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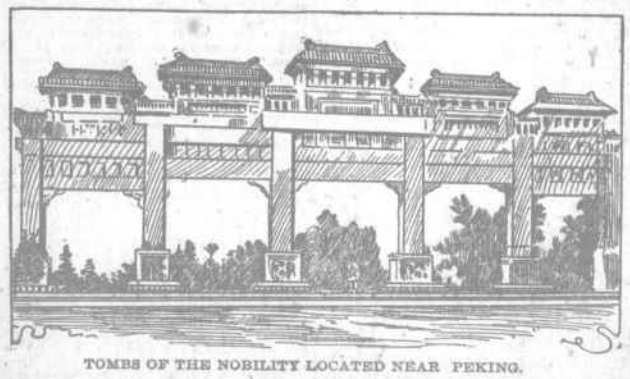
WORSHIP THEIR ANCESTORS.

THE PARAMOUNT TENET OF A CHINAMAN'S FAITH.

MUCH has been written lately about the religious fanaticism of the Chinese; and most of it is a mere pack of lies. The average Chinaman is not a religious bigot. He is averse to persecuting anyone on account of his spiritual leanings and countenances almost every form of worship. The bulk of China's population is divided into Buddhists, Taoists and the orthodox followers of Confucius; but very few writers mention the fact that scores of sects—some quite antagonistic to what might be called "established churches"—are prospering in every section of the great empire. The only ceremonial which unites the followers of all these schools is family worship, better known as worship of ancestors. The ancestral tomb is the family altar around which the Chinese pater familias, from the emperor down to the humblest coolie, assembles his children and all his servants and offers up to deity his prayers and his sacrifices.

The family idea is the fundamental principle of national and private life.



TOMBS OF THE NOBILITY LOCATED NEAR PEKING.

The ancestors are considered at one with their posterity, and are supposed to intercede with the powers above for the children they have left behind. They are consulted at the family council and have the power to sanction or condemn all proceedings. All the descendants of a house pay homage to the founder, and the living head of the family is under moral obligation to take care of and provide for the poor of his clan. This is a duty that is never shirked, although in times of famine and failure of crops it usually ruins men who have been famed for their wealth and business sagacity. Future happiness and celestial bliss depend upon fidelity to the living and sacrifices for their sake will be rewarded by the ancestors who have gone before. The belief that the dead are exercising an ever-present influence on their posterity has, in the course of time, given rise to a system of superstition which might be called a mixture of spiritualism and necromancy. In its trail have followed witchcraft, animal worship and other demoralizing and grotesque practices.

The Christian missionaries, instead of trying to refine the worship of ancestors, have endeavored to stamp it out entirely; and that is the principal reason why their otherwise conscientious work has hitherto been virtually ineffective. The natives do not object to the teachings of Christ, but they cannot understand why they should not pray to their ancestors who, they firmly believe, dwell in the paradise of God and, as angels, are entitled to the worship of their children and children's children. From their point of view, which is based on the faith of scores of generations, and consequently a part of every individual life, they are not as unreasonable as the European and American emissaries of the Christ who, instead of adapting their doctrines to the understanding of the persons they desire to reach, ask them to renounce their ancestors altogether and worship the triune God.

It would seem that a man who is not a diplomat has no business to engage in missionary work in what is called semi-civilized countries. Paul, the most successful organizer the Christian church has ever had, was essentially diplomatic. He was not afraid to preach the truth, but he never preached a dogma or a schism. He studied the mental and traditional characteristics of his hearers and organized them, not according to a cast-iron plan, but according to their understandings. He knew full well that the seeds of Christianity once planted in a community, a rich harvest was sure to follow, and that the minds and consciences of the most degraded believers would expand and be purified under the influence of divine love. In China, on the other hand, many Christian preachers, good and sincere men, have succeeded in nothing except giving life to a deep seated prejudice which has found its culmination in the outrages which are now startling the civilized world.

When the excitement was at its height some of the foreign generals suggested that a threat be communicated to the imperial government that the tombs of the emperors north of Peking would be destroyed in case of a wholesale massacre of white people. Fortunately wiser counsel prevailed. An ultimatum of this kind would have aroused the hatred and vengeance of every Chinaman and led to the annihilation of every white person in China. It would, moreover, have alienated the viceroys of the southern provinces who, so far, have stood up bravely for the maintenance of law and order.

