## FIRST IMPRESSIONS OF JAPAN.

### Strange Combinations of European and Eastern Life in Yokohama.

THE MONEY-MAKING POLICY OF THE FOREIGN SETTLEMENT—PEN SKETCHES OF A JAPANESE SEAPORT—THE GRACE OF NATIVE WOMEN—A BARBARIC RELIGIOUS FESTIVAL.

From THE STAR'S Traveling Commissioner.

YOKOHAMA, July 10, 1888.

My fellow-passengers by the Belgic are now on their homeward voyage in her. They have inspected Yokohama and Tōkyō; they have traveled in the interior; they have "done" Nikko in the north and Kyōtō in the south; they have sailed over the Inland Sea; they have become experts in Japanese antiquities; they are informed upon Japanese politics; from tea-house to temple and from the Daibutsu to Fujiyama nothing has escaped their scrutiny. At last they are gazing again over the blue Pacific, but how differently from a few short weeks ago! Then all was eager anticipation; now there is the proud satiety of rounded experience and fullness of knowledge. Japan, the unknown, the immemorial, the magnetic, the ardently desired, the wonderland of the world, has been encompassed by a summer's trip, it is black-pencilled in their Murray, it has become the accomplished fact, the squeezed orange. Happy fellow-passengers!

For my own part I have hardly been outside the two chief cities and I know nothing yet of many of these places. But I have seen a good deal of Japanese life, both public and private; I have visited every government institution in the capital; I have met the leading merchants and the leading journalists; I have had the privilege of talking over Japanese affairs with nearly every British minister and Japanese minister of state, and I have had the great honor of being presented to the Mikado himself. Still I start to write my "first impressions" of this wonderful country with much more diffidence than I should have felt a month ago, for I know now how difficult it is to get below the surface and below the conceptions of the foreign population. The Japan of to-day does not wear her heart upon her sleeve nearly so much as people think.

A VIEW OF YOKOHAMA.

Everybody's acquaintance with Japan begins at Yokohama, which is a pity. When one meets a strange man one desires to look at his face, not at his boots. Neither does a sane man begin his inspection of a mail by putting his finger between the milistones. Externally Yokohama is a pretty place. At night, when the big steamer swings slowly up to her anchorage in the harbor and announces herself to the sleeping inhabitants by blasts of her foghorns, to which a gun from the American man-of-war responds, as she brings the American mails, Yokohama is a double semicircle of bright lights and their reflection dancing in the dark water. In the morning, when a hundred sampans crowd about the ship, each easily propelled by its naked occupant with one huge scull over the stern, and with the sunrise, an enormous coal barge comes alongside and a hundred nearly naked men and boys pass up the coal from hand to hand in what would seem a house bread-baskets. Yokohama is a long boulevard, called the "Bund," bounded at each end by a jetty or pier, called the "Hatoba," with a pleasant wooded hill to the left, known as the "Bluff," dotted with white houses. The harbor by itself is a circle of water perhaps three miles wide—big enough at any rate to be so rough in windy weather that the ships have to get up steam and go to sea for safety. It is crowded with shipping—a dozen white English men-of-war, their cockle-shell gun-boats like the flattest, fine powerful-looking protected cruisers like the Leander, and that awkward terrible monster, the Impériouse; two old black American frigates with masts rigging as on an Australian clipper, and the American flag ship, the Monocacy, a red-and-white paddle-wheel affair like a Long Island Sound ferry-boat, so old and cranky that it would probably be unsafe to go up steam in her, and she will doubtless be broken up and sold piecemeal not a mile from where she lies; a stray Chilian corvette, with the air of a steam fishing-smack, and a Dutch gunboat—heaven knows what they are doing here; three or four big black liners, belonging to the O. and O., the P. and O., the Messageries Maritimes, and the Nippon Yusen Kaisha, the Japanese line to Shanghai; and hundreds of native junks and sampans, with their Viking-like lofty prows and square and square pleated sails. The British empire so far seems to me coextensive with the sea; Yokohama Bay is more English than the Mersey.

THE FOREIGN SETTLEMENT.

