape the roof of the cavern and immense masses of earth and rock rained down upon those below. Nothing more terrible can be imagined than this deadly shower from the blackness overhead, combined with the agony of uncertainty.

The terrified passengers hurried aft, and together they huddled to avoid the falling stones which fell with every heave and rise of the vessel. A sounding taken at this time showed that the depth was five fathoms under the keel. To get boats out in this terrible darkness would have been madness. When daylight was breaking the mizzen topgallant mast came down, and this decided the Captain to hesitate no longer, so the order was given to lower the boats. The utmost order had prevailed during this fearful and trying ordeal, but after daylight, all was confusion and panic. Some leaped madly overboard, while others so crowded the boats as to nearly swamp them. Some few sick and disheartened ones refused to leave the ship at all.

NOBLE CRAFT'S LAST THROES.

But if the terror of the situation and the hope of self-preservation had driven most of the passengers into a panic, there was one brave man who kept cool and self-possessed, and it would be impossible to over-estimate the services of James Teer. The Captain and one of the passengers climbed up into the rigging. The longboat glided off the sinking deck into the water, leaving behind it two or three unfortunate beings. The boat was pulled rapidly to the mouth of the cave to join the rest, but before it was 100 yards from the ship a heavy sea, a swift eddy, and the great weight of the passengers, caused it to founder, and all its occupants were left screaming and fighting for life in the angry waves. Two of the crew and one passenger were picked up by Teer, but the rest were drowned.

In their endeavor to save these last the people in Teer's boat came right across the mouth of the cavern just in time to see the last throes of the General Grant. She went down before the eyes of Teer and his companions, who saw the water crawling up the masts quicker and quicker, and over the heads of the few luckless beings who screamed for the aid that could not be given. Over the head of the last passenger to be seen went the heaving water, and those in the boat knew that they had parted forever from their Captain and their ship. Fifteen souls survived the horrors of the cavern.

THE TREASURE STILL UNFOUND.

After almost unparalleled hardship the few who were not dead of hunger or mad of thirst were finally picked up by a whaler. Their story, of course, caused great excitement on two continents. Several efforts made by different parties were unsuccessful in recovering the treasure lost in the General Grant. Steamers were chartered and divers sent with them, but so severe were the gales of wind in the locality that all attempts were abandoned. In all of these expeditions Teer was a prominent figure, and in one actually visited the scene of all his past sufferings. He would never reveal at that time the exact location of the scene of the wreck. One expedition was entirely lost and never heard of again. Even so recently as the year 1889, 22 years after the catastrophe, Teer prepared for another great effort. He laid all his plans carefully and everything seemed to favor the attempt. But on the eve of the expedition, when the final preparations were being made, and when it seemed that the gold in the ill-fated General Grant was at last within reach, James Teer was found dead in his hotel in Melbourne—a dramatic end to a dramatic life.

WHOSE UMBRELLA?

Sometimes an umbrella seems to arouse suspicion, even when it is in honest hands. Thus a London paper tells a painful story of a young man in a street car, who carried an umbrella which had been his birthday gift.

On the seat facing him was a lady with a precocious boy, evidently about five years old. The youngster regarded the young man with attention for a few moments and then his eyes wandered to the umbrella. He gazed at it in silence for a second. then he wriggled in his seat, clapped his hands and shouted;

O mamma, don't that look like papa's umbrella?

Hush, hush, my child! said the mother.

Papa was looking for his umbrella this evening, mamma, continued the boy.

Yes, yes, but he found it, said the mother, hurriedly, as the conversation was becoming of interest to the other passengers.

Why, mamma, continued the youngster, you know he didn't. You told him that he didn't know enough to keep an umbrella. Why mama—

At this stage the young man left the car.

HE HAD LEARNED HIS LESSON WELL.

Mamma—Johnny, what do you mean by saying No, when I asked you if you went in bathing, when you knew you were telling a wrong story?

Johnny—Didn't you tell me the other day to be a man and learn to say no?

NECESSARY TO WARN HER.

When you get your groceries today, said the butcher to his wife, don't go to that little grocer next to my shop.

Why not? she demanded.

Because he sent in yesterday and borrowed an old pair of my scales.

LIKE A LADY.

Frances, said that little girl's mamma, who was entertaining callers in the parlor, you come down stairs so noisily that you could be heard all over the house. You know how to do it better than that. Now go back and come down the stairs like a lady.

Frances retired, and after the lapse of a few minutes re-entered the parlor.

Did you hear me come downstairs this time, mamma?

No, dear. I am glad you came down quietly. Now don't let me ever have to tell you again not to come down noisily, for I see that you can come down quietly if you will. Now tell these ladies how you managed to come down like a lady the second time, while the first time you made so much noise.

