

## Sacked Palaces.

The just published annual report of the Smithsonian Institution in Washington contains an unusually large number of articles of popular interest, perhaps the most remarkable of which in some ways is a vital account of the looting of the summer palace, so called, of the Chinese emperor near Peking on the occasion of the expedition undertaken against China by France and England in 1860. The writer, Count D'Herisson, acted as secretary and interpreter to the French commander, General Montauban, and in view of what has occurred within the last year his narrative offers abundant confirmation of the timeworn story that history repeats itself. Curiously enough, however, no note has apparently been previously taken in this country of the fact that such a record existed.

The summer palace had been abandoned by the emperor, Hien-Fong, on the approach of the allies, and measures were taken by General Montauban and his English colleague, General Crant, to guard it against pillage. To Count D'Herisson, as a Frenchman, it recalled in many respects the palace at Versailles, built by Louis XIV.—a resemblance which he explains by the influence of the Jesuits, who had maintained an almost semi-sovereign state at Peking until the suppression of their order in 1773.

For the splendor which he found within the palace, Count D'Herisson can hardly find adequate words. There, he says, speaking of one of the outer halls, were gathered all the wealth in precious stones and fine fabrics presented by tributary princes, and all that the kings and emperors of Europe had sent to Hien-Fong and his predecessors, all the bric-a-brac and curiosities, as well as all the goods which the simple-minded merchant, wishing to obtain rights in port, abstracted from his cargo to purchase the sovereign sign. Everything was preserved with care and equalled honored from a cloth of gold ornamented with pearls, which had come, perhaps, from the sublime ports, up to a doll that cried papa and mamma, which a Marseilles captain had taken from his little daughter at Christmas and carried to China to grease the palm of the chief mandarin. This multitude of treasures had overflowed the private apartments of the sovereign and his wives, and spread itself into these immense cathedrals. The dazzling—extraordinary from the richness of the articles, extraordinary from their number and variety.

But this magnificence was as nothing compared with the splendors of the throne room itself. In a small oratory to the left of the throne, for example, the walls, the ceilings, the dressing tables, the chairs, the footstools, were all in gold studded with gems. Rows of small gods in massy gold were carved with such wonderful skill that their artistic value was far beyond their intrinsic worth. On supports of jade were two pagodas of enameled gold, as large as corbines, with seven superposed roofs, from each of which pear-shaped pearls hung like so many bells. In another oratory resembling the interior of a monstrance, were gathered all the articles for the emperor's daily use when occupying the throne: his tea service, his cups, his pipes—the bowls of which were gold or silver, and the long tubes enriched with coral, jade, rubies, sapphires and little tufts of many colored silk, his ceremonial chaplets of rows of pearls as large as nuts. Here also were his speaking trumpets of silver gilt which he used at times the better to impress his audience.

'I shall not attempt to portray,' says Count D'Herisson, 'the wonder and admiration of the barbarians who penetrated into these precincts. Involuntarily we spoke in low tones and began to walk on tiptoe on seeing before us such a profusion of riches for the possession of which mortals fight and die, which their owner had abandoned in his flight as indifferently as a citizen closes the door of his house, leaving his mahogany bureau exposed to the chances of war. All was so natural, so familiar, so commonplace to him that he did not even try to save these treasures.'

In the rooms of the empress the walls of closets of the secretaries were furnished from top to bottom with pigeonholes, in which, one above the other, like files of lawyers' briefs, were red boxes of old lacquer of Peking, wonderfully engraved in intaglio, containing ornaments, necklaces and bracelets in pearls, in jade, in precious stones, tiny rings for feminine fingers, and huge ones of jade for men when they drew

falling. The men came back loaded with booty, bearing the most heterogeneous collection of articles, from silver saucers to astronomical telescopes and servants—a prodigious mass of material which it would have been impossible to carry away. The English camp filled up in the same way, but there everything was carried on in perfect order. In the French camp the soldiers were misquaranting. The artillerymen arrived enveloped in the garments of the empress, their breasts decorated with the collars of mandarins. In the English camp on the other hand, the article had been placed in piles in each tent and they had already begun to sell them at public auction.

