A PEEP AT SOROSIS.

Exactly What Was Done at a Meeting of the Famous Club.

DEBATE IN WHICH FUR FLEW.

Working Women, the Land Question, a Poem and Gushing Sentiment.

A BRIGHT SPECTATOR'S PEN PICTURE

[CORRESPONDENCE OF THE DISPATCH.]

NEW YORK, February 14.—There is something suggestive of late dinners and lost money, confused reminiscences and revolving keyholes, headaches and depressing reflections in the idea of a social club; but when the club is dressed up in petticoats and tied with a sash, in other words, founded, organized and officered by women, then its chief dissipation is a luncheon of muslin sandwiches and cambric tea, its wildest revel a discussion on some esoteric problem or transcendental theory.

The oldest and most famous woman's club now in active operation is the Sorosis, which was founded by Jennie June, Alice Cary, Kate Field and a dozen bright literary women more than 20 years ago. It holds its social meetings on the first Monday in each month, in the banqueting hall and parlors at Delmonico's, and probably there is no psychological, economic or scientific problem from the Azoic formation to the decline and fall of the bustle that has escaped its investigation and solution. No complicated social question whose premises have not been established fearlessly in their councils.

Most women who join this club have either a vocation, a mission or a hobby, though occasionally a sweet, quiet woman slips inside the mystic pale who is content to be what God created her, simply a woman, nothing more, and whom the others regard with superior pity, because she has no ambition, no life work, no peculiar and glorious calling.

IN SACRED PRECINCTS.

Any time after 12 o'clock on these famous Mondays, if you whisper "Sorosis" in the ear of Cerberus, who waits in the elevator to guard the approach to these occult mysteries and ceremonies, you will be promptly elevated to the third floor where the rites are performed, providing you have the semblance and guise of a woman, for though the members of Sorosis do not wish to arrogate anything of superiority to themselves because they have had the good fortune to be women, and are willing to admit that the accident of being born a man is a misfortune and not a fault, still no man may gain admittance to their festivities.

As the elevator slowly ascends a peculiar sound or succession of sounds arrests your attention as though sharp staccatto notes were being picked from the shrillest strings of a hundred violins; it is only half as many women talking together of their hobbies and their husbands, their servants and their serials, their children and their charity, all talking at once, nobody listening to anybody else, and no one minding the discourtesy.

There are novelists and journalists, physicians and professors, agitators and reformers, presidents of societies, teachers of new theories, missionaries and advocates, each capering wildly about her own peculiar hobby horse, and apparently oblivious of every other prancing charger. In one corner of the room under the surveillance of an apostle of physical culture in dress reform costume without any waist line and a generous breadth of seam are the celebrities of the day, looking very much subdued and not a little frightened. Threading her way in and out among the throng, an elderly woman with a diamond S engraved with the word "Sorosis" blazing on her shoulder and a peculiar smile on her lips which beneath its velvet bears a suggestion of claws, greets each newcomer with a dignified salutation. It is the president, Mrs. Thomas, whose black silk dress is turned away from folds of white mull that are caught at the throat with a diamond pin, while the heavy chain and seal of gold are suspended from her belt. Her head, unlike the others, is uncovered, and has a peculiar fortification of shell combs, one above the other, with terraces of grayish-brown hair between. Her face presents the impenetrable passivity and possibility of a garrisoned fort. Your respect and admiration grow for the woman when you determine later the slow process that has crystallized the features into their granite immobility as you watch her quietly and firmly hold in leash a hundred women's tongues for full ten minutes while another woman speaks, and then make the speaker stop talking when her time is up in spite of her efforts to continue, reinforced by the requests of her friends.

CACKLE LIKE HENS.

Just outside the banqueting hall is a smaller room, where heavy wraps are tossed aside and bangs are coaxed into coquettishness. Few women, however famous and learned, having souls above the setting of their bonnets, the swing of their draperies and the submission of their wind-tossed and rampant tresses, and continually reinforced by the new comers from this retirement the larger room grows more and more crowded, and bewildering diamonds flash and silks rustle, sleek tabbies go purring about the room, occasionally stretching their claws ominously and furtively, hens cackle and gabble over the particular addition they have made to the world's nest of eggs, and sometimes cackle loudest of all when they have laid no eggs at all; wise women look on with smiling faces from some secure corner and gather material for new work and magazine stories, and scheming women are whispering softly to their unsuspecting sisters concerning the new officers presently to be appointed.

Women have nice instincts and practical judgment in household economy, consequently the luncheon is served the first thing on the programme. "Never try to do business or hold consultation on an empty stomach," said a woman as she seated herself at the table, "people are always unreasonable when they are hungry. I think if married women would remember that there would be fewer misunderstandings between them and their husbands. They ought never to try to tell their husbands any grievance, present him with any bills or enter into any arguments until after dinner. Then he will listen and use a little reason."

HUBBIES DISCUSSED.

