A SCENE IN NAGOYA.

JAPAN'S CATASTROPHE

The World's Greatest Earthquake Calamity of Modern Times.

EARTHQUAKE-HUNTING

In the Devastated District—Enormous Earth Cracks—Whole Streets of Prostrate Houses—Buried Ruins Still Smoking—Thousands Killed and a Quarter Million Homeless.

Editorial Correspondence of The Evening Star.

NAGOYA, JAPAN, November 4, 1891.

AT 6 O'CLOCK WEDNESDAY MORNING October 28, an earthquake shock occurred at Yokohama, where I was staying, which threw down a couple of chimneys, but attracted no great attention, as it had been preceded by slight shocks for a week or two. It was stated, however, in the Yokohama papers that day that there was considerable apprehension among the native population of a culmination of the shock in a great catastrophe on the 4th of November, similar to that of the great convulsion that destroyed half of Tokio (then Yeddo) and killed many thousand people just thirty-seven years previous to that date. The Japanese treat the thirty-seventh anniversary of a death as an occasion of special note, and the 4th of November of this year was to have been observed with special religious rites in all the principal temples and shrines of Japan on behalf of the victims of the destructive earthquake thirty-seven years ago. The papers of the next day, the 29th, spoke of the earthquake as having been the most severe experienced for many years and as having destroyed railroad tracks and bridges on the Tokaido line, and as having thrown down a cotton mill at Osaka (near Kobe) and killed twenty-five persons.

JAPANESE JOURNALISTIC ENTERPRISE.

Still there was no information giving the slightest indication of the extent of the calamity and it was not until the third day after the event that the news began to reach Yokohama of the appalling devastation in the Nagoya-Gifu district, less than 220 miles from Yokohama, on the leading line of railroad in Japan. The failure to receive any intelligence is partly explained by the destruction of telegraph poles and wires at some points, but to the American mind it is almost impossible to conceive how such a frightful catastrophe could have occurred without the news spreading at once far and wide on such a densely populated line of travel as the Tokaido railroad, which runs parallel with the great Tokaido highway between Tokio and Kioto, 329 miles in length, and which is lined by an almost continuous series of villages from one end to the other. On Saturday, the fourth day after the shock, so little was really known of the nature and extent of the calamity that I felt sufficient curiosity in the matter to undertake a little personal exploration of the desolated district.

OFF FOR THE EARTHQUAKE DISTRICT.

I left Miyanosita, a charming mountain resort near the Hokane pass, at 5 a.m., Saturday, by jinrickisha, for Kozu on the Tokaido railroad. The jinrickisha, now the national carriage of Japan, was the invention of a Yankee missionary, and seems to have been modeled on the "one-hoss shay" celebrated by Holmes. It is two-wheeled, buggy-topped and with shafts like a buggy, only a coolie takes the place of a horse between them. These stout-legged coolies will pull these eusmalled buggies or enlarged baby carriages at the rate of six miles an hour on trips of forty, fifty and even sixty miles a day without apparent suffering and with no other rest or refreshment than an occasional stop at a tea house and a drink of tea—*not* beer or whisky—with a little rice or bit of dried fish in the way of substantials.

The ride down the mountain side was most exhilarating. The air was pure and bracing, with all the transparency for which Japanese air is noted. Snow-capped Fusiama, sixty miles distant, appeared to be within a few hours' walk, with all its ribs and ridges of lava-flows on its sides distinctly defined. At Kozu no information could be obtained of the condition of things in the earthquake district and it was found that there was no possibility of getting by rail beyond Okazaki, twenty-five miles from Nagoya and forty-five from Gifu, the focal points of the earthquake disturbances. I took passage for Okazaki, trusting to a newspaper man's luck to get beyond that point to "the seat of war." The railroad for a long distance ran along near the coast. There were many tunnels through the flanks of the old volcanic mountains, reminding one of the Cornice road on the Mediterranean coast. Fusiama—or "Fusi," as it is termed here—was constantly in sight, and at Gotamba station, the point of ascent, and where the base of the mountain comes down to the sea, it seemed to tower directly above, though it is thirty miles to the top from this point.

FUSIAMA, THE SACRED MOUNTAIN

of the Japs, is an extinct, or quiescent volcano, its last eruption having been in 1707, though it has emitted smoke at intervals since then. It stands distinct from the surrounding volcanic mountains and shows all its height of 12,300 feet from base to top.

I reached Okazaki at 5 p. m. and found that the railroad beyond was terribly damaged; that there was no prospect of its being available for days, and perhaps weeks. The only way of getting on was by jinrickisha, and the jinrickisha men were so demoralized by the stories of the disaster and of the dangers still impending that for once they were not eager for a job. Finally, by offering quadruple their usual pay, they consented to undertake the trip, stipulating for two men to the carriage on account of the hardships of the trip. Setting out from Okazaki there were not many signs of disturbance, but we soon reached a wooden bridge that had lost two or three spans, compelling us to go down the river and cross by a rude improvised ferry. The 'ricksha men went on then at a good pace for some time, but presently began to slacken speed to straddle earthquake cracks in the road. The cracks became more frequent, and sometimes the road was crumbled like a ploughed field. As it grew dark the coolies procured some paper lanterns with the wretched Japanese candles, which were constantly collapsing or going out. Now and then we came across damaged houses, and sometimes an overturned building would protrude across our path. The coolies stopped from time to time for a few minutes' rest and a cup of tea, and on each occasion threw off every vestige of clothing in order to cool off while resting. As I could learn nothing of the situation at Nagoya, and it was uncertain whether I could get a lodging there, I concluded to stop for the night at the village of Obu, about twelve miles from Nagoya.

DODGING EARTHQUAKE CRACKS BY NIGHT.

