

## HE WAS WITH KITCHNER.

An American Who Served With the British Troops—Came Home With the Canadians.

A man who attracted a good deal of attention in New York city the other day was E. D. Curran, on his way to his home in Atlanta, Ga., from the battlefields of South Africa. He wore a rather rusty but neatly fitting suit of khaki. Over his right shoulder, across the breast, and under the arm was suspended a broad bandolier as on the battlefield, except that no cartridges were in it. His calves were incased in brown leggings, and on his heels jingled heavy spurs. Perched jauntily on the side of his head was a British regimental forage cap of black, showing a bit of yellow ribbon, on which were the letters "K. H. K."

This is the uniform of "Kitchener's Horse," one of the most famous and hardest fighting cavalry regiments in the South African war, and the wearer is one of the survivors, of whom there are less than 200 out of a total of 1,320 officers and men forming the original body, and he is an American.

He fought with the regiment for 13 months, was in seven general engagements, besides a score of skirmishes, was wounded more or less seriously seven times, the last wound being a shot through the right lung, received at the battle of Zand river, which laid him up for good, and he was invalided home.

Curran said that he had seen so much of war that he didn't like even to talk about it. Finally he granted an interview to a Times reporter, in the course of which he said:

"I drifted from Atlanta into Mexico, and in 1896 I went from Vera Cruz to South Africa. I stuck to my business of rail-roading, and was foreman of a gang of workmen on a bridge on the Cape Town railway three miles from Kimberley in October, 1899, when the Boers began closing in on the place. Then I had the choice of three things—join the British, join the Boers, or get shot.

"I took chances with the British, and as 'Kitchener's Horse' came along then I joined Troop G, under Capt. Warren, formerly chief of police of Natal. We started right out on a month's trip through the rebel territory, and we fought in Doer, Britstown, Prieska, Thaba N'chu, Lindley, Heilbron, Bloemfontein and a dozen other places that I can't remember. We were in Gen. Ian Hamilton's column, and there were 20,000 men in it. We were being bothered all the time by the Boers, but half the time we didn't seem to be trying to stop them. We just kept marching on.

"I used to see the Boers. They would come up close to us, fire a volley, and then retreat. These were in sight every day. I used to say to the fellows around me, 'There are the Boers right out there. If we want them why don't we go right out and get 'em,' but we didn't seem to want 'em.

"I got my first wound in the battle of Thaba N'Chu—shot clean through the leg. Say, that was a hot battle, and it's all rot to talk of the British always being in the open. We got behind rocks every time, officers and all. It was a question of doing that or getting killed. Why, when them pompoms, or machine guns, of the Boers got at us, the way the bullets came was like getting money from home. There was no living unless you were behind something. I put my hat on a rock once and got it full of seventeen kinds of bullets before you could take a chew of tobacco. Capt. Warren was wounded in two places but he kept crawling about steadying the men by calling to them. The only man that flunked that day was Lieut. Kidd an officer who always wore a big single eyeglass. Capt. Warren finally found him away back among the horses, which we had left in the rear before going into the fight.

"What are you doing here?" yelled the captain.

"I'm just minding the horses, captain," said Kidd, all a quiver.

"The captain drew his revolver and said: 'Lieutenant, if I didn't know your wife and children I'd blow your brains out.'

"Then he left him, and that's the last time we ever saw Lieutenant Kidd. He may have rushed forward and got killed, or he may have run the other way. We lost 200 men out of our regiment that day, but we won.

"Speaking about officers, we never paid much attention to them when we got into a fight. Most of the younger ones were fellows who had bought their commissions and hardly knew a rifle from a carbine. They'd stand behind a rock and say, 'I

say, men, move along that way,' or 'Hey, there, work ova to the left, will you?' We had business to attend to, and we just went whatever way seemed best.

"Some of these society chaps, however, would go right out in the open wearing their single eyeglasses and get shot down like men.

"There was some awfully hot fighting all around Dornkop, near Johannesburg, and I got a shot through the knee, and we lost a lot of men. I myself was detailed to bury 60 Scotch Highlanders in one day. Those Gordon Highlanders were the best fighters in the whole British army.

"The longest fight we were in was at Diamond Hill, 20 miles north of Pretoria. We fought two days and nights with Gen. Botha. The Kitchener Horse seemed to have the worst of that battle. On the first day they made us stand stock still, 50 feet apart for three hours, while other regiments were moving around to the enemy's rear. We were just picked off like ten pins. It's standing like that and being shot at that scares a man. It's the first time I ever got really scared sick.

"Finally we got the order to charge, and everything was all right again. Later in the day Lord Kitchener rode down the line and said he was proud to have a regiment like that bear his name. 'You stood like men,' said he. After he passed a little way I remarked to a friend, 'I stood because I was too scared to run.' The general heard me, turned and scowled, then smiled and rode on.

