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THE NATIONAL TRIBUNE, Washington, D. C. JOHN McLELLY, ROBERT W. SHOFFELL, BYRON ANDREWS. WASHINGTON, D. C., AUGUST 16, 1900. Office: 339 Pennsylvania Avenue N. W.

NATIONAL TRIBUNE HEADQUARTERS. THE NATIONAL TRIBUNE Headquarters at Chicago during the National Encampment will be in Park St., Palmer House, and all comrades, their wives and families are cordially invited to call and make themselves at home. They can make appointments to meet their friends there, and have their mail sent to that room in our care.

The stent mendacity of the Chinese Mandarins will make it difficult for any of our politicians to discover a George Washington among them. Let us have those Paterson Anarchists given a liberal dose of that celebrated New Jersey justice. It might be well to import the Delaware whipping-post for the benefit of some of the minor rascals.

Our taking \$25,000,000 of the British war loan of \$50,000,000 shifts the world's financial center to this side of the Atlantic with a jolt that must make the Rothschilds' teeth chatter. The United States can borrow money cheaper than any other Nation in the world. Many of our bonds yield the holder as low as 1 1/2 per cent, while England pays 3 1/2 per cent.

The Methodist Conference of Montana has come out strongly and unequivocally for expansion. The Methodists can always be relied on to march up promptly to the front of any great movement.

CHICAGO has added two of the most notorious of the brigands of Greece to her population. They have gotten in just in time to go into the sandwich and coffee business for the National Encampment.

In July of this year over \$1,000,000 less was paid out for pensions than for the same month last year. The exact figures are: July, 1899, \$12,925,674.80; July, 1900, \$11,916,344.00. Reduction, \$1,009,330.80.

SALT is one of the great sources of official corruption in China. The poor peasant is obliged to pay about nine times what he should for his salt, though but very little of this increase reaches the Imperial Treasury. Everybody through whose hands it passes takes all he dares to get out of it.

We have this strong assurance of the lives of the Ministers: The allies are sure to get into Pe-King, and that before many months. The Dowager Empress, Princess Mandarins, etc., who control matters, have their residences and all their great wealth there. They are not like Sitting Bull, to whom one place was as good as another to live in, and could simply keep out of the way of an avenging army. These people must either live in Pe-King or become beggars, outcasts and wanderers. They are therefore going to stop short of bringing down the dire vengeance of the allies on themselves, their property and their families.

The French made a very fine face over Count von Walderssee, but finally accepted him. President McKinley's note accepting him was very diplomatic and guarded. He said in effect that our General there was authorized to do anything he thought desirable, with the sole restriction that he must keep his men together and under his own command. The Count von Walderssee was a very able soldier, and a good selection for Generalissimo, but it would be a long time before he reached China, and a great many things were likely to happen in the meanwhile. So we at least do not propose to wait upon his deliberate journey to his command, and his probably still more deliberate preparations for a campaign. We shall go ahead as we think best, and may create a situation of affairs that will leave nothing for Walderssee to do, when he arrives, but follow in our lead.

It is claimed by those who have an opportunity of knowing that the Tsung Li Yamen is the most absurd institution known to modern politics. It is a board, consisting of 11 intensely opinionated old fogies, who still live in the fiction that all the rest of the world exists merely through the mercy of the Chinese Emperor. When any foreign Minister appears before them they all talk at him at once at the top of their voices, hoping to drown and tire him out. The only man who ever got ahead of them was the British Minister, who would stroll in carelessly, listen patiently to their yelling until they exhausted themselves, remain a little about the weather, the crops, and so on, and make an appointment for the following day, when the program would be repeated. He finally wore them out, and got their curiosity so aroused as to what he really wanted that they listened eagerly to him and granted his request.

INDORSE THE COURT OF PENSION APPEALS.

The National Encampment at Chicago should by all means give the bill for the establishment of a Court of Pension Appeals a unanimous and unequivocal indorsement, and ask that it be passed as soon as possible after the meeting of Congress next December. The establishment of such a Court will at once remove pensions from politics, and put pensioners and claimants in the same category with the other creditors of the Government. It will stop all cavilling for and against pension allowances. There will be no longer any justification or excuse for the old clamor that the "pension roll is honeycombed with fraud."

