

DEFENDS JOHN CHINAMAN

WRITER WHO THINKS HE IS MUCH ABUSED.

His Sole Ambition is To Lay By a Store For His old age—His Ability To Make Money Where Others Would Starve.

According to a writer in the October number of *The Nineteenth Century*, John Chinaman is a much abused and greatly misrepresented individual. Untrusting industry, patience, and perseverance, a strenuous thrift, the inborn habit and faculty of saving a little day by day, however scanty his earnings—these are the very qualities that have turned against him the hands of men belonging to a less industrious, less frugal, and less provident race.

But the Chinaman, although proverbially meek and mild, is a man of dauntless courage and unflinching fortitude. Voyages over vast tracts of stormy seas, extremes of heat or cold, prolonged separation from home and all he holds most dear and sacred, and contending with the hands of the men among whom he casts his lot—nothing of all this can turn him from his own purpose in life, namely, the accumulation of the little store of dollars which twenty years forward will make him a rich man in the country of his birth, will enable him to provide for his parents and erect monuments to the honor of his ancestors, and will cause him to be looked up to and envied by his fellow-villagers. To achieve this he goes everywhere—everywhere, at least, except to lands whose hostile laws of recent years look him at the ports of entry; and in every fact shows that the Mongolian has already

SECURED A FOOTHOLD.

For the development of new countries the presence of the Chinaman is an essential condition of success. To show what the Chinaman is capable of accomplishing in the possession of him, which he regards as illustrative of the Chinaman's traits. One of these scenes we reproduce as follows:

It is a period of partial drought, and a brooding day at Christmas, the mid-Summer of the Antipodes. I am driving over the arched plains of Riverina. Not a single tree or patch of brushwood breaks the horizon. Although I am right in the center of a vast sheep-run, no flocks are to be seen; the animals have been driven to the dried-up watercourses, where there is, perhaps, enough grass left to sustain life a few days longer. I have once during a day caught a glimpse of a small flock of sheep, far away in the distance. On two or three occasions I have drawn rein to watch groups of "native companions," dancing and courting on the plain in the peculiar graceful manner of all the grass tribes, at other traces of animal life, during a long six hours' drive, there has been none.

At last, through the quivering heat haze, I spy a green spot in the desert. Is it a spring? I keep asking myself, and the more I look at it, the more I feel that I am not at the vision, with its promise of water, before me. When I drive nearer an answer that the scene is no mirage. It is a beautiful God's acre of fruit-trees, vegetables and flowers, enclosed on all sides by a hedge of living green. I look for an explanation of this seeming miracle. The creaking of a wheel falls on my ear and directs my eye. The riddle is solved.

JOHN CHINAMAN AND A DRAW-WELL!

"He has not heard the footfall of my horse, but when I 'cooey' he looks up, looks from his work, advances to the side of the hedge, and answers my kindly greeting by a broad smile. 'Very warm today,' he acquiescently replies, in his soft English which I once heard a Chinese apply to describe as a 'very lady-like way of speaking.' He fetches a bucket of water from the horses, and of his own good-will bestows upon me a couple of large and beautiful oranges. As I drive off after the brief, pleasant interlude to my monotonous journey, I hear the creaking axle of the draw-well again in operation. The industrious Chinaman is once more at work!

A MID-AUSTRALIAN SHEEP-RUN.

"Now this man lives amid these lonely and uninteresting surroundings from one year's end to the other. He has no companions, and sees no human face except that of the lad who twice a week rides out from the head station with his rations of flour, sugar, tea, and mutton, of his employer, occasionally, or of some rare passer-by like myself. I venture to say without fear of contradiction that no man other than a Chinaman could endure such an existence. He should certainly wish to condemn no white man to such a lot. Yet the Chinaman is perfectly contented and happy, for week by week he saves a few dollars, and in two years more he will return to China to make himself to Hong Kong, with ample provision for the remainder of his days. And for this end he is told cheerful for twenty long years, amid the solitude of

quarters, and after drawing the pay due to them, take to the road. A night later I again meet them. They are "knocking down" their checks in a villainous bush public-house a dozen miles away. A week will not elapse before every man-jack in the party will be penniless, and will be compelled to tramp onward on the outlook for another job, or to "badge his tucker" by walking from station to station and begging the night's quarters in the travelers' hut and the twenty-four hours' rations which are never refused the wayfarer on an Australian sheep station. And these are the men who find cause for quarrel in the employment of a Chinaman to grow vegetables on a spot where no one else could make them grow, and denounce him for not spending his earnings in the country as they themselves do!"

