

Dentists are dealers in extracts. Buried treasure is as useful as concealed knowledge.

Self-dragging lifts a man up; self-conceit drags him down.

Poverty may pluck an honest man, but it never destroys him.

Nobility of birth does not always insure nobility of character.

A man doesn't have to work overtime when it comes to making a fool of himself.

There is nothing new under the sun except the methods of expressing old thoughts.

Tell a beggar to fill his basket and he will set up a howl because he didn't bring a larger one.

An old bachelor says that woman is the only animal afflicted with the bargain-hunting habit.

President Loubet in London told the King he was "more than touched" by the reception given him. But not so touched as when the Czar visited Paris and struck France for a loan at the same moment.

John Burroughs says that if there are not so many birds in the West as in the East, there are more wild flowers. Nevertheless there need be no sectional jealousy. The West can always say that a flower in the hand is worth two birds in the bush.

This talk about the Kaiser having impudently "nosed" about the Kensingtons, is a list of veritable accomplishments that of expert engineer and shipbuilder. For he must have seen at a glance what the ordinary expert could have discovered only after the most minute scrutiny.

The good men do not always intertended with their bones. It is announced not many days ago that the first time that the five-thousand-dollar anonymous contribution which headed the national subscription for the relief of the starving Cubans, before the Spanish war, was made by William McKinley.

"I'll do anything in my power for the old soldiers, collectively or individually," said an officer who served in the Civil War, "except to attend Grand Army meetings, reunions and places where they accept of the celebration of the old and feeble, to see how the ranks are thinned year after year, makes me feel mighty uncomfortable. I keep up my affiliation in the post, pay all my dues and contribute to all the other charities, but I simply can't stand among them at these celebrations. It makes me feel more as if I were attending a funeral than a festive occasion. I don't like to see the soldiers get old."

The great body of the Russian people are content with their government. They may be harsh, viewed from an American standpoint, but it is not their business to be so.

Only one country in the world seems to have a ruler who is not a ruler. The Russians are also exceedingly patriotic. They love their country fully as much as the people of Germany or France love theirs, and, as a rule, they are loyal to the Czar, of whom, however, they have but little personal knowledge. It will be difficult to stir people of this kind to join a revolution, especially against the government of the present Czar, who has in many ways shown a disposition to help them.

That a conflict between Japan and Russia is inevitable and not far off is evident to even a casual observer of political conditions in the Orient. The basis of the coming difficulty is neither sentimental nor insignificant, and moreover it is one that diplomacy cannot alter or avert. Japan has the largest shipping and carrying trade in Manchuria, having had 47 ships in 1902, valued at \$2,490,488. The Russian shipping amounted to one steamer, and her imports and exports were none. Japan's exports to Korea in 1901 were \$1,372,550 and her imports from Korea were \$1,062,483; while Russian imports and exports were merely nominal. Japan's exports to all of China amounted, in 1901, to \$2,925,570, having doubled in four years, and her imports from China were \$7,256,966.

Somewhat more than a year ago there was an exhibition in Berlin devoted exclusively to the display of material, processes and apparatus connected with the potato. This year a similar exhibition, or one designed for the same purpose, became really a most astonishing revelation of the uses of the potato and the large place which it occupies among German products. No doubt members of the wide-awake geography class of today know that potatoes are one of the most valuable crops in the world; yet even they may be astonished to learn that in Germany one hundred and sixty acres are planted with potatoes for each ten thousand inhabitants, whereas in the United States the area so planted is but a fraction over thirty-four acres, and in Great Britain and Ireland thirty-one acres. Not only are the German working people large eaters of potatoes, but they make varied and extensive use of them for other purposes. A potato is not grown extensively anywhere save in the United States. In Germany potatoes take its place as food for cattle. This has led to the invention of special evaporating machinery, for the large amount of water in potatoes must be removed quickly, and they lose much of their food value when they sprout. The evaporator makes them available for forage the year round. Starch, dextrin, potato flour and starch syrup are also produced in large quantities, but alcohol is by far the largest product. Alcohol in Germany is made to play an important part in economic and industrial life. Heating and cooking stoves, street and household lamps, stationary engines and locomotive motors, all are fed by it. Both in the German and the Russian navy alcohol engines up

to three hundred horse-power have been used with great success.

