FASHION'S DEFT HAND.

A Decided Inclination Toward Airy Caprices.

BLOSSOMING OF THE WIDOW.

Exceedingly Smart Costumes for the Last Stages of Mourning.

A Happy Revival of an Old Fashion In the Sash—A New Fad of Ribbon Cravat—Dainty Gowns for Comfort and Display—Women Can Now Choose Any Style of Hat so Long as It Is Becoming—The Charlotte Corday Cap the Rage in London—Two Novel Ideas in Bathing Suits.

The sun pours down with fierce impartiality on town and country, and although one's skin, or even bones, would be a delightful and quite sufficient garment for solid comfort, the feminine mind is as ardently bent on the pursuit of Fashion as it was six months ago. And there are quite the same number of dainty feet which trip lightly on abreast of the fickle dame, and just as many clumsy ones trudging laboriously after. This season is decidedly inclined toward trimming the waists of gowns, or rather putting finishing touches that increase the style and elegance of the plainest dresses—for instance, bows of broad ribbon on each shoulder with the long ends falling on either side, back and front, or a crape scarf of the prevailing color of the gown, worn like a stole and falling in straight lines from the shoulders to the knees. A useful little addition to the wardrobe is a double muslin fichu which is edged with lace and can be worn for outdoor wear or to make a morning gown dressy for the evening.

A happy revival of an old fashion is the sash. It is either black or white soft satin, with the ends richly fringed. Some colors are used, but black and white are a necessity, as colored

satins are apt to look vulgar. There is a change in the arrangement of the sash; the former long loops are now short bows with the long ends falling to the lower edge of the skirt. The sash gives such a thoroughly feminine and youthful finish to the costume that it is sure to be received with pleasure.

One of the airiest caprices of fashion is an enormous tulle cravat forming a large bow, tied directly under the chin, which looks like a big delusive butterfly. The latest fad of ribbon cravat is made of several yards of ribbon, quite narrow, which is used up in loops and two long ends nearly reaching to the feet. It is very stylish, but sometimes rather inconvenient. Ruches are very much worn also about the neck of gowns, spangled black tulle being the favorite now in Paris, although one can form them out of any of the lovely thin stuffs that are so plentiful this summer. Black velvet belts are in vogue, too, but really a long, slender waist is needed to wear them without detracting from the figure.

An exceedingly smart costume designed in Vienna for a young widow in the last stages of mourning for the dear departed is made of white silk muslin with the tiniest of black dots, a black lace application in a large bowknot design on the front of the skirt, a smaller one on the waist. It is all accordion pleated and made over a white peau de soie, the wrinkled belt and collar of soft white and black silk. The large picture hat worn with this lovely gown is a lace foundation trimmed with knife-pleated black silk mull and soft white silk folded about the crown, black tulle pleated and standing up straight, giving a chic finish to the

filmy structure. It all looks so cool and such a relief after the heavy black. Another extremely striking gown for the same occasion is made with the skirt of gray and black silk poplin, stylish double-breasted coat of black satin, the pointed basque cut away in front, and fastened with large jet buttons; it had huge revers, covered up with the cravat of white silk muslin, elbow puffs of black satin, long gray suede gloves, and a gray chip hat with parma violets.

A dainty gown was of very delicate material, both in coloring and texture, the gown itself being of merveilleuse of a soft pink shade, a cross between an amber and salmon pink; the tunic of white silk mull and biscuit guipure insertions. The back and front are in one piece, accordion pleated. At the waist it terminates in a folded belt of velvet the same color as the dress, only a darker shade, from which hangs a flounce of the guipure, the ends of which fall in coquilles. The round neck is finished with large rosettes on each shoulder. Puffs of the silk reach to the elbow, veiled with a fall of the guipure.

When one has been charming and beautiful for hours, it is such a relief after lunch to throw it all aside with one's gown and put on something decidedly négligé, not a beruffled and belaced creation that requires of the wearer as much strength of mind and dignity as a ball gown, but a real comfort, made of soft batiste, with the bretelle capes trimmed with Valenciennes lace looped up on each hip over one's lace petticoat; and then spend in it a comfortable hour with one's books or flowers, and forget for a while that very often not always dress makes the woman in other people's eyes.

To get back to dress again, the dotted Swiss in the next model is charming. Made over a primrose yellow silk, the underskirt with one row of inserting of point de Paris, two and a half to three inches in depth, the long, full overskirt carelessly looped near the belt, which is of a soft shade of velvet, like the under slip; the waist with insertings running across is shirred into a square neck, and the sleeves a full flounce, with three rows of the inserting, one forming the edge.

A costume of silk and figured muslin for a fête champêtre is made of a soft silvery gray peau de soie, and the muslin of the same shade, the blouse waist belted in with a brick-red ribbon, and a skirt of the muslin falling over the silk in long coquilles; a fall of broad guipure from the shoulders, caught over the breast with a knot of the brick-red ribbon, and one confining the collar, the bow being at the back of the neck.

