Fighting Plague at Harbin Terrible Scenes in the City

A Chinese Hero—2,000 Coffins and Bodies Unburied—Bravado Giving Way to Terror—An English Correspondent's Experience.

[London Daily News.]

A TERRIBLY graphic description of the effects of the plague at Harbin reaches us from one of the very few journalists who have reached that city since the outbreak there of the disease.

Indifference and bravado on the part of her population are now giving way to terror. Victims are being sent adrift by their relatives, and die frozen to death in the streets.

Our special correspondent brings out the exceptional heroism of the Chinese doctors, who, though their remedies are unavailing, refuse to leave their posts.

Harbin, Jan. 30.

I drove through the Chinese town, Fu Chia Dien, today, the Chinese New Year Day. The houses were all closed up as usual on this holiday, and the place looked exceedingly desolate in the cold and lowering weather. But on an ordinary day business is conducted as usual by those businessmen who are still alive—and a stroller through the town would not know that a ravenous scourge was gradually but surely devouring its population. Four thousand and more of its fifteen or twenty thousand have already gone since the first case on Nov. 7. Half or more of the remainder, maybe the whole, are doomed, before the disease expends itself.

Today the bright red paper posters with gilt lettering banners of the New Year time, and red and green paper flags are gaily in evidence, even next door to the hovel where the yellow sign of the sanitary bureau is pasted across the door sealing it up and marking it unclean. Yesterday a junior medical man, asked what he had found in this hovel, reported with striking brevity:

"Eight dead, two dying."

The policeman just flying past my droski has his horse's tail brightly decorated with green and red streamers, and a shopkeeper even burst out of his shop and scared our scurrying ponies with a package of firecrackers which he flings up into the air.

How is it possible that this main street of the town can wear such an ordinary appearance? Many of these wretched people, through their dense ignorance, do not know what fear is, seem to have no nerve, no feeling. Listen to the stories of some of the coolies who cart the dead or work in the plague death house.

Callous Coolies.

"We had two dead in the suspect house today," said Dr. Stenhouse, a young Englishman, who has volunteered from the Mission Medical College in Peking, "and when the carters had loaded them on the wagon they did not walk, but got up and sat alongside the corpses, as they drove off."

"Keep the policeman on guard at the suspect house out of the place! It's impossible. It's warm inside, and inside he sits. We have to pull him out every morning."

The line of the quarantine people, who live in 35 goods cars until their five days of surveillance are done, was forming alongside the train for our inspection this morning. One man started back for his hat, being cold. "Here, don't go back!" cried the coolie attendant. "Here's my hat!" and immediately he handed over his headgear. It may be plague-infected when he gets it back.

In one of the suspect houses—which is really a plague death house, so many have died—the only attendant is the cook. He still lives. Yes, he has a covering for his face even to the eyes, with a lint sleeve saturated in carbolic acid solution to breathe through; but the mask usually does duty suspended from his neck under his chin.

Strangest of all is the case of the doughty old style Chinese doctor, the man whose system is chiefly to stick needles into his patients. This old fellow has defied death and the plague in one of the three segregation houses ever since the epidemic began. The dying come in and the dead are carted out from this stricken place, but he goes on forever. An old man he is. I have not yet mustered sufficient courage to visit him and his workshop, so I have to picture him for myself as he goes round from k'ang to k'ang sticking his pins in patients and administering his questionable medicine.

Heroic Chinese Doctor.

He has remedies for the disease—though the European doctors have yet to discover one! They say he gives medicine in spite of the humiliation he has suffered in losing every patient whom he treats. He is a noble fellow, this old-style doctor. He has stuck to his post. He has not thought of quitting, and he has not a thought of fear. His first intrepidity may have been through ignorance; but he has seen enough death now to make his pertinacity bravery. I take off my hat to him and to many others like him. This is one of the good results of the imperviousness of the Chinese.

