FINLAND.

A BEAUTIFUL AND MOST INTERESTING COUNTRY.

Yet Not Well Enough Known to the Rest of the World.

From the Westminster Review.

Helsingfors, an attractive and well-built city, so little known to the British tourist or trader, has just been the scene of national festivity on the occasion of unveiling a handsome statue erected to the memory of Alexander II., the Emperor to whom Finlanders owe a notable enlargement and official confirmation of their cherished rights. Nearly all the towns and villages were represented by special delegates, the Parliament attended en masse, and among the thousands of spectators were about 800 University students, conspicuous in their white caps. The statue represents Alexander standing with the charter of Finnish rights in his hand, and on the sides of the base are representations of peace, art, science, and industry, admirably sculptured by Mr. W. Runeberg, son of the late national poet. No better place could have been found for the monument than in the square where it stands, surrounded by the Senate House, the University, and other stately public buildings. For some months past the Parliament of Finland has been holding its triennial sessions, and the fact that it finds little or no record in the British press is perhaps the most conclusive evidence of the general tranquillity of its proceedings. Nevertheless it is noteworthy that in that remote northern region agitations are in progress concerning not a few of the questions that have come to the front in England. The Legislature of Finland consists of four separate Chambers, representing the landowners, the clergy, the townspeople, and the peasants. These are expected to arrive at substantial agreement upon new constitutional projects before legislative changes can be submitted to the Czar, as Grand Duke, for his assent. Among the questions which have been under debate are a better system of national education, the diminution of multiple votes largely exercised by the richer classes, and equality of political rights of both sexes. But English readers may be more interested in some account of the country itself, few parts of Europe being so little known.

Suomi, as natives fondly call it, possesses many features and customs of peculiar interest, besides the fact that it can fairly boast of being the freest and best governed portion of the Russian empire. Greatly mistaken are any who assume that it is covered with snow and ice during most of the year, that it remains inaccessible to culture, or is inhabited by a people imperfectly civilized. Finland is no doubt a severe and parsimonious mother to her children, not prodigal of gifts like more favored southern lands. The fact that they have had to fight a hard battle, with grim drawbacks of climate and geographical position, has made them a robust, persevering race, simple in their mode of life, but much more advanced in ideas than might be expected from these remotely situated subjects of the Czar.

Progressive in civic and political affairs, they still cherish in the social sphere not a few quaint survivals of the superstitions of far-distant centuries. Such, for instance, is what is known as the kokko fire. Originally the Finlanders were fire-worshippers, and to this fact, doubtless, may be traced the custom, never neglected at midsummer and other seasons, of lighting on the hills bonfires, around which the country folk dance, while they join their voices in musical chorus. At the coast this traditional fire is often lit upon a raft some short distance from the shore, and there the festive throng row in a circle, singing almost as long as the flames continue to illuminate the somewhat weird scene. The early religious faith of these people had somewhat of a mystic tinge. Mixed up a good deal with sorcery and the magic arts, it yet more nearly approached Christianity in some of its principles than the creed of ruder worshippers of nature. The Odin of the Scandinavians was revered mainly as a type of brute strength and martial power, whereas the sacred hero of the Finlanders held sway over their imagination rather by virtue of his superior wisdom. During the long period when Russia and Sweden contended for the mastery of Finland, the people of that unfortunate buffer State had often occasion to show military prowess, but almost always in self-defence rather than wanton attack. Their patriotic spirit was kept alive, and although not rewarded by national independence, it enjoys even now a large measure of practical recognition.

The strife of centuries gave fresh point to native ballads and epics which, before the printed book era, were handed down orally from generation to generation. Sometimes these took the form of magic chants and incantations, for the descendants of the old sorceries had been dignified to the rank of poets. Although composed in different periods between the eighth and the fourteenth centuries, these were not gathered in writing until early in the present century. In 1835 they were published in one volume known as the Kalewala, which has been translated into English, Swedish, French, Russian, German, and Hungarian. This national epic, which consists of no fewer than 22,793 verses, is much admired for its grandeur of conception, profound sentiment, and delicacy of thought; indeed, many scholars consider that it rivals the Iliad and Odyssey. It abounds in natural symbolism and mythical stories. In some of these, inanimate things are supposed to be imbued with life and brought into closer relation with the singer. They all indicate the contemplative nature of the people, in keeping with the stern character of their natural surroundings. Many are cast in a somewhat melancholy vein, just as even the festive music of rugged Norway seems always to have an undertone of sadness. The more familiar and popular songs of Finland have been gathered together and published in a lyrical collection called the *Kanteletar*. They are so named from the kantele, the national instrument—a sort of zither with five strings, peculiar to the Finish people. Its history and use are associated with many peculiar traditions and legends. In the family circles of Finland four-part singing is carried to a great degree of perfection, and they are also fond of dancing to the violin, the accordion, or even to the cheerful voice of singing friends; but in some parts of the country there is a religious sect which absolutely forbids dancing.

Marriage fêtes in Finland, as in Norway, are often prolonged for several days, even among folk of humble rank. One peculiarity, which may excite more surprise than approval among eligible suitors in our country, is that the Finnish lover never himself "pops the question" to the girl of his choice. The momentous proposal is made through a third person, called the "talman," to whom the happy couple give a present when his delicate mediation proves successful and ends in a wedding. Not uncommonly their gift to the talman takes the unromantic form of a shirt. In like manner the clergyman who presides over the nuptial service receives a simple and inexpensive present, often a handkerchief and a pair of warm hair gloves. A similar gift is bestowed upon the officiating priest at funerals. Upon these mournful occasions the service is exceedingly simple—more so than would satisfy the views of British undertakers; but the burial is, as a rule, followed by large hospitality on the part of the bereaved family. One favorite occupation for home leisure in Finland, in addition to their characteristic music, is the proposing and solving of enigmas. Here are two or three specimens of that species of puzzle:

Born at the same time as the world, destined to live as long as the world, and yet never five weeks old. (Answer—The moon.)

Narrow gulf and long promontories, each terminated by a rocky plateau. (The fingers.)

A burden fatigues him, and yet he does not carry it. (A rower with his laden boat.)

Travelling over the country like a king, he yet visits each year the most humble hut. (Christmas.)

Unable to think, unable to speak, yet tells the truth to all the world. (A balance, or pair of scales.) The last of these is sometimes varied by describing the object as "without tongue, without mind, &c." White field and black harvest. (A written sheet of paper). From these samples it will be seen that the enigmas of the Finlanders are not difficult, sometimes capable of more than one answer, and such as sharp readers may multiply for themselves *ad lib.* Their proverbs are also simple and obvious, as "Time stops for nobody," "Growing up without correction, they will die without honor," "Who asks his way does not lead himself astray," as well as others almost literally corresponding to those familiar in our own land. But it is in poesy and song that the Finnish people most excel. Their language admirably lends itself to these purposes, alike from its sonorous character and the richness of its vocabulary. The Finlander smokes much tobacco, but of inferior quality, and the favorite beverage of the people is coffee, largely mixed with chicory; indeed, the coffee pot is always kept in readiness on a hob at the corner of the fire. Another drink in common use is an acidulated small beer called kalja; but on special occasions, as at marriages or funerals, a stronger beer is consumed. In the country districts and at the coast, salt fish is more frequently eaten than meat; butter is not much used, and still less cheese, although a large quantity of good cheese is exported from the country to other markets. The most important food plant in the country is rye, and next in order come potatoes. Barley and oats are less common. Wheat is considered a delicacy, and wheaten bread is used chiefly by the better classes, with tea or coffee. The country does not produce enough cereals for its own consumption. Altogether the nourishment of the people is simple and inexpensive; so also is their clothing. The country clergy are often paid in rye in winter and butter in summer, commodities which, of course, they sell when the supply exceeds their own necessities. Small tenants not infrequently pay their rents by so many days' labor given to the landlords.

