PART II.
FOURTEEN PAGES.

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GREAT SHOW OF MINERALS.

THE MAGNIFICENT AMERICAN COLLECTION AT THE PARIS EXPOSITION.

Paris, June 18.

There are many beautiful collections among the multitudinous classes of exhibits to be seen throughout the length and breadth of the exposition; some are remarkable for their financial value, others for their curious strangeness; many are noteworthy as representative of the peculiar energy and tendency of mind of the producers, while all denote in a greater or less degree the natural wealth of their respective countries and the industrial, commercial, inventive or artistic capacities of their inhabitants. But nowhere in the whole of the exposition, no matter in what section, is there to be found so complete and satisfactory a collection as that of mineralogy in the mines and mineralogical section of the United States at the Champ de Mars.

It can be affirmed unhesitatingly that nowhere can such a perfect show of minerals be seen—minerals of every class and species, arranged upon a most skilfully scientific and educational basis.

The success of this department is due, first of all, to the unprecedented efforts of the seven United States colleges and schools, aided by liberal patrons and by the best mineralogists, and to the untiringly constant work and skill of Dr. William Shaw Ward, assistant director of this department, and his able coadjutor, Dr. O. C. Farrington, of the Field Columbian Museum.

So complete are the exhibits and so wonderfully representative of the unparalleled mineral wealth of the United States that it is worth while giving a general yet comprehensive glance at the contributions of the great institutions of this country. Taken in order, that is to say, in mineralogical order, are: First, the Michigan School of Mines (honorary mineralogist, H. T. Mercer; patron, the Board of Trustees) contributes the native elements. Second, Colorado College (honorary mineralogist, Rufus M. Bagg, jr.; patron, H. R. Wolcott) has sent sulphides, selenides, tellurides, arsenides and antimonides. Third, Cornell University (honorary mineralogist, H. C. Gill; patron, the Department of Education of United States Commission) gives sulpho, salts, sulphursenites, sulphantimonites, sulphobismuthites, as well as haloids, chlorides, bromides, iodides and fluorides. Fourth, Princeton University (honorary mineralogist, E. R. Hewitt; patron, M. Taylor Pyne) supplies the oxides. Fifth, the Massachusetts Institute of Technology (honorary mineralogist, W. O. Crosby; patron, the State Board of Commissioners) is represented by oxygen salts, carbonates, niobates, tantalites, phosphates, arseniates, vanadates, antimonites and nitrates. Sixth, Chicago University (honorary mineralogist, J. P. Iddings; patron, C. K. G. Billings) provides silicates, titanates, borates, uranates, sulphates, chromates, tellurates, tungstates and molybdates; Cornell University (honorary mineralogist, A. C. Gill; patron, Department of Education United States Commission) also sends salts of organic acids, oxalates, mellates, etc., and hydrocarbon compounds. Seventh, the Field Columbian Museum (honorary mineralogist, Dr. O. C. Farrington; patron, Owen F. Addis) contributes the crystals; and the Massachusetts Institute of Technology (appointee, Myron L. Fuller; patron, State Board of Commissioners) also exhibits building stone.

EVERY CLASS FULLY SHOWN.

A careful examination of these exhibits will show that every class is fully represented, perfectly complete, and that, taken together, the whole forms a liberal and comprehensive education in mineralogy. Among many remarkable specimens the Michigan School of Mines collection contains three beautiful samples of crystallized gold, two from California and one from Montana; some silver crystallized in octahedron form from Michigan; several specimens of copper most beautifully tipped with silver, also from Michigan; meteorites of iron and nickel, one specimen of which from Arizona weighed 100 pounds before it was sliced, to show its formation, and another, from New-Mexico, polished and etched, to bring out the meteoric lines peculiar to this formation.

The high reputation enjoyed by the Colorado college is fully maintained by the admirable collection sent by its honorary mineralogist. Some of the most interesting examples are several brilliant pyrites from Colorado, without compare the finest in the world; sulphide of nickel, from St. Louis, in the capillary formation, looking for all the world like fine hairs or spiders' webs; chalcopyrite of extremely brilliant peacock colors, from Missouri; bornite, or peacock copper ore, from Ouray County, Colorado; gold bearing sylvanite from Cripple Creek (Colorado) district, which is completed by a specimen of roasted sylvanite, to show up the gold after the disappearance of the tellurium; galena, with sulphide of lead and sphalorite; a stalactetic formation of sulphide of iron from Galena, Ill., a long and brilliant specimen; sulphuret of molybdena, from the Ogden mine in New-Jersey, remarkable for its size and formation, and another beautiful sample from Okanogan County, Washington.

To the uninitiated the specimens sent by Cornell University present few striking features; nevertheless they are most costly, and comprise a group of fluorite, in a series of perfect cubes, from Colorado; some fluorite from Illinois, in mathematically formed small cubes of a deep amethyst color; others, of a rich green, from New-York; sulphides of silver from Colorado and Nevada, and salt crystals from Borax Lake, California, of a curiously distorted octahedron shape, pure white in color.