Count D'Herisson noted one curious fact. 'Nothing,' he says, 'tempts soldiers like clocks and other objects containing mechanism. Now, the Chinese like all people with whom machinery is still in a rudimentary stage, early admire mechanical articles, especially of the amusing kind. From time immemorial our sovereigns and officers of customs have turned this mania to good account and have had taken to them all the curious inventions of opticians, or toy-makers and of manufacturers of automatons. It will never be known how many musical boxes, toy organs, with complicated chimes, alarm clocks, turning windmills, crowing cocks, climbing monkeys, rabbits with tambourines, singing birds in brass cages standing on pedestals, which are wound by turning a key, mechanical flute players, monkey violinists, trumpeters, players on the clarinet and even whole orchestras of monkeys seated on an organ, little tight rope dancers, walzers, and so on, were found in the summer palace. The rooms of the empress and of the women were literally overflowing with them.'

Part of our soldiers were wide awake and part were but evergreen children; the latter in the majority. The clever ones had supplied themselves with jewels, the coins, money and the dollars, bonbonnières, snuff boxes, dishes of gold and collars of pearls. The others had been principally tempted in the midst of unheard-of riches by these mechanical toys of European origin, all of which had been most generously left them by the Englishmen.

Therefore, the second night that we passed near the summer palace was exciting, insensate, head splitting. Each trooper had his bird, his music box, his monkey, his clock, his trumpet or his rabbit. The clocks struck continuously in every tone, at all hours, now and then accompanied by the sad snap of a spring broken by inexperienced hands. Multitudes of rabbits playing on their tambourines formed a bass, accompanied by the cymbals of monkeys playing 4 000 waltzes and quadrilles, together with as many music boxes, which dominated the cuckoo clocks, sweet notes of the flute, the nasal notes of the clarinets, the screeching of the cocks, the notes of the horns and cornets, as well as the hearty bursts of laughter coming from the easily amused crowd.

'I was simply an onlooker,' says Count D'Herisson, 'a disinterested but curious spectator, and I enjoyed this strange, unforgettable vision. There was this about it of men of every color, of every race, this entanglement of individuals from every nation on the earth, swarming on this mound of riches, hurrying in all the languages of the globe, hurrying, struggling, stumbling, falling, picking themselves up, cursing, exclaiming, while each carried off something. I say it looked like an ant heap, crusted under one's foot, where the terrified workers fly in every direction, one with a grain of wheat, another with a bug, another with an egg. There were troopers, their heads buried in the boxes of red lacquer belonging to the empress; others half smothered in the folds of brocades and pieces of silk; still others who had placed rubies, sapphires, pearls and rock crystals in their pockets, in their hats, in their cloaks and who hung around their necks strings of great pearls. Others carried off clocks and dials in their arms. The sappers of the engineers had brought their axes and broke the furniture to secure the precious stones with which they were entrusted. There was one smashing a lovely Louis XV. clock to secure the face, one which the hours were marked with crystal figures, which he mistook for diamonds. Now and again the cry of fire was heard. Everybody rushed out, letting everything fall, and extinguished the fire that was already licking the precious wall, by heaping on it silks and damascos and furs. It was like a dream of a hashish eater.'

When the court returned to camp—after a agreeable adventure in rescuing 27 ladies to the emperor's harem—night was

falling. The men came back loaded with booty, bearing the most heterogeneous collection of articles, from silver saucers to astronomical telescopes and servants—a prodigious mass of material which it would have been impossible to carry away. The English camp filled up in the same way, but there everything was carried on in perfect order. In the French camp the soldiers were misquaranting. The artillerymen arrived enveloped in the garments of the empress, their breasts decorated with the collars of mandarins. In the English camp on the other hand, the article had been placed in piles in each tent and they had already begun to sell them at public auction.