We do not talk that way about the decisions of our regularly-constituted courts. When a pension allowance ceases being a matter resting upon the whim, prejudice, prepossessions or individual judgment of the Commissioner of Pensions and is founded upon the rock-like basis of a regular judicial decision the people will at once accept it unquestioningly, as they do other judicially-determined facts. What the number of these claims may be in the aggregate will not concern them, any more than does the amount of a judgment by the Court of Claims, or the Supreme Court of the United States. It will be sufficient to know that the claimants are legally entitled to the awards, and then they will be as willingly paid as were the billions of interest and principal which have been paid the bondholder.

Heretofore, when Commissioners like Dudley, Tanner, Black, Raum, have interpreted the laws properly, the soldier-hating papers have overflowed with venomous tirades against the class of men who were put on the roll. When we have had such other Commissioners as Lochren and Evans there has been a world of bitter complaint that they were perverting and nullifying the law. The veterans have suffered severely in reputation both by the assaults of the soldier-hating papers and by the attempts of such men as Commissioner Lochren and Evans to justify their course.

All this can be remedied and prevented by having a judicial tribunal pass upon pension cases, interpret the law, and lay down rules of evidence and of practice such as obtain in the other courts of the country. The pension roll will become really a roll of honor, whose integrity no man will presume to question. The matter is now in the National Encampment's hands. It can secure the immediate passage of the bill by giving it a full indorsement, and requesting in the name of the veterans that it be made a law.

ON TO PE-KING. The past week has been full of events in China of the utmost importance to the world and humanity. The victory of the Allies over the Chinese hordes at Peit-Sang was promptly followed by an advance in force upon the important position of Yang-Tsun which controlled the railroad crossing of the Pei-Ho River, and so commanded the road to Pe-King. This was at once attacked and carried, after a fight lasting several hours, in which the small American force took the leading part and displayed great gallantry and fine soldiery. The victory was decided and the consequences far-reaching. It not only gained 18 of the 79 miles to Pe-King, but it made the line of communications secure for the further advance. Infinitely more, it was another crushing demonstration to the Chinese hordes that they cannot stand even before a small civilized force, even though they may have enormous advantages of position. The first news after the battle seemed to indicate that the Allies would stop there, and gather their forces for a final move directly on Pe-King. But the reports from Gen. Chaffee received as we go to press indicate that he at least has driven ahead, and was at that time within 18 or 20 miles of the "Northern Capital." The more hopeful of us assume this to mean that he has found the Chinese utterly demoralized by their defeat at Yang-Tsun, and has taken advantage of it, in the regular American way, by pressing hard after them, and increasing their demoralization by swift, sharp blows at their rear. If this should be happily so, it puts the Americans in command of the situation and enormously increases our prestige. It may be that Chaffee may go directly into Pe-King, rescue the Ministers and dictate terms. It is unfortunate that he has not 10 times as many men with him. Then there would be no doubt as to the result.

FUNG-SHUI.

It is impossible to understand a Chinaman without thoroughly understanding what "Fung-Shui" is, and it is said that no one can understand Fung-Shui unless he has a yellow skin, straight, wily hair, a pig-tail, eyes cut on the bias, and a carved-in nose. Fung-Shui is to the Chinaman all and more than all that God Almighty, the Constitution of the United States, the laws of the Nation and State, his particular church, political party and favorite physician are to an American. Fung-Shui, the Chinaman believes, is the power that brings him into the world, comforts every step in life, makes him rich or poor, sick or well, lucky or unlucky, his crops thrive or wither, his children come, live or die, his home comfortable or miserable, numbers his days, and finally rules his sleep in the grave. Everybody in China, high or low, literate or illiterate, rich or poor, Confucian, Buddhist or Taoist, is a slave to a mass of superstitions about Fung-Shui. Literally, it is "wind and water" (fung, wind; shui, water); but practically it means all the forces, malign and beneficent, that can be imagined as entering into the daily operations of life. The principal of these is an invisible dragon, which flies about, near the ground, breathing out blessings and prosperity. There must be nothing erected anywhere to interfere with this flight, nor the flow of breath from his nostrils on the fortunate recipients. He must be propitiated by the sweet music of tom-toms, gaudy colors, fireworks, and incense, and the bad spirit is scared away by the same means. The priests, whom the Chinese hate, fear, need and detest, bow down to and cheat in equal measure, rule the deluded people with an iron rod by means of these superstitions. The priest is the Chinaman's first thought when he intends to do anything or aught happens to him; and the priest works the Fung-Shui on him for all that it is worth, and "squeezes" the last miserable "cash" that his hopes or fears will make him part with.