Princeton contributes a remarkable group of quartz crystals of great size, purity and transparency obtained from Hot Springs, Ark.; quartz from Herkimer County, N. Y., rich in crystals; an excellent series of Pennsylvania amethysts, some rose quartz from New-York, a beautiful specimen of smoky quartz tipped with amethyst, a large block of green opal from Washington, and some smoky quartz in parallel groups from North Carolina, which is especially rich in quartz. The Princeton contribution is singularly beautiful.

A MODEL SYSTEMATIC COLLECTION.

Another extremely interesting collection is that of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, more particularly because it is a model systematic mineralogical collection; green malachite, blue azurite, copper carbonate from Arizona; calcite crystals of a coral formation from Missouri, remarkable for their whiteness and purity; pyromorphite, or phosphate of lead, a beautiful specimen showing a deposit like a growth of lovely green moss upon a piece of stone; and green aluminum phosphate, pale and veined, as much in demand for mosaics as malachite would be, and of a paler and more artistic shade.

Chicago University shows some beautiful Amazon stone (silicates) from Pike's Peak; a fine garnet from Alaska; a large series of minerals, chiefly pyroxenes, from the northern region of New-York; a remarkable specimen of rhodonite, crystal in form, from New-Jersey, the only place in the world where it is found outside the Russian mines; a rich tourmaline of a lovely smoky topaz color from the San Jacinto Mountains, California, and some perfectly formed crystals, in the original clay, from Ohio.

A peculiarly interesting feature consists of the different exhibits from Cuba and the Philippines, chief of which is copalite from Manila.

The gem of the whole mineralogical display is undoubtedly the singularly beautiful collection of crystals contributed by the Field Columbian Museum. Dr. Farrington, who has placed in order and classified all the mineralogical exhibits, has had the felicitous idea of arranging each specimen in front of a small mirror, so that the back formation is also seen and the whole crystal well lit up. In so perfect a collection it is difficult to make a selection. Special examination, however, is called for by a perfect crystal of beryl a foot long, an equally interesting calcite crystal, a pretty octahedron gold crystal from the Klondike, a large, perfect quartz crystal, with sharp, perfect faces; parallel crystals and right angle and divergent grouping crystals, arborescent silver, a remarkable collection of crystal inclusions—that is to say, different formations within crystals, such as muscovite in biotite, some clay in the form of an hour glass in selenite, some copper in calcite—a fine series of twin crystals, an eightling, forming eight perfect individual crystals in one body; staurolites, or fairy stones, from Georgia, set at curious angles; crosses, or crystals of a crosslike shape in crystals, and an octahedron lodestone, showing N and S magnetic poles.

SUPERIORITY OF THE AMERICAN SHOW.

A visit for comparative examination to all the mineralogical departments of every country in the exhibition had the effect of showing conclusively that not only does the United States mineral display contain everything that all the other countries show put together, but it possesses a vast number of specimens which no other country in the world has. It is not too much, therefore, to declare that its mineralogical department is perfect.

The mines department, close by in the same pavilion, is of sufficient importance to require special treatment at a future date, for the visitor can here follow the various metals—iron, copper, lead, zinc, aluminum, etc.—from nature to the smelter and thence to the market. Among many beautiful models is one of an American blast furnace, in elevation and in section, showing the entire process.

Apart from the actual exhibits, Dr. Ward merits high praise for the salon he has prepared and fitted up for the American Institute of Mining Engineers. It is handsomely decorated with pictures of celebrated geologists and engineers and with a frieze of transparencies in colors depicting mountain and mining scenery. The room is provided with tables, writing materials, mining and metallurgical books and periodicals and every aid and inducement to make this United States section a popular place of reunion for scientific men.

The pride of the section is its admirable classification and completeness. The only thing to be deplored is the want of space. C. I. B.

THE OFFICE BOY'S DISGUISE.

A GROTESQUE FIGURE THAT SURPRISED THE NIGHT CITY EDITOR.

"Always treat the office boy with due consideration," remarked the old reporter to the young scribe who had just come on the paper, "because you can't tell when he may be made managing editor."

Men come and go on the great metropolitan dailies, and there is always a chance for the right kind of an office boy to rise. One of the boys who is bound to get ahead now holds forth in one of the Park Row newspaper offices. He draws a modest stipend weekly, and when his duties are over, instead of shooting "craps" he hustles about to earn a few extra dollars.

In the gray dawn one day last week, as the night city editor got off a Broadway car on his way home, he was assailed with the familiar cry of a newsboy selling his wares.

"You don't know me, do you, Mr. M——?" said the boy.

"No, my lad, I don't," replied the editor; "who are you?"

"Why, I am Charley," answered the boy.

"Charley!" exclaimed the editor, as he closely scrutinized the small figure before him, clad in the most dilapidated and ragged garments imaginable. "Why, what have you been doing with yourself?"

"Why, this is my disguise. These are the togs I sell papers in," replied the urchin.

