CURRENT NOTES.

Africa was an important topic at the recent Geographical Congress in London, and though M. Andree's project for reaching the North Pole by balloon and M. Borchgrevinck's account of the first landing on the Antarctic continent tended to turn aside the attention of such members as are fond of sensations, the presence of Siatin Pasha, after eleven years' captivity in the Soudan, was enough to attract it once more to the Dark Continent. Siatin's paper, as was but natural, was only a personal narrative of his sufferings, and of what had occurred under his eyes in the Mahdi's dominions, rather than an addition to geographical knowledge. Two addresses, however, were made at the meeting by men fully competent to speak, which deserve consideration from all interested in the problems that Africa offers.

The veteran Sir John Kirk, Livingstone's companion on his second expedition, who, as British Consul at Zanzibar for over twenty years, assisted and kept in touch with every expedition that started for the interior from the East coast, from Stanley and Cameron to the missionaries and traders on the great lakes, summed up the results of his experience in a paper on "The extent to which tropical Africa is suited for development by the white races or under their superintendence." Wherever the land is 5,000 feet above the sea level it is, he says as a rule suitable to European life; in eastern Africa such uplands are found near Lake Nyassa, in the country north and northwest of the Victoria falls of the Zambesi, in that about Mt. Kilimandjaro and Mt. Kenia, and in the Abyssinian highlands of the Italian protectorate. The districts enumerated by Sir John Kirk covered at least as much ground as the whole of Europe west of Russia. In them Europeans can, in all probability, settle, cultivate the land and live without danger to health. In other large tracts of land, perhaps in all the continent, except the unhealthy parts of the seaboard, Europeans can live for a time and direct the civilization and industries of the native populations, as is done in India, in Brazil, and other tropical lands. The table lands are fertile, some are rich in minerals, and the resources of the country are hardly explored. The one natural obstacle in reaching this land is the unhealthy coast strip which can easily be traversed by a short railroad. This is the story that one traveler after another has repeated for the last twenty years, but Sir John Kirk has done a good service in stating the facts once more to the world, with the added authority of his long experience.

Mr. Henry M. Stanley's words to the assembled geographers were full of sound common sense, and it was high time that they should have been uttered. What Africa needs is not scientific geographers—their time has not yet come—but men capable of founding colonies, men of the type of John Smith, Cortes, and Ceci Rhodes. There is no question of settling Africa with white men in the near future; what must be done is to open up trade routes into the interior; to apply to it the mechanical instruments of civilization, such as railroads and steamers; to improve the condition of the blacks, and to make the country fit for colonization hereafter. And he spoke of the steamboats already on the Congo and of the railroad that is not yet finished.

Mr. Stanley's criticism is not unfair. Since the completion of his great journey, eighteen years ago, it seems to have been assumed that the solution of the great geographical problem has done away with the physical difficulties of African exploration. In their impatience to fill up the blanks in the map, the stay-at-home geographers have been far more ready to criticise the unscientific character of observations made, and to complain of the failure to bring back the geological, botanical, ethnographical, astronomical, and other technical data they desire, than to consider the hardships inseparable from journeys that must still be made on foot, with all baggage and provisions carried on men's backs, and the fact that explorers now have more practical and important duties than the collection of geographical information. Africa is not an uninhabited, barren desert like the Arctic or Antarctic regions; the existence of a population possessed of land and products that have commercial value demands from the explorer at every moment the decision of social, moral, economic, and political questions of more immediate importance than scientific observations.