A modern Chinese doctor who is in charge of the sanitary force, or anti-plague committees, Dr. Wu Lien De, has had his strength and ability taxed in organizing his forces against the system of his people of "squeeze," deception, and procrastination. Finally, he has succeeded in getting six pits dug, and possibly 800 or 900 bodies buried. Two thousand or more still lie in a heap a quarter of a mile long, hardly more than two miles from the city.

A group of carters standing on a corner had taken away a number of bodies and were resting. But they laughed. One joked another, saying: "It's your turn next." And the other replied. "No, it will be you first." With them the situation has reached a bravado stage.

But there is another side developing in this sorest of the stricken towns of Manchuria. In those people about whom the death is actually drawing a great terror is rising. I did not see it today in driving through the unfeeling, decorated main street. But when I pass into the side-streets and crooked alleys, especially after dark, it is visible. Just what happened in mediaeval days in England and on the continent is coming to pass here. This is no exaggeration. Brother stands against brother, father against son, in Scriptural fulfillment, when the plague comes into a family. It fastens upon one member; for five days no one sees it, and all is well; suddenly come the chills, the furious fever, sickness, and the vomiting of blood. Terror stalks into the circle, and the wretch is forced out to perish in the streets, staggering in the last grips of the disease, to fall, to starve, and to freeze before the plague has run its course.

It means that the people are beginning to know how fatal a sick man is who is amongst them. They struggle no longer as they did in the early days of the malady to keep the bodies of their dead and hold great ceremonials over them. Now they fear the stricken man, and they fear being marched off themselves under a guard of masked police or soldiers to the isolation or the quarantine stations. Rid of the sick, the known danger no longer visible seems afar off.

We passed through the railway yards which separate the Russian lower and older city of Pristan from the Chinese town. A row of blackened mud walls, the rafters and a few other timbers in heaps on the ground still smoldering from the fires of two nights ago, was my first introduction this morning to the Chinese city. On my midnight droski ride to the telegraph station two nights ago I had seen the dozen or fifteen separate blazes of the row. The mud walls and thatches of the hovels thus lit up at the edges made me think of childhood pictures of the burning of similar places in the great fire of London.

Stacked Coffins.

This row of mud houses was a pregnant centre of the scourge. It was Russian railroad property, and the Russians had set it afire. Dr. Wu, Dr. Gibb (another British volunteer), and their staff have not been able to burn a single house for the reason that they have no other buildings to house the people in. After disinfecting—as effectual as possible under miserable circumstances—and a wait of some days, the old houses must be occupied again. But the doctors hope soon to have big new buildings, when they intend to burn widely.

Coffins are stacked in front of the carpenters' shops on the main street. They are rough and thin, not the usual heavy kind that take from eight to twenty-four men to carry them. Custom has decreed in China that everyone shall have a coffin when he dies, even the homeless beggar; but from this time on there will be no coffins at Fu Chia Dien.

Stories have been printed at home of bodies being thrown into the river, but this can hardly have been the case; for at this season of the year the Sungari is covered thick with ice. A few bodies, possibly, have been dropped into holes, but it is a much simpler matter to get rid of one by slipping it into a vacant lot, thereby to escape detection and arrest.

About two miles outside the Chinese town and beyond the best Russian residence section I saw the mass of more than two thousand bodies and coffins lying on top of the frozen ground, silence everywhere pervading. Uncoffined bodies were at first not visible, and the coffins from a distance looked well covered. Nearer it was awful. Here an arm stuck upright out of a coffin, there a naked leg protruded. Some coffins without covers stood upright, the bodies erect in them.

The Outcast.

In this neighborhood near to the pile of which he was soon to become a member, I saw one outcast kneeling, worshipping, half falling in his weakness as he bowed his head and rose again before the grave of an ancestor.

It has been said that the dogs were eating the dead. The Chinese police did begin killing the dogs three days ago. But I have seen no dogs about bodies. Natural aversion to human flesh will keep most of them away.