On shore, private houses, the club and the hotels, occupy the Bund and face the sea. They are all two-story buildings with wide verandahs and large windows, and before each semi-public institution is a row of jinrikishas, the universal two-wheeled baby carriage with shafts in which you can go any journey from a mile to a hundred miles, drawn by one or more short coble coolies, dressed only in shirt and draws of blue cotton with characters a foot wide on his back telling his name or association, and under whose tanned skin the muscles seem to ripple and knots in altogether abnormal fashion. There is a silly travellers' tale that a man's life averages only five years better as he becomes a jinrikisha runner. Of course a man with a weak spot in heart or lungs would soon succumb to such work, but there are plenty of jolly and healthy-looking men in middle life calling out for your patronage. Many of them, however, suffer from varicose veins, and not a few have a hollow racking cough of the consumptive. The resident soon gets callous to this; the visitor generally gets rid of them with a few *sen* and engages a healthy man. Behind the Bund is the business part of the foreign settlement, a number of streets of solid brick and stone, fronting on a broad sober and quiet than any mercantile quarter at home. The bank buildings, for instance, have the outside look of a museum and the inside arrangements of a police-station. Sleek well-fed Chinamen, the go-between of the foreign merchants and the Japanese, stroll about in their gray cotton vests and blue silk trousers and always with a huge cheroot; endless bales of silk and tea are being handled to quaint "ginantics"—the Japanese coolie is firm believer that "three men's burdens weigh, however rude the sound," and if he has only a hole to bore he bores it (and us) with a rythm. Business begins at 10 and ends with 5, and between 12 and 1 you might see well look for an elephant as for a merchant, for they are all at tiffin. The residences on the Bluff are delightful, cool and breezy, with deep shady gardens and a long view over the bay. Everybody lives there who can afford it, and the public garden for tennis and afternoon tea could hardly be prettier or pleasanter.

THE JAPANESE TOWN.

Beyond the business part of Yokohama is the Japanese town. There are two or three streets of fine shops and massive fire-proof "godowns" (the Chinaman's pidgin English for warehouse, from constantly hearing the expression to "go down" to their cellars) where silks and lacquer and bronzes and ivory are sold to globe-trotters at prices which bear a more causal relation to the pocket of the purchaser than to the price of production. But the rest of the Japanese town with its 60,000 inhabitants is apparently poor and certainly uncharacteristic, and I shall postpone any description for a better subject. Upon curio-buying, however, a word may be acceptable to intending visitors. I have prowled pretty much all over Yokohama and Tōkyō, sometimes alone, and sometimes under the guidance of a friendly expat., and I have finished by coming back for most of the things I wanted to Messrs. Brothers on the Bund. Unless you know exactly what you want and can recognize it and its counterfeit when you see them, you are quite certain to buy rubbish at high rate; and is one tourist in a thousand able to tell a lacquer tray from a papier mache box just out of the Tōkyō workshops, a lustre of old Kutani porcelain from a forgery by Makuzu of Yokohama, or a bronze by seimin from its decayed reproduction by Kyōtō experts? I doubt it. Deakin's best lacquer, in my hand, are bought for him by professional Japanese judges, and when he tells you that a certain thing is so-and-so, the chances are about even that it is. Curios, of course, there is no certainty except the certainty of fraud. Of great fish, and there are more than half a dozen connoisseurs in the world who could give you a much better percentage of security than this. By a first-class Japanese curio-dealer, too, you are only shown one thing at a time, and a good deal of the pleasure of the sweetmeat eating is sandwiched in between the lacquer and the *Lung-chuan-yao*, between the bronze and the brocade. Whereas at Deakin's you can spend hours at your leisure looking over much the most varied collection of curios, antique and the beautiful modern things, for sale in Japan, and the way-faring man, though a fool, cannot err much therein. If he charges you a little more—of course he would not charge the idea—you are still the better off by several days' time spent in vain intuiting, a good-sized jinrikisha bill, and a stomach-ache. I have dwelt on this point because everybody who comes to Japan is seized instantly, and for weeks, with the insane desire to buy and buy and leave him till his hand reaches the bottom of his pocket or his foot presses the deck of a returning steamer.

To come now to "first impressions," there are of course two kinds of them. There are the mere sense impressions, the things which strike the eye and ear as strange; and there are the "first impressions" which mean the conclusions springing to mind when the externals are first understood. The former class of these "first impressions" generally attach themselves to very trivial matters, but they are often not the less entertaining for all that. The first thing, for instance, that I noticed in Japan was the enormous hats of the coolies, and next the ludicrous combinations of European and foreign dress worn by many young men of the middle class. A pot hat, a cotton wrapper or bath-gown—the *yukata*—a pair of long stockings and a boot—that was a common mixture, the wearer evidently and rightly thinking that he had adopted the best points of both systems. An hour after landing, too, a remark made to me by an educated Japanese gentleman on the Belgic, recurred to me. I had asked him if the coming constitution for Japan was likely to include trial by jury. "After you have seen Japan," he replied with a smile, "you won't ask that question." I mean by this that I was struck with the fact that these Japanese people of Japan, courteous and clever and civilized as they are in many ways—the hewers of wood and drawers of water and pullers of jinrikishas, are upon a different plane from the coarse people at home. One might say that they live in two dimensions, whereas trial by jury, not in its origin but in the significance to-day, is a three-dimension idea. Slowly the rulers of Japan see that trial by jury is often a failure or a farce with us, and they have no wish to educate the people up to it.

