

## THE CRISIS IN ITALY.

### EXPEDITION AGAINST MENELIK ALMOST ANNIHILATED.

Three Thousand Soldiers Said to Have Fallen - Resentment Against the Government - Material Interest Which This Country Has in Cuba.

#### Routed in Abyssinia

Italy has sustained a staggering blow in her operations in Abyssinia. One report has it that 3,000 of the Italian soldiers were killed, and that among them were Gen. Albertone and Dabormida, who commanded two of the three columns. Another rumor says that Gen. Barattieri, when he became aware of the full extent of the disaster, wrote a letter to his successor, Gen. Baldissera, and then committed suicide by shooting himself through the heart with a revolver.

Full details of the battle had not been received in Rome at the time this was written, but it appears that the defeat of the Italians was complete. The Italian army was divided into three columns under Gen. Albertone, Gen. Barattieri and Gen. Baldissera, with a brigade under Gen. Elong as a reserve. The Italians captured the passes leading to Adowa, the capital of Tigray, and Gen. Albertone's column then advanced on Abbebera. It was soon afterwards attacked by the Shoa army and compelled to retreat. The other columns were unable to render any assistance, as they were shortly afterwards engaged in defending themselves against large numbers of the enemy and eventually retired behind Belosa. Half the Italian artillery and all the ammunition and provisions were lost. Other advisers report that 3,000 of the Italian soldiers engaged in the battle were killed and that among them are Gen. Albertone and Dabormida. The number of wounded is not yet stated.

#### Entire Army Reserve to Be Mobilized

It is reported that the entire army reserve of the class of 1872 is to be promptly mobilized and that the Government is taking steps to charter a number of extra steamships to send reinforcements to Massowah.

The probability seems to be that Gen. Baldissera will have to suspend operations for some time while awaiting reinforcements from Italy, although, including the troops killed, the Italian forces at the disposal of Italy in that part of Africa is now about thirty battalions of infantry, five battalions of the famous Bersagliere riflemen (probably the best infantry in the Italian army), about 1,000 Alpine riflemen, about 1,000 ordinary riflemen, two batteries of artillery, making about sixty pieces and some 2,000 men, two quick-firing batteries, two guns and two companies of engineers, three baggage trains with about 1,500 men, or about 40,000 men in all in addition to the native troops, numbering about 6,000 men, which raised the entire force to some 46,000 men. Besides this force the Italians had in their employ about 2,000 Arab scouts.

A rumor spread that Gen. Barattieri became aware of the full extent of the disaster, wrote a letter to his successor, Gen. Baldissera, and then committed suicide by shooting himself through the heart with a revolver. At the Ministry of War, however, the rumor was discredited. As the evening wore on and the very worst news of the Italian defeat was confirmed, the feeling of despair which first seized upon the inhabitants gave way to one of the greatest excitement and rage against the Government. Bands of young men began parading the streets shouting "Down with Crispi!" but they were promptly dispersed by the police.

#### LI IS COMING TO SEE US.

#### The Distinguished Chinaman Writes that He Will Visit America.

When it was announced some days ago that Li Hung Chang, the famous Chinese statesman, and for many years Viceroy, has been appointed to represent the Emperor at the coronation of the Czar and Emperor of Russia, at Moscow, in May, Hon. John W. Foster, of Washington, who was associated with Li as counsel in the peace negotiations with Japan last summer, invited him to visit the United States.



LI HUNG CHANG.

States on route to Russia. Mr. Foster has received a cablegram from Li, acknowledging the receipt of the invitation, and stating that he had decided to return to China from Russia by way of Europe and the United States. No date was fixed for his coming, but a visit to this country may be expected from the distinguished Chinaman some time during the summer.

Lieut. Col. Edwin B. Dow, of the lieutenant general's staff, military order of the Knights of the Golden Eagle at Boston, has confessed the embezzlement of about \$5,500 from the Martin & Brother company, rubber web manufacturers of Chelsea, whose confidential bookkeeper he was. "The money, he says, he expended in advancing himself in the order."

