SENATOR PLUMB'S FUNERAL.

MR. PEFFER PAYS A TOUCHING TRIBUTE TO HIS DEAD COLLEAGUE.

Both Houses of Congress, the President and His Cabinet, the Army and Navy, and the Diplomatic Corps Represented at the Services in the Senate Chamber—The Remains on Their Way to Kansas.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 21.—A cloudy, gloomy atmosphere, with every appearance of coming snow, marked the funeral day of the late Senator Plumb, but the weather was not more gloomy than the faces of those who witnessed the last ceremonies over the remains of the popular Kansan in the chamber where his untiring energy brought him into so much prominence. Quite a crowd had gathered about the residence, 612 Fourteenth street, where the dead Senator had his apartments, whence at 10 o'clock this morning the remains were taken to the Capitol. There were no ceremonies at the house, and the removal was conducted in a quiet and unostentatious manner, quite in accord with the modest and simple ideas of the deceased statesman. Those who saw the little procession wend its way down Fourteenth street and thence up Pennsylvania avenue to the Capitol were enabled to guess whose funeral it was only by the appearance of the brass-buttoned Capitol policemen who acted as pall bearers. Preceded by one carriage, containing Mr. Valentine, the Sergeant-at-Arms of the Senate, and flanked on either side by the police, the hearse was driven slowly along the busy avenue filled with Christmas shoppers, up Capitol Hill, to the Senate wing of the big building. Here the coffin was taken from the hearse and carried by the pall bearers through the dim corridors to the Marble Room of the Senate.

Guarded by two Capitol policemen the body of the dead Senator lay in its cloth-covered casket in the Marble Room until 1:30 P. M., when it was carried into the Senate Chamber for the informal funeral services. The face was not uncovered during the time the body lay in the Marble Room, where few people were admitted. To the simple wreath of immortelles sent by Chief Clerk Stocks of the Treasury Department, which reposed on the casket during its progress from the late Senator's residence to the Capitol, was added several other floral tributes. Kansans residing in Washington sent an elaborate pillow, composed of ivy leaves, the corners decorated with violets and roses, and the whole intertwisted with maiden hair fern. A wreath of white carnations lay on top of the tribute. Senator Quay sent a sheaf of palm leaves and a bunch of orchids, and the military order of the local legion, District of Columbia Commandery, of which Senator Plumb was a member, sent a wreath of white carnations and roses. The casket was of the special kind known as the "Congressional casket," covered with sable broadcloth and mounted with silver. A silver plate on the lid was inscribed:

PRESTON B. PLUMB.
Born Oct. 12, 1837.
Died Dec. 20, 1891.

The Senate, with its floor arrangement already partially prepared for the funeral ceremonies and the seat so long occupied by the Kansas Senator draped heavily in black, was called to order at noon by Vice-President Morton. The Chaplain in his prayer referred in a feeling manner to the death of Senator Plumb. "Sanctified," he said, "be this last bereavement. Teach us heavenly wisdom; and hear us when we commend to Thee, very tenderly, The handmaiden in her solitude and sadness, and overwhelming sorrow in her distant home. We pray that Thou wilt sustain her and comfort her and give her Thy peace."

Before the Clerk could proceed to the reading of the minutes Mr. Manderson of Nebraska moved that they be dispensed with. Then Mr. Peffer of Kansas, in a voice which showed much emotion and was at times hardly audible, spoke as follows:

Mr. President: I esteem myself peculiarly unfortunate in that, before I have been a member of this body long enough to have become familiar with even the dimensions of the chamber in which we sit, I am called upon to announce the death of my distinguished colleague, upon whom the wonderful resources I had expected largely to rely. Preston B. Plumb, a Senator from Kansas, died in this city yesterday at ten minutes before 12 o'clock. This is not the time nor the occasion to speak at length of the life and public services of the absent Senator. The dark drapery about the seat he so long occupied forcibly reminds his fellow members that they have lost one of their most active and industrious workers. His experience, his practical way of doing things, his sagacity and his great powers of endurance, his constancy and faithfulness to duty, and his alertness in action made him a conspicuous figure among the strong men of the nation. But there are others who feel this bereavement more keenly than we, upon whom the blow has fallen with crushing weight. There is a home where this man was known as the world knew him not, a place where hearts are lacerated and bleeding, where a loving family will be glad, even in their grief, to receive at our hands what is left of the fond husband and father in whose life theirs were closely bound. To them, there are at least two sources of consolation, one that he fell while on duty at his post in the service of his country; the other, that there is a fountain of strength infinite in power and duration, from which we all may draw in time of need. At the proper time I will ask the Senate to name a time when we may pay tribute to our deceased brother in an appropriate manner. And now, Mr. President, I ask the immediate adoption of the resolutions which I shall send to the desk."

The Clerk read as follows:

Resolved, That the sudden death of the Hon. Preston B. Plumb causes profound sorrow and deep regret to his associates in the Senate.