Let us note by the way that pretty toilettes need some protection from the dust of travel, and the little trips here and there by rail and carriage through the dusty country roads need the shelter of alpaca with large sleeves and a semi-fitting front, small revers, and collar. It is cool, it is light and useful, and as its crowning charm it does not muss, and this material has a pleasing habit of resenting dust.

Paris sends us an exceedingly beautiful and becoming coat and hat in Directoire style, the coat of wood-brown moiré, loose fronts, and pockets on the hips. It is trimmed with a profusion of ecru lace put on in lapels, frills, and circular collar. The hat is of Tuscan straw with rays of brown velvet, which is relieved with rosette bows in cherry-colored satin resting on the hair, side aigrette bows in satin striped with insertions of silk muslin and ostrich tips.

HATS AND BONNETS.

The Charlotte Corday Cap in All the Rage in London.

The crowning glory and pride of woman is her hat, and truly she never had more to choose from than just now. Every style and form can be got and worn. All she must study is her own peculiar style, and, oh! let it be becoming.

Three or four bewitching hats have just made their appearance—one of white silk muslin, fine knife pleated, and arranged on a form so as to fit the head shorter in the back and more of a poke in front. Lying down upon it are two ostrich feathers caught together with a paste buckle. The little bonnet made of violets and forming a star in its outline on the head is very fetching. The stems are caught together on the top with a large bow of ribbon of the lighter shades of the flower. A fold of velvet fastened on the side with a jewelled violet holds the little bonnet in place. A young matron's hat is of white straw with black lace falling over the edge of the brim at the side; in front a chain of lace at the base of an aigrette, on either side of which there is shaded mauve feathers. The cadetier hat of mordoré straw of deep yellow is trimmed with graduated rosettes of very light green tulle of a sage tint, the larger one in front; from each rosette stands an aigrette of green like the tulle.

The Charlotte Corday cap has become the rage in London, and deservedly so. Worn with the fichus of that period, the model shows the dainty and quaint appearance it gives to the lady presiding at the coffee end of the breakfast table. The crown of the little cap is made of flowered silk, surrounded with lace; it has ostrich feathers in front, but they are often replaced by ribbon bows or lace aigrettes. Of course, the fichu matches in material, and the whole can be made of the dainty white stuffs—mull, dotted Swiss, or chiffon—if one so chooses.

Fine Bathing Suits.

Two effective and rather original bathing suits are shown in the above model—one of white

flannel checked with dark blue and plain dark blue trimmings, the other of white serge trimmed with emerald green braid.

CENTRAL NEW YORK'S SEMINARIES.

There Was a Craze for Them in the Early Fifties, but Only One Is Left.

SCHOHARIE, July 23.—Great changes have taken place in the picturesque old buildings that were pleasing landmarks all through the midland counties of this old Empire State in the fifties. Once the seminary buildings were sightly landmarks in the counties of Schoharie and Otsego. The erecting of the giant wooden structures was a perfect craze in the fifties. They were all stock concerns, and the farmers were induced to put their money into them on the plea that they could sell all their produce, beeves, and lambs right at home at big prices, the food to be consumed by the hundreds of pupils who were to come from all over the Union to be educated in the immense wooden buildings, all of which were from thirty to sixty miles from a railroad.

In Schoharie county alone, two huge frame structures were put up in Charlotteville, two in Richmondville, one in Carlisle, and one in Warnerville. The craze didn't strike Otsego County quite so good or quite so hard, but it got a hold on Cooperstown, the beautiful county seat, and it resulted in the direction of a mighty big and handsome seminary, which was run as such for many years, when it was turned into the famous Cooper House, a hotel for summer guests. It was burned to the ground two years ago, many of the guests having narrow escapes.

At the time it was built, in the late fifties, the prosperous old Cherry Valley Academy, which burned down a few weeks ago, had been running successfully for more than half a century. It had latterly been used as a hotel. The school ran down in the early years of the war, but in 1861 Prof. Sawyer, who is now the venerable editor of the *Cherry Valley Gazette*, opened it as an academy for both sexes. It was an excellent classical school, but it didn't pay very well, and Prof. Sawyer, who was a distinguished Greek and Latin scholar, closed it in March, 1863, and it was never opened again as an educational institution.

The two big seminaries at Richmondville were burned down in the height of their prosperity. They were set on fire, so it was said, by boy pupils, hundreds of whom were at school there from several States. Just after that the two great seminaries at Charlotteville, nine miles from Richmondville, over the Summit Mountain, flourished to an astonishing degree for a while. They were Methodist schools, and a short time before the war 900 pupils attended them.

