THE CHINESE MASSACRES.

ACCOUNT OF THE MURDERS OF MISSIONARIES AT PAO-TING-FU.

Dr. Taylor's Compound Fired and All Its Inmates Burned With It. The Pitkin Place Scattered and the Missionaries Beheaded—Corrections of Former Stories.

PEKIN, Nov. 2. THE SUN correspondent has obtained from an officer of the American force in China part in the expedition against Pao-ting-fu the following account of the massacre of missionaries at that place in June last. Many stories of these massacres have been printed, but the following account is based on personal knowledge, and is correct in every detail, it is stated, so far as concerned the fact.

Having accompanied the expedition of the allied troops against Pao-ting-fu, China, Oct. 2 to Nov. 2, 1900, it became my duty to investigate and report upon this expedition, and in particular the massacre of the American missionaries in and around Pao-ting-fu.

Knowing the interest attached to the public to events that have taken place in China during the past few months, and the desire of the relatives and friends of the deceased missionaries to obtain an accurate statement of facts, I have in the following account endeavored to collate and set forth the stories of eyewitnesses, native Christians, missionaries familiar with the situation, and, in fact, all persons who were thought to be able to throw any light whatever upon the subject. To Dr. Lowrie of the American Board Missions is due great credit for the prompt and vigorous manner in which he pushed the investigation to a speedy close. Prejudiced as he must have been from the fact that the murdered persons were his most intimate and beloved friends, he nevertheless carefully eliminated all sensational features and told his story in a simple, straightforward manner. Deeply touched as he was when compelled to recall the details connected with the horrible crime, with a true spirit of a man of God, he did not allow his feelings to lead him into crediting all the exaggerated stories current at the time.

It must be borne in mind that the events described herein happened over four months ago, and although they created great excitement at the time, the details have now, in the light of events more important to the Chinese mind, passed from the thoughts of the people. At the time and immediately following the atrocities, they were much talked about, and many horrible stories were circulated, as is the custom of the Boxers. The facts were, therefore, jumbled and distorted until all the agonies and tortures possible to conceive were connected with these crimes. Besides, all the principal actors had fled when we arrived at Pao-ting-fu, and under the circumstances it was exceedingly difficult to find any person who, from fear of being blamed himself, would acknowledge having been present, and the task was made still more difficult by the fact that most Chinese have but little regard for the truth.

The city of Pao-ting-fu, China, was considered until recent events proved otherwise to be one of the safest cities in northern China in which to pursue missionary work. It is the capital of the Province of Chili, situated on the main highway to Central China, about ninety miles south of Pekin. It is connected with the latter place by a railroad of first class facilities, since destroyed by Boxers, and with Tientsin, ninety miles distant, by water, navigable for Chinese junks only. It is a city of the usual Chinese type, surrounded by a ponderous brick wall, which is surmounted by a crenelated parapet, and pierced by four enormous gates which are in turn surmounted by parapets, turrets and watch towers. Opposite each gate on the outside of the wall are situated villages, known to the Chinese as the North, South, East and West Suburbs.

In the North Suburb of the city, called Chang-Chia-Chang, there lived in several buildings located in one compound Presbyterian missionaries named as follows: Mr. and Mrs. F. E. Simcox and three children, Dr. and Mrs. C. V. Hodge and Dr. George Y. Taylor. In the South Suburb there lived in the same compound the representatives of the American Board Missions, Mr. H. T. Pitkin, Miss Mary S. Merrill and Miss Annie A. Gould. Nearby there lived in another compound Mr. and Mrs. Bagnell and one child and Mr. William Cooper, English missionaries. Most of these people had been living among the Chinese for years, spoke the language fluently and had adopted Chinese customs and dress to a greater or less degree. They were doing splendid work among the sick, poor and needy in the villages surrounding Pao-ting-fu, and were on as friendly terms with the inhabitants as foreigners ever are. The Chinese, it should be understood, and especially the provincial ones, are taught to consider all foreigners beneath their contempt. They call all Christians pigs, and as far as they dare treat them as such. The peculiar connection between Christian and pig is derived from the fact that the words are similar in the Chinese language. So it can be readily understood why friendly relations are difficult to establish, and why people living in what they consider comparative safety and protection are liable at any time to be insulted and to be compelled to submit to all manner of indignities. In fact, one gentleman, a missionary doctor, told me that he never went upon the street of Pao-ting-fu unless he was insulted, at least once, by some street loafer or hoodlum hurling vile names and epithets at him, for no reason other than that he was a foreigner.

At the beginning of the recent Boxer disturbances, and after the murder of the Belgian engineers, which happened between Pao-ting-fu and Tientsin, the missionaries in the contiguous country were warned by their friends in Tientsin and elsewhere, that more serious developments were expected, and they must either leave the country or place themselves in a position to withstand a siege. No apparent heed was given to this warning beyond the purchase of a gun or two and a small quantity of ammunition. This will perhaps seem strange and unnatural at first, but when it is considered from the point of view of the missionaries living in Pao-ting-fu, it is only natural. In the first place, the outbreaks that took place prior to June 30 were confined to outlying regions, and were simply riotous mobs with no strong hand near to control them.