A RELIGIOUS FESTIVAL.

In Japan there are always as many religious festivals as in Spain, and one of these—*matsuri* is their generic name—was being celebrated the other day in the Japanese town. I went to look for it with my detective camera and when I met it I could hardly believe my eyes—it corresponded more to one's idea of New Guinea than of Japan. Upon an ordinary bullock-cart a raised platform and scaffolding 20 feet high had been constructed, and bullock and all covered with paper decorations and green bougus and artificial flowers. In front a girl with a grotesque mask danced and postured, while half a dozen musicians twanged impossible instruments and kept up an incessant tatoo on drums. Children wild with delight crowded up among the performers and clung like flies all over the cart, and only that providence which takes care of them, together with drunken sailors of the United States of America, preserved them from making a Juggernaut of it. On foot around the *bashi*, as the whole structure is called, were twenty or thirty men, naked as to their legs, their faces chalked, with straw hats a yard wide, many-colored tunics, in which scarlet predominated, decked out with paper streamers and flowers enough to make a Sioux chief despair of himself, dancing along to a very rude chant, and at every step banging upon the ground a long iron bar fitted with loose rings. The colors, the song, the dance, the music and the clanging iron formed together a spectacle as barbarous in taste as possible, something wholly different from what one had supposed the gentle culture of the Japanese to be. At the time I was greatly puzzled, but subsequently I learned that this *matsuri* is not so barbarous as it looks. I took it to be a serious religious ceremony. I found that it had just as much as it had religion as an Italian carnival has—that is, it was born of religious feeling and has entirely forgotten its ancestry. Buddhism, which is the religion of the common people, has always played to the gallery, so to speak, and the priests of to-day make money out of the *matsuri*, partly in the shape of coins which are thrown into the temple ponds and partly from their share of the subscriptions of the well-to-do people of the neighborhood, by whom the festival is supported. The affair is thus a Japanese carnival, where people drink *sake* and play the fool themselves or watch others doing so, exactly as at Nice or Venice. No account of "first impressions," too, would be complete without an allusion to the grace and charm of the Japanese women. The first time one sees a couple of pretty and prettily-dressed Japanese girls walking abroad under their huge variegated paper umbrella, with their elaborately-dressed black hair, their perfect tiny hands and feet, their large brown eyes—set obliquely if they are "beauties;" with their delicate soft-toned crape garments, and the heavy flat silk *obi* twisted round and round their waist and finished in a coloured bow behind; with their funny motion on their clip-clapping pattens, half undulating run and half waddle, and their merry laughter and chatter—when one sees them for the first time, I say, one is usually delighted enough to follow them up and down for half an hour under a fine pretense of losing one's way or looking into the shops. At least I did, till I succeeded in getting a snap photograph of them.

A MONEY-MAKING COMMUNITY.

Underlying these first impressions, however, what of Yokohama as a settlement of foreign residents in Japan—what of it as a part of the British empire? Naturally, of course, it is a place given to money-making; that is its ambition and indeed its raison d'être. In a society accordingly, has all the characteristics of any money-making community. It works hard and it plays hard; it is extremely hospitable and warmly welcomes any recommended visitor; poker and cocktails are as familiar there as in Texas; it knows little and cares little about the real Japan and the real Japanese people. Outside the consular service there are probably not half a dozen people who speak Japanese well enough to share an idea with the people they live among—Mr. Deakin is the only one I can think of at this moment. I have every reason to speak kindly of Yokohama for everybody there received me with the utmost kindness, and the club is a center of the freest and pleasantest hospitality, but one cannot help noticing and regretting, when one returns to Yokohama after seeing something of Japan and Japanese home life, the complete absence of sympathy with or even ordinary interest in their adopted country on the part of the Yokohama community. Do the foreign merchants make money in their own way? Then "all is right as right can be!" Do they not? Then no words of contempt are too strong to express their feelings. A few days out of Yokohama the best informed merchants there was telling me how the action of the Japanese government on a certain point had prevented him from carrying through a profitable scheme. I said that from the Japanese point of view it could unfortunately be the government's action. "Bah," he replied, turning on his heel, "I wish all the —— were in hell!" On board the Belgic were two Japanese, and an Englishman holding an important situation in one of the leading foreign firms of the whole land. "Where are those two niggers?" he asked in the smoking-room one day, and when we expostulated he replied, "when you've seen something of the East you'll know that everything that's not white there is nigger." And this, remember, was said by a half educated man who was reading the trashiest of modern novels all day, about a Japanese gentleman who was a university graduate, speaking three languages, occupying an official position, and reading a big treatise on international law during his leisure. Letters for his recreation! The Yokohama merchant does not enter into direct relation with his Japanese customers, there being always either a Japanese *banto* or a Chinese *compradore* as go-between; while in all the banks the actual cash is counted in and out by a Chinese *shroff*. There is no social intercourse whatever between European and Japanese merchants; it is just a game of "catch who catch can," as the nonsense-tale goes, and if often happens that one turns out at the heels of their boots" in consequence, that is only natural.