We had met with so many interruptions that it was now nearly 9 o'clock at night, and in order to reach Obu sooner the coolies undertook a "short cut" by a narrow, sinuous road that ran along the top of a dam or embankment through the great rice swamps of that neighborhood. But we found that this road was much more broken by the earthquake than the Tokaido highway, though not shaded by trees so much as the latter. The coolies in deserting the Tokaido road seemed to be fearful of falling into some earthquake death trap concealed by the gloomy shadows there. But our road across the rice swamps grew worse and worse. The cracks continued to increase in depth, width and frequency until the road was all seamed, bulged and wrinkled with them. There was nothing to do but walk, and, leaving the 'ricksha men to pull or carry their vehicles as best they could, I pushed on in the darkness—for our lanterns had now gone out for good—and, guided by the white dust of the road, managed to reach Obu without falling over the embankment or into a crack.

A JAPANESE INN.

Our stopping place for the night was at a strictly Japanese tea house, where I was perhaps the first foreign lodger it had ever had. The family were all in bed when we reached there, but in answer to the summons of Naka, the native guide I had picked up, they got up good-naturedly and gave us the smiling welcome one is always sure of in Japan. As it was a Japanese home, pure and simple, however, I had to take my shoes off before stepping upon their sacredly clean mattings. I was ushered into a spacious chamber, fitted up in Japanese style, with folding partitions, paper windows and bare walls, with the exception of a single oblong picture, which bore what I at first thought was a graceful design of flowers, but which proved on inspection to be a cluster of crabs in the shape of a garland, and with a single flower in the corner of the picture. One meets these odd conceptions in pictorial art everywhere in Japanese houses. The little landlady, with two or three pretty little musumes (girls), came fluttering in bearing a tea tray with dainty little cups, a brazer with a charcoal fire to heat water, and a little table just about six inches high. Also with a little mat for me to sit upon by my little table. Then the little women brought a little teapot and a little tea caddy and put in a tiny spoonful of tea leaves, pouring in the small quantity of hot water the little teapot would hold. Then when the tea was cooked they placed it on my little table, with a plate of little candy cakes. This seemed rather

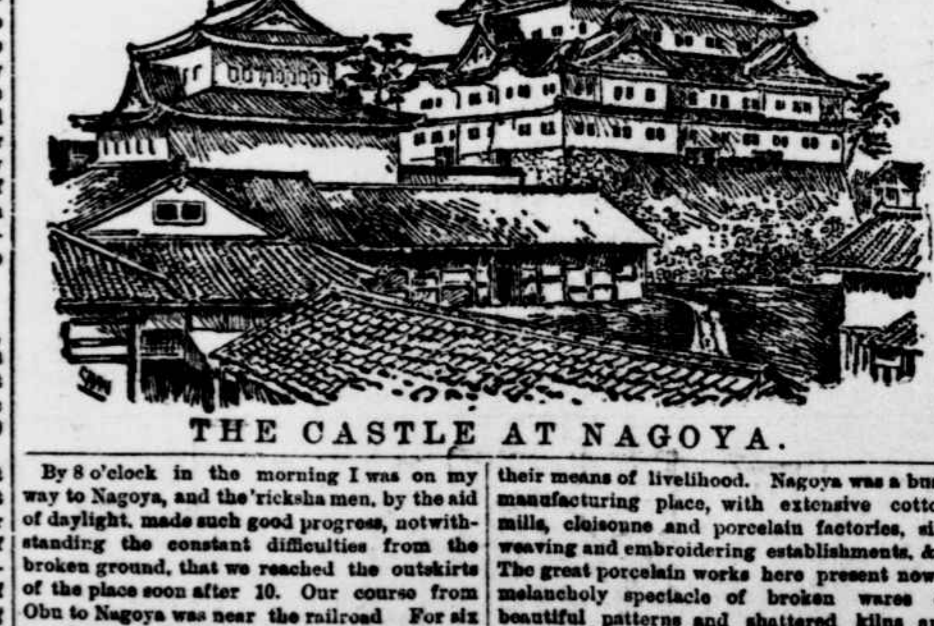
SHORT COMMONS FOR A HUNGRY TRAVELER,

but it was only a prelude for something more substantial. My guide, who had been skirmishing around for provisions better suited to the American stomach, presently appeared with a nicely cooked omelet, some chicken and finally a beefsteak. The pretty little maidens were hovering around all the time waiting to do any service needed and bowing their foreheads to the floor whenever they approached. With all their marks of reverence they had their own fun at the expense of the stranger who groaned somewhat audibly when trying to accommodate his stiffened limbs to the Jap fashion of sitting at a six-inch table to get his supper. When bedtime came they set out to make my couch Japanese style, with a rug and a wooden pillow; but Naka came to my rescue and ransacked the house for rugs and coverlets, making a pretty comfortable bed with them, and rolling up one into a serviceable pillow.

In the morning the pretty musumes were on hand before I was up with the tea things, and they were in and out later on, while I was dressing, wholly unconscious apparently that there was any impropriety in their presence.

DRESSING UNDER DIFFICULTIES.

Their delighted curiosity and laughing comments upon the peculiarities of American underwear and tedious style of buttoning himself up, were rather trying, however, to a modest middle-aged District-of-Columbian. To the buttonless Jap who can divest himself of his entire clothing in ten seconds and three movements our tedious fashion of dressing no doubt seems very odd and funny.



THE CASTLE AT NAGOYA.

By 8 o'clock in the morning I was on my way to Nagoya, and the 'ricksha men, by the aid of daylight, made such good progress, notwithstanding the constant difficulties from the broken ground, that we reached the outskirts of the place soon after 10. Our course from Obu to Nagoya was near the railroad. For six or eight miles the track had been sunk at intervals by the quake from twelve inches to four or five feet, and coolies were carrying earth to fill up the depressions in baskets in a plodding way that did not give much prospect of speedy resumption of travel.

SCENES IN NAGOYA.

Entering the city the scene was most bewildering. Houses were tumbled down in every twisted shape, and almost every building was shattered in some way. The streets were filled with hastily constructed shelters for the occupation not only of the houseless ones, but of those who were afraid to sleep indoors, and this number included about the entire population of the city, for the earthquake tremors were still continuing, and there was general apprehension that there would be a still more severe shock on the 4th of November, the thirty-seventh anniversary of the great convulsion at Tokio.