Resolved, That a committee of five Senators be appointed by the Vice-President to take order, with a committee of the House of Representatives, for suspending the funeral of the late Senator Plumb, and, as a mark of respect for his memory, that his body be removed from the capital to the State of Kansas in charge of the Sergeant-at-Arms and attended by said committee, which shall have full power to carry this resolution into effect.

Resolved, That the Senate will, at 1:30 to-day, attend in its chamber the exercises incident to his funeral, and that these resolutions be communicated to the House of Representatives.

The resolutions were agreed to unanimously, and the Vice-President announced as the committee on the part of the Senate, Messrs. Peffer, Dolph, Paddock, Ransom, and Palmer. The Senate then, on motion of Mr. Sherman, took recess till 1 P. M.

When the Senate reassembled at 1 P. M. the galleries, with the exception of the diplomatic gallery and the special seats reserved for ladies of the President's household, were crowded. The Senators, Democrats and Republicans, seated themselves on extra chairs provided on the Republican side of the Chamber. As ceremony on ceremonial occasions, heavy upholstered seats were ranged in a semi-circle in front of the ordinary desks for the accommodation of the President and his Cabinet and the Justices of the Supreme Court. The Senate sat in silence and awaited the opening of the proceedings.

At 1:20 Doorkeeper Bassett announced "the Speaker and members of the House." Escorted by Sergeant-at-Arms Valentine Speaker Crisp was led to the seat assigned to him on the right of the Vice-President, who, together with the Senate, rose to receive him. Members of the House in unexpected numbers were in attendance and fully occupied the places reserved for them in the rear of the Chamber on the Democratic side. One gentle tap of the Vice-President's gavel announced the Diplomatic Corps, and the Senate and House rose in silence while they took their assigned places in front of the members of the House. They were all in sombre black except the Chinese Minister, who wore a tunic of very dark blue. Hardly had they taken their seats when the Justices of the Supreme Court entered in their official robes and seated themselves in the front row of the Democratic side. Immediately afterward, and exactly at the hour designated, President Harrison, leaning on the arm of Secretary Blaine and accompanied by Secretary Rusk, Postmaster-General Wanamaker, Assistant Secretary Spaulding of the Treasury Department, Assistant Secretary Grant of the War Department, Assistant Secretary Soley of the Navy Department, Solicitor-General Taft of the Department of Justice, Assistant Secretary Chandler of the Interior Department, and Private Secretary Halford, walked down the centre aisle, the whole assemblage standing in silent honor until they had taken their seats. The President sat in the first cushioned chair, Secretary Blaine on his left, and the other members of the Cabinet in their appropriate order to his left.

Just before the arrival of the President and his Cabinet, Mrs. Harrison, accompanied by the wife of Senator Stanford and by Lieut. Parker of the navy, took seats in the Cabinet row of the reserved gallery. Mrs. Levi P. Morton and the Misses Morton were also present.

The Supreme Court Justices wore their gowns, and all were present with the exception of Mr. Bradley, who is ill. The members of the diplomatic corps wore citizens' clothing, and the Corean Minister had two hats, a very high one, which he wore upon his head, and a very low one, which he placed upon the desk in front of him. It was very noticeable, as it is at all official funerals, that no attention whatever was paid by the dignitaries to the matter of suitable dress. Some of the members of the diplomatic corps wore black gloves, but they were in the minority, and so far as the other dignitaries are concerned, they had as a rule taken no more pains than the diplomats to make any concession in recognition of the solemnity of the occasion. President Harrison sat throughout the services within three feet of the head of the coffin. He was dressed as became the occasion, all in black, even to his gloves and hat. His attitude, however, was anything but dignified. One leg was crossed over the other and his arms were across his breast. He wiggled his thumbs continuously, and part of the time seemed to be asleep. Beside him sat Secretary Blaine, and upon him the eyes of everybody in the Senate turned. The Secretary wore black gloves and a weed upon his hat, and, while he looked careworn and impressed with the sadness of the day, he otherwise appeared much as usual. Mr. Wanamaker wore gray gloves. Gen. Rusk one red one, and those who represented the absent Cabinet men no gloves at all. Colored cravats and gray trousers were the rule rather than the exception, and in the length of the Cabinet line there was only one man properly attired, after the President and Secretary Blaine. This was Commodore Ramsay, who represented the Navy Department. The Commodore was dressed in deep black, in striking contrast to Gen. Schofield of the army, who sat beside him, wearing a pair of the brightest possible red gloves.

At 1:40 the Committee of the two Houses, escorting the body of the dead Senator, appeared at the main entrance, and, while all in the Chamber stood up, the procession moved up the aisle, the Chaplain reciting the opening sentences of the funeral service: "I am the Resurrection and the Life, saith the Lord." The casket, which was borne by Capitol police, was deposited on the catafalque in front of the Clerk's desk, from which the Chaplain finished the reading of the funeral services and appropriate selections from the Scriptures, closing with the recitation of the poem:

> Oh, to be ready when death shall come,
> Oh, to be ready to hasten home.