News comes tonight from Dr. Wu that he has received authority to burn all the dead and that he will start tomorrow. It is a very great yielding on the part of the people. It means a revolution in some of their most cherished ideas. The thought of destroying the bodies of their own relatives, probably their parents, is abhorrent. Even some of the younger foreign trained medical men on the staff shuddered when they heard the proposal. In old China a custom fixed is an absolute rule of life, which few emergencies can alter. In addition, any practice in connection with the dead and with ancestors is sacred. It takes a catastrophe like the present to bring a change. It is said that this great nation has to learn by such terrible experiences.

2,000 Species of Mankind in the Indian Empire

Have as Little in Common as the Inmates of a Zoological Garden—The Effects of the Caste System—You Cannot Dogmatize About India, Says Harold Begbie.

[Harold Begbie in the London Chronicle.]

BEFORE I arrived in India I read Sir Bamfylde Fuller's book, "Studies of Indian Life and Sentiment," and although I pencilled many interesting and striking passages, perhaps the most important and the most essential of all passed before my eyes without making the smallest impression. It was not until I had travelled for hundred of miles in the trains, penetrated to jungle villages by means of bone-breaking bullock-carts, and loitered in the heavy-smelling bazaars of interior towns where the tourist never comes, that the importance of this particular passage, on glancing over the book again, came home to my mind with an extraordinary force.

Sir Bamfylde Fuller is speaking of the permanent maintenance of human types in India, and he says that "the population is heterogeneous to an extent that it needs actual experience to appreciate. It is no question," he continues, "of rich and poor, of town and country, of employer and employed; the differences lie far deeper. The population of a district or a town is a collection of different nationalities—almost different species—of mankind, that will not eat or drink or intermarry with one another, and that are governed in the more important affairs of life by committees of their own. It is hardly too much to say that by the caste system the inhabitants of India are differentiated into over 2,000 species of mankind, which in the physical relations of life have as little in common as the inmates of a zoological garden."

India's Infinite Variety.

I fear, from my own case, there is truth in the words that "it needs actual experience to appreciate" this amazing variety of human types; and yet until this variety is realized in the mind of a European there can be no intelligent understanding of anything that has to do with India. The very first thing a man must do, who would form rational opinions on Indian politics or carry in his mind a true picture of Indian color and Indian feeling, is to realize that the 300,000,000 of humanity comprising the Empire of India are not one race, or two races, but are 2,000 species of mankind as different from each other as snakes from elephants, tigers from fire-flies, and mosquitoes from buffaloes.

The charm as well as the problems of India lie in this most extraordinary variety. A flying politician, taken in hand by a Bengali, sees infinitely less of India than a British workman sees of Germany conducted through manufacturing cities by a tariff reformer. It is a most foolish and a most dangerous thing for a man of little observation, small imagination, and no reflection to race through one or two Indian cities and then express himself on Indian politics with more authority and greater confidence than a man of science would speak of chemistry after a life of incessant investigation.

You cannot dogmatize about India. You can no more speak of India as one complete and single thing than you can exhaust botany by smelling a rose or paying sixpence for a bunch of lilies. India is infinite. A man with seeing eyes begins to perceive this baffling truth on his very first walk through a street, and he is at once on his guard in forming opinions, and most diffident in venturing to utter even the least uncertain of them. He who speaks of India as a nation of Hindus and Mohammedans would speak of the constellations as consisting of Orion and Ursa Major.

There are many good people in England who think of Indians as two people, Hindus and Mohammedans, purposely kept apart, and purposely held down by an immense army of proudful, iniquitous, and attrabilious civil servants exported year by year by the India office. Let these good people bear in mind that the inhabitants of India represent 2,000 species of mankind, that not only is each species opposed socially and intellectually to the rest, but that they practice towards each other an ostracism which has never existed in England between the greatest Swellfoot and the most downtrodden hind; and further, let him definitely apprehend and reflect upon this fact, that the whole company of British civil servants, including military officers holding civil appointments, is only 1,200. India is governed by Indians, a tremendous army of them, with just 1,200 British citizens at their head. One might far more truly say that India employs a handful of Englishmen to direct her own Government than assert that England holds India in the grip of an iron hand.

