COREA CAPITAL OF

The Queer City of Scoul, Its People and Unique Customs.

MAY BE WIPED OUT BY THE WAR

Occupation of Corea by Chinese and Japanese Troops.

COVETOUS EYES OF RUSSIA AND ENGLAND

The Fig Wall and the Four Great City Gates.

ENEMY'S GUNS COULD SOON DEMOLISH IT

The Dirtiest Streets in the World-Encounter with a Gatekeeper-Something About Corean Women-A Mad Palace Serve ant and His Unique Garb.

Copyrighted, 1894, by Frank G. Carpenter.) SEOUL, Corea, Aug. 1 .- (Special Correspondence of The Bee.)-I want to give you some idea of Seoul, the capital of Corea. It is the center of the war trouble between China and Japan. A battle may be fought in it any day, and the firing would wipe its thatched buts from the face of the earth. It lies in a basin in the mountains and it is perhaps the most beautifully located cap-Ital on the face of the globe. It is only twenty-six miles from the sea, and it is connected with the port of Chemulpo by a poor wagon road, which climbs up the hills and over the mountains to get to it. The sluggish Han river flows within three miles of it, and it was up this river that I rode in a little steam tug to a landing place not far from the spot on which Kim Ok Kiun's dead body was cut into six pieces a month or so

But first take a look at Corea's chief sea-Chemulpo is the place at which Seoul gets

all its provisions. It is now the liveliest little city of Asia. There are something like two-score gunboats in its harbor, and the Japanese have all told twenty-eight gunboats and transports here. The harbor is large and land-locked by islands. The tide has an enormous rise and fall, often as high as thirty feet, and bonts which get close to the town are left on the mud when the tide goes out. Chemulpo lies right on the edge of the sea, with great hills rising behind it, and it is on one of these that still stands the house where Admiral Shufeldt met the Corean commissioners in 1882 and made the treaty which opened Corea to the civilized world. Since then Chemulpo has grown to be quite a city, and it looks more like a slice of Japan than Corea. It has 2,500 Japanese and 3,500 Corean population. There are less than 1,000 Chinese, four Americans, sixteen Germans and five Englishmen in it. The only American business firm in Corea is located in Chemulpo, and this is, I think, now closed on account of the war. It has been about decided to regard Chemulpo as neutral ground, and this will prevent its being fired upon by either party. Were it otherwise a single gunboat could shell it out of existence, as its harbor is open and un-

The fighting has been at Ya San, which is about fifty miles south of Chemulpo. It was at this point that the Chinese troops first landed, and 1,700 came here at the instance of the king to aid him in putting down the rebellion. They did nothing to help, however n incorrectly stated in the papers. They merely remained at Ya San. the meantime the Japanese began sending troops to Corea, and by the 1st of July they had 7,500 soldiers in Seoul and 500 in Che-This caused the Chinese to send more soldiers, but they landed all their troops at Ya San, being for the time apparently paralyzed by the Japanese invasion. I learn that there is a decided difference be tween the equipment of the two armies. The Japs have landed their men with the best of everything and have their stores complete in They have 250 cavalry every department. They have 250 cavalry and about forty field guns, including machine and mountain guns. They have full stocks of provisions and are supplied with pontoen bridges, telephone lines and all the materials of modern warfare. On the other hand the Chinese are said to be calling on the Coreans to supply them with ponies, cattle and rice. Corea is very poor. The country is on the verge of starvation, and the Chinese would not be able to carry on their war long by rations supplied in this way.

THE LION AND THE BEAR. The Japanese have demanded of China that she give up all pretense of sovereignty over Corea. If China does this she will lose her reputation throughout the far east and it may lead to the dismemberment of her gov ernment. Her provinces are by no means closely tied together, and the fight that she is making may be for her existence as an empire as well as for a show of power in the land of Corea. In the meantime the danger of the other powers being involved war is very great. The Baltimore and the Monocacy, our two gunboats, are at Chemulpo. The French man-of-war Incon-Chemulpo. The French man-of-war Incon-stant, the German gunboat litis, the English warship Archer and the Russian man-of-war Koreatz are also in this same harbor and the other ports of Corea contain war-ships. The British are very much afraid of the Russians. There is said to be a manof-war at Port Hamilton, which is, you know, some distance below Vladivostock, in Siberia. It is put there to watch the Russian movements. The Russians are said to sym-pathize with the Japanese, while England, who sells tens upon tens of millions of dollars' worth of goods every year to China, favors her. If the trans-Siberian railroad was completed there is little doubt but that the Russian troops would already be in Corea. It may be so now, for Russia will not tolerate any coalition between China and England without coming to the assist-

ance of the Japanese any rate, a great part of the war has to be fought on Corean soil, and Seoul will be ground between the upper and the nether millstones. It may be wiped out of exist ence. If so, the most curious city on the face of the globe will pass away. I visited it six years ago, and my visit of the present year included more than a month of hard work. I have spent days in wandering through its streets. I have been inside of its prisons and have walked through its palaces. I have talked with all classes and have seen all sorts of new things at every turn. There are no guide books of Asia. You will not find accurate descriptions of Seoul in any books of travel. The tourist who comes here without introductions could not find a lodging place. There are no hotels, and I am indebted to my friends among the missionaries, among the diplo-mats, and with some of the high Coreans for my entertainment through these many days. I despair of giving you an accurate idea of the Coreau capital, it is so different from any other city on the face of the from any other city on the face of the globe. It is such a mass of the beautiful and the ugly, of civilization and barbarism, of the old and the new, that I don't know how to describe it. Take its situation. It lies in a great basin surrounden by mountains, which in some places are as rugged as the widest peaks of the Rockies, and which in others have all the beautiful verdure of the Alleghanies or the Catabilla. verdure of the Alieghanies or the Catakills. The tops of these mountains oft rest in the clouds and masses of vapor hang in their recesses above the green plain upon which the city is built. They change in their hues with every change of the heavens, and they give Seoul a setting more gorgeous than jewels.