Both Sir John Kirk and Mr. Stanley repeat the cry of every African explorer for a railroad through the unhealthy coast region to the habitable interior. It is strange, considering the eagerness of European countries in scrambling for African territory, that so little support should be found for the African railroads. In Belgium France, Germany, England, whenever the proposal for a parliamentary grant for the purpose comes up it is sure to hang fire, and when granted, to be made as small as possible. Yet a line 270 miles long would connect the thousands of miles of waterway of the Congo with the Atlantic and civilization; after fifteen years, only forty-four miles are completed. From the Senegal, 340 miles of road would bring over 1,000 miles of navigable river in the upper Niger Valley into communication with the sea; not a third of this distance has been built. Uganda, the Victoria Nyanza, and the upper Nile are only 650 miles from Mombasa, on the Indian Ocean; the line has not even been begun. And none the less it is admitted that no harder blow could be struck at the slave trade in its most revolting and destructive form, the slave caravan, than by doing away with the necessity of transportation by men, and by enabling the civilized powers to reach the strongholds of the Arab traders of the interior, in whose hands the slave traffic now lies. The old saying, "Where the snow falls, there is freedom," has a corollary: Where the railroad reaches, slavery cannot exist.

Sooner or later Africa is bound to have its railroads. Meanwhile, Mr. Stanley's statement is true. The day of the pioneer explorer is past in Central Africa; that of the scientific man has not yet come; the present belongs to the industrial pioneer and the builder of roads.

MISSIONARY MURDERS.

BRAVE MEN AND WOMEN WHO HAVE FALLEN VICTIMS.

Horrible Privations, Suffering, Torture, and Knavish Brutality—Africa, India, China, and Java, the South Seas, Have Taken Many Noble and Promising Lives.

Missionary history literally teems with terrible tales of suffering and death by savage hands. It is only necessary to put your hand in the bag, as it were, and draw out any one. Take the last hours, for example, of Bishop James Hannington, Bishop of Equatorial Africa, who came to his death on Oct. 29, 1885.

In company with a large party he was traversing Masai-land, when they were set upon by a band of ferocious Massi. The Bishop was first enticed away from his party by a few harmless-looking savages led by a swarthy and cunning Arab. As soon as they had lured him a few feet off, he was seized and dragged with almost incredible swiftness and brutality over the ground. At the same moment the shrieks and yells of his friends and servants who were being swept out of existence in a concerted attack came to his terrified ears. Only four out of that party of fifty managed to eventually escape.

Such merciful, sudden death was not for the brave old man, however. He was kept for eight days in a filthy hut with little food and no comforts at all, every moment expecting death, and at the end of that time he was led out to be killed. His men had been put out of the world with spears, and he was shot down like a dog with his own rifle, first being prodded in the presence of a howling circle of savages with fiendish precision.

Strange, pathetic, suffering old man, sitting there in the low and filthy hut eight days and eight nights, uncomplaining, waiting only for the gates to come ajar.

HE DID NOT FALTER

as the time went on, but wrote in the little pocket diary he carried up to the very day on which he died. This diary later came into the hands of a native at Uganda, from whom it was bought by one of the Bishop's dearest friends. A few of the entries in it have an almost heartbreaking touch:

"Oct. 22.—In a fair-sized hut, but with no ventilation; twenty men surround me, and rats and vermin ad. lib.; strained in every limb; great pain and consumed with thirst. Floor covered with rotting banana peel and lice. Guards drink pombe; scarce power to hold up small Bible. Shall I live through it my God? I am Thine. I feel that I am in a caged lion frame of mind, yet I ought to be praising His holy name, and I do.

"Oct. 30. My nerves have received such a shock. Heard some loud yells and war cries and expected to be murdered. I simply turned over and said, 'Let the Lord do as He sees fit; I shall not make the slightest resistance.

"The chief and about a hundred of his wives came to feast their eyes on me in cruel curiosity."

The last entry reads: "Fever fast developing. A hyena howled near me last night, smelling a sick man, but I hope he is not to have me yet."

BRAINED BY A HINDU'S CLUB.