Then one of the buildings was burned, and the other, which was 482 feet long and five stories high, and with capacity for 500 pupils, prospered temporarily. The building contained fourteen pianos, and it stood on a breezy hillside, facing the west and the little village. The civil war killed the school, the number of pupils in 1863 having dwindled down to sixty. Meantime the property had been sold at a forced sale, and the late Dr. La Monte of Charlotteville bought it and ran the school for a few years, or until doing so became unprofitable. Some time afterward the great building was burned to the ground, and since then Charlotteville has been a deserted village, it is said.

The seminary at Carlisle also went up in smoke long ago. The money the farmers put into these several institutions was a dead loss, they used to declare. The only seminary landmark that is left as a reminder of the building craze of those long gone times is the one at Warnerville, and that has been used as a summer hotel for many seasons.

Do You Wish the Finest Bread and Cake?

Bread, biscuit, cakes and muffins are not known in most delicate and perfect quality where Royal Baking Powder is not used.

TWO OLD FAMILIES.

The Campbells and Prestons of Kentucky.

In these later days of the century, when so many men and women are delving into the past for records of their ancestors, the Campbell and Preston families of Kentucky deserve special recognition. The Campbell clan, as every one knows, is Scotch, but the ancestor of the Kentucky family, William, was born in Augusta county, Va., Aug. 22, 1731. It has been conceded that he was the hero of the battle of King's Mountain in the Revolutionary war. Gen. Lafayette, under whom he subsequently served, in speaking of his military career says that his services "do his memory everlasting honor and insure him a high rank among the defenders of the American cause;" and Thomas Jefferson, with much feeling, declares that "Gen. Campbell's friends might quietly rest their heads upon the pillow of his renown." William Campbell emigrated from Augusta county, Va., before the Revolution to southwestern Virginia, where he became the owner of the celebrated Salt Springs, now in the present Washington county. His brother Arthur, who probably came from Augusta county about the same time, owned a valuable estate about ten miles away. He was a bachelor, who appreciated the value of a dollar, but lived in a fine house and was attended by many servants. William Campbell, however, made his home in a log cabin in a style of rustic simplicity. His wife was the sister of Patrick Henry, and resembled this illustrious man in many respects, particularly in her firm attachment to the principles of the Christian religion at a time when infidelity was rampant at Yale College as well as at William and Mary. At this same period Thomas Paine was held in higher esteem by many prominent men than Archbishop Carroll and Francis Asbury.

William Campbell and his wife had but one daughter, whose history reads like a romance. She was born in that distant frontier in the "forest primeval" at a period so remote that no smoke from a white man's chimney could be seen between her father's humble home and the French settlement on the Mississippi River. This small baby grew and thrived, and when she was about 3 years old the "drum and trampling" of the Revolution were audible even on the southwestern frontier.

There were Tories on the Holston as well as on the Hudson and Delaware Rivers. One Sunday morning in 1779 William Campbell set off with his wife and child on a horseback journey a few miles away. The father carried the little girl on a pillion, and as they cantered along the river bank the quick eye of the frontiersman discerned certain ominous signs in the forest. Handing his little Sarah to her mother, and bidding her halt for a while, he quickly disappeared. As he advanced into the woods he was confronted by a noted Tory, Francis Hopkins by name, who immediately began firing with his long rifle. Campbell was unarmed with the exception of a hunting knife. Both men were of gigantic stature and of great physical strength. His shots proved ineffectual, and Hopkins, realizing his danger, threw down his rifle and plunged into the river. The brave frontiersman never lost sight of him for a moment, and jumped in after him. The water was very deep, and after a terrific struggle Campbell succeeded in drowning the Tory. This scene was witnessed by Mrs. Campbell and her little daughter from the shore. The body was subsequently towed to the land, and after hanging it with the dead man's halter to the nearest sycamore tree Campbell rejoined his wife and child and with them continued his journey. This brave man died in 1781, leaving a very valuable estate.