THE CITY WALL.

The basin below is just about large enough o contain the towh, and a great gray wall from thirty to forty feet high runs along the aldes of these hills, bounding the basin and mounting here and there almost to the tops of the lower mountains. It scales one

hill of at least 1,000 feet in height, and this wall enclosed the whole city. It was built in nine months by an army of 200,000 workmen, about 500 years ago, and it is a piece of solid masonry, consisting of two thick walls of granite packed down in the middle with earth and stones. Its top is so wide that two carriages could be easily driven about it, and it has, on the side facing the country, a crenellated battlement, with holes large enough for its defenders to shoot through with arrows. There are no cannon upon it, and it will be no means of defense against the batteries of the Chinese or the Japs in the present struggle. Its only use in late years has been to keep out the tigers This wall is more than six th. It is pierced by eight gates, and leopards. miles in length. the arches of which are as beautifully laid and cut as those of any stone work you will find in the United States. Each of these great arches has a curved roof of black tile. This rests upon carved wooden pillars, which rise above the tops of the walls and which form watch towers for soldiers. Over the great south gate, the main entrance to the capital, there are two such roofs, one above the other, which are guarded at their corners by ministure de-mons of porcelain, who seem to be crawling along the edges of the structure. It would not take much more than a Gatling gun to batter down the heavy doors by which these arches are closed. These doors are bigger than those of any barn in our country. They are swung up on pivots made by pins fitting into the masonry at the top and the bottom. They are sheathed with plates of iron riveted on with big bolts, and up until now the common Coreans have believed them a defense against the enemy. They have as much ceremony connected with them as other nations have with their forts, and there are officers in charge of them who would lose their heads if they failed in their

duty. Every night just at sundown these gates are closed, and they are not opened again until about 4 in the morning. The signal of their closing and opening is the ringing of a massive bell in the exact center of the city. After this those who are cannot get out, and those who are outside cannot get in.

The greatest care is taken of the keys to these gates. The locks close with a spring and the keys are kept in the king's except at the time that they are used at the gates. The locks themselves are guarded all day at the palace and are only brought to the gates a short time before closing the wish I could show you one of these locks. Each gate has two of them and they are each as heavy as a 10-year-old boy. It is all that one man can do to carry them from one part of the city to the other, and when I tried to lift one I found my back strained. They are of massive iron. They are made in the shape of a box and are two feet wide and at least a foot thick. They lock with a spring much like that of a padlock, and it

takes a hammer to put them together.

When I lifted the lock the gatekeeper with horror warned me to let it alone. He pointed to my neck and drew his finger rapidly around own in order to let me know that I was in danger of losing my head. I still held it and he rushed toward me as though he would seize it from my hand. As he came up I dropped it on the stones. It clattered and I stooped over and tried to raise it As I did so I stood it on end and the rod of iron which was partially thrust into the iron box rested on the ground. Corean gatekeeper's face became ashy. grabbed the lock from me, and as he did so I could see the reason for his fear. The rod on which the lock rested on the ground formed the means of locking it, and had I pushed down upon it the spring would have caught. He would have been unable to lock the gate that night without going to the palace to get the key and might have lost his head for his carelessness. My interpreter showed me the trouble and he told me that the king would surely punish the man if he knew that the lock had been out of his possession. I then went on to the gate and looked at the clumsy fastening into which this lock went. The bar which I have spoken of was as big as an old-fashioned poker and the lock joined chains made of links of wrought iron which were as big around as the biceps of a blacksmith, the rings being as thick as your thumb.

It was just after this that the hour for clos-

ing the gates of the city approached. I waited and watched. First two men came from the gate house and sang out in Corean the words that the gates were closing and the time was short. Their voices were as shrill as those of an iman of a Mohammedan mosque when he calls out the hour of prayer from the minarets, and they held on to their final tones for the space of twelve seconds by my watch. As they cried there was a grand rush for the gates. Hundreds of men in black hats and white gowns ran ghostlike through the darkness. Bare-headed coolles dragged great bullocks with packs on their backs through the doors, and porters by the scores, loaded down with all sorts of wares, came stumbling along. There were coolies bearing closed boxes, in which were their mistresses. There were officials on horseback and nobles on foot, all pushing and scrambling to get in before the gates closed. watched the big bell pealed out its knell, and the two men grasped the great doors and pulled them together with a bang. It took the strength of both to move each one of them, and the gates locked with a spring. The key, which remains with the king over night is not brought back from the palace till the morning. It is a massive bar of iron, and it takes a sledge hammer to drive it into Similar locks are on the gates to the wall which incloses the palace of king, and on each of the eight gates of the city.