These shelters were of every conceivable shape and material. They were made of matting, shawls, old clothes, old doors, paper windows, house partitions, rough boards, straw, and in one case the shelter consisted of nothing but mosquito netting. The roadway was further obstructed by the poles and timbers planted to brace up the walls of tottering buildings. Now and then a whole family would be seen quartered in a wooden box not much larger than a dry goods box. It has been a mercy that the weather has been fine and warm. The suffering must have been terrible had there been a cold rain. Advancing into the heart of the city the evidences of the extent of the calamity were on a larger scale. The brick post office and telegraph office building was in ruins (five persons having been killed in its fall) and the post office had been transferred to some rough sheds erected in the yard of a Shinto temple. The telegraph force were quartered in other sheds erected on the Honchi Dori (main street). The brick buildings suffered most heavily, but fortunately there were not many of them here.

EARLY WORKERS KILLED BY THE EARTHQUAKE.

A large brick cotton mill fell, in which out of the 600 operatives only 120 escaped, 300 having been killed and 180 badly injured. The cause of so great a loss of life at this early hour in the morning was that the force were working extra hours, commencing at 4 o'clock in the morning. Four natives were killed and seventeen wounded who were attending an early prayer meeting at the Union Mission. Rev. E. H. Van Dyke and wife of the Methodist Protestant Mission were injured at the same time, but are doing well. The missionaries here are hard at work caring for the sufferers and sending out appeals for contributions for a relief fund. There never was an occasion where such aid could be better applied. Among these missionaries that I see pushing about most energetically in this work are Dr. W. S. Worden and his good wife of the M. E. church and Rev. F. E. Klein of the M. P. church.

THE NAGOYA TWISTED BRIDGE.

THE NAGOYA HOLOCAUST.

But the great field of devastation in Nagoya was in the Buvajima suburb of the city, where out of 2,300 houses 1,859 were destroyed. The scene going through this quarter was most impressive. There were streets upon streets of prostrate buildings. The burnt district where so many lives were lost was still smoking, but the owners, or such of them as survived, were already marking out the boundaries of their lots by bamboo poles, preparatory to rebuilding. The crowds of people, the owners or tenants of the prostrate houses, were busy fishing out whatever was worth saving from the heaps of dirt, mortar, broken tiles and rotten thatch that these mud-walled buildings had crumbled into. The narrow passageways through the ruins were jammed with people bearing away rescued portions of the wreck, broken pieces of timber, splinters of furniture, fragments of laths, &c. Crowds of victims were gathered about the relief stations where food was being given out. The best of the standing buildings had been converted into temporary hospitals. There was not a sound of lamentation or word of complaint to be heard in all this swarm of sufferers. And, singularly enough, not a beggar was to be seen. The overflowing mirth and vivacity of the Japanese was missing, but the people seemed to bear their overwhelming misfortunes with wonderful patience and even cheerfulness. The children seemed to think it good fun to picnic this way in the open air.

A TWISTED BRIDGE.

The bridges in this part of the city were either wholly destroyed or contorted in the most singular manner. The long wooden bridge over the Nagoya river was twisted and bulged into the shape of a switchback railroad and sunk in the center to the surface of the water, so that adventurous foot passengers crossing it had to stick like flies to the short angles of the flooring. The railroad bridge and tracks in this vicinity were also twisted, bulged and depressed in the most fantastic shapes. The railroad track in the direction of Gifu (the neighboring scene of disaster) presented a billowy aspect, as if the earthquake force extended in undulations. In this neighborhood the cracks were enormous. In some places volcanic sand was thrown up through the fissures. In others there was a flow of water. A stream of mineral water burst up under the platform of the railroad station at Nagoya. At Gifu, adjoining, the destruction was still greater than here, and at Ogaki, a little further on, not a single house was left standing.

NAGOYA'S FAMOUS CASTLE SAVED.

The Nagoyans have one gleam of consolation in their misfortunes—their famous castle with its golden dolphins glittering from its towers is saved, though so badly injured inside that visitors are not admitted. One of these dolphins, it may be remembered, was lost in a shipwreck on the way back from the Vienna exhibition, but was afterward recovered and replaced upon the castle top amid great popular rejoicings. To prevent any depredations by thieves the dolphins are now inclosed in iron cages.

The people here suffer not only from the destruction of their homes, but from the loss of their means of livelihood. Nagoya was a busy manufacturing place, with extensive cotton mills, cloisonne and porcelain factories, silk weaving and embroidering establishments, &c. The great porcelain works here present now a melancholy spectacle of broken wares of beautiful patterns and shattered kilns and chimneys. A bull in a china shop is nothing to an earthquake in a pottery. The cotton mills are down and the cloisonne works, while not much damaged, are still a good deal crippled.

A CITY WITHOUT FIRES.

But the dread of fires, in view of the possibility of more earthquakes, is so great that scarce a vestige of fire is to be seen anywhere. All manufactures or labor processes requiring the use of fire are discouraged for the present. Not a laundryman can be found to wash a single piece of linen for love or money. The fraternity have entered into an agreement not to kindle a fire of the proportions required for their work until the earthquakes are over. I found it difficult, on my arrival, to get hotel, or rather tea house, accommodations. The people at the tea houses were afraid to sleep indoors or to kindle a fire to cook for guests.

All night long gangs of people go about the streets beating drums and blowing horns, rattling castanets and tin pans filled with stones, making the most hideous noises imaginable. The reasons assigned for this charivari are various. Some say that it is to keep the people awake to be ready for escape in case of an earthquake. Others, that it is to frighten or charm away the earthquake divinity, but the most general theory is that the intention is to keep a sharp lookout for fires and to warn householders of the necessity for like vigilance. One of the doleful cries of these vigilantes, uttered in a minor key, is said to be Japanese for "Be careful of fire!" And they have every reason to fear the renewal of the quakes, for there have been continued tremors at short intervals ever since I reached here Sunday morning, November 1.