No less a martyr for religious truth was the Princetonian Levi Janvier, who, in 1864 was struck down at Anadopore, in India, by a fanatic's club, while he was preaching and distributing tracts. On the roadway, gasping for breath, while barely conscious, lay the brave young student, while over him, with that insanguined club banished high, stood the wild-eyed Hindu. For a moment it seemed as if the East had conquered the West, but as breath by breath the brilliant evangelist's life ebbed away, it could be seen that it was the Orient that had been weighed and found wanting beside Occidental heroism.

THE CAWNPORE MASSACRE.

Chief among the horrors of India's savagery, though, stands out the Cawnpore massacre of 1857, in which women and children, soldiery and missionaries were caught like drowning rats in a trap, exposed for days to the merciless, raking fire of the barbarous Sepoys with Nana Sahib, that Nero of Modern days, at their head. Of Europeans in Cawnpore, there were but 300 fighting men, including the English officers of the Sepoy regiments. The native forces, on the other hand, were 3,000 strong—three infantry regiments and a detachment of Bengal cavalry.

On the evening of June 4, Nana Sahib issued his orders. The camp treasury was at once sacked, all the ammunition possible taken and the artillery secured. A regiment of native foot and the Bengal cavalry men began the attack. They were a little after aided by the remaining regiments, and by high noon the next day the siege was in full operation.

Within the camp there were 1,000 souls in all, 465 of them being men (soldiers, citizens and missionaries). As day after day the siege went on the agony in the camp increased. The guns of the rebel natives swept all over the fortified inclosure, and soon the list of the wounded and the number of the dead crept up around 50 per centum. There was hunger, too, in the tiny camp. Starvation was imminent, and it seemed as if it must come very soon. What remained of the garrison when the week of siege drew towards an end was hardly sufficient to bury each day's dead.

SURRENDER, THEN DEATH.

Finally, the suffering was so dire that the leaders of the garrison capitulated to the Sepoy wolf, and it was arranged that under the flag of truce they should march out of the garrison the next day, get into the boats and go down the river. Therein lay the crime of Cawnpore. When, the next day, the English started in to do their part, the Sepoys let them go down to the boats. Then they crowded the men into these frail crafts, keeping the women and children back with devilish design. They pushed the boats hurriedly off and then opened a murderous fire on them from both banks, not stopping until practically every survivor was killed, driving meanwhile most of the women and children back into the town.

Some of these they killed offhand, some they spared for a little while for purposes unholy and dreadful. Within a few days all the women met their deaths, for then the Sepoys heard Gen. Hasting's bugle call, at the head of his troops come to relieve Cawnpore.

He came too late to save, but in time for vengeance. Nana Sahib and his men were almost wiped off the face of the earth, and their crime was dearly paid for. Yet Cawnpore will never be forgotten.

Brave in defending as the soldiers themselves were the missionaries that were in the fort with their wives and children. A roll of honor should be made of these heroic men. Taken fragmentarily, they were David Elliott Campbell, Albert Osborne Johnson and Robert McMullin, who was on his way to Allahabad.

A PRINCETON MAN'S END.

On a sunny summer sea in Chinese waters an old barkentine was ploughing her way one August afternoon, when a dreaded band of ferocious Chinese pirates appeared. Swinging themselves up deftly to the decks, they took the crew and the officers one by one and, slitting their throats, tossed them overboard into the calm blue waters. It was their purpose to leave the ship's deck clear so they could go on with their looting undisturbed. In the stern was sitting the solitary passenger, Walter Macon Lowrie, a Princeton man, who had gone to the Flowery Kingdom as one of his church's mission pioneers. For this was in 1847, when China, from the mission point of view, was altogether an experiment.

Lowrie, the student, had a Bible in his hand, and so intent was he upon its pages that he did not notice the pirates approach until the carnage began. Then he stood petrified, paralyzed. The grinning pirates came towards him. His Testament fell at his feet. Three of the biggest and strongest of the free-booters threw themselves upon him and bound him firmly with a long cord. Then, as if he had been a white kitten, they tossed him overboard, "playing him" on the end of that long rope until unable to struggle, he sank for the last time.