To griddle the earth with a message in nine and a half minutes, as did President Mackey recently, is a marvelous achievement in telegraphy, made possible by the triumphs of science and engineering in a great country. The message which went around the globe in twelve minutes, over half the journey of the globe-girdling message, representing a total mileage of 25,835, was made on an American cable. The only part of its trip where the Mackey message was forced to traverse foreign cables was that between Hongkong and the Azores. From New York to Chicago, thence by Postal Telegraph company, to San Francisco, thence along the new Pacific cable to Honolulu, Hawaii, on again to Midway Island, and then to Guam. From Guam it was dashed under the Pacific to Manila, thence through the China Sea to Hongkong, thence to Saigon, to Singapore, to Penang, to Madras, under the Indian ocean, then by land across India to Bombay, then under the Arabian Sea to Aden, then up the Red Sea to Suez, through Egypt to Alexandria, under the Mediterranean, thence to Gibraltar, thence to London, and to the Azores. Here it left the foreign cables and wires, was taken up by the Commercial Cable company and dashed to Canso, Nova Scotia, and then to New York and Oyster Bay. If this message could have been transmitted without a break it would have made a circuit of the globe in less than one-eighth of a second. The new cable gives a direct route to the Orient and saves 3,000 miles from New York to the Philippines. It places Washington in direct communication not only with the largest cities in Hawaii and the Philippines, but will ultimately enable the government to quickly reach the mining centers in Alaska. When Shakespeare made Puck say to Oberon, "I'll put a griddle around the earth in forty minutes," he was supposed to be writing under the influence of "poetic license." The latest achievement, however, far transcends the poetic fancy of the imaginative bard of Avon. From forty minutes to nine and a half minutes represents the far stride of science from the fancy of the poet to the fact of scientific accomplishment.

ST. LOUIS MILLIONAIRE WHO IS EXPLORING THE BLUE NILE

A dispatch received in London announces the arrival at Adis Ababa, in the empire of King Menelik's country, of the expedition headed by W. N. MacMillan, of St. Louis. The expedition is to explore the whole course of the Blue Nile to ascertain its navigability as a trade route from central Abyssinia to the Mediterranean.

Mr. MacMillan was detained a week owing to the murder by natives of M. Dubois de Sanleu, the correspondent of the Figaro, who was accompanying the expedition. The party will explore 1,000 miles of river, from Adis Ababa to Khartoum.

The expedition which was arranged by Mr. MacMillan, and the expense of which he is bearing entirely, is one of the largest of recent years. It consists of 100 camels, forty attendants, an escort of armed Abyssinians, and a flotilla of boats. Mr. MacMillan is the son of William MacMillan, who at the time of his death was president of the American Car and Foundry company, and is rated as a millionaire. It is expected the trip will consume two months.

EVERY PERSON HAS A DOUBLE

So Says an Old Proverb—A Beggar Reminds the King.

By argument of an ancient proverb there are always two men in the same time: two human beings who resemble each other in all respects, and a European ecologist points out that this is certainly true in the case of rulers.

An old beggar who lives in White-chapel bears, according to him, a striking resemblance to King Edward of England—so startling, indeed, that if the beggar were dressed in royal raiment he could not be distinguished from the real king.

The British ruler, however, is not the only one who has a double, writes the Detroit Free Press. The Prince of Wales is wonderfully like each other. Indeed, more than one photographer in Europe invariably sells a photograph of the prince to anyone who asks for a photograph of the czar.

M. Bertolini, a photographer of Salerno, was the double of the late King Humbert of Italy, and so proud of his resemblance was he that he spent much of his spare time studying the attitudes and gestures of his sovereign. For this labor he was well rewarded, since the soldiers, mistaking him for the king, saluted him.

Here Adolph Hirschfeld, the double of Emperor William of Germany, is by no means proud of his resemblance, and he feels very uncomfortable when anyone mistakes him for the kaiser, for he fears that the latter will frown on him sooner or later and will request him to leave Germany.

M. Bernede, a wealthy gentleman of Lyons, is the living image of King Oscar of Sweden.

"What do you think of the new boarder?" asked Mrs. Starvem.

"Oh, I don't know," replied Starboard. "I think he's very polite."

"Either that or very sarcastic. Did you hear him ask me if I'd pass the cream?"

Electric Lights for Workmen.

The English town of Sunderland has voted to put electric lights into the workmen's homes owned by the municipality.

Postmaster General Payne—"The investigation is nearly ended."—Will transport (Pa.) Grit.

In England, and to allow for this in estimating real wages; that is, what a man can buy with his day's work.