It was thought at that time that the Imperial troops stationed in Pao-ting-fu would never allow any rebellious organization to be formed in their midst, and even if such a thing was accomplished, it was not believed for an instant that the soldiers of the Imperial Chinese Government would not only make no attempt to suppress it, and prevent outrages and murder, but by their very presence lend countenance to the uprising and sanction the outrages committed. Having considered these points it is not strange that the missionaries in Pao-ting-fu, not only failed to leave the country, but made no attempt to consolidate and provide a common defence. In fact, it is believed that until the attack was actually made upon the first compound, no one in Pao-ting-fu appreciated the awful danger of the situation.

On the fourth day of the sixth Chinese month, June 30, between the hours of 4 and 5 P. M., the Presbyterian compound in the north suburb was attacked by Boxers and villagers led by the notorious Boxer chieftain, Chu-tsi, whose activity and noted prejudice against the Christains and foreigners had the previous day been recognized and rewarded by the Nieh-Tai, a very important provincial official, with the presentation of the gilded button as a mark of distinction and esteem, thus giving official sanction to the action of the Boxers.

The occupants of the compounds were made aware of the approach of the crowd by the cries for the lives of the Christians, and the usual amount of noise that would naturally attend such a mob bent on such a mission. The outer buildings of the compounds were taken without much resistance and were looted of everything valuable.

Mr. Simcox, Dr. Hodge and Dr. Taylor, collecting the women and children about them, took refuge in the second story of a chapel in the rear part of the compound.

It may be well to call attention to the fact that all the buildings have since been destroyed, even the bricks and building material being carried away, so that an accurate description cannot be given. After having taken refuge in the chapel, barricading the doors and preparing for a defence, Dr. Taylor went to the second-story window of the building and spoke with the mob in the court below, asking them what they wanted. They called to him and said: "The lives of all Christians, native and foreign." He then attempted to argue with them, asking: "Why? What have we ever done to harm you? Have we not helped the sick, the poor and the needy, have we not gone among you, lived as you lived, suffered and died with you; have we not given up our homes, our families and our friends to reach you; why will you kill us?" These arguments he used and many more, but all in no avail. The mob infuriated by the delay renewed the attack with redoubled fury, attempting to force an entrance into the chapel. The inmates defending themselves nobly with what arms they had, drove the Boxers out of the court and under cover, killing the chief, Chu-tu-tsi, and wounding ten others. After a short delay the attack was again renewed, but was repulsed without an entrance having been effected. The Boxers then withdrew from the court and set fire to the surrounding buildings, which were soon enveloped in smoke and flames.

The doomed missionaries, so far as can be learned, made no further effort to escape, evidently resigning themselves to the fate which soon overtook them. In a few minutes the fire travelled to the chapel, which was quickly consumed, the whole party perishing in the flames, except two small children of the Simcoxes, Paul and Francis by name, aged respectively 9 and 11, who, becoming terrified at the suffocating smoke and the unbearable heat, unfastened the door and rushed from the burning building. They were quickly seized by the mob, their heads cut off and their bodies thrown in a well nearby. The remains were afterward taken out and buried. The bodies of those who perished in the burning building were entirely consumed, at least no trace of them could be found. The Chinese Christians and servants to the number of about twenty living in the compound, true to their masters and benefactors to the last, perished at this time, but whether they were killed or burned to death does not appear clearly. One Chinese convert rather than face the horrors of death by fire threw himself into a well in the vain attempt to commit suicide. He was taken out, resuscitated and carried to the Boxers' headquarters in the city where a futile attempt was made by the usual Chinese method of inhuman treatment, forcing from him a confession with a view of getting evidence to substantiate the many outrageous stories current as to the Christian method of obtaining converts, of kidnapping children and cutting out their eyes and hearts to concoct medicine and potions, and as to many other ridiculous and foolish beliefs current among the ignorant Chinese. It being now quite late in the evening, the mob, apparently satisfied with its afternoon work, carried away the wounded and dispersed.

The next day being the 5th day of the sixth month, July 1, the Pitkin compound in the South Suburb was attacked, the attack commencing between 6 and 7 A. M. Despite the earliness of the hour the occupants were ready to receive it. Word of the previous afternoon's proceedings having been received during the night Mr. Pitkin prepared for a defence, buried his valuables and with them a letter of farewell. These were afterward dug up by the Boxers and carried away, hence the contents of this letter have never been learned. Mr. Pitkin with the two young ladies and the Chinese servants and converts took refuge in a building in the rear of the compound. The Boxers, profiting by their previous afternoon's experience, did not expose themselves carelessly, so that while Mr. Pitkin defended himself and those under his protection most bravely, until his ammunition was exhausted, he was not able to inflict any great loss upon the Boxers. As soon as the buildings in the compound not covered by Mr. Pitkin's fire were thoroughly looted the mob in a body made a rush for the brave defenders, but what could one man with one pistol do against such a crowd? There was only one end possible. The door was battered down and the crowd rushed in. Mr. Pitkin, brave to the last, fell fighting at the door of the young ladies' room; he was immediately beheaded, his body buried in the compound, and his head carried away, it is believed, to the Official Yamen of the city as evidence of the good work of the Boxers. This could not be certainly proved, however. The young ladies were seized and dragged outside, where it was seen that Miss Gould was so overcome with fright that she was unable to walk. She was accordingly bound hand and foot, slung on a pole passing between the ankles and wrist, as pigs are carried in China, and, with Miss Merrill, her hands tied behind her and led by the hair, headed a procession into the city to the Boxers' temple, Chi-Sheng-An. Seven native Christians and servants were killed before leaving the compound.