Then he closed with a prayer in which he offered thanks for a risen Saviour, for a reigning Lord, and for a kingdom that shall survive death. The strong and true and noble man, he said, had fallen, but had left the record of a useful life.

When the prayer was concluded the Vice-President rose and said: "The Sergeant-at-arms, under the direction of the committee, will execute the order of the Senate and escort the remains of the late Senator Plumb to his home in Kansas."

Then, with the whole assemblage standing, the procession was reformed, and the body of the dead Senator was borne out to be taken to the railroad station.

The body, preceded by the Congress committees, was then carried through the corridors to the east front of the Capitol and thence down the many steps of the marble stairway to the hearse. Following the remains came the Senators and Representatives, who, formed by twos, with Vice-President Morton at the head, accompanied the body on foot to the station. The President and his Cabinet and other distinguished persons were ushered to their carriages and joined the procession.

The march to the station occupied a little less than half an hour. The route was through the Capitol grounds to Pennsylvania avenue, to Sixth street, to the Pennsylvania Railroad station. Crowds of people passing on the avenue stopped to view the procession. Arriving at the station, the members of the Senate and many other friends of the dead Senator went inside and ranged themselves in two lines along the side of the car in which the body was to be placed. The casket, preceded by the Congress committees, was then conveyed to the car. The Congress committees had a special car for their use during the trip. The two cars were attached to the Columbian express train, which left the city at 3:25 o'clock. The body is expected to arrive at Emporia, Kan., on Wednesday afternoon. The home funeral services are to take place on Thursday.

At 3 P. M. the Vice-President took the chair again, with two Senators present (Messrs. Allison and Gibson of Louisiana), when a formal motion to adjourn was made and agreed to, and the Senate adjourned till to-morrow.

Speaker Crisp came up to the Capitol to-day to attend the funeral, but it was against the advice of his physician, who urged him to stay indoors. The Speaker's health is not improving. He is suffering from a heavy cold and the grip.

There have been several changes in the personnel of the House Committee that accompanied the remains to Emporia. The Speaker did not have an opportunity to consult all of the members of the committee he designated last night, some of whom have found it impossible to go. As finally constituted the committee consists of Messrs. Funston and Broderick of Kansas, Cate and Peet of Arkansas, Youmans of Michigan, Post of Illinois, and Coggswell of Massachusetts.

Funeral services at the Capitol have never been so impressive or so solemn as the authors and advocates of this sort of official mourning intended, and those held this day in the Senate chamber of the United States over the remains of the late Senator Plumb were far below the standard. After the services the Senate actually collapsed, without order and without motion, leaving the distinguished invited guests to hustle out of the doorway as best they could, after the coffin containing the body of the dead Senator was borne into the hall. The Senators and Representatives followed the coffin out of the chamber, the Vice-President left the chair, and the President and his Cabinet, the Supreme Court Justices, and the members of the diplomatic corps, not knowing whether the Senate was in session or not, stood about for a moment and then followed the coffin to the corridor. No motion was made to take a recess or to adjourn. The session simply collapsed. Some of the officials, however, kept guard at the various doors after the funeral cortège had left the building, knowing that, constructively at least, the Senate must be in session, as it had not adjourned.

After the coffin had been carried to the railway station and started on its long journey to the West, Vice-President Morton returned to the chamber. He mounted into the chair, and without a smile called the Senate to order. There were just two Senators present, one on the Republican side, Mr. Allison, and one on the Democratic side, Mr. Gibson of Louisiana. Mr. Allison stepped up to Mr. Morton and said something in his ear. The latter nodded, and the Vice-President went back to his seat. Just as he said "Mr. President," Mr. Gibson said those words also. The Chair recognized Mr. Allison, although furthest from him, who moved that the Senate adjourn. The Vice-President put the motion and, as no one responded either affirmatively or negatively, he declared the motion carried and that the Senate stood adjourned. This is said to be the first occasion in the history of the Government that the Senate was in session for an hour and a half with no one in the chair.

INGALLS ON PLUMB.

He Tells of Their Relations When They Were Colleagues in the Senate.

ATCHISON, Kan., Dec. 21.—Ex-Senator John J. Ingalls gave the following for publication to-day:

"I had been in the Senate for four years when Mr. Plumb became my colleague as the successor of Gov. Harvey in 1877. He was then in his 41st year. I had a general acquaintance with him previously from territorial days, but we had never been intimate, and at the time of his election our political associates were not in same camp. At first our relations in the Senate were somewhat strained and distant, and in the contest of 1879 his sympathizers were not my way I think, but in the subsequent assault on my title to the seat he acted with my supporters, and thence forward our friendship became established, and we got on very well together.

"We were not in each others way at all. Our functions and ambitions were wholly separate and distinct, but not in conflict. We supplied each others defects in a degree, so that one compensated the other. I advocated openly and actively his election in 1883, and 1889, and he was cordially in favor of my return in 1885, and also in the phenomenal campaign of 1891. Though some tried to make me think otherwise.