Although Finland occupies an area almost equal to England, Scotland, Ireland, the Netherlands, and Belgium together, so much is covered by water that it has in many parts the appearance of an immense archipelago, sparsely populated and with imperfect means of intercommunication. Many of the intersecting canals are largely used for floating cut timber from the forests to the markets. In the north and south-western districts wild animals, such as the bear and the wolf, are abundant. As may be assumed from the vast extent of the surface of Finland, there are great variations of climate and temperature in its different parts, yet the cold is nowhere so extreme as might be expected in those high latitudes. In some districts agriculture is well advanced, but night frosts in summer often play havoc with the crops. Despite the pressure of their powerful neighbors, the Finlanders have been careful to preserve intact their national characteristics and individuality. They are a stalwart race, patient, industrious, and indomitable in their perseverance. About 85 per cent. of them speak Finnish as their mother tongue, 14 per cent. speak Swedish, and only about 1 per cent. talk Russian, although the latter language is now being taught in the schools. Except in some remote parishes, national costumes have disappeared, but local customs and traditions are well maintained. The cold dark nights of long winters have encouraged a taste for family life, and helped, with other circumstances, to develop the store of legends, lyrics, and superstitions to which reference has already been made.

Politically, the position of the Finlanders is peculiar. Their country enjoys a large measure of freedom and internal independence, yet it is under the ultimate supreme control of Russia. Most natives demur to the idea that it has been absorbed in the Russian empire, and they point to the fact that each successive Czar during the present century, on assuming office as Grand Duke of Finland, has entered into a solemn pledge to maintain unaltered the original rights and constitutional laws of the Grand Duchy. A copy of the first imperial warrant to this effect, granted in 1809, is hung up on view in all the churches of Finland. The administration of the country is presided over by a Governor-General, who is appointed by the Czar, and with that functionary there is associated a Secretary of State, who must be a native of Finland. The four legislative orders are convoked every three years, and each sits separately, but they may deliberate in common if this is asked by one of the orders and supported by another of them. The privileges of the nobility have been abolished, except so far as concerns representation in their own Diet, where, unlike the other orders, they are allowed, if absent, to vote by proxy. The Clerical Chamber is always presided over by the Archbishop, and includes the Bishops, and twenty-eight deputies elected by the priests, also two chosen by the universities, and certain representatives of the public schools. The third Chamber consists of about fifty-six representatives of the bourgeois class, one from each town, except in places with a population of over 6,000, where one extra member is allowed for every additional 6,000 inhabitants. With the exception of the nobility, clergy, women, soldiers, and servants, all ratepayers in towns have a vote, but the rating qualification is high, and excludes a large proportion of the inhabitants from the electoral register. If a resident has not an income of more than 200 marks yearly he is not rated, and consequently has no vote. What is known as the Swedish party, comprising the better class of townspeople, defend plural voting. Those reformers who call themselves the Finnish National party advocate both a lowering and simplification of the franchise. The fourth, the Peasant Chamber, consists of sixty members, and every 2,000 electors returns a representative. Members of Parliament must be natives of Finland like all those who vote for them. Electors must also be at least 21 years of age, resident in the district where they vote, and must have paid rates there for not less than three years. Women have acquired the right to vote in communal affairs, but not yet in political contests, although female franchise societies have for some years been urging a fuller recognition of the claims of their sex. In Finland women are largely employed, not only in the Post Office, telegraph stations, and other public departments, but also in many banks and private offices. Members of Parliament are paid at the rate of about 16s. per day during the session, and are allowed to travel free to and from their parliamentary duties. In the Finnish Parliament the agreement of all four orders, together with the sanction of the Czar, is necessary in any decisions affecting fundamental laws. Upon questions of internal government the accord of three of the Chambers is sufficient; and where there is a tie—two Chambers ranged on each side on any urgent question—a commission may be appointed, composed of sixty delegates of the four orders sitting together. Military service is compulsory, but the period may be reduced in the case of young men who attain a prescribed educational standard.

J. DODS SHAW.

HOW FORESTS GROW.

Now the Time to Study the Wonder of the Beginnings of the Trees.

Now, when the superabundant vegetation of summer no longer cumbereth the ground, is the time to walk along the edge of a woodland and learn how forests grow. Rising through the grass, sometimes only a few inches, sometimes a foot or more, one now sees the younglings of the forest, seedlings from nuts and every form of forest fruit sown last autumn or perhaps the year before. Nature in her reckless profusion sows her forest seeds right and left, at the root of the parent tree and by the aid of the wind out beyond the edge of the woodland. Millions rot upon the surface of the ground or are eaten by birds, beasts, or insects. Comparatively few are covered with earth and germinate. Many of those few perish by a thousand accidents when they first peep above ground. Some fractional percentage of the whole number of seeds sown live to the end of their first year, and it is these that now greet the eye upon the woodland's edge, pretty mimics of their giant parents.

One gets a notion of the forest tree's tenacity of life when one attempts to uproot the baby tree. A yearling hickory is found with deep struck top root thicker than the stem above ground and often longer. Only a strong arm can uproot the infant from the spot where he has set a firm foot in his native soil as if he knew his destined towering height and six feet of girth. So the oak; his infant top root exceeds in length his height above ground, and he braces himself with lateral rootlets as if he felt the tempest in his locks a century hence.

The nobler forest trees, too, in their youth have to make provision for the needs of age, to dive down into the bowels of the earth and draw thence the stuff from which giants are moulded, the water that shall serve for life and growth when droughts destroy the puny annuals towering in their mushroom growth of a season above the tiny oak with its heritage of centuries. The birches are less firmly rooted. They content themselves with a modest depth and a wide lateral spread of branching roots. The beech spreads wide and sinks deep in preparation of the time when the secret alchemy of its cells shall transmute the food drawn from earth and air into the marvel of its giant limbs.

There is a peculiar charm in the infancy of these future giants. The tiny young oaks of the larger varieties sometimes exceed their parents in the size and richness of their leaves, and for some years the growing oak has a peculiar autumn splendor that comes late and lingers long. The leaves of the young pin oak are more delicate than those of the parent. They take on early the tints that glorify this variety of oak. The almost pentagonal leaves of the seedling tulip tree also are tiny, with a transparency unknown to the broad rich greenery of the well-grown tree. The foot-high elm wears his dark green flannel leaves far into the autumn and seems to escape the beetle. The baby birch when uprooted has a pretty secret to reveal of the way her kind grows in sisterhoods of three, four, five, or more. All about the base of the baby trunks, just beneath the surface of the ground, are little buds that will in time develop into independent trunks, at least such seems their promise. The elms propagate abundantly. So do the maples, growing in single tall straight wands. The tulip tree is also the parent of a great brood, and the young wild cherries spring abundantly. The oaks seem less prolific, probably because the acorn is an excellent food for a great number of creatures. So, too, the chestnut, whose seed escapes the worm only to fall into the clutches of the schoolboy. The birches spring up in all directions, but the beech is less commonly found in its infancy. The sassafras surrounds itself with a whole colony of young shoots from its far-spreading roots. Hence the charm of the natural plantations of the sassafras. The beauty of its family groups should be a perpetual reminder to human families that few of us in the mass are so well worth the photographer's art as the spontaneous vegetable products of nature.