Just think of the proportions of this calamity! In this single Nagoya-Gifu district alone, within a distance of twenty miles, there were (as far as yet ascertained) 3,410 persons killed, 4,230 wounded, 42,414 houses wholly destroyed, and 8,597 partially destroyed. Rating five persons to the house, which is a low estimate in this swarming population, the destruction of 50,000 houses means that 250,000 people are homeless and without food, clothing or shelter. This is certainly one of the most distressing calamities of modern times and makes an urgent appeal to the charities of all lands. C. S. N.

Razors of All Ages.

"Does it ever occur to you to wonder, when you complain of the torture of shaving, how men managed to keep their faces clean before the exquisitely tempered steel razors of today were invented?" said a scientist to a STAR reporter.

"You have only to observe the ancient sculptures to see that shaving was practiced in the earliest times. The faces of the old Egyptians are represented in their statues and bas-reliefs as clean-shaved, except for the beard on the chin. What sort of razors did they use? Nobody knows; but something is known about the evolution of the razor in a general way.

"The first razor was a pair of clam or mussel shells, with which our savage ancestors pulled out the hairs of his head by grasping them as with pincers. In the course of time it was found out that by sharpening the edges of the shells they could be ground against one another so as to saw off the hairs. Two keen-edged flakes of stone could be employed for the same purpose, as the Mexican Indians utilize bits of obsidian. As a rule, the straight-haired and scant-bearded races today, like the North American Indians, pluck out their beards. The Polynesians get rid of their superfluous hair with chloride of lime, which they manufacture by burning coral.

"When the bronze age arrived razors were made of that material, which has since been superseded by tempered steel. The latest razors are fire and electricity. Barbers of the most advanced school nowadays singe the hair instead of cutting it, and an electric needle is used to destroy hairs where they ought not to grow by being thrust into the follicles, a slight current killing the roots."

Taming Wild Animals by Electricity.

From the St. Louis Mechanic.

Waldemar Otto, editor of the German paper *Artist*, has obtained a patent for a method to tame and train wild animals by means of an electric whip. The cage has a metallic floor connected with one pole of a sufficiently strong battery, while the other pole, by means of a wire, is connected with the whip, while its insulating handle has a button with which the current can be tried if desired.

If, now, the wild animal which has to be "educated" shows obstinacy the trainer presses the button and this gives to the animal an electric shock at every contact of the whip, of which the severity is regulated according to the requirements. If the electric current is not needed the button is not pressed, and the effect of the whip is reduced to that of an ordinary one.

This is a new application of electricity for educational purposes of a class of beings which thus far has been the most inaccessible to impress with the advantages of civilization. In this way the lion may be made to lie peaceably with the lamb, even when the lamb is not inside the lion.

Lowell Met His Match.

As a young man Lowell visited the White mountains, and he used to relate this anecdote as one of his experiences there, says the New England Magazine: "I was walking through the Franconia Notch and stopped to chat with a hermit who fed with gradual logs the unwearied teeth of a saw mill. I asked him the best point of view for the Old Man of the Mountains. 'Dunno—never see it.' Too young and too happy either to feel or affect the juvenilian indifference, I was sincerely astonished and I expressed it. The log-compelling man attempted no justification, but after a little while he asked, 'Come from Bawsn?' 'Yes' (with peculiar pride). 'Goodle to see in the vycinity of Bawsn.' 'Oh, yes!' I said. 'I should like, 'awl I should lik' to stan' on Bunker Hill. You've been there offen, likely?' 'No-o,' unwillingly seeing the little end of the horn,' in clear vision at the terminus of this Socratic perspective. 'Awl, my young frien', you've larned now that wut a man kin see any day for nothin', children half price, he never does see. Nawthin' pay nawthin' vally.'"

Not to Be Expected From a Child.

From the Boston Post.

"It cannot be said that skipping across the street is, as matter of law, negligence," says the full bench of the supreme court in the case of Irene A. Brown against Charles T. Sherer. The plaintiff, a child of six years, on November 14, 1890, was "skipping across the street," when she was run over by a horse and carriage owned by the defendant. The defendant contended that the plaintiff was herself negligent, "but," the court says, "the jury may have thought that the usual gait of a girl not quite six years old. No high degree of caution in guarding against careless driving can be expected from a child." The defendant's exceptions were overruled.

Beatrice's Baby's Name.

From the Pall Mall Gazette.

The somewhat singular combination of names of the Princess Beatrice's baby, who was baptized the other day at Balmoral, seems to have escaped general notice. "Maurice Victor Donald" is the full title, the latter name being, it is supposed, a delicate compliment to the land of his birth. There has not been a royal Donald since Donald Bane, but it must be confessed that "Prince Donald" has not a very royal ring about it.

Cut His Eye-Teeth.

From the New York Weekly.

Mr. Gotham—"Come back east to live, eh? What was the matter with Dugout City?"

Returned Westerner—"Too noisy. Couldn't sleep."

Mr. Gotham (to himself)—"That town must be booming."

Returned Westerner—"I'm not going back there again. I'm going to sell out."

Mr. Gotham (hastily)—"Put the figure low and I'll buy."

* * * * * *

Mr. Gotham (a month later)—"See here! That property you sold me in Dugout City isn't worth the taxes. The town is dead and grass growing in the streets. You said you left because it was so noisy there you couldn't sleep."

Returned Westerner (innocently)—"Y-e-s. Can any one sleep with 40,000,000 frogs singing under his window?"

PATAGONIAN GIANTS.

How the Early Navigators Romanced About Them.

ILLUSIONS DISPELLED.

Real Facts About These Indians and Those on Terra Del Fuego—They Have Become the Victims of Whisky and Civilization, Like the Red Men of This Country.

From The Star's Traveling Commissioner.

PUNTA ARENAS, PATAGONIA.

