A ROMANTIC LIFE.

MILLIONAIRE SCHOLAR DIES A PAUPER.

Leung Sing, Whose Power Once Reached the Chinese Throne, the Victim of the Intrigues of a Crafty Countryman—Died Amid Poverty.

The ups and downs of life are exemplified in the Americans in their fierce struggles for wealth and position in the United States to a greater extent than in the people of any other country, but one of the most romantic and meteoric careers in the history of mankind has just closed with the death of Leung Sing, a Chinaman, in Philadelphia. He was born in luxury, given every educational advantage, and his early life promised a career of great power, influence and usefulness. He died in poverty, neglect and squalor. His remains may rest in Potter's field. The intrigues that caused his downfall read like a chapter from the history of the days when Richelieu and his enemies plotted and counterplotted with fortunes, reputations and lives as stakes. There are shadows in the lives of all, but those that fell upon the life of Leung Sing were tragically black. His career does not seem real; it does not seem human. The success and power of his early life were as pleasing to him as such things are to any white man. The degradation, poverty and squalor of his later years broke his heart, the same as they would have broken the heart of any other man.

Leung Sing was born in the province of Canton fifty years ago. His father was very wealthy and unusually well educated. Like his countrymen he hated foreigners, but was liberal-

LEUNG SING.

minded enough to recognize the advantages of the white man's education and civilization, and he profited by them. He sent his son to the best schools in China, and spared nothing to fit his son to be ready to accept the most responsible positions in the gift of the empire. The boy was bright and ambitious and applied himself diligently to his studies and was anxious to bring honor to the name of his family. When he had finished his studies in the schools of China, his father sent him to the United States. He entered the Franklin and Marshall college at Lancaster, Pa., and graduating with high honors. He then returned to China and with his father began the fight for influence and power, the fight that so often results in disappointment, ruin and inglorious death. His brilliant attainments enabled him to carry everything before him and he soon became mandarin of Sen Ling, a province of Canton. His influence spread and even reached the throne.

The exercise of power arouses suspicion, jealousy and opposition. Like all great men Leung Sing had many enemies. One of these was Eng Fee Hoy, another mandarin of the province of Canton. Leung was liberal in his ideas; Eng was a conservative of the narrowest type. The growing power of Leung was a constant menace to the party of Eng and the crafty old conservative determined that the young liberal must be crushed. With the most fiendish adroitness he set to work to accomplish his purpose. Soon Leung Sing received an appointment as ambassador to Vienna. Father and son were delighted with the conferred honor, and saw nothing ahead but a long career of glory and power. Old Eng was pleased, too. His scheme was working just as he had planned. With young Leung out of the empire he could do no harm. But the old plotter had other cards to play and the game resulted just as he wished.

Leung Sing was installed as the representative of his countrymen in the Austrian capital with great pomp and splendor. For a year his career was a triumph, socially, politically and diplomatically. He spoke English, French, German and Italian fluently and his company was sought by the leaders of all those nations in the city. He entertained magnificently and lived without suspecting that an enemy was secretly planning his downfall. Old Eng was not idle. He had two friends in Vienna who had been members of the Austrian legation. To them was entrusted the task of ruining Leung. Accordingly the ambassador was introduced to a beautiful French woman. She was an adventuress and knew well the arts of winning men. Leung Sing became infatuated, lost his head as well as his heart, and played directly into the hands of his enemies. The plotters found cause for a duel and by repeated insults forced Leung to challenge a man. Despite his many talents he was not versed in the art of duelling and at the meeting was made ridiculous. By the clever work of the plotters he became the laughing stock of Vienna. He felt the disgrace keenly, but even then had no suspicion that the affair was the climax of a plot to ruin him.

He resigned his ambassadorship and came to the United States where he believed that he could find a field for his talents in the Centennial Exposition which was about to be held in Philadelphia. Through his efforts the exhibit of China was one of the best at this historic exposition and the Americans who met him declared that he was the most brilliant Chinaman with whom they had ever become acquainted. He lived in luxurious style and his wealth seemed to be inexhaustible. After the exposition he returned to Europe and entered the Heidelburg University, where he took a degree in civil engineering and a minor course in surgery. For some time after this it is not known what he did, but he eventually returned to the United States and located in Philadelphia, where he continued to live in princely style. Later he went to Baltimore and established a syndicate of laundries, of which he was the capitalist, and then he went to Chicago.