During all the proceedings a number of Imperial Chinese soldiers stood in and about the Pittkin compound with a full knowledge of what was being done, but taking no active part. While these poor girls were marching through the village and into the city, the streets were lined on both sides by thousands of people who clutched and tore at their clothing, struck them, spat upon them and in a thousand ways showed their approval of what was being done. Before reaching the Boxer headquarters the clothing of the two young ladies was considerably torn and deranged, but it is not believed, as has been reported, that a deliberate attempt was made to parade them in a nude condition; neither is it believed that they were while held by the Boxers made to submit to other indignities than those of being roughly handled and knocked about.

After reaching the Chi-Sheng-An Temple the ladies were put in a room together and held throughout the day. A little later Mr. and Mrs. Bagnell, their child and Mr. William Cooper, the English missionaries, were brought to where Miss Morrill and Miss Gould were held. In the afternoon a mock trial of the whole party was gone through with. No exact statement can be given of what took place at this trial, but it is safe to say that any amount of imaginary testimony was given to show that the foreigners deserved death. About 6 o'clock the same day the whole party, with the exception of Mr. Cooper, of whom no trace can be had after he entered the temple, were taken out of the building and bound together in single file, after the Chinese custom, the wrists held at the height of the chin by a stout rope, which was then passed around the neck and thence back to the wrist of the following person, and so on throughout the entire party. The little child, a girl of 5 or 6 years, was not bound, but ran along clinging to her mother's dress. After all the preparations were completed the party started on the last march through the city, led like condemned felons, jeered and scoffed at by the crowd that thronged the streets, out through the south gate and along the wall to the southeast corner, where in the presence of an enormous assemblage they were led to the block one by one, and beheaded. The little girl escaped this fate, but was run through with a spear by a Boxer. And thus the bloody tragedy was completed.

After an investigation by the commanding General of the "Pao-ting-fu Expedition" an International Court was ordered to "investigate occurrences which led to the murder and outrages committed on the subjects of the several nations in the neighborhood of Pao-ting-fu." This court was composed of President General Bailloud, French; members, Major Van Brixen, German; Lieut.-Col. Ramsey, English; Lieut.-Col. Salsa, Italian; Mr. Jamison, English (member of British Legation). After a careful investigation the court found the following persons guilty of complicity in the outrages and murders described and recommended as follows: The Fan-Tai, Lieutenant Governor, or Provincial Treasurer, to be beheaded; the commanding officer, a Colonel, of the Imperial troops at Pao-ting-fu during the massacre, to be beheaded; the Nei-tai, or provincial Judge, to be degraded and deposed from office; the Tao-tai, a provincial official, to be sent to Tien-tsin for additional trial. The decision of the court was sent to Field Marshal Count von Waldersee for his approval, and in addition, as a punishment to the city for the atrocities committed within its limits, the Temple of the "Tutelary God" and the Chi-sheng-an Temple were blown up. Besides this, the destruction of the gate towers, several more temples and the southeast corner of the city wall were ordered. Later it was learned from Field Marshal Von Waldersee himself that he had approved of the recommendations of the court throughout, and doubtless ere this the guilty parties have paid the penalties of their crimes.

THIS WORLD OF GERMS.

Unsuspected Microscopic Caverns in Which They Lurk in Vast Numbers.

From the Indianapolis Journal.

Even so simple a matter as borrowing a lead pencil may lead to the dissemination of disease in a family. Among children especially "swapping" pencils is one method of showing good fellowship, and the child who swaps is sometimes the innocent cause of transmitting sore throat, skin disease or diphtheria to his best friend. The use of public pencils is also, no doubt, responsible for the transmission of disease from one to another, the danger being far greater when a person moistens the lead in the mouth. Aside from being a filthy habit, this is a dangerous one in any case, for the lead is comparatively rough and has cavities which are to the germs as vast caves in which they lurk and from which they may be transferred to the mucious membranes through which disease enters most readily into the system.