The last time I slid down the banisters, explained Frances.

A SHUT-IN.

The superintendent of a city Sunday school was making an appeal for a collection for a Shut-in Society, and he said:

Can any boy or girl tell me of any s -in persons mentioned in the l ? Ah. I see several hands raised. That is good. This little boy right in front of me may tell me. Speak up good and loud so that all will hear you, Johnny.

Jonah! shrieked Johnnie.

DYING NATIONS.

How Empires are Affected by Climate.

A nation only lives a few thousand years. Look at the great nations of 4,000 years ago. Egypt, Yucatan, Mexico, Peru, Assyria are all dead and buried. China is only staying alive to save funeral expenses, says the London Daily Mail.

The next generation of nations included Rome and Greece, and these are like galvanized ghosts. The third generations, the Turks, Moors, Spaniards, Moguls, Dutch, and Scandinavians, are alive, but have lost their power.

From this you will see that the nations in hot countries die, and stay dead. The nations in cold countries rise, become great, fall, lose their outlying dominions, and yet stay alive. That is because the land does not lapse into jungle like Ceylon and Yucatan, or change into desert like Assyria and Egypt, but remains fertile, providing plenty of food.

Now to apply these facts. Great Britain, the United States, Russia, and Germany are gaining in population, wealth and power; but the British Empire is extending more rapidly than any one of them. Compare her with France, for instance. A couple of centuries ago, when France owned most of North America, and was founding a vast empire in India, Paris was bigger than London, and was the capital of the civilized world. To-day Paris has 2,500,000 people, and is the capital of the arts and fashion. But London has 5000,000 souls, and has taken the place of Paris as

METROPOLIS OF THE WORLD.

The British Empire is growing, and it will keep on growing, along the lines of least resistance. At the present rate, the whole land surface of the planet will be absorbed by the year 3249 A.D. But as Great Britain grows it comes into closer contact with the boundaries of the United States, Russia, and Germany. Even if we could, we have no wish to swallow these or any other decently governed countries.

The United States, Russia, Germany, and Japan are playing the same game. The British Empire is nearly as large as the four combined. As England does not wish to conquer the well governed countries, the area open to annexation may be diminished by half. In that case all the world will be properly governed by the year 2012 A.D.

So in 113 years from the present time the British Empire must stop spreading for lack of room on the planet. Even then it will grow in wealth and population. But meanwhile these little islands are getting very old. Sooner or later we may feel the weakness of age, and be no longer able to fight for our possessions; our colonies may cut adrift from us; the conquered countries like India may revolt. If all this should happen, as politicians of a pessimistic temperament are already predicting, it would only be a case of history repeating itself.

How long will that be? Well, Rome rose in 400 years, as we did, and took a thousand years to decline, Our empire is infinitely greater, stronger, and more loyal than the Roman.

Suppose we say 1500 years before the Little England party wins a general election, and little England is a second-class power, as she was in the days of Henry VIII.

STALKING A PEACOCK.

Narrow Escape of an Indian Professional Fowler.

"The gods made nine gems, but only one peacock," says a proverb of India, the native and ancient home of the beautiful bird. The proverb, however, is not strictly in keeping with facts. There are two peacocks—the bird of India and Ceylon, and a second species, the peacock of the Far East, of Java, Burmah and Siam. It is a legend of the Indian jungles that leopards and tigers can fascinate peacocks, and a writer in the London Spectator refers to the experience of Colonel Tytler to show how strong is the faith of the natives in the story.

Colonel Tytler, while stalking a peacock, was surprised to see how near it allowed him to approach. The bird paid no attention to him, but was gazing intently, as if fascinated, at a little patch of jungle just in front.

Looking in the same direction, he saw a leopard stealing on its belly toward the bird. He was surprised, but his astonishment was greater when, on raising his gun, one barrel of which was loaded with ball, and covering the animal, the leopard threw up its paws, and shrieked in a voice hoarse with terror, "No, Sahib, no, don't fire!"

Colonel Tytler for a moment thought he must be going mad. The next moment he saw a man disguised in a leopard-skin, with a well-stuffed head and a bow and arrow in one paw standing before him. The man so dressed was a professional fowler, who said that in that disguise he could always approach near enough to shoot the birds, and sometimes catch them in his hands.

LIGHTNING'S STRANGE WORK.

A heavy stroke of lightning in the city of Lynn, Mass., on the evening of May 1, caused the breaking of many water pipes.

LARGEST BRONZE STATUE.

In St. Petersburg is the largest bronze statute in existence—that of Peter the Great, which weighs 1,000 tons.