In all the interior politics of the Senate, its Presidency to which I was elevated and on committees I always consciously had his cordial and effective coöperation as in such matters he always had mine. In State politics we came nearer together after 1879, and while each of us had his own friends and his own enemies, our interests ran in the same lines and were largely mutual. There was no collision nor friction nor irritation even on questions of patronage, which frequently make so much trouble, and which in the days of Pomeroy and Lane kept the politics of the State in such turmoil and discreditable fermentation.

"Of course, there were occasions when we could have quarrelled, and now and then there was an area of low barometer, with storm signals; but if one would not give away the other did, and this came at last to be the habit, so that we never had a harsh word nor a heated interview nor anything approaching a rupture. His expressions of regret at my defeat, both in conversation before my toil closed, and in letters afterward were sincere, unaffected, and genuine. I am sure.

"It is great pleasure to me now, that he has gone, to recall our intercourse extending over some complex and delicate affairs and to remember no stain or scar, nothing that I should wish to obliterate, even of courtesy, or formal decorum which might well enough occur in the haste and passion of public life. Mr. Plumb's temperament was not such as to permit intimacy, as that term is generally understood. He was not by nature or habit a sentimentalist. There was no gush, nor pathos, nor reverie, nor reminiscence, nor introspection in him; but I think he gave me as much of his confidence as he ever gave anybody, and I found much in his life that was worthy of admiration. He lacked discipline and training in early years, and while he displayed immense energy, much of it was irregular and at random, so that he did not accomplish as much as he might with steadier and more continuous force exerted in one direction; but his impulses were good, and I never heard him express a conviction that did not appear to be dictated by a sincere desire for the success for the Republican party and the welfare and honor of Kansas and the nation.

"He was not always intrepid and daring in his politics, he sometimes wavered and conceded more than was necessary. He believed in ploughing round a stump rather than over it, and flanked articles instead of changing them; but he always came out at the right place. He kept his bearings and reached the goal. He voted against the McKinley bill, favored free silver, denounced national banks, and the financial policy of his associates, but never parted company with them in the end.

With none of the graces of oratory, he was an exceedingly forcible and interesting speaker on public questions. His voice was nasal, high-keyed and inflexible, with monotonous intonations; his gestures awkward, angular as the swinging of a sledge-hammer; but there was physical intensity and vigor, which attracted attention, and an intellectual grasp and fecundity which commanded respect and admiration. His rugged directness seemed almost like brutal frankness at times, but there was no poison on his arrows, and he never struck in the dark, in the back, nor below the belt. His disposition, to use a hackneyed term, was practical from center to circumference. There was no nonsense about him. He wanted results, not dreams or untangible conclusions. He cared less for fame and distinction than for success and power. His favorite committees, Public Lands and Appropriations, gave him opportunity to deal with the concrete rather than the abstract, and he used them with great skill and strength. Land, money, cattle, mines, railroads, banks, and the great agencies of business and politics gave him the delight that a child feels in its toys. He derived from the contemplation of these subjects the pleasure which men differently organized feel in society, the table, horses, books, art, and travel. They were his recreation, deprived of them he was restless and irresolute.

In dress he was indifferent as an art, though always well enough attired. But the refinements of the tailor and the haberdasher he ignored, and perhaps despised. Equipage he had none but the cab and the street car. He was classed with the millionaires, it may be incorrectly, but he lived in bachelor quarters like a fairly prosperous attorney or a second-class clerk, the health of his family, to whom he was affectionately devoted, requiring their residence elsewhere. While not strictly ascetic, he was not over convivial and never indulged immoderately or to excess. Apparently robust, with unusual physique and inexhaustible vitality, his friends have long known that his health was in a precarious condition, and were apprehensive of a catastrophe. He was troubled insomnia, and told me last year that he had symptoms of paralysis, which gave him concern but he could not stop. In the eager competition of public life there is no place for rest or repose. The struggle is incessant. It is like the onslaught of a squadron of cavalry.

SENATOR PLUMB'S SUCCESSOR.

A Long List of Candidates, but Ingall's Doesn't Seem to Be Among Them.

TOPEKA, Kan., Dec. 21.—The list of probable successors to the late Senator Plumb is increasing rapidly.

The candidates most prominently mentioned are: Chief Justice Albert H. Horton, ex-Congressman E. N. Morrill, ex-Congressman S. R. Peters, George R. Peck, General Solicitor of the Santa Fé; ex-Gov. Thomas A. Osborn, Benjamin Simpson, and George T. Anthony.

Justice Horton, who has been more prominently mentioned than any other politician, stated this morning that under no circumstances would he accept the position if it was tendered him.

A personal enmity between Gov. Humphrey and ex-Senator Ingalls, it is believed, places Mr. Ingalls out of the race. There is now some talk of Gov. Humphrey resigning and making Lieut.-Gov. Felt Governor, who could appoint Huphrey Senator. Neither of them would consent to be interviewed concerning the rumor. Gov. Humphrey said he could not even consider the question at all until after the obsequies and interment of the late Senator, and intimated that any candidate who showed indecent haste in pressing his claims would lose all chance of appointment.