WHO HAS NOT HEARD MARVELOUS tales of the giants of Patagonia and of the dwarfs that live just across the narrow channel on the islands of Terra del Fuego? So much nonsense has been written and told about these people ever since the first white men found them (in the year 1520) that to this day the world possesses few actual facts concerning them. You remember how Don Pigafetta, the champion liar of Magellan's expedition, described the Patagonians as "Of that biggenesse that our menne of meane stature could reach up to their waystes," and all the early explorers that followed felt bound to see and describe as amazing things as their predecessors had done, while a few of them went even further in their laudable efforts to keep up European interest in the new world.

Regarding the stature of these giants there is an amusing discrepancy in the statements of celebrated travelers, ancient and modern. Sir Frances Drake, who came here in 1578, testified that the Patagonians were "not taller than many Englishmen." Schouten, the German explorer, declared them to be "living skeletons, ten or eleven feet long." D'Orbigny, the French scientist, wrote in 1829 that he "never found any exceeding five feet eleven inches." Fitzroy and Darwin computed their average height to be six feet, and Cunningham, who made them a careful study only about twenty years ago, says he found one chief who measured six feet eleven inches, and saw few of less statue than five feet ten inches. Capt. Mayne Reid, whose delightful book called "Odd People" stands next to "Robinson Crusoe" in the estimation of millions of boys, wrote these words about the Patagonians: "They have been measured. Twelve-foot giants can no longer be found. They never existed except in the fertile imaginations of the old navigators, whose embodied testimony, nevertheless, it is difficult to disbelieve. Other and more reliable witnesses have done away with the Titans, but still we are unable to reduce the stature of the Patagonians to that of ordinary men. If not actual giants, they are very tall, many of them standing seven feet in their boots of guanaco leather, few less than six feet, and a like few rising nearly to eight. These measurements are definite and certain, therefore, if not positive giants, it is safe to consider the Patagonians as among the tallest of human beings, perhaps the very tallest that exist or ever existed upon the face of the earth."

A MISSIONARY'S STORY.

One of the most vivid scenes in memory's picture gallery—one that still stands out distinct and clear amid a multitude of misty shapes and half-obliterated facts of far greater importance—is that of a missionary lecture on a long-ago Sunday afternoon, when the speaker impressively said: "The poor giants of Patagonia, though nearly twice as tall as anybody in this church, if not in this country—say from nine to twelve feet high—have neither minds nor hearts in proportion to their bodies. They are among the most fierce and degraded people on earth—they are cannibals, who feast on the bodies of their enemies and on shipwrecked sailors and other foreigners who happen to fall into their hands. At other times they subsist on raw fish. But when the streams are frozen, as they are during a greater part of the year, and no fish are to be had, they eat all the old women of the tribe; next they devour their horses, if need be, and lastly, but only to save themselves from starvation, they sacrifice their beloved dogs to the cooking pot. The people of Terra del Fuego are even more ugly, being dwarfs not more than three or four feet tall, with enormously swollen bodies, large heads, short and crooked limbs. They file their front teeth sharp like those of a dog, and devour their food raw, and though they live in a climate so cold that water freezes every night in the year they build no houses and wear no clothes whatever."

May heaven forgive the reverend gentleman his ignorance, for I don't believe he deliberately slandered the heathen. He merely gave us the commonly accepted opinion in Europe and America, gleaned undoubtedly from some "standard encyclopedia of universal knowledge." But at any rate our youthful imaginations were so excited and generous pity aroused that every tin bank belonging to every child in the Sunday school was ruthlessly broken and all our hoarded pennies dispatched to the poor Patagonians through the pocket of the missionary.

Only the other day I read an exceedingly interesting three-column article (but alas for the truth of it) which has been going the rounds of the United States press, and which deals in glib absurdities as unblushingly as did the ancient mariners. The popular journalist who perpetrated it mixes up the Araucanians of Chile, the Patagonians and the "Firelanders" in the most astonishing manner and paints the poor things a great deal darker than they deserve. For example, he says of the Fuegoans that "from time to time the corpses of wrecked sailors afford them much relished feasts, without the trouble of cooking." He describes their houses as "holes under the ground, covered with brush, bark and wild cabbage leaves," and adds: "In the center of each dwelling, which is entered by an inclined tunnel, a fire is kept perpetually burning, the smoke finding its way through a hole in the roof. The embers are never allowed to become extinguished, because the people know no way of making a fire, and if it was lost they could not reproduce it. It is supposed that they brought it originally, centuries ago, from some volcano in the Cordilerras," and, as a summing up of Fuegoan character, this imaginative writer remarks: "As soon as the young are weaned they are permitted to take care of themselves and, at once taking to the chase (think of it—a baby lately weaned), which is the sole pursuit of their elders, they get a living by hunting for the young vicuna and guanaco and for ostrich eggs."

SOME ACTUAL FACTS.

In that case their "living" must be extremely meager, for an ostrich never yet set foot upon any island of the Terra del Fuego archipelago, nor were vicunas, the animals of the Peruvian Andes, ever found in this section. In some parts of Patagonia the guanaco abounds and a species of deer called the gama; but even these have not crossed over to "the land of fire." In point of fact, the Fuegoans are not hunters in any sense. They live almost exclusively upon marine food — mussels, oysters, polyps, "urchins" (echinus), sea weeds, marine animals, such as seals, and an occasional small whale, which they can kill with primitive bone spears, and a few varieties of fish, which they shoot with bone arrows or catch in nets, eked out by wild berries during their season and a fungus-like growth about the size and color of orange that forms upon the beech trees. I have conversed with many people who reside near them and who have visited these islands in recent years, as well as with missionaries who live among them and whose testimony can certainly be relied upon; and all these agree that the Fuegoans are neither smaller in stature nor more ignorant and degraded than Indians usually are, and that they never were cannibals and never lived in "holes in the ground entered by an inclined tunnel."

