

BONANZA KINGS.

THE RISE OF FOUR MODERN MONTE CRISTOS.

From Humble Surroundings They Achieved Fame and Fortune—The Great Comstock Lode and the Big Bonanza.

There were four Monte Cristos in the United States. Now there are but two. The recent death of James Clair Flood in Heidelberg, Germany, reduces to a pair the four bonanza kings of the Pacific Slope. These are ex-United States Senator James G. Fair and John W. Mackay.

The career of this quartet of favorites of Fortune, the sorry old jade who gives most men more kicks than she does smiles—is the most remarkable record of a rise from poverty to affluence in this country of quickly acquired fortunes. These four quick-witted Irishmen went to California with thousands of other men who, when they started in the race for riches had every advantage of them, but their competitors never overtook them after they were once started.

To the people of San Francisco—where the four men were best known—Mr. Flood was the embodiment of everything omnipotent in financial speculation. It has been said that he was born in Ireland. This is not true. He was himself authority for the statement that he was born in New York, October 23, 1826, and that he received a common school education in the metropolis. In 1849 he went to California, did some placer mining on the Yuba River, but met with indifferent success. In 1851 he had accumulated about \$3000, and returned to New York. He found that his modest purse did not constitute a fortune, and he returned to the West. In San Francisco he, with William S. O'Brien—afterward his bonanza partner—engaged in the saloon business. Their saloon was dubbed the "Auction Lunch Bar." At that time the business of San Francisco was transacted within the area of half a dozen squares. The ships were discharged, the political speeches were made, the merchandise of the town sold, the games of chance run, the theatres, the dance halls, the duels and the hangings by the Vigilance Committee—all were carried to a happy consummation within the six bustling blocks of wooden shanties.

Thither on occasions came John W. Mackay, a bright, alert miner from the Comstock, and James G. Fair, another fine but entirely different type of the sturdy Nevada gold-seeker. O'Brien was intimate with Fair; Fair had the confidence of Mackay, and in course of time a social friendship and financial combination were formed which afterward made the four men interested in the most notable possessions of suddenly-acquired wealth in the West.

Flood was the financier of the copartnership then as later on. O'Brien was the good-natured, easy-going, never-speak-ill Irishman, who had more good nature than ability, and who served to cement the friendship of the remarkable quartet. Fair was the shrewd, cautious, suspicious adventurer who never lost more than five cents of any dollar that got into his vigorous grasp. Mackay was the same John W. as now, only on a less princely scale. He aspired at that early date only to control the great Comstock lode on which the ill-fated Ralston, Alvinger, Hayward and other magnates held imperious sway.

Flood, the balance-wheel and super-conservative financier of the copartnership, was satisfied with the prospect of controlling one mine for a starter, and so eventually the quartet got the stock of the Little Kentucky where they wanted it, and "The Auction Lunch Bar" was able to loom up in a new coat of paint, a fresh dress of cut-glass and other evidences of prosperity.

Jim Fair put his profits away in the Hibernia Savings Bank, Flood bought a modest two-story and basement wooden house uptown for the wife and daughter Jennie, O'Brien laid in a stock of elegant clothes and brought over three relatives from Ireland, and Mackay went back to the Comstock and fastened his eye on the Hale & Norcross mine.

Jim Fair was figuratively watching the dump of the Hale & Norcross with a microscope, and every ton of ore passed under his critical eye. Mackay was flying between Virginia City and San Francisco, giving points to Flood how to corner the stock and as to who held it. Finally the able quartet got the game in proper shape and, to the astonishment of Ralston and other magnates, boldly took possession of the board of directors with a full majority of the stock. The sequel to this proceeding was a cleverly-executed deal in Hale & Norcross, which made the four partners millionaires, attracted to the respectful attention of mining operators to the new copartnership, and completely prostrated all the gin-sellers within four blocks of the Auction Lunch Bar.

It was not until the discovery of the "Big Bonanza" however, that the bonanza kings attained the great notoriety which generally known exactly what part each of the partners had in the development of the bonanzas. It is generally believed in the West that to Fair's sagacity and wonderful knowledge of quartz mining were due the first interest taken by the bonanza firm in the Consolidated California & Virginia mines.