"The Revenooers Is a-Comin'!"

From the New Orleans Times-Democrat.

ATLANTA, Oct. 5.—The revenue men, just back from a raid through a mountain section of northwest Georgia, have brought back with them a singular prisoner, who is typical of the wild mountaineer. He is Moses Tankersley, a cousin of the notorious Bony Tankersley, who is known from Georgia to California. Tankersley's red hair stands up like a brush all over his head, while his light-blue eyes can look so innocent as to melt a heart of stone.

The raid was organized to start out from Ellijay, in Gilmore county, describing a circuitous route through Spring place and across to Dalton. A large number of illicit stills had been accurately located through informers, and all the officers had to do was to take them. They were astonished to find as they rode from house to house an absence of inmates and nothing but ashes, in some cases warm, showing where the still used to be. It was not until they got near Dalton that they caught up with Tankersley, who, on a rather lively mule, had undertaken the task of riding ahead of the revenue men and warning the moonshiners of the danger to come. They at once removed their stills and hid.

The messenger had kept ahead of the officers for over fifty miles, and had done his work so well that there was nothing for them to find. With all the innocence possible he claims that he does not know what blockade liquor is, and that he is a humble member of the Church. He will be placed on trial for obstructing officers in the discharge of their duties. At nearly every place where he left warning he was furnished with a relay, so that he was able to keep in a full gallop all the way, shouting as he went, "The revenooers is a-comin'!"

Not Figuratively.

From the Topeka State Journal.

Miss Pearl Ham lives at Bellevue. This is plainly putting Pearl before swine.

WOMEN SLAVES IN CHINA.

THEIR OWNERS ARE OFTEN NOMINAL CHRISTIANS,

To Whom They Are Sold for Immoral Purposes—A European or American Buys or Hires a Mistress as He Would a House—The Treaty Ports Filled with the Illegitimate Issue of Foreigners and Their Chinese Slaves—Parents Raise Children Solely to Sell—They Are Regarded as Assets Easily Converted Into Cash.

Slavery and polygamy seem to be twins. They went hand in hand together in Biblical days, and they go hand in hand together in China today. A woman in a polygamous household is really, if not nominally, more or less a slave. Even where a No. 1 wife enjoys some liberty and independence, Nos. 2, 3, 4, 5, and 6 have less and less, until it becomes impossible to say where the free woman ends and the human chattel begins.

There are millions of polygamous homes in China, and millions of slaves. Even in those Chinese cities which are owned by European governments, such as Hong Kong, Singapore, and Penang by the English, Saigon and Haiphong by the French, Macoa by the Portuguese, Manila by the Spanish, and Batavia and Deli by the Dutch, slavery is almost as prevalent as in China proper. In any one of these cities a slave can report to the Government, and is instantly free. In nearly every inn and other places where people congregate are placards in Chinese notifying them of the law in this respect. Nevertheless the slave prefers his slavery and declines the boon of freedom. Even where a man slave is worked almost to death, and a woman slave is leased out to the lowest dens in the slums of these cities, it is exceedingly rare that he, or she, takes advantage of the law.

Slave girls are purchased from their parents or guardians when they are quite young. From three to seven is the favorite age in the market, as the child then shows about how it will look when fully grown. The price is then quite low, ranging from $10 to $80, and the danger of it becoming homesick and running away amounts to nothing. These girls are brought up as ladies' maids and receive an education which, while very deficient from a European standard, is equal to that of their mistress. They are treated kindly, and at fifteen are often admirable housekeepers. They receive no wages, of course, and as for lodgings, they are supposed to be able to sleep anywhere—on two chairs, a board, a stone bench, or a tile floor. At any time the purchaser has the right to sell his slave girl again. This is very seldom done, and only when business troubles or accidents have reduced the master to poverty.

At 16 the girl is marriageable, and, in the next five years, usually at 20, she is married. Sometimes her owner is the happy bridegroom, he choosing her as an inferior wife, or concubine. Generally she is married outside, and, in that case, her nuptials are celebrated with nearly as much eclat as those of a daughter. There is, however, one curious point of difference. All her wedding presents go to her owner under the theory of recouping him for the loss of her services, whereas in the case of a daughter, they are her marriage portion with which she starts her new household.

When a slave girl is pretty and popular, her presents are numerous and costly. In this way her owner will receive several hundred, or even a thousand dollars, when he may have paid for her in the beginning less than two hundred.

As the families which sell their daughters for slaves of this sort are usually desperately poor, the change is almost always for the better. Besides the betterment of the girl's condition is the help afforded her people by her purchase money on the one side and by the diminished strain on the family purse occasioned by her support. Without this system there would be an increase in infanticide, in death by starvation or privation, and in sales of young women for the lowest immoral purposes. Girl slavery has, therefore, been favored by the Chinese policy during many centuries, and is an organic feature of their civilization.

It extends from the imperial household in Pekin down to the domestic circle of the prosperous coolie. The humblest wife looks forward to having a slave girl, while an impoverished home sees in its young daughters valuable assets that can always be converted into cash.

A slightly different kind of slavery is that where widows and old maids buy children, especially boys, as an investment for surplus money, with a view to their support in old age. These are known as "pocket children" and their owner as the "pocket mother." Boys bring from $10 to $30; girls from $26 to $75.

They are taken from the lowest classes—coming from slums, bagnios, farm hands, and opium dens. The owners take excellent care of the pocket children, and look after their physical training and education as well as their finances will permit. If a boy can become a clerk he will earn $5 or $4 a month, when he is 18, whereas if he is a porter or a day laborer he will seldom get as much as $2.

In the treaty ports, where there are Europeans, the "pocket mothers" try hard to work these little waifs into the latter's employ. In this way the children come to get a colloquial knowledge of English, which is of great commercial value, and, besides this, get from fifty to one hundred per cent. more wages than are paid for the work by the Chinese themselves.

The fourth and most sombre type of slavery in China is that of girls for immoral purposes. It exists in tremendous proportions all over China, but most extensively and in its lowest forms in the treaty ports, where it is fostered and cultivated by Europeans. The lowest form of this type is when young women are bought outright as slaves for disreputable houses. There is no hope nor escape for these luckless victims of vice, as the law and custom of China is about the same as that of Christendom.

The evil is comparatively small in the cities where Europeans are not allowed. But in those where there is a large foreign commerce it assumes formidable dimensions. There are no "gilded palaces of sin" in China; that, be it said to the credit of the Chinese law, is strictly prohibited. The only ones are in Hong Kong and the foreign settlement in Shanghai. A large part of their support, if not their chief support, comes from Europeans and Eurasians, of whom nine-tenths are the illegitimate offspring of the former. Such an example and such conduct are not unperceived by the quick-sighted Chinese. It is for this reason that some of the missions appear to be failures in the treaty ports, while they enjoy an appreciable success inland.

