"THE LAND OF MORNING CALM."

(Continued from page one.)

paramount interests in Korea, and engaged not to interfere with Japan in any way in her protection and control of the country.

The Anglo-Japanese agreement of Aug. 12, 1905, contains similar recognition on the part of Great Britain. Nov. 17, 1905, there was signed on behalf of Korea and Japan an agreement placing in the hands of the Japanese Government the control and direction of the foreign relations of Korea. By this agreement it was provided, inter alia, "that a Japanese Resident-General should be stationed in Seoul, and the first Resident-General (Marquis Ito) took up his appointment on March 2, 1906. His position closely approximates to that of the French Resident-General in Tunis. The Japanese Government in communicating the agreement to foreign powers made a formal declaration that the foreign treaties with Korea would be maintained and respected, and that Japan would in no way prejudice the legitimate commercial and industrial interests of foreign powers in Korea.

The United States signified its agreement with the Japanese plan.

A General Renovation.

It was inevitable that the methodical, progressive Japanese should find the rotten old Government so hopeless that nothing else could be done than to tear away and rebuild. This has begun by the deposition of the old Emperor and putting in his place the next heir to the

COSTUMES OF KOREANS.

throne, who will, of course, be merely a puppet in the hands of the Japanese Resident-General. This revolution is being extended down thru all classes of officials. Naturally the men who are losing their hereditary jobs are setting up a tremendous shrieking, but the wheels will continue to go round all the same. Japan needs Korea in her business.

The Down-Trodden Women.

With her past in ruins, and her future in the rough, the Land of the Morning Calm, the Kingdom of the Morning Radiance, faces a proposition that is liable to jar her complaisance some before she really awakens from her 5,000 years of sleep. Korea is today a sad example of the attempt to put new wine in old jugs. When the new idea began to work "she up an' busted," as the small boy said, and that is why the dynasty which is five centuries old goes down into the oblivion of a Japanese eclipse. Presumably if she had remained semi-barbarous and had not been bitten by the restless flea of civilization she might yet be the Hermit Kingdom with a ruler whose pedigree reaching back thru five unchanging centuries would fill a book as big as the Encyclopedia Britannica.

And all this change is due to the down-trodden women of Corea, they say. A woman in that tight little country is little less than a beast of burden, a bearer of children. Indeed, in the ethics of Korea, those are the two things she was born for, and if she fails in either the only thing that is left for

BOY OF 12 IN WEDDING GOWN.

her is to die. If, however, she bears children—well, then she pretty much rules things.

But what on earth can you expect of a country whose fetish is the tiger and the tortoise? Did you ever hear of such a combination? The swiftest and the slowest of animals united in the veneration of a nation of people! It seems incredible, but just the same it is true. The Koreans have an especial veneration for the tiger, the emblem of supernatural strength, courage, and dignity. But their tiger is a "flyer!" Their native artists depict the creature as having the power of flying, producing lightning, and spitting fire; yes, and it can walk thru flames and not get singed, according to their crude superstition, and it uses flames as a fan! The curled-up roofs of the queer houses of these queer Koreans have curious things at the corners, representations of "lucky" emblems, and most often the head of the tiger holds leading place. The country is said to be full of the beasts, which grow to an enormous size, are exceedingly fierce, and overly fond of Korean flesh. The walled towns present no protection from the feline brutes, and they frequently make nocturnal excursions over those clumsy walls into the streets of the towns, and the next morning when they leap like cats from the ramparts and disappear into the thickets beyond, the census of that particular Korean town is always sure to be depleted by two or three. And so it happens that the Koreans, who worship the tiger with a religious veneration worthy of a better object, have also a great terror of him. They have a superstition that a tiger always attacks the last person in a row of people walking tandem, so to speak, and so when they are out with foreigners, the Korean is always careful to see that these "Sons of Pigs" walk in the rear, with the Sons of Confucius leading the line. (You can call them Buddhists if you like.)

Worship of the Tortoise.