G. W. WEIPPIERT.

MOSQUITOES and MALARIA

EUROPEAN DOCTORS' ODD TEST IN ROMAN SWAMPS

WHILE in many parts of the world armed forces are arrayed against each other for the sole purpose of destroying human life, two scientific men, dwelling in an uninviting house on the Roman Campagna, are risking their health to save the lives of countless thousands now living and not yet born. The most disastrous of all diseases, according to medical authorities, is malaria. Many theories have been advanced concerning the way in which malaria germs are introduced into the blood of human beings, the one most generally accepted in recent years being that the disease is spread by mosquitoes. Among the most noted believers in the latter theory are Dr. Louis Sambon, of the English School of Tropical Medicine, and his assistant, Dr. G. C. Low, who are now shut up in a mosquito-proof house in the marshes near Rome, the world's malarial hotbed, to demonstrate the truth of their arguments. They will remain in voluntary captivity until October to prove that under certain conditions it is possible to insure immunity from malaria in the worst of fever districts. It has been stated that a person cannot remain a single night in the Campagna without contracting malaria. The two English experimenters say this means that the average person cannot remain there a single night without being mosquito bitten.

Drs. Sambon and Low expect to demonstrate that if a man can live all summer in the Roman Campagna without being bitten by mosquitoes he will escape malaria. The structure which they are inhabiting was constructed for them in London. It is a long, low building with a high, pitched roof. Its special feature is the use of very fine wire gauze, of the same texture as ordinary mosquito nets. This has been employed in the various casements of the building, while a quantity of the same material has been inserted between the roof and the tops of the supporting walls for purposes of ventilation. To make assurance doubly sure, ordinary mosquito nets are employed in the bedrooms. During the daytime the two doctors conduct experiments in the fever-stricken swamp around their house. Just before sunset they return to their domicile, and, after making sure that no stray mosquito has entered it, hermetically seal themselves up until sunrise.

The scientific world is watching the present experiment with profound interest. If successful, it will prove that the spotted-winged mosquito of Europe, Asia and Africa is responsible for the worst of all diseases and that the adoption of modern drainage systems will do more toward stamping out the fever than all the quinine in the world. The mosquito breeds in swamps and nothing is so inimical to its existence as drainage. Nature has given man an ally in the dragon fly, which feeds on mosquitoes, and experiments are now under way in Europe and West Africa for breeding these gaudy-winged insects in great numbers and turning them loose in malarial districts.

It All Depends.

Oh, warm is hubby's welcome when
He comes home to rest contented;
But hot his greeting if, perchance,
His breath with cloves is scented.
—Chicago Record.

PERSONAL AND IMPERSONAL.

A Cambridge (Mass.) councilman is endeavoring to gain an appropriation of $5,000 to buy the house of James Russell Lowell for a free library.

Ali Ferouh Bey, the Turkish minister to this country, is a regular member of the Washington Fencing club, of which Count Cassini is president, and is one of the best swordsmen.

Eminent English medical authorities, including Sir J. Crichton Browne, believe that consumption in the United Kingdom will in the ordinary course of events disappear in 60 years.

Signorina Paola Lombroso, daughter of Prof. Lombroso, the criminal anthropologist, has written a book on the "Problem of Happiness," in which she disagrees entirely with the views of her father.

Gen. Andrew Sheridan Burt, colonel of the Twenty-fifth (colored) infantry, which has so distinguished itself in the Philippines, has the pen of a ready writer and is contemplating writing a history of the Philippine conflict.

A singer in grand opera contradicts the statement frequently made that lemon juice is excellent to relieve a slight hoarseness. It may clear the voice at first, but only for a short time, and the strong acid is extremely injurious to the vocal chords.

A Kansas man has struck a new way of getting a living. He has a flock of 600 turkeys, which, in consideration of board for himself, he moves from one farm to another, where they clean up the grasshoppers with which the farms of that section are infested.

Alfred Beit is as rich as the Rothschilds. In politics he has allied himself with Mr. Rhodes and has been one of the greatest workers for the British empire in South Africa. Yet by birth he is a German. The son of a great Hamburg merchant, he went to South Africa as a lad to study the developments there. He studied to such good effect that he made millions, acquired a predominant interest in the diamond trade and secured a lion's share in the gold fields.

NIGHT OWLS OF A CITY.

Those Who Carry On Their Callings When Day Watches Are Asleep.