The strike of the painters and decorators of Pittsburgh and Allegheny for uniform wages of \$3 per day, nine hours a day and 50 cents an hour for extra work, has been virtually won.

## HAD NO USE FOR MONEY.

### How a Texas Farmer Preserved the Integrity of His Chicken Coop.

A farmer who lives about four miles from Houston noticed a stranger in his front yard one afternoon last week, acting in a rather unusual manner. He wore a pair of ducking trousers stuffed in his boots and had a nose the color of an Elgin pressed brick. In his hand he held a sharpened stake about two feet long, which he would stick into the ground, and after sighting over it at various objects would pull it up and go through the same performance at another place. The farmer went out of the house and inquired what he wanted.

"Wait just a minute," said the stranger, squinting his eye over the stick at the chicken house. "Now, that's it to a T. You see, I'm one of de advance corps of engineers what's rumm' de line of de new railroad from Columbus, Ohio, to Houston. See? Dat's what I am. De other feller is over de hill wid de transit and de baggage. Dere's over a million dollars in de company. See? Dey sent me on ahead to locate a place for a big passenger depot, to cost \$27,000. De foundation will commence right by your chicken house. Say, you charge 'em high for dis land. I gives you a pointer. See? Dey'll stand fifty thousand. 'Cause why? 'Cause dey's got de money and dey's got to build de depot right where I says. I has an uncle what ain't doin' nothin' but buyin' up all de stock in de road that he can. Say, he's over dere wid de surveyin' gang now. He's a big man wid a diamond ring on his left hand. See? Say, I've got to go on to Houston to record a deed for a right of way and I never thought to get 50 cents from de treasurer. He's a little man wid light pants. You might let me have de 50 cents and when de boys come along in de mornin' tell 'em what you did and anyone of 'em'll hand you a dollar. You might ask 'em fifty-five thousand, if you—"

"You throw that stob over de fence and get de ax and cut up exactly half a cord of that wood, stove length, and I'll give you a quarter and your supper," said the farmer. "Does de proposition strike you favorably?"

"And you are goin' to throw away de opportunity of havin' dat depot built right here and sellin' out—"

"Yes, I need de ground for my chicken coop."

"You refuse to take \$50,000 fer de ground, then?"

"I do. Are you goin' to chop dat wood or shall I whistle fer Tige?"

"Gimme dat ax, mister, and show me dat wood, and tell de missus to bake an extra pan of biscuits for supper. When dat Columbus and Houston Grand Trunk Railway runs up against your front fence you'll be sorry you didn't take up dat offer. And tell her to fill up de molasses pitcher, too, and not to mind about puttin' de dish of cookin' butter on de table. See?"—Houston Post.

#### Tamerlane.

The beginning of the fifteenth century witnessed the beginning of the military operations of Tamerlane, or, more properly, Timour Lenk, Timour the Lame. Europe in 1400 was rather more disturbed than usual, being in the midst of war between England and France, this conflict being known as the hundred years' war. There were also wars in Italy and the empire, but of no great consequence when compared with the struggle between the English and French for supremacy in Western Europe. All these conflicts, however, pale into insignificance when compared with the unparalleled devastation wrought in Asia by Timour. To profound military abilities he joined the bloodthirsty disposition of an oriental savage. His only idea of war was the massacre of all who opposed him; he effected conquests only to destroy every living thing in the boundaries of the provinces he entered. He did not establish a State, he simply went to and fro on the earth as a destroyer. At Damascus, by his order, the entire population was put to death and a pyramid of 70,000 human skulls was built as a memorial of his victory. After the storming of Bagdad by his army, one pile of 90,000 human bodies was made in the great market place, and others, having smaller numbers, in other parts of the city. No such human scourge had visited Western Asia and to this day in many rural districts his name remains a terror-word with which mothers frighten their children. His career of conquest began in 1355, continued for many years, and was succeeded by series of destructive though less extensive wars between the rival chieftains who, after his death, aspired to emulate his example.

