

ONE SESSION QUESTION.

(CONTINUED FROM FIRST PAGE.)

Movement for one session will be carried out, it will remedy a defect and free children from a long standing bondage.

Mrs. Bullock—Favors one session. Lizzie C Fowler—Is greatly in favor of one session.

F. R. Hannington—One session. Francis McCafferty—Strongly urges the preservation of the present arrangement and says the smaller children should receive what consideration there may be going. "It would be a mistake," he says, "to turn the larger children in the advanced grades loose, every afternoon and in my opinion their studies would suffer more than it an extra hour were added."

Mrs. D. Magee—Thinks it the high school has one session all the schools should.

H. C. Martin—In favor of two sessions. W. O. Girvan—'Decidedly yes, one session.'

John Kerr—Strongly opposed to the idea of one session, for the Grammar school is the laboring man's college in which he has an opportunity of giving his children an education and it some of the parents are better off financially than others that is no reason why school should close at one o'clock in order to allow those persons to take extra lessons in music, French etc. Suggests dropping Greek and botany and studying home lessons in school.

C. E. Laechler—One session.

E. C. Hickson—"In answer to your circular I am decidedly of the opinion that the present school hours are not too long as children who attend high schools are practically young men and women and quite equal to any mental strain imposed upon them in connection with their studies."

Dr. Emery—Would prefer one session as I think at present there is too much strain for the students' best interests.

E. R. Machum—I do not think the time devoted to school work now is too long, nor do I think it possible for those who wish to attain to any degree of proficiency in their work to do so without giving much more attention to their studies than the present school hours would permit—I believe home study also necessary.

Chas. S. Everett—A more important change would be the stating of lessons for the following day, at least one hour being so consumed. My best information is that the lessons for the morrow are stated but generally no assistance is given by the teacher. Frequently there is nobody at home who can assist pupils, who are in consequence quite exhausted by mental labor.

The other persons who answered the circulars are named in the appended list:—

Those Favoring the Scheme.

- T. B. Leach, C. Baird, A. W. Baird, Mr. W. Hawker, Mr. J. W. Vanwart, Mrs. A. M. Ruddock, J. R. Granville, Florence M. Wright, Mrs. James Clark, Avis Davidson, Havelock Wilson, A. S. Syrag, Mr. H. A. Reynolds, S. E. Boyle, John Dixon, F. O. Allison, Samuel Lewis, M. E. Jordan, Mrs. George Carr, H. N. Giggey, Joseph Allison, Mrs. P. Eagen, Mr. Edwin Stewart, J. H. Barber, T. Carleton Allan, Eben Perkins, A. Armstrong, Mr. R. Roach, S. E. Brittain, Mary W. Armstrong, Mr. B. H. McLean, J. Spiane, Mr. George Robertson, Mrs. Beiderman, M. F. Drake, Elisha Smith, Mrs. A. W. Upham, Mr. L. R. Morton, John McAvity, Clarence Fairweather, W. A. Lockhart, Fred K. Titus, Mrs. McMurray, Mr. A. J. Heath, Mrs. R. Peer, Mrs. Jas. Myles, Mr. W. H. Merritt, A. Lockett, Mr. S. Gillis, Mrs. W. J. Thomas, Wm McLanahan, H. E. Codner, G. E. Armstrong, Mrs. H. P. Hayward, Mr. Wm. Peters, Mrs. Wright, W. B. Doherty, B. B. Brittain, W. E. Foster, F. Tapley, E. Wintler, G. O. Hancock, Mr. H. C. Rankine, Mrs. Wm. Jones, Elizabeth C. Skinner, E. J. Murphy,

- Mr. T. H. Hall, Mrs. Lee, M. A. Kerr, Alma Fairall, Louis Green, J. M. Robertson, Mont McDonald, R. W. W. Frink, Mrs. Hall, M. McClelland, J. Clawson, M. E. Lynch, F. S. Thomas, Geo. C. Weldon, Mrs. Jas. Collins, J. H. F. Ink,

on the scene, in 1883, he took possession of this railroad, tore up thousands of the sleepers and built a large fort with them at Handub. He spoiled the enterprise by this unexpected diversion of railroad material to other purposes and the line has

Reported. When one apologized to the Rev. Charles Marriott by saying "I'm afraid I made a fool of mys if last night," it could not have been very comforting to hear in reply: "My dear fellow, I assure you I



THE STRANGER.