Count D'Herisson noted one curious fact. 'Nothing,' he says, 'tempts soldiers like clocks and other objects containing mechanism. Now, the Chinese like all people with whom machinery is still in a rudimentary stage, early admire mechanical articles, especially of the amusing kind. From time immemorial our sovereigns and officers of customs have turned this mania to good account and have had taken to them all the curious inventions of opticians, or toy-makers and of manufacturers of automatons. It will never be known how many musical boxes, toy organs, with complicated chimes, alarm clocks, turning windmills, crowing cocks, climbing monkeys, rabbits with tambourines, singing birds in brass cages standing on pedestals, which are wound by turning a key, mechanical flute players, monkey violinists, trumpeters, players on the clarinet and even whole orchestras of monkeys seated on an organ, little tight rope dancers, walzers, and so on, were found in the summer palace. The rooms of the empress and of the women were literally overflowing with them.'

Part of our soldiers were wide awake and part were but evergreen children; the latter in the majority. The clever ones had supplied themselves with jewels, the coins, money and the dollars, bonbonnières, snuff boxes, dishes of gold and collars of pearls. The others had been principally tempted in the midst of unheard-of riches by these mechanical toys of European origin, all of which had been most generously left them by the Englishmen.

Therefore, the second night that we passed near the summer palace was exciting, insensate, head splitting. Each trooper had his bird, his music box, his monkey, his clock, his trumpet or his rabbit. The clocks struck continuously in every tone, at all hours, now and then accompanied by the sad snap of a spring broken by inexperienced hands. Multitudes of rabbits playing on their tambourines formed a bass, accompanied by the cymbals of monkeys playing 4 000 waltzes and quadrilles, together with as many music boxes, which dominated the cuckoo clocks, sweet notes of the flute, the nasal notes of the clarinets, the screeching of the cocks, the notes of the horns and cornets, as well as the hearty bursts of laughter coming from the easily amused crowd.

'I was simply an onlooker,' says Count D'Herisson, 'a disinterested but curious spectator, and I enjoyed this strange, unforgettable vision. There was this about it of men of every color, of every race, this entanglement of individuals from every nation on the earth, swarming on this mound of riches, hurrying in all the languages of the globe, hurrying, struggling, stumbling, falling, picking themselves up, cursing, exclaiming, while each carried off something. I say it looked like an ant heap, crusted under one's foot, where the terrified workers fly in every direction, one with a grain of wheat, another with a bug, another with an egg. There were troopers, their heads buried in the boxes of red lacquer belonging to the empress; others half smothered in the folds of brocades and pieces of silk; still others who had placed rubies, sapphires, pearls and rock crystals in their pockets, in their hats, in their cloaks and who hung around their necks strings of great pearls. Others carried off clocks and dials in their arms. The sappers of the engineers had brought their axes and broke the furniture to secure the precious stones with which they were entrusted. There was one smashing a lovely Louis XV. clock to secure the face, one which the hours were marked with crystal figures, which he mistook for diamonds. Now and again the cry of fire was heard. Everybody rushed out, letting everything fall, and extinguished the fire that was already licking the precious wall, by heaping on it silks and damascos and furs. It was like a dream of a hashish eater.'

When the court returned to camp—after a agreeable adventure in rescuing 27 ladies to the emperor's harem—night was



**If The Washboard could talk how it would urge you to use PEARLINE!**  
"Go easy," it would say; "let up on that rubbing. You're wearing out the clothes, yourself, and even me. Get something that washes your clothes, instead of wearing and tearing them. Soak the things in PEARLINE and water. Follow the directions on package, and you won't need me much."  
**Pearline Saves**

appeared, and I am enjoying as good health as any girl of my age could wish and I shall always have a good word to say for Dr. Williams' Pink Pills.