THE RESULT OF THE SYSTEM

is that no first-rate Japanese merchant will attempt direct dealings in Yokohoma, and that therefore Europeans have often been the victims of the duplicity or dishonesty of a lower class of native merchants. The game is an unequal one in this respect: If a European should cheat a Japanese he would incur no caste among many of his fellows and the Japanese would combine against him; if a Japanese should cheat a European he would not lose caste among his fellow Yokohama Japanese, for they would hear only his own side of the story, and nothing could combine all the various interests of the European merchants. No doubt the foreign community has suffered a good deal in this way, and no doubt its commercial morals are quite equal to commercial morals in other parts. The wild stories of the old-time treatment of Japanese by foreigners are still preserved in the local gossip, like the noxious insects of a by-gone age, fixed in the amber of purer manners. A Japanese journalist who has just retired from a mission in England was telling me how he had enjoyed it, and added, laughingly, "But England is not the east bit like Yokohama!" "Why, no," I said; "of course not." "Ah," he replied, thoughtfully, "I supposed it was." There are lately reasons why foreign Yokohama should be a strange society. For one thing, it is a sort of No Man's Land. It is in Japan and yet not in Japan. Japanese policemen patrol the streets, but they cannot enter a foreigner's house without permission from the consul. Hence it is a refuge for Japanese criminals who are hidden by the servants in foreign employ and passed on to another house—which means another consul's warrant—when the police come to look for them. Its property is protected, its harbor is maintained, and its coast is lighted as well as anywhere in the world, and not a penny of taxes or cont bution (for the ground-rents cannot be so regarded) does the community pay for any of these. Only a nominal registration fee to its consul of $5—15 shillings—a year. The presence of the fleet, too, for long periods, with not far from a couple of thousand men on board, has a very distinct effect in other ways than in doubling the price of perishable provisions. "No. 9" is, of course, world-famous, and it is sober truth that if you step into a jinrikisha and say never a word, the experienced coolie will take you off there at once.

AN IRRITATING CLIMATE.

It is a curious fact, moreover, which everybody has told me and nobody has attempted to explain, that there is something in the climate or the life that plays havoc with a foreigner's nervous system, destroying first his temper and in an astonishing number of cases his reason afterwards. One of my fellow-passengers on the Belgic, returning to Yokohama, where he had lived many years, with his young bride, was taken at the Grand Hotel two days after landing; another, a young gentleman of wealth and position, poisoned himself with laudanum the next week, and since then another, insanity having developed itself in him while in jail awaiting bondsmen for his keeping the peace, starved himself to death there. And two or three men have said to me, half in joke and half in earnest, that they felt the climate having its familiar effect upon them—that they were getting ill-tempered and head-achy and generally "crazy." That is, at any rate, the Yokohama community, whatever the reason may be, is not happy one, in spite of its good fellowship, its ready and delightful hospitality, its tennis, its cricket, its dinner-parties, and its balls. Their relation with the people among whom they live is just what was proposed fourty years ago for a play by that luminous writer Mr. Laurence Oliphant, as the very probable consequence of that "behavioral community, uniquely, to a certain class of our countrymen when brought into contact with semi-civilized races." And so far as my own observation goes, a statement about Englishmen and natives in India which occurs in the very remarkable article on the Queen of Oudh's treasure in last month's *Contemporary* is almost applicable to the Yokohama foreign community and the Japanese. "Read the letters of Europeans to friends at home," he says, "and you will be struck with their absolute ignorance of all native life and interests, their profound, almost unconscious indifference to the masses among whom their lives are cast."

I am convinced, however, that what is true of the Yokohama of to-day and truer no doubt of that of the past, will not be said of the Yokohama of the future. The whole of Japan is surely at last, after so many unfortunate and unjust delays, on the eve of being opened to the enterprise of the world. Then the foreigners here will cease to be a separate community, singled in dealing with a separate class. From a completer mingling a better mutual understanding will necessarily follow, and that curious distrust and dislike which each side seems destined to feel for the other at the point of contact of two races in a treaty port—just like the corrosion which occurs at the meeting point of the two carbon poles of the electric light—will disappear forever.

HENRY NORMAN.