But the worship of the tortoise, that seems the queerest of all. You will find all over the Korean hills—and it's all hill that isn't hollow—huge stone images sculptured into tortoises. To it are applied all the good qualities that the tiger lacks. To it are ascribed thoughtfulness, a retiring nature, humility, gentleness, steadiness, patience; these are all symbolized by this shelled amphibious animal, and in the minds of these Asiatic Orientals is the basis upon which, in later times, were built the rudiments of mathematics and wisdom. In Korea the principal attribute of the tortoise is long life; hence it has been handed down the ages as the emblem of longevity, and the inhabitants of the one time Hermit Kingdom, the Land of Morning Calm, worship longevity. These tortoises are made to carry tablets on their backs to commemorate and honor some prince or potentate who was benevolent, or some magistrate who was magnanimous, the tablets being placed over the tortoise to show that it was by relying on all the good qualities attributed to the tortoise that the person whose praises are celebated on them attained to the virtues which are deemed worthy as an everlasting example to the world.

In Korea the snake is also revered, and if it enters a house it is speedily made welcome, for it is believed that it brings everlasting happiness and peace. Now with us this reptile represents treachery and perfidy. The Koreans have a whole family of dragons of various kinds, winged, web-footed, and just plain dragons, which they worship.

Now "worship" may be acceped with several grains of salt. The Koreans can scarcely be said to have a religion, or to really "worship" anything but their ancestors. For nearly five centuries the Koreans were Buddhists, made so by the many Chinese invasions. The priests got to be a consuming nuisance, however, with more power than the King himself, and as these particular priests were as ready with their swords as with their bead rosaries, they became a menace to the constitution. They gained tremendous power, incited internal revolutions and disputes in order to cement their chains, and the King found it necessary to put them down, which he did effectually, and that left Korea with no religion at all. A law was made, which is still in existence, that no religion is, under any circumstances, tolerated or allowed within the walls of Korean cities, and all priests are forbidden to enter the gates of any city under penalty of death.

All Sorts of Spirits.

Every people except cannibals and Koreans have a religion of some kind. The Koreans once had gods, or the things that stood to them in the position of a "Superior" being, and so when Buddhism was suddenly snatched away from the Koreans they tumbled back a few centuries into the old superstition of Shamanism, or a kind of nature worship. It is a primitive worship which peoples the earth with spirits, good and bad, as well as giving them to the elements, the sky and the morning star. To these spirits the Korean offers sacrifice when a member of his family dies, and it is deemed necessary by even well-educated people there to be on good terms with these spirits, as they are considered to be invisible rulers of fate. In Korea there are spirits for everything; malevolent ones for disease, deformity, devilry of any kind, and good ones for the graces of life. Diseases, old age never cause death in the belief of the Korean. Evil spirits control those who go hence.

They people the mountains with all kinds of spirits, and are afraid of their lives on a mountain slope after night. They carry armloads of stones, which they throw into darkness at the spirits, and these graciously retreat under those conditions and do no harm. They also have "sacred trees" to propitiate these spirits. On these trees are hung a conglomerate assortment of bits of glass, rags, silk, and other offerings to propitiate the spirits.

Korean Dress.

The dress of the Korean is a cross between a kimono, pajamas and a rain coat. About the only way that you can tell a man from a woman in Korea when you meet them is by the hat or head covering. The women wear loose outer garments with sleeves big enough to make two more, and this nondescript thing is hastily pulled up from the back of the neck over the head when strangers are met on the street, and the wide sleeves are held over the face in front, so you can imagine what a sight a woman must be. But the men! The things they wear on their heads are called "hats." They look like inverted flawerpots on a pie pan. Corea is in fact the home of the hat. The condition of the man in Korea is established by the style of his hat, and hats never vary one iota. It isn't the home of the milliner, by any means, for the hats are manufactured exactly so, and have been for five centuries. There are hats for the married man, the bridegroom, the mourner, the priest, the peddler, the bullock driven, the chairman, the messenger, the soldier, the student, and the court hat. The curious thing about the Korean hat is that it is quite transparent, and has none of the virtues that we think a hat ought to possess, but maybe this is all right, because the Korean never removes his hat from the time he arises in the morning until he goes to bed. He couldn't, you know. It is anchored, tied down, banded down, all but nailed fast to his queer little head. The rich wear hats made of horsehair and the commoner wears a hat made of finely split bamboo; so fine is this shredded that it looks like white horsehair when woven. Both these materials are woven

A MOURNER.

into a fine net shape, which to the eye of the uncultured looks like what we call buckram, or the stiff stuff that was formerly used as the foundations for lace hats. While our buckram melts into jelly when wet, however, the horse hair and bamboo of the Korean will last a lifetime. Preliminary to putting on the hat is the adjustment of the hat-band. This is a tight-fitting skull cap of the same gauze, which presses down upon the head and is fastened on by a band about the forehead which is made so tight that it in time changes the shape of the head, and is said to be the cause of the queer, flat-looking profile of the Korean. Over this the hat is adjusted by ribbons tied under the chin. The hat of the mourner is some four feet in circumference, and nearly covers its wearer to his heels.