The ratio of illegitimacy among the Chinese proper is not two in a thousand. But in the treaty ports the illegitimate Eurasians outnumber the Europeans, and outnumber European children five to one. It is naturally impossible to convert intelligent human beings to a faith whose avowed professors and representatives are monsters of wickedness from a Chinese point of view.

That is why in China, in anti-missionary placards, there is always the suggestion, or even the open charge, that the Gospel is a mask and cloak for immorality of the grossest type. A Canton missionary declared three years ago that the chief foes to Christian progress in the far East were Christians themselves. No class of persons appreciate this growing evil more than do the self-sacrificing missionaries who spend the best part of their lives in doing noble work in China.

The other form of slavery for immoral purposes is equally objectionable ethically, but is so wisely managed by the community, and so shrewdly regarded by the law, that it is approved of by the Orientals, and connived at by the Occidentals. It is a part of the great system of polygamy. While the Middle Kingdom is polygamous, yet the first wife is to all intents the only one, and all others are close to what we call concubines. Yet their status is legal and respectable, and their children are legitimate. They stand about as high socially as do the morganatic wives of the European nobility of the upper ranks. In addition to this a Chinese gentleman who does not desire to engage in matrimony can purchase a concubine and live with her as long as he desires, and then sell her, give her away, or return her to her people. Beyond this, and more pitiful still, he can hire one from her parents or pocket mother, just exactly as he can hire a house.

It is here that the greater part of the evil comes in. The woman knows that her temporary marital experience may last but a few months and will not last many years, and so she tries to make hay while the sun shines. She does her best to interest, amuse, and entertain her master, as only in this way can she hope to expect aught from his generosity. In the main the men are liberal and free-handed, and in addition to her salary, of which one-half goes to her parents, and one-half to herself, give her many presents. What she desires most of all is to be the "pocket mother" of two or more young girls. These cost from $40 to $500 each, according to youth, beauty, and accomplishments. With ordinary luck she accomplishes her desire, and at 30 years she is the owner of two handsome young girls. They are her legal property, and provided they do not violate any law or ordinance, she is protected by the magistrates of the district, and the custom of the country in doing with them as she pleases. Were there no Europeans in China, she would probably sell them eventually to some wealthy man to complete his household economy because the Chinese are averse to the leasing system and prefer to buy outright. In such a case the girl would secure a home and lead an uneventful and rather happy life. Her children would be legitimate, and she might become a No. 1 wife. But in the Orient there is a great army of Europeans and Eurasians, who have become Mongolianized, and who combine Eastern ideas with Western vices with alacrity and despatch. Few of these buy native girls outright. Rumor, a dame who rather exaggerates than understates a fact, says that there are but nine men of our race who have indulged in this extravagance. The great majority lease these girls, discharge them when they get tired of them or when they have a domestic tiff, and engage a new one. This is the daily life of the young man in Cathay. Speaking of this great evil, a prominent missionary said recently:

"It is a terrible state of affairs and one we are powerless to combat. The people of the country are poor, and the wages of sin are so large as to dazzle the eyes of poverty. A hard working mechanic toiling fourteen hours a day earns but $4 a month or even less. When he is sick, or when work is slack, he earns nothing. His pretty daughter, by leaving the parental roof and living in luxury with an American or European merchant, receives from $17 to $60 a month, according to her attractions—more than her father can make in an entire year.

"Do their masters treat these unfortunates well? Only too well. Besides their wages they present them with fine hosiery and footwear, silk dresses, and jewelry, perfumery, and handsome furniture, everything, in fact, that a woman can desire. They are usually kind and gentle to them and, at times, affectionate. But this makes the system the more demoralizing. The women come to love their evil mode of living, and are unwilling to depart from it. They bring up their children and pocket children to pursue the same career. The worst feature of it all is the poor little children which are brought into the world by these unions. One father in ten perhaps recognizes his duty, and acts as a parent to the helpless babe. Four place their offspring in convents and asylums, and beyond paying the monthly bills give them no thought. The remaining five behave worse than the brutes of the field, and never concern themselves, directly or indirectly, in the fate of those they have brought into existence. In every place where there are foreign residents there are scores of blue-eyed and gray-eyed Chinese babies. In Hong Kong and Shanghai there are thousands of these poor half-breeds. The Chinese will not recognize them, their fathers disown them, society discards them, and their mothers refuse the assistance of the Church. The boys grow up as best they may; the girls, when they reach womanhood, follow the mother's footsteps, or else go into deeper infamy.

"A Hong Kong broker, now a settled-down married man, has three beautiful daughters who belong to one of the worst dens in that city. A customs official, who has a young wife and a little child, has also one family in a convent in Shanghai and a second in another convent in Hong Kong. These are but two cases out of a hundred that have come under my own observation and knowledge.

"I said we are powerless, and we are. These men attend church, make society, and control commerce. They are generous, and contribute largely to our chapels, asylums, hospitals, and other charities. If we antagonize them it would cut off our innocent pleasures and make our life much harder in the far East; so we keep our mouths shut and our eyes closed to the awful evil. I am not satisfied, however, that we are doing right, or even wisely. The Chinese notice these things and fling them in our face. Thus our work is made unfruitful and conversions rendered much more difficult than they otherwise would be."

LESS MONEY FOR MISSIONS.

Nearly All Protestant Societies Report Decreased Receipts from the Churches.

Considerable interest, though without the element of surprise, was manifested in New York yesterday in the report of the Treasurer of the American Board of Foreign Missions, read at Madison, Wis., on Wednesday, which showed that the Board's debt had increased during the fiscal year $28,000. Investigation shows that in nearly all of the Protestant denominations the contributions from the churches this year for foreign missionary work are less than last year, and the same is true in most instances with home missions.

The big missionary societies of the various churches, all of which have their principal offices here, handle annually millions of dollars and employ a very large clerical force, so that their prosperity, or lack of it, affects a very large number of people directly, aside from the congregations who support them and the multitudes to whom they minister. The American Board is the representative of the foreign missionary enterprise of the Congregational Church. There are two other principal missionary societies in that Church—the Congregational Society for Home Missions and the American Missionary Association, the latter working in the South.

The American Board, which for years suffered in a financial as well as a theological way from the bitter animosity engendered by the Andover controversy, has been obliged to increase its debt from $88,318.73 on Sept. 1, 1893, to $116,237.36 on Aug. 31, 1894, notwithstanding contributions during this time of $636,409.79, which do not include special donations of $37,770.63 for the 1893 debt. The falling off in the contributions from the churches is $27,127.78, besides a loss of $3,816.40 from the women's boards, whose income is practically from the same source. It is this item which gives the greatest cause for thought, for from the churches, naturally, comes the greatest income. Next to that source in the amount of income furnished come legacies, and had it not been for an increase in the receipts from legacies of $37,009.51 the Board would be more than $150,000 in debt.

The Rev. Dr. William A. Rice, Secretary of the American Tract Society, said yesterday:

"From such information as I have received I believe all the missionary organizations are suffering from the hard times of last year. The three great undenominational institutions representing the Evangelical churches in the home and foreign missionary field are the American Tract Society, the American Bible Society, and the American Sunday School Union. All these, I believe, are experiencing the same financial difficulties in varying degrees, in the diminution of receipts, as the American Board, and as are the various denominational societies. I think it is due only to the financial depression of the past two years."