Finally, when everything was in readiness for a deal, in February, 1883, the Big Bonanza was uncovered to the astonished world. The body of ore revealed seemed to surpass in extent the wildest dreams of the old gold-seekers, and the people of California, as well as some of the Eastern cities became bereft of their prudence.

The bonanza—which is the miner's term for a chimney or chute in which sulphurets have gathered and settled down at a point 1107 feet below the surface, and pierced again as the shaft came down to the 1200-foot level. This great thing in its way, even for the great Comstock Lode, but it was only a beginning. Another 100 feet showed the bonanza widening and the ore becoming richer. At the 1500-foot level the ore ran higher than ever and the amount of the immense body of rich ore increased from 150 to 220 feet. The California went mad and San

Francisco abandoned all legitimate pursuits and became an asylum of raging monomania. Everybody who had taken Consolidated California & Virginia stock at a few dollars a share, and held it, was getting rich at the rate of thousands a day.

Crops of millionaires sprang up like grasshoppers in a hay field. Palaces of the newly-made rich began to climb skyward. It was argued on scientific principles that the "Big Bonanza" must continue to widen as it went down, and that for all time the holders of stock would collect dividends.

Contrary to the predictions of science, the bonanza did not widen as it went down. On the contrary it "pinched" all at once, and the visions of perpetual dividends vanished. There was a sudden collapse of the market and the public of San Francisco was poor, but Flood, Mackay, Fair and O'Brien were rich beyond all anticipation.

It is estimated that the bonanza yielded \$111,000,000, and it has been stated that the income of the four men was at one time \$800,000 a month each. Their wealth has been estimated at various sums, the most generally accepted being \$20,000,000 apiece. Mr. Flood's death leaves his family \$10,000,000 to divide. At one time he was worth at least \$50,000,000. But the big wheat deal of 1887 depleted his treasury and undermined his health.

October 5, 1875, the Nevada Bank was opened by the bonanza firm, and they designed to take the place which had been occupied by the Bank of California, which, under the extraordinary management of William C. Ralston, had exercised great power and amassed and lost immense wealth.

Flood's sagacity as a financier showed him the immense advantage a bank would be to him in San Francisco, where mining stocks were such an important factor, and where other banks looked with suspicion upon mining stocks as collateral. Results justified his ideas. Before the Nevada Bank was opened Flood one day suddenly made a demand for cash upon the California Bank which it was unable to meet. The result was its collapse and the sensational suicide of Ralston.—*New York Journal.*

Filibusters.

The West Indian pirates were commonly known by the name of filibusters or freebooters, which some authorities refuse to trace to "free" and "booters," (or plunderers), and find its original in the Flemish *wilbot* or *filbot*, a kind of small swift boat, specially adapted to practical cruising. The earliest filibusters were English and French hunters, who lived by the chase and by their plundering excursions in the sea of the Antilles. In order to provide themselves with a common rendezvous and asylum they made a descent in 1630 on the island of Tortuga, two leagues to the north of San Domingo, and captured it. The settlement which they formed there increased rapidly in numbers, and was divided into three distinct classes—the buccanniers, who were engaged in hunting oxen and boars, the hides of which they sold when sun-dried, or buccanied; the inhabitants, who labored at the tillage of the ground, and the filibusters, who pursued the avocation of pirates. The last-named were recruited to a great extent from the French marine, and obtained their chiefs among the Knights of Malta. But there were large bodies of English seamen engaged in the illicit trade, and some of the most successful and notorious buccannery chiefs were English Captains. Their ships, at all events in the early years of the West Indian piracy, were small and badly provisioned, and a flotilla of three or four would not carry more than 150 men. They took up their position at the mouths of the rivers, lying in wait for the Spanish trading vessels. When one appeared they threw out their grappling irons and carried it by boarding. Then they repaired to the nearest island and divided the booty, or, if their prize proved to be a vessel of importance, armed it as a ship of war, appointed to its Captain, and, with the assistance of half a dozen of the foremost men, arranged a plan of voyage, and, having settled everything, each man's rights, the partition of prize money, and the extra allowances in money or slaves for wounds received in combat, hung out their canvas to the wind. In this way the filibusters gradually (and even rapidly) replaced their tiny craft by well-found ships of goodly size and equipment.—*Gentleman's Magazine.*

Sliding in Earnest.