Miss McLellan further stated that while she was not desirous of publicity in matters of this kind, she nevertheless felt that her experience, if known, might be the means of bringing health to some other sufferer, and it is this very praiseworthy motive that has induced her to give the above statement for publication.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills make rich, red blood, and give tone to the nerves. It is because of this that they bring bright eyes, rosy cheeks and light footsteps to girls who have been weary, pale and listless and had begun to feel that life was a burden. Pale and anemic girls everywhere should give these pills a fair trial, as they are certain to restore health and strength. See that the full name 'Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People,' is on the wrapper around every box. Sold by all dealers or sent postpaid at 50c. a box, or six boxes for \$2.50, by addressing the Dr. Williams Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

A wink of Cleopatra—four-tenths of a second—and Antony is undone. A wink in Wall-st—four tenths of a second—and tumbles fortune in a wreck of speculation. A wink at the city hall—four tenths of a second—following "Devery is the best" chief of police New York ever had," and Robert A. Van Wyck is nominated for a judgeship in the supreme court.

Of a truth, a very little time will work very great wonders when discreetly accented with a wink. It is not surprising that the quick and alluring action of "the other eye" has become a matter of tradition and song among an acute and obedient servant people.

Two Boston policemen rebuked by Judge Dewey are now on the sick list. Here seems to be an example of the fact that there are policemen who are conscientious in their business, and therefore cannot stand public rebuke.

## BORN.

Annapolis, Oct. 16, to the wife of J. Cary Woodworth a son.  
Annapolis, Oct. 18, to the wife of James H. Halliday a son.  
Yarmouth, Oct. 23, to the wife of Edward M. Murphy a daughter.  
Forks, Oct. 22, to the wife of William Johnson, a daughter.  
Hants, Oct. 20, to the wife of S. B. MacAloney a son.

## MARRIED.

Annapolis, There a Refuse to John Feener.  
Mills, Oct. 28, Herbert Coles' Edith Bell.  
Digby, Oct. 16, Clarence Tibert to Olive Tibert.  
Annapolis, Oct. 23, Henry Woodbury to Eva Jackson.  
Wentworth, Oct. 8, David Walsh, to Priscilla Larkin.  
Georgetown, Oct. 22, George Yost to Mary Crossman.  
Annapolis, Oct. 25, Catherine Rice to Avard A. Rice.  
Bridgetown, Oct. 23, Herbert Hicks to Lida Slocumb.  
Annapolis, Oct. 23, Percy Dennet to Winnie Marshall.  
P. O. Hawkebury, Oct. 23, Alex. McCalden to Margaret MacMillan.  
New York, Oct. 8, J. W. Buchanan to Margaret McMillan.  
Fort Hawkebury, Oct. 23, Ducon Morrison to Rebecca McPherson.  
Windsor, Oct. 23, by the Rev. J. A. Kosher, E. R. Rouse to Jessie Davis.  
Kings, Oct. 23, William Banks to Minnie Keener, of Rural street, Virginia.  
Yarmouth, Oct. 22, Anabel Richon Rogers, to William S. Cunningham.  
At the residence of John Rice, Oct. 23, Catherine Rice to Avard A. Rice, both of Lake La Rose.  
Petite Riviere, Oct. 22, M. A. Lennberg, to Bertha M. only daughter of Captain Wm. Arsenburg, of Petite Riviere.