His brother Arthur was made the guardian of Sarah. He perceived almost immediately that this tender little life was the only thing that stood between him and this vast property. His avarice got the better of him. One day he rode over to see his sister-in-law, and in the course of conversation remarked that he thought it such a pity that little Sarah should be growing up without an education. He then told her of a school that had been established near his house, and suggested to the widow the feasibility of intrusting the child to his care, as he would most gladly take charge of her, and then she would have the opportunity of attending school every day. The credulous mother, thinking only of the advantages to be derived from such an arrangement, gave her consent, and the little girl, now a very beautiful child, and the prospective heiress of the largest fortune west of the Allegheny Mountains, rode away with her uncle. Three days passed away, when in the middle of the night there came a knocking at Mrs. Campbell's door. Without a single fear she arose to admit a female slave belonging to her brother-in-law, Arthur Campbell. This woman informed her that "Massa Arthur was dealing mischief to Miss Sarah," and then without a word slid out into the darkness and disappeared. Mrs. Campbell, although a woman of 320 pounds weight, soon mounted her horse and sped away through the forest in the darkness, arriving at Arthur Campbell's house about daybreak. She rushed in and demanded her child with such vehemence as completely to unnerve this nefarious man, who for the time being lost his presence of mind. The enraged mother soon discovered her child in a basement room, where for three days and three nights she had been confined without nourishment of any kind. She took the little one home in a half-starved and exhausted condition. The next week the court was in session, and after having made due preparation Mrs. Campbell, with her child in her arms, went into the court room and stated her case. She made a motion in proper form for the removal of her brother-in-law as guardian of her daughter, and requested the appointment of herself in his place. This motion was almost immediately granted, and Elizabeth Campbell was warmly congratulated by her friends and the members of the bar. When the report of this transaction and the act that caused it reached the ears of the frontiersmen who were assembled about the Court House, their indignation was intense. They immediately went in a body to Arthur Campbell's house with the intention of lynching him. He was never seen or heard of from that day. If they succeeded in lynching him, they evidently kept their own counsel, and if he escaped he must probably perished sooner or later in the forest. By his death or disappearance Sarah Campbell became the heir to his estate in addition to that of her father's. This is a piece of retributive justice seldom heard of.

Time rolled on, and Sarah Campbell became a beautiful girl, and the belle of the community. The fame of her loveliness and wealth extended to the settlements of the Appomattox and the Roanoke, and perhaps to the Rappahannock and the Potomac. Very likely she was toasted in the great house of "Taneville," where Richard Corbin drank to the health of George III. to the day of his death, and also in the noted mansions of "Shirley," the home of the Lees, and at "Brandon," where the Harrison family dwelt. In due time the war of the Revolution ended, the Constitution was adopted, and the golden gates of a glorious future began to open.

In 1792 Sarah Campbell was 17 years old. She was still a child of the forest, and lived with her mother in the same old loghouse which her father had built. She knew only by hearsay of the pomps and vanities of Williamsburg and Richmond, and of the delights of some of the famous old Virginia homesteads. Patrick Henry, Mrs. Campbell's brother, had been making money very rapidly under the new order of affairs. About this time he despatched his young son Edward to Salt Springs to woo and win, if possible, his lovely cousin. Sarah had another suitor at the time, Powhatan Bolling, from Dinwiddie county, with fiery Indian blood in his veins, and a descendant of Pocahontas. By some ill fortune both young men arrived at the same time, bound on the same errand. Bolling came in fine attire, wearing a scarlet coat imported from Bond street, London. He quite looked down upon the young rustic in his simple clothes from Charlotte, the son of the "forest-born Demosthenes." Miss Campbell from the very beginning showed her decided preference for her cousin, young Henry, which thoroughly exasperated his rival. Bolling finally challenged Henry, and they went to Kentucky, sixty miles off, to fight. Rifles were the weapons agreed upon, and twenty paces was the distance named. Henry stood up like a man, but Bolling, Indian-like, crouched down to the ground and fired as he rose. His ball entered Henry's leg at the shinbone, making a complete semicircle, and coming out the opposite side completely flattened. Bolling was unhurt, but this affair caused the dismissal of both suitors. Mrs. Campbell was a lay preacher herself of no mean ability. In her opinion a duel was a sufficient reason to sever any intercourse with either young man.

Not far from the Campbell abode lived a family by the name of Preston. John Preston, their first ancestor in America, was born in the north of England, and was for some years a shipmaster out of the port of Dublin. He immigrated to Virginia before 1740, and settled in Augusta county. His son, Col. William Preston, was a distinguished officer of the Revolution, and founded the town of Abingdon in Washington county, Va. He named it after the original seat of the family in England. Two of his sons were distinguished. Francis, the eldest, was a most gifted and accomplished gentleman of the old school. After the duel between Henry and Bolling he won the heart of Sarah Campbell, and they were subsequently married. James Patton, the other, was a Colonel of United States infantry in the war of 1812, and distinguished himself for gallantry on the battlefield. He received a wound at Crystler's field which crippled him for life. Subsequently he was Governor of the State of Virginia, and for many years was Postmaster of Richmond. He was the father of William Ballard Preston, who was Secretary to the Navy during President Taylor's Administration. The Preston family for many generations has been remarkable for physical beauty, combined with intellectual and moral qualities of the highest order. Francis Preston, in particular, was an honor to his name. After his marriage to Sarah Campbell in 1793 he was elected to Congress from the Abingdon district as a Federalist, and took up his residence in Philadelphia with his beautiful wife. It was in that city that their distinguished son, William Campbell Preston, was born in 1794. Francis Preston retired to private life in 1797, and lived in Abingdon, Va., where he died in 1835. He was the personal friend of Madison, Jefferson, and Monroe.