As for penholders, they are much more commonly used by many persons, and the danger of transmission of disease germs by them is therefore greater. At the hotel counter and the bank desk penholders are handled by thousands in the course of a few days, and of this number some may and do have skin diseases, at least, which may be contagious and capable of transferable to others. It would not be a great tax upon the larger establishments at least to have cheap penholders in such quantity that each person could have a new one, but the remedy is much simpler. Fountain pens are cheap enough, nowadays, to allow every business man and woman to own one, but if that is not possible a pocket penholder is certainly within the means of all. Blotting paper, too, on public desks, bears its own evidence of soiling many hands and from its absorbent nature it is especially congenial to germ elements.

As for public combs and brushes, the danger is too evident and disgusting to need advice against their use, and the same applies to public towels; a public convenience, perhaps, but a common source, even to-day, of the rich store of diseases. To wipe the hands upon them is bad enough, but to wipe the face and eyes is courting serious trouble.

Common drinking cups may be a source of infection as well as of a cooling or exhilarating draught, as the case may be, and this applies just as much, if not more so, to communion cups, used, it is true, in a holy cause, but none the less likely to serve a most wicked purpose. In fact, any article touched by the lips or hands that passes from one person to another may convey contagious virus or infectious germs. Nor is it necessary to even touch such articles.

Library books are no doubt often conveyers of disease, and, although librarians have been frequently urged by sanitarians to adopt some method of disinfecting books, few, if any, have seen fit to do so, although there is a cheap, harmless and efficacious method of so doing by formaldehyde.

Even articles that are, in a sense, private property are possible factors in disease causation. Postage stamps, for example, and other gummed articles, notably the flap of an envelope, are fertile fields for the growth of germs that may be blown or otherwise implanted upon the gummed surface, the danger being increased from the liability that the tongue may be cut by the paper edge in moistening them. The person who uses his tongue to moisten stamps and the like may be infected or inoculated as effectually as if the poison was injected.

The time will come when the individual will have his individual objects of daily use. Even in the household it is wise to have one's own towel, soap, sponge and the like for the toilet. Surely every one, nowadays, has his or her own toothbrush and comb and brush. At the table the fad of having individual cups and saucers and other ware is a sensible one, though not a necessary one in most cases, but if there is any person in the family affected with disease, especially consumption, at the table, it is absolutely necessary that that person have his or her own dishes of such a distinctive pattern that they cannot be mistaken.

Kissing has been a much discussed question, and, while sentiment defends the practice, hygiene is in favor of abolishing it at least as a mark of public affection. Many an infant who has been given a kiss of affection has in reality been given the kiss of death, and in adult life serious diseases, if not fatal ones, have been transmitted by the kiss of one supposed to be pure, yet saturated with disease. Doubtless the crusade against kissing has been carried to an absurdity, but promiscuous kissing, aside from its indelicacy, is dangerous.

The food that we eat may be a cause of infection. Avoid a filthy provision store as you would the plague! Meat that is mauled over a dirty block, handled with dirty hands and cut with a soiled and rusty knife may be harmless, but the percentage of danger in it is far greater than in that sold under more inviting circumstances. So with bread, cake, and the like; dirty surroundings mean germ danger.

MIDDLE-OF-THE-ROAD VOTE.

Number and Distribution of the Ballots for Barker and Donnelly.

Populists, and especially Middle-of-the-Road Populists, are eccentric statesmen and no maneuvre delights them more than one which may be described as a freak act. In the month of September, 1898, more than two years before the national election of November, 1900, the Middle-of-the-Road Populists held their National Convention at Cincinnati, and after adopting a platform of principles so extensive as to be suitable for circulation in book form they nominated Wharton Barker for President and Ignatius Donnelly for Vice-President. The explanation that they gave of their early convention was that the particular principles which they advocated were so complex and unusual that it would require about two years of an educational canvass to bring the American voting public to an understanding of them and to a full appreciation of the merits of the two candidates, Barker and Donnelly.

The results of this Populist experiment do not seem to have carried out many of the expectations of the projectors of the two-year presidential canvass, and there is little probability that any serious effort will be made in the future to adopt a similar course on the part of either of the great parties. Early in the recent campaign an estimate of 1,000,000 votes for Barker and Donnelly was made by hopeful partisans, but such a total did not materialize. In a majority of the States, New York among them, there was no Middle-of-the-Road Populist ticket, and in States in which such a ticket was put in nomination the vote cast for it was generally insignificant. So far as the official vote in the country has been canvassed it does not appear that the Barker and Donnelly ticket received as many as 25,000 votes in the entire United States outside of Texas.

In Pennsylvania, of which Mr. Barker is a resident, he received 656 votes. In North Dakota, on which the Middle-of-the-Road men set much store, he received 114. Nebraska gave him 1,103, Iowa 613 and Oregon 275. In Florida, in which at Ocala the Populist party, as such, was originally organized ten years ago, the Barker and Donnelly ticket received 1,001 votes, and in Missouri, in which Populist antipathy to Democrats outlasts repeated fusion, the Middle-of-the-Road men polled 4,244. In Arkansas the Middle-of-the-Road Populist vote was 931. In New Jersey it was 669. In Vermont it was 867, and in North Carolina, for many years a Populist stronghold, the total vote was 757. The figures of the States, the votes of which were canvassed up to Dec. 1, showed a total for Barker and Donnelly of 11,055 votes.