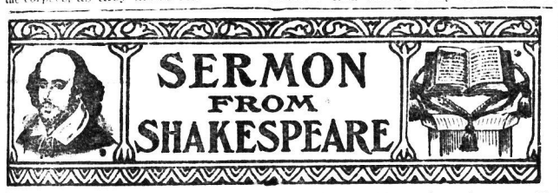
Two Facts To Consider.

I have seen nothing of violence or even rudeness on the part of Englishmen towards the natives; but I have no doubt that instances of this kind could be cited and perhaps proved. I have seen, known, and I see it every day I live in India, and every mile I travel in the country, instances of the most intolerable exclusiveness and appalling pride between native and native. Consider these two facts; a Brahmin priest will not visit a low-caste person, however great the poor man's sorrow, or however extreme his need; and a high-caste doctor will not go to the bedside of a dying coolie. "Thanks be to God," said to me a benevolent and educated Hindu, "for the hospitals set up for poor people by the British Government."

A postman will not deliver letters into the hand of a lower-caste man than himself; he flings them down on the ground. Democracy has no expression whatever in India except through the Government, which devotes all its labor to improving the material fortunes of the poor. It is the abused civil servant who has given India an idea at all of democracy, and it is the civil servant who governs for the many and the poor, and the general welfare.

At every railway station, even the smallest, you may see something of the infinite variety of Indian mankind. Men of noble stature and intellectual countenance, men to all intents negroid and bestial, men of Jewish character, men like Chinese, men black, brown, chocolate, yellow, and almost white, move about among a womankind degraded to the lowest forms of labor, and debased out of the likeness of humanity. The turbands and loin-cloths of the men are different; the fashion of wearing the hair is different; they eat different foods, worship different gods, or devils, speak entirely different languages, and will have no more relation one with another than exists between an English crew and a flying fish in the Red Sea.

The sects of Christendom are as one loving and united church compared with the religions of India. Something like a quarter of the population of India, let us say 70,000,000 of men and women, are regarded as outcasts, helots, and abomination by the other three-quarters. And these helots have their separating prides and customs. In every little village the outcasts live in a quarter of their own, and if they would worship a god, must make their own temple and employ a priest of their own order—a priest despised and loathed by the religious leaders. They are worse treated than the galled bullocks under the yoke of the transit bandy, and they ill-treat each other.



"Blessed are the peacemakers on earth.
Henry VI., Part II., Act II., Sc. 2.

SHAKESPEARE lived in a fighting age. He was just sixteen years old when Drake returned from his celebrated voyage around the world after plundering and humiliating Spain on many seas. He no doubt as a young man mourned the chivalric death at Zutphen of that romantic poet and soldier, Sir Philip Sidney. He was just beginning his great career in London when the Spanish armada was gloriously defeated and destroyed and all England thrilled with the news of the valiant deeds of her sons. It is somewhat astonishing that neither in his dramas or poems does Shakespeare allude to the deeds of Drake or the magnificent victory over the Spanish Armada. The truth is that Shakespeare was a lover of peace.

In dealing with historical characters he necessarily had to touch on war, the pastime of kings; but war to him was hateful, and peace was admirable. He believed that, "Blessed are the peacemakers on earth." War was to him "grim visag'd"; it gored the gentle bosom of peace "with pillage and robbery." Its tongue to his ears was "harsh and boisterous." On the other hand it was the speech of peace that bore "such grace."

"In her days, every man shall eat in safety,
Under his own vine, what he plants; and sing
The merry songs of peace to all his neighbors."

In drawing his hero king, Henry V., he created a warrior who was essentially a peacemaker. In the very "maymorn of his youth," when urged by the bishops and venerable statesmen to invade France, Henry hesitated on account of the awful nature of war. He fought only in the interests of peace.