A most interesting story is related about Mrs. Francis Preston. One pleasant summer afternoon as Mr. and Mrs. Preston were taking a drive in their coach and four they came upon a party of boys engaged in swimming. One of the little fellows was so graceful as to attract Mrs. Preston's attention. She called him to the carriage and asked him his name. "Preston," he replied. "Who is your father?" inquired the gentle lady. "Francis Preston," answered the little lad, as he stood by the roadside *in puris naturalibus* and as white as the driven snow. "Is this so?" inquired the lady, turning to her husband. The silence that gives consent was the only answer vouchsafed. After a short pause Mrs. Preston remarked, "Had you better not send for him?" On this hint Preston acted. The boy was brought to his house and most tenderly cared for by his lovely wife. He was sent in due course of time to Yale College, where he was graduated in 1812, and subsequently to the Litchfield Law School. For a short time he gave up his profession to enter the army, but he afterward resumed it, studying for a time under William Wirt. A little later in his career he went further South, where he rose to the first rank at the bar and on the bench of the Supreme Court of Louisiana.

William Campbell Preston, the eldest son of Sarah Campbell and Francis Preston, was sent South in his early youth on account of his delicate lungs. During his sojourn there he became a student at the University of South Carolina. On his return to Virginia he was admitted to the bar, but, failing again in health, it was deemed advisable for him to seek a milder climate. Upon this occasion he went to Europe, where he formed a life-long intimacy with Washington Irving. While in Scotland he studied law at the University of Edinburgh, and at the same time made a tour of the Highlands with Mr. Irving. In the village of Dumblane he fell in with a young blacksmith, Henry Burden, a man of great mechanical talent. He advised him most strongly to go to America. This advice Burden followed the following year. After working as a plough maker in Utica and Albany he went to Troy to repair some machinery, and eventually become the sole proprietor of the Troy iron and rail works. At his death he left a fortune estimated at several million dollars. Burden was the inventor of the horseshoe machine, the hook-headed spike, which to-day is used on nearly every railroad in the United States, and other ingenious devices. A daughter of John Burden married Gen. Irwin McDowell, of the late war. William Campbell Preston finally settled in Columbia, S. C., where he won a brilliant record at the bar. As an orator he was hardly surpassed by Sargent S. Prentiss, and as a profound classical scholar he had but few if any equals south of the Patapsco. He was President for some time of the University of South Carolina, and raised that institution to the highest plane of American colleges. William Campbell Preston was very tall, with auburn hair, and his manners were most cultivated and delightful. He left no descendants.

His younger brother, John Smith Preston, married Caroline, the daughter of Col. Wade Hampton and a sister of Gov. Hampton of South Carolina. She was considered a great heiress. Gen. Preston, as he was generally called, was like the other members of the well-known family in point of size. He measured six feet four inches in height, and was of gigantic girth. Gen. Preston finally settled in Columbia, S. C., where he devoted much time to literary pursuits and the collection of paintings and statuary. When Hiram Powers first came to Washington as a young man William Campbell Preston became deeply interested in him. Not being a man of fortune himself, he wrote to his brother John, who had been considerably enriched by his marriage to Miss Hampton, and suggested that he should send Powers to Italy. Gen. Preston at once offered to give him $1,000 a year for eight years to enable him to continue his studies under the best Italian masters. Subsequently Powers gave the name of Preston to one of his children, and in after years presented to his benefactor a replica of his Greek Slave as a testimonial of his gratitude. Gen. Preston's address at the laying of the corner stone of the Episcopal University of the South in the mountains of Tennessee in 1860 is a production of great merit. His address made upon the occasion of the return of the Palmetto Regiment from the Mexican war in 1848 gained for him a national reputation. He lived in England several years prior to his death in 1881, and his last appearance in public was at the unveiling of the Confederate monument at Columbia, S. C., where he was the orator of the day.

Another son of Francis and Sarah Campbell Preston is John Lewis Preston. He was born in 1812, and is still living. He has had a somewhat varied career. He was educated at the University of Virginia, and subsequently studied law, but never practiced. During the war he served on the staff of Gen. Joseph E. Johnston, and was his aide-de-camp at the battle of Bull Run. His tastes have always been decidedly literary. Among the books that he has published is the life of his grandmother, Elizabeth, wife of Gov. William Campbell. A daughter of Francis Preston married the eminent Presbyterian divine, Robert T. Breckinridge. She was the mother of William Campbell Preston Breckinridge, the present member of Congress from Kentucky, and Gen. Joseph Cabell Breckinridge, United States Army.

Jacketing a Great Gun.

From the Washington Star.