"Unless you are something of a noctambulist," said a man whose work keeps him up late o'nights, in the New Orleans Democrat, "you have no idea how many queer ways there are of making a living in this big city. Walking home anywhere from two to four o'clock in the morning, I have made the acquaintance of half a dozen curious crafts. The coal gleaners are most numerous, I think. They creep along with gunny sacks fishing in the gutters and picking up stray chunks in front of passageways. I have seen coal piles left out of doors that vanished like a dream in the time that it took me to traverse a block. What do they do with the stuff? They sell it, I suppose, to poor people who buy in basket lots. Another familiar figure is the bone and bottle man. I have no idea what he does with his plunder, but he flits like a specter from trash barrel to trash barrel and carefully searches the contents for bones and glass. He keeps the loot carefully separated in two sacks, and must have a storage den somewhere in the heart of the town, for he seems to collect an immense quantity. Still another industry is the gathering of paper and rags. The people that follow it—and they are mostly full grown men—must be immune to every microbe known ti science, for nothing is too foul and filthy to escape their clutches. I have often shuddered to watch them, yet I dare say that the same malodorous refuse is eventually tranferred into dainty notepaper, or delicate tissues, perhaps, for artificial flowers. One of the queerest of all the night owls is a fellow who appears to collect nothing but old wire. You would suppose there would be very little of that lying around, but I have seen him scurrying along with huge coils of it under his arm. No doubt he has other side lines which I have failed to detect. These are all, as you might say, tradesmen. A very industrious worker in another line is a little chap who runs errands, brings lunch, and 'rushes de can' for the night shifts in two or three big concerns near the river front. He is a strange and weazened creature of no age in particular, and has done nothing else for years. Nobody has ever seen him in daylight. It wouldn't surprise me if he faded into thin air at dawn."

Freddie's Idea of It.

Freddie—Ma, didn't the minister say that the hairs of our heads are numbered?

Ma—He did, Freddie.

(After an interval of reflection)—"I suppose that's done so if one falls out we'll know just where to put it back in the right place."—Richmond Dispatch.

Fun in Sight.

Irate Father—You appear to be a pretty strong man. If you will boot that impudent dude out of my house I will give you a meal and a quarter.

Tramp—Ha! ha! Dat's too funny.

"What are you laughing at?"

"A meal and a quarter to boot."—Chicago Evening News.

TAILOR TO DEFORMED PEOPLE.

Some Difficulties Are Encountered in Making Clothes for Crippled and Misshapen.

The tall man took a coat from the rack and turned it round and round slowly. "What do you think of this?" he asked.

The caller eyed the garment doubtfully. "I hardly know what to think," she said. "It seems so kind of bumpy."

The tall man laughed. "Well," he admitted, "it is something on the bumpy order. But then it is intended for a bumpy man. Bumpy people are my specialty."

"Oh!" remarked the caller, apologetically. "I didn't know that."

"You did not know, perhaps, that the tailor business, like every other profession, is gradually being divided up into specialties. I have taken the bumpy people, as you call them, for my particular patrons. For the past five years I have been working almost exclusively along the bumpy line, and now fully two-thirds of my customers are people troubled with some physical imperfection which they want concealed, or, where that is impossible, reduced to a minimum by their clothes.

"It stands to reason that it is a difficult thing to give a deformed man a good fit. It might seem, to the casual observer, that any tailor who can turn out a well-fitting suit of clothes for a sound, upright man, ought to be able to do proportionately good work for a cripple, but this theory does not hold water in practice. I know scores of tailors uptown who do first-class work when sewing for their own trade, but as soon as they infringe on my specialty they make a botch of everything they lay their hands on. Their incompetency in that line is due chiefly to the tendency to give attention to the whimsical notions and suggestions of patrons.

"As a rule, a man whose physique is out of kelter is very sensitive in regard to his shortcomings. He naturally wants the defect minimized to the greatest possible degree, and he has a great deal of ideas which would, he believes, tend to improve his appearance. The tailor who has not learned from experience the cut best adapted to various deformities is apt to be guided by the most plausible of these suggestions, and the result is general dissatisfaction to all concerned.

"As for myself, having studied this branch of the trade for so many years, I consider that I am competent to fit the worst case of crooked limbs or bad back on record, and while I listen patiently to directions and apparently defer to the wishes of my customers I am troubled by fewer kickers than any other tailor of my acquaintance. I am quite proud of my reputation, too. There are hosts of these bumpy people in town, and it is high time somebody was making a special study of their anatomy."

WHAT THE CHINESE EAT.

Rice Is Not as Is Commonly Supposed the Principal Diet of the Common People.

It is the popular belief in this country that rice is the chief diet of the lower classes of China. This is erroneous, for rice is a luxury from their point of view, because too costly for every-day consumption. They eat much pork, which costs little, for hogs of razor-back breed are plentiful everywhere, and the pig is the domestic animal par excellence. She sleeps in the living room, recognizes her name and displays in her intelligence the inherited results of centuries of training. She litters twice a year, and of her offspring the males are fattened while the females are sold or kept for breeding. The household porker is a pet; she is fed at every meal of the family, foraging for herself at other times in the streets and fields. And it should be remembered that the pig is decidedly a clean animal when properly kept, says a Chicago exchange.