FACTS IN FEW WORDS.

War news by cable from China costs the English papers \$1.87 a word, and from Japan \$2.60.

Napoleon's campaigns made 1,000,000 French women widows and 2,000,000 children fatherless.

According to Muller the total number of words, or rather ideas, expressed by Chinese characters is 43,596.

In June of the present year 16,000,000 children were found to be enrolled in the schools of the United States.

Nearly every grammar school in the city of New York has an anti-cigarette league, to one of which 700 boys belong.

The phosphorescence near the Cape Verde Islands is at times so bright that one can easily read the smallest print.

Swallows have been met with at sea over 1,000 miles from any land. They were probably driven seaward by storms.

A New York city photographer delights some of his patrons by marking their handkerchiefs with their photographs.

Japanese workmen bathe the whole body once a day, and some of them twice. Public baths are provided on every street.

The swell visiting card in China is an oblong piece of paper about four inches wide and eight inches long, with the name in black characters.

In San Francisco there is a circle of King's Daughters in which there are eight Chinese, two Japanese, two Syrian and two American women.

A cubic foot of average newly fallen snow weighs five and a half pounds, and has twelve times the bulk of an equal weight of water.

The celebrated Sphinx, the figure of the crouching monstrosity near the Great Pyramid, is 172 feet and 6 inches long and 52 feet high.

An eccentric southern woman dated her life 1789 instead of 1889, but the court has decided that this does not impair its validity.

Mohammedan widows find it difficult to remarry. An association to assist them in finding husbands has been organized in Turkey.

In 1635 during the great "tulip craze," in Holland, a single bulb of the "Semper Augustus" sold for a sum equal to \$2,200.

Authorities say that a fatal fall from a great height is absolutely painless. The mind acts very rapidly for a time, then unconsciously ceases.

According to Gray, Michels and Dobby, three eminent botanists, there is not a single known species of marine plant containing vegetable poisons.

A French woman who had lost her lip had had another one supplied by an expert surgeon, who took the needed piece of flesh from the arm of his patient.

A devilish, having a mouth with a lateral spread of over five feet, was recently captured in the Gulf of Mexico about twenty miles from Brownsville, Tex.

The most valuable clock in the world is one made by the hands of Louis XIV. of France. It is now owned by a member of the Rothschild family, who bought it for \$18,000.

Three tenths of the earnings of a Belgian convict are given to him on the expiration of his term of imprisonment. Some of them thus save more money in jail than they ever saved before.

Five and one-half tons of diamonds, valued at \$150,000,000 to \$200,000,000, have been taken from the famous Kimberley, South Africa, diamond mines since their discovery in 1871.

In August, 1894, there were 5,735 steamers flying the British flag, 810 the German, 510 the Norwegian, 503 the French, 462 the Swedish, 430 the American, 359 the Spanish, 215 the Italian and 1,382 the flags of other nations.

On the field of Waterloo a topaz seal set in gold was recently found, bearing the arms and motto of Viscount Barrington. It belonged to Ensign Barrington, who was killed at Quatre Bras, June 16, 1815, and had lain undiscovered for eighty years.

The Hollanders will hold at Amsterdam next year an international exhibition of hotel arrangements and accommodations for travelers. Among the features of the exhibition will be an "electric restaurant," without waiters, in which visitors will be served automatically with a complete dinner on pressing an electric button.

The Wife Owns the Presents.

It is now decided that the wife is entitled to own all the wedding presents, including the sun-unders, collar buttons and neckties, provided she can prove she was the drawing card at the marriage ceremony. This is the latest victory for the end-of-the-century woman.

This important ruling was made by Justice Underwood, of Chicago, as he gazed solemnly over a pile of presents that completely covered the bar of justice and formed a fortress between him and the two parties who quarrelled over the accumulations of ten years.

It was the case of Philip Anhalt v. Louis Anhalt. The presents were valued at \$1,000, and the woman got them all.

Wasted Energies of the Season.