"Yes," continued the editor, "but is it necessary for you to wear such clothes to sell papers?"

"Sure thing, it is," replied the lad, "or I wouldn't do it. I can sell twice as many papers in these things as I could in my office clothes."

Just then a party of clubmen who had evidently been making a night of it passed by.

"Papers! Morning papers! All the news about the big fire!" shouted the boy. "Have a paper, sir?" he continued as he got in front of the unsteady group.

"No, get out!" exclaimed one of the men.

"What yer got?" asked another of the party, as he stopped to gaze at the grotesque figure before him. The boy was certainly a sight. A crowniess derby hat surmounted his shock of hair, while the shoes which he wore were never stable mates. A tattered and torn pair of trousers encased his legs, while the rest of his diminutive figure was covered by a man's old frock coat, the tails of which nearly reached the ground. The sleeves of the coat were turned up, so he could get his chubby fists through them, and the lapels flapped around him like the sails of a schooner suddenly becalmed.

The picture was too much for the inebriated clubman, and he laughed uproariously. The other men also joined in the amusement at the poor boy's expense. They poked fun at his strange appearance, asked him questions about his family affairs, and took other liberties with him, all of which the urchin bore with surprising fortitude.

"Hows many (hic) papers yer got?" finally asked the first man.

"Twenty-one, sir," promptly replied the boy.

"Zash all right—take 'em all," said the man. "S'much?"

"Sixty cents, sir."

The clubman handed the boy $1, and, without waiting for his change, resumed his zigzag course up the thoroughfare, with the papers under his arm.

Upon further investigation the next day the editor learned that the boy not only supported himself, but also contributed largely to the support of a little crippled sister.

HOMEMADE BURGLAR ALARM WORKED.

IT RINGS AND A DESPERATE HOUSEBREAKER IS CAUGHT.

William Watkins, living in the third floor flat of No. 331 West Sixty-ninth-st., went visiting on Long Island several days ago and he rigged up his burglar alarm so it would ring in the apartments of Mrs. Williams on the first floor.

The bell rang yesterday, and Mrs. Williams got a lot of men together and captured William Simonds, twenty-seven years old, a burly colored man of No. 254 West Forty-seventh-st., who was ransacking Watkins's home.

Mrs. Williams was moving about her apartments yesterday afternoon when the Watkins alarm rang. The woman was perplexed as to what to do at first, but then she told Henry Allen, living on the opposite side of the hall. Gathering some more men, the woman told them of the burglar they would probably find, and the sally was made upstairs, all the men armed.

Simonds was working so persistently that he did not notice he was discovered till several of the men had got into the room, headed by Allen. Then he made a rush at Allen and a fight ensued. The others tried to help Allen, but for a time Simonds, who was desperate, held his own. He succeeded in cutting Allen in the arm with some kind of a knife.

The force of numbers was too much for the burglar and he was overpowered. Policeman Speed ran in and secured the man, taking him to the station house. He had a jimmy in his possession.

Some of the tenants say that Simonds is the man who robbed Mrs. Tapio on the third floor two weeks ago. She said she saw him watching her when she went out, and when she got back she found two rings and a clock gone. A pawnticket for a ring was found in Simonds's possession. Allen's wound was slight, and he had it dressed by a surgeon in the neighborhood.

W. F. J. HIGGINS RESIGNS.

Colonel Morris, of the 9th Regiment, has received the resignation of Second Lieutenant William F. J. Higgins, of Company I. Lieutenant Higgins gives as his reason for resigning the pressure of business. He served with the 9th New-York Volunteers in the Spanish-American War. He first joined the 9th Regiment as a private in March, 1878, was promoted corporal in 1880, sergeant in 1883, first sergeant in 1886 and second lieutenant in 1890.

TIEN-TSIN AND CHE-FOO.

TWO CHINESE CITIES IN WHICH THE WESTERN WORLD HAS A GREAT PRESENT INTEREST.

Tien-Tsin, May 16.

There are two ways of getting from Japan to Peking; one is by way of the Corean peninsula, the other by way of Shanghai. Both lines start from Nagasaki, and both stop at the Chinese city of Che-Foo, the Chinese route taking in Wei-Hai-Wei in addition—this latter being but a few hours south of Che-Foo. The steamers which run along the coast of Corea cross over from Chemulpo, the port of Seoul, to the Chinese coast, and pass by the entrance to the harbor of Wei-Hai-Wei, where several British gunboats are lying.

Che-Foo, like all the treaty ports of Japan and China, is divided into two parts. There are the native city and the part which has been selected by the foreigners for their business or dwellings. The consulates are all on a high bluff which projects from the city and half forms the harbor which shelters a large fleet of junks and coast liners, while some men-of-war lie further out. A long sandy beach lies to the left of the bluff, and on this are built some large hotels; for it is the great seaside summer resort for foreigners living in the hotter parts of China and Corea. Surf bathing begins in May and lasts until the fall, and there is always a cool sea breeze, while the surrounding country inland may be parched with the heat. In addition to the hotels there are large boarding schools for girls and boys, the children of missionaries in the East. This part of Che-Foo is very beautiful, but unfortunately there is another. The Chinese Che-Foo, the native city, might well stand for a Western man's ideal of Hades, though even Dante's imagination would here have failed unless he had had a glimpse of certain features of Oriental life.