The Middle-of-the-Road Populist party as such has practically ceased to exist, the Debs, or Bryan party, having gathered in most of its supporters.

*NOTE.—The destruction of the temple of the "Tutelary God," the gate towers and a corner of the wall is considered fatal to "feng-shui," and one of the direst calamities that can happen to a Chinese city.

TO PEKIN BY WAGON TRAIN.

ADVENTURES OF AN AMERICAN PARTY WITHOUT AN ESCORT.

Difficulties of Getting From Tientsin to the Capital—Groundless Rumors of Boxers—Uncle Sam's Fine Army Transportation Facilities—Amusing Incidents.

From a Staff Correspondent of THE SUN.

PEKIN, Nov. 1. Lack of the ordinary transportation facilities in China has been responsible for a great many interesting experiences for a great many people, experiences that won't be forgotten in a hurry. The distance from Tientsin to Pekin by road is only eighty miles, yet the very quickest time in which the journey has been made is four and a half days, notwithstanding the fact that the armies of the civilized nations of the world have been in practically undisputed possession of the territory more than two months. One reason for this is that when the Chinese began to destroy things, and tackled the railroad they were not content simply to tear up the tracks. They tore them up and then they took the rails off and buried them, and the first rain that came washed away the disturbed earth, made level the whole country and rendered impossible the location of the burial places. They burned the ties. They broke up the fishplates and the bolts that held the rails together. They left not a thing that might by any possibility be used in rebuilding the line.

This journey from Tientsin to Pekin is scarcely ever made without the traveller's undergoing more or less interesting experiences, due usually either to his own fear or the fool fear of green soldiers along the line whose imaginations constantly conjure up long lines of Boxers thirsting for blood. For instance, Major Vidal, the military attaché of the French Legation, and Mme. Vidal were returning from Tientsin a few days ago with their daughter. Major and Mme. Vidal were on ponies and their daughter, a girl of 12, was riding in a Pekin cart with a Russian lady. They had camped over night at Yang Tsun and had started early. Ten miles from the town they were overtaken by a German officer, who was riding furiously and who shouted at them:

"For God's sake, come back! come back!"

"What's the matter?" demanded Major Vidal.

"Come back! come back!" roared the German. "There are 1,000 Boxers just beyond. My God! a Russian lady and a little girl went up this road in a cart only half an hour ago! God help them!"

Now the feelings of Major and Mme. Vidal may be imagined. For a moment they were speechless. Then the Major said to Mme. Vidal, "Go back quickly. I will go on," and he spurred his pony to a gallop to the rescue of his daughter, the German following him. Left alone, Mme. Vidal hurried back to an American camp a few miles down the road and reported what had happened to an American officer. He told her that the report was foolish and then he hustled out a guard and told her to come with him: if there were any Boxers the guard would finish them. After a double-quick march they overtook the Major and the Pekin cart unharmed. The German officer had disappeared. Needless to say, there were no Boxers and there had been none on the road from Tientsin since the allied forces laid waste the country and killed all the Chinamen in their path.

UNCLE SAM'S USEFUL MULES.

Practically all the land transportation to Pekin at the present time is being done by the United States. Land travel, slow though it is, is three days quicker than water travel; so most passengers who have to make the journey do so by courtesy of the Quartermaster's Department of the United States Army. THE SUN correspondent went to Pekin on the first of the American army transport trains that made the journey unescorted by any guard and he had some experiences. Uncle Sam's lack of transportation facilities at the time his first soldiers landed in China has been the subject of more or less comment, but his transportation facilities at the present time are the envy and the admiration of the armies of all the world that are gathered here. And he has enough of them, so that in an emergency he is able to help the others out, as for instance when Sir Claude MacDonald started on his journey to his new post in Japan and the English didn't have proper transportation for him and his family and his baggage they sent to the American Quartermaster's Department and Sir Claude and his family were taken to Tung Chou in an ambulance and their baggage was transported in seven American four-mule baggage transports. And again when Count von Waldersee, the German whom the representatives of all the other nations delight to call commander-in-chief, wanted to come to Pekin and didn't have transportation consistent with his dignity, he sent to the Quartermaster's Department and was drawn here by four American mules, which still draw his official carriage.

But to proceed to the story of the trip of the first unescorted transport train. This train was made up of twenty four-mule wagons loaded with winter supplies for the 2,000 men who are to spend the winter in Pekin protecting the American legation. Besides the supplies there were four passengers to whom had been extended the courtesies of the Quartermaster's Department. One was a captain in the English army, a member of the staff of Gen. Gaselee, who had found himself in Tientsin with orders to go to Pekin and no way under the sun to get there. The second was the correspondent of THE SUN. The third was a man with a cinematograph machine, which was labelled in big white letters "War Correspondent," and the fourth was an itinerant missionary in a white helmet. He had escaped from Pekin when Pekin got too warm for him and he had heard that it was safe to return and took this opportunity to make the journey. Besides these, of course, there were twenty drivers; there was a wagon master, and last but not least, in his own estimation, at any rate there was a guide, who wore fur trousers and carried a Mauser carbine.

