

NORTHERN TRIBUNE.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 15, 1883.

IN A LONG ISLAND RAILWAY STATION.

Unto the ticket-seller's place
A stranger man did go,
And said, while mopping off his face:
"A ticket to Haughpaugh."

Behind him stood a cockney vat,
Who queried: "Could you—aw—
Inform a fellow if this train
Is going to Haughpaugh?"

Impatient at his elbow scowled
A man of manner rough,
Who passed his money up and growled:
"One ticket to Haughpaugh."

"It is," a bilious man doth whine,
"A swindie and a gouge
To charge a man \$1.50
For riding to Haughpaugh."

"Thank Heaven," cried a man, "I've got
My wife and children off
To spend the summer in a spot
Ten miles beyond Haughpaugh!"

The traveling fool, oft snubbed in vain,
Puts in his question now:
"Please tell me when the 10:10 train
Is going to Haughpaugh?"

Last came a tardy man in view,
And through the crowd did dodge,
Loud yelling, as the whistle blew:
"A ticket to Haughpaugh!"

—Harper's Bazar.

CHINESE JUSTICE.

How Culprits are Dealt With by the
"Mixed Court" at Shanghai—Scenes
at the Flogging of Offenders.

In that part of the native town of Shanghai which lies beyond the city walls, and is under foreign jurisdiction, there is a curious-shaped range of buildings called the "mixed court." Here cases affecting disputes between Europeans and Chinamen are tried, a Mandarin named Chen presiding, while a representative of the Consulate to which the European whose case is being decided belongs sits as assessor. The "mixed court" proper consists of a single room, not unlike an English Magistrate's court in London; but it is only one of a series of chambers all duly arranged for the promotion of virtue and the discouragement of vice. Some of these take the form of large wooden cages, in which prisoners are confined—others, again, are reception rooms for Mr. Chen. But the most important place of all is the native hall of justice where Chen sits in the potentiality of his glory to try Chinese prisoners. This hall is covered in by a sort of tiled canopy, the gable ends of which are turned up in approved Chinese style. On three sides it is shut in by walls; the fourth, or front side, opens into a large yard facing the doors of the prison cages. The seat of justice is vermillion—a sort of throne, with a table in front. On this table rests simply an inkstand and a bronze imitation of a human hand, whereon repose the pens with which Mr. Chen signs his sentences. Behind the chair are ranged a large number of vermillion-painted boards or stands, these boards being covered with hieroglyphics detailing the virtues of the Mandarin. That representative of law occasionally gives more than ordinary satisfaction to people who come before him. They go away pleased, and at once extol his goodness on a vermillion board which they send him. This board Mr. Chen at once puts in the rack behind his chair; it is a testimonial to his worth, it can be seen by all who come before him, and it can be carried out in his procession whenever he goes through the town in state. Said an American friend who accompanied me as he saw these: "These boards must be very consoling to disappointed suitors; they show that if justice is not around just now it has been at some time or other, anyhow."

Our introduction to Mr. Chen found us in the presence of a little old man who could speak nothing but Chinese, Chen was polite, but firm on one point. He could not execute justice, he said, by daylight. Try prisoners he could, even in the early morn; somebody said he had once disposed of three hundred culprits in a single morning. But the carrying out of his sentences was a very different thing, and, if we would see the arm of justice really at work, we must come a little later. So we returned when evening had set in and the candles were lighted. Then Mr. Chen felt he could begin. He almost apologized for the paucity of criminals, when at last he prepared to take his seat. But he hinted that those he was about to deal with might make up for many more, for they were parolous rogues and deserving of many stripes—which he proposed to give them. Then making a signal, he led the way into his reception hall to the judgment seat, preceded by a gentleman with a tremendous gong, two gigantic fellows with high red cone caps, two men each armed with split bamboos, and two men each bearing cangues—large square pieces of board with a neck-hole in the center. Bang went the gong. "Ay!" cried out the lictors. "Ay!" shouted the people who were gathered in the hall; and thus went Mr. Chen to execute justice. I now saw that on a form near the prison doors sat a ragged and miserable crew, apparently waiting for something more or less doleful. They alone of all persons in the yard shouted not. They had some shouting to do later on, and perhaps were reserving their powers. One, in fact, very shortly received good reason to shout. "Chang Huen!" said the Magistrate. "Chang Huen!" echoed the lictors; and forthwith the wretched owner of the name was seized by the pigtail and hurried up to the vermillion table. Down he went on his knees, but all to no purpose. "One hundred blows," ejaculated Mr. Chen, looking at his judicial notes, and forthwith the culprit