Oddly enough, these queer people who live between China and Japan with a mixture of the population of the two countries which are the real home of the parasol and the umbrella, have nothing of that kind themselves. On a wet day all the male population who can afford it appear in coats and hats of oiled paper, and wearing wooden clogs which raise them out of the muck and mire. The women wear on their heads on rainy days a frame work of bamboo covered with the same invaluable oiled paper. This oiled paper is carried all the time folded like a fan and stuck in the belt. When the rain comes this queer "umbrella" is pulled out, opened up and drawn over the other headgear. This thing is called a "kat-no."

Korean Pantaloons.

Korea has no use for tailors either. The clothes they wear, these Koreans, are not so many, but they are fearfully and wonderfully made. The main garment for men is a pair of "pants." These deform and never by any means adorn the man who wears them. They are made of white cotton, are padded stiff with cotton wool, and each leg is big enough to get the whole body in. They reach from the chin to the feet and then some. When a man puts these queer things on he holds them up round his neck by his teeth as a woman holds a pillow to adjust the slip, and then he ties the things somewhere in the region of his waist and under his arm pits. The ribbon that ties them usually has tassels, and the bow is adjusted on the side, hanging gracefully down. When this has been successfully accomplished the extra length of trousers is rolled up round the feet to keep from treading on them, and there are tied. No underclothes are worn at all, nothing but these pants. Over this is drawn a tight-in-the-arm-size coat, bell shaped at the bottom and padded like the unmentionables, and it reaches almost to the calves of the legs. It overlaps on the right side and is tied by two ribbons which are left to fly. In the Winter the forearm, which is bared in Summer, is protected by a separate short muff, or sleeve, thru which the hand is passed, and which reaches above the elbow. Then come the padded socks, into which pants are tucked, and tied with ribbons, and then comes the odd turned-up-at-the-toe shoe, made sometimes of leather for the rich, wooden soles like the Chinese, or paper ones for the poor. These last are only a sandal, however.

The Korean has no pockets. If his hands are cold he sticks them in his sleeves. As for his money, knife, tobacco, papers, and the thousand things that a white man puts in his 15 pockets, the Korean wears little silk bags to put them in. These he strings to his person about the waist of his pants by ribbons. Sometimes these dangle from the ribbon which fastens his coat in front. They are of orange or blue silk. The dress of "the people" is white, always and everlastingly—when new. As the Koreans have no idea of cleanliness, those white suits get dirt colored in no time. Buttons, hooks and eyes, and such like are not known in Korea.

Women's Clothes.

The dress of the women of Korea is almost a counterpart of that of the men, only there is a little more of it. They

COOLIE WITH JIGGI FOR CARRYING LOADS.

wear the padded trousers and the padded socks and they are put on just the same way. Over the trousers the women wear a short skirt which is tied about the waist, under the breast. To this awful outfit is added a short jacket, not as long as the Eton jacket worn by women today, being so short in front, in fact, that the two garments underneath it do not meet it, and the breasts of the women are exposed all the time. A very unpractical fashion, for the climate of Korea is colder than Russia, or Canada, for that matter. Over this rig the women wear on the street the kimono sort of wrap spoken of previously. The outside garments of the women are of bright colors usually, and are of silk or wool as the circumstances allow. But, generally speaking, the Korean woman is a sight to make the gods weep.

The way of doing the hair indicates the married or unmarried condition of the man. Men "bachelors" wear their hair in a long pigtail until married. The night of the marriage, after the ceremony is performed, the "best man" takes the bridegroom to his room and cuts off this pigtail, tying the rest of the hair in a curious little stand-up-knot on top of the head. This is accomplished by combing the hair back and up to the top of the head, then the handful of hair is twisted about with strings till its stands up like a Frankfurter sausage. A man of means will fasten on this knot a silver or metal bead for a tip, and sticks a tortoise shell ornament just over the forehead.

Korean women do not have much hair, and it is plastered down to the head with a stinking kind of oil; parted in the middle, it is twisted into a knot at the nape of the neck, with a silver ornament stuck thru it.