"Yes, but Mrs. B—— has a model husband," interrupted a lady near. "I know him because he's my husband's brother. He isn't a bit like my husband."

"Well," continued Mrs. B—— smiling a little, "I will say that we have lived together 40 years next Thursday, and I am just as glad to see him now when he comes home as I was 40 years ago. I don't mean to say that we always think alike on all subjects and never disagree. No. There are many subjects we never try to discuss. I don't nag at him and he never nags at me. That's all; and the reason we get on so nicely together is because I was not in too much of a hurry to get married. I waited until I found the right one. I believe there is a right one for every girl if she only finds him." And then all the unappropriated birdies and antiquated fowl who had failed to find a mate bridled, fluttered their feathers, flopped their wings and cackled harder than ever and took a new lease of life.

"I think some girls fail to find the right one because he isn't quite tall enough to suit them, or don't part his hair in the middle, just to please them," said a woman with bright eyes twinkling under snowy hair. "To tell the truth, I came near doing it myself. I refused my husband three times before I accepted him."

And then a big woman plunged into the argument with: "There are so many avenues of employment open to women now that girls are more particular in choosing husbands," and settled back into her place again, wheezing, while all the chick-a-biddies and venerable hens looked more conscious than ever, while a brown-eyed woman in a cardinal bonnet said: "Perhaps they ought to consider the suggestion my husband gives his men friends, when he says to them: 'You are expecting a faultless woman for a wife; did you ever think what the girl would get who married you? You're not exactly perfect, are you?'"

THE REVEL PHOTOGRAPHED.

By this time all the people at the long table were seated, with the President at the head, the celebrities down the center and the guests at the foot. In another room the members of the club arranged themselves about the small table, chattering like sparrows. Pretty women, called custodians, fluttered around the table, introducing and serving people, and the revel began.

Being a ladies' luncheon, of course its elements were bouillon, croquettes, patties, a salad, ices and cake; its active principle, water, of which quantities were consumed with every course, and the conversation never ceased. On one side the talk was of the naughty Western Union telegraph girls who were discharged for smoking cigarettes, and one of the old Sorosis members said: "I don't know why they should be discharged any more than the men," and on the other a woman was telling that she had no trouble keeping house. When some of her perplexed sisters inquired into it and found out that she had two old servants that had been with her for years, with two younger ones for extra occasions, and that she never went into her kitchen, the wonder ceased. "What is Mrs. D—'s opinion on the subject?" said one, and another answered: "Haven't you known her long enough to find out that she hasn't any? I never had any fame or celebrity, but thank God I have opinions."

And so the stream of talk flowed on and on until the lunch was over, and the ladies gathered into the large room around a table behind which the President sat, mallet in hand, and the garrison-like features of her face bristling with figurative bayonets.

SOME WELL-KNOWN FEMALES.

Beside her Jennie June sat nervously opening and shutting her fan, thinking of the speech she had to make. She has a strong, resolute face, with great intensity of expression and an extremely nervousness of bearing. Across the table Alice Cary's favorite niece, the little "Lucy" of her writings, sat with a quantity of short curls beneath her bonnet and attended by a little maiden satellite with dark curls and a lavender dress. May Kyle Dallas sat at one side with a black satin dress, her smiling face framed in a black bonnet. She is a fair woman with blond hair, just touched with silver, and a bright intellectual face animated by an expression of constant interest in all about her. Marion Harland, Grace Greenwood and a host of other celebrities gathered about in conventional bonnets and gowns, scarcely distinguishable from the butterflies and bees of social and domestic life. Not once, but many times the little silver mallet struck the table, accompanied by the decided "Ladies! ladies! order, order, please." Before the silence fell and the roll was called someone sang a love song and May Kyle Dallas read a little original poem about "Cupid's School" in a sweet, low voice with her little peculiar lisp. "Mrs. Thomas! O, excuse me, Mrs. President," came from a far corner, "we didn't hear, please have her read it again. We don't know any more about love than we did before." So Mrs. Dallas began to read again. The lines that she said possessed one great merit, that of brevity. Still they could not hear, and at last, standing on the elastic springs of her chair with what dignity she could muster and laughing like a schoolgirl, she read the lines and the women ah'd and ah'd in concert.

SWEET SOUNDS AND MAGNETISM.

There was some more love music, some sighing nightingale's ode to something or other and then the serious business of the day began. It was a debate as to whether the condition of the working women would be most benefited by individual effort or legislation. The first speaker called was not a Sorosis woman, but one of the invited celebrities, with a bunch of carnations glowing on her breast and a silver King's Daughter's cross gleaming beneath them. She was an impassioned, magnetic speaker who pictured the wrongs and oppressions of working girls in touching, thrilling tones. Half of the women in the room were in that delicious condition just preceding a burst of tears. There's nothing the average woman so revels in as pathos, and they were all thinking they never would wear a ready-made ruffled skirt again, which women were starving while making. When the ten minutes which limits a Sorosis speech came to an end, and cracking down upon the flowers of the speaker's eloquence fell the little silver hammer.