But this is not all. The investigation is nearly ended. Will transport (Pa.) Grit.

When the bankers sound notes of warning of the near approach of financial trouble and the instability of a large number of banks from land investment and speculation it is time for the balance of us to look after our own money and be sure it is in safe hands.

The warning has been given for many quarters during the past year, but never more clearly than by Judge John W. Lusk, President of the German American Bank of St. Paul, in an address at the late meeting of the Bankers' Association of Minnesota. He said:

"There never was a better time for bankers to look a little out than now. We can see, as others cannot, the earmarks and signs of financial trouble. When I was in Chicago a short time ago I learned that the country bank balances at that point had decreased \$10,000,000. All the city banks make similar reports of their country correspondents. The banks of Iowa, for example, are treading on dangerous ground. The majority of the country banks in this State are tied up for money, and their balances are lower than they were in the last three or four months, and others are waking up to the danger of being compelled to close."

These utterances of Judge Lusk were indorsed and the warning repeated by J. W. Wheeler of Crookston, President of the Bankers' Association.

The financial news of the country is filtered out to the people by news associations, is dominated and managed by Wall street and Republican influences and hardly a word has appeared in the newspapers of the withdrawal of deposits from the banks and the general trend towards paucity times that the St. Paul bankers tell about.

Wall street and its business associates, the Republican leaders, are prating of prosperity for the double purpose of forcing on the public the undigested watered stocks and to continue in power the rotten political party that aids and abets the trusts and corporations in robbing the people. Yet they know that a financial cataclysm is imminent. When the crash comes, as it soon will, many depositors will remember the words of Baker Lusk delivered to the public and will regret that they did not take advantage of it.

Gov. Cummins Still There.

Ann Arbor University leader, who has been elected dean of the engineering school of the Wisconsin University.

Making Sure of Her Place.

"Do you ever have any difficulty in making your cook keep her place?"

"No, indeed; she began to run the house from the minute she came into it, and she's never stopped."—Cincinnati Commercial Tribune.

Afraid to Go Himself.

Householder—"There's something wrong with this bill. It's too big. Grocer's clerk—"That's why the boss sent me to collect it."—Brooklyn Life.

All the Essentials.

"Very Why, her trousseau alone cost over six thousand dollars."—Judge.

If a man trusts to luck for his dinner he will never be troubled with the gout.

The man who gets there acts as his own crutch; he doesn't lean on others.

POLITICS OF THE DAY

Free Trade and Hard Times.

The Kansas City Star is quoted in the American Economist as saying: "The resolution which England has practically reached, of departing from her immemorial principles of free trade, is a valuable object lesson to the United States, and has already had a beneficial effect in bringing to the notice of our statesmen who were contemplating drastic reshaping and revision of our tariff schedules. England is now suffering all the evils of free trade, while this country is enjoying the advantages of a protective tariff, and perhaps undergoing some of its mischiefs also. * * * If protection causes wealth and trusts, the converse is also true—free trade produces hard times and panics."

Here is an admission that protection causes trusts. We need then discuss only the proposition that free trade produces hard times.

Protectionists seldom look past England and delight in contrasting conditions in England and America. They find day wages considerably higher here than in England, and they begin to crow about the tariff as a means of taxing ourselves rich. They neglect to observe that a laborer here produces so much more in a day that piece wages here are usually lower than in England, as James G. Blaine found when, as Secretary of State, he made a report on this subject. They also neglect to observe that because of free trade the cost of living is lower

and to disappear in seven years. Besides these countries there was a protective tariff averaging about \$5 per ton or one-half the average American duty on steel goods. Of course, the steel industry began to flourish in Canada. Big mills sprang into existence and stocks brimful of water were put upon the market. Great earnings were necessary to pay dividends on all this watered capital. Now that the bottles are being scaled down some of the steel companies there are beginning to worry about their dividends. A big movement is on foot to induce the Canadian government to increase the tariff duties on iron and steel to about the American rates. It is said that the big permanent steel industry will not abide more liberally by the government.

When the Minister of Finance, Hon. Mr. Fielding, introduced the bounty system in 1890, it was practically promised that the industry would soon be able to produce iron at \$6 a ton. The manufacturers claim that the promising infant has not fulfilled expectations, but refuse to submit figures showing exact cost of production, which the Premier, Sir Wilfred Laurier, is meant though to insist on having before he is willing to grant the extra duty to the infant.