A CHOICE COLLECTION OF SMELLS.

To begin with, the city is a revelation in smells. Each street—or alley—has a different one, and each house emits an odor peculiar to itself. The streets are only a few feet wide, and crowded with a squabbling, jabbering, jostling throng of Chinese. Beggars in rags and filth too awful to describe cringe and whine about the foreigner who enters this bedlam, and follow him until paid to go away or else kicked aside; nothing between the two answers. In the tiny stores on either side of the way the storekeepers smoke their pipes over their counters or their reckoning board—a device used everywhere in Japan, Corea and China—and haggle with customers. Coolies, with poles over their shoulders to which are attached heavy burdens at either end, swing along at a dog trot, crying to every one to get out of the way. Chairmen, bearing a foreigner in a bamboo chair or a rich Chinese in a palanquin, obstruct the way. Lifting their poles upon their shoulders they forge through the crowd and traffic is effectually blocked. An open theatre is passed, and the din of the drums and pipes and squeaky voices of the actors joins the already composite clamor. The houses are of wood, one story high, and the stores are open to the street. All sorts of things are sold; a tea store is next to an apothecary shop, and a meat store next to that; booths where cheap trinkets for women's hair are sold project into the already crowded alley, and the hucksters sing loudly of their wares to the passers by.

Unless impelled by an absorbing anthropological interest one does not linger in the Chinese part of Che-Foo. Still, in spite of the jostling, dirty throng, in spite of the confusing medley of sounds, the squalor and the fearful odors, one is impressed by the universal industry; bar the wretched beggars, everybody seems to be busy, and to want to be busy. But this redeeming feature appeals to one more after leaving the city behind than when one is in the midst of it. It is also pleasant to know that Che-Foo is one of the most disagreeable of Chinese cities, though, according to our standards, there is not much choice among them. The city is an important one from a strategical point of view, seeming to command the approach to Peking, almost all the steamers stopping there on the way to the capital. It is said out here that the Germans have an eye on it, and that they hope to include it in a contemplated grab of the whole Peninsula.

FROM CHE-FOO TO TAKU.

It is about eighteen hours from Che-Foo to Taku. Few are the steamers which can go in any nearer than ten miles of the low mud forts which command the entrance of the Pei-Ho River, for there is a treacherous mud bar stretching across, and at high tide scarcely anything but a junk or a sampan can cross it. The mud forts of Taku are visible from where the ship comes to anchor only on a clear day. They form a dim line along the horizon, and this is the only land in sight. In sharp contrast to the jagged peaks of Corea and the sandy heights south of Che-Foo, this strip of Northern China, which reaches to the sacred capital city, is a dead level. There are absolutely no heights to break the monotony of the coast line. Before coming to anchor several Chinese men-of-war are passed. They are white, sleek looking ships—entirely foreign built. The sailors are dressed with a certain concession to foreign ideas on the subject, wearing broad brimmed straw hats and baggy trousers of blue, tied in at the ankle. One is possessed with a strong desire to pop in upon one of these ships when those on board are unaware, for it seems certain that all concessions are merely outward. The foreign method of living has not been fully adopted on board the ships of the Chinese navy as it has in the Japanese; neither, to judge from the Japanese-Chinese war, have foreign naval tactics been very thoroughly assimilated. From the little information to be gathered relating to this subject, it would seem that scarcely any change or improvement has been made since that time.

Ten chances to one the passengers are kept in suspense for at least twenty-four hours, waiting hour by hour for the tug to take them on shore. They may look, as it were, on the promised land, but they may not enter—until somebody on shore gets "good and ready." The somebody on shore is anathematized by his helpless victims, who often, in desperation, charter a fishing junk and sail in over that yellow sea for three hours or more, if all be favorable.

The mud forts grow more and more distinct behind shipping of various characters. They are formidable looking structures, well equipped for modern warfare, with disappearing guns on turrets, rapid fire pieces and considerable field artillery. It was from these forts that the British gunboats were pounded as they lay helpless before the mud bar in the war between England and China. The fortifications extend some distance up the Pei-Ho River, which is now entered by the launch, but nowhere on the long brown walls is a sentry in sight! Even the one gate of which we get a glimpse from the water seems to be entirely unguarded. Yet there is a garrison within.

THE PEI-HO RIVER.

The Pei-Ho River extends to Peking, and in the ante-railroad days, only a short time ago, visitors to the capital generally chose this method of reaching it, though the river's winding course took them between one hundred and two hundred miles, and the voyage occupied five days. Now one is landed just beyond Taku, at Tongku, and the course is so circuitous that the junk is obliged to tack many times. All kinds of Oriental fishing and commercial craft are passed, from the diminutive sampan to ancient junks of massive build and antediluvian shape. Many of them were built in ancient times, and have come down from one generation to another, having in all probability enjoyed a long and successful career as pirates.