The Board of Foreign Missions of the Presbyterian Church estimates a shortage of more than $200,000 for the year. The total receipts of the first five months of the fiscal year show an increase of $47,750.07 over the same period of last year, but this is including an increase of $56,637.75 in legacies, while the contributions from the churches have fallen off $1,124.59. Treasury William Dulles, at 53 Fifth avenue, said yesterday: "Our books show a greater number of contributions than ever before, yet the total of them is less than last year by more than $1,000. This seems to show that it is not unwillingness but inability to give on the part of the people."

The Rev. Dr. Sandford Hunt, Treasurer of the Methodist Missionary Society, said yesterday at the Methodist Book Concern: "Our Church combines the foreign and the home missionary work. We are facing a probable deficit this year, but I think not so much as the other societies. Up to Oct. 1 the contributions were less than $10,000 short of the total for the corresponding period last year."

The Domestic and Foreign Missionary Society of the Protestant Episcopal Church has had apparently the most prosperous year of any of the societies, and yet its receipts from the contributions of the churches as for foreign missions are $16,000 less than last year. Assistant Treasurer E. W. Roberts said that besides this decrease there was a loss of $1,300 in the contributions for domestic missions, but that there was an increase of $29,000 in the receipts whose disposition was not specified, which made a total increase of contributions of nearly $12,000.

The Home Missionary Society of the Congregational Church also had a prosperous year, the increase in contributions being nearly $19,000, and in legacies $38,000, which more than balances the losses in the receipts of the American Board, and may account in part for those losses, for the total is more, Dr. Clark, the Secretary, says, than the average for the past five years.

The American Missionary Association, which is the Congregational society working in the South, attributes its decrease of receipts, which necessitated an increase of debt this year of $21,532.86, to its refusal this year, in common with other Protestant societies, to receive money from the Government for the Indian contract schools, a source from which last year it drew $26,383.06. It is the only society of a number seen yesterday which shows an increase in the contributions from churches. This increase is $3,948.86.

The figures of the Baptist Foreign Missionary Society were not obtained yesterday. The home office of the society is in Boston. Assistant Treasurer W. P. Plant of the Home Missionary Society said his society had increased its debt from $100,000 to $128,000, while its receipts so far this year were $4,000 behind.

A Ring Puzzle.

From the Helena Independent.

In this city recently the possessor of a diamond ring requested a friend to take the ring to a reputable house and borrow $10 upon it. The friend complied and soon returned with the money. The ring was placed in the safe by the man who furnished the cash, there to remain until it should be redeemed. Later on No. 2, who pawned the ring for No. 1, concluded that he would like to have $10, and as the ring was a valuable one, he returned to the man with the safe and asked for the money, which was readily furnished, the safe man supposing the ring belonged to No. 2, the man who pawned it. Nos. 1 and 2 now had $10 each, provided they had not spent it, which is more than likely. Later on it happened that the safe man went home for the night and his place was taken by another. The second safe man knew nothing about the transactions of the first safe man concerning the diamond ring. When another man (No. 3) presented himself and courteously stated that he had left a ring in the charge of the first safe man and desired to get it, the second safe man, being convinced that the ring belonged to No. 3, handed out the glittering circle of gold without unnecessary delay. No. 3, on obtaining possession of the ring, found that he also needed some money, and at once. He therefore lost no time in putting up the ring at his uncle's for an equivalent in coin of the realm.

The result: The first safe man is out $20, No. 1 is out a diamond ring and owes $10, No. 2 is ahead $10, No. 3 is ahead all he could get on the ring. This is a case that may not be settled without reference to an astute mathematical and legal luminary.

HOW IT FEELS TO STARVE.

THE DIARY OF A MAN OF MORE THAN AVERAGE INTELLIGENCE.

He Was Looking Forward Not to Breaking a Fasting Record, but to Death—Pathetic and Interesting Is the Record.

From the Chicago Herald.

George Marshall Sloan, lawyer, mathematician, Socialist, and economist, died Sunday morning at the residence of Thomas Kelly, 3,449 Wabash avenue. It is probable that at that hour, when the kindly hand of death was laid upon him there passed from earth the strongest and most capable spirit for good among the many who moulded socialistic-labor thought in Chicago between the years 1879 and 1880. But he ended his own life at last, for though he considered that death was to him but the relaxation of the power of nature and then the end of all, for fifty days previous he had not taken food. He had addicted himself to the use of morphine. On July 8 he writes of his intention to starve:

"I am faint with hunger. I will try a little brandy and cracker. * * * I realize the solution of the problem of life now, better than ever before. I am dying of inanition—slowly, it is true, but surely. * * * If the starvation is only accompanied by lack of consciousness, as is often the case, I will have an easy death and need not hasten it to escape torture. I will not be too weak to take a little morphine by swallowing, if I am too weak to inject it. I am sure now that I must die of starvation, and must alleviate the pain of it as I can."

He thought of the coming end of the last summer month and added to his notes:

"August and I should go out together. Certainly there is no object to be served by my living, but I want to die so that it will be manifest that my sanity is palpable, and manifest that I die of set purpose and with deliberation, as the only method of escaping continuous pain."

The subsequent entries of interest follow, a painful, weary story of suffering and anguish:

"Aug. 21.—I am just what I was on Sept. 25, 1893. Nor have I changed mentally in any respect that I can notice. Physically there are changes, of course, and changes again since the date of the letter to the Coroner. All the while the healing process of nature has been exerted and new intestine has been made and the old patched up, all of which the autopsy, if properly conducted, will disclose. But I don't know how often I have rejected myself, and after all the sole question is: 'Has or has not a short cut between my stomach and intestines been built by nature to get around the stricture, I think, in my stomach?'

"Aug. 24, Friday, 3:15 A. M.—No sleep. * * * I have found a place in the right thigh where I think I can inject directly into the blood. I think it's a vein. This the prod leaves sore, and I will keep it so.

"6:30 A. M.—Pretty hungry. Eyes weak and sore—no sleep all night. * * * but I can keep my mind off the hunger, and the morphine deadens the pain.

"10:08—I think that the gnawing of hunger can scarcely be worse than I have endured. If I can manage to go along without bother for eight or ten days, then I can throw away the food after that till the end comes, if my pluck holds out. But that 'if' is a very big word!! Hunger, the natural craving for life, that will assert itself, though I can see nothing worth living for. * * * Pshaw! 'tis absurd to think of living, and my only anxiety should be that this record should show my sanity indisputably. To be sure, no one that knows me has the slightest idea that I am insane. * * *

"Aug. 25, Saturday, 10:12 A. M.—I suppose that I am now living on myself.

"Aug. 26, Sunday—The wasting away begins to show in my arms and legs, also in my chest. The fat of my breast is nearly all absorbed. My eyes are weak and my muscles don't obey. I spilled some oil filling the can this evening.

"Aug. 28, Tuesday—Nine days; six more enough. * * * So weak I can barely stand to arrange my bed. * * *

"Aug. 29, Wednesday—No sleep; dizzy; noise in my ears louder. * * * 11 P. M.—Have taken to-day 4.075 grains, more than during any day in all my life.

"Aug. 30, Thursday—These folks have not the slightest notion of what I am at. If they should and my will is strong enough, I can throw away the food for a day or so.

"Saturday, Sept. 1, 11:32 A. M.—Bad taste, very weak, headache, sore. It seems very difficult to die. But as thirteen days have now passed, during which I have not eaten more than six ounces certainly, though I drank at will, and perhaps from a pint to a quart daily, I don't think I will be long now in solving the great problem.