"O, please, Mrs. Thomas, let her finish. I'll give her my ten minutes," said a woman, who had been talking all the time, and all over the room there were entreaties from the women.

Tap—tap—tap went the silver hammer, and "ladies" came the clear, calm voice. "Some one must move a suspension of the regular custom in this instance."

"I make that motion," shouted 10 or 12 women, and "I second it" supplemented 15 or 20 more. So the speaker resumed. The ladies slowly dissolved into an ecstasy of tendernesss. Little sniffs were heard here and there, and perfumed handkerchiefs fluttered fragrance as she concluded that the silver cross of the King's Daughters was to close the breach between capital and labor. No one quite understood which side of the argument she supported. The veteran debators of Sorosis shook their heads ominously and fluttered their fans nervously, as old war horses champ the bit and paw the ground while the enemy maneuvers, impatient that the fight does not begin, so they longed for the attack of the question itself in argumentative and parliamentary discussion.

ELOQUENCE BUT NO POINT.

Then a gentle, low-voiced woman of the Kindly Club, read a long, beautifully written paper on protoplasms, and the individual element of germ life or star mist, or something of the kind. It was exquisitely written. The round full phrases flowed smoothly on and on like a broad calm river, full of carefully chosen, high sounding words and expressions, and as near as could be determined, the efforts of the Kindly Club were to transform the wickedness of the employer to generosity. It was but a marshaling of troops, not the roar of musketry, and the old war horses champed the bit and fretted more than before.

"Why doesn't she touch on the question?" gasped the President as she rose to call her to order, not realizing that she couldn't stop that torrent of words. It flowed on peacefully to the close.

Then another visitor with rarely practical ideas and thorough knowledge of the working women's condition, talked as long as she was allowed, whereupon an old Sorosis member rose quietly, delivered herself of four sound ideas in less than 40 words, and sat down. One after the other came the clear arguments, cutting like sword thrusts straight at the knot of the argument, and the war horses pricked up their ears and neighed in answer.

Then a pretty pink and white girl fluttered out on the platform, and began a speech which she had evidently committed to memory. She was brim full of inspiration, ecstasy and politics. She knew just how to set everything straight, although she was only 22. She soared along on the wave of her argument like a bird on full-spread wing until suddenly bang went the iconoclastic hammer of the President, crashing into the pretty images of her fancy. She had touched on the doctrines of free trade, and all political discussion is prohibited in Sorosis. She righted herself up again, and once more began to soar aloft, when the sound of the mallet called her back to earth again.

LAID OUT BY LAND REFORM.

This time it was the land reform that laid her low. Said the President: "I am very sorry, but we do not allow party politics to enter into our discussions."

"But this is no Land Reform party," said the Chairman of the debate, who was the speaker's friend.

"I must differ with you," said the President, and firmly and decidedly she called the lady to order.

There was a buzz all over the room, indignant protests at the President's decision, equally indignant objections to the speaker's unfortunate allusion. In the midst of it all the girl herself was getting white about the lips and her cheeks and eyes were blazing. The dispute waged fast and furious and in vain the silver mallet rang out its warning sound; but never once did the President lose her temper, her dignity or her official smile.

At length a white-haired Ulysses of the camp arose and said decidedly: "I must agree with the President in her decision and hope the meeting will come to order." The girl on the platform bit her lip, gulped down a sob, said with a ghastly attempt at a smile: "There is no Land Reform party now, but I hope there will be one soon," sat down on the edge of the platform, and cried.

Then the trained war horses galloped to the front and fought it out among themselves. Sword flashed against sword, steel clashed against steel, ringing and striking fire every time, and the dignified President came up like a conquering general, magnanimous but triumphant begged everybody's pardon for the decision she had been obliged to make in conforming to the laws of the society, and left the field with flags flying and drums beating.

Meanwhile, in the corridors, women wire-pullers were waylaying the unsuspecting, interviewing them with regard to the coming election, and doing the neatest, cleverest kind of lobbying as the ladies with flushed, tired faces wended their way homeward, wondering whether the working women needed protection or not, and which side they were on anyway.

KATE KAMERA.

AN IRISH PASTIME

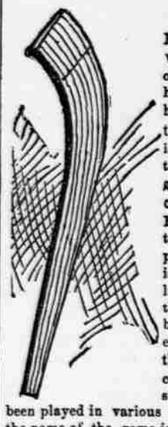
That Bids Fair to Become Popular on This Side of the Ocean.

HURLING FULLY DESCRIBED.

An Expert Tells How to Lay Out the Grounds and Gives

THE RULES GOVERNING THE GAME

[CORRESPONDENCE OF THE DISPATCH.]