BIRDSEYE VIEW.

Inside this great wall, within this seting of mountains, lies the city of Seoul. a town bigger than Cincinnati, Cleveland, Louisville, Washington, Buffalo, or De It contains more than 300,000 people, and it has scarcely a house that is more than one-story high. It is a city of wide streets and narrow, winding alleys. It is a city of thatched huts and tiled one-story buildings. On one side of it are the palaces of the king. They cover an area as large as a thousand-acre farm, and they are massive one-story bouldings surrounded by great walls and laid out with all the regularity of a city. As you stand on the walls of Seoul and look over this medley of buildings, your first impression is that you are in the midst of a vast hay field, interspersed here and there with tiled barns, and the three biggest streets that cut through these myriad haycocks look like a road through the fields. You note the shape of the thatched houses. They are all formed like horseshoes with the heel of the shoe resting on the street. roofs are tied on with strings, and the thatch has grown old, and under the soft light of the setting sun it assumes the rich color of brown plush, and there is a velvety softness to the whole. As you look closer, you see that the city is divided up into streets and that these narrow and widen and twist and turn, without regularity or order. One part of the city is made almost entirely of tiled buildings. These are the omes of the swells, and over there not far from the gate above one such building you see on the top of a staff the American flag. That is the establishment of our legation in Corea, and the cozy little compounds about t are the residences of the missionaries and of the other foreigners who reside in Seoul. Come down now and take a walk with me through the city. There are no pavements on the streets and you look in vain for gas lamps or the signs of an electric light. This city of 300,000 people is entirely without sanitary arrangements. There is not a water closet in it, and the sewage flows along in open drains in the streets and you have to be careful of your steps. There are no water works, except the Corean water carrier, who, with a pole across his back, takes up the whole sidewalk as he carries two buckets of water along with him through the streets. The clouds are left to do the sprinkling of The clouds are left to do the sprinkling of the highways, save where here and there a householder takes a dipper and ladles out the sewer fluid to lay the dust. All the slops of each house run into the ditches along the sidewalk and the smell comes up in solid chunks so thick that it could almost be cut into slices and packed away for use as a patent fertilizer. Mixed with the smell is the smoke. This comes out of chimneys about two feet above the ground, which jut out from the walls of the houses into the streets. Fit a stovepipe into your house at right angles with the floor of the porch and you have the average Corean chimney. At certain hours average Corean chimney. At certain hours of the morning and evening each of these chimneys vomits forth the smoke of the straw which the people use for the fires of their cooking and the air becomes blue. The doors to the houses along the street are more like those of a stable or barn than the entrances to residences. They are very rude and in the bottom of each is cut a hole for the dog. Such doors as are open

hole for the dog. Such doors as are open

give no insight to the homes of the people, and I was in Seoul for some time before I knew that these doors facing the street were merely the entrance gates to large ompounds or yards, in which were very omfortable buildings. I thought that the nobles lived in these thatched huts. They are in reality only the quarters of the servants, and the homes of the better classes contain many rooms and are in some cases almost as well fitted for comfort as those These houses along the of our own. have no windows to speak of. under the roof little openings about a foot square. These are filled with lattice and backed with paper. They permit the light to come in, but you cannot see through hem. Here and there I noted a little eye hole of glass as big around as a red cent pasted onto the paper, and as I go through the streets I find now and then a liquid black ball surrounded by a cream-colored buttonhole, which forms the eyelids of a Corean maiden, looking out. THE NATIVE WOMEN.

I am human enough to want to study the women of every country I visit. I found this very hard in Seoul. The girls on the streets wear shawls wrapped around their heads, and only an eye peeps out through the folds. In India and Egypt the women are secluded, but when they go on the street, if their faces are covered, they think they are modest enough.

The fair girls of Cairo care not that their dresses are open at the neck, if the black veil hangs o'er their cheeks, and maidens of Hindoostan trot along with bare legs, while they pull thin white cotton gowns around their eyes, priding themselves upon their bracelet-covered arms and the anklets, which reach half way to their knees. These Corean girls are mere bundles of clothes. Their feet in their wadded stockings look as fat as those of an elephant, and their skirts and their drawers hang in great folds. I happened to rub against one as I passed her on the streets of the city. She looked angrily at me out of the tail of

her eye, and fled like a deer. As she ran I noted a gorgeous man clad in a red dress and a little hat of white straw, which sat on the top of his head, looking at me. He had a fan in his hand glowered flercely upon me. General Pak who he was, and he told me he was a servant of the palace, and that he did not know but that he was related to the girl whom I had insulted by touching her. We looked at each other for some time and he jabbered at Pak in Corean. He was dressed more gorgeously than Solomon in his glory. He looked as though he came out of a bandbox. He was, however, one of a thousand strange characters that you may see any day on the streets Seoul. There are no stranger people on the face of the globe. A masquerade of the nations could not furnish more strange cosumes, and in going through Seoul you rub your eyes again and again to find whether you are dreaming or waking. The kingdom of Corea is made up of many classes of people, and each has its costume. There are hundreds of officials connected with the palace, each of whom wears a differen