Such unkind treatment will surely drive this infant industry out of Canada. If it will but come to us we

European investors and to all Latin-Americans who long for the blessings of peace and good government.

"As long as Diaz is alive and able to sit in the saddle," said one of his staunchest supporters, "there need be no fear for the future of Mexico. If he retires, as he wishes to do, the government may grow weak, and there may be a revolution. Diaz would then come back to the helm and crush that revolution as easily as you could crush a fly. He is an old man, but he has all the fire and energy of youth.

It is true that he is past 70, but he is an Oaxaca Indian, and time deals lightly with all that tribe. Some of his relatives and fellow tribesmen are hale, vigorous men at 90 and 95. The political chief of one of the mountain towns of Oaxaca is 102, and he may be seen riding a broncho about his district every day. To see the President going about one would think him 50 and no more; he is so strong, quick and keen.

"When he stays at his country estate at La Chapala, he lives the vigorous, open-air life of the Indian and eats nothing but the simplest Indian dishes of his food. He owes his unimpaired physique to his love for the open air and strenuous exercise."

Life Size.

An interesting incident is connected with John S. Sargent's portrait of President Roosevelt. The Brooklyn Eagle says that the artist had tried several times to pose the President, but the light never suited him.

Finally some one suggested that the lower corridor of the White House might do, and the party moved down the new marble stairway. Just as they reached the foot, President Roosevelt placed a hand on the newel post.

Sargent turned suddenly and noted the position of his model under an effective light shining down the stairway from the north.

"Stop just where you are, Mr. President. The pose is perfect and the light is good."

Then and there he began to work up on the remarkable portrait. It proved to be so good that there is no doubt it would stand the test of history and voluntarily applied to the portrait of Secretary Hay.

A lady who was staying in Washington one day returned to her hotel, and said to her husband, who was a friend of the Secretary:

"I have just seen Secretary Hay walking down Pennsylvania avenue."

"Why did you think it was Hay?" asked her husband, knowing that she had never met the gentleman.

"Because I saw John Sargent's portrait come to life."

Professor M. E. Cooley.

Ann Arbor University leader, who has been elected dean of the engineering school of the Wisconsin University.

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PRESIDENT DIAZ

Greatest Example of the Benevolent Despot in the World.

Porfirio Diaz is the finest living example of the benevolent despot whom philosophers have declared to be the best possible ruler of any state. Since 1876 he has governed Mexico with an iron hand, but with perfect justice and wisdom. Like Washington, he has been first in war and first in peace, and now he has become first in the hearts of his countrymen.

International attention is now turned toward Mexico because this fall one or two things will occur—either Porfirio Diaz will consent to enter on another term of office as President or he will persist in retiring and someone else take his place.

It is possible that Jose Yves Limantour will be the man. Diaz has trained him as his successor for years past, and regards him as a strong, safe statesman who would be likely to keep Mexico in the right path. But the people of Mexico say nobody can wear the giant's robe save the giant. They want Diaz for their ruler, not Diaz's pupil, however able that pupil may have been trained.

The one alternative means peace, the other uncertainty. So great have the foreign interests in Mexico grown, and so important an entity is Mexico in Pan-American politics, that the turning point in the occupation of more than a slight anxiety to the United States, to

their fellow-countrymen, and they are always ready to face danger if there is a good chance of profit. The emigrants are generally farmers or mechanics, who, finding business dull, borrow money and journey to a foreign land in the hope of bettering their lot.

Of the Chinamen in the United States perhaps one-twentieth are merchants, who deal chiefly in Chinese goods, petroleum, glassware and many other articles. Shoes and cigars are extensively manufactured by the Chinese, the number of cigarmakers being estimated at several thousands.

Though many Chinamen are scattered about the suburbs of western towns as cooks, household servants or laundrymen, and many others live in ranches or orchards, most of them congregate together as much as possible.

In many western cities there is a quarter of the Chinese population, the houses of which, crowded like rabbit-warrens and with yellow humanity, wear a squalid, tumble-down, greasy, forlorn air, and are pervaded by a curious, indefinable

smell, which is everywhere perceptible and often overpowering. The streets of a Chinese quarter swarm with men, women and children; the shops are adorned with gaudy gilt signs and lanterns of various shapes, sizes and colors. Here and there a blank wall is covered with notices on bright red paper, with much apparent interest by the Chinamen. On the sidewalks in the front of the stores are stalls, where fruit, vegetables and edibles of unfamiliar and unappreciating appearance are exposed for sale. In the doorways and corners tailors and cobblers ply their trades. A fortune-teller sits at a little table, on the wall behind which a large notice sets forth his powers and pretensions.