was seized by the two men with the conical caps, pulled a little way along the stones in front of the table to a point where the Mandarin could get a good view of him, and then flung on his face, his arms being twisted over his head by one lictor, while he was divested of a portion of his clothing. Chang Huen evidently understood what was to follow, and he howled piteously. But howling did not save him, for so soon as the two lictors had got him into proper position and had knelt on him, one of the men with bamboos came up, and, squatting down on the ground, began to strike him on the inner part of the naked thighs, counting the blows as they fell. At first sight, despite Chang Huen's noise, I thought the punishment was very light, but I saw soon afterward that the skin was already black, and the first twenty-five strokes had left a band of color quite six inches broad. Executioner No. 2 now came up and laid on another twenty-five, then his comrade had another turn, and lastly he finished his fifty. It will perhaps be thought that the injury thus inflicted would be severe. But the skin was not broken, and I should say that the bruises would heal in a week or ten days at most. Garroters in England, flogged as they are on the bony back and shoulder blades, are apparently hurt much more, though I was told that the beating without breaking the skin was much more painful than it looked. Chang Huen, however, had very few to pity him; he was evidently either a very bad or a very impecunious man, for no sooner was the beating over than he was roughly seized once more by the pigtail and hauled along over the yard to the prison with great rapidity, he screeching loudly all the while.

Far more fortunate was a culprit who followed him, and who as he was thrown down by the lictors, put out two fingers in such a way that the executioners could see them plainly. "What does that mean?" I asked of the Magistrate's interpreter. "He mean he give two dollars, if not spoiled too much with bamboo," was the mysterious reply. "But surely," said I, "he can not bribe in so open a way, under the very nose of the Mandarin?" "Yes," said the interpreter, "everybody know. More better man give two dollars." He was certainly speaking the truth; this gentleman, culprit No. 2, got off lightly. His bruises were small, his pigtail was not pulled, he made plenty of noise, had gone at any rate through the semblance of a severe punishment, and had lost two dollars—which to him was no doubt a painful event. Possibly the Mandarin looked upon the monetary transaction in the light of a fine by which his underlings benefited. So the punishments went on. When men had to receive fifty stripes only one executioner wielded the bamboo; when one hundred had to be inflicted they were laid on in the way I have already described. Those who put out their fingers got off lightly, those who did not experienced the majesty of the law in a very thorough fashion. Then, the beatings being over, several men were brought up and cangued, the square boards being opened, their heads thrust through, the boards nailed up, pieces of paper detailing the sentence posted on the top, and the wearers of this very inelegant species of necktie bundled into the prison. As each sentence was issued, all the understrappers of the court and the spectators called out "Ay!" in commendation, no doubt, of the Mandarin's sagacity, the crowd, consisting of men and women, looking on with evident satisfaction at both the bambooning and canguing. With a brief hearing of a quarrel between a man and a woman, in which the man was adjudged the aggressor and sentenced to be locked up, Mr. Chen now vacated the seat of justice, and the crowd dispersed; the executioners went to look after the dollars that had been promised them,—and which, by the way, I heard, are always paid promptly—and we departed, much edified by the spectacle of the way in which justice in China dispenses herself.—*Cor. London Telegraph.*

Postal Rates Ninety Years Ago.

Now that the two-cent postage law has gone into effect, the following provisions of the first law of Congress on the subject will be read with interest:

February 20, 1792, was the date of the first act fixing rates of postage on domestic letters, and established the following rates, to take effect June 1, 1792:

Act February 20, 1792, Section 9, by land: For every single sixty miles, eight cents.

For every single letter over thirty miles and not exceeding sixty miles, eight cents.

For every single letter over sixty miles and not exceeding 100 miles, 10 cents.

For every single letter over 100 miles and not exceeding 150 miles, 12 cents.

For every single letter over 150 miles and not exceeding 200 miles, 15 cents.

For every single letter over 200 miles and not exceeding 250 miles, 17 cents.

For every single letter over 250 miles and not exceeding 350 miles, 20 cents.

For every single letter over 350 miles and not exceeding 450 miles, 22 cents.

For every single letter over 450 miles, 25 cents.

For every double letter, double the said rates.

For every triple letter, triple the said rates.

For every packet weighing one ounce avoirdupois, to pay at the rate of four single letters for each ounce, and in that proportion for any greater weight.—*Elmira Advertiser.*

—Twenty-seven acres devoted to a crop of cabbages near Rochester, N. Y., yielded the farmer \$5,400.

Greenland.