That was the last heard of him until a few days ago when a doctor was called to attend a dying Chinaman who was lying in a barren room in an old dilapidated house in the rear of 934 Race street, Philadelphia. There was not a table, chair, or even a stool in the room. Against a dark wall stood two wooden saw-horses. Across them were two boards covered with filthy newspapers. On this rude bed lay the patient. The physician recognized in the worn and wasted form the former mandarin, diplomat, scholar and millionaire, Leung Sing. He was unconscious and dying with consumption. He was dressed in a frayed blue jumper and a torn and dirty pair of overalls. The physician had him removed to the almshouse where in a few hours he breathed his last. How he lost his money no one knows and perhaps no one cares. His dream of life vanished years ago and no doubt death was welcome. He sleeps in Potter's field and through the mercy of death he now does not care.

BELIEVES ANDREE IS ALIVE.

Brother of the Arctic Explorer Has Hopes for His Safety.

Ernst Andree, brother of the explorer, S. A. Andree, believes that his brother is alive and that he will be heard from by the latter part of the coming summer, Ernst Andree is thoroughly acquainted with his brother's plans and is better able to discuss the probable fate of the polar expedition than any other living scientist. He has made a study of the movements of the northern ice pack, of aerial currents in that latitude,and of the known bodies of land in proximity to the pole. He assisted the explorer in designing, equipping and testing the balloon in which S. A. Andree and two companions started from Norway for the north pole July 11, 1897. A note dated July 13, 1897, was brought back by a carrier pigeon four days after the start was made. No word has been received since from the party. Ernst Andree advances the theory that the balloon was blown about by conflicting currents of air and finally set down at a point from which it would take the party three arctic summers to reach the neighborhood of Hudson bay. "I expect to hear from my brother during the coming summer or autumn," says Ernst, "but in case he does not return by that time I must admit that the chances of his being seen alive again are very slim." Herr Andree scouts the idea that the balloon has been wrecked, and it asserts that the party could travel in it with even more safety than in sledges. It was put together, he says, without regard to expense, and every precaution possible was taken to make it absolutely safe and able to resist a violent shock. Moreover, in the water the balloon was almost as manageable as a boat.

Rescued by Police.

A crowd of nearly a hundred infuriated men and boys chased "Dock" Thomas, a colored Pullman car porter, off the dock into the lake at Chicago, and but for the timely arrival of the police would probably have stoned him to death in the water. Thomas and another colored man were fishing and became involved in a quarrel. They hurled stones at each other, one of which struck a woman on the head. Then the crowd ran after Thomas yelling "kill him," finally forcing him into the water. A perfect hail of stones then fell around him, but before he was seriously injured the police arrived.

The Mafia Lost His Nerve.

At the coroner's inquest at Gratztown, Pa., in the case of Jack Ometti, an Italian, who was knocked off a railroad bridge by a train and drowned, a fellow countryman testified that Ometti confided to him, a few hours before his death, that he had been sent to Gratztown as the emissary of a society which had directed him by the casting of lots, to do away with a labor leader whose name is not known. Ometti lost his nerve, and, fearing the punishment of the society, purposely walked in front of the train on the bridge.

A Horrible Feast.

Some time ago Dr. Cave of Wichita, Kan., received permission to dig up the body of an old man supposed to have died of heart disease, and make an examination of the heart. He rolled the heart up in a newspaper and placed it in a back room. While cleanin gabut the place oJhn Smith, a negro, found it. Thinking it was a calf's heart, he stole and ate it. The heart contained some poison made from ulcers, and now the negro is likely to die.

ABOUT SENATOR VEST

LAST OF A FAMOUS GROUP OF STATESMEN.

They Were James G. Blaine, Roscoe Conkling, David Davis, Dan Voorhees, Hannibal Hamlin, Justin S. Morrill, Allan G. Thurman and a Few Others.

There is considerable national interest in the announcement made recently by Senator George Graham Vest that he will retire from public life at the end of his present senatorial term. The senator is almost the last of the famous group that was for years the chief part of American official life. They were Conkling, Blaine, Bayard, Thurman, Voorhees, Beck, Cockrell, Vance, Hamlin, Morrill, Ingalls and David Davis—all giants representing a variety of ideas, many sections, and millions of people. Senator Vest has long been rated as one of the famous senatorial debaters of all American history. His sharp and ready tongue, brilliant in repartee, terrible in invective, and classic in certain phases of its humor, has been a delight to his friends and a plague to his enemies.

A story told about Senator Vest and a boy is somewhat illustrative of the senator's methods in getting close to the people. The time was not more than ten years ago, when his senatorial seat was not in danger. The boy was an 18-year-old reporter on the Kansas City Times. The youngster had neither vote nor influence. One day when Senator Vest was in the office somebody introduced the two. The youngster, unusued to greatness, was so much awed by Mr. Vest that he could not find words. The senator took the young man by the arm.