The nobles strut about in all sorts of gowns, with their retainers in all sorts of liveries, and you are all the while apparently looking into a great kaleidoscope almond-eyed humanity with changes colors and costumes at every turn of the There are different costumes for all positions in life, and every man wears a dozen different kinds of dress during a year. If he goes to a wedding he has his own outfit, and if he goes to his relative's funeral he must put on the garb of the mourner. Death gives more work to the tailors than weddings, and the mourners of Corea wear long yellow gowns, with hats as big as umbrellas above them. You can tell some-thing about the position of a man by the size of his sleeve, and there is no place where a tat means so much as in Corea. For a long time I feasted my eyes upon what I considered the pretty little girls of the country. They were dressed in bright gowns. They parted their hair in the middle, and they tied the long braid which hung down their backs with neat little ribbbons. Once or twice I smirked and I smiled, but I could get no smiles in return, and I know now that these little girls were no girls at all, but merely young boys, who, not being mar-ried, have to wear their hair down their backs. After they are wedded they will put on hats and wrap their hair on the tops of their heads in a waterfall. All of the men of Corea wear waterfalls or topknots. These are just about as big as the fist of a baby and they rest on the crown of the head. They wear gorgeous hats, and they are, I believe, the best dressed men in the world. Their customs are as queer as their dress, and they both fit so closely together that I will write of the two in the future.

PRATTLE OF THE YOUNGSTERS.

"Papa," said Benny Bloobumper. his father's weakness, "you know all about fishing, don't you?" "Yes, my son," replied the elder Bloo-number graciously. "There is very little about that gentle sport with which I am

"You know all about the right sort of bait to use, don't you?" "Certainly.

"That's what I was telling Freddy Fan-gle, and we agreed to leave something about fishing for you to decide. We had a discus-sion about it." "Well, Benny, I am very glad to see you taking such an interest in fishing, as well as to see such confidence in your father's judgment. What was the point on which you and Freddy differed?"

don't know as we differed, exactly, Freddy didn't seem to quite agree with me

State the question, Benny." "Well, fish run in schools sometimes, don't hey, papa?"

"That's what I told Freddy."

"Didn't he believe it?"

"Oh, yes, he believed that all right."
"Then what is it you wish me to decide?" Well, I told him that when fish ran in the proper bait to use was bookworms.'

A 5-year-old daughter of a Germantown, Pa., minister has learned the nursery rhyme running, "If at first you don't succeed, try try again. Recently she upset the family devotion by ending her little prayer in this wise: "And now, oh Dod, please make Lillie a better girl, an' if at first you don't succeed, try, try again.'

Mamma-Now, Andrew, you musn't eat that candy, because it will destroy your appetite for dinner. Andrew-I don't think so, mamma.

Mamma-Why don't you think so, dear? Andrew-Because, mamma, I haven't got bit of appetite just now.

The Teacher-It is better, far better to give than to receive. Now, Johnny, you may tell me what you mean to do toward following out this beautiful rule.

Johnny-I'll let brother Tommy do all the givin' when either of us has somethin' good.

A little girl had a kitten. very fond of it, and it was a great delight hear it purr. One night she was restless and her mother said: "Cynthia, why don't you lie still and go to sieep?" "I can't," answered the little one; "papa purrs so loud."

Mamma—Who gave you the piece of pie, Willie? Willie—Mrs. Rich. "Did you thank her for it?" "No'm; I thought she would give me another piece, and I was going to thank her all at once."

Quartet of Queries.

OMAHA, Aug. 14 .- To the Editor of The Bee: By answering the following questions in the columns of The Sunday Bee you will greatly oblige a reader: 1-Did the slave owners of the south bring the colored man to this country, or how did

2-Are they natives of Africa and are they civilized? 3-Who was their forefather?

4-Can a person who has his first (integ-tion) papers vote for president of the United States?

1-No. He was brought over by slavers, or men who made a special business of it, and were composed not only of Americans, but of Europeans as well. 2—They cannot be called natives of Africa nor uncivilized, having adopted the ways of civilization.

The bible makes Ham their forefather and this is probably the only authority ascribing to them such a source.

4—In Nebraska he can vote provided he has declared his intention thirty days before elec-

PRESIDENTIAL TERM

Why it Should Be Shortened and Divested of Unrepublican Glamour.

TWO YEARS CONSIDERED THE PROPER LIMIT

Murat Halstead Argues that the President and Vice President Should Be Chosen at Every Election of a House of Representatives.

(Copyrighted by Irving Syndicate.) The tendency of the expressions of the citizens who have been at the trouble to be thoughtful about the improvement of the machinery of our government, is toward the elongation of the term of the presidential office, coupled with the proposition that the chief magistrate shall not be eligible for reelection. The contention of this paper is that the better way would be to choose a president and vice president at every election of a house of representatives, and to leave the matter of re-election where it belongs, to the judgment of the people.

We are amply guarded against precipitate popular action, which was the apprehension of the fathers, and the cause of the unchangeable president for the period of two congresses. Our constitution makers were too conservative. Where there are a crown and a dynasty under a constitution the people have their fling through a change of government by a vote of congress or parliament. The principle of royalty is relied upon as the balance wheel; and we have the fiction of personal sovereignty reduced to transparency. One of the lessons of the administration for over a century of our republican form of government is that we need not be afraid of the people. If they cannot govern themselves no one can do it for them. Jefferson regarding popular sovereignty was wiser than Hamilton.

