

A COSTLY CHINESE FUNERAL

The Last of Yeh Ching Ching, a Chinese Multi-Millionaire, Who Has Left Money for a Boys' Industrial School.

Yeh Ching Ching, a Chinese gentleman, a multimillionaire, and a noted philanthropist, died at his residence in Hong-kow, Shanghai, Nov. 5, according to Chinese calculation, 60 years old. He was born in Ningpo, the second son of a family of five. At 6 years of age, his father died, and at 9 years of age he was given six months of school—all the poverty of the family would allow. Until 14 he worked on the little plot of ground with his mother and elder brother. At this time, he entered an oil mill, remaining for two years, when he came to Shanghai, was employed as a ship chandler, and was soon made a runner for a hong. In 1861, Ching Ching owned his first store, at the head of Hongkew Creek bridge, on Broadway, which, somewhat enlarged, still re-

foreign carpet—unusual in a Chinese house—but having also many fur rugs. There were curios of great value in all the rooms, and behind curtains were women singers, and also men performing upon Chinese instruments of music. The sobbing and wailing of the women—no doubt largely those of hired mourners—the weird strains of music from Chinese harps and other stringed instruments, the beating of gongs, the crowds of elaborately dressed Chinese, with here and there a curious foreigner, the glitter of scarlet and gold and many other contrasting colors in the embroidered hangings, under the brilliant lighting of electricity—were sights and sounds which foreign eyes and ears have seldom seen and heard, even in China. In side rooms, feasting—as it is the Chinese custom to keep up a continual feast during the days before the funeral, and continued at intervals for days and weeks afterwards.

To me the most striking scene was that of the procession of six sons, stalwart men, clad in sackcloth, with sackcloth upon their heads, straw sandals upon bare feet, walking with bowed heads, with eyes closed, each one led by an attendant servant, one of these servants going before, carrying a rough mat. As the company went from room to room, the mat was placed at the entrance and each son in turn knelt, bowing his head to the floor, doing honor to the spirit of his father, and no doubt hoping to secure favor for that father's spirit in the abode of the spirits.

We were courteously entertained by a Chinese gentleman, evidently a friend of the family, who, speaking good English, bowed us away, after giving us a folded leaflet, which, according to foreign custom, was lined with black and in English was written the time of birth, death, honorable position of the deceased, and other leading points of interest in his life. The gentleman expressed deep regret that the copies having the portrait were exhausted. We were fortunate enough, later, to secure one of the later.

An Expensive Funeral.

The funeral was the largest and most expensive procession ever witnessed in Shanghai. The expense of the funeral was said to be \$,000 taels. Only a very small part of the procession can be described, and that but inadequately, as it would require too much space for a single article. At the head of the procession were two figures of great size, with hideous faces, made of bamboo and colored paper, which, as "way-clearing gods," were supposed to open the way and clear it of evil influences. Following were men, two and two, with square heads and flags, ordering people to keep quiet and observe proper decorum. Then came mounted musicians, in most gorgeous costumes, followed by tablets, carried on men's shoulders, proclaiming rank of the deceased, which was unattached Taoist, with brevet red button of the second grade; also stating that posthumous honors of first rank had been bestowed upon the parents of the deceased

by the throne, etc., etc. Next were guards, armed with lances and battle axes of ancient style; more riders in partial mourning; two tablets, whereon were described the characters, "Enthusiastic in good deeds, and cheerful in giving charity." These had been bestowed by the throne in recognition of the late Mr. Ching Ching's philanthropy. Among the numerous sights in the procession was that of a large cock, which is supposed to show the way for the soul of the deceased to follow. There were imperial guardsmen, detachments of soldiers, many bands of Chinese musicians. There was a company of ninety-five persons, inclusive of Buddhist and Taoist priests, Buddhist nuns, and some fairies and genii. After came the carriage, flower-trimmed, and sedan chairs, used in life; and a mourning sedan chair, in which the soul of the deceased was supposed to ride. Following were an indescribable number of footmen, carrying umbrellas, banners, flags, etc., etc. Lastly, a white cloth, held at four corners by servants, and high enough to screen the chief mourners, who walked within the space thus screened from view. The mourners were his six grown sons,—with his seventh, being an infant, was borne by a friend in a sedan chair—the women, wives and daughters, not being supposed to be among chief mourners, rode in sedan chairs, a little distance back in the procession. Last and most important, the lifelong desired honor of the Chinese,

in Ningpo, to be laid beside his ancestors. During this rest at the house purposely built for him, the spirit is supposed to visit the various homes in which Mr. Ching Ching has lived, and the many business houses, manufactories, etc., in which he has been financially interested. Mr. Ching Ching, it is said, began his life as a sampan man. Even in China, industry, frugality and philanthropic generosity brings its reward, not only in an acquired fortune, but in grateful remembrances and honor in death.

The writer is indebted to The North China Daily News for a part of the description of the funeral, having also been a spectator of the same; but a little later, from the courteous and gentlemanly manager of the late Ching Ching's estate, learned some facts with regard to the disposition of property which have not been given, even to the Chinese press.

Ching's School for Boys.