The man who is instrumental in bringing about peace without bloodshed is more deserving of a victor's crown than the greatest warrior the world has ever produced. There are few wars that have disgraced mankind that could not have been avoided. Duelling was a common practice for centuries. Gentlemen, like savage beasts, settled their disputes by bloodletting. Disputes are quite as frequent now as they were in ancient days, but the Anglo-Saxon world, the most highly civilized, has forever banished duels, and cowards are no commoner than they were of old. War between nations is as insanely foolish as was duelling between individuals.

In several of his plays Shakespeare clearly states his attitude towards peace. In "Henry IV.," Part II., he writes:

"A peace is of the nature of a conquest;
For then both parties nobly are subdued,
And neither party loser."

In "Coriolanus" Volumnia, the mother who gloried in the battle deeds of her son, voices Shakespeare's feeling with regard to the blessedness of peace in her appeal to Coriolanus to spare Rome.

"No; our suit
Is, that you reconcile them; while the Volces
May say, 'This mercy we have show'd'; the Romans,
'This we receiv'd,' and each in either side
Give the all-hail to thee, and cry 'Be bless'd
For making up this peace.'"

It would have been surprising, indeed, if the supreme genius of the race had been a lover of war, excepting in so far as it was a means of chastisement for brutality and tyranny.

Two thousand years ago the founder of Christianity was heralded as the Prince of Peace. For two thousand years his followers have been foretelling a golden time when swords should be broken into plowshares and spears into pruning-hooks. Theologians, philosophers and poets through the ages have been sounding the praises of peace, but public parks are still ornamented with cannon and the statues of warriors for the most part. The advocates of peace are looked upon as cranks and faddists. The school histories emphasize battle scenes and deeds of heroic warriors. Very good! But are not explorers who went into the wilderness bearing gifts to the savages as worthy of a high place in history as the soldiers who went with powder and ball?

Many years ago Gibbon wrote: "As long as mankind shall continue to bestow more liberal applause on their destroyers than on their benefactors, the thirst for military glory will be the vice of the most exalted." Educate the young less in the deeds of war than in the deeds of peace. The history of the pioneers in the forests of Canada, the deeds of life savers, the magnificent exploits of engineers by sea and land will develop character better than the accounts of slaughter and sufferings in war. "There never was a good war or a bad peace," said Benjamin Franklin. This is an extreme statement, no doubt occasioned by the horrors of the revolutionary war. It is true, however, that the peacemakers are blessed, and are worthy to be called the sons of God

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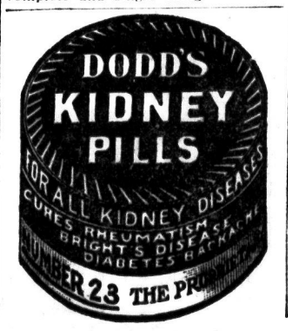

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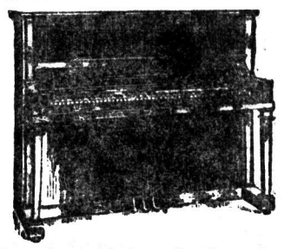

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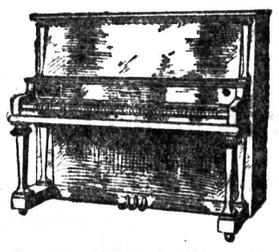

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CHEMISTRY AND CRIME.

The science of chemistry is every day making more possible and exact the detection of crime and the location of disease germs. In criminal cases it is often a matter of the greatest importance to determine whether stains on certain clothing or on some weapon or on furniture are due to blood, and, if so, whether that blood is of human origin. Often, too, the stain has been so small or so old, or the clothing on which it is suspected to exist has been so dirty and so worn, that the question has been difficult of solution with any degree of certainty. The new serological laboratories inaugurated at the Royal Institute of Public Health in London will change all this. The test which they apply enables them to detect the presence of albumin (one of the substances found in blood) even in such a diluted form as 1 to 100,000. It also affords evidence of the origin of the albumin whether it be human or animal, and, the latter, to which animal it belongs.