## Water a Relief for Cholera Infantum.

We indorse the following remarks of Dr. H. F. Hendrix on Cholera Infantum (says the *Monthly Bulletin*, of the Iowa state board of health) in the *Weekly Medical Review*. During the progress of the disease, and for some time before active symptoms manifest themselves, we have noticed the insatiable thirst of these little patients, and always noticed marked relief from giving them plenty of cold water. It seems strange that any one should deny a simple remedy like this so pleadingly demanded. Dr. Hendrix, moreover, claims that it is beneficial as a preventive. He says: "I feel it my duty to say (taking my own observation as a guide) that cholera infantum will not occur in any case where a plentiful supply of cold water is given at all times and on all occasions, night or day, whenever the little one desires it. Mature reflection (for the ground-rents cannot be so regarded) does the community pay for any of these. Only a nominal registration fee to its consul of $5—15 shillings—a year. The presence of the fleet, too, for long periods, with not far from a couple of thousand men on board, has a very distinct effect in other ways than in doubling the price of perishable provisions. "No. 9" is, of course, world-famous, and it is sober truth that if you step into a jinrikisha and say never a word, the experienced coolie will take you off there at once.

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HENRY NORMAN.

## THE WITHERED ARM.

### A Strange Story About Emperor William's Hatred of England.

THE BUNGLING WORK OF AN ENGLISH PHYSICIAN—THE YOUNG MONARCH BLAMES HIS MOTHER FOR HIS DEFORMITY—GETTING NEWS FROM THE CASTLE AT CHARLOTTENBURG.

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Special Correspondence of THE EVENING STAR.

I was sitting in the corridor of the Kaiserhof Hotel one night, in Berlin, when an officer of the guard de corps, with whom I was acquainted, came in. He was commanding the escort of a distinguished foreigner at Berlin, who came to pay his respects to the new emperor, Frederick. The officer sat down on a bench beside me after sending up his card, and, learning that the ambassador was still in bed enjoying his afternoon nap, we had a talk about court matters in Germany. It was impossible to hold a conversation of interest on any other subject at the capital at that time. The whole civilized world had its eyes centered on the capital of the German empire, just as it is today, and the English-speaking world was particularly interested in the attitude of the crown prince—the present emperor—toward the people of Great Britain.

WHY HE HATES THE ENGLISH.

"He hates the people across the Channel, does he not?" I asked.

"Hate scarcely expresses his sentiments," said the captain with a shrug. "It is curious, in all the delving and investigating of the newspaper correspondents that the real reason has never been published of the crown prince's antipathy toward the English. He is of a peculiarly revengeful and resentful disposition, and his dislike for his mother's people dates from the very moment of his birth. When it was learned that the Empress Victoria was about to give birth to a child and to the probable heir to the throne of the German empire, there was a great deal of excitement in Berlin. The empress, as you probably know, is a woman of very strong mind. She is the oldest daughter of Queen Victoria of England, and, over there, she imbibed all sorts of notions concerning the superiority of woman to man, and the mission in life of the queen's daughter, and so on. The result was that, at an early period of her married life, she convinced Frederick that she must have her own way at all hazards, and, when she made up her mind on the eve of the birth of her child that she must have an English physician to attend her, there was a great scurrying and rushing around the palace. There were no end of skillful German surgeons, but it was rather difficult then—nearly thirty years ago—to find an English physician who was worthy of the honor of attending the daughter-in-law of the emperor. At the last moment an English physician was found and taken to the palace. He was clumsy and excited. The result was that when the child was born it was found that the surgical instruments had crushed his left arm and hand. From the very instant of his birth young Prince William's arm was withered. He grew up a soldier in every fiber of his body—a wonderful horseman, skilful with his sword and full of fire and dash. But even at the outset of his career as an athlete and horseman he found himself handicapped by the awful drawback of the withered arm. He was obliged to eat with a queer sort of a combination of knife and fork, which could be held in one hand, and, for a long while, it was impossible for him even to hold the reins of his horse in his left hand. By dint of continuous practice in developing the muscles that were not withered in the hand and arm he succeeded in acquiring the grip on bridle and he has it to this day. A species of blind and angry rage possessed him that he—the prospective heir of one of the greatest empires of the world, descendant of a line of kings extending over 900 years—should be compelled to be ashamed of what should find himself crippled in the face of every worldly advantage. By degrees this peculiar, sullen resentment, for which he is notable, settled upon the bungling physician who had caused him all this trouble, and through the easy stages, he grew to dislike not only the physician, but also the people of his race, and this feeling extended so far that William was actually and pointedly antagonistic to his own mother because she was English born. Nothing on earth will ever convince him that the English are not in some way responsible for his withered arm."

DR. MACKENZIE AND THE CROWN PRINCE.

At this moment a lackey appeared at the head of the stairs and bowed protoundly to the officer. Thereupon, he straightened out his long and shapely limbs, pulled down his coat, smoothed out his white kid gloves, threw away his cigarette, and sent up another card to the foreign minister.