A father in the suburbs recently took in a hammock that had swung on the veranda for the season. Some carpenters doing repairs around the house found the following articles near the place where the hammock hung: Thirteen suspender buttons, eleven toothpicks, three buckles, two shoestrings, four rings, one hair curler, two lockets, three links of hair, forty-three peppermint lozenges, one bottle of hair restorer, four hair ribbons, five collar buttons, one whisky flask, two gum drops, eighteen pieces of chewing gum, one shave ticket, and eight hairpins. The girls are still unmarried.

THREATS OF EXTREME UNIONISTS.

Early adversity is often a blessing.—Sharp.



FASHIONABLE ULSTER.



COSTUME FOR GIRL.



COAT AND FROCK FOR GIRLS.



SLEEVE FOR WALKING DRESS.

PUSHING THE QUEER.

HOW COUNTERFEITS CARRY ON THEIR LITTLE GAME.

One Gang Has Been at Work for Years and is so Slick at the Business That the Police Cannot Catch Them.

Ninety-nine people out of one hundred imagine that the distribution of counterfeit money, no matter how nearly perfect the spurious money may be, is the most difficult part of the counterfeit's business.

Those ninety-nine people rest under a misapprehension. The hardest work is to get the perfect moulds for the silver, the plate for the currency and the paper to print the bills on.

Any old-time criminal in this particular line of crooked business will tell you that his first genuine sign of relief is given when he sees the coins out of the moulds and in bags, and the paper money packed tightly together in bundles.

While the money is in the process of manufacture; that is, when the engraver is busy over his work and, later on, while the other members of the gang are busy with presses and moulds manufacturing the "queer," the danger of detection and arrest is greatest.

COUNTERFEITERS OF ALL CLASSES.

condition, and kinds are known to the detectives, and just as soon as they or any of their allies or cronies appear in any part of the country the word is flashed in some mysterious way—often by a keen-eyed stool pigeon—and a "shadow" is put on every member of the gang.

For days, weeks and, in many cases months, they are kept under the closest kind of surveillance. A night and day watch is constantly over them. Their habits, general modes of life and the time they go out and return to their houses is accurately noted. If circumstances warrant it a raid follows in due course. These raids are not always successful, but in the majority of cases the counterfeiters are caught "dead to rights," as the police phrase has it, with the tools in their hands and the white metal sizzling in the clean-cut moulds.

WHEN THE COIN COMES OUT.

It is when the stuff is ready to be handled that the voice of the counterfeiters is raised in a shout of joy and congratulations. He knows that all his labor is not in vain, and that unless some untoward event occurs he will reap a harvest of some kind for his pains. It all depends on luck and good management whether it be large or small.

Counterfeiters always work in gangs. As a rule five men are in the partnership. One of them is the plate engraver, another the mould designer, a third the metal pourer, the fourth the distributor of the spurious money after it is turned out, and the fifth general overseer, director and handler of the finances. The last named is usually the captain of the crowd. He is either an old hand at the business or a bright hustling young man with a thorough knowledge of the business, some capital at his disposal and an ability to direct, command and hold his crooked companions in check.

It is he who maps out the plan for the distribution of the coin. This plan is laid before the distributor. If the latter has any amendments or suggestions to offer they are, if worthy, freely accepted.

THE "PLUGGER'S" SMALL TASK.

On the gang's special staff in small gangs are what are known as a number of "pluggers." These are the men to whom lots of the counterfeit money is given to get rid of. They are given a liberal percentage on all they dispose of. They are supposed to work a certain territory and flood it with every bit of money they have. The old methods of making a small purchase and getting big change are still in vogue. Inside of an incredibly short time the country is fairly saturated with the bogus money, the agents are paid their commission and the manager divides up the net profits among the inside members of the gang.

AVANCEMENT OF QUEER MONEY.

For years a number of these small operators have defied the law. They have been in the business for years, but so quietly do they work that suspicion never attaches to them.

It is the big men who go in for big coups that take the biggest chances. They never trust the work of distribution to several agents but to the small fry. They never touch anything but bills of big denomination. As soon as the money is "off the plates" each member of the gang takes a bundle—it may be \$50,000 or as high as a million—and launches out on the extended territory that it is understood he is to cover.