KILLED BY JAVELINS.

In 1834 Henry Lyman and Samuel Munson journeyed into the interior of Java to establish a new missionary field for their board of missions. At that time Java was even more of a savage waste than it is today, and its people had hardly seen such a thing as a white man. Yet Lyman and Munson pluckily went among them and fought the good fight.

It was the Battus, that savage Javanese tribe, that the two men finally ran foul of. They were received by them at first with a strange hospitality that threw them off their guard. The exact details have never come to light, for no one survived to tell the true tale, but it was afterwards ascertained that these evangelists, after being received in the very heart of the village, were a little later on held as prisoners, both meeting their death within a few hours. Death came mercifully to Lyman, for a bullet was allowed to do its work; but Munson was speared, bound with his back against a tree. Unerringly did the Battu tribe, lined up in good order, hurl javelin after javelin at him, cunningly poising and aiming so as to just miss the vital parts. It was long before unconsciousness, death's forerunner, came to Munson's relief.

A SOUTH SEA TRAGEDY.

Extraordinarily dramatic is a certain tale of the Southern Seas. When Bishop Selwyn went down to the Melanesian Islands some years ago to establish a series of missions, he took with him a very promising young man, the Rev. John Coleridge Patterson, of a fine old family and highly educated. When Bishop Selwyn had his mission firmly established he came back, leaving young Patterson in his place.

His sudden and tragic death was not the islanders' fault. It was an accident and a misconception. The young Bishop had an official boat, shaped and painted in a peculiar way. The enemies of the Melanesians were pirates and slave dealers of a desperate type, who would steal upon the Melanesians unawares and carry off a lot of them into captivity.

They craftily built and colored a boat exactly like the Bishop's own, and for a long while continued to steal marches on the simple minded Melanesians who could not appreciate the fact that the bishopric craft had a wicked double. Finally they got to associate the peculiar form and style of Dr. Patterson's boat with their arch enemies.

The Bishop came sailing into a little port one day, and while he was yet quite a distance off his rig was seen and remarked upon by the natives. "The slave dealers' boat," they murmured among themselves, and they put their heads together. Then they went out to meet it.

Somehow they did not recognize the Bishop as they drew near, taking him, without especial examination, for one of the slave dealers. As they approached the Bishop started out to meet them and got into their boat, according to the custom, and

THEY PULLED HIM ASHORE.

That was the last that was ever seen of this brilliant South Sea Bishop. His body was found the next day with a dozen spear wounds in his breast, rolled up on a piece of matting and covered over with a palm leaf.

Cannibalism was another danger that the old-time missionaries were obliged to face. It is not a danger that is altogether done away with now. In 1839, when John Williams started out as missionary to the Society Islands and carried his wife along with him the man eating tribes were many, and the danger was not to be laughed at. The danger never has deterred a missionary from going ahead and never will.

With Mrs. Williams and ten other missionaries this pioneer toured the South Seas pretty thoroughly, taking in the New Hebrides on his route. In that group of islets the party fell in with a strangely cruel and barbaric race. On the Island of Erromarga what was destined to be the last stage of their journey was reached.

They got no further than this picturesque little island set exquisitely in its beautiful frame of blue seal for the man eaters took them all prisoners and one by one devoured them.

Kept House in a Chimney.

A curious case of desertion is just reported from a French regiment quartered in a provincial town. About two months ago one of the soldiers disappeared, and no clue to his whereabouts having been obtained, it was presumed that he had left the country. As some of the men were inspecting the barrack roof the other day they perceived a few wraps in a chimney, and further examination revealed to view their missing comrade, in a state of squalor and reduced almost to a skeleton. He said that as he had no taste for military life he had resolved to desert, but that not daring to leave the barracks, he had installed himself in the chimney, going down to the court-yard in the night in search of food among the refuse piled up in a corner. The man has been removed to the military hospital in a very precarious condition.