The albumin need not necessarily be derived from blood—there are numerous other sources; but chemical and spectroscopic tests will definitely determine whether the stain is that of blood or not.

To such a fine point has the science been brought that it has been actually possible to determine the origin of blood found in the stomachs of flies and other vermin, thus fixing the source from which infection has arisen. The plague bacillus, for example, has been found in rat's blood, in the body of a flea, and the malaria parasite in human blood in the mosquito.

The Peace River Trail Canada's Northern Region

[From the London Daily News.]

Edmonton, Alberta, Feb. 7.

ALBERTA stands just where somewhere ends and nowhere begins. North of it lie thousands of miles of unbroken and for the most part, unexplored land awaiting the settler who will surely come. Last winter a few intrepid souls, filled with the spirit of the pioneer, and tickled with the reports brought by Government prospectors and others, essayed the long and lonely journey to the Peace River country. Previous to this, few had ventured beyond the Athabasca River, where is a tiny settlement known as Athabasca Landing. At first sight it seems passing strange that anyone should choose January in a land of forty and fifty below zero temperatures for such a journey. But this is practically the only time to venture upon it. There is no roadway yet—nothing but a trail, which makes hard, hard work for a team, added to which the Athabasca and other rivers have no bridges, and are impassable when the ice begins to break. With a few feet of snow, frozen hard, the sleighs can travel merrily along.

Caboose Drawn by Cows.

The majority of these pioneers have now made their way back to Edmonton, a journey of fifty days there and back, with all kinds of vehicles and beasts of burden. They are purchasing food and clothing for their families through the summer, while they busy themselves with work on their homesteads, breaking the virgin soil and planting what crop they can with a limited equipment for farming operations. Here is one of the outfits just ready to start. There are two sleighs, loaded to the topmost capacity with provisions and farming implements, and for propelling power eight large, ungainly oxen, four of which are hitched to each conveyance. This is not the entire procession, however. Bringing up the rear is a spacious caboose, a roughly built, home-made kind of caravan, set on a sleigh, and drawn by two milch cows. In this the family will live during the entire journey into the North Land, the animals furnishing at least a portion of the food required during the trip.

Meat, bread, etc., will all freeze hard, and must be thawed out by the little stove as required. This year the weather has been more than usually severe, and many of the travellers arrived badly frost bitten. Many things must be purchased on the trail; it is impossible to take hay enough to feed a team of horses or oxen on a trip that lasts twenty-one days; the traveller must have shelter at the stopping place, and his horses must be fed. Oats along the route cannot be purchased for less than a dollar (4s. 2d.) a bushel. Bread is sold at 25 cents (1s.) for 1½-pound loaf, and the cost of the journey on an average is two dollars a day per man for every day spent on the trail. It means that he must be well supplied with ready money.

From the Slave Lake.

There has travelled into the city this week, with an outfit, from the Lesser Slave Lake district, a Cree Indian, about 28 years of age, who goes by the name of John. With the toes of his moccasins touching, and his heels about eighteen inches apart, his right hand firmly grasped in the hand of a 16-year-old boy, John saw his first railroad train yesterday morning. He had heard about it, of course, and when it was mentioned he would throw out his chest and look big. He would be glad to condescend to look at a train. He was a very brave man, had killed a bear one time, and was married to a good wife. There was nothing in Edmonton that would scare him. Accordingly young Wilfrid took him down to the C. N. R. station. The two stood beside the "iron trail," and John held on to young Wilfrid's hand while Wilfrid awaited developments. Presently a yard engine drew near, seemingly sliding over the rails, making little noise, save for an occasional puff of smoke. John shivered a little. The great mogul presently reached a point near the two frontiersmen. John felt a little nervous. Then the driver pulled the reverse lever a whistle blew, and a volume of steam seemed to explode in the very belly of the great locomotive. When the steam had cleared away the two who stood hand in hand so bravely beside the track, with open mouths and wondering eyes had vanished. Brave John, the Indian, made the distance from the station to the Castle livery barn, where his boss sat smoking a pipe with the proprietor, in about twenty seconds. He ran so fast that those who saw him declared that they didn't know if he were man or devil. As for the boy, he couldn't keep up to John; nevertheless, he showed some speed as a runner. When the Indian got into the office of the livery barn he hid behind the stove, and since then has kept very close to our horses and sleighs.