THE WAGON TRAIN.

It was 2 o'clock of an afternoon when this wagon train drew up in front of Quartermaster-General Humphrey's office in Tientsin for its last inspection prior to the start. It may be explained here that while the train was without escort, its journey had been so planned that if nothing happened it should reach each night at about dusk the camp of some of the soldiers who were holding the line of communication from the seaboard to the Chinese capital. The four guests occupied the seats of the four wagons that brought up the end of the train. The first of these four wagons was driven by a former Eighth United States Cavalry man, with more or less contempt for all "skinners," as drivers are called, and with supreme contempt for the particular lot of drivers who had charge of the wagons in this train: and it was his comment when the word was finally given to get off that if the train ever reached Pekin at all "it wouldn't be the fault of the blankety-blank-blank carpenters who had got jobs as drivers, and the blankety-blank-blank Government that would hire blankety-blank-blank carpenters to drive a blankety-blank-blank mule train anyway, by blankety-blankety-blank-blank."

The route out of Tientsin lay through the native city, that picture of complete destruction which the European and American armies left in their trail as they went to the rescue of their Ministers in Pekin. Tientsin had been filling up for days with Chinamen who had got over their scare and had decided that it would be safe for them to return to their ruined homes. They were gathered by thousands in the ruins of the houses where they had once lived, and from these they stared at the first modern army transportation train that they had ever seen. A Chinese cart is less than one-quarter the size of an army transport and holds less than one-tenth as much. It would take four Chinese mules to make one American army mule, so their astonishment may be understood when these twenty wagons, drawn by eighty mules, came along, and perhaps it was little wonder that the women and children all ran behind the standing walls and only peeked out, while the men got as far away from the roads as the ruins would let them, and with expressions full of admiration held up one finger each and shouted: "Number one! Number one! Top side!" which is pigeon English for "the best."

BLACK CLOUDS OF DUCKS.

Out of Tientsin the trail was over a plain, six miles to Pei Tsang. The outer gates of Tientsin had hardly been passed when everybody in this wagon train discovered off in the northwest a most peculiar cloud display. The clouds were perfectly black and they had the appearance of being torn by the wind. They were of most unusual shape. They seemed to be swirling around and around in the air, but always coming closer. It was fully half an hour before the discovery was made that the supposed clouds were not clouds at all, but flocks of wild ducks. There must have been millions and millions of them. They flew directly over the wagon train. The sky was black with them. They were so thick that when they passed between the train the sun was obscured. They were too high in the air for shooting, but they were close enough to be easily distinguishable, and they made everybody wish that he had a gun and the ability to hit a small black object 2,000 yards away.

The train got to Pei Tsang just after dark and the millions of ducks were still flying over it. At Pei Tsang there was a camp of Japanese soldiers on one side of the Pei-ho and a camp of British Indiamen on the other. The Pei-ho had to be crossed there and the Japs had constructed a pontoon bridge just wide enough for a span of mules to cross abreast and draw a wagon after them. Crossing it at night was out of the question and so the train stopped there until daylight. The orders were to start again at 5 o'clock in the morning and the fortunate ones who had brought cots stretched themselves out on them and the unfortunate ones who hadn't brought cots rolled themselves up in blankets on the ground. The blue sky was the covering of all.

It was just daylight at 5. The old Eighth Cavalryman came around with a bacon and hardtack sandwich for his guest and a dipper of coffee made with Pei-ho mud and then he went off to inspect the pontoon bridge. He came back, unhitched his leaders, tied them on behind, and remarked to his passenger:

"Say, pard, take my advice and walk aways to help digest that bacon. I tell you what it is, they ain't nothin' that will digest bacon like walkin', and a feller what ain't used to hikin' it oughter always walk after he's eat bacon. If he don't he's liable to get sick. Go on, pard, and walk aways, and I'll pick ye up the other side."

Now this kindly advice was not understood at the time, but it was when the Eighth Cavalryman's guest walked across that pontoon bridge. As stated before, it was just wide enough for a wagon to cross. The river was running swiftly. The water was seventeen feet deep. The boats that formed the bridge bobbed more or less when there was no weight on them. When a man walked across they bobbed enough to make him seasick. What would happen when four mules and a wagon got there could be imagined.

"I'm the last of this yere wagon train," said the Eighth Cavalryman after he had unhooked his leaders, "but I guess I had better take this bridge first and show some of them blankety-blank carpenters what drivin' is. Gee! haw! get up there, Dynamite!"—and he cracked his whip and used the butt of it on the off mule that he called Dynamite, because he said "the critter's kicked daylight through more men than Reilly's battery ever shot it through."

TICKLISH WORK ON THE BRIDGE.