"13:35 P. M.—I can't make many more entries. My pen is heavy, my brain confused, mouth nauseous. Now the injection seems to produce no inflammatory action. It lies like a great white blister under the skin and all around it the flesh remains white or natural color. Scarcely a tinge of red shows the flesh conscious of a foreign substance. Vitality must be very low; pulse is just discernible to sight and little better to feeling. Drowsiness seems coming on after that last dose.

"6 P. M.—I find every tooth in my head on the right side loose and can jiggle each and all with my finger. But as this is the close of the fifteenth day my 'trespass' is not to be long delayed, and if I have no greater fight against my appetites than I have had I will win easily enough. I think the second and third days were the most trying. I've used a great deal of paper to-day, but I think I can afford it. If I weaken as much to-morrow as I have to-day I won't be able to write at all.

"Monday, Sept. 3, 5:15 A. M.—Now sick at stomach—ice allayed it after a while, but left me so weak I could not walk. * * * Suppose a man beyond the reach of medical aid, or if within its reach, who is laughed at and called insane when he tells what his trouble is and wishes to be treated for it as he describes it; that when he takes morphine to protract his life and enable him to endure the pain, is he so blamable? Suppose, then, he finds that his case has finally become incurable if the doctors would now use the remedies he wished them to, and so concludes to quit eating and let himself starve since each particle of food he takes but gives him exceeding pain, is he much to blame for that? So I'm not afflicted with 'groundless terrors' or, indeed, with terrors of any sort, with insomnia, with indifference; for I have been nearly a year in coming to the resolution I am now putting into practice and, I am glad to say, have been able to maintain for full fourteen days. * * * Hoping I may have the fortitude to endure till the end, I lie waiting for what I could do in a minute. But I think that the charge of insanity, &c., will vanish if I meet death in this fashion. * * *

"Sept. 4, Tuesday—Yesterday used but one grain, and then did without for more than twenty-four hours as a last protest that I am not a morphine eater, and that it gives me no trouble to quit it. Now I only took this dose to keep my nerve up, as I am dying and my breath is very offensive. Perhaps it will improve that. I cannot read; I am too weak to hold up the book. Even to write this gives me trouble. I suppose I will last out the day. So often when I thought that I was dying I passed along. Life is so strong in me.

"4:25 P. M.—Took 2-5 gr. to numb my consciousness if possible; am semi-nauseated and cannot read anything nor can I sleep. I am sitting in the big chair, but the upright position makes me too dizzy. I am going fast, I think.

"Sept. 6, Thursday—How little is needed to sustain life! * * * Ah, but I'm tired of life! Yet the danger of making a miss of it is too great. Now I almost see the ending. The hunger torture is savage; will apply some chloroform to pit of stomach. Perhaps relief.

"Sept. 12, Wednesday, twenty-fifth day—Can't describe the weakness I feel. It takes all the nerve force and some time to make the least motion. My hands just fall on the place I mean to place them. The skin of my arms stretches so that it seems big enough for twice their volume. * * * Doze and sleep. Incapable of anything else. Fat pretty well gone from my muscles. * * * Nausea all the while; no respite. * * * Feel myself getting weaker.

"Sept. 13, Thursday, twenty-sixth day.—Can scarcely see, and can't move but by huge effort. It is a much more serious affair than I thought it, this leaving life. Nausea indescribable. I suppose it is the morphine that don't pass off causes it. Too weak to have my bed made today. Hands and feet cold.

"Sept. 14, Friday, twenty-seventh day, about 7 A. M.—Vomited at last—pure bile, about a teacupful. Hope that now the nausea will be relieved. * * * Nausea even after vomiting. Can't escape it. Oh, but I'm tired! * * * I would not advise anybody else to take this method of leaving life. If I had it to do again I would take a pistol. But this has one advantage; no person can say that the man who adopts it and deliberately carries it out is insane. For all his life while he is thus engaged is plain before those who see him.

"Sept. 14, Friday, twenty-seventh day, 9 P. M.—Took two-sevenths of a grain morphine and vomited at once. * * * It was the consequence of sucking some ice. * * * The ice not pure. As twenty-six and seven-eighths days have passed, a time beyond anything on record except that made by, so to speak, professional fasters, I cannot wait long now for my 'Nunc Dimittis.' Yes, I am sorely tempted often to hasten it. * * * Oh, heavens, but I am weak and nauseated!

"Sept. 15, Saturday, twenty-eighth day—Can't lift my head from pillow. * * * Got a glass of hot coffee. The nausea is indescribable. Twenty-eighth day overpasses all I thought for. Coffee is good to dissipate the taste." * * *

From Sept. 16 to Sept. 23 the slowly dying man chronicled faithfully the progress of his scheme to starve himself to death. The internal pain he suffered turned his thoughts to a quicker suicide, but he resolutely forced himself to keep along the path he had chosen.

"Monday, Sept. 24, thirty-seventh day—Nauseated! I am colder. I notice the circulation is slower in my legs and arms. * * * If I had not passed my word to myself I would take a grain. I am sure it would do it now. Cold! no circulation up to my knees. * * * The capacity for enduring torture seems to outlast everything else.

"Tuesday, Sept. 25, thirty-eighth day.—Nearly blind with pain. * * * My hands are quite cold. Thirty-eight days with retching to complicate it, so weak at the beginning that I could scarce walk across the room, must change the heretofore accepted ideas of the tenacity of life.

"Sept. 26, Tuesday, thirty-ninth day—The nausea is savage. * * * I lie exposed that I may be chilled all possible. When I feel like fainting I will cover up. It's wonderful what temporary force the morphine gives. I can now move easily, while before each the least motion gave you pain such as a broken-backed snake must feel as it tries to escape. Yet whence comes the lubricator? I put none in, yet I plainly feel from the injection point as a centre, or supply point rather, some occult effect running toward any place on which, when I move, a need for something to assist in granting freedom to the muscles, will be called for. It is not, properly speaking, a force, but a something which makes the use of the will power at that point more easy to exercise. * * * When I attempt to turn in the bed, the lubricator seems all gone in my joints and I creak at each motion. That would be well enough, but each motion tortures. * * * A something impalpable seems to hold up my hand. * * * It is my will, for the muscular force has vanished with the fatty tissues. * * * Whether in this prolonged act I am wrong or right I do not argue. It is my pleasure to quit life, because it offers me a more lingering death, with constant pain in the interval, and to quit it in this manner because against the intellect of one who so departs, surely nothing can be said of a derogatory nature by any one whose opinion is worth hearing."

From the fortieth day his diary shows how he wondered that death did not come. He began to think that starvation would not end his life, and he had curious ideas as to a man's ability to defeat death without food. His diary closed Sept. 29, with "Am about blind." He was conscious within twelve hours of his death.

LIMITED TICKETS FOR CHARITY.

Mrs. Grannis Objects to the Conditions of Earning 40 Cents' Worth of Groceries.