Sherman and Blaine Didn't Speak.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 21.—Mr. Blaine, on his way to the Senate to-day to take part in the Plumb funeral services, had occasion to pass the door of the Committee on Foreign Relations. He was going at a rapid pace, when out of the committee room darted Senator Sherman, who was also in a hurry. The two men collided within an ace of running into each other; but Sherman stopped in time to prevent a collision. They looked at each other for an instant, but gave not the slightest sign of recognition. Then each went his way.

Tortured a Woman to Get Her Money.

MANSFIELD, Ohio, Dec. 21.—Three young men, Zeph Tyler, Ike Hartman, and Thomas Bloos, were arrested here this afternoon for torturing Mies Phœbe Wise, who is unmarried, and lives in an isolated house near here. They were masked, and entered her house on Friday night. They bound and gagged her. They then applied a torch to her feet to compel her to tell where she kept her money. They secured a gold watch and chain, a valuable diamond ring, and some money. Henry S. Twefel, who has served two terms in the penitentiary, was suspected. He took a trip to the West. Before leaving he told a chum that he had a watch and chain and $80 as his share of the swag.

Lieut. Farrow's Vindication Celebrated.

BARNEGAT, Dec. 21.—Early yesterday morning news was received here that Lieut. Farrow had received official notification of his complete vindication by the court martial before which he was tried in New York. Later this report was confirmed on the arrival of a train at Barnegat with the Lieutenant on board. A salute of three guns was fired and this was continued for 100 rounds. The station and every building, post, tree and in fact anything that could be used, was hung with tri-colored bunting. Lieut. Farrow received more than 500 congratulatory telegrams. A banquet was given him at The Pines, the fashionable hotel here.

A Gas Instead of a Vapor Bath.

SKOWHEGAN, Me., Dec. 21.—Mrs. Samuel Bolier, a French woman living on Bailey street, was nearly burned to death on Saturday while taking a supposed vapor bath. It seems that a Frenchman had undertaken to imitate the famous Conant compound vapor bath, and had constructed a cabinet. The woman was placed in it and the lights turned on. The cabinet filled with gas instead of the desired vapor, and that, communicating with the flame of one of the lamps, ignited. Before the woman could be extricated from the death-trap she was terribly burned, and now lies at death's door. The man who invented this infernal machine will probably be called to account.

The Grip in Eastern Connecticut.

PLAINFIELD, Dec. 21.—The grip has entered every household in town, and the death rate was never so great here before. Among the prominent persons who have lately died of pulmonary complaints superinduced by the grip are: Capt. Edwin Hall, David O'Neil, Mrs. Lydia M. Towne, Orin Barber, Willie Holloway of Moosup, L. W. Popple of Central Village, Mrs. Jane Packer, widow of Capt. Stephen Packer, Peck Packer, and Elias Beckwith of Canterbury. The local physicians are on the go day and night. The epidemic of '89 was nothing compared with the present disease.

What West Side Folks Are Choosing for Christmas Presents.

The cheval glass has much to answer for. Since its recent jump into popular favor dressmakers say their customers are much more difficult to please, for the reason that the cheval glass—unlike any other—can be stood in any position to catch the most searching light; therefore if a flaw exists in the toilet it is bound to be seen under such conditions.

The indifference of men to the presence of a mirror is, of course, well understood; at the same time the story is told of a benedict who followed up the presentation of such a gift to his wife by sending nearly every pair of trousers he owned to the tailor for repressing and repairs. Over at J. & S. Bauman's furniture store corner of 8th av. and 46th st., it was told cheval glasses in oak, mahogany, and cherry, of 16th century finish, were having a splendid run. Of course, one great attraction at this place is, the prices are below those in a more expensive location, and, besides, the credit system helps matters along just at this season. Customers who are at all known to the firm pay pretty much when they choose. Music cabinets and pictures, of which there is a very generous assortment, are also selling fast. A present much sought after for men is a library bookcase and desk combined. Young ladies who are sitting up nights putting their eyes out over embroidered slippers and moucheir cases may just as well dump them into a bureau drawer, go to the nearest furniture shop and invest in a commonplace and altogether unromantic receptacle of the kind mentioned. As an illustration, when a representative of Bauman's was asked if he wouldn't much prefer a Christmas reminder worked by the fair fingers of his best girl rather than such a gift bought out and out at a shop, he gave in response a decided, uncompromising "No."—*Adv.*

CHRISTIANIZING CHINAMEN.

THE HARMFUL ASSOCIATIONS OF YOUNG WOMEN TEACHERS.

Views of a Police Official Who Knows Something of the Habits of the Heathen Pupils in Christian Sunday Schools.