He guided his mules down to the British Indian end of the bridge and there they shied. He put up his whip and coaxed them. Finally they went forward. The first boat sank eight or ten inches as the weight of the mules came on it. They hugged each other close and pranced. The old Eighth Cavalryman talked to them as if they were humans. The second boat was bobbing up and down in front of them, and they stepped on it just as the weight of the wagon came down on the first bridge. It was a mighty anxious moment. The mules pranced and fell against each other. The boat sank under their weight, but the driver kept them going steadily and so boat after boat was passed. Now the mules would be almost on a level with the driver's seat and now they would be away below him. There was perhaps a foot to spare on each side of the wagon wheels and any false step meant disaster, but the old cavalryman knew his business and at last the mules felt the solid ground and pulled away like good fellows up the bank on the opposite side. There the cavalryman stood up on his seat, his arms akimbo, and said with grunts of satisfaction:

"Now watch them blankety-blanked carpenters get drowned!"

The second wagon was just about approaching the end of the bridge. The 250 or more Jap soldiers were all gathered on their side of the river, grinning expectantly. They evidently had much the same feeling as the ex-cavalryman. The second wagon got along to the middle of the bridge, when a of a sudden the mules reared. One, pushed by the other, leaped off into the water. The other was dragged after him. The wagon swayed a moment, there was a crash, and over it went. The driver was in the bottom of one of the boats cursing his luck, and a mechanic, who was on the seat with him, was struggling in the water with the mules. The remarks of the old Eighth Cavalryman at this juncture were interesting, vociferous enough to be heard ten miles to Tientsin and long enough to fill two columns of THE SUN.

The Japs were all activity in an instant. They threw off their capes and rushed down the bridge with poles and ropes, which they shoved over into the water at the man who was clinging to the side of one of the boats to keep from being swept down the stream. The Japs got him out in a minute. With the aid of the other drivers they lassoed the mules that were kicking and plunging in the water, hampered by their harness. It took just half an hour and a bookful of cussing to get those mules out, and it was another half hour before the wagon was unloaded and by main strength was lifted on the bridge and was drawn across the rest of the distance by man power.

ADVENTURES OF THE WAGONS.

The story of how all these twenty wagons got across this bridge would make this report of the trip of Uncle Sam's first unescorted wagon train too long, so a summary only will be given. Wagon number three got as far as the middle, one wheel fell off the bridge and one mule tumbled overboard. Number four and number five got across all right. Numbers six, seven and eight were driven by men who perhaps didn't know much about driving, but who knew enough not to try to drive across the bridge. They led their mules across, and with the aid of Jap soldiers their wagons were brought over by hand. Number nine came to grief as number two had done. Number ten lost a mule. Number eleven, twelve, thirteen and fourteen followed six, seven and eight. Driver number fifteen declared he'd do the trick with four mules and actually started when the wagon master compelled him to hitch two of his mules behind. He cursed the wagon master. He swore that any idiot could drive across that bridge with a twenty-mule team, and he cracked his whip and started, and in less time than it takes to tell it he was pitching head foremost into the water, and his wagon was tumbling after him, while all the other drivers were having fun at his expense. The Japs fished him out, too, and fished out his mules. And then they helped to unload and load up the wagon again after they had fished that out. Fifteen's experience was enough. All the other wagons were brought across by hand, and instead of starting from Pei Tsang at daylight it was well on toward noon before the train was on its way.

The next stop was Yang Tsun, where four troops of the Sixth Cavalry had a camp, and where Col. Wint, who was in command, invited the guests on the transport train to come up and make themselves at home with him. The Colonel trotted out ham and eggs and vegetables and jam enough to feed an army. Meantime the wagon master, the guide with the fur trousers and the drivers were having a hustle. To cook they had to have a fire, for a fire they had to have wood, and in the length and breadth of the country around there wasn't a stick to be had. They foraged here and they foraged there and they came back swearing and empty handed. They begged wood of the cavalrymen, who told them they hadn't enough for their own use. Off in the distance there was a little mound. He of the fur trousers conferred with the wagon master, and then they started off for this little mound and began to dig and dig. By and by they came to a box; they ripped off the cover, and they toted it back and built a fire. So the supper of the teamsters the second night out from Tientsin was cooked on a fire made with the cover of a Chinese coffin.

"Pretty tough," commented the correspondent when he saw what was being done.

"Yes," said the guide, "but the man that had it had used it so long he didn't need it."

The next morning there was another hunt for wood and wood was just as hard to find. It was really necessary to turn the occupant of the Chinese coffin out entirely and to use the rest of the wood to fry the bacon and boil the coffee, while the hundred and one Chinese dogs that had surrounded the camp during the night revelled over the bones and fought and snarled and bit and barked in disposing of them.

IN CAMP BY THE ROADSIDE.