It has always been their custom to build brush-wood fires by which to keep themselves warm during the long cold nights, and it was the number of these little fires, springing up suddenly at twilight all over the islands, that caused the first explorers to name the archipelago Terra del Fuego—"land of fire." But the Indians had no sort of abodes, except low, basket-like, skeleton structures, made by sticking both ends of poles into the ground, to be covered with skins when in use, but the majority were content with a simple break-weather of brush-wood, piled the way of the wind in semi-circular shape. The Fuegoans of today who live near the mission stations have decent huts of logs and timber, and some of them cultivate the soil a little and raise a few cattle. I hope to tell you more of them later on from personal observation, as we are going over to the islands in a day or two, having accepted invitations to visit the various mission stations.

DECADENCE OF THE PATAGONIAN INDIANS.

As you may imagine, that which most interests us just now in Punta Arenas are the Patagonian Indians, parties of whom straggle in almost daily at this season of the year to exchange their guanaco furs and ostrich feathers for provisions and the worthless trinkets that delight their souls. The "giants" seem to be all dead and the race far gone in its decadence. It is the old story—pitifully true wherever the red man has adopted the white on peaceable terms as his near neighbor—that whisky and disease soon make sad havoc among the former. The once sturdy Patagonian, like his cousins in North America, seems to have acquired all the vices of civilization and have omitted its virtues, his highest ambition now being to get enough to eat, drink and smoke with the least possible labor. He hangs around the ranches to pick up what is thrown to himself and the dogs in the line of food and depends upon stealing and begging for whisky and tobacco.

It should be remembered, however, that there are several distinct nations of Patagonians—not counting the Araucanians on the north nor the Firelanders on the south—and that each nation has distinguishing characteristics. Those above referred to are the southern Tehuelches, who slouch about the country between Santa Cruz and Punta Arenas. The "giants," if there ever were any Patagonians deserving the name, were found among this tribe, who are much taller and more slender than any of their neighbors and have a different complexion, being red like the North American Indians rather than muddy brown like the South American. They are excessively dirty, lazy and treacherous, fond of personal adornments made out of bones, shells, beads and silver (gold, strangely enough, they do not like) and are ready at any time to barter all their earthly possessions—wives, horses, even the few garments that cover their nakedness—for a little "fire-water."

THE FOUR TRIBES.

The "Pampas Patagones"—so called because they inhabit the vast pampas or plains of the north—are subdivided into four tribes, known respectively as Puelches, or "eastern people," the word puel meaning east, che people; the Picunches, picun meaning north; the Pechuenches, "or people of the pines," pechun meaning pine tree, and the Ranqueles, or those who dwell among the thistle beds, from Ranquel, a thistle. Though not quite so degraded as their southern brothers, perhaps because further removed from civilization, they are treacherous, quarrelsome and cowardly to a degree. But they are not beggars; they live by the chase and by plunder, bartering the product of the former to unscrupulous white traders for rum and trinkets.

Then there are the Chenna Patagones, who inhabit the higher altitudes, who differ both in language and physical aspect from other tribes, and are less lazy and erratic. They are sometimes called Manzaneros, because their headquarters are at a place named "Las Manzanas" (the apples), where the Jesuits formerly had a mission and planted a good many apple trees. They own sheep, cattle and horses in the sheltered valleys of the Cordilleras and make very good cider from the apples that the old friars planted. They also brew an intoxicating drink from the beans of the algaroba, which is in demand all over the country.

WHAT PATAGONIAN MEANS.

Of course the term "Patagonian" is entirely unknown among the Indians. Their true name, collectively and individually, is Tsonecas, and by it all the tribes call themselves. The word Pata-gones, meaning "duck-footed men," refers to their peculiar foot-gear. The lower limbs are encased in boots without soles, or rather long gaiters, made of guanaco skins, with the beautiful yellowish fur turned outward. The leg is covered all around from below the knee, the fur passing over the top of the foot and around the heel, leaving the toes sticking out. This trifling circumstance obtained the appellation by which a vast territory and all the people who inhabit it are known to the civilized world. The flaps or "uppers" of the gaiters, extending loosely across the top of their feet, exaggerated in breadth by the long hair on the edges, give the wearers the appearance of having paws or "patas." When Magellan's men first saw these Indians they were unable to account for the peculiar appearance of their feet and the bright yellow fur upon their legs, and called them "duck-footed."

The southern Tsonecas—as yet I have seen no others—dress in the rudest fashion. A large, square rug of guanaco hides, sewed together, is fastened (fur side outward) around the body under the arms, and extends about to the knees. Another rug, with a slit in the middle through which to pass the head, falls over the shoulders. The long, stiff, unkempt hair is partially held in place by strips of cloth, which are often large enough to form a kind of cap or turban. Low down in the scale of humanity as they look, it appears that they have some redeeming qualities. For instance, they do not practice polygamy like most Indians, and they believe in the immortality of the soul. Did you ever notice that the character of a man, whether his skin be white, black, red or yellow, can be pretty accurately told by the sort of God he worships, or rather by the attributes with which his own imagination invests a supreme being? The Tehuelche deity is not "an eternal spider weaving webs to catch the souls of men," nor a revengeful being who intends to torment any of his creatures. His name is Coche and he is of a very tender, loving and forgiving disposition. He is waiting for his children, in happy hunting grounds beyond the farthest rim of hills, where he has prepared all good things necessary to their happiness. The "good things" mean a plentiful supply of food and furs, unlimited wine (of which beverage they are inordinately fond and purchase quantities of poor stuff from the Chileans), no stones nor darkness, and above all no more cold weather. On the latter point the missionaries who go among them are obliged to be extremely careful. To their Antarctic imaginations the old-time hell of actual fire that we used to hear about presents far more attractions than the orthodox heaven.

HOW THEY LOOK AND DRESS.