"On the second day of the battle a shell struck my horse 'Lightning' that had carried me 5,000 miles and into all my battles. The thing tore him all to pieces, and I dropped to the ground on a bed of blood and bones. I knew my luck was lost, and sure enough a little later a bullet tore through my right lung. That ended me and I was invalided by degrees to Cape Town, and later took passage on the transport Idabo for Halifax with the first Canadian contingent.

"What do I think of the British generals? Well, to begin with, I think Kitchener is the greatest soldier they have, and the coldest blooded, cruelest son of a gun that ever rode a horse. He looked on a company of men as so many sticks. I saw him once send 200 men up against a thousand or so to keep the enemy occupied hacking them to pieces while he got his big force in position.

"Lord Roberts is a good old fellow, but the soldiers all believe that Kitchener is the real man there. Roberts goes around in the field covered with medals and looks to me as if he had seen his most useful days.

"Gen. Ian Hamilton is a peculiar-looking man. I was his orderly for four weeks once. He has a withered arm and a head like a five-cent watermelon, but he's got plenty of sense.

"Speaking of the Boers, do you know what the British government ought to do with Gen. De Witt? They ought to take him to England and make him president of the biggest military academy there, to teach the English soldier how to shoot. The Boers are the best shots I ever saw, but they can't stand a charge. The British always went through them. At the battle of Zand river we had been fighting all day, from behind shelter, neither side doing much damage. I was lying alongside the Fifth Lancers, and heard them get permission to charge. Out they went with their long pikes, and I scurried along behind them. They went through the Boers in horrible fashion, spearing them like pigs. I saw one man on the Boer side drop his gun and, getting on his knees before a lancer, he yelled: 'For God's sake don't strike; I'm an Englishman.'

"'You are not an Englishman now,' said the lancer, and he ran the man through."

### A Chorus Of Sheriffs.

Some years ago, when that indefatigable theatrical manager, 'Bob' Grau, was trying to educate bucolic New Englanders up to his standard of comic opera, he struck a snag in the handling of sheriffs says an ex-charge. The company was being 'wild-catted,' theatrical parlance, which means the advance agent was jumping from town to town, contracting dates as he went along, so that the company never knew exactly where they were to play over a week ahead.

The attraction was not meeting with the amount of success financially which Grau felt it was entitled to, and as a result attachments for unpaid hotel bills were the

order of the day. As each sheriff with his attachment would happen along, Grau could tell him how much more harm he would do by taking the receipts, pointing out to the minion of law and order the fact that he personally had sufficient funds to reach New York, but that if the sheriff satisfied his judgement it would mean the stranding of the company and the throwing on the town of a number of public charges.

Then Grau would tell him that if the sheriff would only march along with the show he could get his money a few towns ahead, incidentally adding that he would put him in the chorus at the regular pay for the time he worked. As each sheriff agreed, he was put in the chorus and a regular chorus man discharged and sent back to New York. This kept up for a couple of weeks, until the chorus was composed almost entirely of sheriffs. Feeling that the singing was not what it should be, Grau one day, in a fit of despair, went to a telegraph office and wired his advance agent as follows: "For heaven's sake book a town where the sheriff is a tenor; these are all baritones."

### THE SIBERIA OF TODAY.

A Land Filled With Thriving Villages and Giving Promise of Wealth.

"Ten years ago the name Siberia conjured up a picture of waste of snow and ice, boundless steppes and coasts with icebergs. Today this same Siberia is a land filled with thriving villages of peasant farmers, producing grain and vegetables in plenty, and giving promise of a mineral wealth which will astonish the world."

Thus United States Consul Thomas Smith at Moscow, in a graphic report to the department of State, contrasts Siberia as it was with Siberia as it is. The world has now to deal with a new factor, says Consul Smith. And a factor heretofore unconsidered, he points out, as is evidenced by the ignorance of the Russians themselves regarding affairs and conditions beyond their northern border land.

The lack of exploitation of evident mineral wealth as is to be found in Siberia is unparalleled in other parts of the civilized world, states the consul. Of these resources gold is by far the most important, and it is, curiously enough, the last developed.

Consul Smith says: "Cities from 10,000 to 50,000 inhabitants are now numerous in Siberia. Hotels supplied with comfortable rooms, restaurants which may truly be said in many cases to be palatial, electric lights and telephone connections are not difficult to find. One may now traverse Siberia with his hands folded if he so wishes; as the elegant weekly vestibule, supplied with bath, piano, dining room, leather sofas, easy chairs and observation car, the whole fitted with electric lights and call bells, rolls from Moscow to Irkutsk. The cost of this remarkable journey of 3,200 miles, including sleeper is but \$44, first class.