The Esquimaux of North America, on land journeys, often encounter hills where it would be very dangerous to attempt a descent with a heavily loaded sled drawn by dogs. When such a place is reached, they unlatch the dogs and let the sled descend by its own weight. All the men act as brakes to prevent, if possible, a descent so rapid as to land the equipage a complete wreck at the bottom. The two strongest of the drivers take their places on the sides at the front of the sled, and the others hold on where they can, all pull back as strongly as possible when the speed increases. Some plant their feet straight in front of them and send the snow flying as if from a snow-plow. Others find themselves taking leaps that would astonish a kangaroo, are dragged furiously along, or maybe, come rolling to the bottom after the sled. The dogs regard the whole affair as a joke, and with their traces tied together come dashing along in the wild chase, some barking joyously, others yelping distressfully, caught in the traces, they are dragged to the foot of the hill by their reckless companions. It often seemed a wonder when, even with all our exertions, we could land sled and party at the bottom in safety.—*St. Nicholas.*

The Fig Tree.

In Latin myths the fig tree was held sacred to Bacchus and employed in religious ceremonies. A tree of this variety is said to have overshadowed Romulus and Remus, the twin founders of Rome, in the wolf's cave. The sacred fig is chiefly planted in India as a religious object, being regarded as sacred by both Brahmas and Buddhists. A gigantic tree of this variety growing in Ceylon is said to be one of the oldest trees in the world, and, if tradition is to be trusted, it grew from a branch of the tree under which Gautama Buddha became endued with divine powers, and has always been held in the highest veneration.—*Pick's Magazine.*

ORISKANY.

MOST SANGUINARY CONFLICT OF THE REVOLUTION.

The Desperate Valor of the Old Continental Fights an Ambuscade—Indomitable Herkimer—The First Starry Banner.

About two miles west of Oriskany, N. Y., writes John Fiske in the *American Monthly*, the road was crossed by a deep semi-circular ravine, concave toward the east. The bottom of this ravine was a swamp, across which the road was carried by a causeway of logs, and the steep banks on either side were thickly covered with trees and underbrush. The practiced eye of Thayendanegea at once perceived the rare advantage of such a position, and an ambuscade was soon prepared with a skill as deadly as that which once had wrecked the proud army of Braddock. But this time it was a meeting of Greek with Greek, and the wives of the savage chief were foiled by a desperate valor which nothing could overcome. By ten o'clock the main body of Herkimer's army had descended into the ravine, followed by the wagons, while the rear-guard was still on the rising ground behind. At this moment they were greeted by a murderous volley from either side, while Johnson's Greys came charging down upon them in front, and the Indians, with frightful yells, swarmed in behind and cut off the rear-guard, which was thus obliged to retreat to save itself. For a moment the main body was thrown into confusion, but it soon rallied and formed itself in a circle, which neither bayonet charges nor musket fire could break nor penetrate. The scene that ensued was one of the most infernal that the history of savage warfare has ever witnessed. The dark ravine was filled with a mass of fifteen hundred human beings, screaming and cursing, slipping in the mire, pushing and struggling, seizing each other's throats, stabbing, shooting and dashing out brains. Bodies of neighbors were afterward found lying in the bog, where they had gone down in a death grapple, their cold hands still grasping the knives plunged in each other's hearts.

Early in the fight a musket-ball slew Herkimer's horse, and shattered his own leg just below the knee; but the old hero, nothing daunted, and bating nothing of his coolness in the midst of the horrid struggle, had the saddle taken from his dead horse and placed at the foot of a great beech tree, where, taking his seat and lighting his pipe, he continued shouting his orders in a stentorian voice and directing the progress of the battle. Nature presently enhanced the lurid horror of the scene. The heat of the August morning had been intolerable, and black thunder clouds, overshadowing the deep ravine at the beginning of the action, had enveloped it in a rain-curtain like that of night. Now the rain came pouring in torrents, while gusts of wind howled through the treetops, and sheets of lightning flashed in quick succession, with a continuous roar of thunder that drowned the noise of the fray. The wet rifles could no longer be fired, but hatchet, knife and bayonet carried on the work of butchery, until, after more than five hundred men had been killed or wounded, the Indians gave way and fled in all directions, and the Tory soldiers, disconcerted, began to retreat up the western road, while the patriot army, remaining in possession of the hard-won field, felt itself too weak to pursue them.