QUEER THINGS IN EUROPE

ODD HAPPENINGS THAT HAVE OCCURRED IN THE OLD LAND.

Accidents From Coal Oil Lamps—Novel Attempt at Suicide— Phenomenal Spendthrift—Ignorance of the Russian Peasants—Court Society in Russia—Queer Post Office Names, etc.

A chapel measuring 9x12 feet will shortly be erected on Mount Blanc, 10,000 feet above the sea level.

Last year thirty-three persons in London lost their lives by the explosion of coal-oil lamps. In twenty-five cases the lamps were glass lamps, and it is therefore proposed to prohibit their sale and use.

In France it is a punishable offense for any one to give infants under one year any form of solid food, unless such be ordered by written prescription signed by a legally qualified medical man.

The Mahometan clergy denounce electricity as a damnable power.

A servant girl at Vienna attempted to commit suicide by a novel method. She undressed and then poured boiling water over herself; being interrupted in this she tried to throw herself from a window. And now she is in her proper sphere—the lunatic asylum.

The smallest clock in the world was on exhibition lately in a jeweller's show-window in Gottingen, Germany. The dial measures less than one-third of an inch in diameter and the weight which furnishes the motive force for twenty-four hours is suspended from a woman's hair.

L'Independence Belge says that a young Hungarian military docter named Bela Skarvan has been condemned by court-martial to three months' solitary confinement, to the confiscation of his property and the loss of his doctor's diploma, and to degradation to the rank of a private because in a letter to the military authorities he ventured to express his aversion to military service.

Several newspapers in Lissabon, Portugal, with malice aforethought, accused the Jesuits of stealing children. Since then, in consequence of these calumniations, many priests have been assaulted on the streets and seriously wounded by the very ignorant and very credulous populace. In fact, very vigorous measures were necessary to prevent the assassination of all clericals.

A son of Geheimrath Julius Schwabach, member of the firm of Bleichroeder, of Berlin, has shown himself, a phenomenal spendthrift. Within eighteen months he squandered over $250,000. He tried his best, or his worst to prove himself a fin de siecle blade. For instance, while residing at Leipsic, Germany, he sometimes telegraphed to his tailor at Berlin to come to him by special train to take an order. The rich fool is now under guardianship.

The Berlin Echo has discovered that among the Chinese the "milhi" is priced as the most delicious dish. It consists of new-born mice, still blind. They are dipped in oil and then connoisseurs swallow them very slowly. At the marriage feast of the present Emperor of China not less than 5,000 of these sleek bonbons glistened on the festive board.

A late official report shows that contrary to common belief cases of religious mania are rare in the British isles. It also discloses the strange fact that more mental aberration is developed among the tribe of peddlers than among any other class, physicians and druggists coming next. Melancholia prevails most in Ireland.

How densely ignorant the Russian peasants are is shown by the fact that lately a swindler was arrested in the Government of Saratow for selling among the peasantry a large number of tickets to the planet Jupiter. Many of the dupes had disposed of everything they possessed in order to buy such a ticket. These would-be emigrants were promised large estates and a life of ease and luxury, of course, and had even been told not to take along the pictures of saints, since on Jupiter they would be likely to make their personal acquaintance.

A piano in a lion cage is the latest stage specialty. It has been introduced by a hitherto obscure female piano teacher who first performed in a lion cage in a menagerie at Dewsburg, England. The experiment is pronounced a "grand success." The kingly beasts are said to be very appreciative, and particularly partial to Chopin's airs.

Custom is tyrannical. Hence it is that the English servant maid, whenever she wants to shine when taking an airing, continues to actually hire a soldier from the barracks, glorious in scarlet coat and brass buttons, to accompany her at the rate of not less than sixpence per hour. By paying eight or ten pence she may monopolize the soldier's society; otherwise the martial gallant may let out half his smiles and his left arm to another maid at the sixpence rate.