"To the majority of the inhabitants of St. Petersburg and Moscow, Siberia is as unknown as it is to the people of the mountain districts of Tennessee. When men of affairs in Moscow were asked what clothes to take to Siberia they replied that furs were always necessary on account of the intense cold. Actual experience in the city of Krasnoyarsk showed that the thermometer registered 110 degrees for days together in the months of August, and any clothes but those made of silk or linen were absolutely unendurable.

"But let Siberia speak for herself; let the globe trotter get away from the Cook agencies for a moment and see a new world, where elements of strength and virility soon to be felt in the struggle for existence are but waiting to develop under the touch of western enterprise. Some advance has already been made, as is evident when American mowing machines are seen rattling through the streets of Tomsk and a policeman may be noted riding a United States bicycle through the dusty highways of Krasnoyarsk. The beginnings are small, but the straws blow with the wind of progress."

### The Respectable Wolf.

The wolf has a bad name, and possibly has earned it; but even the wolf should have his due, and a writer in the Cosmopolitan has a word to say in his favor.

There have been respectable wolves. In fact, wherever by patience and kindness men have attempted to tame the wolf, they have succeeded. The animal has shown himself capable of domestication. It could hardly be otherwise, since wolves are social animals of high brain power.

Cases of domestication are not rare. Captain Hare, an Englishman of a well known Devonshire family, on his return from the Peninsular War, brought home a wolf he had caught young in the Sierra Morena. By kind treatment he had made it perfectly tame, and it had lived with him

on the same terms of affectionate familiarity as a favorite dog.

In many a mountain bivouac the soldier, his horse and his wolf had slept together beneath a friendly tree, or in a sheltered ravine, sharing weariness, scanty food and danger. During Captain Hare's furlough, part of which was spent in Bristol, his pet accompanied him in his daily promenade, it is said somewhat to the terror of the Bristol citizens, who cheerfully yielded it the sidewalk.

Upon his departure Captain Hare left his pet in the keeping of his friend, Sir Hugh Smith of Ashton Court. The faithful animal never ceased to sorrow over the separation, pacing before its kennel at the length of its tether the whole day long, and keeping always the sharpest lookout for strangers in the hope that among them its lost master might come at last.

Perhaps the most striking of all authenticated instances of the wolf's affection and faithfulness is one narrated by Calvier. The animal was brought up as a dog would have been. He followed his master and behaved in all respects like a well-trained dog. Being obliged to travel, his master presented him to the Menagerie du Rio. Here he remained for weeks, discontented and uneasy, pining and refusing food. Gradually he became reconciled, and attached himself to his keeper.

After eighteen months the master returned, and at the first sound of his voice the wolf sprang up with frantic joy. Being set at liberty, he overwhelmed his friend with caresses. A second separation brought the same symptoms of grief, from which he was aroused by the companionship of a dog.

Three years passed before the master again returned. He arrived at night, but his first word awakened the wolf, and glad cries came from the cage. When the door was opened the animal rushed forward and placed his forefoot on his master's shoulder, menacing the keepers who offered to remove him, and giving touching evidence of his joy and affection.

## FADING AWAY.

THE CONDITION OF YOUNG GIRLS WHO ARE ANAEMIC.

This Record is of Especial Value to Parents—It is a Message from a Mother to Mothers of Growing Girls.

Among the young girls throughout Canada who owe good health—perhaps life itself—to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, is Miss Hattie Althouse, Camden, Ont. When a representative called at the Althouse home-stead to make enquiries as to the particulars of the cure, he was cordially received by Mrs. Althouse, who readily consented to give a statement for publication. 'Up to the age of fourteen years,' said Mrs. Althouse, 'my daughter Hattie had always enjoyed the best of health. Then she began to complain of weakness, and grew pale and languid. We tried several medicines, but instead of helping her she was steadily growing worse, and we became alarmed and called in a doctor. He told us that her blood was in a very watery condition, and that she was on the verge of nervous prostration. She was under his care for several months, but still kept growing worse. She had become very pale, had no appetite, frequent headaches, and after even slight exertion her heart would palpitate violently. As time passed, she seemed to grow weaker and worse, until at last she could scarcely move about, and would lie upon a sofa most of the day. At this juncture she had occasional fainting fits, and any slight exertion brought on attacks of hysteria. Both my husband and myself feared that she would not live more than a few months. It was while Hattie was in this condition that I read an account of a girl cured of a similar ailment through the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Then I decided that Hattie should give them a trial, and procured three boxes; when she had used them there was an undoubted improvement in her condition, and we felt hopeful that she would regain her health. She continued using the pills, and from that on daily made progress toward complete recovery. Her appetite returned; color began to come back to her face, headaches disappeared, and in the course of a few months she was as well as ever she had been in her life. It is now more than two years since she discontinued the use of the pills, and in all that time has enjoyed the best of health, with absolutely no return of the trouble. I can scarcely say how grateful we feel for what Dr. Williams' Pink Pills have done for my daughter, and I would strongly urge mothers whose daughters may be ailing to give them Dr. Williams' Pink Pills at once, and not experiment with other medicines.'