At this moment, as the storm cleared away, and long rays of sunshine began flickering through the wet leaves, the sound of the three signal-guns came booming through the air, and presently a sharp crackling of musketry was heard from the direction of Fort Stanwix. Startled by this ominous sound, the Tories made all possible haste to join their own army, while the patriots, bearing their wounded on litters of green boughs, returned in sad procession to Oriskany. With their commander helpless and more than one-third of their number slain or disabled, they were in no condition to engage in a fresh conflict, and unwillingly confessed that the garrison of Fort Stanwix must be left to do its part of the work alone. Upon the arrival of the messengers, Colonel Gansevoort had at once taken in the whole situation. He understood the mysterious firing in the forest, saw that Herkimer must have been prematurely attacked, and ordered his sortie instantly, to serve as a diversion. The sortie was a brilliant success. Sir John Johnson, with his Tories and Indians, was completely routed and driven across the river. Colonel Marinus Willet took possession of his camp, and held it while seven wagons were three times unloaded in the fort. Among all this spoil, together with abundance of food and drink, blankets and clothes, tools and ammunition, the victors captured five British standards, and all Johnson's papers, maps, and memoranda, containing full instructions for the projected campaign. After this useful exploit, Colonel Willet returned to the fort and hoisted the captured British standards, while over them he raised an un-orthodox flag, intended to represent the American stars and stripes, which Congress had adopted in June as the national banner. This rude flag, hastily extemporized out of white shirt, an old blue jacket, and some strips of red cloth from the petticoat of a soldier's wife, was the first American flag with stars and stripes that was ever hoisted, and it was first flung to the breeze on the memorable day of Oriskany, August 6, 1777.

Of all the battles of the Revolution, this was perhaps the most obstinate and murderous. Each side seems to have lost not less than one-third of its whole number, and of those lost, nearly all were killed, as it was largely a hand-to-hand struggle, like the battles of ancient times, and no quarter was given on either side. The number of surviving wounded, who were carried back to Oriskany, does not seem to have exceeded forty. Among these shattered leg was an unskillfully treated that he died a few days later, sitting in bed propped by pillows, calmly smoking his Dutch pipe and reading his Bible at the thirty-eighth Psalm.

Bedford College, London, the oldest of the ladies' colleges, is to be extended, owing to the increased demand for practical science teaching. The improvements will cost about \$15,000.

WORDS OF WISDOM.

Love 'will out'
Woe makes man!
War is a suspension of morality.
Do not kick every one in your path.
Learn to think and act for yourself.
A woman cannot be sought; she must be found.
Love betters the best, and may save the worst.

No accidents are so unlucky but that the prudent may draw some advantage from them.

When in traveling a Chesterfield is discovered arrangements should be made to fire a gun.

Evidence seems to show that age affects the intensity of sleep more than the frequency of dreams.

When rulers want war they declare it. They then order some lawyer-statesman to publish the reasons.

The man who gives his children habits of industry provides for them better than by giving them a fortune.

We want characters that will stand temptation, and not snap asunder under the sudden pressures of life.

Nothing sets so wide a mark between a noble and a vulgar soul as respect for and reverential love of womanhood.

The greater the want of logic, the greater the audacity. Nothing is more fallacious than war, yet what has more devotees.

In love one is often disappointed, surprised, unhappy; but still one loves. On the brink of the grave one looks back to say: I have suffered much, I was disappointed at times, but—I have loved!

A Nabob's Stupendous Enterprise.