For the last two or three days efforts have been made to jacket the nickel steel gun at the Washington Navy Yard, but, as yet, success has not rewarded the work in that direction. Several excuses have been offered as to why the Sellers system of jacketing has not been satisfactory. It has not been fully determined yet, however, as to whether the system is at fault. The process of jacketing is to lower the tube of the gun into a pit, in which is also a furnace. The jacket is then put, and, after having reached a proper temperature, and hence a proper expansion, it is lowered down over the tube. A stream of cold water is shot up through the tube, which cools it off, and the jacket shrinks to fit the tube. The most important part of the work is to heat the jacket with a certain degree of uniformity, and for this purpose various methods of heating are usually tried. Sometimes coal is used and sometimes wood. For the nickel steel gun, however, naphtha has been used, it being claimed that a greater degree of uniformity would result. An attempt was made Friday to shrink the jacket on. The tube was put into the pit, and the jacket heated, but when it was lowered into the tube it was noticed that a little part stuck. If the jacket had remained on the tube long enough for the cold water to be turned on great difficulty would have resulted to get it off, but immediately the uneven part was discovered it was gotten off, and an investigation commenced. The Sellers people claimed that the tube was not standing plumb. To remedy this the pit where the tube stands is being repaired, and on Monday it is expected to again commence the operation of jacketing the gun.

One Way to Get Quieted.

From the St. Louis Republic.

"Will you fill that bottle one-third full of sweet oil, the rest with laudanum?"

This was the request that the Gleaner heard as he was standing at the counter of a well-known drug store on the corner of Olive street, not far from the Exposition building. He looked around to get a glimpse of the author of this request he saw a young fellow of about twenty-two, well built, with a florid complexion, sleepy-looking gray eyes, a smooth face, with a pleasing but dissipated cast of countenance. "What did he want with oil and laudanum mixed?" asked the Gleaner, out of pure curiosity, after the young fellow had left the store.

"To drink, I suppose," answered the clerk. "He comes often enough for the sickening stuff."

"How does he manage the oil in such quantities?"

"Of course, he pours the oil off and drinks the laudanum, but I can't sell him laudanum alone, and he got some doctor to give him a prescription for the two mixed, and they don't mix separate, so that he can pour the one from the other. He used to come for it once a week, then twice, and now he comes every day, and I expect that all his salary goes that way, for the laudanum drunkard spends more money often than the whiskey toper."

KILLED BY ORDER OF COREA

THE ASSASSINATION OF KIM OK KIUN IN A STREET OF SHANGHAI.

Tragic End, in March Last, of a Prominent Politician of the East—After Eight Years of Effort to Seize or Kill Kim, an Agent of Corea Finally Lured Him to His Death.

A Corean of noble birth, long prominent in public life at home, stepped from the Yokohama steamer in March last to the wharf in Shanghai, and, a few minutes after, lay dead in the street, the victim of an assassin. A fellow countryman, who had induced him to go to Shanghai, hastened to greet him, and they had hardly exchanged a word before the new comer was stabbed to the heart by the false friend who had gone to the landing to kill him. The crime was a political murder, planned in the Court of Corea, connived at by the Chinese authorities, and the story throws a curious light upon methods and practices still in vogue in the highest circles of Oriental society. The victim was Kim Ok Kiun, who, ten years ago, headed an unsuccessful revolutionary attempt at Seoul, the capital of Corea. From the day he failed he had been followed by emissaries of the Corean Court, instructed by the royal party to kill Kim and to carry out this meritorious service to their country in such a way as to save the Court from any appearance of complicity.

When the deed was finally done last spring, it was evident that China and Corea had a perfect understanding in the matter. The murderer was not dragged off to the Shanghai lockup like a common malefactor. On the contrary, he was treated with respectful consideration as soon as his name and that of his victim were made known. He not only went free, but he was permitted to buy tickets for one passenger and one coffin to Seoul, and he departed for home with the body of his victim and the distinction due to a man who had rendered a public service. In the capital of Corea the body of the murdered man was quartered and exposed to view on the public highway, and his assassin was honored as no ordinary patriot.

This much and some further details of the tragedy have been published. It is believed, however, that the extraordinary story which had this bloody termination has not been retold, and it is well worth telling in connection with the crime that has closed the chapter. It was told in October, 1886, when the Japanese newspapers were alluding in every issue to the lively correspondence that was passing between the Governments of Japan, China, and Corea about Kim and the attempts of his enemies to kill him, and he himself appeared in print with the evidence of the plots against his life, which were the basis of his appeal to the Government of Japan for protection.

One night near the end of December, 1884, a number of the highest officials of Corea gathered at a banquet in the new Post Office Building in Seoul. A servant suddenly opened the door and cried that the house was about to be attacked. The men at the tables fled into the darkness only to find that enemies surrounded them. Some of them were killed on the spot and others were severely wounded. Then the mob and its leaders rushed to the palace to secure the person of the King. By this time news of the uprising had spread through the city, and the guards of the Japanese Legation had hastened to the palace to add their strength to the King's body guard. The rebels, who were attempting nothing less than the destruction of every leading official of the Government, besieged the building, but the pluck and discipline of the Japanese kept them at bay. Then the Chinese troops, hearing that the Japanese were interfering unwarrantably in one of the internal commotions of Corea, marched from their camp, outside the city, and gave battle to the Japanese at the palace, but the latter held their own throughout the night. In the morning it was found that the King had fled, and the Japanese had to fight their way to the coast, where they were protected by their war ships. The rebellion was soon put down China and Japan patched up their misunderstanding, and the matter ended.