The shores of the Pei-Ho are lined with Chinese villages of mud smoothly built first of mud bricks, then mud smeared outside. The roofs are thatched with reeds, and afterward mud is laid on these. There are apertures for doors and windows, and sometimes there are a few square feet of yard, inclosed by a reed or mud fence. But the whole village is brown; brown are the river banks, brown the houses and roofs, brown the streets. There are no trees or shrubs to relieve it. In a heavy rainstorm the houses are not always a secure refuge from the force of the elements, for they are likely to be washed down and run away. The demolition of entire villages in this way is not unheard of.

Four or five miles up the river one comes to the town of Tangku, where the railroad to Tien-Tsin begins. This has been built about five years, and obviates a trip of sixty miles by the circuitous Pei-Ho by going there in a straight line twenty-five miles in length. The junk is brought to in a nest of sampans, over which unstable bridge the passengers must pass to reach the shore, beset in the mean time by a crowd of jabbering coolies, who wish to divide the luggage among themselves, each one appropriating a piece, from the handbag and camera to the steamer trunk. The station is only a few steps off, and quite foreign, except for the hangers on, of whom there are more here, perhaps, than in those of America. Then the passenger list is of varied nationality. There are coolies in the open baggage vans, which serve as third class; middle class Chinese in the long line of second class cars, in which are separate compartments for the women, and foreigners and Chinese merchants of the better class in the first, which is divided into five or six compartments, all equally dirty and uncomfortable. Once every day, at noon, there leaves both Peking and Tien-Tsin the Imperial Mail train, for the privilege of travelling in which one buys a postcard at a premium of $5 (Mexican) above the regular fare. This is more luxuriantly appointed, and bears the same relation to the Imperial Chinese Railway that the Congressional Limited does to the Pennsylvania. Of the foreigners who travel on the road few are of the same nationality. There are Americans, many English, Germans, Russians and French, including officers of the army and navy; then there are always a number of Japanese. It is a queer mixture of nationalities that you meet everywhere in the East.

IN THE MIDST OF A GREAT PLAIN.

The country traversed to Tien-Tsin, and in fact all the way to Peking, is absolutely level. It is alluvial soil, depesited long ages ago. As such it should be very rich, but the prevailing color at this time of the year is brown, just as it was on the river banks. The villages are still built of mud, and the fields are being ploughed and irrigated by primitive methods. The wooden plough is sometimes pulled by a mule or an ox, sometimes by a tandem of men; the irrigating ditches are filled with water by various simple processes, the water being usually dipped from a well and directed by other laborers into the proper ditch. It is the sight of the husbandmen dotted here and there over the level stretch which gives life to the landscape. Sometimes there is a group of cattle or a lumbering wooden country cart heavily laden, being drawn by three or four ragged ponies. There are many donkeys, too, in China, but these are especially prized for riding.

But the principal feature of the landscape which arouses the curiosity of the newcomer more than anything else, and makes more impression on his imagination than the countless editions of mud huts which he sees in every village, or than the wide, tilled fields, or the husbandman pursuing his calling in a manner Oriental, is the myriad of earth mounds which dot the fields everywhere, sometimes grouped together, sometimes separate, many tiny and with pointed tops, others curved to a hemisphere and ranging upward in size to that of huge tumuli. Some groups are inclosed by a low mud wall, a few by a circling line of trees. Many are surmounted by a small knob of earth. They are graves, the graves of thousands of dead Celestials, whose bodies rest beside the fields which they tilled, under the very soil, perhaps, from which they had wrested a scanty living, though I have heard it said that in the matter of a last resting place for his remains the Chinaman's surviving relatives like to steal a march on their neighbors and place the honored bones in a neighboring vineyard instead of their own. As a matter of fact, it rests with the geomancer, or soothsayer, who selects an auspicious spot for the burial place after the body has been kept in the house for a certain length of time, carefully boxed. This is the same in Corea. The murdered Queen of that country should have been kept twenty-seven days before burial, but as that time elapsed before arrangements were made for the funeral, it was necessary to keep her body twenty-seven months instead. In China the coffins are often left unburied on the ground, and sometimes the bodies are exposed to view.

THE FOREIGN PART OF TIEN-TSIN.

Tien-Tsin is reached after about an hour and a half in the train, and the visitor is likely to be astounded at the foreign portion of it. In the ample station a tall Sikh policeman, with immense turban and a ferocious expression on his swarthy face, saunters about, occasionally whacking a quarrelsome coolie on the back with his cane. A squad of these Sikhs are kept by the British municipality, and the Chinese are much afraid of them. Tien-Tsin has jinrikshas, and a start is made at a rattling pace—altogether too rattling with the clumsy variety of vehicle which is made in China and the Chinese coolies' recklessness. A bridge is encountered, and here all passengers are requested to get out and walk. The reason is obvious. It is a pontoon bridge of ancient pattern, worn and uneven, one pontoon heaving up and another heaving down at the same time, so that there are yawning gaps and sharp ascents and descents. This crossed, you mount again into your vehicle, and are whirled into the foreign settlement, through the French and the English municipalities, to the hotel.