IMPEACHMENT RESTRAINED

It is well that the executive government cannot be overthrown by a vote of congress. The process of impeachment is restrained so as to be almost inoperative, and it will certainly never be undertaken save after great provocation, or successful except under circumstances the most extraordinary. is fortunate that impeachment failed in the case of Andrew Johnson, and the teachings of his trial will long be profitable to the country. The public virtue of patience is to be commended exceedingly. The people are apt when displeased with a president to long for the immediate exercise of their sovereign rights; but it is desirable to wait. all winter or all summer and see whether

the clouds do not roll by. Pause and note the flight of phantoms clearing the air.

An executive-in-chief who could be deposed by a vote of congress would not be strong enough; and to give congress the power summary removal of the cabinet would have too much flavor of royal ceremony, and tend rather to magnify the constitutional advisers of the president by associating with them an excess of individual responsibility. Our system holds that the act of a cabinet officer is the act of the president; and it is vindicated by the fact that as a rule the strongest presidents have called about them the strongest cabinets. If there is a man in the country too large to go into the cabinet, the president is too weak for his place. The cab-inets of Washington and Lincoln are illustra-It is a fatality for a commander-intive. chief to be jealous of his subordinates, and he is a great man when he is pleased be-cause others gather harvests of glory. WE NEED TO REPUBLICANIZE OUR

IDEAS. We, the people of the United States, have felt the harness of republican government, and are satisfied that it is strong, and we may say rather too stiff-in some particulars The question is whether we should not relax the restraint that is imposed by the tution upon the rapid exercise of the public will. Do we not need to republicanize our We should have ideas as to presidents? object lessons of education that the president not our ruler. We are ruled by fundamental and statutory law, and not by a per-

The fault of the French in carrying on republic is that they continue the old habit of mind attributing to the chief magistrate something of imperialism. They do not regard simplicity as dignity. They are fond of sashes and plumes and parades and in-sist upon a splendid officialism. There is, however, a great deal of true republicanism in France. The blue blouse and rough shoe in the galleries of art, and the absence of eringing in the presence of the representa-tives of public potency, tell that the revolution was not in vain. We must guard the presidency itself from sudden invasion owing to a swift impulse from some rushing folly, and we should secure the office from all imputations of uncertainty and impetuosity. This is admirably done by our system of presidential electors. Much has been said favorable to the abolition of this alleged complication, and the choice of presidents by the popular vote. The election by electors has, however, more than once been the salvation of the government, and is now keeping the peace. In so vast a nation cling to local responsibility, and the half million popular majority given in one corner of the country where suffrage is peculiar has power enough, and indeed too much in selecting state electors. The popular majorities in remote and obscure re-gions to overcome by wholesale the greater and more enlightened communities would be dangerously disputed, for universal suffrage is not safeguarded so as to carry on its face the warrant of absolute confidence.

WE LIVE IN A RAPID AGE.

We travel so rapidly now! We glide across continents and oceans at such a startling rate! We know the news of the world morning and evening, and through the journals we are actually engaged in the Parliament of Man every day. Time is more valuable than it was, and the years are longer than they were. If we have a president who is too strong-headed or—and it amounts to the same thing—wrong-headed, four years are rather too long to have him blocking the way, while we cultivate the in-stinct of conservatism and console ourselves by the reflection that the republic is far inflexible than a monarchy and impose limitations upon our will more sover-

eign than royalty.
The most natural and pertinent suggestion of remedy for the inconveniences of which we are conscious is that the period of the presidency should be precisely that of a congress—two years and no more; and along with this should come another change -that the day of the inauguration of a president must be that of the meeting of congress in regular session. This adjustment would hold fast to all that is solid in the limitations the people impose on themselves for their own good and give the public will greater freedom and force. The wheel does not lose strength because there is more play on the axletree.

SOME OBJECTIONS CONSIDERED.

The first objection offered to two-year terms of the presidency is that we should have the terrible and costly disturbance of a presidential election twice as often as under the existing regulations. The answer is, we should not have at all such profligate agitashould not have at all such prolligate agita-tions as now attend presidential contests. Elect a president every, two years and we take the plethora out of the office, strip the unrepublican glamour from it and free our-selves of a sentimentality that is almost a superstition. If we liked a president well enough we could give him four terms; and if we did not like him we would not have so long to wait to set at him. The two-year long to wait to get at him. The two-year terms would glide easily into each other. The strain and the racket of a change would be reduced. The intensity of office-seeking for the time of an administration would subside. There would be something more of comradeship than we have now between the president and congress. There would be less talk about our "ruler," and a real civil service reformation take place.

The presidential office would not, if the term were two years, seem so inaccessible as now. There might be a greater number of candidates, but their anxieties would be lessened. The celebrated bee in the bonnet would not make so much noise. The supply of ex-presidents would probably increase

and their occupation cease from troubling.
Our form of government would be more popular, and not less strong.

I have found in presenting these views that so theroughly have the friends of the longer presidential term, without eligibility for re-election, occupied the public attention given the subject, that a directly opposing statement is, as a rule, received as if it bore a label of eccentricity and ought to be con-sidered as amusing rather than of the higher order of grave matters. The weight of the proposition that the terms of the presidency should correspond with the years of a con gress, is that it republicanizes the office without weakening it, and gives it rather assimilation with, than distinction from, the congress which is representative of the states and the people.