Vienese papers state that Czar Nicholas II. is a mere puppet in the hands of his mother. The reign of the Dowager Empress is, however, confined to politics. In court society the young Empress—a Hessian princess, with an English education—rules supreme; she has already succeeded in making English the dominant language in court circles, and is endeavouring to supplant Russian with English etiquette and habits. And now the average Russian would not be surprised to learn that the court cats are being taught to bark.

German railroad cars are not comfortable but German railroad management is fairt For instance, according to a late agreemen between the railroads, if a traveller now makes only part of the trip to which his ticket entitles him, the money paid in excess is returned to him, provided the station master of the station where the trip was cut short has certified to that fact on the ticket.

Some of the post-offices in the province of Brandenburg, Prussia, have queer names: Old Nag, Blue Monkey, Flying Horse, Green Deer, Hungry Wolf, Cow Beer, Pig's Whistle, etc. And the Postal Guide for the province further shows an astonishing assortment of foreign names: Annapolis, Ceylon, Charlestown, Beauregard, Corsica, Jerusalem, Jamaica, Malta, Maryland, Ninive, Pensilvanien, Saratoga, Zion, etc.—all these are lying and situate in the ultra-Prussian province and the ultra-German Kingdom.

It Wouldn't Work.

There's one form of instruction that won't be popular next winter, said Jones.

What is it? asked Smith.

Conversation classes. Every woman would want to be a teacher.

His Reel.

He had no reel when he went off
To fish for fishes game.
But when he came home late at night
He had one just the same.

PRACTICAL FARMING.

Washing and Working Butter.

Butter may be washed until most of the flavor has been washed out. Much of the butter of days gone by was not washed at all, but salted and worked directly from the buttermilk, writes a correspondent. While this practice was strongly condemned by many buttermakers, others—principally those who practiced it—urged that such butter possessed a peculiar rich, nutty flavor which was lacking in washed butter. One of the strongest points against the unwashed butter was that overworking was almost a necessity, as the buttermilk had to be worked out if it was not washed out. Nowadays the practice is to wash the butter while it is still in granular form. Nearly all the advice given in our institutes, conventions and dairy papers is that the butter shall be washed until the water draws off clear, with perhaps the last washing in brine to still further remove every trace of buttermilk. This results in good butter if the conditions of the cream previous to churning were right, but it will be lacking in flavor. While I advocate washing butter and always practice it, I do not use so much water as formerly. Usually twice washing, with two large pails of water each time, is sufficient for forty pounds of butter after the buttermilk has been drawn off. Even if the water at the last washing is quite milky no harm need follow. After it has been salted and drained, very little moisture will be left, and this soon runs off when the butter is placed on the worker. After an experience of ten years in making butter for private families, I have settled upon the following method of operation: After the butter has been washed as above stated, and while still in the churn, it is salted, an ounce and a half to the pound. This is more than most butter-makers use but none too much for my customers, who like their butter quite salt. After the salt has been sprinkled in as evenly as possible, the churn cover is replaced and the churn slowly revolved for five minutes. It is then allowed to drain while the butter worker is being prepared, when the butter is placed upon it and pressed carefully with a steady motion of the lever. It is never allowed to slide over the butter, as that would have a tendency to break the grain and make it salvey. It is impossible to tell just how much to work the butter. It should be only enough to thoroughly incorporate the salt. After the butter has been salted and has drained in the churn, the quantity of brine which remains to be worked out will be very small.

The butter when finished should present a smooth, even appearance, yet when broken apart should show the granules plainly. I am not an advocate of twice working, although some of our best buttermakers claim an added smoothness and solidity by reworking after allowing a sufficient length of time for the salt to dissolve. Brine salting, if it were practicable for general use, would undoubtedly be the best method of salting butter. The very slight degree to which butter can be salted in that manner renders it impracticable for those whose butter must be salted more than an ounce to the pound. With the centrifugal separator more cream will be extracted than by the old open-pan setting, the Babcock test shows the fat in cream, and now we have the third great improvement—bacteria "cultures," for imparting any desired flavor to butter.