The Arctic Mail.

Early in December six hundred pounds of mail left Edmonton for northern points from Lac La Biche to Herschel Island. Christmas mail for the trapper, the Hudson's Bay factor and his clerks, the isolated constables of the Royal Northwest Mounted Police, and the pioneer homesteader along the Peace, the Athabasca, and the Mackenzie; letters from homes somewhere across the sea to sons and brothers in the wilds of the Canadian Northland; little parcels and marked papers, possibly containing news of vital importance to someone whose lot is cast in a new land, where only occasional communication may be had with the teeming centres of civilization; a precious cargo, though possibly of little commercial value.

Six hundred pounds is all that the Hudson's Bay Company will agree to carry to northern points, and so if it happens that the large number of papers, letters, and postcards consigned to the inhabitants of the winter-bound regions exceeds that weight the postoffice authorities must go through the mail and cut out what they believe to be least important in order to reduce it to the maximum allowance. Lac La Biche will be the first stop of the mail carriers. The bags will be taken to this point by team and sleigh, and after the Lac La Biche mail has been dropped off the remainder will be carried on by means of the Hudson's Bay Company's dog teams. In charge of experienced runners of the trail, the letters and postcards for which isolated men and women are patiently and anxiously waiting will continue their northern journey over frozen streams, snowy plains and through wooded bluffs. From Lac La Biche the carriers will strike northwards to Fort McMurray, up the Athabasca to Fort Chippewyan, and to Fort Resolution by the frozen waters of Great Slave Lake. This is the last place that could possibly be reached before Christmas. From there the mail must be carried to Fort McPherson, and on through to the Arctic Ocean, where the whaling ships lie ice-bound around Herschel Island, and the crews are passing away the timetime telling stories of sea life in exchange for stories of the plain and forest told by mounted policemen stationed at that lonely post. The mail will reach Herschel Island in April, just when the Arctic world is awakening from a long, cold sleep, and the men of the land and sailors at that most northerly port are longing for some activity, and for some news of the outer world from which they will have been cut off since the Hudson's Bay boats left the post last July.

EXPENSIVE FEEDING STUFFS.

A Colorado farmer the other day took into the Government offices in Denver a $5 bill which had been eaten by grasshoppers. The bill had been chewed nearly to pieces, apparently by a horde of grasshoppers which had attacked it. A Rhode Island man, lying ill with rheumatism, not long ago, saw a rat chew into fragments a $10 bill and was helpless to prevent the destruction. The fragments were, however, redeemed by the Government, as were the remains of the $5 bill which the Colorado grasshoppers devoured.

WHERE GIRLS HAVE BOYS' NAMES.

Travellers visiting Samoa are puzzled at first by the fact that many boys bear feminine names, while girls as frequently have masculine names. The visitor learns after a while, however, that this confusing use of names, instead of being due to ignorance, is in reality the result of a native custom, which is highly poetic. Thus, if a girl is born soon after the death of a brother, the latter's name is given to her, in the belief that his spirit and all his good qualities have been transferred to her. On the other hand, if a boy is born after the death of a sister, he takes the latter's name, and, as the Samoans believe, all her lovable traits become his.

TO PREVENT THE GRIP.
LAXATIVE BROMO QUININE removes the cause. There is only one "BROMO QUININE." Look for signature of E. W. GROVE. 25c. 19tf-ty