The proprietor of a drug store is frequently a physician wearing large-rimmed spectacles and assuming a mysterious air. Among his curative agents are powdered beetles, cockroaches, skins of caterpillars, snakes' bones, lizards, deer-horns and the blood of toads. The drug ginseng is found in every store, and is believed to be a preservative of youth.

The restaurants occupy the upper floors of three-story buildings, and are distinguished by gaily painted and gilded balconies, adorned with rows of great lanterns. The rooms are decorated with handsome Chinese furniture and elaborately carved screens. Here the rich Chinamen give big dinners with many courses and unusual accompaniments. The eating-rooms for poor Chinamen are chiefly in cellars, and are rudely furnished. The merchants have their own kitchens, and eat their meals at the back of their shops, helping themselves from a large dish placed in the center of the small table and using chopsticks.

It has been said, and with truth, that the Chinaman in the United States does not even change his nails or his barber. Through the windows of the barber's shops you may see Chinamen having their heads and foreheads shaved, their scanty beards trimmed, their queues combed and braided with silk to increase the length, and other toilet operations performed, such as pounding the back, cleaning the eye-balls, and scraping the ears. The queue is universally worn in China, having been introduced by the Tartars as a badge of subjection when they conquered

China, and having since become merely a national custom. Some Chinamen in the United States dispense with the queue, but let it grow again when they are about to visit their native land. When at the top of the queue is often coiled on the top of the headdress.

When a Chinaman dies his body is dressed in his best clothes and laid on the coffin; pigs roasted whole and other viands are spread out to feed the spirits of the dead, and in many cases incense is burned, and the praises of the deceased. When the ceremony is over the body is placed in the coffin, and the procession moves out to the cemetery. Children dressed in white often walk barefooted behind the coffin of their father or mother. Strips of brocade paper, pierced with holes are scattered along the road to keep off any bad spirits that may be hovering near.

The Chinaman, though hardworking and frugal in the highest degree, is rarely free from the vices of gambling and opium-smoking. In a few cities there is an exodus of Chinese who migrate every night from the suburbs to the Chinese quarter, and if one happens to be out late one will certainly see Chinamen stealing quietly to the employers' homes after a night of gambling and opium-smoking. But in the cities of incalculable oriental will be ready with breakfast just as usual.

The Chinese are idolaters, and have temples containing the images of noble characters, whom they call to present their petitions to the Great Being "Shing," who dwells somewhere in the sky. Roasted pigs, chickens, and sweetmeats are presented to the "Joss," in whose honor candles are lighted, incense and joss sticks burned. The worshipper kneels and touches the floor with his head as he utters his prayer.

In every Chinese quarter are underground opium dens, to which narrow flights of stairs lead. They are deathly still, and the atmosphere reeks with the fumes of the drug. Every lodging-house, restaurant, and guild-hall supplies facilities for indulgence in the drug. The Chinaman's favorite drink is tea, though he has a spirit called "Samsboo," which is distilled from rice, and drunk from small cups hardly larger than thimbles.

GUARDS RUINS OF POMPEII.

Old Luigi has occupied a week by week for twenty-two years his little sentry box on the topmost point of the highest bench of ashes and scoriae that the excavators have cast up out of Pompeii to the northward, says a correspondent of the New York Evening Post. There he sits and, surrounded in peace his diminutive pipe of excrement but not cheap tobacco. While the other guards are hurrying through the gaping ruins below him successive groups of drooping travelers, apparently just come from the bustle of the city, Luigi's only duty is to stand with eyes open for the usually inquisitive stranger who may want to make his way into the forbidden area of the excavations still in progress, or for the more pertinacious native who advances a hundred plausible pleas for similar transgression from the beaten paths of the adjacent vineyards and orchards.

For the troublesome native Luigi has short words and but scant courtesy. Toward the ignorant foreigner he is more affably disposed, and affords a pipeful of tobacco and a few friendly words to open both his heart and his lips to the landscape, Vesuvius. He has been wrapped for an hour in a private mantle of cloud and that has just lifted to show his great gray shoulders white with unaccustomed snow. Luigi says it will be a hard afternoon for the scavengers at the summit of the mountain in front are the roofless, ashen walls of the ruins of the ancient city, sloping down to the very edge of that prehistoric lava stream that marks the earlier and greater rage of the monarch who visited sudden destruction upon the city of the buried Pompeii.

