

RAILWAY TRAVEL IN CHINA.

Ride From Taku to Peking the Most Gloomy Known.

In Former Days Springless Carts Were Used and Were a Torture to Travelers.

From Thursday's Daily.

"Remote, unfriendly, melancholy, slow," is the region between Taku (at the mouth of the sinuous Peiho) and the far-famed capital of the Celestial Empire. For the first 27 miles it is particularly depressing, constituting as it does, from the coast of the Tientsin, one vast mud flat, unrelieved by tree or hillock. From the great treaty port of the north of China to Peking itself, a distance of 80 miles, the land is fairly well cultivated, but the only objects on the landscape between the various villages are the kraal-shaped tombs of the Chinese, who bury their dead in meadow or garden, quite regardless of locality. In the pre-railway days, there were three methods of traveling from the coast to the capital—the first by boat, the second by cart and the third on horseback. Usually the first part of the journey, as far as Tientsin, could be performed by water, provided the vessel drew no more than eleven feet of water. But even vessels of small tonnage, under the best pilotage, would get hopelessly stuck in the mud. Some plucky passengers would then ride to Tientsin, purchasing a straight-necked, badly broken-in pony in the nearest village, and having run the gauntlet of curious eyes in the towns en route, would send down flat-bottomed craft to relieve the vessel of her cargo, and so enable her to float again.

In the old days a fairly reliable service of springless carts could be obtained between Tientsin and Peking, but no traveler with any regard for his bones would ever tempt Providence by riding in them. With every revolution of the wheels they threatened to dislocate every bone in the body, and had they been known to inquisition days they would have furnished the grand inquisitor with a matchless instrument of torture. Drawn by two mules, these carts reached Peking in two days. After passing Yang-tsun, which is 60 li, or about 20 miles from Tientsin, the road and the present railway part company, he former trending to the east of Nan hai-dsy, the emperor's great hunting ground, and the railway to the west. The only towns in which the traveler by road could hope to obtain refreshment for man and beast were Yang-tsun, Ho-hsi-wu (40 miles from Tientsin), and Ma-ton (about 50 miles from Tientsin). From the latter village to Peking is a distance of 27 miles, the direct road running through the village of Hsin-ho, an almost impassable route in some seasons, owing to heavy inundations. These occur in the autumn, and then it is necessary to take a more circuitous route through the village of Chan-chin-wan, a place which is of especial interest at the present moment, in consequence of its having been the spot where the last stand was made by the Chinese army prior to entry of the allied troops into the capital in 1860.

The old order, much to the disgust of the more conservative native, has latterly given way to the new. The vigorous railway policy inaugurated by Li Hung Chang, and carried out in the face of untold difficulties by Mr. C. Kinder, has rendered the journey now one of comparative ease. From Tangku, a village situated about a mile from the forts which were destroyed lately, a single track line runs to Tientsin, with two stations on the way. From there to the capital it is a double line. The station and distances from Tientsin are as follows:

Yang-tsun	17.88
Tofan	31.09
Lan-hi-fang	40.40
Anting	53.64
Huang-tsun	64.47
Fengtai	88
Ma-kia-pu	80.00

The most important piece of engineering work on the line is the bridge which crosses the Pei-Ho at Yang-tsun, and this station is one of great importance, as the line's workshops, second only in size to those at Tangshan, on the Shan-hai-quan line, are situated there. There can be very little doubt that both the bridge and the workshops are destroyed. From this point the railway takes a northwesterly and not a northerly direction, as most of the maps recently published have shown it. The mistake has been due to the fact that copies have, in a number of instances, been made of an old war office map, published 1850, showing a projected line, which has since been abandoned. From Nan-hai-dsy to the capital there

are no thickly congested districts, the country being dotted with small farms while from the stations lying to the west of Nan-hai-dsy park, the western hills of Pe-chi-li are plainly visible, forming the first break in the landscape from the coast. The terminus of the line, Mia-kia-pu, is near the southern and principal entrance to Peking, known as the Yung-ting-men gate. A huge pagoda surmounts the wall at this point, the embrasures of which are filled in with panels painted to represent cannon; while in the chambers of the pagoda are several old field pieces in a hopelessly rusty condition. In the hands of modern troops the city would be almost impregnable. The walls, which have a stone foundation, are 50 feet thick at the base, 30 feet thick at the summit and about 40 feet high. They are defended by massive buttresses at intervals of 300 yards, and there are nine gateways, of enormous size, leading into the city. Each gate has on the outside a square enceinte, in which a somewhat smaller tower stands opposite to the gate tower. The total circumference of Peking is about 20 1/2 miles, and the area about 25 square miles.