The principal actor in this furious outbreak, and the instigator of all the assassinations was Kim Ok Kiun, who had held the highest offices in Corea, and was jealous of the preponderance in the King's councils of the members of the Min family. The Queen, a woman of strong character, belongs to this family, and through her influence it has long been the predominating power, and has controlled all the important offices. It is the opposition to this family, led by the King's own father, that has stirred up the recent insurrection. In 1884 the leader of this opposition was Kim Ok Kiun, and he hoped, after murdering his leading rivals, to seize power for himself and his adherents. Failing in his plans, he fled, with some of his fellow conspirators, to Tokio, Japan. Then began the efforts of Corea, abetted by China, to induce Japan to give the arch rebel up, and, failing in this, to assassinate him among his protectors.

A Corean mission was despatched to Japan in a Chinese man-of-war to demand the extradition of Kim and his fellows. They were assisted in their efforts by the Chinese representatives at Tokio, and, it is said, by Li Hung Chang, the great Viceroy at Chi-Li. Many weeks were spent in the negotiations, but Japan was firm in her refusal. She took the ground that she had no extradition treaty with Corea; furthermore, she alleged that the crimes for which the fugitives were wanted to answer in Corea were of a political nature, and it was against the law of nations to surrender political offenders. The mission at length went home defeated. Kim and three of his associates lived for a while in peace at Tokio. Three of his comrades, doubting the ability of Japan to withstand the pressure, fled to San Francisco.

Had Kim respected his asylum it is possible that he might have lived there securely for the rest of his days. But in the following year, 1885, there was another plot to overturn the Corean Government, and there was evidence that Kim, the daring, restless, and designing politician, was at the bottom of it. Demands for his extradition were at once renewed. China and Corea both asserted that as long as Kim remained in Japan he would be able to create disturbances in his native land. Japan remained firm in her refusal, giving as her only reason that political offenders were never extradited in Western countries, and that if the Eastern nations desired to be treated as equals by the West they must learn to act upon the same principles. No further attempt to secure the extradition of Kim was made, but Corea at once began to take measures to effect the removal of this troublesome person by other processes.

Three futile expedients for the assassination of Kim were attempted in the following year, which were described in the public prints, as far as the details were known, late in 1886. The instrument in the most interesting of these attempts appeared in Japan in the person of Chi, an official in the Seoul War Department. In Kim's palmy days he had been an ardent disciple of the advanced views of that astute politician, but he was now faithfully serving a Government composed of Kim's enemies. He travelled quietly to Japan and took lodgings in an ordinary inn in Tokio. On May 2, 1886, he wrote to Kim, protesting that their old friendship still continued on his part; that he deeply sympathized with Kim in his misfortunes and exile, and requested an interview. The old assassin was too sharp for the young one, however, and Kim bluntly refused to see him. At the same time he directed his friends to worm their way into Chi's confidence, and one of them did so with considerable skill.

He told Chi that the exiles were tired of their life in Japan, sorely regretted their folly, and longed to be back in Corea. Kim was the cause of their present plight. He had deceived them, and they all hated him for it. Would Chi intercede for them with the King and the Government? They would cheerfully seize Kim and carry him off if they could. Say, they had become so embittered by his conduct that they would kill him if ridding the country of him would be the means of making their peace with their sovereign. Kim was very wary, but no one could lull his suspicions to sleep as his companions, and they would do anything to show the sincerity of their repentance.

Chi listened seriously to these things, but was quite non-committal. It took some weeks for confidence to beget confidence. At last, however, he convinced himself of the sincerity of the exiles. Then he confided to them that he had been sent to Japan by the King for the express purpose of killing Kim, and that he would pay a sum equivalent to $5,000 to any one who would give him effective assistance in carrying out this bloody task. Kim's envoy at once became very circumspect. It was a perilous affair, he said. He was willing to do the work, but suppose, for instance, that Chi had never received a commission from the King, then any one killing Kim would be seized by the Japanese and would be repudiated by the Coreans. Chi was able to soothe these suspicions. He first produced a large Corean dagger which, he said, had been given to him by the King for the purpose of slaying Kim, and finally he exhibited this mandate, to which the royal seal was attached:

"We hereby commissioner you to cross the sea and apprehend the rebel, to accomplish which object you shall have full power to act according to circumstances, using due caution not to make fruitless attempts."