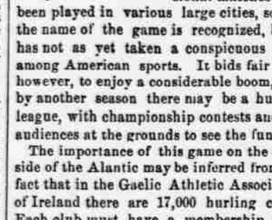


NEW YORK, February 16.—When the number of Irishmen who have made their homes in this country is considered it is a bit surprising that their national game has not become Americanized. Baseball is not better known and appreciated here than is hurling in Ireland, and yet until this winter there has been no systematic effort to introduce the game to this continent. Occasional matches have been played in various large cities, so that the name of the game is recognized, but it has not as yet taken a conspicuous place among American sports. It bids fair now, however, to enjoy a considerable boom, and by another season there may be a hurling league, with championship contests and big audiences at the grounds to see the fun.

The importance of this game on the other side of the Alantic may be inferred from the fact that in the Gaelic Athletic Association of Ireland there are 17,000 hurling clubs. Each club must have a membership of at least 21 active players, for that is the regulation number of men to a side in championship matches. This tremendous league manages to find the championship club every year, and at this time the season of play is in full blast. As it would take several years of constant playing to play every team in the 17,000 against every other, the association has adopted a system of subordinate matches in order to eliminate from the "All Ireland" championship contests such clubs, and that means the great majority, as would have no hope of winning. From the 1st of February to April 20 every county in Ireland is alive with matches played by its local clubs. Only such clubs as win the championships of counties are entitled to enter for the "All Ireland" tournament, which occurs between April 15 and May 25.

A PROFESSOR AT WORK.

Interest in the game was aroused in this country by the recent visit of Irish athletes. They played exhibition games of hurling in most of the large cities before great audi-



The Field.

ences. Three of the visiting athletes are still in this country, and one of them, J. J. Cullen, has become a member of the Gaelic Society in New York. Not the least reason for his stay here is the desire of the society to introduce hurling as a prominent and regular feature of American sports, and Mr. Cullen is acting as a general instructor. He is honored in Ireland as the champion individual hurler. Under his guidance at least one game is played every pleasant Sunday in Weehawken, and by reason of the open winter the sport has taken a good start.

As hurling is so little understood in America, a diagram of the field is printed herewith, as well as a picture of the tools of the game and some sketches of the play. It will be seen that the field is very similar to that used for football. The dimensions are marked in the diagram, and the general positions of the men in a full team are indicated. A similar arrangement of men in the lower half of the diagram would represent the positions of the opposing team. None of these positions are strictly maintained during play, for, as in football, the men must be where the ball is, and the immediate scene of action is constantly changing. It is possible to play a good game of hurling with 14 men on a side, but in that case the grounds should be smaller. The Irish rules allow of a field as small as 140 yards by 84 yards, and there is no objection to a field larger than that indicated in the diagram. Four goal posts are set up at each end of the field. They are 21 feet apart, and across the two in the middle is a bar ten and a half feet from the ground. The general object of

Beginning the Game.

the game is to send the hurley ball across the goal line between the middle posts and below the crossbar. The difference between this play and football will be noticed, for in football it is the object to send the ball over the crossbar of the goal posts.

THE GAME DESCRIBED.

The chief implement of the game is of wood, shaped somewhat like a hockey, though much broader and heavier. It is called a hurley. The Irish rules do not define the pattern to be used. The hurley ball is made of cork and woolen thread and is covered with leather. It should be four and a half or five inches in diameter and weigh from seven to ten ounces. How the game is played may best be put in the words of Mr. Cullen, who told the writer all about it recently.

"To begin with," he said, "each side has an umpire, and there is a referee whose judgment is final on all disputed points. When the opposing captains have tossed for choice of positions the hurlers stand in two lines in the middle of the field, touch hurleys across and then separate. That is a formal recognition that the players are friendly and are ready to begin. The referee, who stands a little distance from the end of the two lines, then throws the ball between them, either rolling it along the ground or tossing it higher than the players' heads. After that each side strives to get

The Goalkeeper's Opportunity.

proach nearer than 21 yards until the ball has been struck. A goal is won when the ball is sent between the middle posts and under the cross bar; if the ball goes over the bar, or over the goal line between the outside posts and the goal, a point is scored. There is no score when the ball crosses the goal line outside the limits marked by the four posts. When a point or goal has been scored, the goal keeper has a free 'puck' from his post, in which case the men opposed to him must stand off at a distance of 21 yards."

RULES TO BE OBSERVED.

"What if the ball goes over the boundaries at the side of the field?"

"If it does not rebound into the field, the referee must throw it back at the point where it crossed the line, in which case it must touch the ground before it reaches the players, who must stand ten yards away from the line when the ball is thrown.

A Scrimmage.

After playing for half an hour the referee calls time, and the sides reverse their positions. The game ends with another half hour's play. The count, of course, is by goals and points. If no goals have been made by either side, the one that made the most points is the victor. The same rule applies when each side has made the same number of goals, but one goal will outweigh any number of points, so that, if one side got ten or a dozen points but no goal, and the other got one goal but no points, the latter would be the winner."