Rev. Dr. Williams, in his "Middle Kingdom," says that the Chinese in the vicinity of Canton, from whom are recruited nearly all of the pig-tailed immigrants to this country, have a remarkable appetite for cats. One frequently sees pussies hanging, nicely dressed, at the butchers' windows, the meat looking so white and clean as to be almost appetizing. They are kept alive in the shops, too, in cages ready for killing. Because they are so prolific and find so much of their own food, they can be raised profitably. Cats' eyes are considered a great delicacy by the rich, those of black cats being regarded as choicest and commanding the highest price. Rats and mice are seldom eaten, except in case of famine; they are too hard to catch to be cheap. But among the Chinese there is an old joke about an imaginary dish called "honey and squeak," made by inclosing a live mouse in a piece of honeycomb.

Impossible, He Thought.

The Sweet Thing—Are they happily married?

The Savage Bachelor—No, they're married.—N. Y. World.

A LITTLE NONSENSE.

Hoax—"Is Hardback the sort of fellow one could trust?" Joax—"Well, if you trust him once you'll trust him forever."—Philadelphia Record.

She—"Don't you trust me?" He—"I'd trust you with my life!" "O, you mean thing! Then your life is not insured, after all!"—Yonkers Statesman.

"Bilfkins' wife is such a worrying woman. What's she got to worry about?" "Bilfkins is such a good husband that she's afraid it won't last."—Syracuse Herald.

The Elderly Gentleman—"The true secret of success is to find out what the people want." The Younger Man—"And give it to them, eh?" "Naw, corner it."—Indianapolis Press.

McJiggers—"He fell into Jones' well, and it never teased him." Thingumbob—"You don't say! Didn't hurt him, eh?" McJiggers—"No; and you know how hard the water is in Jones' well."—Philadelphia Press.

"My dear sir," began the banko man, "your face strikes me as being familiar." "So?" coldly replied the intelligent farmer. "My fist most generally strikes folks for bein' that way."—Catholic Standard and Times.

Sour-Faced Woman—"You get right out of here or I'll call my husband." Tramp—"Yer husband ain't at home." Sour-Faced Woman—"How do you know he ain't?" Tramp—"I've allers noticed, mum, dat w'en a man is married to a woman w'ot looks like you he never is at home except at meal time."—Rochester Herald.

"George Diggle was awfully snubbed by Lizzie last night. It was all because of one of his unfortunate speeches." "What did he say?" "Why, Lizzie jestingly remarked that her face was quite too expressive. 'It's like an open book,' she said. 'Yes,' remarked George, 'it's plain to be seen.' And she hasn't spoken to him since."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

A GREAT NURSE.

The Wounded Soldiers in the Crimea Used to Kiss the Shadow on the Wall.

Quietly, and without public demonstration thrust upon her, a sweet old lady who, after Queen Victoria, is perhaps the best loved woman in the British isles, recently celebrated her eightieth birthday, says Youth's Companion.

Florence Nightingale—she of the lovely name and lovelier life—has survived now for nearly half a century the achievements which made her name a household word. Ever since the Crimean war, when the wounded in the hospitals used to kiss her shadow on the wall as she passed, she has been at once paying the penalty of her labors and reaping the reward of them.

They left her an invalid for life. But from her couch she has directed the progress of the institution for the training of nurses founded by the fund raised for her by public subscription. The women of England started it, and every soldier in the army contributed a day's pay; for Tommy Atkins knows his friends. And besides this special interest, she, the founder of our system of modern army nursing, has had the joy of watching her work prosper, expand, and attain world-wide influence.

The ungrudging acceptance of the services of women nurses in the civil war and our recent Spanish war was chiefly due to the prejudices overcome, the results attained, the admiration extorted by this gentle, resolute and gifted English woman, who had shown the way.

So, too, the whole Red Cross system was a natural outgrowth of her work. It is in no sense lessening the praise due to those more immediately concerned to say this; it is merely asserting that Clara Barton and her band of nurses, Lady Randolph Churchill and hers, are natural successors to Florence Nightingale, carrying forward the work begun by her to an extent and with resources unknown in her day. How many more lives could the great lady in chief have saved in the Crimea had she but had those novel modern mercies, the hospital train and the hospital ship, at her disposal!

Five Points.