On the same day the supposed conspirator also secured from the unsuspecting Chi a promise in writing to pay him $5,000 for his services; and on the next day, Kim, armed with these documents, which he laid before the Japanese Government, demanded protection. A demand for an explanation was at once telegraphed to Seoul, and, of course, all knowledge of the plot was at once repudiated by the Corean Government. These proceedings may seem almost incredible to us, but we cannot apply our rules of morality to Corea. Kim was a leading statesman of the country, and if not an assassin himself he had inspired assassination. According to Corean ethics it was not improper for his enemies to remove him by the knife or bullet, political methods that have been employed more than once in the East in this generation.

Japan now decided that Kim was a heavy load to carry longer, and he was ordered to leave the country by June 27. Kim, however, had other views. When the police went to seize him at the expiration of the time he fled to the French Embassy and appealed for protection. He was, however, turned over to the authorities, and his forcible removal from the country was ordered on the ground that his presence tended "to endanger the peace, tranquillity, and external safety of the country." What to do with him, however, was a knotty problem. Japan wished to insure his safety. If he was sent to Chili he would be killed. Russia would not harbor him. San Francisco was proposed, but Kim was without means, and it was feared he would starve there in a land of plenty, unless the Americans took very kindly to him. It was finally decided that it was not desirable, for his own sake, to cast him loose upon the world. Japan has a little group of islets in the Pacific, the Bonin Islands, which at that time were uninhabited, save by a few retired pirates and runaway sailors. Kim was sent to these far-away, sunny islands to be supported by the Japanese Government and to enjoy a season of rest after his stormy and checkered career. For some years he contemplated the mutability of fortune in this retreat, but, at last, just as the little islands were beginning to blossom under the nurture of the Japanese farmers who had gone to them, the Government listened to Kim's piteous appeal and took him back to Japan. The fact was not generally known, but it was big with fate for the woful Coreans; and Corea's agents knew that Kim was once more within arm's reach of his native land.

In his retirement and obscurity, Kim, on an evil day, made the acquaintance of a fellow countryman. The fellow was unobtrusive and seemed of little importance. He did not thrust himself upon Kim's notice or appear anxious to cultivate his acquaintance. He was an agent of the court of Corea, but not for an instant, apparently, did Kim suspect his true character. For weeks and months the man would never go near the refugee whom he intended to murder. He had a legitimate business in Japan, and was so slow, discreet, and patient in promoting the real purpose of his sojourn there that his conduct excited no comment. Very little is really known of his acquaintance with Kim. He bided his time, for he proposed to murder the man on friendly soil, where he would not be called to account for the crime. At last his opportunity came. Kim had a claim for a considerable sum of money in south China. His pretended friend undertook to arrange for the settlement of this claim. He knew he had completely deceived the old man when he went to Shanghai to prepare for the denouement. His plans were skillfully conceived, and his dagger was ready for the victim whose confidence he had won.

The problem was to get Kim to Shanghai. He reported at last that Kim must go to the Chinese port to sign certain documents that would not or could not be sent to him. He knew very well that Kim would consult no one with regard to a visit to China, and he assured his dupe that there was not a particle of danger. He could travel in disguise, transact his business in a few hours, and return in perfect safety to Japan by the next boat.

Kim had apparently lost his cunning, and he went unsuspectingly to the cruel death prepared for him. Japan did not know he had left the country until he had been butchered on Chinese soil. The Government made some effort to investigate the matter, but soon decided that Japan had no jurisdiction, as Kim was a foreigner, he murdered on foreign soil. So the chapter ends. Kim died as he had made others die. He became himself the victim of political methods that he had used with considerable effect upon his rivals, and the manner of his taking off shows how stealthily and persistently some Governments of the Orient, near the twentieth century, are able to ply the arts of the assassin in the pursuit of their enemies.

CYRUS C. ADAMS.

Why He Stood Out for Acquittal.

From the Globe-Democrat.

"I saw a man saved from life imprisonment or hanging once by the one wise man on a jury, who stood out against eleven fools," said J. Stephens of Baltimore at the Laclede. "The man was found standing over a dead body in a field with a knife in his hand and blood smeared over his clothes. He swore he had found the man lying dead and had drawn the knife from the wound, where the murderer had left it sticking. It was shown that the men were enemies, and that the accused had even threatened repeatedly to kill him. On this and other circumstantial evidence eleven of the jury were for conviction. The foreman alone stood out, and so stood fastly that at length, one by one, the others joined him, and the prisoner was acquitted. Many thought the man guilty, and he finally left the country because of the cold shoulder he got from old friends. Years afterward, when the foreman of the jury was dying, he acknowledged that he killed the man himself. It was in self-defence, but he had no witness to prove it. When the innocent man was arrested he managed to get on the jury, determined to save him, and he said if he had been unable to do so otherwise he would have told the truth."

A. A. Vantine & Co.

Nos. 877 and 879