BLAINE FAVORED TWO YEARS.

I will add, for the fact possesses interest for millions, that James G. Blaine was of the judgment there was no overbearing reason for changing at all the constitutional provisions as to the presidency, but held if there was a change it would be better to make the term two years than six. This he expressed in conversation with me, when ooked upon the office of the presidency as one that was desirable or possible for himself.

MURAT HALSTEAD.

New York City.

CONNUBIALITIES. The Nebraska farmer who came to this town, says the New York Recorder, and advertised for a wife has not been able to find Our New York girls are not built on that plan.

An agitation against the use of engagement rings has been started in Boston. One advantage of the reform will be, that if a rupture occurs the young man will not be that much out. She-Postpone our wedding till October

Impossible! If I don't marry you in August I can't at all. He—Why not? She—Oh—er—Mr. Simmons asked me to marry him in September and I promised to.

"Have you seen Ethel?" said one sum-mer resort girl. "Yes," replied the other. "She is dreadfully worried." "Why?" "Harold Skiffins is coming from the city to see her tonight and she has forgotten which engagement ring is his," She (tenderly)-Tell me, dearest, what em-

boldened you to propose? How did you guess that I loved you, darling? He-To be frank with you, love, your papa intimated that if I didn't mean business after coming to see you for two years. I had better clear out and let some other fellow have a chance. One of the first of the September weddings of nterest to New Yorkers will be that of Miss Du Val. daughter of Captain Du Val of the United States army, to Louis Eugene Marie, son of John Marie of Philadelphia, and a relative of Joseph and Peter Marie of New York. The wedding will be celebrated at Fortress Monroe on Tuesday, September 18. Eugene Suprer of Westfield, Mass., is his first wife's son-in-law, his present

father-in-law, and the grandfather of his own children. He is now suing his first wife for \$20,000 for alienating the affections of his second wife, who is his first wife's daughter and his own step-daughter. The newest engagement announced in New York is that of Miss Constance Coudert, the accomplished fourth daughter of Mr. Charles Coudert, to Mr. William Garrison.

William K. Garrison, who was killed in a railway accident at Elberon, N. J., several

years ago, and a grandson of Commodore

step-father, his own son-in-law, also his own

ment published in an American newspaper "A middle aged gentleman, turned 60 and as yet unmarried is desirous of altering his condition. He has a good estate, sound constitution and easy temper, and, having worn out the follies of youth, will be determined by reason in the choice of the lady he intends to make happy. She must be upwards of 15 and under 25. Her size must be moderate, her shape natural, her person clean and her countenance pleasing. She must be lively in her humor, but not smart in her conversation; sensible but utterly unaffected with wit; her temper without extremes, neither too hasty and never sullen. Then she must invariably observe all forms of breeding in public place and mixed company, but may lay them all aside among her acquaintances. She must have no affectation but that of hiding her perfection, which her own sex will forgive nd the other more quickly discover. shall be restarained in nothing-the gentle man having observed that restraint only makes good women bad and bad women worse. In some things, perhaps, she may be take to signify his dislike to any part of her conduct. Any lady whose friends are of opinion (her own opinion will not do) that she is qualified as above, and has a mind to lispose of herself, may hear of a purchase by leaving with the printer hereof a letter

directed to C. D." IMPIETIES.

"Here's a Brooklyn clergyman," began my friend X.'s wife, indignantly, "who is reported to have said that there are no women in heaven." "He must have taken his text from Revelation," remarked her husbend, cheerfully, "where it is mentioned that there was silence in heaven for the space of half

"It is also mentioned," retorted his wife, "that heaven is filled with those who have come out of great tribulation, which makes me think they were pretty nearly all women who had had husbands in this life It is a great disadvantage to know the bible only for purposes of quotation.

The following advertisement appeared in The Churchman of last week: "An experienced clergyman, aged 28, will be open to ragement in September. He seeks to estab lish rousing congregational worship; fearless, wide-awake, gospel preaching; the awe-in-spiring and instructive coremonial befitting God's special presence in the sanctuary of His one holy Catholic and apostolic church Write definitely to 'Christian Unity,' Church-man office.'' There must certainly be a misake in the giving of the age. An all-around genius such as this modest advertiser could not possibly be more than 20.

A colored preacher, who was closing hi ermon with touching exhortation, concluded impressively: "I tell you, bruders and sis-ters, dar be jus' two roads befo' you fur you to choose: one goes 'way down, down to demnition," and he paused with a look of terror on his face, holding his congregation breathless; then, raising his arms and look-ing upward, while his expression brightened and beamed with happiness: "De udder goes way up to perdition!" The full murmum of amens showed that there was no lack o faith in the preacher's words, however he night choose them.

Colonel Ingersoll once called upon Rev Phillips Brooks, and the great preacher re-ceived him at once, although he had declined to see many distinguished preachers, "Wh have you shown me this marked distinction?" inquired the caionel. "The reason is sim replied Dr. Brooks; "if those preachers ple," replied Dr. Brooms, them again in die I'll be sure to meet them again in heaven; whereas, had you gone away and died, I should never have met you again. thought I had better take no chances."

The sedate, smooth-shaven, carefully-at tired young Sunday school superintendent from Englewood sat down in the chair provided by the bootblack.
"I want a good shine, my boy," he said.