They "run out" as much of the green stuff as they can, and then when the first cry of alarm or detection goes up they fly to Europe and hide in some out of the way place for months. Sooner or later the whole gang assembles on the other side and compare notes.

SHOCKING FATE OF A BOY.

Caught by a Falling Window and Slowly Strangled to Death.

A despatch from Marion, Ill., says.—A 12-year-old son of R. J. Morray, met his death in a singular manner, at a schoolhouse a few miles south-east of this place. Upon his arrival home from school the lad discovered that he had left his gloves at the schoolhouse. He immediately returned for them, but found the door locked. From the surroundings it is supposed he procured a piece of timber, which he placed against the wall of the building to assist him in climbing in through the window. When he found his way through the window, he was hanging from the window, the neck having been caught between the sash and the sill. He had evidently climbed upon the timber, raised the lower sash and tried to gain an entrance, when the timber slipped from under his feet, and the sash fell and caught him on the neck, producing death by strangulation. He had struggled hard to free himself, as his boots were kicked off his feet when found.

What is

CASTORIA

Castoria is Dr. Samuel Pitcher's prescription for Infants and Children. It contains neither Opium, Morphine nor other Narcotic substance. It is a harmless substitute for Paregoric, Drops, Soothing Syrups, and Castor Oil. It is Pleasant. Its guarantee is thirty years' use by Millions of Mothers. Castoria destroys Worms and allays feverishness. Castoria prevents vomiting Sour Curd, cures Diarrhoea and Wind Colic. Castoria relieves teething troubles, cures constipation and flatulency. Castoria assimilates the food, regulates the stomach and bowels, giving healthy and natural sleep. Castoria is the Children's Panacea—the Mother's Friend.

Castoria.

"Castoria is an excellent medicine for children. Mothers have repeatedly told me of its good effect upon their children."
Dr. G. C. Osmond,
Lowell, Mass.

"Castoria is the best remedy for children of which I am acquainted. I hope the day is not far distant when mothers will consider the real interest of their children, and use Castoria instead of the various quack nostrums which are destroying their loved ones, by forcing opium, morphine, soothing syrup and other hurtful agents down their throats, thereby sending them to premature graves."
Dr. J. F. KINCHELOE,
Corway, Ark.

Castoria.

"Castoria is so well adapted to children that I recommend it as superior to any prescription known to me."
H. A. ARCHER, M. D.,
111 So. Oxford St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

"Our physicians in the children's department have spoken highly of their experience in their official practice with Castoria, and although we only have among our medical supplies what is known as regular products, yet we are free to confess that the merits of Castoria has won us to look with favor upon it."
UNITED HOSPITAL AND DISPENSARY,
Boston, Mass.

The Centaur Company, 77 Murray Street, New York City.

THE LATE CZAR'S FUNERAL.

Great Preparations and Most Elaborate Drapery at St. Petersburg.

A despatch from St. Petersburg says:—The inhabitants of this city awoke on Tuesday morning in a state of feverish expectancy. The last touches were being put at daybreak upon hundreds of thousands of general drappings, crape streamers, mourning flags and banners of black and white, made out of every conceivable material, in honor of the memory of the late Czar. The facade of the Anichkov palace, in which Alexander III. lived, was completely draped with black, and the Hotel de Ville and the Newsky prospect were shrouded in mourning emblems of the most elaborate descriptions. The high tower of the Hotel de Ville was mantled with black not a stone showing, and the building itself was a mass of black streamers. Throughout the city the stores were decorated with mourning emblems, and in the windows of all the prominent shops there were beautiful displays of palms, evergreens or flowers in the centre of which, as a rule were pictures of the dead Czar, surrounded by crape. The weather was dull and foggy.

ARRIVAL OF THE TRAIN.

The funeral train, with the body of the late Czar on board arrived at the Nicholas station in the middle of the night, and it was shunted upon a siding until this morning, in order to enable the imperial family and their relatives to finish their night's rest.

THE MOURNERS.

Behind the house came the Czar and the imperial household. They were followed by the King of Greece and by the Prince of Wales. Then came a long line of Grand Dukes and Princes, followed by their various military suits. After the latter marched a detachment of Grenadiers and following the Grenadiers came the imperial and royal families.