Over her head, when in the house, the Korean woman wears a topless cap of the same curious horse hair gauze which the men wear. It fits closely and two silk tassels dangle over the two ears.

One who knows the Korean women well says that when they are pretty they are very pretty and when they are ugly they are ugly as sin. They are small, and all have sad faces, for the women of Korea have few pleasures, being only child-bearers and beasts of burden. They have black hair and eyes, pretty even white teeth and are generally rather graceful, or would be in decent clothes. They have very small feet, and are noted for their beautiful hands, both men and women, but these are generally dirty. There is a reason for this. The Koreans do not have any soap, and have no substitute for it. To wash those padded clothes, which are worn next to the body, is a work of labor. One suit is usually all that a man possesses, and so while he is "tucked" into his uncomfortable Korean bed, his wife takes the garments to a nearby stream, or the public washing place where dozens of other women are congregated, and by the light of a paper lantern they pound the dirt out of those horrible things, by immersing them in the stream and beating them with sticks. In the Summertime it is not so bad, but in Winter they have to break six-inch ice to do the family wash, and it takes about two hours to wash one of those garments. Then home they fly to get the thing dried so that "he" can put it on when he rises.

And the drying in Winter! The manner of heating Korean houses is primitive, yet from it may have been evolved the idea of present day heating. Korean houses are flimsy excuses for shelter at best, but the floors are of slabs of stone with great cavities or, cavelike ovens under them, as we would leave for a cellar. In the Winter these ovens are filled with wood, trash, and all sorts of things, and then set on fire. The heat from this fire warms the house. It gets so hot—the floor—that one's feet broil, and the beds all but scorch, but there is no relief till the fire burns out, and then if the fireman is careless you freeze until another fire roasts you some more. The Korean has a convenient bed, he piles down on a pad in his clothes, with a wooden block for a pillow. So the wet clothes are simply laid on the oven top to dry, and they steam and stink, but they dry.

Women and Children.

Children, as in most Oriental countries, go naked up to 10 years of age and sometimes more. They are dirtier than pigs, and just as healthy. When they get at the clothes-wearing stage they are ready to "get married;" not in fact, but that is what they call it in Korea. We call it getting engaged to be married. Every girl must marry. The parents make the bargain and the two never see each other until the fatal night, and not then until after the ceremony is performed. Korean women of caste are never seen by men. They never go abroad by day. During the day men only are seen upon the streets, —men and courtesans. It is only recently that this five-centuries-old custom of Korea has been abolished. For centuries a big bell tolled sunset in Korean towns and cities, and then all the men skurried to their homes and got themselves to bed. At the same time ghostly forms of women wrapped in their soiled white padded garments crept out of the house doors, and all night they visited, these queer Korean women, with no fear that in paying their calls they would run upon man. Under the law of Korea it was death for a man to be caught out after sundown.

The Korean woman has no name. When a girl she is the daughter of her father. When married she is the wife of her husband. A "given" name is unknown. If there are several daughters of one family a kind of name is tacked onto them to distinguish them in ordering them about, but the minute they marry that name is dropped.

It is impossible not to admire the activity and energy of the Korean woman. Despite the contempt in which she is held, the woman of Korea is its great economic factor in the household and in the life of the nation. She works that her superior lord and master may dwell in idleness and comparative luxury and peace. In spite of the depressing and baneful effects of this absurd dogma of inferiority, and in contradiction of centuries upon centuries of theory and philosophy, her diligent integrity is more evident in the national life than her husband's industry.

She is exceptionally active, vigorous in character, resourceful in emergency, superstitious, persevering, indomitable, courageous, and devoted. Among the middle and lower classes she is the tailor and the laundress of the nation. She does the work of a man in the household and of a beast in the fields; she cooks and sews; she washes and irons; she organizes and carries on a business, or tills and cultivates a farm. In the face of every adversity, and in those times of trial and distress, in which her liege and lazy lord utterly and hopelessly collapses, it is she who holds the wretched, ramshackle home together. Under a previous dynasty the sphere of the woman of Korea was less restricted. There was no law of seclusion; the sex enjoyed greater freedom. In its closing decades the tone of society lowered, and women became the special objects of violence. Buddhist priests were guilty of widespread debauchery; conjugal infidelity was a pasttime; rape became the fashion. The present dynasty endeavored to check these evils by ordaining and promoting the isolation and greater subjection of the sex. Vice and immorality had been so long and so promiscuously practiced, however, that already men had begun to keep their women in seclusion of their own accord. If they respected them to some extent they were wholly doubtful of one another. Distrust and suspicion were thus the preeminent causes of this immuring of the women, the system developing of itself as the male Koreans learnt to dread the evil propensities of their own sex. It is possible that the women find in that protection which is now accorded them some little compensation for the drudgery and interminable hard work that is their portion.