High Officials Coming.

Gov. Gen. Minto, of Canada, and Lieut.-Gov. Jolly, of British Columbia, are expected to arrive in Skagway soon on their way to the Yukon basin on a visit. The news of their coming is given by S. M. Irwin, general traffic manager of the railroad, who has just returned from a trip to the south.

The British revenue cutter Quadra will bring the party to this port. Just what the itinerary of the distinguished visitors is to be has not been learned.

Alaskan.

(Gov. Ogilvie has received telegraphic information that the governor general will leave Victoria on August 4th for this place via Skagway, expecting to reach here on the 11th. Gov. Ogilvie will go up the river and meet his guests at the summit of White pass, the international boundary line. While his excellency and traveling associate is here it is proposed to quarter them in the large residence now occupied by Maj. Wood, the incumbent having agreed to temporarily vacate the house.)

A Dummy Telephone.

Edward Lauterbach was at one time president of the New York county Republican committee. While holding this office Mr. Lauterbach, one of the busiest and most prosperous lawyers in the metropolis, was overrun with applicants for political places. Their persistence would have driven a less wily man to the bad, but Mr. Lauterbach rigged up a dummy telephone, of which this is the first written description. The wire was grounded, and secrets poured into its receiver were as safe as if spoken in a tomb without witnesses.

A man would come into Mr. Lauterbach's office and query him thus: "How about that job in the appraiser's office, Mr. President?"

"Let me see, your name is?"

"Jones—Thomas J. Jones of the Ninth district."

"Oh, yes! I remember perfectly. Haven't you heard from that yet?"

"Not a word."

Ring, went the dummy telephone bell, and the following single handed dialogue between Mr. Lauterbach and himself took place:

"Hello, Central! Give me the Republican county committee. Is that you, Mr. Manchester? I'm Lauterbach. All right. How about that job in the appraiser's office for Jones of the Ninth? Eh? More delay? I'm surprised. I told you I wanted that fixed up a month ago. Get it at once. Well, it is time. What's that? You think there is something better in view if Mr. Jones can wait? That's good. You will write to him about it? All right. Don't let any more delays occur. Mr. Jones is one of our best men, and we can't afford to keep him waiting. I'll ask him to call down and see you next week about it. Goodbye."

Ten minutes after Jones of the Ninth left the office, his chest inflated with honest pride, while Secretary Manchester was reading a hastily written note from the president and was wondering whether the supply of plums would hold out until all the hungry patriots had their fill.—Saturday Evening Post.

Favors Great Britain.

Ottawa, Ont., July 13.—July 1 there went into force in the Dominion the 33 1/3 per cent reduction in duties in favor of goods exported to Canada from Great Britain. Being the products of that country. There is considerable uncertainty as to what the effect will be. Generally, it can be said that the previous preferences, first of 12 per cent, then of 25 per cent of the duties, had no apparent influence either on the import trade or home industries of Canada. While they were in operation, the imports from Great Britain in-

creased at a rate less in proportion than those from some other countries which did not enjoy the benefit of the preference, and at a rate less than that of the total volume of imports. The inference consequently prevailed among business men that the preference was ineffective of its advertised purpose, and the pointing out of this condition has probably been the cause for the present increase in the preferential tariff. The increase, however, does not occur at the most favorable time for such experiments.

The signs on the commercial horizon point to the possibility of change. A serious crop shortage in one part of the Dominion is in view. In Great Britain the drain caused by the war in South Africa is beginning to show its effects. The occasion is not one when a disturbing factor should be introduced, and the increase in the British preference may be said to reduce the protective duty on cotton and wollen fabrics and clothing, blankets, cloths, etc., from 35 to 25 1/3 per cent, on plain cotton fabric from 25 to 16 2/3 per cent, on builders' hardware and cutlery and on crockery from 30 to 20 per cent, and on other articles in proportion.

If trade continues active, and the present range of prices is generally maintained, the result may be inappreciable. Should there be a relapse, however, and trans-Atlantic producers be driven to seek markets at any price, as they have been driven before, the effects will be so marked as to create condition that will quickly put an end to tariff experiment in Canada that is not defensible from a business standpoint, that was sprung upon this country as a political surprise, and that has, so far, escaped criticism largely because it had so little effect.

Teddy's Dutch.

Mr. Te Roller, of the S.-Y. T. Co., brings the Nugget the following incident concerning Theodore Roosevelt. Mr. Te Roller speaks the fatherland tongue very aptly himself, and recited the verse which appears below for the benefit of the Nugget editorial staff in a manner which was much appreciated.