"Come," he said, starting for the elevator, "are you going out?"

The young man was not, so far as he knew, but the senator's persuasion and gentleness changed his mind. "Let me see," the big, little man went on, "don't I know your father? I think I met him last year when I was making a speech up the country."

As the elevator went down the youth regained some of his composure. He managed to answer the senator's question. At the bottom the two stopped. There the senator, tilting his hat over his eyes and putting his hands in his pockets, leaned his roly-poly form against the wall, and began to ask questions:

"Have you been in this town long? Do you like the newspaper business? Where did you go to school? Do you know about your country's history? Do you expect to become a great man?" In the course of ten minutes the young man felt that he amounted to something.

Senator Vest has never been closely allied to a church, writes a Washington correspondent. In Missouri the senator's great following has not regarded him in a religious relation; yet, with all his apparent indifference, the senator has long been a student of the Bible and a most tolerant observer of religious faith and form in others. Two years ago, Col. John Carroll, solicitor for the Burlington railroad system, while in Washington on business,called on the senator at his home. Mr Vest sent word to have Col. Carroll come up to his room. When the caller entered he found the senator lying in an easy chair with a Bible on his knees. He had been reading the Twenty-third Psalm.

"That's a beautiful thing, John," he said; "and let me tell you—that's a mighty fine book."

"I'd like to get a picture of you just now," said Col. Carroll, "to show to the folks in Missouri."

The senator smiled. "It might surprise 'em," he said; "but I have never cared to talk much about my religious ideas."

Mr. Vest was educated at Center College, Danville, Ky., an institution that has graduated forty-four college professors, twenty-six congressmen, four United States senators, seven governors, two vice-presidents of the United States, one justice of the Supreme court, forty-nine editors and thirty-nine circuit judges.

In the early fifties Mr. Vest married Miss Sallie Sneed of Kentucky. The two set out for California, with never a thought of becoming residents of the Mississippi Valley. The lumbering vehicle was not in good trim. A breakdown occurred at a small village—one of the quaint, ugly, irregular antebellum settlements of the new southwest. The place was Georgetown, and there it was that young Mr. and Mrs. Vest found themselves at the mercy of a broken wheel.

While the stage passengers were thus awkwardly waiting, an old negro approached the young lawyer and asked his assistance. The black man explained that he had a son who was accused of murder. Feeling against the boy was very strong and the father pleaded with the traveling attorney to stop and lend his assistance. Mr. Vest concluded to allow the stage to proceed while he undertook the task of helping the negro and his boy. When the trial was over the boy was acquitted. A mob was speedily formed, the young man was taken from the jail, and in a little while he was dead.

Because of his connection with this case Vest was not particularly popular; and for this reason, as much as for any other, he concluded to become a Missourian and stand his ground. He at once began to secure a following, and in a remarkable short time he was rated as one of the important lawyers of the section in which he lived. In sunshine and storm his sense of humor has always been one of his excelling qualities. As a candidate before the people his speeches brimmed with quaint story and allusion. In Wayne county, Missouri, in the early seventies, when Vest was a candidate in opposition to a wealthy citizen, he summed up his claims in a few words in one of his brilliant speeches. "The gentleman who opposes me," he said, "is a man of wealth and position. I am only a poor, ragged, ex-Confederate soldier. I ask for your support."

"One afternoon, driving along a Washington street, he compared his state of health to that of a certain ancient negro.

"See here, Sam," asked the negro's friend, "what's the matter with you?"

"Don't know, boss," said the old darky, "but I think dat I am a-sufferin' wif anno domino."

Hint to Fruit Men.

"I got a letter from a friend today," said an American who was born in England, but who has beeen in this country a good many years. "She spent several weeks over here, and when she was ready to sail for her home in England again I saw her off. On my way to the pier I bought a big basket of fruit, such as you can get on any of the good class street fruit stands. There were some apples, some pears and a few things like that. That was about three weeks ago. Well, in her letter to-day she tells me she took most of the basket to her home in London and the family had a great treat. The fruit was all sound and splendid. Then she laments and she says that her family and friends who enjoyed the basket all lament their inability to get such fruit in the London market. Now, that is inexcusable, you know. Where the fruit can be had in such quantities here and so cheaply, there is no reason on earth why the same thing can't be had in the English market. Undoubtedly there is demand there for it, and it seems to me that some of our fruit merchants in the fruit exporting business would de well to look more sharply after the business."

SENATOR VEST.

FOR WOMEN AND HOME

ITEMS OF INTEREST FOR MAIDS AND MATRONS.