Mr. Ching Ching has left something over 100,000 taels to build a free school for Chinese boys. It was the wish of the beneficiary that this school should be an industrial one, as the gentleman said, to teach boys to work as well as to be scholars. In the Ching Ching estate is a plot of land, twenty-six mow, or about 188,760 square feet, in Hongkew, near the deceased's late residence, which it is designed to use for the purpose of this industrial school; in the center, to be built



A NEW STATION ON THE LAKE HARRIET LINE.

The residents of the Lake Harriet region, having grown tired of wading through snow and waiting in the cold for street cars, have banded together and erected the neat little waiting room shown in this photograph. Dr. L. P. Blair started a subscription paper not long ago and soon raised enough money for the purpose. Permission was readily secured from the street car company to erect the building on its grounds subject to park board rules, and the company agreed to furnish light. The stand inside the building was let to Mr. Cooper who heats the building and keeps it open from 7 a. m. to 10 p. m. in return for the privilege. It is also kept open Sundays but nothing is sold. The building committee in charge is Dr. L. P. Blair, Alderman Frank Schoonmaker and C. W. Van Tuyl. The station is beyond the Lake Harriet station at the terminus of the line.



YEH CHING CHING, The Great Chinese Merchant.



CHING CHONG'S PLACE OF BUSINESS.

BURIED ON THE FIELD OF BATTLE

The mournful death of Captain Henry Fitz-Herbert in battle with the Boers last Sunday on the distant field of Kaal-



fontein illustrates the cruelty of the inevitable. Mrs. Fitz-Herbert is with her mother, Mrs. E. M. Wilson of this city. After an enforced separation of eighteen months from her husband, having endured the suspense and dread of an active campaign, which is the part of a soldier's wife, she may not even now claim her

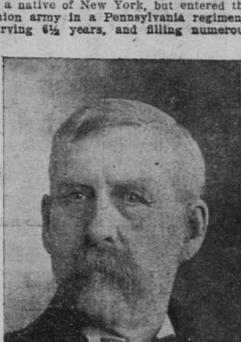
WOUNDED AND A PRISONER

Noteworthy Career of the Commander of the S. D. Veterans' Union.

Major General George A. Ludlow of Sioux Falls is the new commander of the division of the Army of South Dakota, Union Veterans' Union. General Ludlow is a native of New York, but entered the union army in a Pennsylvania regiment, serving 2 1/2 years, and filling numerous

MUSIC FAMILIAR

It is a melody that I have heard before; To sweet remembering thought it wakens me



positions of trust and participating in many battles. He was several times wounded and was also an inmate of southern prisons. Harsh purgative remedies are fast giving way to the gentle action and mild effects of Carter's Little Liver Pills. If you try them, they will certainly please you.

main, having five branches in other settlements. For three days preceding the funeral, the body of Yeh Ching Ching, in a magnificent coffin covered with the most costly embroidery, lay in state in an inner room of his residence. Embroidered curtains partially screened the alcove, and burning incense and delicately colored Chinese lanterns, the latter giving a kind of "dim, religious light." To foreign eyes, unaccustomed to such a scene, it seemed a ceremony of worship, before the shrine of a Buddha rather than of due respect given to the memory of a respected Chinese mandarin.

Like a Chinese Fairytale.

It was the privilege of the writer to see the display at the house of the deceased, and the sight was one never to be forgotten. Over the entrance of the narrow street leading to the residence was an arch, covered with white—Chinese color of mourning—and brilliantly illuminated by electricity. Entering this street, the sight was truly royal magnificence in all the glory of orientalism. On both sides were hung embroidered banners, not an inch of space being seen of the original wall; blue and gold were the predominating colors, with occasional kachemonies, illustrating historical scenes in the lives of noted Chinese; also pictured representation of natural scenery, in mountain, sea and cloudland. Passing under the arch, one felt as if in fairytale. The illusion was by no means dissipated upon reaching the residence, which was fully open to view, many Chinese homes—as well as shops unlike foreign—have neither door or windows, but portable fronts which are put up or taken down at will of their owners. From room to room we passed, in bewilderment indescribable. The walls were hung with priceless embroideries, and in the room which, at the back, was curtained off for a resting place of the deceased, was elegantly carved and massive furniture, the floor carpeted with a

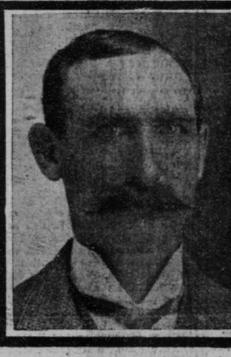


SCENES DURING THE FUNERAL PROCESSION.

The SEVENTH DISTRICT DELEGATION



55th—P. A. GANDRUD.



56th—N. W. BENSON.



57th—HENRY K. NELSON.

in the MINNESOTA HOUSE



57th—HERMAN HILLMONDA.



58th—G. R. OPPETHUK.



58th—G. B. WARD.



58th—G. O. SAVAGE.



59th—HENRY PLOWMAN.



59th—C. M. HAUGNES.



59th—A. H. WILCOX.



60th—JOHN T. LOMMEN.



60th—ROBERT J. WELLS.



61st—C. G. RAPP.



62d—J. R. OPPEGAARD.



62d—JAMES CUMMING.



63d—ALBERT BERG.



63d—P. M. HENRIKS.