## DIED.

Mostans, Oct. 22, Mrs. Miller.  
Argyle, Oct. 12, Mary Jeffery, 89.  
Digby, Oct. 23, George White, 69.  
Baltimore, Oct. 24, William Jones.  
Halifax, Oct. 25, Margaret West, 83.  
Halifax, Oct. 25, Chas. Stubbing, 68.  
Halifax, Oct. 25, Edward Cornish, 29.  
Falmouth, Oct. 22, John Aylward, 64.  
Red Point, Oct. 21, Eliza M. Harris, 22.  
Hershey, Oct. 14, Hannah Bainforth, 91.  
Kensdale, Oct. 20, Abigail Johnson, 89.  
Little York, Oct. 25, Mabel R. Brown, 17.  
Sea View, Oct. 9, Mrs. James Brander, 79.  
Sydney, Oct. 23, John Ferguson, 6 months.  
Charlottetown, Oct. 25, Ashleigh, 4-12 mos.  
Kensdale, Oct. 20, Mrs. Abigail Johnson, 93.  
Great Village, Oct. 25, John M. Campbell, 81.  
Oswell Cove, Oct. 21, Donald C. Nicholson, 72.  
Veron River Bridge, Oct. 23, Lizzie M. Forbes.  
Charlottetown, Oct. 26, John George Eckardt, 77.

Bed ridden 15 years.—"If any body wants a written guarantee from me personally as to my wonderful cure from rheumatism by South American Rheumatic Cure I will be the gladdest woman in the world to give it," says Mrs. John Beaumont, of Elora. "I had despaired of recovery up to the time of taking this wonderful remedy. It cured completely. Sold by A. Chipman Smith."

'Chayley, dear, said young Mrs. Torkins does the baby's crying annoy you?'  
'Terribly.'  
'Well, I'll tell you what to do. Make believe baby is at a game of base ball and has just seen a home run.'

Like Tearing the Heart Strings.—"It is not within the conception of man to measure my get at such things from heart disease. For years I endured almost constant cutting and tearing pains about my heart, and many a time would have welcomed death. Dr. Agnew's Cure for the Heart has worked a veritable miracle." Thos. Hicks, Perth, Ont. Sold by A. Chipman Smith, & Co.

'I'm going into the business for myself,' the plumber announced.  
'What?' exclaimed his employer, 'you don't know nothin' about plumbing.'  
'I know all I need to,' replied the clerk.  
'I've been making out your bills for the last three or four years.'

Where Doctors Do Agree! Physicians no longer consider it catering to "quackery" in recommending in practice so meritorious a remedy for indigestion, Dyspepsia and Nervousness as South American Nerve. They realize that it is a step in advance in medical science and a sure and permanent cure for diseases of the stomach. It will cure you.—Sold by A. Chipman Smith & Co.

'I know that Justice is blind,' mused the fair defendant, adding the finishing touches to her toilet, which consisted of a Paris gown, a picture hat and other beautifiers; I know that Justice is blind; but, thank goodness the judge is not.'

Fossil Pills.—The demand is proof of their worth. Dr. Agnew's Liver Pills are beating out many fossil formulas at a quarter a box. They're better medicine easier doses, and 10 cents a vial. A thousand ailments may arise from a disordered liver. Keep the liver right and you'll not have Sick Headache, Biliousness, Nausea, Constipation and Sallow Skin.

Kidney Experiment. There's no time for experimenting when you've discovered that you are a victim of some one form or another of kidney disease. Lay hold of the treatment that thousands have pinned their faith to and has cured quickly and permanently. South American Kidney Cure stands pre eminent in the world of medicine as the kidney and ureter's true friend. Sold by A. Chipman Smith & Co.

Dr. Agnew's Ointment Cures Piles. Itching, Bleeding and Blind Piles. Comfort in one application. It cures in three to six nights. It cures all skin diseases in young and old. A remedy beyond compare, and it never fails. 35 cents. Sold by A. Chipman Smith & Co.

'That's funny,' she said, puzzling over the City Directory. 'I'm sure that's the name Mr. Kidder gave me, but I can't find it.'  
'What is it?' asked her friend.  
'Why, we were talking about fortune-tellers, and he said the best and surest one in town was named Bradstreet, but I can't find her at all.'