The shape of hills and mountains, the course of rivers and roads, the form of buildings, even such trivial things as the setting up of a stone in a field, or the way the bricks are laid in a house, affect the Fung-Shui, and the priests must have their say, and their say costs "cash." Famines, drouth, epidemics, and all manner of disaster to a wide stretch of populous country may follow so slight a change as cutting down a tree or setting up a pole or digging an irritating ditch, which may offend the Fung-Shui.

Of course the priests made the utmost of such flagrant offenses against the Fung-Shui as were committed by the whites in running railroads across the country according to engineering principles, traversing them with horrible shrieking engines that frightened away the good spirits by their unearthly noise, and spouted black smoke against the heavens; in building bridges that obstructed the passage of the benevolent spirits along the streams, and round-houses and stations that had the shape of a tortoise, the most malignant of animals. The missionaries aggravated this by teaching that Fung-Shui was a degrading superstition, and the priests merely greedy, unscrupulous conjurers. The punishment of the Yang-Shui upon these blasphemers was a terrible drouth, which lasted all last Summer, Fall and Winter, and until May 7. By this time the Boxers had begun to take things in hand, kill Christians, commit outrages, destroy railroad buildings which had the obnoxious tortoise form, and tear up tracks which ran against the Fung-Shui. This seemed to propitiate the Fung-Shui, for in the midst of a great demoralization at the most revered shrine in China, about 40 miles from Pe-King, the drouth was broken by a furious rainstorm, which culminated in a fall of three feet of snow. This unusual occurrence for that season of the year removed the last doubt in the minds of anyone, and therefore the Boxers had it their own way. The Dowager Empress had planned for the outbreak to take place next November, when Russia would be sealed up by the ice, and unable to make any move. The Chinese were to treat her as a friend and ally until they had finished with the other foreigners, when they would turn upon and destroy her. The miracle of the rain and snow fall gave such an impetus to the Boxer movement that the Dowager Empress was swept away in the tide, and had to let the movement go on.

THE WORK OF THE PENSION BUREAU. The work of the Pension Bureau showed a slight increase for the week ending Aug. 4 over the previous week, that ending July 28. The total of certificates issued was 1,843, of against 1,779 the week before—an increase of 64. The total original allowances increased from 696 to 696—20. The army invalids, old law, fell from 34 to 25; under Act of June 27, from 238 to 248, while the widows under the old law were increased from 39 to 63, and under the Act of June 27, from 193 to 287. The increase and additions were increased from 677 to 885. Compared with the allowances for the same week last year they were: Original 1900, 1899, 696, 696; Increase and additional, 685, 474; Reissue, 28, 66; Restoration, 78, 96; Supplemental, 3, 3; Duplicate, 48, 1; Accrued, 305, 255. Total, 1,843, 1,806. An average of 696 would make a total of 36,190 for the year. There were 35,809 deaths last year.

Si Kegg as a Veteran

A Bushwhacker with a Novel Idea. The train which the boys took the next day would have struck, hurried to the soul of any self-respecting railroad man to-day, but it was suspicious efficiency and comfort itself compared to those they had seen inside the rebel lines. They gazed admiringly at the powerful, well-built, well-tended, well-oiled locomotive, over which the engineer was going carefully, to see that every bolt and nut was in its place, every nut tight, and every journal well oiled.