- Mrs. A. Buckley, T. D. Dabham, J. H. Meser, Those Opposed, M. A. Finr, favors Mr. Harvey's plan, R. G. Haley, favors Mr. Harvey's plan, F. A. Writing, John Mack, Fairy He, Alice F. Waring, E. R. Machum, J. and M. Carleton, T. M. Belves, E. C. Hickson, Peter Campbell, W. F. Cronk, Mrs. H. Munro, Julia E. Lawson, John H. McRobbie, A. K. Clark, Mrs. J. F. Brown, H. P. Sandall, J. H. Gray, J. Matthews, J. Willard Smith, Mrs. D. E. Vincent, E. J. Freeze, M. H. Jones, Peter McIntyre, W. W. McLeod, W. D. Baskin, S. M. Phessant, M. B. Wisdom, F. Masters, Andrew Malcolm,

CAPTURE OF OSMAN DIGNA.

One of the Greatest of the Mahdi's Warriors Falls to His Enemies' Hands.

More has been written about the famous Osman Digna than any other leader in the Soudan except the Mahdi himself and his successor, the Khalifa Abdullah. He is arrayed usually in the ordinary dress of his Hadendowa Arabs, who worshipped him and achieved prodigies of valor under his lead. For years after the world came to know him he was repeatedly reported to have been killed in his battles between the Nile and the Red Sea. "Osman Digna killed again" became a common newspaper headline. But he still lives years after he ceased to fight and escaped the Khalifa's fate in November last by discreetly retiring from the field when fighting began. He skulked across the Nile and managed to get north to the Red Sea, intending doubtless to take refuge in Arabia; but he was captured, a few weeks ago, by Lieut. Frank Burgess of the British troops. After his long and stormy career he is now having a quiet period in a prison cell.

Osman was a great slave dealer in the eastern Soudan. He fell foul of both the British and the Egyptians, before the Mahdi rose to power, because they insisted on interfering with the slave dhows on the Red Sea that carried his human merchandise to Arabia. Thus he had a private grievance as well as a larger supply of religious fanaticism to spur him on to the hardest fighting. Nobody liked him except his own soldiers. Nobody ever made a hero of him except the men he led. He was morose, taciturn and cruel and his countenance was forbidden. But he had much ability. His home was in Suakim on the Red Sea, all his people lived in that region and it was not surprising that the Mahdi selected Osman, before the fall of Khartoum, to rally the faithful there and drive the infidels into the Red Sea. The rich slave merchant adopted the mean attitude in which his master arrayed himself in those early days of his power, and on the march he would not rise, for he said that the Mahdi walked the earth and thereby made it holy.

The sort of a picnic he gave the British and Egyptian forces at Suakim will always be remembered. The easiest and the best approach to Khartoum was across the desert from Suakim to Berber on the Nile and the British, with a view to settling matters with the Mahdi in short order, brought a vast amount of railroad material to Suakim and began to stretch a line toward Berber. When Osman appeared

not yet been built. He prepared a lot of scaling ladders with which he proposed to surmount the walls of Suakim and put the enemy to the sword. He never had a chance to use the ladders but he captured most of the posts around Suakim and came very near getting possession of the town. The best service any one Emir rendered to the Mahdi was that of Osman Digna in effectively closing the route between Suakim and the Nile. It was the achievement of this man that made it necessary for Gen. Lord Wolseley to take the difficult Nile route on his disastrous expedition. Osman Digna's blockade of the Suakim route probably prolonged the life of the Mahdist power for years.

Osman's attention was not wholly given to Suakim, for he found time to capture Kassala, near the border of Abyssinia, and his forces overran the whole country between Khartoum and the Red Sea and no part of the Mahdist domain was more faithful to the fanatical cause than that which Osman Digna held. For seven years he alternately harassed and besieged Suakim. Much of that time the head of the Anglo-British forces opposed to him was Col. Kitchener, now famous but then the unknown Governor of the Red Sea littoral. Kitchener was wounded in one of his attacks on Handub, the headquarters of Osman's army. An Englishman in Suakim wrote in May, 1888:

Life in Suakim now is life in a beleaguered city. It is true that the headquarters of the foe is at Handub, ten miles away, but for Europeans the isolation is as complete as though trenches were opened all around us. In the daytime we cannot advance a step beyond the range of our guns. At night it would be the height of folly for a straggler to venture beyond the walls.