"Does not the game necessitate a good deal of rough play?"

Mr. Cullen smiled.

"Maybe," he said, "maybe it does. Let me read you the Irish rule on that point: 'No player to catch, trip, push from behind or butt with the head. No player to bring his hurley intentionally in contact with another player.' Now the referee has the greatest discretion possible in interpreting this rule. He may disqualify a player for a breach of it, and in that case his side is not permitted to substitute another player. The referee may inflict various penalties for undue vigor in play, such as suspending a hurler for a short time, allowing the opposite side a free 'puck,' and so on. Nevertheless it is not uncommon to get out of a game with aching shins and any number of bruises. The better the player, of course, the less likely he is to injure his opponents, but in the excitement of play it is not to be wondered at that some blows are accidentally given."

"Are there any professional hurlers in Ireland, that is, men who make a business of playing the game?"

"Not one. No one plays for a salary or any other remuneration than emblems of skill and success. Nevertheless, I think that the possibilities of the game are so highly developed as if there were a league of professional players. Everybody in Ireland plays the game, from school children to old men. The 1,700 clubs in the Gælic association represent not only upward of 3,500 active hurlers, but many thousands more who are not deemed expert enough to have a position on a county team. There is much interest in our Weehawken games, and I look forward to seeing the sport secure a strong foothold in this country."

FRANK.

A BIRD BAFFLES A BURGLAR.

A Household Alarmed by the Fight Between a Thief and a Parrot.

Cincinnati Enquirer.]

Mr. Emil Rothe, who lives at 267 Browne street has a poll-parrot. The bird has been with the family for a number of years, and is highly educated and a great pet. Its cage is usually hung at night in a rear room on the second floor. A window of the apartment overlooks a grape arbor, close against the wall of the dwelling. Night before last no one occupied the apartment.

About 5 o'clock yesterday morning Mr. Rothe was awakened by the bird, which was loudly shrieking. "Papa! papa!" The parrot kept up these cries for several minutes, until Mr. Rothe, finally alarmed by the unusual disturbance, determined to go to see what was the cause. When he turned on the light he saw poll sitting on the crossbar of the cage. The bird immediately recognized him and set up a chattering and a chuckling of victorious "ha ha's!"

Poll looked like his famed predecessor who had the exciting adventure with the monkey. One wing was broken and the bottom of the cage was covered with feathers. The bird was ruffled up generally, and, in fact, had the appearance of having passed through a threshing machine.

There were blood marks on the wires of the cage, and everything indicated that poll had engaged in a lively and desperate fight. Looking around Mr. Rothe found that the window was broken. On the sill were the bloody prints of a man's fingers. A burglar had made an early morning visit to the residence. Climbing up the arbor, he easily raised the window and entered the room. His movements must have awakened poll. The bird evidently gave the alarm, and the intruder, realizing that something had to be done quickly, at once attacked the intelligent parrot. Thrusting his hand into the cage the burglar tried to wring the bird's neck. Instead of quietly submitting, poll showed fight. With beak and claws poll attacked the robber, sinking the sharp weapons into the flesh of the intruder's hand. So vigorously did poll use nature's weapons, and at the same time utter screams, that the burglar was forced to retire baffled and bleeding from painful wounds. He must have dropped from the window just as help reached the door, as Mr. Rothe heard the noise of a fall as he entered.

THE MONKS OF KOREA.

A Jolly Time at the Monastery in the Mountainsat An-Pien.

STOPPING AT A COUNTRY HOTEL.

A Fertile Country, but a Poor and Ignorant Populace.

SLEEPING AT THE GATE OF SEOUL

[FROM OUR TRAVELING COMMISSIONER.]

SEOUL, KOREA, October, 1888.—The great monastery in the mountains is one of those chosen and built by a militant Korean sect to serve, according to need, either as a retreat for the spirit or a refuge for the body. The monks themselves do not look very warlike, but the situation of the monastery is an almost impregnable one. It can be reached by only one road, a long, steep, stony path, in which "a thousand might well be stopped by three;" behind it on two sides are mountains of rock, and on the fourth it is secluded by a very deep and pricipitous ravine, through which dashes a noisy torrent. The central buildings, on the edge of the ravine, are the sacred apartments of the King, and they are kept in perfect preservation and hourly readiness for his coming.

The morning after our arrival I was waked by roars of unfamiliar laughter. Tracking the sounds, I came upon Captain Walker performing his ablutions in the midst of 100 monks, and delighting them at intervals with the narrative, in excellent barytone, of how—

The old woman in the garret
Let loose the talking parrot,
And there was another jolly row downstairs!

All round the group were the great heavy-eaved temples, through the open doors of which could be seen the solemn faces of squatting gilded gods, while already half a dozen priests were bending before the altars with incense and drum. But some people have no reverence. Not that the monks themselves cared, for half an hour later I was startled by gunshots close at hand, and discovered the irrepressible navigator picking the pigeons off the roofs of the very temple in which worship was being offered, at the urgent request of the crowd, who gathered up the dead birds with the greatest eagerness. Yet we had been told that the Korean monks never ate flesh.