There are beautiful houses and lovely streets, well paved and lined with shade trees. The buildings are massive and stately, of good architecture, and the result is finer in effect than any of the treaty ports of Japan. In fact, one would think that with such an object lesson before them in the shape of fine buildings, space and clean streets, well lighted, and law and order everywhere, the Chinese would make some effort to change for the better their own municipal affairs. But the inertia of Chinese customs, of Chinese methods of living and gaining a livelihood, is so great, and the desire for change confined to so few, that any radical change of the Chinese in China seems almost hopeless. Such changes as are made or such improvements as are adopted have been forced upon China from outside with an irresistible pressure or have been projected by the Chinese themselves in extremis, with no other idea than that of self-preservation.

The native part of Tien-Tsin, however, is an improvement on Che-Foo, nor is it so dirty as Peking. It is composed of a labyrinth of narrow streets, crowded with the jostling, noisy Chinese populace, the shopmen in the open stores on either side turning over their goods and shouting the virtues of the same in strident and singsong tones. The district is bounded on one side by the River Pei-Ho, filled with native shipping, the banks piled high with bales of reeds used for thatch. The great compound which encloses the many houses composing the residence of Li Hung Chang is plainly seen on one of the banks.

MISSIONARIES IN CHINA.

VIEWS OF A RUSSIAN PRIEST—CATHOLICS WISE AS SERPENTS—HARDSHIPS OF AMERICANS.

Poultney Bigelow in The North American Review.

When I first met him, the Greek Archimandrite had been forty years in Peking, and had never been anywhere else, excepting for two caravan journeys to Russia. He was an elderly man, with a smile like Benjamin Franklin's, and was famed at the Chinese capital for keeping the best wines and the best tobacco. He was a bachelor, and today I recall him when I try to fancy Epicurus in the body. He wore the Chinese pigtail and clothes to match, and people said he could give Chinese mandarins points on etiquette. He gave me, at least, many happy hours, for he talked with a frankness and felicity rarely united in a Russian, least of all an Archimandrite. One day, for instance, I asked him bluntly how many converts he had made. He answered that he thought he had made one, but he did not wish to be taken as stating this positively. When I returned to China after an interval of twenty-one years all my inquiries led me to respect the honesty of this Russian. He said, furthermore: "I have been here forty years, and perhaps I have converted one Chinaman. When missionaries tell you that they have done more than that, do not believe them."

On the occasion of my first visit to Zichawei I was in company with the French Minister at Peking, and the priests entertained us with food and wine which rivalled those of Father Palladius. Standing at the window, I looked out upon a flat landscape emphasized by a small elevation on the horizon. I asked the priest what that was. He answered that it was the shrine of a saint, and that the Chinese Christians made pilgrimages hither once a year. When I pressed him to tell how he managed to get Christian saints at this place, he shrugged his shoulders, smiled pleasantly, and remarked that as the Chinese enjoyed gatherings and gongs and banners and such tomfoolery the missionaries had been compelled to create this pilgrimage or discourage Christianity. Hence this shrine.

This missionary institution has a school of architecture, where designs are made for Catholic buildings throughout China. Large numbers of books are printed here, all the work being done by Chinese foundlings, under the superintendence of the white priests. Wood-cutting and lithography are taught, also printing in color. Some lurid posters were shown to me which were destined to hang up in Chinese Christian chapels. Their purpose was to discourage the bad Chinamen and stimulate the good ones. One poster represented the deathbed of the bad Chinaman, whose wickedness was attested by the opium pipe and the gaming dice at his bedside. A black devil, with horns, tail and wings, had fastened an iron collar around his neck, to which was linked a long iron chain. Dragons were rising from a hole in the ground, likewise monstrous flames. The black devil was proceeding to drag the screaming and resisting wicked Chinaman to the flaming hole in the floor, while his wife and children looked on in distress. At the top of the picture was seated our Saviour, with Chinese slippers on his feet, and an expression on his face that was enough like that of a mandarin to please the average convert. Some angels with Chinese slippers were flitting about, chasing devils.

The pendant to this was the death of a good Chinaman, where the devil looked very much discouraged as he disappeared down a flaming trapdoor in the foreground. An angel in Chinese slippers was watching by the bedside, and above was represented a Chinaman in full official dress, kneeling on clouds before some Christian figures, whom I took to represent Saint Joseph, the Virgin Mary and our Saviour.