A Korean Interior.

One who has been there says:

"The furniture of a Korean house is neither over plentiful nor too luxurious. In fact, at the first glance one is almost inclined to say that there is, so to speak, no furniture at all there. Possibly a tiger or a leopard skin may be found spread on the ground in the reception room; there may be even a rough minuscule chest of drawers in a corner, and a small, low writing-table near it, upon which rests probably a little jar with a flower or two in it; but rarely will you find much more in it. The bedrooms usually contain chests, in which the clothing is kept, but there is also a custom by which these are hung on pegs in a recess in the wall. The chests are covered with white parchment studded all over with brass nails, and further adorned with a brass lock and two handles of the same metal. When voyaging the Koreans use these as trunks. Besides the rooms I have mentioned, the richer Korean has a special room, generally kept locked up, in which the treasures of the family are jealously safeguarded. The latter are in the shape of ancient native pictures, rolled up like the kakemonos of Japan, painted screens and vases of the Satsuma ware, the art of making which was taught to the Japanese by the Koreans, altho now those who were formerly masters in the art cannot produce it. Some Koreans also possess valuable specimens of lacquer work, both of Japanese and Chinese origin, as well as a rougher kind of native production. None of these heirlooms are, however, ever brought to light, and it is only on rare and very grand occasions, such as marriages, deaths, or national rejoicings, that one or two articles are brought into the reception room for the day, to be again carefully packed up and stored away at night. The idea which prevails in Japan is also current here, namely, that it is bad form to make a great show of what one possesses, and that the wealthier a man is the less should he disclose the fact and the simpler should he live, that he may not so excite the envy of his fellow countrymen. Self-denial and self-inflicted discomforts are virtues much appreciated in the Land of Cho-Sen, and when a nobleman sets a good example in this respect it is invariably thot highly of, and emulated by others. Indeed, the conversation of the whole town is often concentrated on some small act of benevolence done by such and such a prince, nobleman or magistrate. But the kitchen must not be forgotten. Its most striking contents are the large earthenware vases, similar in shape and size to the orcis of Italy, in which the top-knotted native keeps his wine, water, barley and rice. Then there are numberless shining brass cups, saucers, and bowls of various sizes. The latter forms the Korean dinner-service. Everything of this is made of brass. The largest bowls are used, one for soup and the other for rice; while the smaller ones are used for bits of vegetables and sauces, which latter are used by the natives in profusion.

The Koreans eat their food with chopsticks, but, contrary to the habits of their neighbors, the Chinese and the Japanese, spoons are also used. The chopsticks are of very cheap wood, and fresh ones are used at nearly every meal.

WHEN AND WHERE WE MET EACH OTHER.

The demand for "When and Where We Met Each Other" was so great that the supply that we had on hand was insufficient. Another edition is on the press and by Aug. 15 all those who have selected this book as a premium will receive the copy that they ordered

Mica Axle Grease Helps the Wagon up the Hill

The load seems lighter—Wagon and team wear longer—You make more money, and have more time *to* make money, when wheels are greased with

Mica Axle Grease

—The longest wearing and most satisfactory lubricant in the world.

STANDARD OIL CO.
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THE NORTH CAROLINA CONTEST.

(Continued from page one.)

On most of the constitutional questions involved in the legislation he has championed the President is confident. His appointments to the Supreme Court bench have been made with the knowledge that such questions were to come before the Court eventually and he has tried to name men he believed were in sympathy with his views.

The habeas corpus appeals from North Carolina will in any event strengthen or weaken the President's campaign for more railroad law. Habeas corpus cases are decided much more quickly than other forms of litigation and it is quite probable that a decision will be handed down before the Congress gets down to a serious consideration of the railroad bills the President has in mind.

Japan and Korea.

The Japanese war scare has died down in Washington, as it has thruout the country. This is greatly to the satisfaction of officials who have the welfare of the Nation at heart and who do not want the jingoes to disrupt the cordial relations that have existed so long between two friendly Nations.