CURIOUS ARCHITECTURE.

All the buildings of An-pien are in the style to which the traveler so soon gets used in the East—rectangular wooden structures with high-peaked roofs and richly carved curving eaves, generally with three doors at one side and the chief idol facing the largest central entrance. Before him are sets of altar utensils and little brass tallow lamps and joss-sticks, which the pious visitor purchases for a few cash and lights at his prayers. The walls are covered with silk and brocade, mostly very old and time-stained; the ceiling is marvelously carved and gilded, perhaps a huge dragon appearing at one end and worming himself in and out of the masses of ornament to the other; and half a dozen gongs and drums invite the hand of the too-willing pilgrim. The interior of these temples is tawdry, but the massiveness of the wooden architecture, its bright colors, its picturesquely contrived vistas of gate and gable and column and pavilion, taken together with the wonderful natural situation of the place, form an impressive and romantic spectacle. The most curious sight in the monastery, however, is four huge idols of brilliantly painted wood, carved with a good deal of appreciation of the heroic human face and form, which stare at one another across a narrow passage from behind the bars of two great cages, a pair of wargods being on one side, and a King and Queen (the latter playing a colossal mandolin) on the other. Every priest carried or wore a rosary of red wooden beads, polished like crystal by ceaseless fingering. I told my interpreter to ask one of them by and by privately whether a string of these could be purchased as a souvenir. He, however, blurted out the question to the Chief Abbot in the presence of 50 priests, and the hospitable and delightful old gentleman instantly took off his own rosary-bracelet of especially big beads and handed it to me, saying: "They cannot be purchased, this is a present." Naturally before leaving I wished to make him some present in return, but ransacking my bag produced nothing whatever suitable. My revolver or knife I could not spare, the old gentleman had already refused to taste whisky, and there appeared to be literally nothing to give him. I recollected, however, that I had had some new silk handkerchiefs made and embroidered in Japan, and one of these presented with many airs and the explanation (from the Captain) that the monogram on the corner was "good joss," satisfied him completely. For our entertainment we left a few dollars in the treasury, the amount, attested by our autographs, being solemnly and elaborately entered in the great ledger of the monastery, and when at noon we mounted our ponies, a hundred of the white-robed, much-hated priests, led by the venerable abbot himself, came a little way down the hill with us to give us goodby.

KOREAN TRAVEL.

For three hours we climbed steadily up the narrow pass and then through it. The road was merely a bridle path, or the dry bed of a mountain stream strewn with stones of all sizes. But the ponies never slipped or even hesitated, and our little train wound along in single file without a moment's rest till dusk. From 11 o'clock till 3:30 it was blazing hot, and my helmet, with its two inches of solid pith, was none too thick. Then it began rapidly to grow chilly, and long before dusk I had a frieze riding coat buttoned up to my chin. By 6 o'clock we have descended somewhat to an extensive plateau, and in the distance we can hear the dogs of a village. As we we enter it they range themselves in a snapping, yelping band at our heels, and from every low doorway an inhabitant crawls out to look at us.

In the middle of the village—the 20 or 30 miserable thatched dwellings hardly deserve the name—we came to a halt and I Cha Sam approached. "What is it?" I ask him, and he replies with a single Japanese word, "We will sleep." I looked at the house before us and my heart sank. True, I knew that Korea did not boast a Palace Hotel, but this was rather too much. A big, tumble-down, badly-thatched hovel surrounding a yard; all round this, stalls for ponies and bullocks. I Cha Sam flung open the door—about two feet by three—and bowed me in. The floor was hammered earth; the walls were mud, covered in spots with very dirty paper; the material of the ceiling was concealed by the dirt and smoke of generations and tapestried with spider's webs. At first, of course, I was highly indignant with Sam for bringing me to such a vile hole, but from the look of genuine surprise on his handsome, placid countenance I soon gathered that this was the regular Korean hotel, and that I had nothing else to expect. Therefore, I accepted the inevitable with what joy I could, and with difficulty crowded myself, my bag, rug and provision boxes into the room. Then a tin of soup, half a pound of corned beef, two bowls of tea, a nip pour tuer le yer, a pipe, a few pages of diary and sleep—theoretically.

The people of the country varied very much. Two villages out of three were very friendly, highly inquisitive and easily moved to laughter. The third was generally sullen and its inhabitants would not come near me, would not reply to the greeting of the country—"Oual keuiounni eutesio!" "How is your health to-day?" and would not even return a friendly nod. More than half the time I walked, and my chief amusement was to get a mile or two ahead of my caravan and enter a village by myself, walk into the middle of it and seat myself calmly on somebody's doorstep as if I were perfectly at home. The stupefaction of the native was delicious. Probably they had never seen a white man before, for only three or four ever crossed Korea, and at least two of these—Colonel Anderson and Lieutenant Prichard, of the Fifty-eighth, went by the longer and better route.