"I'm a little particular about my shoes."
"You bet," responded the urchin, heartily. as he opened his box of implements and be gan operations. sportin' men's de most p'tickler customers

A convert to Christianity in Syria, who was urged by his employer to work Sunday, de clined. "But," said the employer, "doe 'does clined. "But," said the employer, "does not your bible say that if a man has an ox or an ass that falls into a pit the Sabbath day he may pull him out?" "Yes," answered the convert, "but if the ass has the habit of falling into the same pit every Sabbath day then the man should either fill up the pit or sell the ass.' Della Fox's new opera is called "The

Trooper." It tells about a pretty milliner who falls in love with and marries a soldier who is a teacher of fencing; that she becomes jealous of him and follows him, disguised as a trooper, to the barracks, that she takes the part of her supposed rival and resents an insuit by fighting a duel; that she discovers that she has no cause for jealousy, and then the play ends happily. Miss Fox will play the part of the milliner, the tracets a peacet and a greated described. the trooper, a peasant and a grande dame.

Interesting Reminiscences of Brainy Congressional Reporters.

AMUSING HAPPENINGS COME THEIR WAY

Stories from the Halls of Debate Told by the Men Whose Hands Fly Along While the Country's Legislators Talk Statecraft.

Few people who read each morning the proceedings of the previous day in both houses of congress realize the amount of skill and ingenuity required to reduce the speeches and colloquies of members and senators to writing in so short a time. Persons who have occupied the galleries of the lower house during a debate, writes a correspondent of the Philadelphia Times, have noticed men, note books in hand, flitting about from one member to another, and taking with lightning rapidity the words as they come from the lips of those engaged in discussion. These men are the congressional reporters-the editors of the Congressional Record. There are five in the senate and the same number in the house.

Their work is arranged systematically in 'takes" of about one column of the Daily Record, which consists of 1,200 words. In ordinary debate the reporter will cover this n about ten minutes, in running debate from ive to eight minutes, and in the case of frequent roll calls he may be half an hour in getting a column. The reporter has, during his "take," entire charge of the floor, that is, he is required to report all that is said until he is relieved. He then retires to the reporters' chamber and reads his stenographic notes into a phonograph; a skillful perator of the typewriter then takes the machine and reduces the matter to typewritten form. In this way they each proceed until the speech has been delivered, and in less than half an hour from the time the member speaking has taken his seat, no matter whether he has spoken one hour or twelve, his speech is placed before him ready for re-

vision, if any he chooses to make. AMUSING MISTAKES.

Some amusing mistakes take place occasionally in transcribing from the phonograph owing to the similarity of words and indis-tinctness. Once in the senate the reporter gave the following sentence which had ap-peared in debate: "And Solomon, in all his glory, was not arrayed like one of these." It was directly after the great prize fight at New Orleans, and when it came from the ypewriter it read: "And Sullivan in all glory, was not arrayed like one of these. At one time in the house a member had sed the following expression: seen' the senate bill and 'gone' it a great deal better.

The typewriter, in transcribing it from he phonograph, into which it had been read by the reporter, made it appear thus: "We have steamed the senate bill, and warmed t a great deal better."

The reporters in the senate are under the veteran chief, D. F. Murphy, who has been n active service since 1848. Nearly all the great men of the nation have been reported by him, and in his note books at the capitol are stenographic reports of speeches nade by Clay, Calhoun, Everett, Sumner Edmunds, Conkling, Blaine, Fessenden, Jeff Davis and many others. It was he who reported the impeachment proceedings against President Johnson. His books also contain the report of that famous word contest, full of invective, between General Breckinridge of Kentucky and Senator Baker of Oregon, which took place in the senate chamber in July, 1861, as well as that later one between Blackburn of Kentucky and Ingalis of Kan-

FASTEST IN THE WORLD.

The stenographic corps of the house and senate embraces the very cream of the profession-the fastest writers in the world. The salary they receive, \$5,000 each a year, seems large to the uninitiated, but is really very nodest to those who fully appreciate the tremendous amount of work involved. It is said that the strain caused by the excessive nount of work in reporting the great tarif debate on the McKinley bill caused the death of one of the best stenographers at the capitol, who died during that session.

Imagine the nervous tension when a speaker, whose vocabulary embraces a vast umber of words not in common everyday usage, and whose rate of speed is from 220 to 250 words per minute, talks steadily for an hour at a time. True, few speakers accomplish that, but in a speech in the house dur-ing the Fifty-second congress, Johnson of Indiana, a very rapid and fluent speaker, made the remarkable record of 220 words a minute for exactly an hour and a half. great speed would not have been so bad but for the fact that the speech contained a larger percentage of many-syllable words than al most any other speech on record.

The parliamentary reporter must be a many-sided man. The range of subjects with which he has to deal is almost endless. Then he is often called upon to pass from one sub-ject to another without hesitation. In the proceedings in congress, in the course of a few hours, he may liave to report debates on and claims which involve the most intricate questions of Spanish and Mexican law; may have private pension bills, options and trusts, quarantines against infectious diseases, tariff debates covering every branch of in dustry, and questions of constitutional and in ernational law and parliamentary rules, and thousand other things, which make the reporter think he was born a fool to ever undertake shorthand.

A DIFFICULT TASK.