This is a district in the city of New York, at the intersection of Baxter, Park and Worth streets, which was formerly noted as being one of the most wretched and dangerous quarters in the metropolis. It has much improved since the day of Dickens, who wrote of it: "There are many by-streets in New York almost as neutral in clean colors, and positive in dirty ones, as by-streets in London; and there is one quarter, commonly called the Five Points, which in respect of filth and wretchedness, may be safely backed against Seven Dials, or any other part of famed St. Giles.'"—Detroit Free Press.

The Very Worst.

"James," she said, sleepily, "don't you hear queer noises? I believe there are burglars in the house!"

"No such good luck!" cried James, after a minute's pause. "That baby's awake again!"—Philadelphia North American.

PUT NOT TRUST IN BOTTLES.

Chartreuse Is Not Chartreuse Because the Bottle Comes from Grenoble.

"There are very few places in this country or anywhere else," said a Chicago wine taster to an Inter Ocean man, "where you can get real chartreuse. The genuine, very well known, is made by a secret process from herbs by the monks of the Grand Chartreuse monastery at Grenoble, in the south of France. Almost any monastery, however, will give you chartreuse, and in the very same bottles with the same seal as those used by the Carthusians. It is fairly good stuff, too, but, of course, inferior to the genuine. A fraud, you say? Well, perhaps it is, strictly speaking, but it is only a fraud in theory. Every one knows that the stuff he is buying is not chartreuse, and the price he pays is lower accordingly. Even in Italy, native chartreuse is for sale. It is made at the monastery of Corpo di Cava, which is practically the only monastery left in a flourishing condition in Italy.

"In this country, however, we may consider ourselves lucky if we get a chartreuse that has ever been in France or Italy either. Nine-tenths of the liquors we drink are made in a certain large town of the middle west. They are bad drinks, bad for the mind and body. They are stronger than the French stuff, or, rather, more spirituous. The taste is given by a small part of the genuine liquor, to which is added a large quantity of bad brandy, with certain other compounds to produce various effects. This stuff is retailed by saloon keepers by the glass. If the customer is particular, the bottle is shown to him. It bears the seal and label, and is, in fact, a genuine bottle from the French monastery.

"How do they get it? Well, they buy a dozen bottles or so of the genuine liquor. This they use up in the ordinary way for the delectation of socially favored patrons. Meantime they have laid in a few carboys of the domestic stuff, with which they fill the bottles when drained of their rightful contents. These frauds are practiced with benedictine and creme de menthe more than with any other liquor, as it is difficult to buy the real. But when you do get it, it alters all your ideas regarding liquors. It is a revelation.

"Put not your trust in bottles, they are the most deceitful of all things. Old bottles are quite an important article of commerce in themselves. Many of the liquor, perfume and wine 'factories,' I call them nothing else, buy them in carload lots. A big trade is done in the way of shipping low-grade American products abroad and reshipping them for sale here under foreign names. In this way considerable quantities of cottonseed oil find their way to the table in the bottles which originally contained Italian olive oil, and it is the same with California wines."

AMERICA'S TASK IN CUBA.

Wonders Wrought by the Industry and Intelligence of United States Agents.

The task presented to the Americans in Cuba was no light one, for it was to bring order out of chaos; and it can be said without prejudice that no people could have done it quicker or more effectively, says J. D. Whelpley, in Atlantic. The starving were fed, life was rendered safe in every city, village and neighborhood. The custom houses were turned into mints, and the money collected therein was honestly accounted for. The entire island was cleansed and disinfected, actually and figuratively speaking. To sum up everything accomplished is to say that Cuba was policed as no Spanish-American country ever has been in the history of this hemisphere. Men ventured into the fields to crop the land. The quick soil responded gladly to slight encouragement. Commerce revived and gathered strength as the months went by, for over all floated the flag of the United States, which meant that here, there and everywhere were the quiet, keen-eyed, resolute officers of the American army with hundreds of sturdy, impetuous, and well equipped soldiers at their call. So far all was well. The United States had carried out its programme. The Spaniards had been driven from Cuba and order was restored. This closed the first chapter of the American intervention in Cuba. Difficult and trying as this was, it was easy of accomplishment compared with what was to follow, because the Americans had thus far required no cooperation or assistance. They conceived and followed their own plans. While carried out in a strange land and under new conditions, they were not unfamiliar with the work. Distress had been relieved and order restored elsewhere. It was merely a matter of adapting men, material and common sense to a tropical climate.

One for Everybody.

There has lately arrived at Odessa a representative of the Persian government, Mirza-Mahmoud-Khan-Said-ul-Menelik-Ogli, who brings with him an enormous quantity of medals, stars, orders and decorations, which the shah proposes to distribute during his travels in Europe. The weight of these decorations, which are contained in two immense cases, is about 450 pounds.—Moscow Viedomosti.