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills create new blood, and thus reach the root of the disease. In the case of girls merging into womanhood they are almost indispensable, and their use is a guarantee to future health and strength. Other so-called tonic pills are mere imitations of this medicine and should be avoided. If your dealer does not keep them they will be sent post-paid at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50, by addressing the Dr. Williams Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

Teacher—"Bobby, can you tell me what the word 'respect' means?" Bobby—"Yes, ma'm; it's the feeling a fellow only eight years old has for one who is eleven."

HAPPY ARE THE MAKERS OF

Mats Rugs and Carpets.

DIAMOND DYES.

Give Them Special Fast Colors For Cotton Goods.

The dyeing of Cotton rags for the making of Mats, Rugs and Carpets was for years a difficult and very unsatisfactory operation owing to the crude and common dyestuffs home dyers were obliged to use.

By the introduction of the special Diamond Dye Fast Colors for Cotton, the work of dyeing is now a source of pleasure and profit to every home.

The manufacturers of the famed Diamond Dyes prepare special Cotton colors such as Fast Pink, Fast Orange, Fast Purple, Fast Garnet, Fast navy, Fast Crimson, Fast seal Brown, Fast Yellow, Fast Scarlet, Fast Cardinal, Fast Turkey Red, Fast Dark Green, Fast Black and other colors that are unfading in washing or when exposed to sun.

No other dyes in the world can give such marvellous and pleasing results on Cotton goods. Ask your dealer for the Fast Diamond Dye Cotton colors; take no other make.

### THE TELEPHONE.

Vast Increase of the Telephone Business of the U. S. With Capital Represented.

C. J. Glidden, president of the Erie Telephone & Telegraph company, stated recently that the year 1900 would show the largest development of the telephone field since the invention of the telephone, the amount invested by that time being \$200,000,000, and that next year would see some remarkable combinations of electrical properties in various sections of the United States. The growth this year in the United States would, he said, be not far from 240,000 subscribers, and the investment of all properties in the neighborhood of \$50,000,000, \$38,000,000 of which would be for switchboards, \$10,000,000 for long-distance lines and \$2,000,000 for real estate. Speaking of the Erie system he said:

"The Erie system now operates 136,000 subscribers in eight states, and will close the year with a list connected and waiting connection of 150,000, or a gain during the year of about 37,000. The work done throughout the territory is of a most substantial character. The new relay switching apparatus is being installed at all points in the company's fireproof buildings on land owned by the company. At present, we have 66 buildings valued at about \$2,000,000, located in cities where the underground system has been established. Our development this year will cost at least \$7,000,000, \$2,000,000 of which goes into the long distance lines; the total number of miles in operation will not be far from 250,000. The telephone business of the United States has only reached a 25 per cent. development, considering that San Francisco and Los Angeles have reached possibly 75 per cent. development; San Francisco has 20,690 subscribers, population 342,000; Los Angeles 7800 subscribers, population 102,000."

The telephone has new uses every day, and with each addition to its field, the simplicity makes people wonder why it was not tried before, and what the limit of its use really is. One of the latest applications is a device which enables the conductor of a trolley car to talk to the officers of the company, and is applied on the St. Louis, St. Charles & Western railroad in the Missouri. In each car is placed a telephone box of the usual type, containing receiver and transmitter, but without the regular bottom box for the battery. In place of this the ground wire, which is concealed, is connected with the ground wire of the propelling motor, and the other wires, which are also hidden, and led through the car into the vestibule, where they are socketed to connect with the plugs on the device for making contact with overhead wires on the poles.

Seeker—Where did the first trust originate?

Sage-man—In Rhode Island? Are you sure of that?

Sage-man—Quite positive; as far back as I can remember there has always been a trust in Providence.

Hingso—Yes, I let my wife bowl all she wants.

Jingso—Why?

Hingso—I twit her about her strength and bet she can't carry up the coal from the cellar.

Mrs. Younghub—John, won't you walk with the baby for a while?

Younghub—No.

Mrs. Younghub—Half of him is yours.

Younghub—Well, you let my halt holler.

"What did you stop that clock in the room for, Jane?" "Because, mum, the plaguey thing has some sor' of a fit every mornin' mum, jest when I want to sleep."