The progress of Japan in taking hold of the Government of Korea and in deposing the Emperor is followed with keen interest at the Capital, as it is at Oyster Bay. The deposition of the Emperor, however, was no surprise to the President or to those in his confidence. Secretary Taft on his last trip to the Philippines visited at Tokyo, and was informed of the plans that Japan had. He was told the Koreans had so degenerated that some strong renovating influences were necessary, and in the judgment of Japanese officials this could be effected in no other way than by the occupation of the country.

The President seems to have put his ban upon further extensive advertisement of the preparations for sending the battleship fleet to the Pacific. While these preparations are understood to be going on, less is being said about it, and the country is paying less attention. Some think that the battleship fleet may not sail as early as was announced at first. The denunciation of the spectacular plan was almost Nation wide. The President came in for criticism in that connection, and Secretary of the Navy Metcalf was roughly handled by editors and publicists.

THE CRUISE OF THE DOLPHIN.

The Great Junket Ship of the Navy to Go On a Tour of Inspection of the Navy Yards.

A Summer incident at the Navy Department, which has called forth the usual cynical comment, has been the preparations of the good ship Dolphin for a cruise to the North Atlantic. She is the great junket ship of the Navy, and has taken more officials around on free pleasure trips than any boat now in commission. This time she is to carry members of the House Naval Committee in the last House on a trip of inspection to Eastern yards. Of course, the Government is spending large sums of money annually in the maintenance and improvement of these Navy Yards, beginning at Portsmouth and Boston and extending far down the Atlantic Coast. It is necessary that the Committee on Naval Affairs should be possessed of information at first hand in legislating on such an important appropriation bill as the Navy bill has come to be. At the same time it is a nice cool cruise for the committee to take in the middle of August, and, of course, no member of the committee pays anything for the long and pleasant ocean sail on the Dolphin.

For several years she has been making two annual cruises that have come to be looked upon as warranted by official precedent. One of these is a Spring cruise to the West Indies. That is taken usually along in March and never later than April. Mr. Justice Moody, of the Supreme Court of the United States, was one of the first to start this practice. As Secretary of the Navy he used to take a party of prominent official friends down to the West Indies every Spring. Nominally the cruise was for an inspection of the naval station at Guantanamo or something like it. To be sure the Secretary and other Navy authorities, including often Speaker Cannon, gained information for the advantage of the Government on these trips.

But the West Indies teemed with problems that the statesmen felt they ought to study. They improved the opportunity for studying the conditions in Cuba. That assured them an opportunity of visiting Havana at the hight of the pleasant Winter season. Moreover, the Secretary and his friends were generally weary of official duties at about the time the West Indian cruise was proposed. It gave them a splendid chance to recuperate. Mr. Bonaparte, as Secretary of the Navy, was not strong on cruising, altho he used the Dolphin for giving some official entertainments, as did John D. Long, when he was Secretary. But Secretary Metcalf, who, like Secretary Moody, was once a Congressman, resumed the West Indian cruises, which are likely to continue for years.

During either July or August for several years the Dolphin has been utilized for jaunts along the New England coasts, with congenial Congressional spirits on board. Speaker Cannon has often been on these cruises of the Dolphin in Northern waters, and it is not unlikely that he will join the Committee on Naval Affairs when their good ship reaches the vicinity of Boston. While the Congressmen are gathering information for their guidance in making up appropriation bills they have a jolly good time in their own way and without interruption.

We Can All Make Money.

I believe anyone can make money in Mexican mining stock, and I want to add my experience in that line. While I have not made as much as some, still I am proud of my success. I sold stock which cost me $30 for $150, making 400 per cent in three months, and I still have stock which, at the present price, would make me a profit of $6,000. Why do people put their money in savings banks at 4 per cent when they can make so much more? The banks make from 50 to 100 per cent on your money, why not make it yourself? If you are afraid of mining investments, start on a small scale. Ten, twenty or fifty dollars, with the profits reinvested as they accrue, will soon make you thousands. Be sure to invest in a mine that is being actively operated, one from which at least $50,000 worth of ore has already been taken, and invest with a reliable company, then you are sure to win. For information regarding safe investments in Mexico, address the Pittsburg-Oaxaca Mining Co., Block 731, Pittsburg, Pa. I know by experience they are perfectly reliable. START, no matter how small the investment; you can't lose if you follow the advice of the Pittsburg-Oaxaca people.