Luigi has a magnificent view from his high vantage point. He has seen the city of the buried Pompeii, and he has seen the city of the buried Vesuvius. He has seen the city of the buried Vesuvius, and he has seen the city of the buried Pompeii.

Well, Jones is certainly a patient man with a temper hard to ruffle. "Patient is no name for him. Why, that man has been in the streets of the city for weeks, and he has not moved a muscle. He has been in the streets of the city for weeks, and he has not moved a muscle. He has been in the streets of the city for weeks, and he has not moved a muscle."

Qualified: Superintendent (of gas works)—"What do you know about laying gas pipes in the streets? Apply (for place as foreman)—I know they hadn't ought to be laid until the street has just been repaired. He got the place—Judge.

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Major Dix—Do you think it's going to rain to-morrow, Uaclee Isham? Uaclee Isham—I dunno, honey. It's mighty hard to prognosticate. "When de Lawd had charge of de weather, I could tell him 'bout it, but sense dis weather weathen bureau dun bin runnin' it Uaclee Isham's had ter git it up—Judge.

Barnes—I'm afraid I'm losing my mind. When I borrow money from any of my friends, I'm sure to forget all about it. Hoves—Why, that is no sign of mental decline. "On the contrary, it shows a fine business capacity. Barnes—But I also forget when a friend owes me something. Hoves—That's all right. That's tact.—Boston Transcript.

"Her children are very bright." "Indeed?" "Oh, very. The youngest, even, a boy of four, has already mastered the rudimentary principles of arithmetic play, and is about to enter on the study of the more abstruse forms. The teachers at the kindergarten frankly confess they never met with equal precocity. Often children reach the age of ten without having learned to play scientifically."

An Obvious Inference.

He—Now, there's a woman I can't help admiring. She is so easily satisfied, has such plain tastes. She—I didn't know you knew her. He—I don't; it's her husband I know.—Brooklyn Life.

At a Stage Rehearsal.

"You do not inject enough contempt, spite and venom into that word." "I can do no better."

"Nonsense! Speak it just as you say 'plush' when you meet a rival in a sea-skin squawk.—Life.

They say a Panama hat will last for years, but it looks pretty tough at the beginning of the second season.

THE CHINAMAN IN THE UNITED STATES

It is estimated that there are about 100,000 Chinamen in the United States, and that 20,000 of them are in San Francisco. There is a considerable Chinese colony in New York, and there are small colonies in Philadelphia, Boston and Chicago. Though they do not belong to the educated classes, ninety-five per cent. of them can read and write. A daily paper in the Chinese language is published in San Francisco, and another in New York.

Nearly all the Chinamen in the United States come from the single province of Kwong Tung, the most populous of the eighteen provinces of the Chinese empire. Its capital is Canton, in 1888 an educated Chinaman from the province of Shan Tung said that beside himself there were only two Chinamen in the United States that came from any province in China other than Kwong Tung. The inhabitants of this province have for centuries been more adventurous and fonder of traveling than the rest of

China, and having since become merely a national custom. Some Chinamen in the United States dispense with the queue, but let it grow again when they are about to visit their native land. When at the top of the queue is often coiled on the top of the headdress.

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For the troublesome native Luigi has short words and but scant courtesy. Toward the ignorant foreigner he is more affably disposed, and affords a pipeful of tobacco and a few friendly words to open both his heart and his lips to the landscape, Vesuvius. He has been wrapped for an hour in a private mantle of cloud and that has just lifted to show his great gray shoulders white with unaccustomed snow. Luigi says it will be a hard afternoon for the scavengers at the summit of the mountain in front are the roofless, ashen walls of the ruins of the ancient city, sloping down to the very edge of that prehistoric lava stream that marks the earlier and greater rage of the monarch who visited sudden destruction upon the city of the buried Pompeii.

Luigi has a magnificent view from his high vantage point. He has seen the city of the buried Pompeii, and he has seen the city of the buried Vesuvius. He has seen the city of the buried Vesuvius, and he has seen the city of the buried Pompeii.

Well, Jones is certainly a patient man with a temper hard to ruffle. "Patient is no name for him. Why, that man has been in the streets of the city for weeks, and he has not moved a muscle. He has been in the streets of the city for weeks, and he has not moved a muscle. He has been in the streets of the city for weeks, and he has not moved a muscle