"Owyang Ming, a Chinese Consul, said to me once: 'I don't care how often my countrymen go to Sunday school or to church, or how many of them profess Christianity, because it may do them some good in the way of keeping them in order, but one thing is certain, and I can say it positively, it is utterly impossible and foolish for these people to try to make orthodox Christians out of them. They may attend school regularly, but rest assured when they want to do any real worship they will go to their houses and take out their own little joss and talk to it.'"

The man to whom Owyang Ming said this is a police official of very large experience among the Chinese of New York city. "I have seen no reason to dispute this," he added. "I don't know a Christian Chinaman, and have never met one, though, of course, I would not make the broad assertion that there is none. My experience is that the so-called Christian Chinamen are working the Christian people for what they can get out of them. It is true, they each have their little joss when they want to do any real worshipping. They go to the Sunday schools and to the churches. They are fawned on by the women, and petted by the young women, and then they go down to Mott street, but it's for an altogether different purpose than worship or missionary work. They go to visit the houses of ill-fame or the gambling dens. They go to see the women that their Chinese cousins keep in the houses in Pell and Doyer and Mott streets. I know what I am talking about, for I have seen them there. In a raid on a gambling house at 4 Mott street the police found a Sunday school book in a gambler's drawer, and with it was a photograph of a Chinese missionary who was drawing $600 a year from a Sunday school association for making converts among the Mott street heathen. The book had been given to the missionary by a married woman. It was full of Christian mottos and verses from the Bible. In another raid there was a letter from a Chinese missionary to a vile woman of Chinatown found. Its contents could be interpreted but one way, and that was not to the credit of the Chinese missionary.

"It makes me boil inside to see the energy wasted on the heathen. If it did any good at all I would welcome it. But it doesn't. Are there not poor people enough waiting and ready to accept Christianity for these young women to save? These young women, I mean, who now devote their time and their money to a useless task with the Chinamen. These Chinamen don't respect woman. They look on her as a slave and a thing to serve a Chinaman. They have no respect whatever for her, nor have they any respect for the white people. But the deluded women don't know or understand that. Why, I remember one instance of a Chinaman who was arrested for embezzlement. He was a notorious man and at the same time a thinking missionary among his brethren. Some time after his arrest a finely dressed woman, whom I know to be a Christian and interested in work among the Chinese, went to the station house and asked to see him. I was in the station at the time, and I accompanied her to the cell. It positively disgusted me to see her throw her arms around that man's neck and kiss and caress him. Perhaps they were kisses of Christianity. She ordered a bit dinner for him, and then asked permission to sit in his cell and eat with him. That was just a step more than I could stand, and I told her so.

"What is my experience with Chinamen who go to Sunday school? Well, it's just this. They are very little if any better than those who don't. They don't go to Sunday school for Christianity. They go chiefly to learn the language that they may be better able to cheat their brethren; second, for the sake of the pretty books and the clothing that the Christian people give to them; third, for the financial and business aid they are able to get by their show of piety, and fourth for the society of young women. I put the society of young women fourth, and might put first as well. I don't mean to cast any reflections on the character of any young woman who is now devoting her time to trying to make Christians of Chinamen, but I am sure that if she knew the thoughts that went through her heathen's mind as he sits and gloats over her beauty and her physical charms, she might not be so earnest in her work. She might think, in fact, that her best young man could attract her heathen's mind to the lesson better than she can do it.

"One, Chu Chung, is a sample of the Chinese missionary. He claimed to be converted and was put into the Sunday schools to convert his brethren. He lived in one of the gamblers in Mott street. He was a notorious pirate in Hong Kong before he came to America. On his first visit here he landed in Astoria or Portland, Ore., and became a common sneak thief. He has been in all the largest cities in America, and in each place he has had a different name and has been in trouble. In one city he was known as J. C. Chew; in another, Soo Chong Chew; in another, Mon Jong. He manipulated the Chinese forgers, Chu Fong and Kwong Hong Loong, who forged successfully the names of nearly all the Chinese merchants in New York city. He got Capt. McCullagh before the Police Board once on a trumped up charge of blackmail. He got so bad that the Chinamen in Mott street a few years ago got up a purse of $600 and fired him out of the city with it. He went to Philadelphia, exposed there as a Chinese gambling reformer, and got the sympathy of the Christian people there and in a few months was up to his old tricks with the fan-tan shops. It cost the Chinamen there about $1,000 to get rid of him. Then he went to Boston, and then he came back here. He's a sample of the men whom the Christians believe they have converted. Of course it's no reflection on the Christians except that it shows an astonishing lack of knowledge of worldly affairs and of men.

"I know another missionary who sold information about the fan tan shops to a newspaper and got that paper interested in a crusade against them. Then he went to the fan tan men and offered to stop the attack for $500. He got the money, and the crusade was stopped, because the paper was left without an informer. These fellows are simply pulling the wool over the eyes of Christians, and especially over the eyes of the young women who, if they devoted their time to good and marriageable young men would become happy wives and mothers, and their ability to do Christian work would be increased tenfold thereby.