The clipping is from the Chicago Tribune and describes a visit of Gov. Roosevelt to the Rev. Moerdyke's church in Chicago, in which, by the way, Mr. Te Roller was baptized.

"The governor had a pleasant word for everybody, especially the children, with whom he talked at length," says the Tribune.

"Well, here is a whitehead," he said as one boy passed. "I have two tow- heads at home."

"Do you speak Dutch?" Dr. Moerdyke asked. "Many of our people speak the language."

"Some, but not a great deal. I know many old rhymes."

"I suppose you remember 'Trippe, trappe, roontjes?'"

"I never have forgotten that," and he repeated:

Trippe, trappe, troontjes!
De varkens in de bogtjes,
De koetjes in de klaver,
De paardjes in de haver.

The older men in the room could not restrain their delight. One slapped the governor across the shoulders and shouted, "Good!" Others joined in the cry.

The line, "Trippe, trappe, troontjes" is Holland nonsense, for which there is no translation—much like "Hickory, dickory, dock." The rest of the verse tells that the pigs are in the beans, the cows are in the clover, and the horses are in the oat field. It is one of the most popular of Dutch nursery rhymes and one of the oldest, having been recited in Holland for several centuries.

As Seen by a Visitor.

The following letter appeared in the Skagway Alaskan, having been written by a man who was here en route to Nome:

Dawson City, Y. T., July 7.—The far-famed city of Dawson today presents an appearance in marked contradistinction to that which she previously enjoyed when money flowed like water over bars and cards tables and in dance halls, and every miner dumped his well-filled poke with the easy grace of a millionaire.

Today one finds a very neat and substantially built little city of perhaps 4000 people, the streets filled with lazy dogs and idle men wandering aimlessly up and down with no apparent object. Now and then a dog team passes by attached to a laundry, milk, sodawater or garbage wagon. This is the common mode of light transportation used here.

Stepping into a saloon you see two or three men standing at the bar, and a few boosters and chubbers playing at the card table of a sleepy dealer. The arrival of a boat creates some little stir, as nearly everybody goes to see who comes and get the news of the outside world. As a matter of fact, Dawson the world renowned home of bonanza kings and glittering Monte Carlos, has lost its brilliant and roseate hue of yore and must now be relegated

to her own class—a common, every day town. To be sure, the mines are yielding more, doubly more than previously, but they are owned and controlled by men who are not of the high-rolling class, or have served their time in that line and gotten over the first great shock to their nervous systems when they suddenly came to realize they were wealthy, and live now settled down to an everyday moderately temperate life.

The yield this year is conservatively estimated at between thirty and thirty-five millions, exact figures being impossible to obtain on account of the obnoxious and unjust royalty of ten per cent, which must come out of all yields.

DR. B. F. WHITING.

The Last Man Shaved.

There were five of us hunting and fishing in the Queensland bush when one rainy day a stranger appeared. He said he was a tramp barber, and as none of us had been shaved for a fortnight we gave him half a day's work.

About four hours after he had left us a band of six men rode up and the leader inquired if we had seen a tall, roughly dressed man pass that way. We told him of the barber, and he looked from man to man and exclaimed: "Good gracious, but you are all freshly shaved!"

"Yes, we gave the barber a job."

"And he shaved each one of you?"

"He did, and did it well."

"Boys, do you hear that?" shouted the man as he turned to his companions.

"What of it?" asked one of our party.

"Why, he went insane yesterday and cut a man's throat in his barber's chair over at Unadilla, and we're after him to put him in an asylum."

They rode away at a gallop and next morning returned to our camp with the man, who had been captured after a hard fight and was tied on his horse. He seemed to remember us when he was given a drink of water, and as he handed the cup back he quietly observed:

"I say, gentlemen, please excuse me. I meant to finish off the last man who got shaved, but I got to thinking of something else, and it slipped my mind."—Cape Times.

Where is the Freight?

A recent arrival in Dawson from the outside was heard to ask a few days ago: "What has become of all the freight that was piled up at Skagway and Whitehorse a few weeks ago, and which is now reported as having all been cleared up and carried to this place?"

The gentleman further remarked that since his arrival here he has been unable to locate this vast amount of freight as the warehouses are still practically empty. The stranger has evidently yet to learn that Dawson has a large number of warehouses which are not on the water front. There is probably not a town her size on the North American continent that has one-half the warehouse capacity of Dawson, and by the time a few thousand tons of freight are scattered around there is but little of it to be seen at any one particular place, and yet it is here and will be needed before the long winter is over.

Hundreds of tons of freight are being hauled from Dawson to the various creeks every week, the roads being as good now as they ever get except when covered with snow.