That his position is not an enviable one can be readily guessed from the fact that an ordinary day's work when debate is on consists of about fifty-two columns of the Record, making about 52,000 words, and many times this averages 165 words per minute for the lay. Then again he must change from day. speakers who never talk faster than 125 color. Its complete mastery over the human half words per minute to those who reach 250 has created a sensation all over the world that words in the same time. He must report in congress the lawyer, professor and doctor, as well as the banker, farmer and manufac turer, etc., so that he may not only encounter rapidity of speech, In' a vast number of technical words. In , my instances he is called upon to report sp. ches containing ancouched in every known language, with history, geology, philology, etc., followed in rapid succession with poetical quotations from hakespeare, Byron, Milton, e.c. He must follow one speaker to the clouds in flights of poetic fancy and accompany another with equal grace and ease through the prosaic valleys of commonplace speech. Occasionally a member unused to debate will fall into a number of blunders in grammar. case he must be equal to the occasion, and if the language be unbecoming or slipshod he must take away a little here, add a little there and be able to make the whole pre-sentable. Often in the midst of a speech the speaker may stop to answer a question, some one may knock a book from a deak, or sneeze or laugh, causing the reporter to lose the climax of the sentence. Here again he is called upon to supply the missing por tion. BLUE PENCIL WORK.

One of the most difficult duties of the re-

orter is to distinguish in the midst eated debate that which is intended for the public ear, and that which is merely private conversation. An instance of this was given during a recent roll call, when a member had been endeavoring to submit a dilatory motion which the speaker had ruled as out of order. The Record of that date showed that the member was engaged in private conversation with another member on the floor of the house when the speaker ordered them to be seated. The congressman did not obay, and was heard to remark that he would take his seat when he got ready. This brought about an animated discussion, and one of his col-lesgues moved that the offending member he brought for reprimand to the bar of the house. The member afterward explained that the remark was made in private conversation with another member, and was not in-tended for the speaker to hear. Still the swift pen of the reporter had caught it in the midst of a noisy colloquy, and calmly treated it in such a manner that the Record showed

the precise facts, and placed neither the speaker nor the member in a false position.
If the really private remark of the member had been omitted from the Record it would have left out the key to the whole situation.
It is this rare combination of shorthand skill and cool, swift and impartial judgment, which is so necessary in reporting the bitter, turnultness outbreaks which so often occur in the house

LEAVE TO PRINT.

On many occasions members who have never aspired to speech-making and who have been elected to congress, have their speeches written by some one experienced, and under "leave to print," insert it in the Record. An incident of this kind recurs to my mind. A member could not muster up the courage requisite to stand up and make a speech in the house, so he wrote it (a really good one) and had it printed in the Record under the rule granting leave to print remarks. At various points he inserted the words, "Laughter and applause," "Great applause in the galleries," and such other expressions which appeared to have been taken by the reporter. This speech he sent in large numbers to his admiring constituents, who at once concluded that he was a great man and resolved to re-elect him. However, some friend of his, who was somewhat of a wag, caught on to the manner of his speech-making and gave him away some one, and his constituents straight-

nominated and elected another man. Another circumstance, which took place some years ago, shows the abuse of the privilege to print in the Record. Two members of the house from the same state, and whose districts joined, wanted to say some thing in support of a bill then before the house, but neither cared to try to make a speech on the floor. They had never spoken n the subject for discussion, and knew very have a speech written and submit it under leave to print remarks. As neither one knew of the other's intentions, by a curious coincidence they both employed the same person to write a speech for them. This person, not knowing their districts oined, wrote the same speech for both, and t was printed in the Record and sent out large numbers to the state from which the nembers came. It happened that they culated in both districts and were read by the constituents of both members, similarity was quickly discovered. needless to add that these gentlemen had a "dickens" of a time explaining matters to the satisfaction of their constituents.

A WYOMING POET.

On April 12, 1880, S. W. Downey, then a nember of the house from Wyoming, introings on the walls of the national capitol. The next day he arose and offered a printed argument in support of it and asked leave to have it reproduced in the Record. This leave was granted, and the next day the other members were astonished and indigant to behold in the daily Record, as the sole argument, a poem covering sixty pages, and entitled 'The Immortals,' The poem was dedicated to "the Congress of the United States." It was, however, effectually cpunged from the bound Records

It is not infrequent that laughable mistakes in speaking are made by the members, especially during exciting debates. One of the most ludicrous was that of a member, who, in referring to one of his colleagues, "The gentleman, like a mousing owl, is always putting in his oar where it is not

wanted. On another occasion occurred this expres "The iron heel of stern necessity darkens every hearthstone," and another member, in a very forcible and dramatic manner, asked

the house this question: "Would you stamp out the last flickering embers of a life that is fast ebbing away? No less a man than James G. Blaine, ooking over the report of a speech of his made in the house, came across the word "illy," which he had used in the sense of an adverb. Turning to the reporter he said: "Illy; I don't know any such word. Illy is

a devil of a word." A mistake in the shorthand notes of the reporters is an unknown thing, so accurate and careful are they, but that prince of stenographers, David Wolfe Brown, relates an amusing mistake that an amanuensia of his once made in taking some proceedings on a "bill to regulate bar rooms in the District of Columbia " When transcribed from his

notes it read: "A bill to regulate the bare arms of the District of Columbia."



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