"Let me tell you what I've noticed about the Chinese and their teachers. I've seen a magnificent young woman dote over an ugly Chinaman. I've seen her sit next to him in a school and watched his licentious eyes leering on her. I've seen him accompany her out of the school and to her home, where he was invited in for a social call. I've seen her go with him on a Chinese picnic, and go off with him into the woods on long rambles alone. Now I know that young woman is as good and as pure as the river driven snow, and I feel certain that not a thought save one of Christian kindness toward her heathen ever entered her mind. I know that of her. Of the heathen I know that when he left this good young woman he went into Mott street, and consorted with the vile women there, and into the gambling dens and gambled. And I know that all that prevented him from showing his spirit, his feelings, and his inate wickedness toward the young woman who taught him was his fear of the law. A thought of right or wrong never entered his head. It was fear. A slick article was this Chinaman, but no slicker than others of his tik. He's a missionary now, and he still visits the Mott street women. I think the talked of danger to the young women who teach the Chinese is overestimated because I have found a young woman a strong-minded, self-reliant lot, but they ought to understand that when they sit down close to a Chinaman and talk Christianity to him, the Chinaman doesn't get his mind down to the subject talked about any more than a good healthy young American man would. The thoughts are of the teacher and not of the lesson. If Chinamen are ever to be made Christians the young men will have to do the teaching. I say that after long thought and consideration and careful investigation.

"No, I never personally have known of any harm coming to a young woman from her Chinese pupil, except the harm she does herself in the estimation of men and women not cranks. Of course, men and women not cranks are full of such matters. Every day or so you see an item running like this: 'Miss Katie Brown, a belle of this town, eloped yesterday with One Lung, who kept a laundry here. Miss Brown is 19 years old, and has for two or three years been interested in church and Sunday school work among the Chinese. One Lung was a pupil in the Sunday school, and Miss Brown had been his teacher for several months. Miss Brown's parents are heart-broken over her foolish act.'

"Now, these are not lies. They are statements of fact. They show that there is danger, and great danger, to young women."

Manley Starting a Campaign of Education.

AUGUSTA, Me., Dec. 21.—Chairman Manley of the State Republican Committee is sending out letters to Maine Republicans, urging them to increase the circulation of Republican newspapers. The coming campaign, he says, "must be a purely educational one."

The Game of "Innocence Abroad."
Do not forget to get it!—*Adv.*

DID GRAVES PARTLY CONFESS?

Admissions He is Said to Have Made That He Sent the Bottle of Whiskey.

DENVER, Dec. 21.—At the morning session of the trial of Dr. Graves, Charles H. Lincoln, a Providence reporter, repeated a conversation which he had with Dr. Graves on the night of the physician's return from Denver, in which Mrs. Barnaby's name was villified.

Mrs. Conrad, a daughter of the late Mrs. Barnaby, told of her mother's excellent habits during life, and read a letter which she had received from Dr. Graves on the day of her arrival in Providence in which he denied all the statements attributed to him, and asked that an interview be accorded. Witness said she introduced Detective O. M. Hanscom as her brother-in-law, Charles Conrad, and she told of Dr. Graves's visit to their house in Providence.

Miss Maud Barnaby gave substantially the same testimony as her sister.

O. M. Hanscom, a detective, said he was in the Barnaby house in Providence on five occasions when Dr. Graves was present. On one occasion the accused man remarked to witness:

"Will you give me the word and honor of a Conrad that what I am about to tell you will never be repeated in a court of justice? The word being given, Dr. Graves continued:

"I sent Mrs. Barnaby a bottle of pure whiskey. A few moments later the entire confession was termed "a damned lie," but later reiterated as true. Witness denied that there had been any intimidation used to force the confession further than a threat that Mr. Conrad would devote his entire life in hunting the murderer.

John H. Conrad, a son-in-law of the deceased woman, said he had resided in Montana for over twenty-two years, and on hearing of Mrs. Barnaby's death he immediately went to Providence. From the first he had suspected Dr. Graves. And on his arrival at Providence he called on him. For five nights in succession there were conferences between Dr. Graves, Mr. Hanscom, and the witness at the Barnaby house. On the fourth night Dr. Graves said: "Take your wife, who is crying to see her babies, and start home on to-night's train, and say that Dr. Graves says that he sent the bottle to Mrs. Barnaby, but when he sent it it contained pure whiskey. The newspapers are running out of steam and the Grand Jury at Denver is about to adjourn, and the whole matter will be dropped unless you furnish the money to follow it up."

On motion of counsel, when Dr. Graves was asked to furnish the newspapers with such a statement as would mean his vindication, especially since the bottle was liable to have been tampered with in transit, Graves said: "I will die first. I have told my wife and family that I am innocent, and it would kill them to know anything about this."

When Mr. Conrad said he proposed going before the Grand Jury in Denver and telling all the defendant had said, Dr. Graves remarked:

"If you do I will expose all the scandals I know concerning the Barnaby family, if I have to dig ten feet down." When at last the defendant found there was no way out of it he said: "I am going home to think the matter over, and I may go to Denverto-morrow. I am now prepared to spend the balance of my days in jail and my family will be looked after."