In the first coach was the Czarina, Princess Alix of Hesse-Darmstadt, and the Grand Duchesses Xenia and Olga, daughters of the late Czar. The second coach contained the Queen of Greece, the Princess of Wales, the Duchess of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha and the Duchess of Mecklenburg-Schwerin. The other mourning coaches contained all the other royal and titled ladies, who have journeyed from Livonia with the body of Alexander III. After the carriages came thousands of troops of all arms, who brought up the rear of the funeral procession.

Prior to the arrival of the body at the cathedral a short service was held there in the presence of the Czar, the diplomatists and many of the Russian nobility. The hearse arrived at the cathedral a few minutes past 2 o'clock. Four of the chief pall bearers removed the pall. The Czar and other Russian imperial personages and foreign princes then carried the coffin into the church with the same ceremony as had been observed in Moscow, and deposited it on the catafalque. Metropolitan Palladius of St. Petersburg, then conducted the impressive service.

Irrevocably Gone.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria.
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria.
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria.
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

What loneliness is more lonely than dis-turbance?—George Eliot.
Who overcomes by force hath overcome but half his foe.—Milton.

ST. WINEFRIDE'S WONDERFUL WELL.

Legend of a Wonder-Working Shrine in North Wales.

The Saint (Winefride) lived in the Seventh Century. She was of noble family, distinguished for the piety of her disposition, and, at an early age, decided to renounce the world and devote her life to the service of the Church. Before she had taken her vows, her hand had been claimed in marriage by a Welsh prince, Caradoc, and, on her refusal to comply with his wishes, the barbarian, in a fit of ungovernable rage, cut off her head. As the head fell a miracle was performed; water gushed from the ground, though hitherto the region had been noted for desolation and barrenness, and the flow has continued even unto this day, and shows no sign of diminishing. Ever greater marvels followed the decapitation; the severed head rolled down the hill among the people who were attending the celebration of Mass by St. Beuno. Amusement and horror overcame the people, followed by a natural feeling of indignation when they saw the perpetrator of the crime on the hill-top, calmly wiping his sword on the grass, and, apparently, glorying in his deed. St. Beuno reverently picked up the head, and, approaching the murderer called forth divine vengeance. His appeal was answered immediately. Caradoc fell dead, and the Earth, opening its mouth, swallowed him up. Returning to the altar the priest fixed St. Winefride's head on her shoulders, covered the body with his cloak, and again called on Heaven. This time he prayed that God would restore the virgin to life; and again his prayer was answered. St. Winefride awoke as from sleep, and lived many years a life of surpassing sanctity. For a long period she ministered at the spring which her decapitation had miraculously called into existence.

Such is the legend which has been handed down to these times. For more than a thousand years, the fame of the Well and its power of healing those afflicted both in body and soul have been widely known; and the records show that several of the English kings, beginning with William the Conqueror and ending with James II., have lived in these blessed waters. The well is situated in the crypt of a fine Gothic chapel, situated on the side of a hill commanding views of the estuaries of the Dee and the Mersey. Its basin is enclosed by eight artistically wrought pillars, which rise to a richly tracery canopy of stone. On all the pillars are hung crucifixes. An altar, surmounted by a plaster figure of St. Winefride, stands in one corner of the shrine. Brilliantly lighted by hundreds of candles, the old crypt is wonderfully picturesque, and not less striking, as the intense devotion and supreme faith of the bands of pilgrims, many of them mere wrecks of humanity, who have come to St. Winefride's shrine when all other help has failed.

During the hours devoted to bathing, the scenes at the well are strange and unique. Attending the basin, into which the water is continually bubbling, is a narrow bath, and, outside the building, an open-air bath of larger dimensions. Some of the pilgrims content themselves with drinking the water in the basin, others strip and enter the bath. Nothing is more impressive than witnessing helpless invalids carried into the water by stronger relatives, and there is something extremely pathetic in the spectacle of blind men leaving their eyes. The bath completed, all the invalids kneel at the altar, and implore the saint to have mercy upon them and remove their affliction.

Irrevocably Gone.

"I set four pies out on the window sill to cool," said Mrs. Hunker to her husband "and they have all been sold."
"Then we must number them among the lost tarts," was the philosophical reply.

A trolley car runs through the streets of Jerusalem!
In the museum at Mayence, Germany there are several iron-tipped piles which were used by the Romans 2,000 years ago in the construction of a bridge near the place.