#### Not Complimentary.

A lady looking at a painting in an art gallery was observed by a very small, "homely" man who stood near, to have a beetle crawling on the back of her dress. The small man stepped up from behind the lady and said, quite abruptly:

"Beg pardon, ma'am, but you have a little animal at your back."

The lady jumped, more at the man than at the beetle, and then said, apologetically:

"Oh! I didn't know you were there!"

#### Good Advice to Correspondents.

When you make a mistake in the manuscript you send to the printer do not correct it by writing directly on top of the error, for when the ink dries one is just as plain as the other and it results in many mistakes. Write dates and proper names so they can be easily read, use pen and ink, write on one side only and use as good paper as when addressing a friend, for it is all to be made public in print.

#### She Knows Her Business.

Queen Victoria has never refused her assent to a bill.

## SUPPOSE WE SMILE.

### HUMOROUS PARAGRAPHS FROM THE COMIC PAPERS.

Pleasant incidents occurring the world over—sayings that are cheerful to the old or young—funny selections that everybody will enjoy reading.

#### Off with the Hounds.

The Hon. Millicent—Poor Charley Oxer had a bad fall with the hounds yesterday. I hear.

Capt. Bullfinch—Yaas, poor chap. Broke his wishbone or something, I hear.—Detroit Free Press.

#### Always the Way.

"Plenty of presents up at your house. I suppose? What ones did your boy like best?"

"Those that our neighbor's boy received."—Exchange.

#### Queer.

"Papa," said Jimmieboy, "you are the dearest man in the world."

"And you are the nicest boy in the world," said his father.

"Yes, I guess that's so," said Jimmieboy. "Isn't it queer how we both managed to get into the same family?"—Harper's Round Table.

#### Its Chief Merit.



"Your new automobile carriage is very swell. But they tell me it does not go."

"Yes. It is the only one of its kind which is absolutely safe for passengers."—Littell's Illustration.

#### Ask Papa.

George (nervously)—I'd like the best in the world, Kitty, to marry you, but I don't know how to propose.

Kitty (promptly and practically)—That's all right, George. You've finished with me; now go to papa.—London Fun.

#### A Cheap Duke.

In her impatient rage her grace could only scowl at the duke, her husband. "This," she bitterly exclaimed, "is what a woman gets by buying what she doesn't want just because it's cheap."—Detroit Tribune.

#### Horse Talk.

Wickwire—There can be no doubt that the horse is rapidly passing. Mudgie—Mebbe, but the ones I bet on don't seem to pass anything very much.—Indianapolis Journal.

#### Hadn't Asked Her.

"Er—I want some sort of a present for a young lady."

"Sweetheart or sister?"

"Er—why—she hasn't said which she will be yet."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

#### Moisture.

"Did the missionary bring tears to the eyes of the natives?"

"No, but he made their mouths water."—Detroit Tribune.

#### The Brute.

"My dear," said a wife who had been married three years, as she beamed across the table on her lord and master, "tell me what first attracted you to me? What pleasant characteristic did I possess which placed me above other women in your sight?"

And her lord and master simply said: "I give it up."—London Tit-Bits.

#### The Men to Blame.

"What makes some girls look young so long?"

"The men are to blame. They won't propose."—Exchange.

#### In Society.

"What tiresome affairs those are at Miss Oldend's?"

"Yes, I understand she is giving a series of afternoon teas."—Detroit Free Press.

#### There Are Others.



He—Of course, ladies are much handsomer than men. She—Naturally. He—No, artificially.

#### Victim of Balloon Slices.

Miss Kittish—Well, Stella had to give up her elaborate church wedding after all.

Miss Gaskett—Why?

Miss Kittish—They measured the church doors and found they weren't wide enough to let her in with her going-away gown on.—New York World.

For Woman's Rights. Tramp—I ain't lazy. I'm willing to work, but I don't find anything to do in my line.

Gentleman—What is your line? Tramp—Running for office on the woman-suffrage ticket.—Judge.

#### Made Him Her Fool.

George—You would marry the biggest fool in the world if he asked you, wouldn't you?

