## SulLivan Republican.

W. M, CHENEY, Publisher.

VOL. XI.
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LAPORTE, PA., FRIDAY, MARCH 24, 1893.
Terms --. 81.00 in Advance ; $\mathbf{8 1 . 2 5}$ after Three Months.
NO. 24.

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|  |  |  | THE FIGHTING DERVISHES. <br> SONS OF THE DEGERT WHO ARE UTTERLY FEARLBAB. <br> Charging Upon Fire-Walled Square of English Soldiery With Reck <br> leas Bravery. T is easier to turn a hungry tiger aside from his prey than a thor- oughly excited Dervish from his swoop on an enemy, writes a cer- respondent on the London Telegraph. His half brother in fanaticism and ereed, the Indian or Afghan Ghazi, is ternble, but the Atrican and Arab Dervish is superiatively awtul, with an incurable delirium for his opponent's gore. Howling and whirling Dervishes, such as travelers are "specially conducted to see when visiting the Eate," are a com- paratively harmless sort of lunaties com- paied with those types of the African bigots who, "converted" to Mahdism, burn to run amuck with the rest of the unbelieving humanity. Once fairly bit- ten with the tarantula of Moslem sectar- ian zeal, the proselyte is consumed with the belief that the delights of the seventh or any number of heavens await him if he can only engage in sturdy, steady butchery with "infidels," of his own or any race, It is a matter of indif- ference to him if, in the operation, while he sheathes his sword in his and his Prophet's enemy, the latter is doing the <br> Prophet's enemy, the latter is doing the same to him. Quick and happy transla- tion he holds as his sure reward. The stiff fight the other day between <br> the Egyptian troops south of Wady Halfa and the Mahdists recalls to me many a bygone incident and fierce strug- <br> gle between British and Egyptian troops and forces largely composed of Der- vishes. Ambigol Cataract, where the skirmish took place, is about sixty miles south of Wady Halfa. There is an Egyp- tian outpost at Gemai, where the great Second Cataract proper begins, and an- other at Sarrass. The one station is fif- teen miles and the other thirty-three miles further up stream, and the railroad line and ironclad train still run through to both posts. No doubt when the Derrepulsed from the forts they fell back from the river towards the easier-going have sped on their camels. The Eggp- tian cavalry-which, under careful Eng. lish training, have learned to trust their weapons and their own physical strength in a contest with the Bedouinese-probrons, overtook the raiders at the pleas- ant aforetime camps of Ambigol. There, no doubt, under the palm-trees' grateful shade, hard by the rush and roar of the mighty river, the Egyptian troops at once opened fire upastisem. Although have been Dervishes-for these gentry never run away, but, when necessary, walk sedately out of a fight, merely to engagement seems to have ensued. The Mahdists, nothing loath, swarmed, mounted and foot, up the rocky hills, which their pursuers had, with sound, tactical judgment, crowned, and whence they had opened fire. I first made the acquaintance of the Mahdist Dervishes. The Fuzzy-Wuzzy Hadendowah tribesman is the bravest of the brave, but the Dervish run crazy. These so-call Clad in their patchwork rags, with shaved bared heads, many armed with no better weapons than sticks, they $\qquad$ running toward us. I saw them that day-more than one of them-pierced through and through with Martini-Henry bullet wounds, come fiercely on, reeling like drunken men, their teeth gleaming and eyes aflame with hatred. Happy were they if they could but cross were they if they could but cross weapons with our bayonets. When ex- hausted nature failed them, their last act was generally to hurl the weapon they carried, stick, lance, or sword, toward our ranks, and shout an Arab impreca- tion against us, "Nosrani!" (Nazarunol) An old gray-haired sheik actually charged the square reading the Koran charged the square reading the Koran aloud, which he held in his hands. Later on, when Sir Herbert (then Colonel) Stewart charged the worsted Arab footmen with his two regi- ments of cavalry, their mounted Dervishes faced his whole force and boldly charged them in return. Again, at Tamai, when the Arabs broke into General Davis's square, where I was, and having temporarily captured our six machine guns, on which they danced in fiendish glee, the Darvishes were in the who had bayoneted one of them, found natic savage, who strove to wrench his foeman with his sword. It was at the moment we were being driven back, and while the marine tugged and swore to get his weapon free, the reeling Dervish essayed with his parting strength to slay or wound our Tomany Atkins. In the desperate battle at Abu-Klea, similar scenes occurred. I state it as a fact, of which I took personal note at the time that during the melee in which Colone Burnaby fell, a Dervish, who had struck that officer, and was promptly bayoneted tbrough the back, twisted about while the steel was protruding, and tried to thrust his lance into the soldier. Even the crippled and wounded Dervishes on the field of battle lay in wait to stab the chance passing enemy. Asked to "sur- <br>  <br>  there was no abatement in their blood- thirsty ferocity, nor show of hesitation, |  |
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