Joseph Michiel.

DEEP-SEA FISHING.

No Sport in the Fisherman's Sense, but Full of Surprising Chances.

(From Scribner's Magazine.)

You let down a heavy lump of lead and two big hooks baited with clams into 30, 40 or 60 feet of water. Then you wait until something nudges the line, or until you suspect that the hooks are bare. Then you give the line a quick jerk, and pull in, hand over hand, with more or less resistance, and see what you have drawn from the grab-bag. It may be a silly, but nutritious cod, gaping in surprise at this curious termination of his involuntary rise in the world; or a silvery haddock, staring at you with round, reproachful eyes, or a pollock, handsome but worthless, or a shiny, writhing dog-fish, whose villainy is written in every line of his degenerate, chinless face. It may be that spiny gargoyle of the sea, a sculpin; or a soft and stupid hake from the mud flats. It may be any one of the grotesque products of Neptune's vegetable garden, a sea-cucumber, a sea-carrot, or a sea-cabbage. Or it may be nothing at all. When you have made your grab, and deposited the result, if it be edible, in the barrel which stands in the middle of the boat, you try another grab, and that's the whole story.

It is astonishing how much amusement apparently sane men can get out of such a simple game as this. The interest lies, first, in the united effort to fill the barrel, and, second, in the rivalry among the fishermen as to which of them shall take in the largest cod or the greatest number of haddock, these being regarded as prize packages. The sculpin and the sea vegetables may be compared to comic valentines, which expose the recipient to ridicule. The dog-fish are like tax notices and assessments; the man who gets one of them gets less than nothing, for they count against the catcher. It is quite as much a game of chance as politics or poker. You do not know on which side of the boat the good fish are hidden. You cannot tell the difference between the nibble of a cod and the bite of a dog-fish. You have no idea what is coming to you, until you have hauled in almost all of your line and caught sight of your allotment wriggling and whirling in the blue water. Sometimes you get twins.

SENATOR PETTUS DEAD.

Alabama Bereft of Her Two United States Senators Within Five Weeks.

Not unexpected, and yet unwelcome, was the news which came from Hot Springs, Ark., Sunday, July 27, that Senator E. W. Pettus of Alabama was dead. It is but a brief month since the world learned of the death of Senator Morgan, of the same State. The two oldest members of the United States Senate, Senators Morgan and Pettus, of Alabama, lifelong friends and neighbors, are thus taken.

Senator Pettus was born in Limestone County, Ala., July 6, 1821. Senator Pettus on his mother's side of the house was a grandson of Capt. Anthony Winston, of Hanover County, Va., a soldier in the French and Indian War of 1754-1760, who in 1776 moved from Virginia to the then almost unknown wilderness of Tennessee. Later he moved South, settling in north Alabama, a region then owned and held by the Creeks and Cherokees.

He read law and was admtted to the bar in 1842, practicing his profession in Gainesville, Ala., from 1842 to 1844.

From 1844 to 1849 Senator Pettus was Solicitor for the Seventh Judicial Circuit of Alabama, barring some eight months that he served as a Lieutenant of Alabama volunteers in the Mexican War. On the discovery of gold in California in 1849, however, he abandoned his legal practice, and, with a company of venturous young men from Alabama and the neighboring States, set forth on horseback across the plains to the new Eldorado.

His adventures and experiences during his residence in California constitute a volume of exciting and entertaining reading. He returned to Alabama in 1851, resuming his law practice in Gainesville, and in 1855 was elected Judge of the Seventh Judicial Circuit of that State, a position he filled until 1858.

During the year last named he moved from Gainesville to Selma, Ala., where he soon built up a prosperous law practice. On the outbreak of the civil war he entered the service of the Confederacy as Major of the 20th Ala., a regiment that he had helped to raise. Within the same year he was promoted to Lieutenant-Colonel. At Rockyface Ridge, May 8, 1864, he particularly distinguished himself by holding the entire Federal army in check during Sherman's march to the sea, and in the Carolina campaign he was attached to S. D. Lee's Corps, surrendering with Gen. Johnston in North Carolina.

Interested in Politics.