Mrs. Elizabeth B. Grannis, President of the National Christian League for the Promotion of Social Purity, has this complaint to make regarding the "test tickets" sold by the Charity Organization Society:

"As a representative of the League I have purchased tickets from this organization at various times in order to supply women with work by the day when our own resources were entirely exhausted. I have purchased these tickets at the rate of $1 per package of ten tickets. To illustrate what one of these tickets means, I will cite the case of Ann James, who is an Episcopalian, 65 years of age, with excellent references from her rector and others attesting her industry, honesty, and willingness to do the very best she can at washing, ironing, house cleaning, or any other work that she is set to do. She is ready to labor any day when she is in need of food for the price paid at the workrooms of the Charity Organization, i. e., 40 cents' worth of groceries. We all know that in New York unskilled working women are usually paid for washing, ironing, house cleaning, and sewing from 75 cents to $1.25 per day, one or more meals included. Printed on the tickets are these words: 'The committee reserves the right to limit the number of times that an applicant shall be received.' Under this rule another day's work has three times been refused Mrs. James. Certainly the committee has a right to limit the number of times that an applicant shall be received, but when that committee has testified that the work was satisfactory as done by Ann James, is there any good reason why she should not be permitted to work at least one day in each week upon the ten-cent ticket? Should a woman actually suffering for daily food be forever debarred from a second day's work from the Charity Organization Committee because for one day in the past she has already worked under its methods of charity? The Charity Organization informs me that there are other (fifty-cent) tickets for wealthy people, or those who do not wish to give the money directly to the beneficiary, but prefer to purchase these high-priced tickets, for which, and a day's work, the organization agrees to supply to the applicant 40 cents' worth of groceries. Would it not appear to most business people that 50 cents in cash and a day's work by the applicant is rather a high charge for 40 cents' worth of groceries?"

The institution where Ann James could get only one day's work was the workrooms for women at 49 Prospect place. Mrs. Grannis sent a complaint to the matron and got this reply:

"64 CLINTON PLACE, NEW YORK, }
"Sept. 18, 1894. }

"Mrs. E. B. Grannis.

"DEAR MADAM: Your letter of Sept. 11, enclosing that of the matron of the workrooms 49 Prospect place, has been referred to me.

"'Test tickets' are to be used only to test the willingness of women to work, therefore no woman can be admitted to the workrooms more than once on a 'test ticket.' This is a rule and should be enforced. The test ticket entitles a woman to one day's work and pay in groceries or clothes. The groceries are purchased for cash and given to the women at the lowest market price for their day's work. Thus far most of the material for the clothing also has been purchased for cash, and the clothing made up in the workrooms and given to the women for their work at a nominal price. The women receive forty cents each cash value in groceries or clothes and a good dinner for their day's work.

"With your wide experience and justness you will concede, I know, that this is all that can be asked of us in return for a test ticket.

"If our patrons desire their protégées to continue work it will be necessary to supplement the test ticket with church or labor tickets. Thanking you for your coöperation in this work, and trusting that this explanation is satisfactory, I am respectfully yours,

"ELIZABETH TAPLEY, Secretary."

Mrs. Grannis says in conclusion:

"I am in no sense placing myself at variance with the Charity Organization. I believe in it; I am sure it accomplishes good. I esteem the superintendent, Charles D. Kellogg, as a man thoroughly fitted for his position, and an indefatigable worker for the public good; and I am pleasantly acquainted with other officers who give their best ability, time, and strength to the service of this commendable organization. I am simply calling public attention to a harmful inconsistency which in the name of charity ought to be corrected, and to which I have personally asked the practical consideration of the managers unsuccessfully."

A RARE OLD MISSAL.

Crossed the Atlantic with Columbus and Again with Cortes.

From the San Francisco Chronicle.

Under lock and key, in the State Librarian's office at Sacramento, is a volume worth more than twice its weight in gold.

Six centuries have rolled by since the pious Fra Ambrosius sat in his monastic studio and mixed the watery blue, the pale green and startling crimson hues with which he illuminated this ancient missal. He devoted one year to the labor of copying, with microscopic exactness, the Latin prayers, the calendar of the saints and hymns of praise on selected parchment leaves. In the introduction he wrote in Latin: "I have entered upon this work with a consciousness of my shortcomings and sinful impulses, which render me unworthy of so honorable a task, but after much fasting and prayer I have been guided by an inner voice which bids me to write."

The history of this missal is full of romantic interest. The monastery in which Fra Ambrosius worked was broken up, and the book over which he had spent so many weary days passed into the possession of a sailor named Rodrigo de Triana, who shipped on the Santa Maria when Christopher Columbus started on his voyage of discovery to the new world. Returning with the great Admiral on his second voyage, De Triana married a native woman, and endeavored to carry the message of the cross to the people whom he had adopted as his kindred. His success as a missionary is problematical. The missal, however, was kept by his children, and when the Spanish padres began to flock to the heathen shores that Columbus had given to Castile, a priest bought the volume, and made in it a note of the fact and the date. The discovery of such a work in the hands of the natives made a strong impression on the missionary, and he investigated its history, making a report to the head of his order in Barcelona, at the same time forwarding the missal.

The little volume, with its checkered history, reposed among the archives of the Barcelona Convent until Cortes fitted out his expedition to the land of the Montezumas, taking as his chaplain the pious Father Olmedo. Before Olmedo set out on the dangerous voyage the Bishop of Barcelona gave him his blessing, some good advice, and this missal. So armed, the chaplain sailed away to the overturning of the dread deity Quetzalcoatl whom the dwellers of Anahuac worshipped.

The bloody wars of the conquest placed the banner of the cross over the ruins of the teocallis, and made Cortes the Governor of New Spain. Father Olmedo soon after presented to Cortes the now historic missal as a foundation for a library by the conqueror, and in his diary made mention of the travels and adventures through which he had passed. Cortes afterward took up his residence in Cayoacan, one of the suburbs of the present City of Mexico, and carefully preserved the book for a number of years. When this Cayoacan establishment was broken up the conqueror gave the missal to the Franciscan Brothers, who were then waxing rich and strong in the New World. One of their number brought it to San Francisco in the early days of the gold excitement, and it passed into the possession of the late Gov. Pio Pico.

When the State Library became an established fact Gov. Pico gave the book to the institution, where it now remains.

The missal is a fine specimen of illumination. It contains 170 pages of carefully painted contents. The gold letters are made of gold leaf firmly gummed to the parchment. The frontispiece is a gem of mediæval art. It represents the crucifixion, with Mary and Martha (who are given a slightly Japanese cast of features), standing at the foot of the cross, in the background a river flows, on the other side of which are seen several edifices that are architectural curiosities.

This interesting volume is valued at $2,000.

Missing.

From the Philadelphia Public Ledger.

Thomas Foster, who originated the missing word contests that were a craze in England, has just been —— to three years in a London —— for a number of petty frauds.

NEWTON'S "BIG KILLING."

AN EVENT IN THE EARLY DAYS OF A TOUGH KANSAS TOWN.

For Months It Was a Battle Between Cowboys and Those Who Preyed on Them—The "Big Killing" Was the Culmination—Then the Town Reformed.

GREAT BEND, Kan., Oct. 6.—"The toughest, cussedest wild West town I ever knew," said Buffalo Bill once, "was Newton, Kan., as it was in the early seventies. Dodge City and Macon Junction used to figure in the newspapers as the typical tough towns on the border, but Newton could give them cards and spades on wholesale depravity and recklessness."

Newton to-day is wide awake, enterprising, and peaceable, and the citizens know only by tradition of the scenes of blood of the early days. It has a handsome opera house, costly and imposing county buildings, hundreds of pretty homes, wide avenues of residences, long commercial streets, and prosperous wholesale and manufacturing concerns.