A RECEPTION.

First they would stare from a long distance, then they would drive off the dogs, then some patriarch would approach cautiously and hazard a question. I would reply with a few lines from "Hamlet" or "Paradise Lost," whereupon they would all laugh. Then one would remove his long pipe from his mouth and offer it to me, and though the courtesy was neither accepted nor returned, it sufficed to break the ice. Invariably, they would begin by feeling of my clothes, and the different textures of these filled them, knowing nothing but the calico which is their sole wear, with infinite amazement. Especially the corduroy of my riding-breeches pleased them, and they would send to the other end of the village for a old man to come and feel of it. Childish and ignorant in the extreme they were, knowing less of the outside world than a Digger Indian. Poor, too, beyond telling. I believe that $10 would have bought everything (except the crops) that I saw exposed for sale in hundreds of shops from the time I left Gensan till I struck Seoul. The men were well-built as a rule and fairly well-featured, but I did not see a single woman or girl during my trip who could have been called even moderately good-looking. The daily labor in the fields or at the millet-mill is too hard for that, and the women are even more beasts of burden than the men.

As regards the country itself, it was far more fertile in appearance and also much more cultivated than I had been led to expect. After leaving the monastery we climbed till evening, then slept in a flat valley, then climbed again through a succession of narrow, rocky and difficult passes till we reached an extensive plateau or table-land 2,500 feet above the sea, stretching between two fine mountain ranges, and perhaps 40 miles in length. The mountains were splendid in their autumn tints, the air was superb, the weather perfect, and I had not a lonely moment. In fact, I seldom passed pleasanter days than four of those spent riding or walking in utter solitude in Central Korea. The chief crops grown in the interior of Korea are rice, millet, beans, and red peppers, the second of these much predominating, and furnishing

THE STAPLE FOOD

for the people. So far as appearances tell anything to an inexpert eye, Korea ought to be rich in minerals, and there is certainly plenty of land which would give fair if not great returns for cultivating. The village industries were few and far between—a little spinning and a little primitive weaving of cotton cloth. The country is miserably poor at present, for nobody cultivates much more than will support him, as the only outlet for the surplus, and that an unavoidable one, is into the pocket of the nearest official.

My last day's journey of 16 hours brought me to the great gate of Seoul at 8 o'clock. This was the first glimpse of the East of my imagination—the rocky ascent, the towering battlemented walls, the huge black gates inexorably closed. Neither persuasion nor money could open them, as the keys of the colossal padlocks were with the King's guard at the palace. So rather than return five miles to a choumak, I rolled myself up under my rug and slept there on a big stone all night, and when the morning broke and the country men, coming to market, lifted the corner of the rug and saw what was underneath, they were not a little astonished. Then at daylight we rode into the city, and Mr. Colin Ford, Her Majesty's most hospitable Consul, met me at his gate in gorgeous pyjamas, and extended the bath and the breakfast and the welcome of civilization to a tired and hungry and particularly dirty traveler.

HENRY NORMAN.

THE EARTH'S MOTION.

Some Interesting Information About the Ball on Which We Live.

The Youth's Companion.]

The earth revolves on her axis in 23 hours, 56 minutes, and 4 seconds. This time is required for one rotation from a star round to the same star again. The revolution is therefore called a sidereal day.

While the earth has been turning on her axis, she has been advancing in her orbit, and it will take her four minutes on the average to come to the same position in regard to the sun; thus, adding four minutes to the length of the sidereal day, gives 24 hours for the solar day.

The time of the axial rotation has not varied the hundredth part of a second in 2,000 years. It may, therefore, be considered as invariable, and is consequently adopted as a fundamental unit in astronomical measurement.

The earth revolves in her obit around the sun in 365.26 days, giving another standard measure of time, the length of the year. The velocity of the earth in her ordit is almost incomprehensible, for the huge sphere spins along at the average rate of 18 miles in a second. The earth's orbital revolution and the inclination of her axis to the plane of the ecliptic cause the changes of the season and the varying length of day and night.

The earth has a more complicated motion known as the procession of the equinoxes. It consists of a wabbling motion of the pole of the heavens around the pole of the ecliptic in a small circle requiring 25,000 years to complete. It is caused by the attraction of the sun and moon upon the earth at the equator. Consequently, ecliptic and equator do not cross at the same point, but the equinoctial falls back each year 50 seconds of a degree.

One effect of this movement is to change the polar star, for to whatever point of the heaven the pole points, the nearest star to that point is the polar star. The present polar star will no longer enjoy that distinction, 3,000 years hence, and the brilliant Vega will be the polar star, 12,000 years hence.

The earth is moving through space. The sun, carrying with him the planets, satellites, comets and meteoric bodies following in his train, is hastening toward a point in the constellation Hercules, at the rapid pace of 20,000 miles an hour.