Ethel—Oh, George, that is so sudden. —Tit-Bits.

#### His Winter Girl.



"He is my warmest friend." "Yes, I heard you were wrapped up in him."

#### Their Christmas Present.

She—What a beautiful salad-bowl! It would look well on our table, would not it?

He—It would look very well, indeed, but it is too expensive for us. She—We might club together and buy it for a Christmas present to each other.—Harper's Bazaar.

#### It Depended.

Wilson—I suppose they make it very lively for you at college, don't they?

Stillson—Yes, it all depends on how much you owe—of course, the more the livelier.—Exchange.

#### Strictly Biz.

Miss Astorbilt—Have you spoken to papa yet?

Lord Forgivuz—In a matter of this magnitude I file sealed proposals in duplicate.—Exchange.

#### Too Loud.

"What do you think of these trousers, Parker?"

"Simply deafening, my dear boy."—Harper's Bazaar.

#### A Picture System.

"Old man Higgins must be awfully fond of his wife. I have often noticed him taking her picture out of his pocket and looking at it as he rides along in the cars."

"Yes, that's a system he has. It reminds him to stop in and order the groceries."—Indianapolis Journal.

#### A Modification.

Husband (furiously)—Here's my best meerschaum pipe broken! How in the name of sense did that happen?

Wife—I don't know, except that when I got up this morning I found your meerschaum pipe in the front hall and your overshoes on the parlor mantelpiece.

Husband (mildly)—Oh, well, aced it to will happen. I presume there has been an earthquake or something.—New York Weekly.

#### English Sport—French Sportsmanship.



Hector Achille—Ah, he 'ave sat down. Now watch me kill him.—London Pick-Me-Up.

#### Surely an Error.

"That's a curious printer's error," said Mrs. Partridge. "The title of this new book is printed 'The Viking Age.'"

"Well, why not?" asked Partridge. "What ought it to be?"

"Why—'Biking Age' oughtn't it?"—Boston Globe.

#### Half Pay.

"Will you please give me a penny?" said a tramp. "I'm blind."

"You can see out of one eye as well as I can," replied the gentleman inquired; "you are only half blind."

"Then give me a halfpenny," said the tramp.—London Tit-Bits.

#### Expensive.

Treetop—I wanted to stay in New York two days longer, but I couldn't. Hayrick—Why not?

Treetop—Forgot to mortgage the farm before I started.—Truth.

#### Reason Enough.

Gossipy—I'm weary of your eternally referring to woman as the "gentler sex."

Guffer—Well, since the bicycle bloomers craze set in, they're more like gents than ever!—Exchange.

#### A Stayer.

She (looking at the clock)—Dear me! He (tenderly)—Are you surprised to find it so late?

She (yawning)—No. I am surprised to find that it is so early.—Detroit Free Press.

#### His Every-Day Exercise.

"Are you going to celebrate New Year's day?" inquired the sultan's confidential adviser.

"What do you mean?"

"Why, are you going to reform, you know; are you going to swear off?"

"Oh! Not any more than usual."—Washington Star.

## STILL-HUNT FOR BUFFALO.

### Indians, Disguised in Wolf-Pelts, Crept on the Herds.

It was the next morning after this hunt that the chief, Little Bear, came to my tent, just as I had finished my steak, biscuit, and coffee. He brought two wolfskin disguises, which I had made of two wolf-pelts sewed together, with mounted nose and tail, and there were arm-holes with short skin sleeves, and leggings for the thighs, which came nearly down to the knees, the whole covering fastened to the body with deerskin thongs.

He had before promised to take me on a "wolf-hunt" after buffalo, and he now put on the largest of the coverings, and maneuvered about in front of my tent, showing the various attitudes of the wolf, in shambling along, in trotting and in sneaking upon its prey.

His squaw, who was wielding her wewajaba (killing-knife) upon an up-turned buffalo-pelt pinned to the ground with wooden pegs, stopped her work and grinned approval. He certainly mimicked the wolf well; and the disguise, excepting the legs and the size, was perfect.