In the spring of 1871 the terminus of the Santa Fé Railroad was at Emporia. It was determined to build to a point seventy-five miles further west. The object was to catch the Texas cattle trade. Two men went and camped on the spot in April, 1871. There was not a foot of lumber then in what is now Harvey county, Kan. These men were the pioneers of the town that Capt. John Sebastian afterward named Newton. Six weeks later there was a population of nearly 2,000. The history of the town for the first eight months is a story of lawlessness and bloodshed that has probably never been equalled on this continent, although other places, mining camps and cattle towns, have kept up the music of the pistol a greater length of time. As soon as it became known that Newton was to be the end of the railroad for a year, and that it was to be a cattle shipping point, whiskey sellers, gamblers, and thieves flocked there by hundreds. Of course many respectable men seeking a legitimate business went there, too, but the object of the majority of the newcomers was to rob the cowboys and cattlemen.

For months it was a never-ending battle between these lawbreakers on the one side and the men who knew no law on the other. From first to last thirty-six persons were killed with their boots on. At least a dozen gambling houses were run on the main street and the doors were kept open day and night, including Sunday. One of them, the "Gold Room," was capable of holding 500 or 600 people. Every known kind of gambling was practised. A scene occurred in this place one Sunday night that is not often witnessed. A Methodist preacher went to the boss of the place, "Doc" Thayer, and requested permission to hold divine service. It was granted, and with every gambling table running and the bar sending out its liquid hell, the preacher, the Rev. Mr. Hahn, stood up and told the story of the Man of Nazareth. Before he had finished his sermon a quarrel arose at one of the card tables and a man was shot.

It is not intended to give a detailed account of the murders. If a gang of cowboys rode into town, the smallest provocation would set their guns going, and going to kill. A bond election was held. Several special constables were appointed for election day. One of them was a Texan named Martin. At the polls there was a quarrel between him and a big Irishman, who called himself McCluskey, but whose real name was Arthur Delaney. The result of that quarrel was the death of eight men and one woman and the wounding of an equal number. After the election was over McCluskey and Martin met in the Lone Star saloon and renewed the quarrel. A proposition was made and accepted to go out on the street and settle it with the fist. Both men laid off their belts and started for the street. Martin had a gun hidden in his boot, and just as the door was reached he went down after it, intending to kill the Irishman. McCluskey was too quick for him, and, taking the gun away from Martin, shot him dead. McCluskey gave himself up and was acquitted.

Martin had a host of friends, and they vowed vengeance on his slayer. His death led to what has always been known as the "big killing" in Newton. There were three dance halls across the railroad track in what was known as "Hyde Park." In one of them the "big killing" occurred. McCluskey was a hanger on at one of them. Martin's friends swore they would kill him and all who took his part. The engagement took place according to programme. McCluskey was killed early in the fray. He had two holes through his neck and enough lead was scattered about through his body to make any one who discovers his grave imagine that he has struck a paying lead mine. A man on the McCluskey side shot nine of the long-horn crowd, and did it in a novel way. Knowing that the fight would occur, this man, Riley by name, went prepared to make himself felt. He had four six-shooters on him. At the first pop of a gun he deliberately walked up to a Texan and shot him in the eye, then running his two arms between the arms and body of the dead man he made a human barricade and shot at will from a safe ambush. After the fight he went out, mounted a horse, and left. The dead at the big killing were speedily disposed of, and the wounded taken care of.

Mike Fitzpatrick kept a dive that he called the "Side Track." The unlucky fellow who got in there found himself sidetracked until his money was gone. Some of the decent people were bold enough to protest against his robberies, among others a prominent merchant. Mike did not like any interference with his business, and one morning he primed himself with more of his vile whiskey than usual and started out to kill. The merchant was sought, but he happened to be out of his store. Mike went up the street threatening everybody and walked into a saloon. There he saw the city's Police Judge, George Halliday, and, without the slightest provocation or warning, he shot him through the heart. The Marshal, Jack Johnson, had been advised that Mike was on a raid, and started to capture him. Seeing Mike coming out of the saloon, Johnson rested his Winchester rifle on the well curb and shot him down.

This was Newton's last killing. An hour afterward the citizens had formed a league and the suspicious characters were notified to leave. They left.

Tom Carson, a nephew of old Kit Carson, was sent for at one time and came to take the Marshalship of the town. He stayed three weeks. The toughs had it in for him, and to save his life he skipped. "Wild Bill" (J. H. Hickox) tried to be Marshal. He couldn't do it. Marshal King was killed in the discharge of his duties.

STORIES OF PROFESSOR SWING.

Wit and Human Nature in the Man All Chicago Thought Well Of.

From the Chicago Daily Tribune.

A reporter who enjoyed the late Prof. Swing's acquaintance met him early one Sunday morning at the corner of North State and Division streets waiting for a car to take him to Central Music Hall. On that corner is a building, the windows of which bear the familiar legend, "Family Resort." Outside, a stairway leads to a basement, and on the iron guard rail around it sat Prof. Swing with coat-tails parted, complacently whittling a piece of wood. Directly in front of him stood a telegraph pole braced by a stout iron rod. It had rained the night before and water stood deep in the gutters. A party of small boys were tempting a ducking by swinging from the curb out round the iron brace and back again to the other side.

As the reporter approached Prof. Swing paused in his whittling and dryly remarked:

"I've been watching those boys swing around that iron rod, and I've been wondering if I could do it, too. Do you think I could? My name is Swing, you know, and I guess that iron is strong enough to hold me."

The reporter admitted he had no idea of the minister's athletic powers, but volunteered to try it in advance. He did so and stepped into the water.

"I can beat that, any way," remarked Prof. Swing. "You hold my knife and I'll show you."

He took a firm grasp of the rod, and out into a horizontal position flew his legs and coat tails.

"There, what did I tell you?" he panted as he reached the curb safely. "I often had harder things to do than that."

Then the car came along and Prof. Swing proceeded to his duties in the Central Church.

One slippery winter morning Prof. Swing was sauntering slowly along Scott street near his home. The stone pavement was covered with ice from the falling sleet and pedestrians were generally choosing the safer footing of the roadway. Opposite Prof. Swing a woman who lived in the neighborhood was cautiously picking her way over the glare of ice. Suddenly the catastrophe came and without warning her feet flew out and she came down hard upon the sidewalk. Prof. Swing paused to satisfy himself that she was not seriously injured. Then he remarked:

"Mrs. S——, I think you are a very good woman."

Slightly piqued at his remark, and at the same time at her predicament, she retorted:

"I don't know why. What do you mean?"

"Scripture has it," gravely replied Prof. Swing, "that 'the wicked stand in slippery places.' You seem to be sitting down."

Another afternoon a reporter met Prof. Swing in a North Side car. It was during the last grand opera season.

"I'm going to dissipate a little this afternoon," was his remark. "I've been working hard this week, and I feel it is my right and privilege."

"What are you going to do do?" we asked.

"I am going to the matinée," he replied.

"So am I," came the answer.

"Ah, well," exclaimed Prof. Swing warmly, "but you haven't seen my girls. What would 'Lucia di Lammermoor' be without them?"

Later the reporter saw the "girls." Early in the first act Prof. Swing walked down the aisle smiling and happy. Holding his hand on either side walked two pretty little girls, both under 12 years of age.