Patronize Your Fair.

"I haven't been to a fair for five years," said a certain farmer recently. "I wouldn't give a cent to see one." Suppose all farmers were like this one, what would become of the fairs? Do you want to see them discontinued? Do you think they are of no value? Do they not stimulate the production of better things on the farm? Are they not practical schools through which farmers gain much valuable information in regards to breeds and feeding, seeds and cultivation, improvements in farm machinery, implements, etc.? You know that agriculture would not have advanced as rapidly as it has without fairs.

Well, if fairs are to be maintained the people must support them. It is your duty to do so. You can't shift your responsibility upon any one else. You say, perhaps "They don't amount to anything." Whose fault is it? Yours, or the men who have faithfully patronized and supported the fairs? Have you ever done anything to make them better? We have observed one thing, that in every county where the farmers generously and faithfully supported the fair it is always a good one and worthy of support. At such fairs objectionable features are weeded out, and legitimate industries are fostered, wholesome attractions are provided, and the material interests of the county are promoted.

Attend your county or home fair. Exhibit something if you have anything worthy, and if not, resolve to produce something next year. Example is contagious. Your example will wake up your neighbor, and he will wake up somebody else. That's the way these things operate. If you stay away and run the fair down, your influence is all in opposition to one of the acknowledged, efficient agencies for the promotion of agriculture. "Get a move on you" this year, and place yourself with the active, enterprising, intelligent men around you who are doing all they can to bring about a better condition of things.

Slipshod Poultry.

Farmers, as a rule, pay but little attention to poultry. Most of them, however, have a few running about the barnyard, but give them little or no care. Possibly a pail full of grain is thrown out to them once, or at most, twice a week. If you ask the general run of farmers whether they give any of their time to poultry the answer usually is, "Well, no; the women folks gather what eggs there are and raise a few young ones, but they don't pay." No, of course they don't pay when not looked after. Would their cattle, their horse or their swine pay if they were attended to in such a slipshod and ridiculous fashion? Poultry will not pay unless properly cared for and attended to.

Pulling Him Up.

He was saying all sorts of soft things to her.

Sir, she exclaimed with sudden indignation.

Oh, I beg your pardon, he replied hastily, I meant nothing by—

That's just what I don't like, sir. What I want to hear is something you mean.

JAPANESE DETECTIVES.

ADMIRABLE SYSTEM OF DETECTION OF CRIME IN JAPAN.

They Have a Way of Finding Things out And Nobody Knows How—Claim to be Aware of Everything That is Going on in the Empire—Some Wonderful Instances of Clever Detective Work.

The detective service of Japan is admirable and is inherited from the days of the despotism, when it was necessary for the Shogun to know everything that was going on among the subjects writes a correspondent. There are two distinct detective agencies under the Government, one being connected with the ordinary police for the prevention and punishment of crime, and the other being political, under the Department of the Interior.

The latter showed its efficiency during the late war, for the Japanese knew more about the Chinese army, its fortresses, its arms and equipments, and the condition of the navy than Li Hung Chang himself. The agents of the intelligence department were not only ingenious and indefatigable, but a mass of valuable information was received at headquarters from volunteer spies and from persons who had visited China recently and knew facts of value to their Government.

The intelligence department has so complete a system that it claims to be aware of everything that is going on in the empire, and I presume that this is true, particularly in politics. The criminal department of the police is equally industrious and efficient. In the first place every citizen—man, woman, and child—in Japan is registered at Police headquarters, with his residence, his occupation, and even the wages he receives, if he is a workman or an employee. Whenever he changes his abode, his occupation, or his place of employment, he is required to notify the registrar and correction is made upon the books. Every hotel is required to report the arrival and departure of its guests as promptly as possible, with the places they came from, the train they take, and their destination. Therefore it is easy for the police to ascertain the whereabouts of any person at any time and they have a good start when they are inquiring into a case.