The American missionaries have the hardest time of any, because they are so much at the mercy of their Consul. Our Consul in the Far East represents to the American merchant and missionary the whole round of governmental functions, civil, military and even ecclesiastical. Mr. Fowler, of Che-Foo, told me that he was the only one out of eleven American Consuls in China who had been in that position more than a year. If a missionary wishes to make a will, to do any legal act, to obtain redress at law, the American Consul is his judge. If a missionary desires to marry, as often happens, he has to come to the Consulate. This is sometimes embarrassing, for missionaries are not rich, as a rule, and travelling in China is apt to be injurious to health, if not dangerous to personal safety. Imagine an American woman, perhaps a thousand miles from an American Consulate, compelled to travel under the horrible conditions prevailing in China in order to be declared legally married. We in America naturally ask, why another missionary, an ordained clergyman, could not marry them. United States law has, in China, at least, been construed in the manner most likely to swell the fees of the Consul.

AFTER FIFTY YEARS A PRISONER.

WILLIAM A. P. MARTIN HAS SPENT HALF A CENTURY IN MISSIONARY AND EDUCATIONAL WORK.

One of the prominent Presbyterian missionaries among the beleaguered Americans in Peking is William Alexander Parsons Martin, who for his services in the cause of education and as adviser on international law to the Chinese Government was made a mandarin of the third class in 1885 and was advanced to the second class thirteen years later. Mr. Martin was born in Livonia, Ind., on April 10, 1827, and, after being graduated from the Indiana State University, studied theology at the Presbyterian Seminary in New-Albany, Ind. Lafayette College conferred the degree of D. D. on Mr. Martin in 1860, and ten years later the University of the City of New-York made him an LL. D. In 1849 he married Jane Vansant, of Philadelphia, and went to Ning-Po, China, as a missionary in 1850, remaining there six years. In 1858 he served as interpreter for William B. Reed, then United States Minister to China, in treaty negotiations, and went to Peking, China, and Yeddo, Japan, in 1859, with United States Minister John E. Ward.

His missionary work in Peking continued from 1863 to 1868, when he became president of and professor of international law in the Tong-Weng College. When the present Imperial University of China was established he became its president, and has held that office continuously since then. His best known books are "The Chinese: Their Education, Philosophy and Letters"; "A Cycle of Cathay," "Chinese Legends and Other Poems," and he produced many works in Chinese on religious and educational subjects, editing in Chinese "The Peking Scientific Magazine" from 1873 to 1878 and "The Science Monthly" in 1897-98. His wife died in 1893, and a son, Newell Martin, is in business in this city.

THE ICE QUESTION, LIMITED.

A GERMAN SALOONKEEPER MAKES REMARKS WHICH PRODUCE RESULTS.

"Why, what's the matter with your eye?" asked the sergeant of his friend, the German saloonkeeper, as he entered the station house. "You must have had a fierce argument to cause your eye to go into such deep mourning."

"I don't hav some talkings mit nopody. I don't hav nottings. It comes mit such a quickness I don't hav time to say somethings—nein."

"Well, but how did your eye get in such a shape? Did you meet with an accident?"

"Nein, I meet mit von fist, und I vant some policeman mit clubs kept all der time mit mine place yet. I vas pehind mine kounter yesterday, undt a politician comes in. I know him, undt I tinks I makes some chokes mit him. I says qvick like pefore he has a chance to say it—how vould you like to pe der iceman? Undt mit dot he hits mine eye undt valks out. Undt bretty soon some more Tammany politicians come mine place in undt sit mit der table. Julius, he valts mit dem, undt ven he asks von of dem if he should put a biece of ice mit his ginger ale der politician fires der glass at him, kicks der table ofer und goes away."

"My, my, that's rather hard. But if I was you I wouldn't make any more jokes about the iceman, and I would train the waiters to say congealed water instead of ice, hereafter."

"Yah, undt dot vasn't der vorst of it. Dey gif mine place a roughness—they make it a rougherty house. A barty of men comes in last night, undt von says that Boss Croker vas coming home aboudt der twenty-two times of der month, undt another von says now dat Tammany Hall vas in der ice pisiness he might bring mit him a few icebergs dot he pick up mit der way. 'Oh, gif us er rest on der ice subjects,' says another von. They talk some more, undt then von man says dot he hears Tammany vas going into der blumbing pisiness, undt dot next vinter der politicians vould own all der blumbing shops.

"'I vonder how Bryan stands on der ice qvestion,' says another man.

"'Oh, he'll be on ice after der next election,' another says.

"Der Tammany politicians gets mad, undt bretty qvick there vas der piggest kind of a fight. It takes me undt Julius tree hours to clean der place up after der fight vas ofer. Budt I hav an idea now. I vas going back mit mine place undt make some signs dot I vil nail up—'no talk on der ice qvestion permitted on der peril of der law.'"

BOARD OF HEALTH ENJOINED.

PROHIBITED FROM INTERFERING WITH GARBAGE CREMATION ON BARREN ISLAND.

President Murphy of the Board of Health yesterday said that an injunction had been granted the Sanitary Utilization Company by Justice Andrews, of the Supreme Court, prohibiting the Board of Health from enforcing the act passed by the last Legislature forbidding the burning of garbage on Barren Island.