The amount of freight which will arrive in Dawson by the time navigation closes will be as great, if not greater than the amount received in any previous year. But the indications now are that there will be fully as many or more people here to consume the supply as there were last winter; for when the quarantine ban is removed from Nome there is no doubt but that thousands will come here in quest of business and employment who have been disappointed in Nome and who are unwilling to return to their homes in the States without first having made an effort at least to recoup their depleted exchequer in a country where gold is known to exist in such large quantities as in the Klondike.

Should the ban against Nome not be raised until too late in the season for people to catch the steamers up the river, Dawson's population during the coming winter will be the smallest in her history and not over one-half what it was even last winter, as few people will leave the outside with Dawson of the Klondike as their original destination until there is a very radical change in the existing laws by which the country is governed. There is nothing they can get by coming; yet, if permitted to do so thousands will be driven up the river from Nome by force of circumstances.

Ask the Water Company.

Editor Daily Nugget: A matter which is of vital interest to every person in Dawson is that of the supply of water for everyday purposes during the coming winter. Will the present water company make an effort to supply the city, or will the pipe be left where they are now, on top of the ground, to freeze up with the first approach of winter, leaving Dawson to rely on the Yukon for her winter's supply of water as was the case last year? AQUA PURA.

CONCERNING THE ELECTION.

Yukon Council Is Still Master of the Situation.

Legal Adviser Clement Explains the Situation and Tells How Matters Stand—And There You Are.

Dawson is in much the same position concerning the coming elections as that occupied by a creditor and a slow paying debtor. The former is never sure of but one thing. He always knows he has something coming. In other words, the promised election has a string on it. While the order telegraphed and received by Commissioner Ogilvie yesterday was the result of a bona fide act of parliament, and takes effect on the 13th of next month, it cannot be made operative until the preliminary arrangements have been made by the Yukon council, and when the council will hold another meeting is a question shrouded in the haziest of uncertain conjectures. This is because it takes four of the present board of six to form a quorum, and only three are here. It may be the most natural thing in the world that Gold Commissioner Senkler should take a two months' holiday just at this particular time, but those are not lacking who are unkind enough to say that there is other purpose in his absence than the one assigned.

Legal Adviser Clement yesterday stated that under the terms of the act providing for the election of two local members to the council, the preliminaries for the election had to be arranged by the council. "Mr. Senkler is gone now, on a two months' vacation," said Mr. Clement, "and cannot be expected to return here earlier than the 15th of September. Consequently no election can take place till after his return, or that of Judge Dugas, because one or the other will have to be here before a quorum of the council can be had. There is just one other chance. If word is received from Ottawa stating that the commission of Major Perry has been revoked, then the council will consist of five instead of six members, and three instead of four will constitute a quorum. In that case, Commissioners Ogilvie, Girouard and myself could hold a meeting."

Altogether the outlook for an election in the immediate future, as seemed reasonable to expect at the first glance at yesterday's telegram, is not one whit brighter than before the receipt of the telegram, and the many noble gentlemen who are seeking a chance to sacrifice themselves for their country's good, seem to be face to face with another heart-breaking delay.

Remembered His Wife.

A Lebanon man tells the following for a fact: One day a Linn county farmer bought a banana at his store, the first one he had ever eaten. After finishing it he threw the peel on the floor. After gazing at it a moment he picked it up and wrapped it in a piece of paper and remarked:

"Guess I'll take that home to my wife and let her see what a banana looks like. She never seed one."

And the man had an income of several thousand dollars a year.—Portland Oregonian.

Inverted Siphons.

Jos. McGillivray has placed in operation an inverted siphon on the property of the Anglo-Klondike, Ltd. By means of the siphon which consists of 2500 feet of 11-inch steel pipe, a strong head of water is conveyed from Queen's gulch to the company's property on Fox gulch, which is on the opposite side of Bonanza creek. There is also in process of construction a second siphon 1800 feet long extending along Boulder creek and across to Fox gulch. In conjunction with the latter, two miles of ditch have been constructed. The survey for the work was made by Rufus Buck, the well-known civil engineer. The theory of the inverted siphon was first placed in actual use by Mr. McGillivray during the days of gold mining in California.

For a Horse Pound.

Action is being taken today relative to the enforcement of an existing ordinance which forbids the running at large of horses in the city of Dawson. As a number of complaints about loose horses breaking up sidewalks and eating up grocery stores and fruit stands have recently been lodged with Sergeant Wilson, he at last laid the matter before the authorities with the result that the enforcement of the ordinance will probably date from tomorrow or the next day.

Special Power of Attorney forms for sale at the Nugget office.