"What looks something like an engine," said Si, "that makes a noise like a saw-mill, and from them the rebels have a swap-backed, foundered old plug." "That makes a noise like a saw-mill, putting it caressingly, 'ain't to be beat in the whole United States. I wouldn't give her for the finest engine the Baldwin works just as they want a best through and fancy engine." "She's like my wife; she mayn't be as dazdilly purty as some other women, nor heap on style, but when it comes to making a noise of her's worth a hundred weight of any other woman, I can bet on her every time, just as sure as I can bet on my wife." "Nancy, because that's my wife's name." "The boys called her 'Bell of the Woods' from the way she goes tearing along through the country, going with her whistle, which is bass. But, great noise, and she's like me, and what she's been through. Me and her've been right up to the front ever since Old Ross started out for Murfreesboro the day after Christmas, nearly two year ago, and what we ain't seen of war wouldn't fill up the back leaves in your spelling-book. The rebels have shot more'n her weight of metal, and they've shot her all around her. They cut down trees across the track, piled up rocks, rails and cord wood on the right-of-way, throwed her off by time on the rails, and she's the track or setting the switches, but the old girl's sure too many for them, and come right side up every time. Haven't you, Nancy?"

"He patted his engine and talked to her as a man would to a favorite horse. "What's all them holes in the smoke-stack for?" asked Si. "They building smoke-stacks that way?" "N-a-a, greasy," answered the engineer, scornfully. "Them's bullet holes, every one of 'em, and lots more that you can't see. Them's the holes that the rebels've got the fool idee that the smoke-stack's where the engine lives, and they can bring her down by shooting her through the smoke-stack." "Them's the holes that the rebels've got the fool idee that the smoke-stack's where the engine lives, and they can bring her down by shooting her through the smoke-stack." "Them's the holes that the rebels've got the fool idee that the smoke-stack's where the engine lives, and they can bring her down by shooting her through the smoke-stack."

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THE BOYS AT THE OPEN DOORS AND DEVOURED THE SCENERY WITH THEIR EYES AS THE TRAIN WHIRLED BY ATLANTA.

The boys sat in the open doors and devoured the scenery with their eyes as the train whirled by Atlanta, and then out to the Chattahoochee, and back over the line of the terrible fighting of the eventful four months previous. It was dark before they reached Buzzard Roost, where the campaign had begun the previous May, and the train was held in the railroad yard in Chattanooga for the remainder of the night.

"Before they started in the morning the engineer said to them: 'In about an hour and a quarter we'll strike the grade where that old whistle-shooter hangs out. He's getting rather monotonous to me, and I'd like to get shot of him. So if you want to try for him I'll help you. Just after we cross the river I'll stop and take water from a tank on the right. About three miles from there we'll strike that heavy grade. I'll slow down and blow a long and two short blasts on the whistle. That'll be notice to the old rooster to come out with his big warner. You can jump off under the cover of the brush and slip up behind him. Shoot him if you want, or belt him over the head with a club. I'd like to take an orange from him up for the worry he's given me. I'll wait for you on top of the grade, and take your

"I'll get him this time, shud'. Don't move that, or you'll make me unsiddy." "Ahem!" said Shorty, so loudly and sharply that the man turned around, with a look of anger, to be petrified by the sight of Shorty not 10 rods away regarding him sternly along the barrel of his Springfield.

"May I trouble you to drop that old howler and toddle over this way, at once?" said Shorty, with elaborate sarcasm. "Hey," said the old man, in a dazed way, while his red face turned ashy. "Lay that gun down quick, and hold up your hands, you dumber bushwhacker!" said Si, with stern sententiousness. "Hey!" said the man, turning in the direction of the new voice.

"Drop that gun, I say, this minute, and hold up your hands," said Si, with such sternness that the man, who up to that time he let the butt of his rifle fall to the ground, and held up his hands. "Char in the world did you Yankee come from?" he mumbled, as Si and Shorty lowered their guns, walked up to him, and Si picked up his rifle. "Shorty, you're a damn good man," said Shorty, "and you can talk plainer. The man took the bullets carefully out

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PERSONAL.

First Lieut. John Ewart Savage, late 2d U. S. V. Engineers, goes to China on the Hancock from San Francisco, Aug. 16, as Chief Assistant to Gen. O. W. Smith, Chief of Staff of the United States forces in China. Lieut. Savage landed with the first troops in Havana, and was retained as U. S. Civil Engineer and Chief Assistant to the Quartermaster of the Seventh Corps. He has an enviable record for integrity and ability, never having missed a day's duty. He is a graduate of the transportation facilities of our country. Guard, take him out. Sergeant, you're relieved from the charge of this man. Let me have your name and first of last name. I'll report favorably to your Colonel what you've done." (To be continued.)

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