"I am sorry I have to go," he said amiably, "for I had a piece of news for you."

"Concerning the emperor?" I asked.

"Yes, in a measure; or, at least, concerning his favorite doctor. There was a scene this morning in the palace between Mackenzie and the young crown prince, in which his highness treated the English doctor with marked and more than brutal severity."

Again the lackey appeared at the head of the stairs and, with a hurried bow, the officer disappeared. I jumped into a cab and went to see one of the secretaries of the British legation, who usually knew a great deal about court affairs. He was exceedingly cautious, however.

"I heard at dinner to-night," he said thoughtfully, "that there had been a scene between the English doctor and the crown prince, but it was only referred to in a casual way. I cannot substantiate it."

A few days after this—when Frederick had died, I may add here—Sir Morel Mackenzie was refused an audience by the young emperor at the palace in Potsdam, and hurried away to London an hour afterward. Opinions differed as to the action of the emperor in this case. It was not that he had not a perfect right to refuse to see anybody, but the fact that Sir Morel Mackenzie had been such a close and conscientious physician to Frederick in his last illness, certainly gave him some claims on his successor. It was while I was investigating this rumor that I substantiated the statement of the young officer that Mackenzie and the then Crown Prince William had had a few sharp words, even before Frederick III died.

I went to one other legation that night, trying to substantiate the story, but without success, and then, receiving a message from a German journalist who whirled by in a cab on the Linden, that his majesty was sinking rapidly I jumped into a cab and hurried out to Charlottenburg. It was a Stygian night and the rain was sure. Before we had gone half the distance the rain began to pelt down heavily, and when I arrived at the gloomy old castle it was a windswept and dismal sight. Soldiers were passing solemnly up and down in different directions, and a knot of anxious subjects of the kaiser were gathered near the main entrance. At this point I discovered a dozen or more newspaper correspondents of the London, Paris and Vienna journals talking to the guards. Their fur coats were wrapped closely around them and they tried to shelter their heads from the blast by a varied assortment of umbrellas. The crack correspondents of the world were there, and in person, too—for there was no time to send deputies, so swiftly had the rumor swept through Berlin that the emperor's wearied and worn struggle against fate was coming to a close.

STEALING PAST THE GUARDS.

I knew it was hopeless trying to get any news from the crowd at the main entrance, so I walked through the shrubbery, and, without saying a word to the guards, strode swiftly through the side entrance to the apartments formerly occupied by Queen Victoria, of England, when she visited Charlottenburg. I wore a heavy fur cloak after the military pattern then in vogue, held my umbrella low, and pushed ahead. The guard saw me and pushed ahead, evidently under the impression that I was one of the officers of the household or otherwise attached to the palace, and in this way I succeeded in getting to the building proper. Once there I began to realize that I would be in rather an awkward position if I let myself pass the hands of an ugly soldier, but I kept on walking in a most business-like manner until I passed through the court-yard in the rear of the palace. I was then quite beyond the line of soldiers and sheltered from the heavy arrows of the storm by a wide head. I stopped for a moment to rest, when a short, heavily built, and coarse-featured servant dashed out of one of the neighboring doorways, hurried through the lane, and brought up panting by my side. He looked at me and muttered a salutation in German. Then he started to hurry on again, when his foot slipped on the pavement and he came down with a smash on all fours. At the same instant I heard him mutter in the most thoroughly English tones of voice:

"Of all the nawsty nights this 'ere is about the wust."

HE COULD BE PERSUADED.

It was the first English I had heard anywhere near the palace, and I jumped for the man as a cat would for a mouse.

"Come here," I said, "I want to talk to you a moment." He glanced hurriedly about and said:

"Good gracious, sir, what are you doing here?"

"Come out of the wet," I said, following his gaze, as he glanced shrewdly about, "Is it against the rules?"

"Is it?" he asked, aghast. "Well, I should rather say it was."

I had a handful of coin in my pocket, and I slipped it into his hand.

"I want to talk to you a moment," I said, "about a matter of importance."

He glanced around again with the same frightened air and then said in a low voice:

"Well, we must get out of the building, or there is no telling what will happen. Follow me at a safe distance," he said, "and I will show you where we can talk."