To-morrow morning Mr. Conrad will be cross-examined. The State will close their case by to-morrow night.

AMOS LANE'S STEAM SLED.

He Thinks It is an Excellent Vehicle to Go to the North Pole In.

SAN FRANCISCO, Dec. 21.—A young Californian, Amos Lane of Truckee, thinks he has solved the problem of Arctic travel, and brought the North Pole within the pale of civilization. The machine he has invented is a sort of steam motor sleigh. Mr. Lane has been using the first machine which he constructed—a small one run by hand power, for snow and ice travel among the mountains during the last two years with entire success. He is now having made at the iron works a large one to be run by steam power. If no Arctic explorer takes advantage of this new means of reaching the North Pole by express, Mr. Lane will use it for hauling passengers and towing logs and carrying freight in the high Sierras, and will have it on hand for transferring passengers over snow blockades on the Central Pacific.

The sled is to be supported by two double twelve-foot runners. Each of these double runners is twenty-four inches wide, with a groove fourteen inches wide running through the centre. At right angles to the runners, in each end of the sleigh box, are two four-foot indefs. A rubber belt, on which are set twenty-four V-shaped shovels connects each pair of cylinders, from front to rear, in the groove of each double runner. The apex of the shovels points downward or upward as the belt rolls around the cylinders, and when on the under side presses into the snow or ice. If the snow is very hard, or the sleigh is travelling over ice, only the tips of the shovels will penetrate, and the machine will glide along as smoothly as a toboggan. The engine, of 6-horse power, is placed in the rear end of the vehicle, and the whole machine weighs only 1,800 pounds. Screws in the rear drums gauge the depth of the bite of the shovels.

The machine needs no roads, can climb steep grades, and go anywhere, over snow or ice, where the way is not obstructed by thick timber or perpendicular cliffs.

With his hand machine Mr. Lane has been able to make ten miles an hour over level surfaces. With his new steam-power sleigh he feels positive that he can travel at least twenty or twenty-five miles an hour.

SHOT HIS WIFE IN A JOKE.

A Young Man Who Killed His Bride Unwittingly Released from Jail.

ATLANTA, Dec. 21.—Gov. Northen signed an order to-day pardoning Oscar Harden. In the early part of this year Harden was married to one of the prettiest young ladies in the part of the country where he lives. They started out in a splendid country home, and their life was one of felicity until one day last summer. Harden and his wife had just finished dinner. Harden got up, saying: "Well, I must get to work; come, kiss me good-by." She started out, but turned as he did so. "I believe," said he, "I'll carry my shotgun. The blackbirds have been playing havoc in my cornfield." He took the fowling piece, and, shouldering it, went out. His wife calling after him as he did so. She stood at the window talking until he was 100 yards away. He turned around to say something. As a reply she threw a kiss at him. Thinking to scare her, Harden raised the gun.

"I'm going to shoot," he cried.

"All right," she answered from the window.

"Shoot: I'll bet you can't hit me." A loud report followed.

Harden returned at night expecting a welcome. Instead he found his wife dead.

He was tried, convicted of involuntary manslaughter, and sentenced to pay a fine of $500 and in addition six months' imprisonment. The prosecution was pushed by his wife's angry relatives. He paid the fine and costs and was placed in jail, where he now is.

The petition for pardon says that he is suffering from severe pains and swollen limbs, as a result of an attack of typhoid fever last year. The Judge, Solicitor-General, and jury who tried Harden recommended the pardon.

Arrest of an American Citizen in Germany.

The Hudson County Suabian Society is about to appeal to Secretary Blaine for the release of one of its members who is imprisoned in Germany. David Kraus of Greenville, Jersey City, has been a resident of this county for several years and is an American citizen. He went to Baden, his native place, on a visit, when he was arrested for not having served his time in the army before going to America. He was fined 600 marks, which he paid, and he was released. He was arrested almost immediately again and fined another 600 marks. That he refused to pay, and he appealed to his friends in America to secure his release.

Collision in the Fog.

During the dense fog last night the Hoboken ferryboat Morristown crashed into a steamer at anchor in midstream, supposed to be one of the White Star steamships. The wheelhouse of the ferryboat was carried away, and a part of the ladies' cabin was stove in.

Everybody rushed for the life preservers. Women fainted and some were knocked down. Several passengers were slightly injured. The person most seriously hurt was a Mrs. Straube, an aged woman, who was thrown from her seat with such force as to break her leg. The steamer with which the ferryboat collided is also said to have been damaged.

The "Tar and Tartar" in Toronto.

TORONTO, Dec. 21.—The "Tar and Tartar" company opened at the Academy to-night to the largest house of the year. All the boxes were occupied by well-known society people. The performance was very successful.

Ho-o-f-
H-O.
Enduring strength comes of its use.
Its aroma stimulates digestion.

BLED TO DEATH IN A CLAY PIT.

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