Two men, one somewhat gray-haired, and the other slender and dark-whiskered, were walking down Broadway the other day unnoticed in the great throng of passers. "These two men are among the wealthiest in this city, and each represents many millions," said a well-posted broker to a *New York Mail and Express* reporter. "Who are they? The gray-haired gentleman is J. H. Flagler, and the other is Jay O. Moss, who has more duties to perform in the way of being at the head of great industries than any man I know. He is Treasurer of the Cotton Seed Oil Trust, President of the Hocking Valley Coal and Iron Trust, is connected with the Richmond Terminal, the Baltimore and Ohio and many other railroads, and yet he is not happy, and has engaged in another big enterprise that would make the head of the Marquis de Mores swim to contemplate. Mores had a dream that he could handle all the cattle in the West and bring the meat here direct for market. He had good ideas in the main, but he had the middleman to fight and he lost. Well, Flagler is President and Moss Vice-President of the American Meat Company, organized not long ago, and they practically have the largest ranches in the West at their disposal. It is something stupendous to contemplate. The following men I know have their ranches in the list: Congressman S. V. White, ex-Secretary Deiano, John B. Alley, the Boston millionaire, who has the third largest ranch of any in the company; E. G. Ingersoll and E. C. Converse, proprietor of the National Tube Works in Pittsburg. The latter employs 6000 men in his works. The great plant at Kansas City has been bought, and there the cattle will be killed and the meat shipped here. At least 70,000 pounds of beef per day will be shipped, and 200 refrigerator cars have already been purchased and are now in constant use. They have also purchased and own just 1,892,000 acres of land in the West, an area larger than Connecticut. On this commonwealth of land 250,000 head of cattle graze and fatten for the Eastern market. In order to keep active, Mr. Moss has added this little industry to his daily duties.

Silk Hats Need no Polishing.

Said a fashionable downtown hatter: "I wish I had a dollar for every time I polish a silk hat. It's absolutely ridiculous, the way men drop in, perhaps as often as twice a week, to have their hats polished."

"Most of them are customers, and of course I never charge them anything. Then I don't think it good business policy to charge strangers, for they might become customers. In fact, I do gain a good deal of custom by polishing the strangers' hats as a matter of course and being very courteous about it. When they offer to pay I say in an off-hand way that we never charge for that work, and invite them to give me a call some time when they want to buy a hat. And very often, as I said, they do."

"But the frequency with which the same man brings in the same hats rather absurd. The hat is already as luxurious as it can well be made, and unnecessary polishing only wears it out. But it wouldn't do to tell the customer this. I send the hat downstairs and have it kept there ten minutes and then sent up, perhaps without its having been touched. But the man doesn't know this, and departs imagining his headgear sheds a brighter radiance than when he entered."—*New York World.*

The Spider-Web Party.

The "spider-web" party is the latest fad with people bent on novelty. Five strings are stretched from nails in one room to pieces of furniture in another, where their ends are concealed. A guest is given a certain string in the first room and is supposed to trace it to its hiding point in the next, a favor of some sort being the reward, it having been fastened to the concealed end of the string. The disentangling of these strings is no easy matter. The card of invitation to one of these parties has a spider's web engraved in the corner of the card.—*Commercial Advertiser.*

An Athletic Vegetarian.

Mr. R. E. Thacker, of this city, now in his ninth year of total abstinence from meat, took a pedestrian trip in the adjacent country of over fifty miles one day last summer, without the least difficulty. He published the interesting fact in the hope that the demonstration of capability of such a feat with the fare he feeds on might lead worthy people to consider whether there is really need of slaughter of vast numbers of innocent creatures for human food—"the great question on which vegetarianism must stand or fall."—*New York Tribune.*

Progress in Cotton Spinning.

Cotton spinning as an industry has made progress in this generation equal to the strides in the electrical world. An operative in a New England cotton mill, writing to a Boston paper, says that within his memory a mule 300 spindles long was considered a "tremendous thing," and when 400 spindles were talked of "the cry was, 'Oh, it cannot be done! It will kill us all!'" and yet this modern kind of mule has grown steadily from 300 spindles to 1200 or more, and the same spinner says that he has lately worked on mules of 1200 spindles with greater ease than on 300 many years ago. At one of the mills in Lowell three overseers are now employed who have been there fifty years or more. The oldest of the group entered the mill in September, 1826, within six years after the first machinery was started up. The second followed him only a year later, and has been an overseer for exactly fifty years. The third overseer went to work in the factory in 1835. In those early days the looms were of the rudest construction, and two were enough for a weaver to operate. So great has been the development of the last half century that the average weaver of the present day runs six looms, and the best ones easily take care of eight. This is in excess of the number operated in the best English mills. An authority in the technicalities of the business says that on the old looms of former days a girl would take care of 256 spindles, while on the apparatus now in vogue one no smarter operator can manage more than 624 spindles. The increase in speed has been marvelous. In the early days, 3500 revolutions per minute was the maximum, while the present speed of improved machines is over 10,000 revolutions.—*New York Graphic.*

The Beautiful Tarpon.