How to Dress the Little Girls—A Pretty Green and White Foulard—Frock of Pique—Our Cooking School—Household Hints.

A Hint from Paris.

Glace silk is the most fashionable material for summer mantles. These are being made to throw about one's shoulders when wearing a dressy reception gown or with a decollete evening gown. Pearl gray cloth makes an elegant wrap, heavy stitched bands being a feature of the trimming. Many of the mantles have a V-shaped front consisting of fluffy ruffles of chiffon or deep flutings of chiffon and lace. A great deal of lace and feather trimming adds to the beauty of some of the mantles.

Glace silk, veiled in white lace, or in beautiful luxeuil lace, are favorite combinations for parasols. The exquisite pastel shades make the parasols a thing of beauty. Some are ruffled throughout; some are lined with puffings of chiffon; others have the stripes of the goods running horizontally; some are of white chiffon trimmed with bands of black lace, others again are embroidered in Tambour stitching. Some of the handles are carved in designs of parrots' and birds' heads, the long necks twisted into crooks. All up-to-date girls will this summer have a huge bow of ribbon on the handles of their parasols and the brighter the color the more chic.

A Foulard Frock.

A pretty little green and white foulard frock for a thirteen years old lassie is presented in the picture. It is rather elaborately trimmed with heavy cream lace, edged with stitched bands of white taffeta. The hat is a leghorn having a corded silk crown, and is dressed with white roses and knots of black velvet ribbon.

Housecleaning Hints.

To clean wall paper: Lay a sheet of thick blotting paper over the stain, and then press a hot iron over it. As soon as the blotting paper becomes greasy move it; bring a clean part over the stain, and then apply the iron again. Repeat this until the stain has quite disappeared.

For polishing furniture: One third linseed oil, one-third turpentine and one-third vinegar. The bottle must be shaken every time an application is made.

To be delivered from ants make a pyramid of crocks or other vessels containing sugar, bread, cakes, etc., with the lower one standing in water.

For washing carpets: Dissolve a box of any good washing powder in two gallons of boiling water; use as a soap when cold.

A sure exterminator for roaches is powdered borax.

The best remedy for bed bugs is blue ointment.

To Clean Fine Lace.

Occasionally a piece of fancy work on the lace order does not snow soil enough to justify sacrificing its newness to the process of washing. If such work is laid away for a week in a heavy book between blue tissue paper, having had rubbed into the soiled places calcined magnesia or pipeclay, it will come out cleaned and brightened by the process. This is a good way to treat Battenberg and point lace work which has become dingy or yellow.

COOKING SCHOOL.

French Eggs and Spinach.

Poach as many eggs as you may require and let them get cold. Then flour each egg, dip into a rich batter and fry a golden brown. Cook some spinach, press it through a sieve, return it to the saucepan, add to it butter, pepper, salt and a squeeze of lemon juice, and make very hot. Place the spinach on a long dish in a mound, place the eggs in a row on this and pour round a good brown gravy.

Egg Pie.

Grease a pie dish, then break into it about half as many whole eggs as it will contain. They should be dropped in carefully, so as not to break the yolks. Then for each egg add a tablespoonful of cream and one teaspoonful of run butter. Season the whole with pepper, salt and chopped parsley, garlic, if it be liked. Cover the pie dish with a top crust, cut slits across it and bake at once in a sharp oven to a delicate brown.

Deviled Eggs.

Hard boil four eggs, and when cold remove the shells and cut them in halves, crush the yolks (in amortar, if you have one), with a teaspoonful of anchovy, the same of French mustard, and enough cayenne to make the mixture hot in flavor; add a piece of butter the size of a walnut, then refill the eggs with this paste, shaping it like a cone and cutting off the points of the whites to make the half eggs stand on the dish. Serve cold and garnish with cress and radishes.

Eggs a La Charlotte.

For this delicious dish is required three eggs, a gill of good white sauce, a teaspoonful of chopped parsley, a pinch of thyme, salt, pepper, cayenne and nutmeg, buttered toast. Double this recipe for a large family.

Warm the sauce, beat the yolks of the eggs with the seasoning; beat the whites to a stiff froth, stir them to the yolks; add all to the scauce. Stir and cook gently for a minute or two. Spread the mixture carefully on some hot buttered toast; put in the oven to brown delicately and serve at once.

FROCK OF PIQUE.

The very simplicity of the pretty pique frock shown recommends it for the wardrobe of a little girl. A chemisette and sleeves of white muslin, white braid outlining butelles and belt and tiny pearl buttons down the front make it a charming study in blue and white.