But the truth is that Greenland, though scarcely an eligible place of residence, has long been known to be not merely a great field for hunting and fishing, but also a locality by no means unsuited to the miner, were it not for its inhospitable climate and the extreme difficulty of approaching the east coast, or at least the most southerly part of it. Jutting, as the country does, far out into the Atlantic (Cape Farewell is in the same latitude as the center of the Shetland group), and curving, as it does at the same time toward the east, it catches the ice-drift from the polar seas, and retains it all along its southeastern coast. It therefore presents the spectacle, singular in the Northern hemisphere, of ice-bound shores to the south and free water northward. In addition to these drawbacks it may be doubted whether even the pressure of population in civilized countries will soon induce many Europeans to colonize Greenland. And without European colonization the development of such mineral wealth as it may possess is impossible. Either the climate of these regions, as is certainly the case with Iceland, has positively grown worse during historic memory, or the human frame has become less enduring, or—which is more probable—the habits of advancing civilization have made the human will less tolerant except for purposes of sport or scientific investigation, of the sordid discomforts of an Arctic winter. We say Arctic for convenience sake, though in fact Greenland stretches for hundreds of miles south of the Arctic circle. We should be the last to deny the value of Arctic exploration, both as what may be called national gymnastics and as enlarging the sphere of knowledge; but it may be doubted whether any practical result of marketable value is likely to come of it now. Baron Nordenskjöld's own most famous achievement—that voyage of the Vega which has really opened up a prospect of trade on the north Asiatic coast—may seem to be an exception to this. But the value of this discovery depends on the existence of three great river highways from the Siberian Sea, and if the often talked-of trans-Siberian Railway, which would tap and connect these highways at their head instead of at their foot, be ever carried out, it may be questioned whether there would then be any temptation to ships to follow in the tracks of the Vega. The Mackenzie in America and the Petchora in Europe by no means supply the place of the three Siberian rivers, and such a windfall as the fossil ivory of New Siberia, though it might recur, can not be counted upon. Greenland, indeed, has the advantage over these distant and still more inhospitable coasts that when its shores are once cleared the distance to the great markets of the Atlantic seaboard is trifling and the way perfectly open. It has some trade as it is, and it may probably have more, though both geographical and political considerations are rather against any great development.—*London Daily News.*

His Lost Wife.

A few days ago the wife of a German living in the eastern part of the city was suddenly called to the country by a message from a sick sister, and she left home expecting to return at night. Being delayed, and having left no word for her husband, he naturally became anxious and went to the police.

"How old was your wife?" asked the Captain of the station.

"Vhell, she vvas as oldt as me."

"How old are you?"

"I doan' tink much about it for two years, ut de last time I count oop I vvas for y."

"How all is she?"

"Vhell, she puts her chin on top der fence and looks oop and down the street."

"She's about five feet, eh?"

"I expect she vvas from five to seven feet. Dot makes no deference. If she vvas kildt she vvas deadt all oafar."

"What is her weight?"

"Vh-ll. I can't hold her on my lap no mo e. I pelief if she falls down oop stairs it preaks all der blaster off der house."

"I'll put her down at two hundred. Describe her looks."

"Vhell, sometimes she looks like she comes from der boor-house, and sometimes she looks like a lady mit a rich husband."

"Dark hair?"

"Let's see! By shimminy! I pelief so, but—yes—no—vhell, I gif it oop. If she vvas deadt dot hair make no deference."

"What colored ey s?"

"Vhell, dot troubles me some more. Let's see. Vvas a cat's eyes plus?"

"Hardly. They are black, with a yellow pupil."

"I doan' know oof my vvhite hadt some pupils in her eyes, but I hear der children say she looked like a cat."

"Any peculiar marks?"

"She lose one toe vhen she vvas a child."

"No—no. Any marks on her face fingers missing, or any scars?"

"Let's see. Last spring she has a boil on her neck, but dont vvas all cured oop. She shtrike a clothes-line mit der ax and plack her eye, but do vvas all gone. I doan' pelief she any marks has. You shust tell der bollicmens to look out for a fat vvhomans mit a green dress; oof he sees some one dot is my vwife. If he doan' see her it vvhill be some odder vvhomans."—*Detroit Free Press.*

—Sunflower seed is now extensively employed in Russia, Italy and some other European countries for producing oil. The cake, after the oil has been expressed, is fed to animals.

1883. | FALL and WINTER. | 1884.

AT THE

OIL

BRICK STORE.

JUST RECEIVED

Ladies' Cloaks, Dolmans, Circulars,

PALETOTS, &c., &c.

Plain and Brocaded Silk Plushes,

Velvets, Velveteens, Silks and Satins, Black and Colored Cashmeres, Serges, Flannels Suitings, a splendid line of Ladies' and Children's Hosiery and Knit Goods.

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In Black and Colors, sold only us. Headquarters for

Laces, Embroideries, Ladies' and Children's Neckwear.

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And Everything in the Dry Goods Line.

We keep in full Stock, bought in New York at Bottom Prices, and will be sold very low. To reduce our stock of

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We shall at a Large discount.

Staple Groceries, Flour, Pork, Beef, Lard, &c., &c.,

Always on Hand. It will pay you to call on us before Purchasing Elsewhere. We will not be undersold.

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Fresh Goods Received Daily,

I Keep a complete stock of everything found in a first-class Grocery and Provision Store. Fresh Vegetables on hand at all times. The finest Teas, Coffees, Sugars, Canned Goods of every kind. My arrangements for constant supply of Fresh Butter are complete.

Choice Stock of Crockery and Glassware

Everything Warranted the Best and Cheapest.

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