The home of the tarpon is in the Gulf of Mexico and in the Western Atlantic. He occasionally appears as far north as the Jersey coast, and is met with around the West Indies, but is most frequently caught in the bays and harbors of the Florida coast. In his prime the tarpon is a six-footer. He weighs from one hundred to one hundred and fifty pounds. He is remarkable for his great beauty. When first landed his scales shine as though plated with silver. He has a long bony projection at the dorsal fin, which rises when scooting along the top of the water while the fish is out of sight beneath. The tarpon is known in Georgia as the "Jew-fish," and in Texas as the "Savannah." In other places it is called "silver fish" and "silver king." The French speaking people of the gulf coast call it the "grand eaille," owing to the size of the scales.

Three Matrimonial Pops.

There are three varieties of popping the question now in vogue—the pop best, the pop deliberate and the pop precipitate. New York inclines to the precipitate pop. Philadelphia has long favored the deliberate pop, so much so that courtship has been known to extend almost from the cradle to the grave before the preacher got a job. Years are sometimes consumed in studying out each other's pedigrees. But in the wild, hoyden West it is very different. There the pop precipitate reigns, and it is no uncommon thing for a woman to get an offer on sight. The other day in St. Louis a Boston widow found a husband in an hour. The Arkansas man who popped meant business, and gave her a minute to decide. Westward the hope of spinsters takes its way.—*Philadelphia Times.*

Cost of Grape Culture.

A California paper gives some interesting facts relative to the growing of grapes. It says: The total expense of cultivating an acre of grapes is \$15; the curing and packing of an acre of grapes, making 100 boxes of raisins, \$5. The average price of raisins for the last four years has been about \$1.60 per box. Putting the price at \$1.50 per box for the four grades, we have a total net profit of \$95 per acre. Many vineyards do better than the above. Vineyards have frequently been known to produce grapes enough the first year after planting to pay expenses of cultivation. The second year brings from \$30 to \$50 per acre, gross; third year, \$60 to \$75.

A Chinese Ruse to Get Money.

Brimwood, in New South Wales, has been roused to indignation against the Chinaman. This is why. When Ah Jack died, several of his sorrowing relatives decided to annex \$175 he had left in the local bank. So they wrapped the body in a blanket, declared the dead man was ill, demanded the coin, and one of the sons of Confucius directed the dead man's hand in making the necessary signature. "You acknowledge this is your mark?" said the manager, unexpectedly. The mysterious silence that followed induced him to tear away the blanket. He was horrified to find that Ah Jack was dead.—*Chicago Herald.*

A Grand Botanical Garden.

The finest botanical gardens in the world are said to be those of Peredjina, near Kandy, in Ceylon. They comprise one hundred and fifty acres. Among the curiosities are bamboos a hundred feet high and nine inches in diameter, which in the month of July grow between one and two feet a day. India rubber trees with immense roots, three and four feet above ground; when cut with a knife a milky substance comes forth. Ginger, cloves and jack fruit are raised in succession; most beautiful orchids, such as would command fabulous prices in Europe, are seen in profusion, with flowers of every shade and color.

Honey Granulation a Mooted Problem.

Aparians differ in their opinions in regard to the cause of granulation in honey. Some think it caused by low temperature; others say that it is a kind of ripening process which honey undergoes with age. Canded honey may be readily liquefied by heating it in a water bath—that is, by placing the vessel containing the honey in a vessel of hot water, allowing it to remain until the granulation disappears. The honey should then be strained and placed in glass jars, and set in a dark, moderately warm room until wanted for use.—*New York Sun.*

The memoirs of General Santa Ana, the Mexican General, will soon be published in the United States.

THE WOMEN OF COREA!

THEIR SOCIAL CONDITION AND QUEER COSTUME.

A Life of Strict Seclusion—Wearing Their Husband's Coats For Head Coverings—Their Holiday.

Nothing could be more dreary and hopeless than the social condition of the women of Corea. They cannot be said to occupy any position at all, and are regarded as of the least importance in the family order and arrangements. The subjection of women has reached the extreme point in Corea, and their seclusion is strictly enforced after the seventh year, except with those of the lowest and poorest classes, who cannot help being seen while they work or carry burdens on the streets and roads. Even these poor creatures try to cover their faces at sight of a man, although they are not as lovely as our Indian squaws.