Returning home at the close of the struggle he resumed his law practice and took an active interest in Alabama politics. He was a Delegate and Chairman of the Alabama Delegation at the Democratic National Convention of 1872, 1876, 1880, 1884, 1888, 1892, 1896, and on Nov. 16, 1896, was nominated by the Democratic caucus of the Alabama Legislature for the United States Senate and elected by a vote of 67 to 26, the other candidates for that place being Senator Pugh, Congressman Bankhead, and Gov. Oates. His term expired on March 3, 1903, but he was renominated and re-elected.

As a member of the Senate he served on the Judiciary, Military Affairs, Railroads, Privileges and Elections, and Indian Depredations Committees.

Senator Pettus was not a great man, nor was he brilliant, but he was a good man, and a brainy one. He had the confidence of all his colleagues, and there will be great regret at his taking away.

Singularly enough, the Alabama Legislature, which met last Winter and will not meet again for four years, feeling that the career of its two great men was almost at an end, voted for them for another term each, and then, fearing that death might intervene before another session of the Legislature, which meets only once in four years, voted for two other men to fill their places. Representative Bankhead has already been elected to fill the place of the late Senator Morgan, and a prominent Democrat by the name of Johnson will succeed Senator Pettus.

"MRS. CLARKE'S COOK BOOK."

The demand for "Mrs. Clarke's Cook Book" was so great that the supply we had on hand was insufficient. Another edition is on the press and by Aug. 15 all those who have selected this book as a premium will receive the copy they ordered.

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Home of Swamp-Root.

A MEXICAN BULL RING.

A Coarse, Brutal Sport, in Torturing Dumb Animals.

(Scribner's Monthly.)

The trumpet sounded again, again the gates flew wide, the crowd screamed with delight and anticipation, and dazed, perplexed, and thoroughly frightened, the first of the vaunted four-bulls-four carromed into the ring. He followed the high fence around, looking wildly for an opening, as he would have done in his native corral. He sniffed suspiciously at the wooden shields and made his way back to the gate, where he stood looking through the bars expectantly, with switching tail and wide eyes, waiting for them to open.

"Coward!" shrieked the crowd, and hisses and groans made up the general uproar. "Poltroon!" they yelled, and fantastic ingenuity devised anathemas of all degrees for the shaming of a brute.

A cautious bandallero crept up beside him, quietly unfurling his purple cloak. Suddenly, with swift legs, he rushed on and past the bull, flaunted the cloth in his face and blinded him. The great head flew up and caught the folds upon polished horns, and for the first time the bull evidenced spirit. He pawed the annoyance into the loose sand, and when his eyes were clear of their obstruction he stood facing a more ambitious youth who held his gaily bandalleros about his head, stamped his foot in iota style, and made alluring motions with his arms. Him the beast charged madly, but the promise of placed darts was not fulfilled, and with wide margin of safety, the youth fled to a shield that splintered before the impact of fine black horns.

Before the bull could turn, another of his tormentors dashed past, and as he ran thrust with both hands two festoned darts deep in to the already heaving shoulders of the excited beast. A grunt of astonishment and pain gave evidence of success, and the crowd cheered nastily. The bull was active now—fresh and angry, and the toreadors played the sportless game with skill, for at great distances they flaunted him, tempted him to rush madly on hopeless chases, always taking refuge behind the many shields, and never for one instant risking danger. As the beast grew tired under these constant efforts and seemed to become aware of their futility, the bandalleros grew bolder.

A Paint Remover.

The following recipe is going the rounds:

A mixutre of four ounces of benzol, three ounces of fusel oil and one ounce of alcohol will remove varnish, paint, tar or lacquer from any varnished or painted surface in less than 10 minutes, or restore a hard paint brush after an hour of soaking in the mixture.

While this is a good mixture, it should be said that it was patented two or three years ago, and is the basis of a large and growing business.—Editor National Tribune.

Preserving Eggs.

An experiment station in Germany kept eggs eight months, testing 20 methods. Most of the eggs spoiled, but all of those preserved with water glass, lime, or vaseline were good at the end of the period. The vaseline method is a new one and consists simply of coating the eggs with the petroleum product and keeping them in a cool place. The covering of the grease-like substance keeps the air out of the pores. This method requires little expense, a 10-cent bottle of vaseline being sufficient to preserve ten dozen, if the substance is heated until it is semi-liquid and the eggs are rolled around in it. Care should be taken to see that every part of the shell is covered. The vaseline also may be applied cold.

TRUCK AND FRUIT FARMERS.

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