He hurried along the lee side of the palace, opened a gate, and together we went across a lane into an addition to the palace, which they were building beyond, and next door to a public library. Here I learned that he had been employed by the empress when she was still princess royal of the Great Britain, thirty-two years ago, and that ever since that time he had been attached to her suite. I told him that the great North American idea at that precise moment was to learn whether the emperor was dying or not, and that I would give him five pounds if he would find out the exact facts for me and come back with them. He was gone an hour, but when he did return, he had the most accurate and precise information imaginable concerning his majesty's condition, and, meanwhile that time on, the English servant of his majesty was

A VALUABLE SOURCE OF INFORMATION

for the American people. Money will buy almost anything among the attaches of a royal court. When I left at last at 12 o'clock, the rain had turned to sleet, and all of the correspondents had gone to the gate house. They were not admitted to the building, but they were huddled under the piazza. I sent my telegram and returned at 2 o'clock to the palace to meet the English servant again by appointment. I learned that the emperor had been exceedingly quiet, and that all the excitement was the result of a caucus. At 2 o'clock, however, there were at least 3,000 people around the palace seeking some confirmation of the report. Money would have been the easiest thing in the world for the authorities to have kept out and quieted the apprehension of the people, but they did not do it. Their action in this respect was on a par with all of their previous policy.

It was rather a gloomy night, but so are all nights in Berlin at that time, and particularly among the correspondents. I returned to my hotel at 3 o'clock, but the army of people still stood there. At short intervals messengers were dispatched to telegraph offices with dispatches informing the world that the emperor was sinking rapidly. I was the only man in the place who knew the exact facts, and I had only been able to obtain them through taking a foolhardy risk and placing my confidence in the word of a bribed and faithless servant. A little more candor and truthfulness concerning the illness of the late emperor would have made the nights in peril vastly more comfortable to the majority of newspaper correspondents.

BLAKELY HALL.

## Moisture in Houses.

ADVICE APPLICABLE TO THESE DAYS OF CHANGING TEMPERATURE AND HUMIDITY.

It is stated that the sudden change of the weather last week from cold to warm and damp, observes the Philadelphia *Times*, has caused thousands of dollars of damage to wall paper and other articles in houses. Of course it has, and it is so simple because many people do not study the plainest common-sense principles in airing their houses.

One evening last week people went to bed with a hunt for extra blankets because of the sudden and severe chill in the atmosphere. When they rose in the morning their bed-rooms, parlors, dining-rooms, &c., were as chilly from the cold of the previous day, while the outside atmosphere had suddenly become not only warm, but hot and oppressive with dampness.

Incouskierate people opened their windows and doors because the weather was warmer, forgetting that the excessive moisture in the atmosphere would rush in with the warm air and swiftly deposit itself on the cold walls, furniture, &c., and penetrate wall papers, curtains, bedding, and everything in the house, and deposited a surface colder than the air that carried it into the house.

Of course the moisture loosened and discolored paper, made curtains as limp as a washrag, made beds damp and musty, and generally spoiled everything that water could spoil, and would have been avoided by following the plain common sense rule of not opening houses suddenly to suddenly changed atmosphere carrying an excessive quantity of moisture.

A pitcher iced with cold water and placed in a room in summer will sweat—at least that is what it is commonly called. The pitcher does not sweat, because it is not porous and cannot sweat; but the cold water inside of it chills the outer surface and so soon as the outer surface of the pitcher becomes cooler than the atmosphere in the room the moisture of the air will be precipitated on the pitcher in drops.

This simple illustration should teach all housewives to avoid suddenly opening up rooms in a house when the outside atmosphere is warmer than the temperature of the rooms and full of moisture. In all such cases the wall paper, furniture, &c., being cooler than the outside air, will specially in the aggregate attract moisture, precipitated upon them, and it will require days to restore the house to the dry condition that is essential to health.

There are no arbitrary freaks in the laws which governs the phenomena of surrounding us, and there is nothing abstruse in mastering them. Warm, damp air will ever precipitate its moisture in houses or elsewhere whenever it comes in contact with anything chilled by a cooler atmosphere, and that is the story. The only thing to be added is that when people have thus ignorantly or negligently allowed their houses to become damp, they should light fires and dry them as promptly as possible.

## A Hopeful View of Consumption.

WHAT A HOMEOPATHIC PHYSICIAN HAS TO SAY ABOUT THE CURABILITY OF THE DREAD DISEASE.

From the Philadelphia Press to-day.

One of the most interesting papers read at the second day's session of the Homeopathic State Medical Society in the Hahnemann's College yesterday was Prof. Goodno's paper on "Pulmonary Consumption." When Prof. Goodno said that consumption in certain stages was curable he was loudly applauded. He said that while pulmonary consumption was a disease of civilization and due to the derangement of tiny tissues from defective nutrition, and also the presence of a germ, yet it was so far to be observed that the bacillus Ha a constant attendant of consumption is undoubtedly. That it is the cause is probable, but its action is so dependent upon constitutional states that it relatively seldom excites phthisical development, and that it is associated with conditions not yet considered fully phthisical are to my mind clear. Were we to live up to our knowledge in the early diagnosis and treatment of phthisis most cases would recover and the disease even be relegated to a less important position. Tiny symptoms of importance are the temperature fluctuations, and taken at that early stage the disease can be cured.