The next stop was to be Ho Si Wo, where there was a garrison. Whether it was the excitement due to a horse trade he had made or not the man with the fur trousers got the wagon train off the main road somehow this day. Ho Si Wo was never sighted and it came dusk with no garrison in sight, with Ho Si Wo evidently behind some distance and Mathao evidently ahead some distance—Mathao being the first garrison after Ho Si Wo. The start that morning had been made with scarcely any breakfast, for somehow or other with the snarling dogs quarrelling over the bones of a Chinaman, the bacon and the coffee cooked over the fire made of a coffin hadn't tasted just right and nobody had eaten much. So at dusk everybody was hungry and more or less out of temper. The drivers didn't want to go on to Mathao—that is, they didn't when they all began to howl at the wagon master to stop. Later on they wished they had gone there. The guide with the fur trousers pretended to have had some experience as a scout and he picked out the camping ground.

"What we want," he said, "is a place easy to defend"—and he selected a triangle made by three roads and entirely surrounded by cornfields, a place where, if there had been any enemies around they could have surrounded the camp, getting within fifty yards of it without ever being seen.

It wouldn't have been so bad, but the doctor of the Sixth Cavalry, who had ridden through from Pekin the day before, arriving at the Yang Tsun camp late the night that the transports camped there, had said that there had been a fight at a town four miles from Mathao when he came through. He had heard the firing and could not be mistaken. He had expressed the opinion that the country around Mathao was full of Boxers. Now, this was not known generally by the drivers when they shouted to the wagon master and demanded that he stop for the night. It was known to the English army officer, to the itinerant missionary, to the cinematograph man and to the correspondent. The English army officer, who had had more experience than any one else in the party, objected strenuously to making a stop at such a place. Said he: "We are in the enemy's country. You have a $200,000 wagon train here. Think what a find it would be for the Boxers if there were any of them around!"

TALE OF BOXERS.

This was to the wagon master, and it was said about twenty minutes after the train had stopped. About two minutes after it was said there were sounds of rifles up in the town, bang! bang! bang-bang! and bang-bang-bang! and a moment later the man with the fur trousers, his hat gripped tightly in one hand, his gun in the other, his long hair streaming behind came down one of the roads like a racehorse, shrieking: "Ammunition! Ammunition!" Through the camp he went on a two-legged gallop. "Ammunition!" he roared. Four drivers threw beltloads of cartridges at him, and up the street again he dashed without giving a word of explanation. Bang—bang-bang! sounded the guns again. Then there was silence, which was broken a little later by the rumbling of wheels and the sound of voices of men evidently laboring under excitement.

Then a procession wheeled into camp. It was led by the man with the fur trousers who had his rifle over his shoulder and a smile of triumph on his face. After him came five teamsters dragging behind them a seven-pound Krupp gun with the breech block gone. The people in the camp crowded around and listened to the story. The five and the man with the fur trousers said that they had gone up into the town to reconnoitre and that almost the first thing that they had seen there was a group of ten Boxers who were evidently holding a council of war. Instantly they fired upon them and the Boxers fled. Many people had been on the streets, but the moment the firing started the streets had become deserted. The people had dashed into their houses and locked the doors. These houses now, the worthy teamsters said, were full of Boxers and without any question the Boxers were forming their plans for a night attack. As a matter of fact, of course, the trembling Chinamen were hiding under their beds, fearful that the game of killing and looting that marked the advance of the allied forces to Pekin was to be resumed.

The teamsters went on. They said that after they had fired at the ten Boxers and had failed to hit any of them they had searched around and had discovered the Krupp gun, so they had captured it and brought it into camp. It was useless, of course, without a breech block and the breech block they were satisfied was in the possession of the Chinese.

It was darkness and the moon had not risen. Nobody knew the roads. The wagon train couldn't go on. There was nothing to do but to stay in the camp and to protect it as best they could. They took an account of stock. There were six rifles and about twenty revolvers in the crowd. The man with the fur trousers, because of his experience as a scout, was selected as sergeant of the guard. Everybody was notified that he would have to do duty on a picket line to be maintained during the night. While supper was being cooked two Frenchmen came along and through the English Captain, who could talk French, they added to the general gayety by telling how men were shot every day on the road near by.

INCIDENTS OF THE NIGHT.

At 8 o'clock the first relay of pickets went on duty. At 8:10 a Pekin cart, driven by a Jap, came along.

"Halt!" commanded the sentry.

The Jap halted.

"What in thunder will I do with him?" roared the sentry, "I've got him halted."

The Jap's mule started ahead again.

"Halt!" bawled the sentry again.

"Let him go," shouted four or five of the teamsters.

The Jap's mule again started forward and then seemed suddenly to spy the sentry and bolted off through the field, the Jap yelling back a choice collection of Japanese, the sentry howling for help and the whole camp in an uproar. This was the first exciting incident of the evening. Then it was discovered that the missionary was missing. Search was made for him everywhere. Not a trace of him could be found. What had become of him nobody knew. Nobody had seen him go away. The cornfields were beaten for him. The wagons were searched for him, but there was not a trace of him and at last he was put down as the first loss the party had suffered.

The guests spread their cots down by the wagons, rolled themselves up in their blankets and went to sleep. The hours passed and the moon came up. Not a sound disturbed the camp. It was about 2 o'clock when the correspondent woke up first and found a mule eating his blanket. Dog