It might seem that, traveling at this rate, the goal must soon be reached. Such, however, is the inconceivable distance of the stars, that more than a million years must pass before our sun and his family, at their present rate of travel, have spanned the depth of space that intervene between their present position and the shining suns of Hercules.

A Bad Starter.

The Teacher—You've not advanced very far, have you?

The New Boy—I'm so darned bashful, marm, I don't dare t' step a foot nigher to ye.—*Judge.*

A QUAINT CHARACTER

Biography of a Westmoreland County Pioneer Who Was by Turns

AN INDIAN FIGHTER, AN INDIAN,

Leader of a Band of Border Regulators, a Rebel, a Legislator and

A PATRIOTIC REVOLUTIONARY SOLDIER

[WRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCH.]

IF variety is the spice of life, the career of James Smith, a pioneer of Westmoreland county, certainly was seasoned richly. He was successively a captive in the hands of hostile savages, an adopted member of the tribe of Conowaga Indians, a leader of a band of border guerrillas, who plundered the King's troops, and captured a British post by stratagem; Captain of provincial troops during the Indian wars; a prisoner, charged with willful murder—held in irons and under guard; a county officer; a soldier in the Revolutionary War; a member of the constitutional convention of Pennsylvania in 1776 and afterward a representative to the General Assembly from Westmoreland county; commander of a battalion of riflemen and afterward a Colonel; a pioneer settler in Kentucky and, finally, a member of the State Convention and of the Legislature nearly up to the time of his death. He was also the author of a book, now unfortunately exceedingly rare, written for the purpose of perpetuating the story of his many adventures and the strange incidents of a singular life history.

James Smith removed to Westmoreland, coming from east of the mountains, about the time the act was passed erecting that county (1773). Part of his remarkable exploits antedate his settlement in Western Pennsylvania. In the spring of 1755, while he was a resident of Cumberland county, he was engaged with others in opening up a road from Fort Loudon toward Raystown (now Bedford). One day in May the little party was attacked by savages and Smith was made a prisoner. He was taken by the Indians to Fort Duquesne, arriving there just in time to witness the return of the victorious French and Indians after the defeat of Braddock.

HE IS MADE AN INDIAN.

He describes in graphic language the inhuman barbarities which were practised upon the white prisoners at the fort, and of which he received his full share. Taken by his captors in the Ohio wilderness, watching for an opportunity to escape, but never finding one, he at length began to conform to the manners and customs of those about him until the savages came to have a high regard for their pale-faced brother, and resolved to adopt him into their tribe. He does not say whether his consent to this plan was asked or not; but it is apparent from his story that his wishes would have counted for little, one way or the other. So the Conowagas proceeded to make a good Indian out of Smith. They had a highly original method of doing this, and the process afforded no end of amusement to all save the luckless victim.

First a brawny warrior seized the captive and began yanking hand ul after handful of hair out of his head. "He plucked me exactly as one would pluck a turkey," says Smith, "having a quantity of ashes at hand, in which he rubbed his fingers every now and then to enable him to obtain a firm hold." When the job had been completed to the satisfaction of the self-appointed barber all that remained of Smith's locks was a small tuft of hair on the top of his head. The prisoner was then turned over to the young women of the tribe, who fell upon him unceremoniously, and despite all struggles on his part led him into the middle of a small stream and ducked him repeatedly under the water. When they had immersed him so many times that he was nearly drowned he was led out and given into the hands of several braves, who removed his clothing and dressed him in full Indian costume, painting his face and making him in appearance a full-fledged warrior. Think of a man in this guise afterward sitting in the convention over which Benjamin Franklin presided to assist in making a Constitution for Pennsylvania!

FROM SAVAGERY TO CIVILIZATION.

The ceremonies all completed, the chief made a long speech to Smith, complimenting him upon the nerve and pluck he had displayed, and informing him that he was now a son of the Conowagas and a brave Indian, all the white blood having been washed out of him during his involuntary immersion in the stream. After that Smith lived with the savages, hunted with them, and was treated in all respects as one of the tribe. But he did not become a savage and only awaited an opportunity to escape and return to civilization. His freedom came at last, at Montreal, in 1760, when an exchange of prisoners took place, and he made all possible haste back to Pennsylvania. He served later as Lieutenant and Captain of Cumberland country troops under Armstrong and Bouquet, until the Indians were conquered.

But even after the conclusion of peace in 1765 the inhabitants of the border settlements were still uneasy and distrustful of the savages, and not without good cause. At the first opportunity Indian traders began to renew their traffic with the red men, supplying them with spirits, arms, ammunition and anything else they wanted. The men in the border settlements became alarmed, and those living in the vicinity of Forts Loudon and Littleton organized themselves into a body known as the "Black Boys," their object being to prevent the traders from carrying supplies to the Indians. Smith was the leader of these self-appointed "regulators." In May