"Hoogh!" he said, when he had shown me how to act in crawling up to game, "we go hunt um tewan that way," pointing to the northwest up the creek.

I was glad to go upon a still-hunt; for, to tell the truth, the mixed hurly-burly of the usual Ponca method, and its useless dangers, did not recommend it to me when I had had time to reflect after the excitement was over.

When Little Bear and I mounted our ponies and rode out that morning, the camp was in an uproar, as usual in the preparation for a hunt. A scout had come in with news of a big herd to the eastward, and the Indians were running in ponies, saddling and cinching them on all hands, and there was much bucking and plunging among the wild and skittish ones, as usual. Squaws were hustling about at the command of their lords and masters, and young lads, in half-leggins and short shirts, were rushing to and fro, making a great parade of helping to get the hunters started.

Little Bear must have told his leaders of the proposed hunt with me, for no one paid the slightest attention to our going out.

We jogged directly up the little valley for an hour or more; and then, in rounding a point of the hill, sighted a large band of buffalo feeding among the ravines, and upon the slopes on the opposite side of the valley. There was an immense number in sight, but, as the high grounds were covered as far over as we could see, we knew there must be more beyond.

Little Bear grunted with huge satisfaction, and gave me to understand in hurried words of Ponca and pigeon English that the big herds were coming down from the north.

We hustled our ponies into a ravine near at hand, and tied them to some bull-berry bushes. Then, carrying our disguises and guns, the chief with his bow and arrows at his back, we slipped down the ravine into the creek channel, keeping entirely out of sight of the herd. The wind was fairly in our favor, and we kept along the bed of the stream, in which ran a little trickling brook at the bottom, until we reached the mouth of a dry run leading across the valley and through the middle of the herd. There were such runs and ravines cutting back into the hills every half mile or so.

Up this gully we went at a jog-trot, heading low, until it became so shallow that we could begin to see the buffalo upon the hills above.

The chief then squatted and motioned me down. We put on the wolf skins, he taking the largest; for, despite his name, he was a large and powerfully made man.

Adjusting the eye-holes so that we could see plainly, we crawled out upon the open ground upon our hands and knees. Almost the first thing that happened to me was to get one of my knees filled with cactus spikes and while I writhed about trying to pull them out, I heard Little Bear growling under his breath, "Hoogh! tewan heap plenty—we kill heap!"—Nicholas.

#### At Lightning Speed.

"Sixty new citizens made in forty-five minutes." That was a head-line in a city paper recently.

To be a citizen of the United States is not a small privilege. The naturalized alien becomes the equal of the native-born citizen before the law. He votes on the same terms, has the same share in determining the policy of the government, and with two exceptions there is no office to which he may not aspire. All the powers of government must be put forth in his behalf if he is wronged in any part of the globe.

Yet a United States judge gives only three-quarters of a minute to considering the application of an alien for this high privilege.

The fault is not in the laws. They require the applicant to satisfy the court that he has resided continuously in the United States five years, and one year in the State or territory where his application is made. Also he must show that he "has behaved as a man of good moral character, attached to the principles of the Constitution of the United States, and well disposed to the good order and happiness of the same."

Can these things be established in three-quarters of a minute? If not, instead of treating the "naturalization mill" as something for reporters to jest about, should not the moral sense and patriotism of the community hold to a strict accountability judges who make naturalization proceedings a farce?—Youth's Companion.