Their costume is no aid to comeliness. Like the men the common dress of the lustrous grass cloth woven of the fibre of a wild reed that grows on the peninsula as well as in China. White is really the color of the whole nation is ordered into mourning garb when a king dies, the practical minds of a few centuries ago voted to stay in mourning and be ready for untoward events rather than make the change from blue to white clothes so often. Their costume, consisting of baggy trousers, long petticoat, and short jacket, has nothing to recommend it on the score of beauty or grace of outline, and color is the one redeeming point. The full petticoat is gathered to a band, but even the poorest women make their skirts a half-yard too long, after the fashion of the palace ladies, and then gather and tie them up in bulky folds around the waist. They wear the shortest little long-sleeved jackets. The Korean stockings is of white cloth thickly wadded with cotton, and the quantity of padding for each stocking is regulated by law. The padded stocking makes the whole people seem afflicted with elephantiasis. A well-woven straw sandal protects the foot in ordinary times, but in rainy and wintry weather they wear the regular wooden sabot of Holland, but raised by two pieces of wood under the foot and heel that relate it closely to the Japanese rain shoe, and curiously combine the two.

Often the women wear full petticoats of pale blue and pale green cloth, and their short jackets of green, blue, or pink give good solid touches of color to the costumes. When talking in the streets they throw a green coat over their heads, and hold it closely down so as to conceal everything but the eyes. They never put these coats on properly, as they are supposed to be the coats of their soldier husbands, and the wives have them ready to hand over at the instant call to war. Very often the green coat is folded and laid on the top of the head as a pad or cushion for the heavy bundle, jar, or basket they may be carrying there. Little girls wear the same costume in miniature, but the whole wealth of the color-box is spent in their clothes, and their bright pink, blue and green gowns are surpassed by coats with the sleeves made up of strips of different colored cloths sewed together.

While the beauty of some of the children suggests the possibility of beauty among the women, one's experience proves it, and the general indifference of Corea men to the green-draped figures that skulk by must be warranted by facts and their wide experience of the unveiled women who for centuries have failed to evolve a bonnet, or veil, or national head-gear, or asserted the rights of their head to a proper covering of its own. These exceptional bonnetless women, putting up with such makeshifts as their husbands' coats for centuries, do not command one's sympathies as much as if they went honestly bareheaded. If there were anything to be seen in the green coats but their stolid, stupid, heavy faces, one might pardon for coquetry's sake the ugly veil.

In-doors their hair dressing proves to be quite a simple affair. The abundant black hair being parted and smoothly drawn back into a knot at the nape of the neck, and caught with a tailed silver or gold pin. Some of the women seen in the Queen's suite at the palace wear enormous chignons of false hair, weighing ten and twenty pounds, but this is a head dress of rank and for state ceremony. At the same time their petticoats are distended by bamboo hoops that exceed the "tilters" of so many years ago. The singing and dancing girls at the palace wear full divided skirts that allow them to ride astride of ponies in the royal procession, and they have a coquettish little cap for winter and a full brimmed hat for summer as a mark of their profession. The Queen wears the same dress as other Korean women, only that it is made of silk and fine materials, and the jacket and broad girdle are handsomely embroidered. On very rare occasions she has given audience to foreign ladies, and she has discharged all the astrologers and wizards in her suite, and employs a woman physician who recently went out from America.

The Korean women, unlike good children, are heard if not seen at night, and in the stillness succeeding the curfew bell of Seoul one hears them lifting their voices in quivering, camp-meeting wails, and singing the most plaintive songs. The white cotton clothes of the people are washed by the women, who pound them with stones in some dirty pool or watercourse, and they are ironed or given their silken gloss by being wound tightly on wooden rollers and pounded with wooden sticks by the hour. Two women sit on the ground facing each other, with the roller between them, and play a regular and lively waltz with their drumsticks. One hears that steady rat-tat all day and half the night, and as they do not know or drink tea, it is a question when the down-trodden women of Corea get even the poor privilege of gossiping about their sad condition.

The women's great holiday comes in June, when for a whole twenty-four hours they are privileged to roam the city with uncovered faces, and visit all the public places. Men are supposed to modestly withdraw on that day, to avert their eyes or at most to cover their faces with their hands, and only peep through their fingers at the thousands of homely women who swarm the streets on this ladies' day.—*Harper's Bazar.*