But Osman Digna's long years of almost unflinching success had an end at last. The news came in February, 1891, that Handub had been captured. A little later all the big guns of Egypt fired salutes in honor of the occupation of Tokar by the government forces and the complete defeat of Osman Digna. There was a panic when the news was heard in Omdurman. Again it was reported that Osman had been killed, but he and a few followers finally straggled into the capital, where the Khalifa gave him a very cool reception. He reproached the fallen Emir for his defeat and banished him to the Atbara River. His influence was entirely gone. He had alienated the Arabs by his ruthless cruelty and most of his personal followers, on the retreat from Tokar, had perished of starvation.

Since that time Osman had been a person of no consequence. The advance of Kitchener up the Nile compelled him to seek refuge at Omdurman. He was with the Khalifa in the flight from that city and saw the beginning of the recent battle in which the Khalifa and his chief Emirs calmly sat down to die together. Before they received their death wounds Osman was scudding across the sands toward the Nile, but he was doomed to be captured. He had plenty of leisure now to reflect upon the evil and bloody years that brought ruin to his country and death to most of his followers.

observed nothing unusual." Nor could it have been wholly agreeable to the clergy men who told a lady that he had once taken a little strychnine to clear his brain, when she asked him: "How soon did the effect pass off?"

A Lively Stone.

The tortoise is a great sleeper, and that characteristic yields the London Spectator a funny story of one which was a domestic pet in a country house.

As his time for hibernating drew nigh, he selected a quiet corner in the dimly lighted coal-cellar, and there composed himself to sleep. A new cock was appointed soon after. She knew not tortoises.

In a few months, with the lapse of time, the tortoise woke up and sallied forth. Screams soon broke the kitchen's calm.

Entering that department, the lady of the house found the cock gazing in awe-struck wonder, and exclaiming, as with unsteady hand she pointed to the tortoise: "My conscience! Look at that stone that I've broken the coal with a winter!"

A Particular Beggar.

When beggars can be choosers, they are particular ones. Here is an authentic tale of a beggar of high standards, who lived in Oxford, England:

Outside the college gates stood regularly for two or three hours a day, when the thoroughfare was crowded, a blind beggar,

with a boy as a guide. Although a beggar, he was not oppressed by poverty, and the following conversation was heard between him and his attendant. "How much is it?" asked the beggar, just after the coin dropped into his cup. "Threepence," replied his guide. "How much have we taken altogether?" "Two shillings." "Wait a bit." Then the listener came round and dropped in a shilling. "How much?" whispered the blind man. "Another shilling," replied the boy. "A shilling. Ah, go tell them to have oyster sauce with the mutton!"

The Child Was Saved.

Not that we wish the suggestion to be generally adopted,—for bicyclists also have a right to life,—but because it proves the resourcefulness of woman, we copy this incident from the Chicago Post:

The bicyclist was scorching along with his head down.

The little one had toddled out into the road, and stood directly in his path. The woman saw them both, and was too much frightened to move. A quick witted man would have had time to spring into the road and pull the little one out of the way, but the woman seemed helpless.

Suddenly she screamed. It was no ordinary scream, but an ear-splitting shriek of despair.

The bicyclist was so startled that he looked seven ways at once, lost control of his wheel, hit the curb, and didn't know where he was for fully ten minutes. The child was saved.

A woman is not always so helpless as she looks.

Training Master Tom.

When duelling was in vogue, the expert use of the pistol formed a part of every young gentleman's training. One old and faithful servant adapted a practical method of teaching the young master to shoot.

He loaded the pistol, and told the youth how to hold it. Then old Martin stooped behind a low wall, twenty paces distant, and jumping up suddenly, cried, "Now, Master Tom! One, two, three, fire!" and hobbled down again before Master Tom had succeeded in hitting him.

After a week's practice, the lad had improved so much that he could put a bullet through the servant's hat.

"Well done, Master Tom!" cried Martin exultantly. "Thy aquin. An' if ye can get the hand up a little quicker, maybe ye can hit me in the shoulder."

Counting the Cost.

Here follows an example of the alertness of the commercial mind:

A shrewd business man was being driven in a crowded thoroughfare, when his horses took fright and ran away. He called to his coachman:

"Can you stop them?" "No," replied the man. "Then," said the other, "run them into some hing cheap."

An Inquiry.

He.—Our club is going to have an outing next Saturday.

His wife.—How much do you expect to be out.



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