Let us see what Capt. Reid has to say about the "duck-footed men," glancing over his chapter on the giants and making here and there an extract. Let us paint the portrait of the Patagonian himself. He wears no hat, but suffers his long black hair to hang loosely over his shoulders, or more frequently gathers it into a knot upon the crown of his head. To keep it from straggling into his eyes he usually wears a narrow strip of guanaco skin around his forehead, or a plaited band of the hair of the same animal, but although he possesses ostrich feathers at discretion, he rarely indulges in a plume. He knows he is tall enough without one. Over his shoulders and hanging to his heels he wears a loose mantle of guanaco skins, which is of sufficient width to wrap around his body and meet over his breast should he feel cold enough to require it, but he often throws his mantle entirely aside to give him the freedom of his arms, or more generally ties a girdle around it and leaves the upper part to fall back from his shoulders and hang over the girdle. Perhaps his ample garment has something to do in producing the exaggerated accounts that have been given of the stature of the Patagonians. Certain it is that a man thus apparaled looks taller than he otherwise would and presents altogether a more imposing appearance. The Caffre, in his civet-cat "kaross," and the Pawnee Indian, in his robe of shaggy buffalo hide, loom very large upon karroo and prairie—much larger in appearance than they really are. It is but natural, therefore, to suppose that the Patagonian, attired in his long, straight guanaco mantle—perhaps seen against the sky, standing upon the summit of a conspicuous cliff—would present a truly gigantic appearance.

FANNIE B. WARD.

HE GOT WHAT HE WANTED.

And He Didn't Try to Play Off Any Old Pretenses.

From the Boston Post.

"Excuse me, sir, but could you not give a poor man a few cents—"

Just there my friend interrupted the poor man in his familiar tale of woe. "I presume," he said, "that you desire a night's lodging."

"No."

"Strange. Well, you have doubtless not tasted food for some days and are perishing of hunger."

"No, sir, I—"

"Hold on a minute. You must be trying to buy a ticket to your native land and are a little short of—"

"No, sir; you see—"

"Just a moment. You doubtless have a large but innocent family, all of whom are stricken with fever. You have probably been ill yourself and have taken advantage of this earliest period of your convalescence to—"

"No, sir; it ain't that. You see, I—"

"Oh, yes; I know how it is. Your long and honest toil has resulted only in penury, though through no fault of your own, and you wish aid in purchasing some winter—"

"No, sir; I—"

"Want to go to the hospital?"

"No."

"Then what, in heaven's name, do you want?"

"Well, I've been drunk for a week—a regular batter—and I want a dime to get a bracer. That's the plain fact of the matter. I am not cold. I am not hungry. I only want a drink."

"The first in two years," murmured my friend. And he passed over a dime, which he should not have done.

Nothing to Interest.

From the Detroit Free Press.

"Well, we've got a new minister at last," remarked one lady of an up-town congregation to another.

"No, you don't say? Who is he?" was the interested inquiry.

"Mr. Blank of Blankville."

"Married or single?"

"Married."

"Pshaw!" said the other one disappointedly, "we'll have no revival this winter, sure."

AWNINGS FOR BAD WEATHER.

It Does Not Pay to Own One, Though to Rent One Costs a Good Sum.

"MOST PEOPLE SEEM TO THINK that $40 is an awful price to pay for awnings for a wedding," said the dealer to a STAR reporter. "I don't see why they should, I'm sure. For that price we must supply and put up two awnings, one at the house and another at the church. An awning costs about $150. Yes, it is good interest on the investment, but it doesn't pay for a private person to own an awning all the same. You see, it's got to be put up every time and it is necessary to have it done by people who know how. Our charge is $10 for that purpose. The only people I know of in Washington who have their own awnings are Secretary Rusk, Senator Stockbridge and Secretary Tracy. We make them to sell, but we don't encourage it.

"There is a good deal more about supplying an awning than people imagine. To begin with, there's the know how in putting it up. Then there's the going out and doing the work in all kinds of sloppy and snowy weather. The comfort which the guests enjoy from it is earned by our labor and discomfort. One of our employes died in consequence of a cold caught in the performance of his duty and two others are at present victims of chronic rheumatism contracted in the same way. Then, after we have fetched the canopy back to the shop, it must be spread out and carefully dried. Besides, we are expected to provide, incidentally, the carpet and lamps at night.

"Mrs. Wilmerding has written to me, saying that she wants to consult me about buying an awning for her own use, but I shall recommend her not to do so. She will find it cheaper to hire one when she wants it, and less troublesome also. It is getting to be more and more the fashion to have canopies for entertainments of all sorts, even when the weather is clear and sunshiny. There is a luxury about having your guests get out of their carriages and walk into your house through a covered way. Then, too, the ladies do not like to be stared at by a crowd of curious people, even if they have their best clothes on. Besides, you can never tell what the weather is going to be many hours in advance. One day last winter a customer of mine countermanded his order for an awning for the same evening because there seemed no chance of a storm; but a big snow came on suddenly and his guests had to wade through it. Yesterday a young lady came in here and when she learned the price said that she would wade knee-deep through the mud before she would pay $20 for a canopy. That hurt my feelings.

"Secretary Whitney, when he was in Washington, paid me as much as $500 in one season for awnings. I used to keep a special one for his use, all ready to go out at a moment's notice, because there was no telling when he might order it. He preferred to pay that much rather than be bothered with owning a canopy and having it put up each time. It takes a good deal of space to store an awning in, too, and it isn't easy to dry it in the yard. There is money in the business of hiring out canopies, and we keep six of them always on hand. They pay for themselves several times over in a season."

SHE KNEW HER BUSINESS.

And the Old Man Found Out That She Has Played Him False.

From the Detroit Free Press.

She got around the elevator boy so that by the time she had conversed with him ten minutes she knew the name of every business man in the building. But nobody would have suspected she carried a book in the neat satchel on her arm.

Pretty? Well, I should say so. Soft, fluffy, blonde bangs, a demure mouth and meek, luminous eyes that just looked a fellow through and through and melted him with their appealing glances.

She first ventured into Grimm's real estate office, and, as she hoped she would, caught Mr. Grimm alone. He sniffed danger at once.

"No concert tickets or cook books for me," he said, waving her away.

"No, sir; it's a history—"

"I don't want it. You can't palm off any catch-penny things on me; no old plates bound in half morocco. I tell you, young lady, you can't sell me a cent's worth."

"Yes, sir," said Mrs. Innocence, "he said you never bought anything."