Colonel Murphy stated that in case the act was declared constitutional there would be but two courses left open for the city to dispose of its garbage. One would be to dump it into the sea, which was prohibited by a Government mandate some years ago; the other to build crematories along the river fronts of the boroughs of Brooklyn and Manhattan. Continuing, Colonel Murphy said:

To build these crematories in sufficient number would mean an expenditure to the city of not less than $20,000,000. Even then we would not be free from the obnoxious odors arising from the burning of the garbage, as the best crematory in the world will emit some stench. Then the garbage would have to be carted through the streets.

The act passed by the Legislature does not include the burning of bones and skinning of cattle and horses on Barren Island, and that has been one of the greatest nuisances that has been on the island. The company that now disposes of the garbage there has the best system in the world. It was one adopted after long and careful investigation by a committee that studied sanitary regulations both in this country and in Europe. It is known as the Arnold system, and has no superior. To prove the excellence of the service of the company, I can cite the fact that there has not been a complaint from Barren Island as to disagreeable odors since June, 1899.

The people who are the chief complainants are real estate dealers who wish to enhance the value of property in the neighborhood of Barren Island. We have compelled this company to spend nearly $100,000 in improving its plant, and it is nearly perfect. Of course, the law is law, and if the act is declared constitutional and the injunction raised thereby we will have to enforce it.

STEELED CEMENT.

THE COMBINATION OF CONCRETE AND METAL FRAMEWORK INVENTED IN FRANCE.

Paris, June 5.

The recent terrible accident at the Paris Exposition, in which a footbridge from one part of the building to a side show without the grounds suddenly collapsed and became practically disintegrated, burying a number of persons in its ruins, has given an unpleasant notoriety to the composition known as "ciment armé," or steeled cement. This is a French invention of a highly interesting nature, destined to a great future of utility when scientifically prepared out of proper materials. Generally speaking, "ciment armé" consists of a metal frame or skeleton filled in with mortar or cement concrete. In the bridge in question the platform was composed of a network of metallic wires shut up in a thick bed of cement or concrete, the wirework forming a skeleton to which the cement gives consistency. The invention is comparatively new, and has only been recently taken up; however, from results already obtained, it is easy to predict its success and general adoption.

Until recently the use of cement was confined to those works where compression is called into play. By burying iron or steel network or braces in a mass of cement, acting in a manner similar to the relations of muscles and skeleton in a human being, the field of application of cement has been greatly enlarged, combining it with metallic resistance in the way of flexibility and extension.

Up to the present cement-concrete had been used only for the beds of foundations, walls and pillars and all those works which have to oppose a vertical resistance to a weight or pressure; but no one would have thought of employing this material for the construction of rather wide footways, and still less for terraces or balconies having no apparent support, for they would unfallingly be broken by even a light weight. By introducing a metallic netting, forming braces or skeleton, into the mass of cement-concrete so great resistance and stiffness have been imparted that the most heavily burdened floors and the boldest projections can now be made most successfully by this process. In this case the "steeled cement" offers a greater strength than even an iron construction of the same dimensions, and this strength is twenty-four times greater than that single cement-concrete; for example, a projection in the shape of a jutting-out bracket built in ordinary cement-concrete would break under a weight of 140 pounds per square inch, while, in the same condition, it would resist a force of 3,360 pounds if built in steeled cement.

The variations in bulk of iron and cement, when acted upon by the temperature, being about the same, there is no fear of any possible dislocation, and the metal, being closed in hermetically by the cement, is completely protected against its greatest enemy, rust.

This idea of burying a metal framework in a mass of cement is not at all new. Some forty years ago a Frenchman named Monier used it for basins and reservoirs, and the system was applied to many purposes in Germany. But it is only within the last four or five years that steeled cement has come into vogue, thanks to the endeavors of American and European engineers.

Retaining walls, bridges, buildings, aqueducts, chimneys and a hundred different works are now constructed in this new composition with boldness and lightness of design combined with rigidity. In his work, "Steeled Concrete and Its Uses," M. Christophe, a Belgian engineer, shows that a pillar, an arch, or a wall in steeled cement will have a section three to five times less than in ordinary masonry, and a girder in steeled cement will give one and a half times greater rigidity than an iron girder of the same height and span.

Whereas wood burns, stone splits and iron frames swell, twist, overthrow walls and become destructive agents under the action of fire, cement is refractory to the most violent heat. Incombustibility is therefore a chief feature of steeled cement.

Economy and quickness of preparation are not the smallest considerations in favor of this invention. It is usually executed in the actual place where the building is being run up. The cement is formed in variable proportions from a mixture of cement with sand and gravel, or small stones. It is prepared either by hand or by machine in the works, while the different parts of the iron or steel bracing are being put in position. These are then surrounded by wooden moulds or boxings, into which the cement is run and kept there until completely set. The ingredients for the cement must be of the best, and sufficient time must be allowed for the whole to be thoroughly set before any attempt is made to remove the slender props supporting the whole. It would seem that the neglect of one or both of these precautions, especially the latter, was the chief cause of the fatal accident at the Exposition.

The construction needs only ordinary materials, obtainable everywhere and easily transported; no great pre