A Casket of Pearls.—Dr. Von Sars's Pineapple Tablets would prove a great success to the di-heartened dyspeptic if he would but test their potency. They're veritable gems in preventing the seating of stomach disorders, by aiding and stimulating digestion—60 of these health "pearls" in a box, and they cost 35 cents. Recommended by most eminent physicians. Sold by A. Chipman Smith & Co.

Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder.—Rev. W. H. Main, pastor of the Baptist Emmanuel Church, Buffalo, gives strong testimony for and is a firm believer in Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder. He has tried many kinds of remedies without avail. 'After using Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder I was benefitted at once,' are his words. It is a wonderful remedy. 50 cents. Sold by A. Chipman Smith & Co.

**RAILROADS.**  
**Intercolonial Railway**  
On and after SUNDAY, October 20th, 1901, trains will run daily (Sundays excepted) as follows:—  
**TRAINS WILL LEAVE ST. JOHN**  
Express for Halifax and Campbellton, 7.00  
Express for Point St. Charles, Halifax and Pictou, 7.15  
Express for Sussex, 7.30  
Express for Quebec and Montreal, 7.45  
Accommodation for Halifax and Sydney, 7.55

**TRAINS WILL ARRIVE AT ST. JOHN**  
Express from Halifax and Sydney, 6.00  
Express from Sussex, 6.15  
Express from Montreal and Quebec, 6.30  
Suburban express from Rothesay, 6.45  
Express from Halifax and Pictou, 6.50  
Express from Halifax, 7.00  
Express for Moncton Saturday only, 7.15  
Daily, except Monday.  
All trains are run by Eastern Standard time Twenty-four hours notation.  
D. FORTINGER,  
Gen. Manager.  
Moncton, N. B., October 16, 1901.  
GEO. CARVILLE, C. T. A.  
76 St. John, N. B.

It should be Mr.

Mr. Wm. Rannels, Director of the I. C. R. returned to Nova Scotia on his trip abroad. Cardiac anxiety thus created are not choice ought not to be denied seniority in the service fitness alone are considered stand that Mr. Johnson the well known station castle, seeks promotion superintendency. His claim be the best any man can service record is one of a years. No one questions or high character. His record is without a flaw, and as the any, Miramichi men in the on the I. C. R. the people the country, who know and Mr. Fleming, feel that his well be passed over in favour man who may offer. He is the promotion advance.

RETURNED FROM THE

Aaron Cross is the First Get Back.

When the Klondike height about three years ago was lured to the far (if I member of the party returned Saturday last.

Aaron Cross, H. Patton ward Price of St. Stephen, of Milltown and Ira S. Andrews left on April 25th after overcoming the dangers and the White Horse run Dawson on July 12 h.

They were after gold and in getting to work. The took a claim on Bear Creek Falcoher and Stinson went Creek.

They worked these claims but neither party struck pay party on Bear Creek sank and nine feet, in three shafts double that distance.

The other party was (yours but luck was not with them. In July, 1899 they were where they remained a month following winter Aaron Cross Sulphur Creek and Price went with him. Their labour reward and, in the spring of were all back in Dawson, de

Then Price, Falcoher and Harry Knight of Marquash, ed the party, struck out for gold fields at Nome.

Knight and Stinson returned and went to work on Bear where they had worked the

Mr. Price and Mr. Falcoher at Nome.

The Cross brothers went a field 'ban in the previous' cated on Jack Wade Cre

Again their efforts were un they returned to Dawson in t

The only time that luck came upon the tender man was when working together on Sulphur one day they took out \$500 in of dirt. Hopes ran high, and the vision that arose in those

But the little streak of gold, hausted [and after that the shovels went through earth more profitable than could Charlotte county.'

This spring Patton Cross restaurant in Dawson which this fall and then went to work restaurant at good wages.

was considerably troubled with and decided to return to Dawson on October 8th and on Saturday last.

Mr. Cross believes that the the Klondike are [excellent] years: from now it will be a lot for the poor man than it is for the country has been [grossly] mis