Grimm's chair came down from its tilt with a bang.

"He—who?"

"The gentleman across the way. He said you never helped a poor, struggling woman, or gave a mite to the widow and orphan."

"Jim Smike said that, did he? What else did he say, my dear?"

Grimm was becoming affectionate.

"He said you were an old curmudgeon, and that you never bought a book and took it home to your family, and that he didn't believe your family could read anyway."

"The old wretch!"

"And he said—but perhaps I ought not to repeat what he said."

"Go on," said Grimm, "go on, it's getting interesting. I should like to hear what my false friend thinks of me."

"Oh, sir, he said he didn't believe you ever had $2 in your pocket at once, and that was why you would never buy anything as he did."

"Ha! he said that, did he? And how many copies of your book did he take himself?"

"Only one, sir. I expect he couldn't afford more."

"Put me down for two copies and go back and tell him I'm not such a skinflint as he tries to make me out, and here's your money in advance and call again when you have another book to sell. I've been slandered, basely slandered, by a man I believed to be my friend."

The young woman with the appealing eyes went away and at noon Grimm and Smike met at the elevator. Each glared at the other.

"So," said Smike in a hateful tone, "I'm too stingy to buy a book, am I?"

"Grimm started.

"And my family can't read, hey?"

"Stop!" cried Grimm, on whom a broad light was dawning, "that was what she told me you said of me."

"She?"

"She!"

"The book agent?"

"Yes!"

"Look here, Grimm, when did you buy yours?"

"At 10 a.m."

"I hadn't seen her then."

Both men looked solemn. Then they smiled. Then they said: "Let's go and have something," and peace was restored.

A Candle Story From Paris.

From the New York Times.

"Every traveler who stops at a Paris lodging house," laughed a woman the other day, "has a candle story, and here is mine: We were served with two candles every morning, which we never half used up. These would be taken out, however, and fresh ones appear in their places. Knowing that we were being charged for every candle, we determined at least to enjoy added illumination, and my husband looked around for a place to hide them during the daily doing up of the apartment. On the top shelf of a cabinet arrangement in a corner stood a large Japanese vase, wide and deep. Up to this Mr. —— climbed to discover that we had been forestalled, for in its capacious hollow we found seventeen candles, every one burned down perhaps an inch. Some former lodger had resented the candle swindle like ourselves and had put his daily allowance where it would do the proprietor no good. That night a brilliant illumination of nineteen candles, each set in its own grease on the marble-top table, gave us something like light. During our stay we hid and accumulated candles, so that we had always enough to read by, and when we left we deposited our over stock in the vase for the benefit of some searching successor."

The Kind of Horn It Was.

From the Philadelphia Record.

The most popular horn at the foot ball game last Saturday was one which didn't make any noise itself, but got there at the end. It belonged to a crowd on top of one of the coaches, and from the rapidity with which it was passed around must have possessed some quality not found in the most ear-piercing horn ever made. At very short intervals one of the fellows would place it to his lips and throw his head back. Then his cheeks would bulge out as if for a mighty blast. But no noise came. Instead a smile of bliss spread over the blower's features, and the man next would try it. "Isn't it too bad!" exclaimed a young lady on a neighboring coach. "They can't get any noise out of that horn at all." The man on her left remarked with a sigh that he guessed there was a "little toot in it." And he was right. The alleged "horn" was a cleverly concealed whisky flask.

The Silence Worried Her.

From the Brooklyn Citizen.

Gussie—"Stella, is the door shut?"

Stella—"No, my dear; now go to sleep like a good little girl."

Gussie—"I thought it was, because I couldn't hear you and Mr. Van Jay talking."

DIRECTIONS IN TWO LANGUAGES.

Simple Means Adopted for Handling the Mails Between America and China.

From the Chicago Inter-Ocean.

The manner in which the Chinese mail is handled in this city is a matter which is little discussed and much less understood. It is generally supposed, however, that a Chinese interpreter is employed in the Chicago post office for the sole purpose of taking care of the Chinese mail matter. But such is not the case. The government has never seen the necessity of employing an interpreter, for a letter addressed in Chinese hieroglyphics has also a duplicate address written in the English language, thus avoiding any misunderstanding and putting the Chinese letter on the same footing as a domestic one.

When a Chinaman wants to send a letter to his native country he first secures the services of one of his countrymen who is conversant with the English language. In his own handwriting he places the address on the envelope, and then the services of the interpreter come into play. This individual writes in English on the back of the envelope the same address that is written on the opposite side, thus enabling the mail carriers and post office clerks to handle the letter from the Chinese point of view as though it was for domestic delivery. The letter, duly stamped, speeds its way across the continent to San Francisco, and from there is put in one of the mail ships bound for China. When the letter reaches its destination it goes into the post office and is delivered in the same way an ordinary letter would be handled in this country. With the Chinese language on one side of the envelope and an English translation on the other it will easily be seen that no difficulty whatever is occasioned the post office authorities in either country in its transmission. Thus what at first sight seems a difficult matter is, indeed, quite simple.

The reverse process is employed by Americans in China who desire to communicate with friends in this country. Instead of having the Chinese translated into the English they hire an Americanized Chinaman and have him write the address in the Chinese language in order that it may pass safely and surely through both post offices.

The Chinese are poor correspondents and only write a letter under the most urgent circumstances. Out of the vast Chinese population in Chicago the post office clerks say that not more than a dozen letters pass through their hands in a day, and these are written chiefly by business Chinamen on business matters. They observe the minutest details in letter writing, however, and make the closest inquiry as to how each letter should be sent. Probably more money is sent through the mails by Chinamen in proportion to their numbers than by any other foreign element of their class. Hardly a day passes but that three or four Chinamen get money orders at the post office in amounts ranging from $10 to $100.

A Musical Story.

From Puck.

First Damsel—"But I thought he said he would never speak to you again."

Second Damsel—"Oh, yes; but he saw I had a cold and he couldn't resist the temptation to tell me of a sure cure."