"Blood spitting and pulmonary hemorrhage are claimed to occur prior to evidence of consolidation; my experience has led me to consider it a rare precedent."

In conclusion the doctor urged the importance of the subject, as one-fifth of all deaths resulted from tired dread disease. He said: "Just in proportion as we are led away from the practical doctrine that consumption is simply a low form of inflammation with great disposition to spread and terminate with tuberculosis the further we are led from the curative principles of treatment." Prof. Goodno also spoke of the contagious character of consumption, showing that the bacilli could be breathed into the lungs. He, however, said that they would not develop unless the physical condition of the person under lungs was in a condition to be deteriorated. He deprecated the silence of physicians when they had a case of consumption and the too ready assumption that they were dealing with an incurable specific disease.

## Frog Lore.

THE BATRACHIAN AS HE APPEARS IN CLASSICAL LITERATURE.

Eugene Field in Chicago Times.

It is surprising that so little has been written in late years of the frog. We must remember that ever since the world began the frog has figured conspicuously in the economy of human affairs. At different times he has been worshiped as a divinity by nations of the East, at other times has been employed by divinity as the scourge of idolatrous mankind; the island of Cyrene was regarded as a cursed and blighted spot, because for many centuries frogs would not abide there, but when imported thither would plunge into the sea and swim to other shores—they could no more be reconciled to that country than, as Aristotle says, when brought into Ithaca, died upon the coast with their faces turned invariably to their native land.

Aristophanes wrote a play about frogs, and so did the older poet, Homer; Pliny treats at length of the frog, and in his "Banqueter's Academy" he is pleased to recount wondrous tales thereof. When St. Patrick (of blessed memory) expelled reptiles from Erin he wisely excepted the frog, who, even in that early time, was highly respected, both for the pleasing excellence of his vocal powers and for the exceeding succulence of his flesh, and we all know that from the beauty of its song the frog is not unfrequently called nowadays the Irish nightingale. The old English poets held the frog in high esteem. Chaucer has to say in the "Merchant's Tale" of "Ye frogge yt did laye in ye merscle synging full swote alles night et days," and subsequently he speaks of "ye frogge yt ben condampned by ye fayrie queane for yt he did synge mocke mo swotely than ye nyghtengale, ye which she loved." The learned Dr. Plot, in his "Natural and Civil History of Northern Mythology" that the frog is still reverenced by certain sects in the high latitudes as a creature of supernatural power, and Professor Skeat, who is perhaps the most accurate of etymologists, surmises that our word "frog," which originally derived from the name of the Norse goddess *Frigga*, being the past, perfect or preterit of that name, regularly conjugated. In 1862 Dick Yates was visiting Colonel Pinction Howard, of Barataria frog farm, and Howard asked him if he had ever tasted frogs' legs.

"Yes, twice," said Dick. "I ate a pair at Belleville last summer."

"And where else?"

"Nowhere else."

"But you said you had tasted them twice."

"And so I have; once as they went down and the second time as they came up."

## Treating Swollen Feet.

From the Scientific American.

Policemen, letter carriers and others whose occupation keeps them on their feet a great deal often are troubled with chafed, sore and blistered feet, especially in extremely hot weather, no matter how comfortable their shoes may fit. A powder is used in the German army for sifting into the shoes and stockings of the foot soldiers, called "Fussstreupulver," and consists of three parts talcum powder, one part of boracic acid, eighteen parts pulverized soapstone. It keeps the feet dry, prevents chafing, and rapidly heals sore spots. Finely pulverized soapstone alone is very good.

## Saturday Smiles.

Husband—"I'm feeling awfully queer this morning, my dear."

Wife—"Well, you needn't be alarmed. It's because you are sober."—*Boston Budget.*

Wife—"My dear, the pew rent is due to-day."

Husband—"Well, I can't attend to that until I settle with my friend Bilfkins. I owe him $100 on a horse race, and he says I should be paid first, you know."—*Philadelphia Record.*

He—"You are a Maud Muller, I see."

She (puzzled)—"Indeed no, sir."

He—"Then I am no judge."

And then the heavens opened and rained gently upon them, and he said that it was as to conceal his face from the eyes of man.—*Life.*

The husband stood at the door, hat in hand, and spoke with a tinge of impatience in his tone.

"I am waiting, Maria," he said, "for my customary good-by kiss."

"I thought you only a moment ago, John," replied the wife.

"Why, so you did, my love," said John, putting on his hat, "so you did."

"If I smoked as nasty a pipe as you do," said Maria, "you would have no difficulty in remembering my kisses."—*Chicago Tribune.*

The lonesome maid who has no lover