Not long since, for illustration, Mr. Miller, official interpreter of the United States Legation in Tokio, failed to receive a letter which was sent him from a neighboring city with a draft enclosed, and he

NOTIFIED THE POLICE.

The detective assigned to the case began by ascertaining the day and hour when the letter was posted, from which he could easily calculate the exact time of its arrival in Tokio. By reference to the register at headquarters he found that there were two persons named Miller in the city, although their initials were different and they lived far apart. The postmen who served the district in which they lived were questioned, and one of them remembered delivering a letter to the house of the wrong Miller on the date named. Several members of the family recalled that such a letter that did not belong to them had been received, and one of the servants reported that she had handed it to a peddler, who had agreed to put it in the nearest post box and save her the trouble. The peddler was found and identified by the servant. His premises were searched and the money was discovered concealed under the matting of the floor. He had forged an endorsement and got the draft cashed by a merchant who had sent it to his bank for collection in the regular course of business. These facts were all ascertained, and the thief was sentenced to four years imprisonment within a week after Mr. Miller made his complaint to the police.

Mr. James R. Morse of Yokohama happened to be spending the night with his friend, Mr. Denison, in Tokio, when a sneak thief entered the house and stole his pocketbook, containing $70 and a number of valuable papers. The matter was reported to the police in the morning, with a description of the purse and its contents, and within forty-eight hours the papers were recovered and the thief had begun a term of six years' imprisonment at Ishikawa, the national penitentiary.

The process of his detection was very prompt and simple. The crime was reported at Police Headquarters at 8 o'clock in the morning. By 9 the theft and description of the property had been telephoned to every precinct in the city and to all the suburban towns, and were known to every officer on duty. In a little village about ten miles from the centre of Tokio a man entered a tea house during the afternoon and showed a card upon which Mr. Morse's name was engraved. Tea houses in Japan correspond with saloons in this country, and the policemen watch them. The nesans, as the waiter girls are called, coquet with the policemen and

OFTEN AID THEM

in the performance of their duty. So it was perfectly natural for the policeman on that beat to tell the nesans the story of the robbery, and it was equally so for the nesan to report to the policeman about Mr. Morse's card. The circumstance was suspicious enough to justify an arrest, and before night the thief was in the central station at Tokio. He had the pocketbook and all the papers on his person, but had spent most of the money in a spree the night before and had been robbed of the remainder during a drunken stupor that followed.

I saw a good deal of the Japanese detective corps while Mr. Foster was in Japan. As he had been connected with the Chinese Government, and his face and name were so well known to the public through their frequent appearance in the illustrated papers, it was feared lest some fanatic or soshi might attack him; therefore the Government, without consulting Mr. Foster, instructed the Police Department to keep him under constant surveillance while he was in Japan. All of the foreign legations are constantly watched by the police, and a detective with a jinrikisha is always on duty opposite them to follow members of the diplomatic corps wherever they go.

Mr. Foster was sometimes attended by five detectives. The Superintendent of Police at Kobe went with him as far as Kyoto, and the Kyoto Superintendent of Police as far as Nagoya as a mark of respect and although he protested against these attentions and assured the authorities repeatedly that he had not the slightest apprehension of danger, they replied that they held themselves responsible for his safety while in Japan, and must insist upon maintaining the guard. Sometimes while he was in Tokio and Yokohama Mr. Foster succeeded in eluding his shadows, much to their chagrin, but they very soon discovered that he had outwitted them and ascertained his whereabouts in some mysterious manner, which showed their efficiency. One night we slipped out of the hotel by the back door to call on a friend, and managed to reach his residence without being overtaken; but at the conclusion of the visit, as we were starting homeward, we found a half dozen detectives sitting coolly around the door. How they discovered our whereabouts is a mystery, for no one knew where we were going, and we left the hotel unobserved

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