#### The Sixteenth Century.

The early days of the sixteenth century did not lack much of being as warlike as those of its successor. In 1505 there broke out a great war between Turkey and Persia. The Turks

then were what they always were before and have ever since been, very troublesome neighbors, and as the Persians had not the grace of forbearance, frontier difficulties were of almost constant occurrence. The war which arose from their mutual animosities lasted for many years, raging along the Tigris and Euphrates, on the frontiers of Armenia, in short, from the Caspian Sea to the Persian Gulf. Both states were greatly weakened by the struggle, Turkey particularly so, as during the whole time of the Persian war the Ottoman power was also carrying on war with Poland, Hungary and the empire. No very important operations were, however, undertaken by the Turks in Europe while the Persian war went on, but the frontier incursions were unceasing, and, in some respects, were worse than regularly organized expeditions. But, aside from the frontier wars with the Turks, Europe was far from being at peace during the first fifteen years, for in 1510 the Holy League was formed against the French, resulting in a severe conflict, while the war between England and Scotland culminated in the great victory of Flodden, in which the Scotch nobility was almost exterminated. Nor should it be forgotten that in the early days of the century the seeds were planted of much future strife by the German Reformation, which began in 1517, and at once provoked a war of words and controversy as noisy if not as destructive as conflict in the tented field.

#### A TOUCHING INCIDENT

### Connected with the Coronation of Queen Victoria.

A very pretty incident is told of Queen Victoria on the occasion of her coronation in 1837. The writer is Sir Edwin Arnold who at the time that Victoria ascended the throne was only a little lad, but with this incident he prefaces an interesting article in the Forum on "Victoria, Queen and Empress." "Of the famous doings in London on that great occasion," says Sir Edwin, "little or no echo reached our quiet town at the time. I did not know—and probably could not have understood—how the young Queen came out into the balcony from the window of the Presence Chamber at St. James' palace, between Lords Melbourne and Lansdowne, and was hailed with thunderous cheers by vast crowds of her people; and how she was observed to shed tender and wistful tears at the moment of that great spectacle. When she retired to her mother's apartments, being proclaimed sovereign, she held that conversation and made that request of which the world afterward heard with so much sympathy.

"I can scarcely believe, mamma, that I am really Queen of England. Can it indeed be so?"

"You are really Queen, my child," replied the Duchess of Kent; "listen how your subjects still cheer your name in the streets and cry to God to bless you."

"In time," said her Majesty, "I shall perhaps become accustomed to this too great and splendid state. But, since I am sovereign, let me, as your Queen, have today my first wish—let me be quite alone, dear mother, for a long time." And that day Victoria passed the first hours of her reign on her knees, praying to heaven for herself and her people, with supplications innocent and noble, which have surely been heard.

It was not wonderful, indeed, that a reign so commenced has been followed by happy and famous years.

#### Chicago to the Sea.

If plans fail not, says the Chicago Times-Herald, the coming of summer will bring to Chicago's grain-carrying trade two fleets of five barges each, the capacity of each boat to be 12,000 bushels of wheat. It is the plan that these boats shall carry their cargoes through unbroken from Chicago to elevators in New York or Brooklyn. Each boat will be rigged with pole masts that can be unstepped readily on reaching Buffalo, in order to let the boat pass through the Erie canal. These masts will admit of the boat carrying enough canvas during the lake trip to help herself should the necessity arise.

The boats will be towed by a powerful lake tug from Chicago to Buffalo in fleets of five and through the canal by a regulation steam canal boat.

Ample capital is said to be back of the project to build and operate a large fleet of boats should the experiment prove a success. An agent of the syndicate which purposes making the experiment is in Chicago to secure an estimate on the contract for building the first fleet. Figures have already been secured from Cleveland and Detroit companies.

The building of these boats coincident with the improvement of the Erie and Champlain canals in New York will bring on a new era in the grain-carrying trade between Chicago and the seaboard.

#### Man as an Individual.

Theories are automatic machines which allow for no vagaries; but humanity in its physical, mental, and moral nature is ever a variable and uncertain quantity, and he will have greatest success either as physician, teacher or spiritual guide who treats the human material upon which he works as individual units, and not as a grand whole; whose theories are the result of his experience; and who recognizes the truth that man as a sum is made up of man as many units, each differing in its exponent of power.—Womankind.

#### Tom Paine's Brain.

A section of Tom Paine's brain is on exhibition in London. The Pall Mall Gazette says that it is quite black, and "looks like a chunk of iron pyrites."

When a man firmly makes up his mind to do a thing he usually doesn't do it.